

# AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

WKIK STUDIOS  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
MAY 19TH, 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 - a very special edition as we will be previewing all of the action that will be going down next weekend at Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: The AWA is going on the road, daddy!

GM: The Road To Glory - and to the AWA World Heavyweight Title - will kick off next Monday night in Fort Smith, Arkansas at one of the biggest events of the year for the Alliance - Memorial Day Mayhem. And what a night it's gonna be, Bucky.

BW: A bunch of first round matches, the National Tag Team Titles on the line, Vasquez and the Botswana Beast! It's gonna be a heck of a night, Gordo.

GM: That's for sure. We're gonna be talking about it all night long plus we've got even more participants in the World Title Tournament to unveil right here tonight. But to get things started as we say "goodbye" to Texas for the next few months, let's head up to the ring for action!

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

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit!

GM: We have one of the World Title tournament participants in this one, Bucky.

BW: Who is it?

GM: When the open invite was put out, this man answered like dozens of others.

[Phil continues.]

PW: Standing in the ring and weighing in a two-hundred and twenty-one pounds. He hails from Cleveland, Tennessee. Here is... THE HIGHROLLER!

[The Highroller gets by the camera and shows off some playing cards. He's wearing standard black trunks, black kneepads, and white boots with black trim and laces. The Highroller is losing his hair and has a bad comb-over trying to cover it up.]

BW: Please tell me this guy ain't the one who answered the invitation.

GM: No, but the Highroller has a chance to impress the AWA Championship Committee if he gets a win here tonight.

PW: His opponent!

[Cue up the Black Crowe's "Twice as Hard."]

PW: Hailing from Des Moines, Iowa and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-one pounds. Here is... LENNY GETZ!

[Out from the back and down the raised aisle comes Lenny Getz, doing the Getz strut about ten steps before stopping. The crowd boos.]

GM: Lenny Getz is in the tournament!

BW: Oh man, oh man! I LOVE this guy!

GM: You're probably the only one, Bucky.

BW: That's fine. He's my Sizzlah buddy!

[Getz has long, peroxide bleached hair. He's wearing standard black trunks with black kneepads, black elbowpads, and black boots with white trim. Getz raises his arms in the air and mouths something out to the crowd. He continues to the ring, stepping in between the bottom and middle rope. Getz breaks out into the Getz strut and finishes it up with a cackle. His music stops playing.]

GM: Lenny Getz has made his way to the AWA to take part in the tournament, Bucky.

[The Highroller turns his back to put down his playing cards, and Getz seizes the opportunity with a running axe-handle to the Highroller's back.]

BW: Never turn your back on this man, Gordo. He's meaner than a timber rattler and sneakier than a raccoon.

GM: I have... no idea what that means.

[The Highroller drops to one knee. Getz lays in with forearm shots to the Highroller's neck. Mickey Meekly quickly calls for the bell. DING, DING.]

GM: Getz has over twenty-five years of experience in wrestling, Bucky.

BW: That's more than half the tournament put together!

GM: I don't know about that.

[Getz lands one last forearm and brings the Highroller to his feet with two-handfuls of hair. Getz measures up the Highroller and hits the top of the Highroller's head with the point of his elbow.]

GM: A devastating bionic elbow from Lenny Getz. Getz has a very dangerous elbowdrop, Bucky.

BW: The most dangerous elbow in this sport, Gord-o. When he hits that Corkscrew Elbowdrop, it's curtains, daddy.

[Getz lands another bionic elbow to the Highroller dropping the Highroller to both knees. Getz pulls back his right hand, clenches it in a fist, and lands a hard shot to the Highroller's skull. Getz grabs the Highroller by the hair and pulls him up to his feet. He pulls the Highroller to the center of the ring and

kicks him in the stomach, doubling the Highroller over. Getz pulls his right leg back and takes the Highroller to the mat with a kneelift.]

GM: Deep kneelift from the veteran in there. Highroller is on the mat.

BW: Lenny Getz has traveled all over the United States and Canada to wrestle.

GM: He's never stayed in one place for too long, Bucky. He's not a big name like some others in this tournament.

BW: He ain't gotta be a big name, daddy. He's Lenny Getz. He's big in his own mind, and that's all that counts.

[Getz picks the Highroller up and tosses Highroller's arm over his shoulder. He pauses for a moment and yells, "Watch this!"]

GM: Getz is looking for a suplex!

[Getz goes to lift the Highroller, but he blocks it. Getz lifts again, and the Highroller blocks. Getz' eyes go wide as the Highroller lifts Getz up and takes him over with a vertical suplex getting a small cheer from the crowd.]

BW: Uh oh. He just made Lenny mad.

GM: Getz was looking for a suplex, but the Highroller reversed it!

[Getz hits the mat and arches his back, grabbing at it and yelling in pain. The Highroller gets to his feet. He shakes his head a bit, trying to shake off the cobwebs. The Highroller walks over towards the corner and climbs to the middle turnbuckle.]

BW: He's already looking to hit that big move?

GM: The Highroller is on the second turnbuckle.

[The Highroller leaps, looking for a splash. Getz rolls out of the way, leaving the Highroller to hit the canvas. Getz gets to his knees. He slowly gets to his feet and moves over to the Highroller.]

BW: Just like that, Lenny's back in control.

[Getz reaches down and grabs the Highroller in a front-facelock and pulls him to his feet. Getz quickly drops the Highroller with a DDT. Getz sits up and cackles.]

GM: Big DDT from Lenny Getz right there!

BW: It's over. There's only one thing left, daddy.

[Getz gets to his feet and breaks out into the Getz Strut. He reaches the ropes and bounces off, bringing his right elbow up. As he reaches the

Highroller, he leaps into the air and spins, bringing his right elbow down on the Highroller.]

GM: There's the Corkscrew Elbowdrop!

[Getz makes a lateral press as Mickey Meekly counts the three. DING, DING, DING.]

BW: And this one is over.

PW: The winner of the match... LENNNNNNNYYY GETTTTTTTTTTTTTTZZ!

[Getz rolls out of the ring as Gordon Myers takes off his headset and gets a mic. He stands in front of the announce table as Getz makes his way over.]

GM: Lenny Getz, you've made your way to Dallas, Texas and the AWA for the World Title Tournament.

[Getz puts his hands on his hips.]

GM: We've seen some of the names in this tournament. Is it the competition? Is it so you can be called the first AWA World Champion? What brought you here?

[Getz smirks and cackles.]

LG: Why, Gordon Myers? Why did I come to participate in the tournament? Why did I come to the AWA? You should already know the answer. I want that World Title. Whatever Lenny wants?

[Dramatic pause.]

LG: LENNY GETS!

[A huge cackle as the crowd boos. Getz walks off towards the back.]

GM: Alright, fans... you can add Lenny Getz to the list of participants aiming for the World Heavyweight Title! And if my calculations are correct, he's the forty-first man to enter the field of sixty-four! We're in the home stretch now. And now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with one of the men who has already signed on for the tournament! Jason?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where we find Jason Dane standing alongside former National Champion - the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Sudakov, earlier this week, it was announced that you will be meeting Ron Houston in a first round tournament match coming up in June. You two are no strangers.

[Sudakov nods.]

KS: Comrade Houston and Kolya go... how you say... way back, Jason. In the past few days, Kolya hear all the questions...

"You take his title. Now his turn to take yours."

"You injured his arm. Cut career short."

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: Kolya, none of those are questions.

[Sudakov cracks a grin.]

KS: Apologize, Jason Dane. Kolya English is not so good. But Kolya have question for you.

[Dane looks surprised.]

JD: Uhh... alright... I guess.

KS: How long you follow Kolya career?

JD: Years. Since the beginning, I guess.

[Sudakov nods.]

KS: Do you believe Kolya can become first World Champion?

JD: Absolutely.

[Sudakov nods again.]

KS: You believe. Fans believe. Kolya believes. And Comrade Houston can stand around and look to...

[Sudakov pauses, thinking.]

KS: ...make Kolya pay for what he did.

But at end, Kolya has all of them...

[He gestures towards the WKIK Studios where we can actually hear the crowd cheer.]

KS: ...and THIS...

[He raises the arm that he uses for the dreaded Russian Sickle.]

KS: And that, Jason Dane... is all Kolya need.

[Sudakov walks off, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Kolya Sudakov versus Ron Houston coming up at the beginning of June in a first round tournament match! That's gonna be something else but right now, fans, we've got to take our first break of the night and then we'll be back with more action so don't you dare go away!

[We fade to commercial to find a giant Kingsley Online Entertainment logo. A voiceover begins.]

VO: We live in an online world.

[A shot of a young child on his laptop computer.]

VO: Today, you are more likely to watch a television show on your computer or mobile device than you are an actual television.

[A family gathered around an iPad with an elderly couple.]

VO: Video chat is no longer an element of science fiction - it is reality. It is now.

[A young girl plays a video game with body movements.]

VO: The future is before us. The future is around us. The future is...

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.

After a moment, we fade back up to a shot. Young, handsome. With short brown hair, and a face that looks familiar. If you squint, you can see the similarities to a very famous face. The young man's of course, is not covered in scars, isn't lined and weathered. His features are different, but very similar to his father's. Ryan Martinez stands in front of a row of lockers, wearing a blue T-shirt and a pair of black pants. Standing tall, looking straight ahead, the feature he shares most with his famous father is the intensity in his brown eyes, that readiness to explode.]

RM: I don't expect most of you... heck, any of you, to know who I am. I have a famous last name, but that's not why I'm here. As far as I'm concerned, you don't need to know who I am. Just think of me as another guy.

A guy who took your National Champion to the limit.

It happened in a place that's about as far from Texas as you can get. But it happened. I got in the ring with your National Champion, and I was so close, so close to winning that belt. I was almost the AWA's National Champion.

Though, given that this is the \_World\_ Title Tournament, I've got to wonder, just what does that mean?

[Young Ryan's eyes narrow, as he stares even more intently into the camera.]

RM: It means, quite simply, that I'm here for the World Title.

All my life, no matter where I've gone, no matter what I've done, I've only ever had two goals. The first, was to be the very best in the world. And the second was to do it the right way. To it as a man with honor and integrity.

That's why I'm here.

I've seen every show the AWA has ever put out. Watched every match. And I've \_always\_ wanted to be here. I've always wanted to come to Texas and compete. But I also wanted to earn my way in. I don't expect... I don't want a free ride. Everywhere I go, I want it to be because of what I've done, not because of the family I was born into.

Taking the National Champion to the limit? That was my ticket in. And winning that World Title? That'll be what keeps me here.

I'm going to do what I always do. I'm going to fight. I'm going to fight hard. I'm here for that belt. I'm here to show Texas, the AWA, and the world that a man can stand up, fight with honor, and go all the way.

I'm going to prove to the world that I am not my last name. I'm going to show the world how a man wins, and then defends a title. I'm going to prove to all of you that I belong here in the AWA.

Count on it.

[Fade from a determined Ryan Martinez to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from San Jose, California...

[The sounds of Soul Coughing fills the air to the jeers of the crowd.]

PW: He is accompanied to the ring by his manager, the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson... he was the first man to hold the AWA National Title...

The San Jose Shark...

MAAAAARRRCUUUUS BROUUUUSSAAAAAARRRD!

[The jeers pick up as Ben Waterson strides into view, dressed in a stylish black suit. He spins to point with both hands at the San Jose Shark who walks through the curtain, brimming with confidence as he strides towards the ring where his opponent is waiting.]



PW: And his opponent... already in the ring at this time... from Parts Unknown... The Enforcer!

[The masked man raises his beefy arms to a mixed reaction from the crowd as Broussard climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes into the ring...

...and comes tearing across the ring, drilling the masked man with a running forearm to the temple that sends him falling back to the corner as Marty Meekly signals for the bell to start the match!]

GM: Here we go!

[Not wasting a moment, Broussard snaps off a series of reverse knife-edge chops to the chest before grabbing the masked man by the back of the head and PASTING him with a European uppercut that knocks him off his feet, sending him crashing down to his rear on the canvas.]

GM: Broussard is coming out hard in this one!

[The crowd jeers as the Shark plants his boot on the windpipe of the masked man, choking the air out of him.]

GM: Broussard's choking him down on the mat against the buckles and-

[The referee steps in, trying to start a five count but Broussard abruptly breaks the choke and LUNGES forward, smashing his knee into the masked mush!]

GM: Ohh! Hard knee to the face by the San Jose Shark!

[Leaning over, Broussard grabs a foot on his opponent, dragging him from the corner where he drops an elbow into the chest. He rolls back to his feet, leaping up, and drops a leg across the chest as well!]

GM: First an elbowdrop, then a legdrop!

BW: Marcus Broussard's had a fire lit under him, Gordo!

GM: It would certainly appear that way.

[Back on his feet, Broussard uncorks a series of hard stomps to the ribs... then the sternum... and then finally a pair of the covered-up ear to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Broussard's all over him!

[Dropping down to his knees, he grabs the masked man's head in a loose side headlock and hammers him with clenched fists that again draws a count from the referee.]

GM: Bucky, what's it like to think we could be seeing Marcus Broussard compete on Saturday Night Wrestling for the last time?

BW: I can't even imagine the AWA without the San Jose Shark. He was the first guy on the roster! The first one here!

GM: The first person to sign an AWA contract... the first AWA National Champion. Marcus Broussard may have competed in other places before coming to the AWA but this... I think this was home to him, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely.

[Broussard leans down, tugging down his kneepad as he measures his downed opponent...

...and DROPS the exposed knee on the ear of the Enforcer!]

GM: Ohh! That's a brutal shot there by Broussard!

[Broussard slams his balled-up fist down repeatedly into the air, drawing more boos from the crowd.]

BW: You know, this isn't the style we're used to seeing from Marcus but I like it! I think this may be what he needs to do if he wants to beat Stevie Scott in the I Quit match at Memorial Day Mayhem.

GM: So much at stake in that match. Just being "I Quit" is big enough but when you add in that it's a Loser Leaves Town match... and then it was made a first round tournament match to boot!

BW: Two of the biggest stars to ever lace up boots in the AWA. It's only fitting they go out at Memorial Day Mayhem to headline the joint in the biggest match of the night.

[The San Jose Shark drags the masked man off the mat by the eyeholes of the mask, landing a pair of forearms across the chest to force him back against the ropes. He reaches out, grabbing a cloth-covered arm to fire the Enforcer across the ring...]

GM: Big whip...

[And on the rebound, he grabs the masked man around the torso in a bodylock...

...and DRIVES him down to the mat with a textbook belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OHHHHH! The trademark move from the San Jose Shark!

BW: And he's not done tonight, Gordo.

[Moving in quickly, Broussard flips the masked man to his stomach, grabbing his left arm...

...and then drops down, cranking back on the limb!]

GM: Armbar!

BW: He hooks in the Fujiwara - and somewhere you gotta think Jeff Matthews is watching this! Remember, Matthews and Broussard were allies once upon a time and Broussard says he learned how to expertly apply this hold by watching the Madfox slap it on his opponents.

GM: It's in deep... and the Enforcer quits!

BW: If he locks that hold in that deep on Stevie Scott, he'll be quitting too, Gordo!

GM: We'll see about that!

[Broussard hangs onto the hold after the bell, earning a four count from the referee before he releases, rolling up to his feet as Ben Waterson joins him in the ring to raise his hand.]

GM: The San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard, secures some last minute momentum before - arguably - the biggest match of his life, Bucky.

[Broussard delivers a few post-match boots, driving the Enforcer out of the ring before he snatches the mic from Phil Watson.]

GM: Apparently Mr. Broussard wants to address this crowd.

BW: Hush, Gordo!

[Broussard pauses for a few moments, catching his breath.]

MB: I wanted to take a little bit to address you... all of you... the fans of the AWA.

[The crowd buzzes, a little confused by what they're hearing.]

MB: There's a lot of things that could be said here tonight. But when it really comes down to it... when I think about the possibility that this is the FINAL time I will step into a ring here in the WKIK Studios... here on Saturday Night Wrestling for the AWA... when I stop and reflect, there really is only one thing to say...

[He pauses, rubbing his neck.]

MB: I'm sorry.

[The crowd ERUPTS in confusion as Broussard nods.]

MB: That's right. I wanted to come out here before the biggest night of my life in a week's time and apologize to all of you here in the WKIK Studios - some of you who were here four years ago when this ship was just pulling away from the dock.

[Broussard grins, pointing at a ringside fan.]

MB: That guy got my autograph my first night here. Hang on to it, kid. It may be worth something soon.

[Broussard shakes his head.]

MB: It's hard to stand here and not get emotional, you know? I look around and see so many familiar faces. People who've come to this building and the one down the road over the past four years and cheered their hearts out for me... booed their hearts out from me too. But that's okay. They spoke their mind about me and paying their hard-earned money for a ticket to see me gives them that right.

[A few cheers for that statement.]

MB: So, when I stand here and think this could be it. All of this...

[He gestures around the WKIK Studios.]

MB: ...could be over in a week's time?

[A shake of the head.]

MB: It's just hard to deal with. But I digress. I came out here tonight for a reason. I came out here to do something that I've been wanting to do for a while. And that's apologize.

To each and every one of you here in the building... watching at home... watching online...

I'm sorry...

[Pause.]

MB: I'm sorry that I'm going to have to break all of your stinkin', pathetic, bleeding hearts on Memorial Day when I rid the wrestling world of that twit Stevie Scott once and for all!

[HUGE EXPLOSION OF BOOS!]

MB: Stevie Scott thinks this is a war of greatness! Stevie Scott believes that if he beats me in one week's time, he'll prove that HE was the greatest grappler to ever lace boots as the AWA National Champion.

But the fact is, Hotshot... you'll NEVER be that. Win, lose, or draw on Memorial Day doesn't change that one bit.

When Taylor, Michaelson, and the rest of the gang were starting this place four years ago, MY phone was the first one they dialed.

"Hey Marcus... we think this could be something special... but we know we need you here to make it all happen."

And you know what? They were right! They DID need me!

[The crowd is all over him now.]

MB: I was the first to sign an AWA contract - that makes me the Number One draft pick! And yeah, Hotshot, you were around early too... but just like you always were, you were a damn joke! You were a punch line! You were the comedy guy to make the people laugh but couldn't put a rear end in a seat if he was the friggin' usher!

But me? The San Jose Shark? The man destined for greatness?

I was THE man! I was the one that they wanted in the National Title tournament! I was the one they wanted to see wear the gold and fittingly, I didn't disappoint! With people lining up to take their best shot, Marcus Broussard walked into Texas and put every... single... wrestler... down on their shoulders.

It didn't matter who it was... and four years later, it still doesn't matter, Scott!

The only difference now is that when I put you down on your shoulders in the center of the ring, I'm not looking for a pin. I'm looking to grab an arm... an ankle... a neck... and twist the damned thing until it's about to pop off your body. I'm looking to make you scream. I'm looking to make you beg for mercy.

I'm looking to make you say... I... Quit.

[Broussard, dripping with sweat now, leans into the camera.]

MB: I hope you had your DVR running at home, Hotshot. I hope over the next week you rewind this part of this interview and run it back over and over again. Watch it. Listen to it.

Listen to me say... "I Quit."

Because it's the only damn time you'll ever hear me say it.

[Broussard smirks at the jeering crowd.]

MB: And when it's all over and you're heading back to the retirement village, you'll know you were beaten by a better man. You'll know you were beaten by the FRANCHISE of this company!

And you'll know that you were beaten by the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

My Road To Glory starts at Memorial Day Mayhem, Hotshot.

[Pause.]

MB: And you? You're nothing but a speedbump.

[One last arrogant smile before throwing down the mic and making his exit alongside Ben Waterson.]

BW: Now THAT'S a man who doesn't plan on this being his last Saturday Night Wrestling, Gordo.

GM: It would certainly appear that way. What a fascinating clash of styles that match is going to be, Bucky. The San Jose Shark - a true mat technician will be looking to slap on all kinds of submission holds like he just said. But Stevie Scott? The Hotshot may be looking to BEAT a submission out of his rival.

BW: This may be one of the most eagerly anticipated matches in AWA history, Gordo.

GM: You better believe it. Later tonight, we're going to try and get words from "Hotshot" Stevie Scott as well but right now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with some World Title Tournament news!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon... tournament news indeed and this is a big one. I was just able to confirm moments ago that the AWA Championship Committee was in contact this week with a former EMWC World Heavyweight Champion to negotiate his entry into the tournament. The paperwork was signed, sealed, and delivered earlier today and we can now make it official.

Gabriel Whitecross is in the tournament! He is the forty-second entry into the field of sixty-four!

And to make this scoop even bigger, we can also now confirm that Whitecross' first round opponent will be a serious blast from his past when he meets the nephew of his most infamous rival... PURE X!

Now, I understand that negotiations are underway to pick a time and place for this matchup and we hope to be able to announce that before we go off the air tonight but right now, Pure X vs Gabriel Whitecross in Round One! Whew! Gordon, Bucky - back to you!

[We crossfade back to the announce team.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Wow. A big announcement there, Bucky.

BW: Gabriel Whitecross is considered one of the best wrestlers of all time. Pure X is considered one of the best wrestlers of OUR time. It's gonna be one heck of a collision.

GM: And what I find interesting about this is that when Gabriel Whitecross really stormed onto the professional wrestling scene here in North America, it's when he won a tournament to become the EMWC World Champion.

BW: A title reign that a lot of people mark as the beginning of the era where the EMWC took over the wrestling world, daddy.

GM: That's exactly right. Could lightning strike twice? Could Whitecross debut here in the AWA and become the World Champion? Or will the nephew of his greatest rival cut his World Title dreams short? I can't wait for that one. But now, let's go up to the ring for more action!

[Up to Phil Watson, who is standing in the ring with a young clean-shaven brown-haired man wearing a white-and-blue pair of trunks, white boots, and blue forearm, knee, and elbow pads. He has a white ring jacket with blue trim and is warming up in the corner.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit!

Introducing first, in the corner to my left! From Portland, Maine, weighing two-hundred twenty-one pounds... CHRIS CHOISNET!

[The energetic young man pumps his fist to the crowd, and they cheer for him... until the cheer is cut off by a bolt of lightning!

Well, no, not a literal bolt of lightning; Choisnet isn't fighting Thor. But perhaps he may as well be, as "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis starts up over the PA. The fans boo loudly as they recognize the music.]

GM: Fans, I wasn't aware of this, but it looks like we're going to be seeing the return of Nenshou!

BW: Percy keeps his cards close to his vest... there he is!

[Indeed, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes heads out, leading the former Longhorn Heritage Champion to the ring. Childes, a short pudgy bald man with a dark mustache and goatee, is wearing a dark grey sportcoat, matching pants, white undershirt, and wine-red tie. Nenshou is draped in a black robe with a tall pointed "wizard" style hood, and under that hood we see a red 'demon' mask. The robe has sleeves that taper to a point, and a frayed bottom.

Behind both of them marches the tall, broad-shouldered, surly form of James Monosso. Monosso is wearing his cutoff pale-green "PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION" stenciled T-Shirt over his usual black-and-silver singlet and wrestling boots. His stringy greying black hair frames his flat, wild-eyed, clean-shaven face.]

GM: And what is Monosso doing here?

BW: Whatever he wants, Gordo.

PW: Introducing first, the manager... "The Collector Of oddities" Percy Childes! He represents, now entering the ring... from the Land Of The Rising Sun, weighing two-hundred thirty-five pounds... NENSHOU!

[Nenshou hops over the top rope, leaps onto the turnbuckles, and rips the 'demon' mask off to reveal his face... painted in half-black, half-red, with kanji written in gold across the forehead and down both cheeks. He flings back the hood of the robe, revealing his very short buzz-cut hair, and sprays a cloud of green mist into the air before returning to the canvas.]

GM: Nenshou and Monosso have both stayed under the radar for the past few weeks, as Percy Childes explained on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. They are staying fresh for the tournament, but it looks like Percy has seen fit to book a warmup match for his man Nenshou.

BW: He picked a tough opponent for that. Shawnay is talented.

GM: Choisnet.

BW: That's what I said!

GM: It's pronounced SHWAH-nay.

BW: The only name you need to worry about is NEN-shou. Talented or not, Shawnay has to qualify for the tournament, and he's trying to do that by challenging one of the odds-on favorites... not a good decision, Gordo.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

[The music has died down, but the fans keep booing Nenshou. The Japanese star quickly divests himself of his robe, and Choisnet has already ditched his ring jacket. Nenshou attempts a lightning-quick dash to take his opponent off-guard, but stops short as Choisnet's quickness is equal to the task... the Maine native is already in a ready position to counter him.]

GM: The blinding speed of Nenshou is a tremendous weapon, but Choisnet is very quick and it won't be easy for Nenshou to abuse the speed advantage as he has in the past.

BW: That might be why Percy went with this match. When Nenshou's up against a slower guy... which is almost everyone... maybe he uses those speed-rushes almost too much. So Percy wants him to practice the rest of his game.

GM: Very interesting possibility. Collar-and-elbow tieup, and Choisnet backing Nenshou up... Nenshou turns him around into the ropes! Referee



looking for the clean break... and of course he doesn't get it! Chop to the throat by Nenshou!

BW: Nenshou is pragmatic, Gordo. Merciless. He don't care about style points... even when he racks 'em up by the barrel-full.

GM: Snapmare by Nenshou... and a loud kick to the back by the Asian Assassin! And a short dropkick to the back of the neck! That is a stunningly-quick move, and we've seen that set up people for a downfall in the past!

BW: Choisnet rolling away; he's stunned, but he knows enough to keep moving. It ain't gonna stop Nenshou, though.

GM: Nenshou with an elbow to the head as Choisnet gets to one knee. Chop to the trapezius... and that brutal jumping spinning back kick! Right in the face!

BW: OW! That could break a nose, Gordo!

GM: Choisnet is flattened, and Nenshou off the ropes... there's that fast snapping elbow drop! It is all Nenshou early, and there's a cover! One... two... but that's it.

BW: Nah, Shawney ain't that easy to put away.

GM: A brutal stomp by Nenshou, and now stepping on the man's throat! Using the ropes to pull himself down as he chokes Choisnet with his boot! Come on, referee!

BW: He's counting, he's counting. The man has until four, ya know.

GM: He stops at four... and then starts up again! Come on! I know that tactic is technically legal, but I really wonder if it should be.

BW: Of course it should be! Heck, I always wonder why choking is illegal in the first place. If you can't stop a man from choking you, you deserve to get choked!

GM: Nenshou with a jumping kneedrop to the chest, and Chris Choisnet in a world of hurt. The former Longhorn Heritage Champion with a handful of hair, picking Choisnet off the mat... lifts him up... and a backbreaker in the center of the ring! You know what this means!

BW: It means it's over already!

GM: Nenshou leaping to the ropes... BACKFLIP SPLA- NO!

[The fans suddenly cheer as Choisnet rolls under the flying Nenshou... who lands on his feet! But Choisnet bolts up to his feet and bowls over Nenshou with a running forearm shiver across the nose as the Asian Assassin gets his momentum back under control!]

BW: I never seen anyone do that to Nenshou, Gordo! He countered that moonsault and decked him when he landed on his feet!

GM: Most people are in shock when Nenshou lands on his feet after missing, but Choisnet expected it! The Black Bear from the state of Maine is leaning on the ropes, recovering, but Nenshou isn't dazed for long. Nenshou back in with a hard shot across the ribs... but Choisnet fires back with a front elbow smash! And a dropkick!

BW: And this is what Percy had to be careful about in signing this match. Shawney ain't an easy win. He's young and dumb and needs a manager, but he always fights hard.

GM: Nenshou up, and stopping Choisnet's momentum before it gets started with a rake of the eyes! Now sticking his fingers in his mouth... and a blatant thrust to the throat! Getting some of that bizarre mist on his fingers before the blow... Percy has stated outright that it is a toxin. That should never be allowed by a referee!

BW: Uh, Gordo... you can't poison a guy with a chop.

GM: You can if it causes bleeding!

BW: If he starts bleeding from the throat, he's got worse problems than poison.

GM: ...point. Nenshou turning around Choisnet... belly-to-back suplex! And a beauty! Percy Childes showing his approval, and Nenshou giving the sign...

[The sign in question is the drawing-a-thumb-across-the-throat sign. This draws a reaction from the fans, but Nenshou ignores this and kicks Choisnet in the ear.]

BW: Shot to the ear to dizzy the man. Now he's got him.

GM: Nenshou off the ropes, charging at a kneeling Choisnet... DUCKED THE KNEE! CHOISNET BENT BACKWARDS AND NENSHOU'S KNEE HIT NOTHING!

BW: The kid's too quick to catch like that! The Shining Wizard's a speed move!

GM: Nenshou keeps running, off the ropes... AND A BELLY-TO-BELLY BY CHOISNET! HE KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF NENSHOU! A COVER!

BW: NO WAY!

GM: ONE, TWO... AND HE GOT TWO ON IT, BUCKY!

BW: Percy almost jumped out of his shoes! Nenshou took a near fall!

GM: Nenshou up, and another blatant eye rake! He has no shame at all about abusing the rules!

BW: He'll do the same thing a hundred times if it works, Gordo. He's pragmatic!

GM: Choynet blinded, and Nenshou scooping him by the waist... side backbreaker! The Asian Assassin recovers very quickly, and off the ropes... another snapping quick elbow drop! And a cover... one, two, but no more than that.

BW: Nenshou is making sure that the pressure stays on Shawney. When you're the one going for pins, you're keepin' the pressure on.

GM: And now the Japanese star applies a leglock... we've seen this before! Bridging into the chinlock! This bridging deathlock of Nenshou's is a painful, painful submission hold!

BW: We just call it the Nenshoulock, Gordo. And it could be all she wrote for Shawney.

GM: It could be. Chris Choynet has an outstanding amateur background from the University of Maine, though, so he is capable of finding a technical counter.

BW: You know what the University Of Maine is famous for, Gordo?

GM: What's that?

BW: Nothin'. Least of all wrestling.

GM: Choynet has a chance to change all of that... certainly if he can defeat Nenshou. And if he can gain entry into the World Title Tournament. But he'll have to escape the Nenshoulock to do any of that! Choynet trying to reach an arm in between Nenshou's arms... to alleviate the pressure! He's straining for it...

BW: WHAM! Nenshou felt the hold being disrupted, so he let go, stood up, and kicked him in the face!

GM: Another control technique used by Nenshou, who knows when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em, as the old song goes. Stomp to the chest, and another one! Nenshou making the throat-slit sign... scoops Choynet, lifts him for the backbreaker... **INSIDE CRADLE! INSIDE CRADLE BY CHOINET!**

BW: NO!

GM: ONE, TWO, WAS THAT THREE?!

[The fans explode at the sudden flash pin by Choynet... who hooks one leg with his arm and another with his leg! For an instant, the fans are seeing upset, but Nenshou kicks out at 2.8.]

BW: Two count only!

GM: Percy almost had a coronary!

BW: He sure did! But close ain't gonna get the paycheck cleared!

GM: Nenshou with another eyerake... but this time Choisnet blocks it! And an armdrag by Choisnet! Another one, lightning quick as Nenshou gets up just as fast! A dropkick catches Nenshou as he stands! Nenshou up again... SUNSET FLIP! ONE! TWO! AND...

BW: NO! Oh, man, you're killing me with these near falls! I don't think Nenshou's had this tough a match in a long time!

GM: Nenshou hasn't HAD a match in the AWA in a long time, except for that ambush 'match' against Anton Layton! And Layton was maybe 50% for that one to start with! He's been fighting in Japan, but perhaps a bit rusty with the American style! Choisnet with a side headlock, and a takedown... pulling him up... and switching to a front facelock. Smooth transitions from the former four-year letterman from Maine. Now hooking Nenshou for the vertical suplex... up... and Nenshou floats over the back... WHOA!

[Choisnet's vertical suplex attempt is countered by Nenshou, who turns around in midair, floats over the back, pulling up a knee and taking Choisnet over backwards... so that the knee is driven into the upper back/lower neck of Choisnet in a modified single-knee Lungblower! the fans react loudly for the impressive counter.]

BW: WHAT A COUNTER!

GM: Shades of Rick Marley on the suplex counter, and Choisnet is stunned! Nenshou up in a flash... to the ropes...

BW: MOONSAULT!! HE GOT ALL OF IT! SEE YA, SHAWNEY!

GM: It is academic after that! One, two, and three!

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

[The crowd boos heartily as Nenshou stands up, bends down, and spews red mist all over his fallen opponent! THEN he raises his hand in victory. Childes and Monosso enter the ring as the official word is given.]

PW: The winner of the contest... NENSHOU!

GM: And what was the point of that?! Why spit that horrible mist all over the man after the match?!

BW: Cause ya can't get disqualified for it after the match. Duh. Also, the red mist burns. So it hurts a lot.

GM: But why?!

BW: That IS why, Gordo. All these years and you still don't know nothin' about Nenshou? Anyway, i don't know what these fans were booing for. That was a clean win.

GM: With all the rulebreaking in the match, and the post-match mist... AND NOW MONOSSO?!

[Yes, in fact, now Monosso. James picks up Choisnet, headbutts him, and holds him up by the hair while pummeling him. The bell rings more (because that always stops Monosso, riight), and the boos get louder.]

BW: Well, maybe James has a message to deliver, in his favorite language: violence.

GM: Monosso presses Choisnet overhead... no, don't do this!

JM: GET OUT OF HERE!

[And with that infamous phrase, Monosso runs at the ropes and hurls Choisnet out of the ring with the running press throw! Choisnet rockets over the ropes, luckily hitting the padded part of the floor, and skips like a stone! After the ring is cleared, "Raijin's Drums" starts back up.]

GM: That is ridiculous! Jason Dane is standing by to talk to this menagerie...

[Cut to the ring where Jason Dane is stepping through the ropes to join the men still inside.]

JD: Alright, we've just seen the return of Nenshou, and joining me at this time are "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes along with Nenshou and James Monosso.

[The trio enters the camera shot from the left. Monosso is in the lead, oddly, as he's moving with a bit more impetus than usual. He wanders around in the back as Childes walks up to Dane, Nenshou at his back. The former Longhorn Heritage Champion brings the taped index and middle fingers of his left hand up to his face in a meditative position. Childes taps his crystal-tipped walking stick on the ground in front of him, and then looks up at Dane with a smile.]

JD: Percy Childes, the tournament is right around the corner... what preparations have you and your men made for the event?

PC: It's very simple, Dane. My man Nenshou has had a busy schedule in Japan since his contract expired here in the AWA late last year. So he has been resting his body, training endurance, speed, and technique outside of actual combat. Tonight, he has returned to action, and he will be at the peak of his powers when the tournament begins, I assure you. As for the mad Monosso... he is a veteran of countless wars. But his recent wars have

been perhaps the most taxing of all. Last year, his matches against Martinez, Michaelson, Preston, and Marley were all extremely brutal, draining bouts. And it has already begun in 2012 with his victory over Stevie Scott. But "ring rust" is simply not a factor with Monosso's style... so I have paid him to remain still. To heal. And to be ready. And so he is.

Many of our opposition are men who have not tasted real competition in many years. Men of caliber, to be sure... names from the past looking for one more glory ride, not dissimilar to Robert Donovan, except that Donovan had the courage to come in without needing the yellow brick road to gold paved for him. They are vultures, hyenas looking to steal the prize that the lions have worked very hard to kill. And I take this very, very personally, Mr. Dane.

JD: Given your obsession with destroying and discrediting the history of our sport, I expected that.

PC: Not "destroying", Dane. "Clarifying". "Exposing". These relics of the past, failures one and all, whose companies failed and folded long ago... they are trying to steal what this generation has earned. They couldn't succeed in their day, and they can't stand our success today. So here they come, one and all. From nowhere they came, and to nowhere they shall return... Nenshou has assured me of this.

But there is one who stands out, I suppose. Someone who didn't technically 'fail' because his organization is still alive. Someone from our very own AWA, whom we thought we had dealt with once. Ron Houston... do you remember the sickening crunch? Oh, right, you've had several of those in your career... I should say, the FINAL sickening crunch? The one inflicted by James Monosso, snapping your leg like a dried-out old stick? I know that you do, and mark my words: you've come back to relive glory, but we do not like to leave a job unfinished... so the only thing you will relive is that sickening crunch. Remember it well, Houston; you will soon be reunited with it.

JD: That's sick.

[Now Monosso comes up from the back, jawing into the mic.]

JM: No, what's sick is all these dumb kids coming up and thinking they can just jump into a title tournament! I don't care about Houston or the rest. They're just like me... old and broke down, with no future, so they might as well get paid to suffer because they're suffering anyway. I understand them. But all of a sudden, we got a bunch of idiots springin' outta the weeds because they think they got a shortcut to gold! MY GOLD.

[Monosso thumbs back at himself. The attentive can see Percy subtly lift his cane towards Nenshou, as if to block the path between the two men.]

JM: I already made it real, real clear how stupid you gotta be to get into this sport in the first place. I made example after example of dumb kids, what this sport does to you. How you get crippled and it ruins your life. Well,

now we got the double-stupidity of kids comin' into wrestlin' and immediately tryin' to take somethin' I NEED. That's what you idiots don't get. You all WANT the title. I \_NEED\_ IT. The money from that is the only chance I got to live even at a welfare level when I'm old... otherwise I got nothin' but the street or prison. So I can either win this belt or shank somebody just for a roof over my head. Maybe it'll be Dane; he's pissed me off enough.

JD: Huh? What?!

JM: Or Myers. Yeah, Myers. I can probably beat Dane up and get away with it. I been waitin' to get Myers for over a year now.

JD/GM: WHAT?!

JM: So all you stupid kids, get the hell out of here before you end up like Eric Preston. A crushed, emotionless heap sitting at home listenin' to the show because he can't see no more! Before you end up like all the others, these other old jerks that came in because they got nothin' in life! Before you end up like Myers is gonna end up like if I don't win the title!

And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise!

[Monosso stomps off, and Percy finishes up.]

PC: Well, it seems that we have issues with young and old alike, then. It matters little. Everyone is claiming that they'll win the tournament, naturally. My claim is this: watch and see. Watch and see.

[Childes and Nenshou follow suit, leaving Dane behind. Dane's still nervously watching Monosso leave after his claim that he could "get away with" beating him up.]

JD: Uh, I have to go... back to you, Gordon.

BW: AND BUCKY!

GM: ...

BW: Can I have your car when you get shanked?

GM: ...!

BW: Just askin'.

GM: Let's... uhhh... let's take a quick break.

[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 Bruno Verhoeven and Theodore Colville are standing in front of a massive AWA banner. Colville is wearing a dark green three-piece suit and clutching a clipboard in his hand. "The New Butcher" towers over him. The German is dressed in urban camouflage pants and a grey tank top that features a goat skull. Most striking is what he carries over his shoulder, though: The charred and ruined remains of the PCW World Championship.

Colville clears his throat and adjusts his glasses before he starts to read from the clipboard.]

TWC: My client, Mister Bruno Verhoeven, has charged me with addressing the fans, the officials and the administration of the American Wrestling



Alliance.

Mister Verhoeven regrets the drastic steps that were taken during his last televised appearance. His use of controlled pyrotechnics was a form of protest in the tradition of Mahatma Ghandi and passive resistance to injustice as was perceived by us.

The continued display of the Premier Championship Wrestling World Championship will continue to serve as a silent reminder how a fantastic athlete like him was mistreated.

[Bruno does not move a muscle nor show any emotion.]

TWC: Thankfully, my client will be allowed to compete in the prestigious World Title Tournament. He pledges that he will give his utmost effort to astound the public and industry with his impressive prowess. With his athletic gifts and his wrestling heritage an ultimate victory is very much within the realm of possibility and as an inaugural champion he would be an almost ideal face for this promotion, a proud and powerful standard bearer representing the World. We realize that Mister Lynch as a first round opponent will-

[Suddenly, Verhoeven steps forward and shoves his diminutive spokesperson rudely aside. His face is a tense grimace rage, his cheeks flushed red.]

BV: Lynch! You ... weak! Your family ... your Texas ... WEAK!

[Bruno slams his fist against his chest.]

BV: Verhoeven will \_crush\_ you, Lynch! Your body ... \_TORN\_ and \_BLEEDING\_ ... will be ... step to gold!

[He slaps his meaty hands against the PCW title.]

BV: Next belt ... nicer. Shinier! Bigger! Mine! MINE!

[Cut back to ringside.]

GM: I tell you, there's something wrong with Bruno Verhoeven, Bucky.

BW: The guy lit a fire in the middle of the ring two weeks ago, Gordo, just so he could prove a point to the runt of the Stench clan. You think you need to tell me there's something wrong with him?

GM: But at the same time, he's a tremendous physical specimen. He could very easily tear through the other sixty-three men in this tournament to become the World Champion. Can you imagine the Butcher with the World Title around his waist?

BW: I absolutely can, Gordo. Like you said, he's a beast. You look at that raw power... the boxing skills... the heritage... and most of all, the killer

instinct. Verhoeven will stop at NOTHING to end the summer as the World Champion. Bank on that.

GM: But to do it, he's going to have to get through his rival, Travis Lynch, in about a week at Memorial Day Mayhem. What a first round showdown that's gonna be.

BW: Travis Lynch is good. It pains me to say it but he's a heck of a wrestler.

GM: Wow.

BW: BUT... he's no Bruno Verhoeven. The Butcher's gonna walk into a place that used as a rodeogrounds from time to time on Memorial Day and he's gonna take Lynch right to the slaughterhouse just like his old man used to do, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that. And we're going to hear from Travis Lynch later tonight but for right now, let's head up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Phoenix, Arizona... Elton Watts!

[A slender guy with bad tattoos and MMA trunks slaps himself a couple times across the face.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Rock Warriors" by The Rods begins to blare over the PA system to a pretty decent cheer.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by Big Mama and representing Playboy Enterprises... weighing in at 237 pounds and hailing from Jacksonville, Florida...

"MR. INTENSITY"

SCOTTY MAAAAAAYHEM!

[Flash bulbs pop all over the WKIK Studios as Scotty Mayhem walks through the curtain decked out in a blue and white sequined robe. He does a full turn, arms spread wide as the studio lights dance off his sparkling robe. He pauses, his back to the crowd as he points towards the curtain where Big Mama arrives in a matching blue and white dress, having lost even more poundage since the last time we saw her.]

GM: There they are, Bucky. The First Couple of the AWA.

BW: The WHAT?!

GM: Well, they certainly seem to be getting along very well lately.

BW: That trollop is steppin' out on Johnny C and YOU decide to praise her for it?! What kind of world are we livin' in, daddy?!

[Mayhem has his last name written in white script across the dark blue sequined robe's back. He suddenly turns towards the ring, shouting something unheard as he swiftly moves the few steps remaining. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron where he immediately points a threatening finger at Watts.]

GM: Scotty Mayhem is already in the tournament and we found out earlier this week that he'll be meeting Dick Bass in early June in the first round of the tournament.

[Big Mama starts to climb the steps but Mayhem waves her off, shrugging out of his robe and dropping it into her waiting arms as she stands on the floor. He grabs the top rope, catapulting himself over the ropes and landing on his feet...

...where Watts rushes across the ring, throwing something resembling a Superman punch to the exposed back of Mayhem!]

GM: Ohh!

[Watts swings Mayhem around, throwing a snapping side kick to the ribs. A second one lands... then a third.]

GM: The martial arts style kicks connecting repeatedly to the body of Mayhem!

[Balling up his fists, Watts throws rights and lefts at the body of Mayhem who responds with a snapping jab to the jaw that sends Watts stumbling back!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand!

[Mayhem winds up, throwing a second and a third before taking Watts down with an overhead elbow smash.]

GM: Down goes Watts!

[Mayhem moves away, swinging a hand around in the air to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Scotty Mayhem's got this crowd solidly behind him.

[Grabbing a handful of hair on the recovering Watts, Mayhem rushes towards the ropes, leaping over them, and SNAPPING Watts' throat down on the top rope, sending him sailing backwards and down to the canvas!]

GM: Down goes Watts again!

[Mayhem pulls himself back up on the apron, moving quickly to the corner where he begins to scale the turnbuckles, stepping up to the top rope...]

GM: Mayhem's up top! He's gonna fly!

[And as Watts stumbles to his feet, Mayhem takes flight, landing with a double axehandle that crashes down over the skull of Watts, knocking him flat and allowing Mayhem to secure a cover.]

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

[Watts fires a shoulder off the mat before a three count which simply seems to piss off Mayhem who rolls off, grabbing a handful of hair to keep Watts in place as he hammers away with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Mayhem's beating this kid to a pulp in there!

BW: Another guy who looks VERY ready for the World Title Tournament, Gordo.

GM: You've got that right.

[Pulling Watts off the mat, Mayhem scoops him up, slamming him down hard to the canvas...]

...and promptly leaps HIGH into the air, landing with a kneedrop across the chest!]

GM: That might do it! Mayhem with another cover for one... for two... for th-

[But again, Watts slips a shoulder off the canvas to break up the pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count for Mayhem... Mr. Intensity is on a roll in there tonight...

[A quick cut to the floor shows Big Mama clapping for her man as he climbs back to his feet, pointing towards the corner.]

GM: Mayhem's heading back up top...

[Scotty Mayhem quickly scales the ropes, raising both hands high as he can over his head, fingers extended to point to the heavens...]

...and then hurls himself off the top, crashing down on a prone Watts with an elbowdrop across the chest!]

GM: JACKSONVILLE JAM!

[Mayhem rolls into a lateral press.]

GM: Mayhem's got him for one! For two! For three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Mayhem quickly springs back to his feet, swinging a finger around in the air as Big Mama applauds from out on the floor.]

GM: Scotty Mayhem scores another big victory to put momentum on his side heading into the tournament. And I'm really looking forward to that showdown between Mayhem and Dick Bass coming up in June. That's going to be one heck of a first round matchup, Bucky.

BW: I've gotta admit, the Championship Committee's really done a great job in putting this tournament together so far. We've got the best the AWA has to offer plus some of the best competitors from around the world coming in to compete. Not to mention all of the legends that are coming back for it. And the few first round matches that have been announced so far all look to be instant classics.

GM: And the thing is, the list of participants for the World Title Tournament has continued to grow the past two weeks, Bucky. We've got some really great wrestlers joining an already impressive list.

BW: Victor Frost and Madison J. Valentine are impressive, Gordo. It's gonna be a tough tournament, that's for sure.

GM: We've still got a few more people who have yet...

[No music nor any real fanfare until the crowd catches on that someone is walking through the curtain.]

BW: Who's that?

GM: I'm not sure, but... OH MY!

[The crowd erupts into a mixed reaction as Brian Von Braun becomes visible.]

BW: What's HE doing here!?

GM: We haven't seen Brian Von Braun in over a year, since he was put out of action at the hands of the Unholy Alliance!

[BVB's decked out in a pair of jeans, black t-shirt with a flame design, and shoes. His hair has been cut short and spiked. He reaches the ring, but instead of climbing in, he does a long circle around it, staring at the battleground before he makes his way to the announce table, where Gordon Myers has already removed his headset and meets BVB with a mic.]

GM: Brian Von Braun, you haven't been seen in the AWA in over a year.

BVB: Jus' hang on, Gordon. I already know tha questions yer gonna ask. I ain't here ta right tha wrong that happened ta my father. That's a done deal.

[Myers looks a bit shocked. There's some boos from the crowd.]

BVB: While tha rest of tha family was gettin' legal counsel, filmin' videos an' puttin' 'em up YouTube, an' tryin' ta start a war against tha AWA? I was tha only one who sat down an' listened ta what Pops had ta say. Know what he said ta me? "Juniah, someone's gotta get this family under control. We're rasslers. When we get wronged, we right in tha ring." That wasn't all he said ta me, Gordon. He also said the consequences of his past actions weren't meant for his kids, nieces, and nephews to right.

GM: So you're not coming back for Percy Childes?

BVB: Nah, not fer what he did to Pops, Gordon. What he and his cronies did to me? Yes.

[Crowd cheer for that.]

BVB: Not right now. I've got something else I'm gonna focus on. That's the World Title tournament.

[BVB pulls out his lighter.]

BVB: Eleven years ago, I broke into this sport. I said I'd buy a lighter fer every World title I won. Well, eleven years later an' I'm still carryin' tha same lighter, Gordon. When tha World Title tournament was announced, Pops said it was time for a Von Braun ta be a World Champion again. Ya know what, Gordon? He's right. That's all I've got ta say right now, Gordon. A lotta stuff goin' on, but this won't be tha last I'm heard from.

[BVB pats Myers on the shoulder and turns and heads towards the back. Gordon Myers sits back down.]

BW: Well, we know one person who's gonna be put out in the first round.

GM: A surprise in the form of Brian Von Braun, who has announced he's in the World Title Tournament. Didn't have too much to say, but did answer the question most were wondering about.

BW: He's gonna leave Percy alone for what Percy did to his old man, but he's gonna go after him for what Percy did to him?

GM: Yep.

BW: Shoulda just stayed out. Percy's gonna put this punk out like he did his old man.

GM: I'm not so sure about that. Von Braun is the forty-third man to enter the tournament. We're two-thirds of the way to a full sixty-four, Bucky.

BW: A lot of spots left. A lot of potential for something surprising to still be announced... and actually, a lot of AWA competitors still looking for a spot as well.

GM: That's right. When this tournament was announced, I think most people assumed that every AWA competitor was a lock to be signed up for the tournament but that hasn't turned out to be true at all. There are several competitors still trying to impress the Championship Committee who compete in singles action on a regular basis and there's essentially NO tag teams in the tournament at all!

BW: Well, there's one.

GM: I'd rather not discuss that.

BW: That's too bad, Gordo, because we're going back to Watson for another match and I have it on good authority that one of 'em are in this match!

GM: Oh brother... well, I guess we have no choice but to go up to the ring. Take it away, Phil.

[Crossfade up to the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, already in the ring, from New Braunfels, Texas...

[Texas pop!]

PW: ...weighing in tonight at 208 pounds, Ricardo Sanchez!

[Another pop for the man dressed in a green and white singlet and white boots. Sanchez pumps his fist to the crowd's reaction.]

PW: And his opponent, from Kingsland, Arkansas, weighing in at 240 lbs., DUANE HENRY BISHOP!

[Huge boos as Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" cranks up.]

BW: Yes! Hey, Sanchez, call your mama and tell her you ain't comin' home tonight.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Hey, you know how vicious the Bishop Boys are.

[Duane Henry comes stomping out, seemingly in a hurry. He stops just before he gets to the ring to read the fans the riot act. Cousin Bo follows slightly behind, tapping Duane Henry on the shoulder and pointing to the ring. Duane Henry nods and slides in. As he gets to his feet, he attempts to charge Sanchez, but the referee holds him back, drawing a scowl from the

ornery Arkansas native.]

BW: Hey, look, Bo's coming this way.

GM: Oh, joy.

[Bo grabs a spare headset and sits with our announce team.]

BW: Heya, Bo, nice of you to join us.

CB: Thank you, Bucky. Myers.

GM: Yes, hello, Mr. Allan. If you don't mind my asking, why are you here?

CB: I do mind, but I'll tell you anyway. I'm out here to scout my cousin, see where his weaknesses are, his strengths.

GM: I assume you're doing this in preparation for his big first round match at Memorial Day Mayhem?

CB: No, idiot, I'm doing it because I'm bored. Yes, of COURSE I'm preparing for that. God, you're really the best announcer they could find?

[The bell rings and Duane Henry charges. Sanchez manages to dodge the attack, and Duane Henry grabs the ropes to stop himself. He lets out a small chuckle, and walks up to Sanchez, extending his hand.]

GM: I'm sorry, is he actually looking to shake his hand?

CB: Sure.

GM: And I'm supposed to believe this?

[Sanchez looks around to the audience, wondering whether he should do it. The crowd reaction is a mixture of boos and people shouting "NO!" Sanchez looks back at Duane Henry and shakes his head. Duane Henry shrugs and promptly nails him with a European uppercut.]

GM: I knew he was up to no good.

CB: Hey, Duane Henry gave him a chance.

[Duane Henry grabs Sanchez around the neck and hits an Implant DDT. He goes for the cover, but only gets a one count before he yanks him off the mat by the hair.]

GM: Oh, come on! I think he could've had him right there! Why even bother for the cover if you're not going to try for a pin?!

CB: He's trying to wear him out as much as possible.

BW: Makes sense to me!



GM: It would!

[Duane Henry pulls Sanchez back to his feet and nails him with a blistering chop that echoes throughout the building.]

BW: Wow, did you hear that, Gordo?

GM: How could I not?

[Duane Henry fires Sanchez into the ropes and hits a hip toss on the rebound. Duane Henry follows up by running the ropes himself, and dropping a big senton. He goes for another cover, but only gets two.]

GM: By the way, Mr. Allan, I have to ask, are you worried at all about Duane Henry's opponent at Memorial Day Mayhem?

CB: Worried? No. Angry? Yes. Just more evidence of the grudge the Championship Committee has against us. How fair is it that we can't study somebody we don't know?

BW: Completely unfair.

GM: What if it's Cletus Lee?

CB: Oh, you'd love that, wouldn't you? You're not causing any dissension in our camp, buddy.

BW: Now why do you have to go and anger our guest, Gordo?

GM: All I did was ask a question.

[Duane Henry throws Sanchez out of the ring. He follows out onto the apron and waits for Sanchez to get up, his back turned to him.]

GM: Now what is this?

CB: Hehe, just watch.

[Sanchez stumbles to his feet and turns around, facing the ring. Duane Henry grabs the top rope, leans back, and vaults to the second rope, throwing himself backwards, flipping in midair, and nailing Sanchez on the way down. This draws a stunned "OH!" from the crowd]

GM: OH MY STARS! What was THAT?!

BW: Holy cow, Gordo, that was an Asai Moonsault! Not the prettiest I've seen, but it sure was effective! Bo, where in the world did he learn that?

CB: Hehe, I've told you before, Duane Henry's been studying DVDs and the internet. He's soaking up all this knowledge to become a better all-around wrestler. And I'd say it's working.

BW: Man, is it ever.

[Duane Henry gets back to his feet and mockingly bows to the fans. He grabs Sanchez and throws him back into the ring. He considers another pin, but decides instead to hit a leaping legdrop.]

GM: Well, now he's just playing around with the poor kid. I don't even think Ricardo Sanchez knows where he is. Heck, he may even be unconscious.

[Duane Henry looks down at his fallen opponent and seems to come to the same conclusion. He frowns a bit, realizing the kid won't feel a thing he does to him at this point. Duane Henry looks out to Bo and shrugs.]

CB: Yeah, you might as well just finish him.

[Duane Henry nods and picks Sanchez up one more time, lifting him into a Canadian backbreaker and dropping him into a facebuster. He turns Sanchez over and makes the cover.]

GM: There's the one... the two... and the three. Thankfully, it's over.

BW: That's it? Man, that was quick.

["Nothin' To Lose" blares back up as Duane Henry raises his arms in victory.]

CB: There he is, Myers, one of two men who could possibly be the first ever AWA World Champion.

GM: That's a spine-chilling thought.

[Duane Henry looks back down at his fallen opponent with his hands on his hips, and actually spits on him.]

GM: Hey! That's completely uncalled for!

CB: Sure, it was. You're telling me that this scrub was the best guy they could find to give Duane Henry a tune-up? He deserves this.

[And, sure enough, Duane Henry starts stomping away on poor Sanchez.]

GM: Come on, that's enough! Call off your cousin!

CB: I will when I'm good and ready.

[The ref tries to stop Duane Henry, but the mean Razorback just shoves him away. The crowd roars with jeers at the sight of the official sprawling backwards but somehow able to keep his balance as he signals for the bell to ring again.]

BW: Just keep ringing the bell. That oughta help.

GM: He just touched the referee! This is ridiculous!

[Duane Henry just keeps stomping away...

...when the crowd suddenly erupts with cheers!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: What the-?!

CB: What the hell?! Duane Henry! Get out of there, NOW!

[Duane Henry doesn't hear Cousin Bo over the roar of the crowd.

CB: NO! NO!

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard as Cousin Bo presumably tosses off his headset, shouting off-mic at the ring...

...as someone slides into the ring, bullrope in hand, swinging a surprised Duane Henry around into a boot to the gut!]

BW: What the heck is HE doing here?!

[The man winds up with both hands, raising the cowbell over his head...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BASHES Duane Henry Bishop over the forehead with the metal cowbell that's connected to the ropes, sending the Bishop Boy sailing backwards, sprawling through the ropes and out of the ring to the continued roar of the crowd!]

GM: JACKSON HAYNES! JACKSON HAYNES HAS RETURNED TO THE AWA!!!

BW: I thought they ran him and Morton out of town! Send him packin' and right back to Japan!

[Cousin Bo is quickly at Duane Henry's side, as he holds his head in pain. Meanwhile, inside the ring, an infuriated Haynes grabs a microphone and begins shouting at the fallen Bishop...]

JH: COME GET SOME, BOY! 'CAUSE I SURE AS HELL AIN'T DONE WITH YOU YET!

[There's a loud cheer for Haynes, as he whips the bullrope over the ropes in Bo and Duane Henry's direction, the heavy rope slamming into the floor as Cousin Bo narrowly avoids it, shouting up at Haynes.]

JH: Ya' think I was gone for good? Ya' think I was just gonna' leave things as they were!? Well, if ya' thought that, then you Bishop Boys are hell lot stupider than ya' look!

[Bo shouts threats at Haynes, as the madman from Moscow, Tennessee glares at him with a wild-eyed, borderline insane look on his face.]

JH: It don't matter if Danny Morton ain't by my side...I'll fight YOU [Points at Duane Henry]...I'll fight that mouthbreather Cletus Lee...hell...

...I'LL FIGHT BOTH OF YOU BISHOPS AT THE SAME DAMN TIME!

[POP!]

JH: 'Cause all that matters, is that I'm gonna' be gettin' a piece of your hides!

[Haynes throws the mic down, ready to storm the floor where Duane Henry looks just as ready for a fight. Cousin Bo tries to keep Duane Henry under control as the ringside area fills up with AWA officials.]

GM: We've gotta get some control out here! We need to-

[Suddenly, Jim Watkins marches out of the locker room, making his way over the announce area.]

GM: Mr. Watkins, you're not scheduled to-

[Watkins uncharacteristically snatches the mic away from Gordon Myers.]

JW: Hey Jackson! Jackson!

[The sound of Watkins' voice over the house mic draws the attention of pretty much everyone in the WKIK Studios.]

JW: I know how badly you want to get your hands on Cletus Lee and Duane Henry for what they did to you and Danny Morton a couple months ago... and I'm here to help you out with that.

At Memorial Day Mayhem in a week's time...

[He points at Duane Henry.]

JW: That guy's in need of an opponent for his first round match in the World Title tournament!

[The crowd ROARS at the thought of Haynes taking on Duane Henry in a week. Haynes glares at Watkins for a long moment, considering his offer.]

JH: Know what, hoss? I didn't come back from Japan to chase the World Title.

[He pauses, the crowd reacting with disappointment.]

JH: But I'd be a damn liar if I said I didn't think that World Title belt would look real damn good around my waist.

[Big cheer!]

JH: But ya know what'll look even better?

[Pause. A sick grin crosses Haynes' face.]

JH: Their spines.

[Big cheer!]

JH: You're on, bossman. Let's hook 'em up.

[The crowd ROARS again as Cousin Bo throws an absolute temper tantrum out on the floor as Duane Henry continues to threaten Jackson Haynes from ringside.]

GM: Wow! What an announcement! Jackson Haynes taking on Duane Henry Bishop in a first round tournament match next weekend at Memorial Day Mayhem and that's gonna be a fight, Bucky!

BW: They better hold that one before the building opens cause no one's gonna be safe with those two in the ring, daddy.

GM: Memorial Day Mayhem is gonna be hotter than ever in Fort Smith, Arkansas, fans! Stick around 'cause we've got a lot more still to come right here tonight!

[Fade to black.]

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

AS: Hello! I'm Andrew Sterling.

DT: And I'm Dan Thomas.

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

DT: Rumble in Sin City.

AS: Loser Gives Up Scientology.

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

[Sterling points at the camera.]

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

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

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

DT: Or our delicious salads!

AS: Let's not forget our signature pancakes!

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

AS: WELL WE SHOULD!

DT: Right.

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

DT: Hongry?

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

DT: Ooookay.

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

[We fade out.

As we fade back from black, we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside "Red Hot" Rex Summers who has the Longhorn Heritage Championship title belt draped over his right shoulder and a lovely young buxom blonde draped over his left shoulder.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling and as you can see, I have been joined by the current Longhorn-

RS: Let me correct you, Stegglet. I'm not only the current Longhorn Heritage Champion. I'm the ONLY singles champion here in the AWA, my friend.

MS: That is true. Rex Summers, would you... uhh... would you care to introduce your lady friend?

[Summers smirks, looking over at the young lady who is looking up at him with adoring eyes.]

RS: Easy there, Stegglet. Wouldn't want you to need a change in wardrobe. And no, I would NOT care to introduce this fine specimen of womanhood to you or the soft-bellied morons at home.

In fact, you can call her... Placeholder.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: Placeholder?

RS: That's right, Stegglet... Placeholder. As is, she's holding the spot that I've got reserved for the World Heavyweight Title. You see, my left shoulder is a bit jealous of the right one. The right one is always draped in gold and leather, warm... toasty... well-dressed.

But the left? The left stays up nights trying to figure out how to get what the right one has. It begs me... pleads with me to switch shoulders and give it a fair chance. But I'm having none of it, Stegglet.

Because I want the left shoulder to work harder than it ever has before! I want it to go to extremes... sink to depths that people like Travis Stench and Old Man Donovan never thought possible.

I want it to go as far as I need it to go to earn itself its own piece of hardware.

[An arrogant grin covers his face.]

RS: It's gonna be a long, hot summer here in the AWA. A whole lot of people are gonna come to town and just as many are gonna leave with their tails tucked between their legs. Old men like Gaines and Matthews... barbaric savages like Carver... has-beens like Brett Greene and Ron Houston and never-weres like Madison J. Valentine and Victor Frost.

Sixty-three men will come... and sixty-three men will fall.

But in the end, there'll only be one man left standing with that magnificent piece of...

[He eyes his lovely companion.]

RS: ...gold over his shoulder. And Mark Stegglet, believe me when I tell you that you're looking at him.

MS: That might be true. But it may also be true that come Memorial Day Mayhem you won't have ANY gold over your shoulder because in your first round tournament match that night, you're also defending the Longhorn Heritage Title!

RS: You're not telling me anything I don't already know, Stegglet.

MS: Well, how about I do?

[Summers arches an eyebrow.]

RS: What do you know?

MS: I know who your opponent is for Memorial Day Mayhem.

[A steely gaze freezes Stegglet in his tracks.]

RS: Who?

[Stegglet pauses, waiting a second too long.]

RS: WHO?!

[He blurts out the answer.]

MS: GLENN HUDSON!

[Summers' jaw quite literally drops.]

RS: Glenn... what the... HIM?!

[Stegglet nods.]

RS: I am the greatest professional wrestler in the world today and the Championship Committee thinks I should meet some has-been who used to call himself "Bullywug" in the first round?

[Another nod.]

RS: AND they think he deserves a shot at MY title?

MS: Well, he DID compete in the Longhorn-

RS: Of course he did. Of course he'd come back - just like Donovan - and try to suck up to those inbred idiots down in South Laredo.

But what he fails to realize is that times have changed since he was in the squared circle. The LWC is gone... dead... buried. And so are the so-called greats that ran wild there. Tex Violence? Gone. Bishop? Done for. Kikai? No one's heard from him in years.

You tell me one of those three are coming for me and I arch an eyebrow... the greatest show of concern you'll ever milk out of me.

But something named Bullywug?

[Summers laughs.]

RS: You remember the name of his tag team, don't you?



MS: The Nine Inch Males.

[Summers nods, looking to his lady friend.]

RS: She's not impressed. Let's go, sweetheart.

[And with that, he walks out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet shaking his head behind.]

MS: Rex Summers may be trying hard to not show concern but you better believe he's VERY nervous about facing Glenn Hudson in the first round of this tournament at Memorial Day Mayhem, fans! Now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[We crossfade back 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 Dallas, Texas... "Wrangler" Willie Waters!

[Waters does a lasso-type arm swing to some cheers from the crowd as he settles in.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The curtain parts to reveal quite the piece of eye candy - a stunning brunette in a much-too-tight white dress who applauds proudly as she walks into view. There is no entrance music as the curtain parts again.]

PW: From Glastonbury, Connecticut... weighing in at 245 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by the lovely Vanessa...

OLLLLLLIVEERRRRRR STRICK-

[Suddenly, Watson has the mic torn away by Oliver Strickland who wasted no time in getting to the ring. A well-toned body for a man of his age, Strickland glares at the ring announcer before lifting the mic.]

OS: You will - no doubt- have forgiveness for my intrusion but unless my auditory senses deceive me, there was a most egregious error committed on my behalf during your introduction.

[Watson looks puzzled.]

OS: Unless I am mistaken, I have EARNED a certain modicum of respect and dignity and I shall not capitulate in my present course of action until I am paid that which I am owed.

[Watson still looks confused. Strickland snaps a finger and Vanessa leans over the mic.]

V: You call him MISTER Oliver Strickland!

[The crowd jeers this pronouncement - even from the hottie delivering it.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...

MISTER... OLLLLLIVERRRR STRRRRICKLAAAAAAND!

[Strickland allows Vanessa to remove his plain white robe from around his upper body. There is no posing, no playing to the crowd, no waving an arm or pumping a fist. Strickland merely nods at the crowd's reaction, moving back to his corner as Vanessa, robe in hand, exits the ring to the floor.]

GM: There's the bell and here we go! Fifty year old former Southern Heavyweight Champion Oliver Strickland is about to make his AWA in-ring debut and give these fans a peek at what we'll be seeing from him in the World Title Tournament.

[Strickland marches out of the corner at the bell, extending his hand as he reaches center-ring.]

GM: Oliver Strick-

BW: MISTER Oliver Strickland to you, Gordo.

GM: Oh, don't tell me you're buying into that too.

BW: Did you see Vanessa? He must be onto something, Gordo.

[Willie Waters slowly edges from the corner, looking to the crowd for advice on what to do...

...and then shakes the hand cleanly to the surprise of everyone.]

BW: Look at that! There's that sportsmanship you're always going on and on about, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The two competitors tie up in a collar and elbow that Strickland quickly exits, securing a rear waistlock that he uses to hoist Waters into the air before throwing him down facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Big time takedown by Oliver Strickland!

[Strickland dives to the mat, securing a side headlock on Waters.]

GM: Oliver Strickland trained under the legendary Sir Wilbur Waters - no relation to his young opponent here tonight from what I understand - so you know he's top notch down on the mat.

BW: You act like he's some young kid you've never seen in the ring before, Gordo. This is Mister Oliver Strickland! He won gold everywhere he went in the eighties - Portland, Texas, the Carolinas - you name it, he won it!

GM: I'm aware of his resume, Bucky.

[During this discussion, Strickland has been out and out schooling Waters on the canvas with a series of mat wrestling holds and counters, ending up in a front facelock that Strickland uses to secure a single underhook, rolling Waters back into a pinning position that he easily escapes.]

GM: Waters out at two...

[The two men scramble back to their feet, looking for an edge. Waters moves in, throwing a right hand that Strickland slaps away, hooking the arm and taking Waters down to the mat with an armdrag!]

GM: Deep armdrag!

[Holding the arm, Strickland plants a knee on the armpit of Waters as he cranks back on the limb.]

GM: Strickland hooks in an armbar, trying to wrench that shoulder out of the socket.

[Strickland repeatedly orders the referee to ask Waters for a submission as he cranks on the arm.]

GM: Waters refusing to give up...

[Keeping his grip on the arm, Strickland hauls Waters to his feet, securing a double underhook, and taking Waters over and down to the mat with a butterfly suplex!]

GM: Wow! Beautiful execution on that throw!

BW: You expected anything less? The man is a world class athlete, Gordo!

GM: So I hear.

[Circling around his downed opponent, Strickland leans over to grab the legs under his armpits.]

GM: And he's going for a Boston Crab!

[But as he attempts to turn Waters onto his stomach, the Texan puts up some fight, struggling against it.]

GM: Waters is fighting it! He knows that if this hold gets locked in, it's all over!

[Strickland quickly abandons the submission hold attempt, instead falling back and leveraging Waters into the air where he crashes facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! He catapults him into the corner and-

[Quickly climbing back to his feet, Strickland hooks a side waistlock, dragging him out of the buckles, hoisting him into the air, and dropping him tailbone-first down on a bent knee!]

GM: Atomic drop sends Waters back into the corner!

[But as the Texan stumbles out, he gets hooked in a side waistlock yet again before being hoisted into the air and dumped down on the back of his head and neck with a back suplex!]

GM: Good grief! What impact!

[Strickland rolls over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg as the official starts his count.]

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

[Waters fires a shoulder off the mat just before the count of three, earning some cheers from the crowd.]

GM: A two count only there secured by Oliver Strick-

BW: MISTER Oliver Strickland.

GM: Give me a break.

[The camera cuts to ringside where a beaming Vanessa looks on, applauding her man's every move.]

GM: How old do you think she is, Bucky?

BW: I don't know... eighteen? Twenty maybe?

GM: The man is seriously old enough to be her father.

BW: Ain't nothin' wrong with that! It makes him a hero to a lot of men.

[Strickland doesn't waste a single moment of ring time, promptly pulling Waters back to his feet...

...where the Texan fires and connects with a big right hand!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Strickland stumbles backwards, arms wheeling around as he tries to maintain his balance...

...but a running dropkick to the chest takes all that away, knocking him flat!]

GM: Willie Waters is trying to string some offense together here, put together a little comeback effort.

[A dazed Waters climbs back to his feet, meeting the rising Strickland with an uppercut that knocks him back into the corner where the young Texan takes the second rope.]

GM: Here we go!

[The crowd counts along as right hands rain down.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

[But before this can get too bad, Vanessa climbs up on the ring apron, drawing the referee's focus...

...and Mister Oliver Strickland shows he's not all sweet science and technique.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The low blow sends Waters toppling off the middle rope, smashing down hard to the canvas as Strickland wobbles forward, grabbing the right leg off the mat...]

GM: The cheap shot gives Strickland the advantage and- What's he going for here?

[The crowd jeers as Strickland procures the spinning toehold.]

BW: He's won a lot of matches with this hold over the years!

GM: Waters crying out in pain! The hold is perfectly applied and when that's the case, it is absolutely EXCRUCIATING from what I've been told!

[Waters tries to fight it for a bit but...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it!

[Strickland keeps the hold on for several more seconds, drawing the ire of the fans and the official as the bell rings a second time.]

GM: Come on! Break the hold! The man already gave up!

[Strickland finally releases the hold, glaring down at the beaten Waters...

...and then lifts his limp right arm, shaking his hand again to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: A true sportsman!

GM: If you take away that low blow, perhaps.

BW: It was accidental. He was aiming for one of his world-famous inner thigh uppercuts. Devastating move when he hits it right... or wrong as it turns out.

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, Mark Stegglet's climbing into the ring as we speak to get a few words from MISTER Strickland. Mark?

[The junior announcer for the AWA has indeed entered the ring where Vanessa is rubbing down the shoulders of her man after his hard-fought battle.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Strickland, a most impressive debut for you here on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Strickland eyes Stegglet for a few moments.]

OS: In a world where I have dined with kings and queens, supped with presidents and prime ministers, conversed with Olympic athletes and Nobel Prize winners... they send me you.

[Stegglet shakes off the verbal barb.]

MS: This win here tonight was a good start but from this point forward, you are on the Road To Glory as one of the sixty-four men who will be battling to become the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion. Can I get your thoughts on some of the other men in the tournament?

OS: No.

MS: I'm sorry.

OS: No, you may not, young man. That line of interrogation is simply an interviewer attempting to bait me into belittling my opposition. You endeavor to make headlines on the backs of my verbiage. Please attempt to deny that obvious fact.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: Uhhh, well... would you at least like to know your opponent for the first round?

OS: I would.

MS: You'll be meeting Nenshou.

OS: God bless you, my child. You were saying?

MS: What?

OS: You said you would present the name of my opposition.

MS: I did. It's Nenshou.

[Strickland turns to Vanessa whose eyes have gone wide at this statement.]

OS: My dear, could you get our cub reporter friend a facial tissue? He seems to have developed a battle with the common cold. Now, if you would, good sir... my opponent's name.

MS: Nenshou! It's Nenshou! You're facing Nenshou!

[Strickland glares at Stegglet.]

OS: You dare to raise your voice to your better?

MS: I'm sorry but-

OS: What, in the name of my trainer Sir Wilbur Waters, is a Nenshou?

[Stegglet pauses, trying to think about how to proceed when Vanessa leans over, whispering in Strickland's ear. He listens for several moments and then finishes with a slow nod.]

OS: I see. Very well. You may inform Mr. Nenshou that on Memorial Day, he should prepare to receive the thrashing of a lifetime.

[Strickland slightly inclines his head to Stegglet.]

OS: Good day.

[And with that, the veteran turns to exit the ring alongside his young companion, the crowd responding with a mixture of cheers and boos at the idea of Strickland tangling with Nenshou at Memorial Day Mayhem.]

MS: One more first round match is set as Nenshou will battle Mister Oliver Strickland at Memorial Day Mayhem! That should be a good one, fans, but right now, let's go backstage where my good friend, Jason Dane, is standing by. Jason?

[The camera fades from black where we see Jason Dane standing in front of the AWA banner. He looks at the camera and nods, signaling that he is ready to begin.]

JD: Hello fans, in a few moments I will be joined by the youngest of the Lynch brothers, Travis, who has had a few rough weeks here in the AWA ...

Voice: Rough? Understatement there Jason.

[The camera pans to the right and Travis Lynch can be seen striding towards the AWA banner and Jason Dane. He is clutching a mangled object in his hands. The usually jovial smile that graces his face is gone and replaced with a mixture of anger and shame.]

TL: Worst month of my life is more like it. First, that sleazy lawyer finds a way to steal the PCW championship from my possession ...

[Travis lowers his head for a moment but he continues to speak as he does.]

TL: And you can't even imagine the lashing I received from the old man. The history of the federation ... the title ... what it symbolized for the families that were a part of the PCW ... what it symbolized for the Lynches!

[Travis snaps his head back up and glares at the camera as his long, curly blonde hair falls his face. He brushes it back and continues to speak.]

TL: I KNOW WHAT IT SYMBOLIZED FOR THE LYNCHES! I KNOW WHAT IT SYMBOLIZED FOR ME!

[Jason seems a bit taken aback as Travis just screams at the camera.]

TL: That title ... Meant everything to Blackjack! It meant everything to Jack and James ... it meant everything to anyone who stepped into the PCW and that's why I did everything in my ability to wrest it from the grasp of Rex Summers and return it home! This title ... no the PCW was built on the sweat, the blood of the Lynches and to see the jewel of it looking like this!

[Travis stares down at his hands, almost as if the burnt and mangled PCW World Title belt is resting in them.]

TL: It breaks my heart ...

JD: Now there have been rumblings and ramblings that you have been appealing to the Championship Committee for Bruno Verhoeven to be suspended from the AWA ...

[As Jason continues to speak, Travis looks up, a look of pure shock upon his face.]

JD: ... even though you two are scheduled to face off in the first round of the World Championship Tournament.

TL: Suspended? Suspended!? Are you kidding me, Dane? Look at me, Dane ... look at me and remember that you're looking at Texas' Favorite Son and more importantly remember that you're looking at a Lynch and not some first cousin to Moses Rose!



[Jason looks as though he is going to respond, but Travis does not allow him as he continues to speak.]

TL: A suspension ... That's the LAST thing I want! I'm glad the AWA decided to make my first opponent in the tournament the so-called New Butcher! 'Cause now I can get my pound of flesh! Bruno will feel my left hand will grasp his forehead and he will feel the pressure as the Claw sinks deeper and deeper. And the world will hear good ol' Gordo screaming it's the Claw! Lynch has the Claw locked on.

[A sly smile crosses his lips.]

TL: And we both know Bruno is just like his old man, so slowly the blood will begin to flow as I bust him open in the center of the ring. His blood will slowly cover my hand and I still won't let up till he screams I quit. Bruno Verhoeven will feel the pain I felt as I stared at my family's legacy burning in the center of the ring. He will suffer, just like I did as the flames were extinguished too late.

[Travis begins to run his hands through his hair.]

TL: My heart ... no the heart of Texas broke as the PCW Championship burnt upon that table and Bruno you will be held accountable for your actions just like your father was and believe me I won't be as nice as Blackjack was!

[Travis begins to walk away from the camera. As Jason Dane begins to speak Travis can be heard speaking once again.]

TL: Oh and remember Bruno ...

[The camera pans to Travis, who raises his left fist into the air.]

TL: I've already knocked you out once!

[With that Travis storms off and the camera pans back to Jason Dane.]

JD: Well there you have it fans, a fired up Travis Lynch is ready for a fight at Memorial Day Mayhem in what should be a tremendous first round match! We've got to take another break but stick around 'cause we'll be right back with more AWA action!

[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.]

The words "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" flash across the top of the screen as we open to a shot of Mark Stegglet standing by with Skywalker Jones, dressed to the nines in a tailor-made silver pinstripe suit, designer sunglasses and a big ol' grin plastered on his face.]

MS: Skywalker Jones has been dazzling and amazing crowds in recent weeks in his "Showcase of Immortality" but tonight, he faces his greatest challenge yet, in the form of two-time AWA National champion, Juan Vasquez! The question on everyone's mind is will Jones follow in the footsteps of former world champion Devon Case and defeat Jua-

[Before Stegglet can continue on, Jones cuts him off.]

SJ: Wait a minute, did you just say, "Follow in his footsteps?"

[Jones looks off-screen.]

SJ: BUFORD! Did this jive turkey just say that!?

[A voice answers...]

"HE SAID IT, JONES!"

[Jones turns back to Stegglet, looking slightly annoyed.]

SJ: Lets get one thing straight, little man...Skywalker Jones doesn't follow anybody! I LEAD! I INNOVATE! I stand out in every crowd and I pave my OWN path to glory!

[He whips off his sunglasses and stares Mark Stegglet dead in the eye.]

SJ: The fact is, the Juan Vasquez that Devon Case faced in HIS "Showcase of Immortality" ain't ANYTHING like the Juan Vasquez that Skywalker Jones has to face tonight! The Juan Vasquez he faced was young! That Juan Vasquez was hungry! But the Juan Vasquez that Skywalker Jones is facing tonight is that same beast...but a completely different animal!

[Stegglet makes such a face at that line...not sure what the heck Jones just said.]

SJ: The Juan Vasquez that Skywalker Jones is facing, is a multi-time World Champion!

[He holds up two fingers.]

SJ: The Juan Vasquez that Skywalker Jones is facing is a TWO-TIME AWA National champion!

[He holds up all ten of his fingers.]

SJ: The Juan Vasquez that Skywalker Jones is facing, is a man that's dominated this sport for the last TEN years!

[From off-screen...]

"A FULL DECADE!"

[Jones turns towards the voice and nods, yelling back, "That's right!" before turning back to Stegglet.]

SJ: A \_FULL\_ decade! And the thing is...

...Skywalker Jones is still gonna' beat him!

I'm gonna' pin his shoulders in the middle of that ring and leave no doubt whatsoever who the greatest wrestler in the world is!

[He puts an arm around Stegglet's shoulder and paints a vivid picture for him with his imagination as he stares off into the distance.]

SJ: Tonight, Skywalker Jones is gonna' seize that moment, carpe that diem and rocket his butt straight to the top of the wrestling world! And when all's said and done, The Showcase of Immortality is gonna' keep on rollin', keep on movin', keep on makin' history week after week 'til we've reach that final destination!

[Jones takes a step back and unbuttons his suit jacket, slapping his gut.]

SJ: With the AWA World title wrapped firmly around Skywalker Jones' waist.

[Jones puts his sunglasses back on.]

SJ: And for the record?

[He turns and lower his sunglasses slightly at Stegglet, a look of disdain on his face.]

SJ: You ain't invited to the victory party!

[Cackling, Jones walks off screen as Stegglet shakes his head at him. We crossfade from the previously-recorded footage to a generic black backdrop where the duo known as "Kentucky's Pride" - City Jack and Tin Can Rust - stand by. Jack's looking all the bit plump as he is in his recent commercials, even sporting the same stretched out XXL "[Flapjacksforjacks.com](http://Flapjacksforjacks.com)" T-shirt. Rust, on the other hand, looks a bit more in shape than last seen, though he now sports a black & gray beard to go along with his peppered hair.]

CJ: So what are we doin' here, right? Why are we standin' 'round here, on your T-V, speaking about some one AWA World Title tournament? Ain't we retired, right? We're no more active than a couple o' them cool man bar folks.

[Jack cracks a smile.]

CJ: But you know what? This here ain't about no "us" and sure as heck ain't about no ME!

[Jack pats his belly, the extra jiggles showing his retirement.]

CJ: This here is about a man I know, for sure! FOR SURE! Can get it done and done well in the ring all by hisself! This here's about a man I've known for twenty five plus years who's been at the top of the mountain before and sure as rain can get back up high on that mighty mount!

[Jack nods along as he puts a hand on the shoulder of his former tag team partner.]

CJ: This here's about a man who wanted nothin' more than tag team gold here in the AWA - even though he was more than capable than anyone else to grab at that National Title, even over this here ol' sob runnin' his mouth to you all. You see, this here's about a man I'm proud to call my championship tag team partner and, more importantly, as much a brother a man can be... Tin Can Rust!

[Jack smiles and gives a hearty slap to the shoulder.]

TCR: Like Jack said, all I ever wanted when I came to the AWA was to hold those National Tag Team titles. When Jack and I finally won the gold here, it was what I thought the final piece of my career. Before coming here, I was a

man who almost exclusively wrestled for my own glory. I held some of the top titles of Kentucky, the Midwest, some of the South...

[Rust pauses, trying to collect his words a bit.]

TCR: But it's been a good seven or eight years since I last touched any sort of singles title. And it's been a good year since I even ever stepped foot in the ring. And I was ready to hang it up, enjoy what I did and just look back through all the pictures and tape if I ever got the itch again. That was until I got a call from this man here...

[Rust jabs his thumb into City Jack's chest.]

TCR: CJ wanted me to step forward. Said the AWA was looking for people to go on and fill out their World Title tournament. My first reaction was just plain old no. But...

[Rust shakes his head.]

TCR: I heard how much CJ believed in it - in me! Now, normally I just brush aside some of things CJ says cause I know how he can talk almost anyone into doin' whatever, but... Man, this was different. This here wasn't just blowing smoke or nothing. He believed that I'd be at the end of the tournament, holding up the AWA World Title. And...

[Rust throws his hands out.]

TCR: Here I am. Ready. Ready to climb back up that mountain.

[Rust, subdued as always, nods. Jack, though, takes this opportunity to finish it up.

CJ: And you all better believe it too! All sixty-three of ya others better believe it! All you fans gluin' your eyes to AWA T-V better believe it! Cause right here! Right here! Right here! Right -

[Jack emphatically points to Rust.]

CJ: HERE is your FIRST AWA WORLD CHAMPION!

[With that, Jack nods and cracks a smile as the shot fades to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Juan Vasquez, backstage. The former National champ is dressed in his trademark white tracksuit with black trim, ready for his match later tonight. He gives a small wave to the camera as Dane begins to address the audience.]

JD: Hello, folks! I have with me, a man who will look to put an end to Skywalker Jones' "Showcase of Immortality" tonight...Juan Vasquez! Juan...Skywalker Jones started off this showcase as a vehicle to build momentum towards his run at the AWA World title and he's been racking up quite the impressive winning streak. Certainly, a win over him tonight would be a big boost of momentum towards your own world title aspirations!

[Juan looks down and scratches the back of his head, a sheepish grin on his face.]

JV: To tell you the truth, I haven't given much thought about it.

JD: Are you serious? The World title tournament has been the talk of the wrestling world!

[Juan shrugs an apology.]

JV: I know that, Dane...it ain't like I've been hiding under a rock all this time. Yeah, becoming the first-ever AWA World champion is a nice dream to have, but it's kinda' hard to focus on something like that when you've got Ebola Zaire ready to jam a fork into your neck, amigo.

[He makes a stabbing motion, causing Dane to frown.]

JD: I see your point.

JV: You don't think I'd love to stand here and tell you just how much I want the AWA World title around my waist? How much I wanna' be the man that'll have his name go down in the record books as the first-ever world champion this promotion's ever had? You don't think I wanna' act like everything's a-okay and I don't have to worry about someone coming after me, trying to end my career?

[A sigh.]

JV: Well...I can't. Everything ISN'T okay.

[He shakes his head sadly.]

JV: Not as long as men like Waterson and Childes are still around. Not as long as I've still got revenge on my mind and I'm carryin' this anger in my heart. I just can't.

JD: Then why accept this match against Skywalker Jones? Why wrestle one of the most athletic and unorthodox wrestlers in all of professional wrestling only days before you step into the ring with Ebola Zaire?

JV: Because it's a nice distraction.

[He grins, as Jason Dane gives him a confused look.]

JV: 'Cause I don't HATE Skywalker Jones. Yeah, he's a loudmouth. Yeah, he's the jackass that brought back the stinkin' "Showcase of Immortality" and makes Devon Case look humble by comparison...but I don't HATE him.

I don't want revenge against him and I don't want to end him. I don't want hurt him badly and I don't want to see him bleed. The ONLY thing I want to do...is beat him in the middle of that ring and prove that I'm the better man.

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: Heh...wrestling for the sake of competition. After what I've gone through, that sounds like a DAMN great thing to do.

Hell, for once, I don't have to dread having to go out there and do some sort of terrible thing. All I have to do is just go out there...and wrestle.

To tell you the truth, I'm actually excited about this.

[A sort of wistful, melancholy look forms on Juan's face.]

JV: It...

[A deep sigh.]

JV: ...it's a feeling I haven't had about wrestling in an AWA ring in a long, long time.

[And on that somewhat ominous note, Juan pats Jason Dane on the shoulder and walks off as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

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



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

[Jack smiles as the background picture remains stuck on a crepe, with the worlds "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. Fade to black.

Crossfade to the interview stage where the Aces are standing with Mark Stegglet. Both men are without their masks and are attired in dark blue, tight skinny jeans and tight-fitting purple muscle shirts. They're still wearing make-up to accentuate their choice of color tonight. Can't forget Tyler's bright red hair sharply contrasting the rest of the color scheme.]

MS: The Aces have been silent the past few months, ever since that brutal attack on the Lynches at the Anniversary Show. Coming up at Memorial Day Mayhem, the Aces are finally getting their shot at the National Tag Team Titles.

[Steven Childes steps towards the mic.]

SC: Uncle Percy said it best two weeks ago, Mark. The Aces have what we deserve. FINALLY, after weeks and weeks of fighting with a biased Commissioner and a Championship Committee, the Aces have our rightful shot at the Nepotism Boys.

[Tyler smirks at the comment and rubs his hands together.]

SC: Right now, right now isn't the time to continue rocking the boat. This situation with the World title is VERY important, regardless of personal opinions. We also need to focus on the task at hand. The Lynches know they aren't on equal footing with the Aces and will use any means necessary to hold onto those belts. How else is Old Man Lynch going to continue to live vicariously through his kids?

[Tyler pulls the mic to him.]

DT: Where have Jack and James Lynch been since they got beat up by us? Huh? Where, Mark?

MS: I don't know. I would guess training and preparing for their match against the Aces.

DT: Lies. Lies and deceit! Texas' greatest shame is nothing but scared and yellow. They've been hiding, Mark, hiding from the Aces. Follow the yellow streak they left at the Anniversary Show, and it'll take you all the way to that double-wide they call the Lynch Ranch in Dustbowl, Texas.

[Big round of boos from the crowd.]

DT: They're nothing but cowards. They don't have the guts to come out here and face the Aces, because they know they'll get the taste slapped outta their mouths again!

MS: Those are some strong words, Daniel.

DT: Ya know what? Maybe me and Steven should head to the back and find their short bus brother. Send those two a message, they can't hide any longer. And also show them what we do to chickens. Bwok, bwok!

"The things you two do with chickens ain't fit for a family show."

[The voice comes from offstage, and the camera slowly turns, to reveal the long absent Lynch Brothers. It's Jack who was speaking, his words coming out in his usual laconic drawl. The elder Lynch, as he always is, wears black head to toe, the only break in the monochromatic scheme being the gold belt over his right shoulder. At his side is James Lynch, looking fired up enough that Jack has to put a hand on his chest to keep him from rushing forward. Jack moves towards the Aces, until he's right up in their faces.]

JL: Where have we been?

Mark got it right on the first try. We've been training. We've been getting up every day before the sun rises, and we've been working until the sun goes down. Every day. No break, except for meals.

Ya whipped us, and ya whipped us good. I'm gonna give ya that.

I never thought that we'd get beat up worse than what VU did to us between the ropes. But you two snakes? Well, ya one upped 'em. And I hope that's somethin' that makes ya proud, because its all you're gonna have after Memorial Day.

All these weeks, its been nothin' but Aces. Every moment, every day. You two. And that weasel ya got at your side.

You think we're chickens? Well, these here...

[Jack points to the two National Tag Title belts.]

JL: They say we're champions. And they say you wanna be us, ya got that?

So you tell me, what you two gonna do when you're \_facing\_ us in the ring. When there ain't no back to jump, when there ain't no sneakin' around. Ya know what? Don't.

Jimmy, you tell 'em what'll happen.

[James moves forward. He's so worked up, he's practically vibrating.]

JL: They're going down!

You two, you're going to find out, just like everyone else, why the Lynches are Texas wrestling royalty. You want us? You got us. Just remember this? When it comes down to the match?

You two don't have a steer's chance in a steakhouse!

[Jack's head nods as he speaks one last time.]

JL: Like old Blackjack always says. The time for talkin' is over boys. Its time to put up -and- shut up. We put up these belts?

And in that ring, we shut you two up.

[The Lynches walk away, leaving the Aces seething 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 a shot of the interview area, where Jason Dane stands by.]

JD: Alright fans, introducing at this time, one of the favorites heading into the World Title Tournament... former Olympian, Sultan Azam Sharif!

[The crowd braces itself for the jarring Persian vocals that normally herald Sharif's coming... but no. Silence. Dane seems puzzled, as noone is coming.]

JD: Ah, Sultan Azam Sharif!

[After a moment, Count Adrian Bathwaite steps through the curtain... alone. The silver-haired Eurasian manager is wearing a paisley dress shirt (that seems to be made out of Lycra) and dark aqua slacks. There is a smug smile on the sextagenarian's face, and this makes the boos even more pronounced as the fans sense that he's got something to. He walks over to Dane with his black walking cane, and gives Dane a jab in the ribs with it.]

JD: OW! Bathwaite, where is... OW! Ow, quit it!

[Bathwaite's smile turns into a dark snarl as Dane speaks, and the next two jabs are much harder than normal. The fans boo even more.]

CAB: That's COUNT Bathwaite to you, you lowlife commoner! And the day I quit at the insistence of a peasant is the day they bury me in a gilded gold box!

[To punctuate that point, Bathwaite gives Dane one more jab.]

JD: Fine, COUNT. COUNT, where is Sultan Azam Sharif?

CAB: The Sultan is under advisement not to speak with the likes of you ever again. Not you, not Stegglet, and not Michaelson. Perhaps Buckthorn could be trusted with the proper preparation. But the rest of you are festering pustules on the bollocks of civilization! You've abused my health-related absences and tried to beguile the Sultan into saying the wrong things and believing your lies. You know that the Sultan has lived an ascetic life of training and physical fitness, has never dealt outside the realm of strict

honor and honesty, and is ill-prepared for your twisting words and manipulations! I have had enough of it, and from now on I will handle his media appearances personally. And single-handedly.

JD: In other words, he's starting to see through you.

CAB: YOU NEEDLE-NECKED SERF, HOW DARE YOU?!

[Bathwaite winds up the cane for something much more damaging than a poke between the ribs, but stops himself.]

CAB: You insolent wretch, I'll have you know that even at my advanced age, if I took mind to snap one of your spindly limbs, it would be done. I am a former World Champion!

JD: No, you're n... OW!

[Back to the Angry Old Man Cane Jabbing.]

CAB: You're trying to provoke me to give you more than a simple correction, so that the bohemian vagabonds who operate this venture will fine or suspend me! But I am a man of iron will, such as you and the rest of these dirt farmers couldn't understand. I am here with a message and I will give it.

Sultan Azam Sharif is aware that, due to his stated objective in winning the World Title Tournament, that there are elements in this organization who would conspire against him.

JD: Considering that you've talked him into trying to use his Steal The Spotlight match to have a unification match and risk the ENTIRE COMPANY... I'd think that is understandable!

CAB: Your understanding is as feeble as your grip, you needle-necked serf! THIS is what Sultan Azam Sharif will do: he will win the World Title. He will defeat Mark Langseth - the man the rest of you REFUSE to mention by name - and RETURN the glory that this company lost when the common rabble who make decisions that are above their station grew jealous of a king. He will then defend that honor only against properly blooded individuals, of which there are very few. Mostly in Europe, some in Asia, practically none in the United States.

And then he will take that honor which he restored to you... and take it with him home to Iran. He will lay the belt at the feet of the Ayatollah, and you will never see it or him again.

[BOOOOOOOOOO!]

JD: You're bluffing... Sharif himself has already said that he was encouraged to do that by the Iranian government, but he refused!

CAB: That's what I'm talking about, you dirty peasant! You and all of these dirt farmers trying to manipulate the Sultan! Well, I know what is best for him! What is best for us, the nobility! And what is best is for us to take what we deserve and put it where you common lot can't reach it! We will take your World Title, your National Title, and you'll have nothing left but to hold some new hundred-twenty-eight man tournament for the Galactic Title or some nonsense. And then a superior man will take that from you too!

When will you all see that you are nothing! You cannot exceed the station from whence you are born! And I will personally ensure that my man, the Sultan, proves that to each and every one of you.

[With that, Bathwaite leaves, to the loud boos of the crowd. Dane is visibly disgusted.]

JD: Fans, that man is beyond reason. Hopefully, someday soon Sharif will realize just that. Back to you, Gordon.

BW: Gimme a cane, Gordo. Every time he forgets to throw to me, I'm gonna jab him in the ribs with it.

GM: What makes you think I have a cane on my person?

BW: Your age, duh.

GM: ...

BW: Also the way you creak when you wal...

GM: What we need to discuss is how Adrian Bathwaite is a traitor to the AWA, and would destroy the legacy and the legitimacy of this company to assuage his out-of-control ego and sense of 'nobility'.

BW: All ya gotta do is stop him if ya don't like it, Gordo. Or more accurately, stop the Olympian who ain't done nothing his whole life but wrestle, who already beat two former National Champions, and who is pretty much a wrestling machine. Good luck with that.

GM: Or, better yet, finally somehow reveal to Sharif the true character of Bathwaite. I feel certain that someday, Sultan Azam Sharif will finally realize who Adrian Bathwaite really is and how he's been manipulated for all of these years. And on that day, I wouldn't want to be Adrian Bathwaite for \_anything\_.

BW: COUNT Adrain Bathwaite.

GM: The only thing Bathwaite can COUNT on is that when Sharif figures him out, he is finished. We can only hope that happens before he takes the whole AWA with him... and... uhhh...

[Suddenly, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott walks into view, wearing jeans and his new shirt from AWA Marketing that reads "Hotshot" across the front in red font with gold piping. Wasting no time, Myers gets down to business.]

GM: Apparently we are being joined at this time by "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and-

HSS: Get to the point.

GM: Well, I suppose the point is that there were some strong words earlier directed toward you from one Marcus Broussard.

HSS: Yeah, you got Broussard out here stretching out some local losers and then running off at the mouth about how he's going to do this or that and greatness and blah, blah, blah, SHUT UP!

[The WKIK crowd agrees with the "shut up" assessment based on the cheers to that short diatribe. Stevie briskly runs a hand through his hair.]

HSS: Gordon Myers, I am so SICK of hearing Marcus Broussard blabber on about greatness and who was the best AWA National Champion and how he's the franchise, ad nauseum. I'm sick of it, and I know these \_\_people\_\_ are sick of it, too!

[Yep, more cheers of agreement.]

HSS: I've explained this before, but I'mma do it again, and I'm going to talk reaaaaal slow so Marcus can un-der-stand what I am say-ing.

You, sir, continue to live in the past. All you talk about is what you've done, and who you've been, and turn your interviews into a history lesson of your self-imposed greatness.

[He shakes his head while letting out a quick chuckle.]

HSS: You don't hear ME talking about my past, do you? Do you, Myers? Do I come out here and talk about all the great things - and there are many - that I have done?

GM: No, you don't.

HSS: Do you know why? Because they don't mean a DAMNED THING! When you and I get into the ring at Memorial Day Mayhem, it doesn't matter what YOU'VE done, and it doesn't matter what I'VE done. All that matters is who has the most heart, the most guts when the going gets tough, when the legs are tired, when the body is ready to call it a night. All that matters is which one of us can fight through it. And you?

[Another quick chuckle.]

HSS: You've already proven time and time again that when the going gets tough, Marcus Broussard gets going. I hope your boy Ben Waterson has a

towel handy, because I have a real good feeling that he's going to have to throw it in for ya.

[Pop!]

HSS: Our resumes are pointless now, pal. What we've done? Doesn't mean a thing. I get that, and I've gotten that for a long time. But, if you want to keep living in the past, Marcus?

Then I'll be sure to make you history in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

[We fade from the announce desk up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing to introduce the Main Event.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[A huge chorus of boos greet Higgins, as he and the massive Hercules Hammonds enter the ring. Higgins shakes his head and laughs at the crowd's reaction, before bringing out his gold microphone.]

BPH: It's time, once again, for...THE SHOWCASE OF IMMORTALTTTTYYYYYYY!!!

[Shockingly, the crowd reacts to this announcement with loud cheers.]

BPH: Up on your feet playas, 'cause we got ourselves a future world champion comin' through! He weighs in at an amazing, astounding, awe-inspiring, bombastic, fantastic, heart-stoppin', jaw-droppin', mind-breakin', spine-tinglin', eye-poppin'...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He is The Ladykiller Killer! THEE most excitin', thrillin', wish fulfillin' showman in allll of wrestling! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

BPH:  
JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE  
EESSSSSSSSSS!!!!

["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: Skywalker Jones has been riding a huge wave of momentum ever since he began this so-called "Showcase of Immortality", but he's unquestionably taking on the biggest challenge of his young career tonight.

BW: Ain't no doubt about that, Gordo. Vasquez has been an absolute beast since he's come back, but can you imagine just how much a win over a two-time National champ would do for Jones' career?

GM: We know he's talented, we know he can do amazing things...but does Skywalker Jones have what it takes to come out on top against a man that could very well be the odds-on favorite to become the first-ever AWA World champion?

[Phil Watson is back in the ring.]

PW: And his opponent...

["They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play, as the crowd erupts with cheers!]

PW: ...he weighs in at two hundred and thirty-eight pounds. Hailing from Los Angeles, California, he is a former two-time AWA National champion...

JUUUUAAAAAN

VAAASSSSSSQUUUUUUEEEEEZZZ!!!

[Vasquez emerges from the entrance to a huge chorus of cheers from the crowd, dressed in his familiar white tracksuit with black trim. He stares down at the ground and lowly raises his right arm into the air, before looking up, his eyes focused solely on the ring. He blindly slaps at the several outstretched hands reaching for him as he makes his way down the aisle.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has been nothing short of devastating since he's made his return at SuperClash III...having won each and every match he's participated in by stoppage.

BW: This might not have been the greatest timing in the world for a match like this. Jones is facing a Vasquez that just doesn't seem to give a damn what he does to his opponents these days. And it ain't like he was too concerned to begin with!

GM: Regardless, this should be one heck of a match-up.

BW: No doubt about that, Gordo.

"DING DING!"

[Vasquez and Jones approach each other from their respective corners, meeting in the center of the ring. There's a big grin on Jones' face, as he makes a quick glance at Higgins and Hammonds, before slapping Vasquez right across the face!]

GM: OH! Skywalker Jones showing absolutely no respect for the former two-time National champion!

BW: He slapped the taste right outta' his mouth, daddy!

[Juan rubs the side of his face and nods...]

"SMAAACCK!"

[...before responding with a slap that almost sends Jones spinning!]

GM: OHHH! Vasquez with a devastating response!

BW: What ever happened to turning the other cheek!? Love thy neighbor? Coveting their wife!?!]

GM: I'm pretty sure that's not how it works, Bucky.

[Grabbing Jones in a collar-and-elbow tieup, Vasquez muscles Jones into the corner, but the mini-fro'd high-flyer quickly spins Vasquez around, shoving him back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Both men are in the corner and Marty Meekly is calling for the break.

[Jones holds up his arms to make a clean break, but then immediately tries to throw a cheapshot elbow, a blow that Vasquez sees coming...]

"SMAAACCK!"

[...as he ducks under and counters with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: OH! A blistering chop catches Jones across the chest!

[Stunning Jones with the chop, Vasquez buries a thrusting kick to Jones' gut, sending him back into the corner. Vasquez is immediately on him, rocking Jones with right hands, as his fist becomes a literal blur, only stopping when Jones' body has slumped down all the way to the canvas!]

GM: WHAT A SERIES OF PUNCHES! Skywalker Jones has been pounded right to the mat!

BW: Those were all closed fists, Myers! What the hell is Jagger doing in there?!

GM: JUAN'S NOT DONE!

[Grabbing the top rope, Juan lifts his boot and scrapes it right across Jones' face!]

GM: OH!

[However, Vasquez doesn't stop there, repeating the motion not one, not two, not three, but FOUR times!]

BW: Vasquez is out of control, Myers! He could disfigure someone like that!

[With Jones slumped against the ropes, Juan takes off running into the ropes, charging in with a head full of steam and CRUSHING Jones with a running knee to the head! A limp Jones rolls out of the ring and falls to the floor. He gets up to his feet, only to quickly stumble back and fall into the front row of the audience, clearly dazed, as Buford P. Higgins runs to his side, cooling him off by waving a towel in his face.]

GM: Skywalker Jones doesn't know where he is! Juan Vasquez is completely overwhelming him!

BW: We always talk about how aggressive Vasquez comes out in the opening moments of a match, but that was nuts, Gordo. I ain't ever seen Skywalker Jones get physically dominated like that.

GM: Jones might have bitten off more than he could chew this time. I've never seen Juan Vasquez this brutal, this merciless and this focused on just... HURTING someone.

[Inside the ring, Vasquez drops to his knees and crawls over to the ropes, leaning over the second rope and yelling out at Jones.]

"THAT ALL YOU GOT!?"

[Big pop!]

BW: Oh come on!

GM: Vasquez adding insult to injury. He doesn't seem too impressed with

Jones' performance so far.

[An infuriated Jones gets to his feet and shoves past Higgins, jawing at Vasquez from outside the ring. As Marty Meekly administers the ten count, Jones dives right back underneath the ropes, going right after Vasquez as the fists start flying!]

GM: I don't know what they were saying, but Vasquez and Jones are brawling in the middle of the ring!

BW: THIS AIN'T SMART! No way, no how Skywalker Jones can go toe-to-toe with a brawler like Vasquez!

[The crowd roars, as the two exchange several haymakers, but as Bucky predicted, Vasquez begins to land the more telling blows, knocking Jones back. He grabs the Combat Corner alum by the arm and sends him into the ropes, but a clothesline is ducked. Vasquez spins around, but not in time to avoid being hit with a...]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!!!!

GM: A vicious running boot the skull takes down Juan Vasquez!

BW: Ten years later and Vasquez is still getting kicked in the face by a more talented and dynamic wrestler!

[Pulling Vasquez up, Jones lifts him up for a suplex, but drops him gut-first onto the top rope, leaving Vasquez hanging out to dry.]

GM: Wait, we've seen this before! Jones is going to boot Vasquez right out of the ring!

[Jones runs into the ropes, preparing to deliver another Yakuza kick to Vasquez's head and send him falling to the outside, but at the last second, Vasquez slips off the top rope and onto the apron, sending Jones sailing by him.]

GM: NO! The kick misses!

[Jones turns and charges at Vasquez, only to take a shoulder to his gut for his troubles. From there, Juan hooks Jones in a front chancery...

...and dumps Jones over the top rope!]

"OHHHH!!!"

GM: VASQUEZ SUPLEXES SKYWALKER JONES OUTSIDE OF THE RING! Jones is in deep, deep trouble!

[Big pop!]

GM: And it looks like he's going to give Skywalker Jones a taste of his own medicine...he's getting ready to fly!

[Vasquez watches as Jones slowly gets to his feet on the outside and runs into the far ropes...only to get his foot grabbed by Buford P. Higgins! Vasquez turns around and grabs the announcer, pulling him up to the apron by his suit jacket!]

BW: Hey...get your hands off him! He's just a ring announcer!

GM: Higgins tried to trip up Vasquez, but that might not have been the brightest thing to do!

[The momentary distraction is enough, as Skywalker Jones quickly slides back into the ring and smashes a forearm to Vasquez's back, causing him to drop Higgins back to the floor. Jones then places Vasquez in an inverted facelock, before lifting him into air and suplexing him!]

GM: OH! A REVERSE SUPLEX! One! Two! NO! Vasquez kicks out!

BW: Look at Vasquez, putting his hands on innocent non-wrestlers. If not Jones, I hope Zaire puts him out of commission permanently.

GM: And Ebola Zaire isn't an out-of-control maniac. himself? He stabs people with a fork!

BW: Who's to say that official didn't deserve it? Zaire might've just been serving justice on some sort of criminal degenerate!

GM: Unbelievable.

BW: You know what's unbelievable? Skywalker Jones' amazing talent! Call the match, Gordo!

[Stepping on Vasquez's back, Jones stares down at the former National champ and mockingly yells, "Is that all YOU got!?" before stomping down on his spine.]

GM: Skywalker Jones getting a measure of payback from Juan Vasquez's earlier comment.

BW: He was cocky as hell early on, but right now, Vasquez might realize Jones has more than he can handle!

[With a foot still on Vasquez's back, Jones then steps off, leaping into the air and landing on Vasquez with a standing moonsault!]

GM: OH! A backflip splash right onto the back!

BW: And look at what he's following up with! We saw him do this to Manny Imbrogno!

"OHHH!"

GM: It's that surfboard submission! Vasquez is being bent to his breaking point!

[Holding Vasquez high off the ground in the surfboard, Jones rolls to his side and then pulls Vasquez up into the air once more! He repeats the motion again, rolling to his side and then once again pulling Vasquez up into the surfboard!]

BW: Rolling surfboards! Every time Jones resets that move and pulls Vasquez back into the air, it's gotta' be pure torture!

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH!!! AND THERE IT IS! Jones has switched to the chinlock! He's trying to break Vasquez in half!

BW: Can you imagine if Vasquez submits!? Has he ever submitted in a match!?

GM: If he has, he certainly hasn't in the AWA...but this might be the moment he does!

[Bending Vasquez back just about as far as his body can possibly go, Jones screams for Vasquez to quit, but having switched to the chinlock, Vasquez's arms are now free...]

GM: OH! An elbow from Vasquez catches Jones! And another!

BW: Keep the pressure on, he can't last much longer in this hold!

GM: Vasquez is fighting...he's fighting! [Pop!] He broke it! He forced Jones to break that deadly submission!

BW: But how much did it take out of him, Gordo? There's no way Vasquez's back ain't killing him right now.

[Pulling Vasquez to his feet, Jones whips the former champ into the corner, charging in with a leaping double knee strike right into the former champion's chest!]

GM: OH MY! Jones taking a page right out of Juan Vasquez's playbook with the flying knees!

BW: It's like he's saying, "Anything you can do, I can do better!"

[With Vasquez slumped in the corner, Jones lifts him up, setting him on the top turnbuckle. He winds up and nails the former champ with a slap across the face!]

BW: Yeah, Jones! Slap that smug look right off Vasquez's face!

GM: Skywalker Jones is going up top and as we've seen in recent weeks, literally ANYTHING can happen when he goes up there.

[Climbing up top, Jones sets Vasquez up for a belly-to-belly suplex, drawing a loud roar from the crowd, who instantly recognize the maneuver.]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR WITNESS TO GREATNESS! That unbelievable somersault belly-to-belly suplex we saw him use against Manny Imbrogno!

BW: If Jones hits that, there ain't no doubt about it! He'll win this match!

[Jones has Vasquez cinched him a front waistlock, but stops to yell out his move's name...]

"WITNESS TO GREA-"

"OH!"

[...and is nailed by a headbutt from Vasquez!]

GM: No! A headbutt stops Skywalker Jones dead in his tracks! OHHH! And another headbutt almost knocks Jones right off his perch!

"THUUUD!"

GM: And a big shove from Vasquez sends Jones falling back to the canvas!

[Vasquez balances himself and then raises both of his arms high into the air, as the crowd rises in anticipation...

...before flying off the top and slamming home a flying elbow!]

GM: A HUGE ELBOW FROM THE TOP ROPE! VASQUEZ HAS THE PIN! ONE! TWO! THR-NOOO!!!

BW: Vasquez hit the big elbow, drove it right into Jones' heart, but it wasn't enough! That tells you right there how much this match means to Jones. He KNOWS this is the most important match of his career!

GM: I can't disagree with you there, Bucky. Skywalker Jones is putting on an incredible performance tonight against one of the very best in the world.

[Pulling Jones to his feet, Vasquez places the high-flyer into a cravate, before driving a series of knees into his head!]

GM: Oh...OH! A brutal series of kneelifts by Juan Vasquez!

[From the cravate, Vasquez then takes Jones over with a snapmare into a seated position, quickly following up with a kick to Jones' back!]

GM: And a kick right between the shoulderblades! I heard that all the way from here!

BW: He can't believe Jones kicked out of that elbow and I think that's got him angry. He's just trying to hurt-OH!

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

BW: Oh dear lord! That running knee, Gordo!

GM: Juan Vasquez just ran right through Skywalker Jones with that running kneelift! Here's the cover! ONE! TWO! THRRRRR-NOOOO!!! Jones escapes again!

BW: Vasquez has gotta' be getting a little frustrated, Gordo. He's been hitting Jones with some heavy shots and he keeps coming up short. Those are the kinda' things that start playing with your head.

GM: He hit the big elbow, he almost knocked Jones out with that knee...but there's still a lot of weapons in Juan Vasquez's arsenal.

BW: But yeah, consider this...does he have as many weapons as Skywalker Jones?

GM: Perhaps not, but does Skywalker Jones have any as devastating as the Assassin's Spike or Right cross?

BW: He might!

[Looking a bit more frustrated now, Vasquez gets to his feet and drops an elbow across Jones' throat. He gets up and drops another...and another...and another! Dragging Jones to his feet, Vasquez pounds a series of forearms to his back, before locking his arm around his waist, going for a German suplex.]

GM: Vasquez going for a waistlock suplex...OH! Jones is fighting it!



[Slamming a couple elbows to break Vasquez's grip, Jones then runs into the ropes, ducking under a back elbow from Vasquez and flying off the ropes with a dropkick, burying both boots into the former National champion's chest and sending him to the outside!]

GM: OHHH!!! A huge dropkick from Jones!

BW: Did you see the power behind that!? Vasquez got sent flying like he was blasted by a shotgun!

[Watching Vasquez get to his feet on the outside, Jones takes a running start before taking a backwards leap OVER the top rope and landing on the former champion with a death-defying moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!! WHAT A DIVE BY SKYWALKER JONES!!!

BW: HE LEAPT OVER THE ROPES LIKE IT WAS AN OLYMPICS HIGH JUMP!

[Getting back to his feet, Jones doesn't waste any time, tossing Vasquez back into the ring. He slides back in and quickly doubles Vasquez over with a boot to the gut, before placing his head between his legs and underhooking his arms.]

GM: Wait a minute...I recognize this move!

[With a guttural roar, Jones powers Vasquez into the air and drops to his knees as he completes the double-underhook powerbomb!]

GM: THE BILLION DOLLAR BOMB! The signature move of Todd Michaelson!

BW: And it looked a million times better than that chump Michaelson's version ever did!

GM: He's got Vasquez pinned! One! Two! Thr-NOOO!!! Vasquez kicks out!

BW: You're garbage, Michaelson! Your moves are as worthless as the Money Pit!

[Staring at the referee in disbelief, Jones slaps his hands, motioning for him to count faster. But sensing victory within his grasp, Jones cackles wildly and drags Vasquez to the nearest corner. He makes it to the top turnbuckle in one leap and shouts "ZERO G!"]

GM: He's calling for it! Skywalker Jones is mere moments away from the biggest win of his life!

BW: DO IT!!! MAKE YOURSELF FAMOUS, KID!

[Jones takes a deep breath, before leaping off with a shooting star press...

...the move that would instantly send his career rocketing into the stratosphere...]

"THHHUUUUDD!!!"

[...and he misses it all!!!]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ GETS THE KNEES UP! SKYWALKER JONES WENT FOR ZERO-G AND HE CRASHED AND BURNED!!!

[Vasquez pushes himself to his feet, as Jones lies on the mat in pain. He yanks Jones to his feet by the mini-fro and whips him towards the nearest corner, sending him through the top and middle turnbuckles and shoulder-first into the ringpost!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: How is that not a disqualification!? Vasquez is trying to cripple Jones!

GM: Skywalker Jones has put up a valiant fight, but this might be the beginning of the end!

[Dragging him out of the corner by the waist, Vasquez powers Jones into the air and PLANTS him with a German suplex!]

GM: BIG SUPLEX BY JUAN VASQUEZ!

[Having dumped Jones on his neck, Vasquez turns to the crowd and proceeds to raise his right fist high into the air, drawing a HUGE POP!]

GM: HE'S SIGNALING FOR THE RIGHT CROSS!

[However, just as he's about to put Jones down for good, something catches Vasquez's attention up the aisle...the huge, battle-scarred, Ebola Zaire!]

GM: Oh no...EBOLA ZAIRE! ZAIRE IS HERE!!!

BW: He didn't wanna' wait for Memorial Day Mayhem. He's gonna' finish off Vasquez right now!

[As he spots Zaire, Vasquez exits the ring, waiting to meet the Botswana Beast head-on. Zaire waddles down the aisle as quickly as his obese frame allows, digging through his pockets, pulling out his dreaded fork!]

GM: Oh no! The fork! He's got the fork!

BW: This ain't good, Gordo! This ain't good!

GM: This monster should be suspended! He should be barred from this sport! A fork has no place in a wrestling ring!

[However, officials and security are quick on the scene to subdue Zaire, not wanting a repeat of the stabbing incident on the previous edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. A half dozen men grab ahold of Zaire, as he attempts to go after Vasquez!]

GM: Thank goodness for security!

[Vasquez watches as Zaire is dragged away, before reentering the ring. However, just as he steps through the ropes...]

"SMMMMAAAACCCCKKKK!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!! SKYWALKER JONES HITS THE SUPERKICK!!! JUAN VASQUEZ NEVER SAW IT COMING!

BW: HE GOT IT ALL! VASQUEZ IS OUT!

[Seizing the moment, Jones climbs to the top rope and stands to his full height, screaming for all to hear...]

"THE WORLD...IS...MIIINNNEEEEE!!!"

[...and leaps off, performing a full somersault...

...and keeps on spinning...

...spinning until he crashes down onto the prone Juan Vasquez with a 630 senton!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A BACKSPLASH!!!

BW: Holy hell.

[Jones seems to have taken as much out of himself, as he did to Vasquez, crawling towards Juan and collapsing atop him, covering him with one arm.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd roars in disbelief, as a dazed Skywalker Jones holds his head with a look of absolute shock on his face!]

GM: I can't believe it! Juan Vasquez had this match won, but a timely distraction by Ebola Zaire has resulted in Skywalker Jones scoring a major, major upset!

BW: Jones didn't just beat anyone. He beat Juan Vasquez. He beat a two-time National champion. This is the type of win that MAKES careers, Gordo!

GM: Unbelievable...simply unbelievable.

[The camera cuts to Skywalker Jones, as he holds onto Hercules Hammonds for support, shouting, "Who's the man!?! WHO'S THE MAN!?!?"]

BPH: Your winner...the man who truly is IMMORTAL...

Sky. Walker.

[Deepest breath ever!]

BPH:

J00NNNNNNNNN  
NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!

[Jones is pounding his chest, nearly elbowing Hammonds in the head a few times as he celebrates his victory. Juan Vasquez, after several moments, slowly sits up, rubbing his jaw as he stares out at the ringside celebration.]

GM: Juan Vasquez can't believe it, fans... and frankly, I think I'm as shocked as he is. Skywalker Jones is an athletic competitor... perhaps the most

athletic professional wrestler I've ever seen... but I don't think any of us expected that he'd defeat Juan Vasquez here tonight, Bucky.

BW: You've got that right. I love me some Skywalker Jones but... well, it's Juan Vasquez.

GM: You called it a career-making win. All night long we've been talking about momentum and the World Title Tournament and I don't think there's anything that could possibly get more momentum on your side than a win like this. Skywalker Jones may have just cemented himself as a favorite to win this whole thing, Bucky.

[Suddenly, Jim Watkins emerges from the locker room area, quickly moving to the ringside announce area again.]

GM: Jim, this is unexpected.

JW: Gordon, I know we don't have a whole lot of time left in the show but I've got something to say.

Ebola Zaire... the Botswana Beast himself... he's caused a whole lot of trouble for me and the Championship Committee over the past few weeks. And after what he pulled two weeks ago in that ring...

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: Well, let's just say there were a whole lot of people in the front office that wanted to send him packing once and for all... and I can't really say I blame 'em. But I-

[Watkins quickly finds himself interrupted as Juan Vasquez, tired and hurting, walks into view, leaning over the mic.]

JV: No.

JW: I'm sorry?

JV: You heard me.

JW: Look, Juan... I don't know what-

JV: He doesn't get out that easy.

JW: I know, I know. That's why his suspension goes into effect AFTER Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Vasquez pauses, slowly nodding before turning to walk away.]

JW: Juan... wait. We pushed this suspension for a week so you could get your shot at Zaire... so you could finish all this... and so you can take your rightful spot in the World Title Tournament.

[The crowd ROARS at the implication. Vasquez pauses, hands on his hips as he looks at Watkins...]

...and then simply walks away, leaving a puzzled Jim Watkins behind.]

GM: Jim?

[Watkins looks after Vasquez, hands on his hips.]

GM: Mr. Watkins?

[Shaking his head, Jim Watkins makes his exit as well, leaving Gordon and Bucky behind.]

GM: Well, fans, that's gonna do it for another exciting night of action here on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling. It's the last night of the summer for us here in Dallas, Texas 'cause we're going on the road. For our colleagues Jason Dane and Mark Stegglet, this is Bucky Wilde and I'm Gordon Myers wishing you a good night and we'll see you in Arkansas!

[We fade away from the announce team to black...]

And then make one final fade. We fade in on what appears to be a restaurant from all the tables and food and the like. The room is pretty dark - just barely enough light to reveal Todd Michaelson facing the camera sitting at a table. The cameraman is sitting across from him and speaks up.]

Cameraman: Todd?

[Michaelson looks up, his eyes red surrounded by dark circles.]

TM: Yeah?

Cameraman: We've been waiting an hour already.

TM: He'll be here.

Cameraman: Are you sure? Our flight leaves at-

TM: I know this guy. He'll be here.

[A few uncomfortable moments pass before Todd's head comes up, looking as an unseen figure approaches, sitting down across from him at the table.]

TM: I was starting to think you might not-

[A familiar but unrecognized voice replies.]

???: What's with the camera?

[Todd glances at the cameraman with a tired shrug.]

TM: You know how Steggs is. He likes everything documented.

[Silence fills the air for a few moments.]

TM: So, uhh... how have you been?

[More silence.]

???: You didn't have to come here.

[Todd shrugs again.]

TM: Someone had to go talk to the Tiger Paw Pro people anyways. Petr- they really screwed us over there.

???: Need me to talk to the office?

[Todd waves a hand dismissively.]

TM: I think it's too late for that. They pulled Taguchi.

[More silence.]

TM: You know why I'm here?

[We can see the shadowy figure nodding his head.]

TM: And?

???: You're wasting your time.

TM: I don't think I am.

[Michaelson runs a hand through his blond hair which appears to be in desperate need of a wash.]

TM: Because you know you've got unfinished business to take care of.

Look, I know you think you got a raw deal after the E went under. I can't argue with you. You walked out of Los Angeles as one of the most talented guys in the business and you couldn't find a job in the big companies. You've got every right to be bitter about it.

???: I'm not bit-

TM: You are. And I get it. If I were you, I might have come to Japan and hid for years too. These people get you. They understand you. They appreciate you. They won't sit back and call you a "moo-"

???: Don't.

TM: The point is, you only get one chance at all this. One chance to be what you deserve the chance to be - the best in the world.

[Silence on both sides of the table.]

TM: You can do this. You can come back to the States with me, enter the tournament, roll the dice and see what happens.

[More silence.]

???: I'll think abo-

TM: The office says they have to know tonight. We're down to a few spots left and I got them to hold this one until I got back to Texas.

[Todd looks hopeful as the man on the other side of the table sighs softly.]

TM: You'll never get another chance at this, kid. It's the biggest tournament of all time. Bar none. This is THE event that people will be talking about for years to come. And the prize on top of it all? The AWA World Heavyweight Title - a championship that means you ARE the best professional wrestler in the world.

That's what you want. That's all you've ever wanted.

[More silence. Todd looks at his watch and then pulls a piece of paper out of his jacket pocket, slapping it down on the table.]

TM: Look, my flight is in a few hours.

[He nods at the piece of paper.]

TM: That's your ticket to come back to the States with me. I know it's not much time to pack and all that... but we're running out of daylight here.

[There's no response for several seconds. A frustrated Todd finally shakes his head, getting to his feet.]

TM: I guess I was wrong. Good luck, kid. Take care of yourself.

[Todd turns to leave the table, gesturing at the cameraman who gets up. Michaelson reaches for the airline ticket on the table when a hand slams down on his wrist. The camera slowly pans up the man's arm to his face, revealing the professional wrestler who was once known as one of the greatest high flyers in the world. A man who held gold in the all-powerful Empire.

The man known as November.]

N: I'm in.

[Abrupt cut to black.]