

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

WKIK STUDIOS
DALLAS, TEXAS
MAY 5TH, 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. Happy Cinco de Mayo, Bucky!

BW: Leave it to Mexico to come up with a holiday that celebrates the birth of Miracle Whip.

GM: The... what?! Bucky, you know very well that Cinco de Mayo is about the heritage and pride of the people of Mexico.

BW: It is? I thought it was the day before Seis de Mustard.

GM: Give me a break. Fans, the AWA sends a very special Cinco de Mayo greeting to our fans around the world as we present another two hours of the best action in the wrestling world - a night that will be capped off by an incredible eight man elimination tag team match between Waterson International and four mystery opponents. And that match is going to have big World Title Tournament implications, Bucky.

BW: The survivors of the match make the tournament automatically. No fighting for a spot... no trying to convince the front office and the Championship Committee. You win? You're in.

GM: We all now know that the tournament itself will kick off at Memorial Day Mayhem in Fort Smith, Arkansas on the first night of the Road To Glory summer tour but right here tonight, we're going to find out even more names of competitors who will do battle in that tournament to become the first ever AWA World Champion.

BW: We'll also see Skywalker Jones continue the Showcase of Immortality when he takes on the World's Smartest Man, Manny Imbrogno, in one on one action... both men looking to impress the Championship Committee and make the tournament field.

GM: Plus, Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews will be here to address the crowd as to why he's entering the World Title Tournament! We're going to have all of that and much, much more but right now, let's head up to the ring for tonight's opening contest!

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

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

The camera crossfades to show Phil Watson standing in the ring in between two young grapplers, one in a full bodysuit and mask.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is a Combat Corner showcase!

[The crowd cheers the idea of seeing the future of the biz in the ring.]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... weighing in at 273 pounds... from Portland, Oregon... "Battle Ax" Biff Colton!

[A massive barrel-chested brawler lifts a heavily tattooed right arm in the air to a handful of cheers.]

PW: And his opponent... from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 196 pounds... he is ELLLLLLL SAAAAANCHOOOO!

[El Sancho leaps up to the middle rope, throwing both arms in the air to some cheers before backflipping down to the mat to even more cheers!]

GM: This should be an interesting encounter with the high flying luchador doing battle with the big brawler from the Pacific Northwest.

[Referee Mickey Meekly steps between the two men, giving some final words to both men before signaling for the bell!]

GM: And here we go!

[El Sancho moves in, ducking under a tieup attempt by Colton. He straightens up behind him, snapping off a trio of kicks to the ribcage of Colton before the big man can turn around and then leaves his feet, planting them both into the upper back of Colton, sending him stumbling into the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! Quick series of kicks followed up with a dropkick by the man from Mexico!

[The luchador quickly approaches, throwing a series of swift kicks to the ribs again before springing into the air, lashing out with a back heel kick under the chin!]

GM: Good grief! El Sancho is showing off some tremendous skill with his kicks in the early moments of this one.

[Grabbing a tattooed arm, the luchador attempts an Irish whip only to have it easily reversed.]

GM: Colton reverses!

[And absolutely flattens the man from Tijuana with a back elbow under the chin! A series of stomps follows, forcing the masked man under the ropes and out onto the apron. The referee quickly steps in, forcing Colton back...

...when suddenly the crowd erupts into jeers!]

GM: What the-?!

[The jeers quickly are explained as the camera catches sight of Marcus Broussard tearing out of the locker room into the ringside area where he grabs El Sancho by the mask, yanking him off the apron...

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

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The luchador rebounds off the metal post into the San Jose Shark’s waiting arms, chucking him under the ropes into the ring. Broussard rolls under the ropes, climbing to his feet.]

GM: What in the world is he doing out here, Bucky?!

BW: I have no idea.

GM: Broussard’s stomping the heck out of El Sancho!

[Suddenly, he grabs the masked man by the arm, yanking him down stomachfirst to the canvas, slapping on the Fujiwara Armbar!]

GM: Armbar!

BW: The Fujiwara, daddy! One of the most dangerous holds in the wrestling business... and Broussard’s got it sunk in deep, Gordo!

GM: This isn’t right! Broussard’s got no part in this match!

[The San Jose Shark cranks back on the arm, shouting “QUIT!! QUIIIIIIT!” as Broussard tries to snap the luchador’s arm. El Sancho quickly pounds the canvas with his other hand.]

GM: There! He quit! He tapped out! Let go of the damn hold!

BW: Easy there, Gordo.

GM: This is totally uncalled for!

[Broussard suddenly breaks the hold, leaving the masked man clutching his injured shoulder on the canvas. He climbs to his feet...

...and comes face to face with the very large Biff Colton.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Colton pushes forward, jabbing a finger into the chest of Broussard...

...who responds by lashing out with his thumb, sticking it into the eye of Colton!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot!

[Grabbing Colton by the back of the head, Broussard SLAMS him headfirst into the top turnbuckle. As Colton stumbles backwards, the San Jose Shark throws himself at the back of Colton's left leg, driving his shoulder into the back of the knee!]

GM: He clipped him! Broussard clipped him and-

[Climbing back to his feet, he grabs Colton's injured leg and executes a full twist on it.]

GM: Spinning toehold! Broussard locks it in!

[The referee lunges towards Broussard, trying to force him to break the hold as Colton urgently slaps his hand on the canvas.]

BW: He's tapping out too! Broussard's making everyone submit! You better watch yourself, Gordo, you may be next!

GM: I hope not. This is ridiculous. What does this prove, Bucky? What is Marcus Broussard trying to prove with all this junk?

[As Broussard releases the spinning toehold, he gestures at Phil Watson.]

BW: I think we might be about to find out, Gordo.

GM: Broussard's got the mic to address everyone in the WKIK Studios. Let's see what's on his mind.

[A still fired-up Broussard is pacing back and forth, breathing heavily into the mic as AWA officials try to clear the ring of the two men he just assaulted.]

MB: Hey Phil... I think you can declare this one a no contest.

[Broussard sneers at the jeering crowd.]

MB: That! That right there! You people want to boo me? You want to yell at me? You want to shout "YOU QUIT!" at me?!

[And on cue, the "YOU QUIT!" chant starts up.]

MB: That's why I did what I just did! That's exactly why! Their blood is on the hands of all you idiot fans!

[The boos intensify!]

MB: Everywhere I've gone for the past two weeks, that's exactly what I've heard. Everywhere.

[He ticks off places on his fingers.]

MB: The gym... the golf course... the hotel... the airport...

[He runs a hand through his hair.]

MB: I even think I heard the busboy at the Country Club say something. But now? I'm sick of it! I'm sick of hearing "YOU QUIT!" I'm sick of all of you idiots booing me! But most of all... I'm sick of Stevie Scott.

[The crowd CHEERS at that!]

MB: Oh, how enlightened you all must be! How enlightened you are to cheer Stevie Scott, the man who ran roughshod over this entire company. The man who helped unleash the Southern Syndicate over this entire company.

He was SO bad... you people cheered ME when I went against him.

[Broussard smirks.]

MB: But now? Now he gets your cheers. That's fine. That's actually fantastic. Because I can't think of anything better than to hear you people screaming your heads off for him when I'm ripping his shoulder out.

I'm sick of all of it...

[A pause.]

MB: But at least I know how to get past it. I know... the ONLY way... to get past it.

We're in Texas, right? The home of Doc Holiday, Wyatt Earp, cowboys and indians, Tombstone, the OK Corral, all that jazz?

Well, Hotshot... you called down the thunder and now you've got it.

[Broussard paces a bit more, running a hand through his hair again.]

MB: There's only one way to get past this... only one way to end it.

[He raises his head, staring dead into the camera lens.]

MB: I need to make Stevie Scott quit in the middle of the ring.

[The crowd CHEERS at the idea of Scott's "I Quit" challenge being accepted.]

MB: And at Memorial Day Mayhem, that's EXACTLY what I intend to do.

[He lifts a finger.]

MB: But that's not ALL I intend to do. Because that's not enough. It would shut him - and all of you - up for a while. But it wouldn't end it. He'd keep coming back. He'd keep telling people that I was a quitter who runs away when things get tough. He'd keep telling people he was the best National Champion of all time.

I can't do it. I can't sit back and listen to all that crap any longer.

I have to end it.

[Pause.]

MB: I NEED to end it.

And at Memorial Day Mayhem, when I stand in Fort Smith, Arkansas, like one of the cowboys these idiots adore so much, I'm going to say one thing to you, Stevie Scott... and it's NOT going to be "I Quit."

You see, this town...

[He puts on a bad Texan drawl.]

MB: ...it just ain't big enough for the both of us.

So, when it's all said and done at Memorial Day Mayhem... when I've put you through hell and back again... when I've made you shout "I Quit" to the masses...

[He smirks.]

MB: When I've put you down in a match where the LOSER... LEAVES... TOWN!

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

MB: There'll be only one thing left to say, Stevie.

[One last arrogant sneer.]

MB: Goodbye.

[Broussard throws down the mic, making his exit from the ring as we cut to the shocked announce duo.]

GM: Oh my stars, Bucky! Did you just hear that?!

BW: Did he say what I think he said?!

GM: Marcus Broussard has not only accepted Stevie Scott's challenge for an "I Quit" match but he's raised the stakes! When those two men collide at Memorial Day Mayhem at the end of this month... I can't believe I'm even saying this but... the LOSER... will LEAVE TOWN! The two greatest National Champions in the history of this company meeting... and only one of them will walk away as still a part of this company! Incredible! Fans, Jason Dane is standing by - let's go to him right now! Jason?

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

JD: Thanks, Gordon! Huge news to kick off tonight's edition of Saturday Night Wrestling but dare I say, things may only get bigger as this show progresses. We've got several additions to the World Title Tournament to make throughout tonight's show and we're going to do one of those right now. I've got another entrant in the tournament here with me and it's a man who hasn't been in an AWA ring for quite some time...

[As Dane continues his intro, the newest hopeful World Champion steps into view, a familiar face to some AWA fans.]

JD: Pure X.

PX: Jason.

JD: You last left here on your own -

PX: No, Jason, I was forced out. Not by the AWA, but by my uncle. I couldn't take being in the same space as him, so I had to leave. He was scum then and, apparently, he's still scum now.

JD: Your uncle being the man who recently took off with the National Title.

[Pure X shakes his head.]

PX: Yeah... But look, I'm not here to talk about my uncle - certainly not here to defend him. Two years ago, I left AWA because I felt betrayed... A little piece of me destroyed by him trying to ruin everything I had done so far, MYSELF.

JD: I understand you not wanting to associate with your uncle but -

[Pure X audibly seethes.]

PX: Dane. Let's get this off the table - I. Am. Not. My. Uncle. While I share his blood, his training, his finisher?

[X shakes his head.]

PX: I'm never going to be him. Never. My uncle is the scum on the earth, with no morals and no qualms about stealing what he thinks he deserves. Me? I make sure I respect any and every ring I enter.

[Pure X points out to the ring area.]

PX: That ring? In between those four roped sides? It's sacred ground. It's something I respect more anything in my world. That ring, the organization that owns it, and the people who ply their craft inside it are the utmost in my world.

[X pauses.]

PX: Nothing more drives me than to prove I'm the best in the ring! NOTHING! So when the AWA contacted me about the tournament, I jumped at the chance. Not to salvage my last AWA run... Absolutely not to bother in trying to restore my toxic family name.

[Pure X shakes his head.]

PX: No, the ONLY reason I'm back here today is to show the WORLD that my innate talent and my crafted skill is better than anyone in wrestling today. THAT'S IT!

[With that said, Pure X stares down Dane for a moment before stepped past him, obviously still bothered by the questioning.]

JD: There you have it, Pure X is back and he's looking for the World Title. Let's send it back to ringside!

[We crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Pure X is in the field of sixty-four, Bucky!

BW: And what a resume that man has. He started his career in Todd Michaelson's very own Pro Wrestling Revolution so he's had training at the hands of Michaelson as well as his Hall of Fame uncle who he has completely disavowed. He's a former World Champion in his own rights. Heck, he even spent the last year competing in Mixed Martial Arts! This guy is a professional wrestling machine and if you think he couldn't very easily be the last man standing in this tournament, you are very, very wrong.

GM: The ninth man to enter the tournament is Pure X, fans, and we're about to see another potential entry. Let's go up to Phil!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Baltimore, Maryland... AJ Jones!

[A few cheers for the well-toned African American youngster.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A totally unfamiliar yet very classy sounding classical piece begins to play over the PA system. The crowd buzzes, craning their necks to get a view of who is coming through the entryway. After a few moments as the music crescendos, we see a muscular Japanese man walk into view wearing a black and silver - and quite glittery - gi. He takes three steps into the WKIK Studios before dropping into a full bow.]

GM: Perhaps another competitor from Tiger Paw Pro looking to make the field of sixty-four?

BW: Somehow I don't think so. This guy looks familiar to me.

[A few more moments pass before a second man walks into view. He's a clean cut, well-toned young man. He's not overly muscular... and honestly, he's not even overly athletic looking. His short bleached blonde hair is cropped close to his head as is his luxurious close-cut beard.]

PW: Making his spring home in West Palm Beach, Florida... weighing in at 260 pounds...

[The Japanese man takes up a position behind him as he passes - one that could be considered a protective spot.]

BW: Aha! I knew he looked familiar! Do you know who this, Gordo?

GM: I can't say that I do, no.

BW: This is Alexander Kingsley the third and his manservant, Sebastian!

GM: Did you say "manservant"?!

[Phil finishes it off.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by Sebastian... he is Alexander Kingsley III!

[Kingsley and Sebastian draw closer to the ring as Kingsley looks out with disgust over the now-jeering crowd. Kingsley's dressed in a golden sportscoat with slacks to match over a glittering silver shirt. Sebastian climbs up onto the apron, sitting on the ropes to hold them open for Kingsley who ducks through them. He stands in the middle of the ring, raising his arms out to his side.]

GM: This guy certainly seems full of himself but the question remains whether or not he can back that up inside the ring.

BW: Oh, he can. I've read this guy's backstory... I know where he's been trained and WHO he's been training with. The best gyms in Japan... in Europe... in Mexico. He's trained in grappling, jiu-jitsu, Muay Thai, boxing. You name it... he's done it.

[Sebastian grabs the tail of the golden sportcoat and yanks hard, removing both tearaway items in one pull. Kingsley smirks at the still-jeering fans, gesturing to his pants which end up in Sebastian's hands as he repeats the process, leaving Kingsley in a simple set of black boots and trunks with "AK3" splashed across both in gold script. He's also sporting black kneepads to round out the ensemble.]

GM: He sure takes his time in getting ready to compete.

BW: When you're as wealthy as he is, you can buy more time if you need it.

GM: I'm not sure it works that way around these parts.

BW: Everybody... and everything... has got a price, Gordo.

GM: So I've heard.

[Kingsley makes a dismissive gesture as Sebastian who exits the ring, leaving the official to give AK3 a few final words before calling for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Kingsley walks from his corner, extending his hand towards Jones who reluctantly accepts it. With a nod, Kingsley moves to his side, circling for a bit before lunging into a collar and elbow tieup...

...where he promptly takes Jones down to the mat with a hairpull.]

GM: Well, that's one way to start your AWA career, I suppose.

BW: An effective way!

GM: You could say that.

[Jones protests to the official who in turn shouts at Kingsley who shockingly nods, admitting to the hairpull.]

GM: It's not very often you see someone ADMIT to breaking the rules, Bucky.

[Kingsley circles for a few more moments as Jones regains his feet, moving back into another tieup before quickly transferring to a rear waistlock.]

GM: Nice go-behind by Kingsley...

[AK3 powers Jones off the mat, depositing him chestfirst on the canvas, still trapped in the waistlock. Kingsley spins out of the waistlock into a front facelock and then spins out of that, turning his torso around and around across the back of Jones.]

GM: This is ridiculous. He's just trying to embarrass this young man now.

BW: Doing a pretty good job of it too if you ask me.

[Kingsley pops back to his feet, arms stretched to the sides to soak up the jeers of the crowd as Jones pushes off the mat...

...and pops him with a right hand to the breadbasket!]

GM: Ohh! Jones goes low on him!

[Grabbing an arm, Jones wings Kingsley into the ropes, waiting for him off the rebound. Jones sets for a backdrop, dropping his head...

...and Kingsley slams on the brakes, dropping waaaaay down, and EXPLODING upwards with a European uppercut that catches Jones square on the jaw, sending him sailing through the air before crashing down to the canvas.]

BW: Wow! You gotta be impressed now, Gordo!

GM: It was one blow, Bucky. A powerful one... but still just one.

[Kingsley walks around the downed Jones, taunting him before raining down some stomps to the head and neck area.]

GM: Kingsley's all over him now!

[Winding up the left arm, he drops an elbow across the back of the head that cuts off Jones from getting back to his feet, knocking him back onto his stomach on the mat. Kingsley grabs a handful of trunks, dragging Jones off the mat and directly into a side waistlock before powering him over, dropping him on the back of the head and neck to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Oh! An impactful back suplex by the debuting Kingsley!

[The camera cuts to ringside where a stoic Sebastian looks on, nodding his head slightly.]

BW: Sebastian sure seems to like what he's seeing in there.

GM: Does he? How could you tell?

[Kingsley retakes his feet, slowly backing into the ropes where he bounces off, deliberately stalking towards his downed opponent before dropping a knee to the forehead and rolling right through it into a seated position where he mockingly wipes his brow.]

BW: He's working up a real sweat in there, Gordo!

GM: I'm sure. Looks like he's taunting this young kid to me.

[Pushing back to his feet, Kingsley drags Jones up by the arm, tugging him into a standing headscissors. He swings his arms apart in a "It's over!" gesture before powering Jones into the air, waiting at the peak of the lift for a moment or two...

...and then dropping down to the mat, smashing Jones to the canvas with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: He calls that the Ca\$hbomb, daddy! And nobody kicks out of it!

GM: What an odd pronunciation.

BW: Hey, you try pronouncing a dollar sign, Gordo.

[Kingsley holds his position as the official drops down and makes the three count before calling for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[A grinning Kingsley pushes Jones’ legs aside, climbing up to his feet where Sebastian has joined him. Sebastian threatens the official with a backhand, chasing him off and allowing the Japanese men to raise his boss’ hand in triumph.]

GM: There is your winner... Alexander Kingsley III. An impressive debut for him on Saturday Night Wrestling and you do have to imagine he’ll be aiming himself for a slot in the field of sixty-four.

BW: Right now, it looks like he’s aiming himself right over here to talk to us, Gordo.

GM: You’re right about that.

[We crossfade to a shot of Kingsley and Sebastian joining our announce team at their position]

GM: Mr. Kingsley, allow me to welcome you to the AWA and Saturday Night Wrestling. And congratulate you on your victory.

[Kingsley nods slightly.]

AK3: Gordon Myers, on any other occasion, I suppose most men are honored to walk into the AWA and find themselves the victim of a Gordon Myers interview, yes?

[Gordon doesn’t respond.]

AK3: Of course they are. But I am not like most people, Gordon Myers. In fact, there are ninety-nine percent of the people in this world that I am absolutely NOTHING like. Culturally... intellectually... athletically... and certainly financially.

[A big arrogant grin at the last one.]

AK3: So, I thought we’d try something different. Mr. Buckthorn Wilde, I’d like to interview you.

BW: Huh?

AK3: I'd like to ask you a series of questions that I'm sure you know the right answer to... and I'd like to pay you quite well to answer them. Interested?

[Bucky nods.]

AK3: Excellent. Sebastian?

[The muscular Japanese man produces a wad of hundred dollar bills from seemingly nowhere, holding them in front of Bucky's suddenly wide eyes.]

AK3: Let's begin. Prior to this day, had the name Alexander Kingsley III ever crossed your path?

[He waits expectantly as Bucky leans into the mic.]

BW: I've heard the name before, yeah.

[Kingsley snaps and Sebastian peels off a bill to stuff into Bucky's jacket pocket.]

AK3: And based on your previous knowledge, is Alexander Kingsley III one of the premier technical wrestlers in the world?

BW: He is.

[A snap and another bill is stuffed into Bucky's pocket.]

AK3: Knowing what you know about Alexander Kingsley III, is that man a threat to become the first AWA World Champion?

[Bucky pauses as Kingsley looks expectantly at him.]

BW: Yes, yes! Of course!

[Another snap. Another bill.]

AK3: You're doing very well, Bucky. No signs of nervousness at all. I'm very proud of you. Sebastian is too. Aren't you, Sebastian?

[The Japanese man slowly nods.]

AK3: We've got a couple more questions for you, Buckthorn, before we leave you to celebrate the arrival of the One Percent here in the American Wrestling Alliance. Do you know who trained me, Buckthorn?

BW: Oliver Strickland.

AK3: MISTER Oliver Strickland, Buckthorn. MISTER. A man of his skill, intelligence, and achievements has certainly earned that modest showing of respect, don't you agree?

BW: Yes, yes, of course, yes!

[Another snap, another bill.]

AK3: Are you aware that Mister Strickland has spent several months trying to iron out a competitive contract here with the AWA?

BW: I'd heard some rumors.

[Another snap, another bill.]

AK3: Then it should come as no surprise to you to find out that Mister Strickland's contract remains incomplete but your...

[He pauses, tilting his head slightly.]

AK3: ...gracious Championship Committee has given him leave to enter your World Title tournament alongside myself.

BW: I had no idea! That's big news!

AK3: Indeed it is. Sebastian?

[Two bills get handed over this time.]

AK3: One final question, Buckthorn. Considering what you saw in that ring tonight and what you know Mister Strickland to be capable of, is there the slightest doubt in your mind that the duo of Strickland and Kingsley WILL be walking out of this tournament with the World Heavyweight Title?

[Bucky pauses, looking at the growing wad of bills in his pocket.]

BW: None. None at all.

[A big grin splashes on the face of Kingsley as he nods to Sebastian who peels off no less than five more bills, stuffing them into the pocket of a grinning Bucky Wilde while Gordon looks on in disgust.]

AK3: Excellent. I think we've proven our point here tonight both in - and out - of the ring. Join us in two weeks' time when Mister Oliver Strickland will make his debut and show the so-called Championship Committee why delaying his contract is the worst mistake they'll ever make. So long everybody!

[Kingsley points to the cameraman.]

AK3: That means go to commercial. Now.

[We abruptly 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 live action where we find Jason Dane standing backstage alongside Percy Childes.

Childes is alone, clad in a royal-blue dress shirt (no tie) and blue slacks. The bald-headed, dark-goateed, pudgy manager has a stern expression on his face. He bears his crystal-tipped cane in one hand. Jason Dane prepares for the interview.]

JD: Percy Childes, as of late, both you and your men have been oddly quiet. And I understand there's a purpose to it; please elaborate.

PC: Gladly, Jason Dane. You see, I understand quite well that my men and I have caused some hubbub in the offices of the AWA. The whole Jim Watkins bias debacle, Nenshou's contract negotiation, the unfair treatment of the Aces, and complaints about James Monosso. But now that we have what we want, and our glorious victory has been scheduled on the calendar, I find it wise to pull back.

My men are in training. We will not waste our effort where it does us no good. Moreover, Dane, the AWA Competition Committee and Championship Committee need a break from us. They have a serious situation and a monumental task. They do not need to have their attention divided at this time. It is not in the AWA's best interest, and more importantly, it isn't in my best interest.

Do not mistake our temporary absence for a permanent withdrawal. The championship tournament is our grand opportunity, and the Aces have their own grand opportunity spread out before them. But for now, we are doing what is wise.

[Percy smiles... a somewhat disturbing smile.]

PC: We always do what is wise. And you would be well-advised to remember that.

[With that, Childes leaves.]

JD: That was short and somewhat cryptic. The Childes alliance is one of the most powerful groups in the AWA, but they're keeping their distance for now. Back to you, Gordon.

BW: *ahem*

GM: I'm sure he meant you, too, Bucky. What an odd turn of events from percy Childes. Normally, he can't get enough publicity to suit him. And now he's pulled his men to a light schedule? Why?

BW: He always has a plan, Gordo. Not only will his men be fresh for their title matches and tournament, but when they come back to light... you know they'll make a splash!

GM: That's what I'm afraid of. Fans, let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: This next contest is scheduled for one fall. In the ring at this time, from Anderson, South Carolina, weighing in at a total combined weight of 365 pounds, Andy and Will, THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[The pasty white dumplings of the AWA raise their arms to little reaction.]

PW: And their opponents...

GM: And here they come, the most colorful team in wrestling, Jerby Jezz and...what?

BW: That is...not colorful. And quiet, too.

PW: From New Seattle, in the year 2032, at a total combined weight of 392 pounds, Jerby Jezz, Shizz Dawg OG...THE RAVE!

[The Rave wear various layers of shredded tops, bottoms, and bandanas...all completely black. They walk slowly and silently to the ring in complete silence.]

GM: I don't wish to jump to any conclusions here, but it's possible that some news that we heard last night is the reason for this attire and lack of music.

BW: Well, you've always been skeptical of these guys Gordo, but I have to wonder...if they're really from the future, couldn't they have done something about it?

[Both Ravers enter the ring in silence, the confused crowd seemingly not knowing how to react. Andy Blue stands outside of the ring, brother Will inside, and they are having a conversation as the bell rings...allowing both members of The Rave to rush over and do their thing.]

GM: The Blue Brothers finding out that you NEVER take your eyes off of The Rave! Dawg and Jezz grab the hair from behind...double nogginknocker!

[The impact stuns both Blue brothers, knocking Will to a knee as Andy staggers along the apron, taking several steps away from the corner as Jerby Jezz moves quickly.]

GM: Jerby Jezz is heading up top!

[The Rave member steps to the middle rope, throwing a foot to the top as the crowd starts to stir...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and then ERUPTS as Jezz leaps from the top, throwing his legs out in front of him and catching a stunned Andy Blue squarely in the chest with both feet, sending him sailing off the apron and CRASHING down on his back on the barely-padded floor! Jerby Jezz somehow manages to catch the ropes on the way down, landing backfirst on the ring apron.]

GM: Jerby Jezz hits the apron - which couldn't have felt good either but Andy Blue just got laid out by a death defying move from Jerby Jezz!

BW: The Rave, love 'em or hate 'em, have quickly become one of the most exciting teams in the AWA to see compete, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Inside the ring, Shizz Dawg OG pulls Will Blue to his feet, hooking a front facelock while slinging his arm over his neck...]

BW: Don't forget about Shizz Dawg, Gordo!

[SDOG lifts Blue into the air for what looks to be a vertical suplex...only to throw forward, smashing Will gut first on the top rope, leaving him cringing on the apron.]

GM: Good grief! That'll knock the wind right out of you!

[Jerby Jezz slides down to the floor, grabbing Will Blue from behind.]

GM: What in the...?

[Jezz pulls Blue down off the apron, resting him on his shoulders in an electric chair position.]

GM: He's got him up on his shoulders out there on the floor. I'm not sure I understand what in the world he's-

[Shizz Dawg nods at his partner, grabbing the top rope with both hands.]

GM: Oh no... don't do this! Don't do what I think you're-

BW: Yes! Do this! Your future senator demands it!

GW: MY STARS AND GARTERS!

[Taking aim at the man sitting on his partners shoulders, Shizz Dawg OG catapults himself over the top rope in a front flip, landing with his legs around the head and neck of Will Blue, and then swings to the side, snapping the unfortunate Blue Brother off Jerby Jezz' shoulders, sending him crashing head and back first into the floor below to the horror and delight of the fans sitting in front of this disaster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Absolutely no concern for anybody's welfare there, including their own! Jerby Jezz pulls the Dawg off the floor, shoving his own partner back into the ring and I guess this is good enough for The Rave tonight.

BW: You can count to a hundred if you want, Andy and Will ain't getting up from that!

[The referee, seeing no movement from either Blue, rushes through his count, and in a matter of seconds has counted the Blue Brothers out of the ring.]

GM: Possible record setting time there for The Rave, let's go to Phil Watson for the official word!

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of this match, as a result of a countout, Jerby Jezz, Shizz Dawg OG...THE RAVE!!!

[The referee, is about to raise the hands of the winners, but Jerby Jezz has already left to head off Phil Watson before he can leave the ring.]

GM: And it looks...it looks like Jerby Jezz wants to address the crowd tonight.

BW: Don't tell them about what you told me about the Knicks, I want them odds as high as possible!

[Still somewhat shaky from their falls out of the ring, The Rave take a moment to steady themselves before Jerby Jezz speaks.]

JJ: You know, one of the strangest things that was discovered about time travel, is that the lifespan of an organism is unaffected by anything we can do. If you try to go back in time, and save the life of a man that's about to

be killed by a car, that man will still die, in the exact same amount of time! And it might have to happen in the most unnatural of ways, causing great problems in the fabric of time. So we are banned from doing such things, not only by our society's laws, but the laws of nature itself.

[Hands the mic to Shizz Dawg OG]

SDOG: So we've already known for awhile now that it was going to be time to say goodbye to Adam Yauch. Just so you know, the Beastie Boys have inspired our generation even moreso than yours. The colors, the sounds, the spirit of Wildstyling, they are the inspiration and the epitamy of it all. So we've spent the last few weeks reflecting on life, death, time, and the meaning of it all. And, through a series of retrofavors we were able to spungify, we actually got to meet the man and tell him of the future that he inspired. Maybe he thought we were crazy, but the man had a smile on his face that never left him the whole time we were there.

There's a lot about life and death that we don't know about yet...so I still...I still have hope that he'll get to see what he meant to the world for himself.

[Hands the mic back to Jerby Jezz]

JJ: We've taken things down this week, but this is NOT the end! The revolution is ONLY getting started! Lynches, Bishops, anyone who dares step into and outside of this ring with us, you WILL feel the energy that drives the 21st century! And we will make you understand the meaning of

JJ & SDOG: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[The soulful tones of "Instant Death" by The Beastie Boys plays softly in the background, as Jerby Jezz lays the microphone down in the middle of the ring, the camera slowly zooming in on the microphone...until fading out into commercial.]

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 a dark screen with "MAMMOTH" in red letters. A voiceover begins.]

"He left a trail of broken bodies while competing in Japan and now threatens to do the same to his AWA competition, having single-handedly taken out one of the company's biggest athletes; the latest confirmed addition to the AWA World Heavyweight title tournament is... MAMMOTH Maximus!"

[The graphic fades to reveal the huge form of MAMMOTH Maximus who is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. He has on a black mask and a black singlet, with a silver M across the front. Maximus balls his black fingerless gloved fists and holds them together in front of him, letting out a loud snort as he begins to speak.]

MM: IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

And what better proof of my BIRTHRIGHT than for me to become the AWA World Heavyweight CHAMPION! I can already hear my detractors, "MAMMOTH Maximus is nothing more than a big bully, pushing his weight around," or "Maximus has only been beating up Japanese competitors half his size; what does he know about competing against some of the best the AWA has to offer?" But I took one of your biggest... I took one of your

strongest... And I BROKE HIM!!! And I will do the same to every single one of you who stands between me and my destiny!

[MAMMOTH does a big "belt gesture" at his large waist as we fade to a shot of Jason Dane standing in the middle of the ring.]

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus is in! The field of sixty-four grows yet one more very large entry. We're up to twelve names and this tournament just keeps getting bigger and better, fans. And we're nowhere done here tonight in adding more names to the list. But right now, I want to bring in the Chairman of the Championship Committee... "Big" Jim Watkins!

[Jim Watkins strides through the curtain, quickly making his way to ringside in a black sportcoat and blue jeans. He shakes Jason's hand.]

JD: Mr. Watkins, it's been an... interesting... week for you again. Of course, the main reason you're out here tonight is to talk about the World Title Tournament. But I understand that you have some words for some... others... as well.

[The crowd jeers as they know exactly who Dane is referring to.]

JW: Yeah... I guess I do. First, let's address the elephant in the room because by now, I'm sure everyone's heard that the man who is currently in possession of the title formerly recognized as the AWA National Title took it upon himself to defend that title last weekend in Maine.

[Watkins grimaces.]

JW: Since I've had to answer countless questions about that incident this week, I decided to address it here tonight.

No, that individual is not sanctioned to defend the title and seeing as the title no longer exists, it's about as worthwhile as his throne and crown.

[Some cheers.]

JW: I had no idea in advance that this alleged title defense would be happening. My first knowledge of it came when I got a phone call DURING that show. I was informed of the situation and I was also informed that a young man named Ryan Martinez - the son of the legendary Alex Martinez - had elected to stand up and challenge for that match.

It didn't take me too long to figure out what to do.

[Watkins pauses, rubbing his jawline.]

JW: See, the guys in the front office... they told me to forget about it. They told me to let him do whatever he wants and we'll take care of our own business.

But I'm a Southerner. I've spent a whole lot of years in Texas.

[Big cheer!]

JW: And that just ain't how we like to let things go down, Jason.

JD: Mr. Watkins, is it true you were in contact with Ryan Martinez?

[Watkins nods.]

JW: Yeah, it's true. I picked up the phone, gave the kid a call, and told him that as a personal favor to me - not to the AWA, not to the front office... to me personally... if he could win that title from that piece of trash and bring it back here to hand it over, I'd give him a spot in the World Title Tournament.

Now, the way I see it... anyone who saw that particular match knows he was well on his way to accomplishing EXACTLY that when... well, when those guys pulled the kind of crap that we're all used to seein' 'em pull.

[He nods at the cheers.]

JW: I'm a man of my word. And I believe that Ryan Martinez, barring outside interference, would have brought me that title belt here tonight so I could hang it on a nail in the AWA front office.

So, I'm giving the kid a chance of a lifetime.

[The crowd cheers!]

JW: Ryan Martinez is in the tournament!

[Jason Dane grins.]

JD: The thirteenth entry into the World Title tournament is Ryan Martinez, the son of the legendary Hall of Famer. That's a big piece of news for that young man, Mr. Watkins.

JW: I'm sure he'll do us all proud.

JD: But I understand that those two individuals aren't the only members of the group formerly known in the AWA ring as Royalty that you need to address this week.

JW: I wish they were, Jason. I wish they were. But of course, they're not. Ever since Westwego, Dave Cooper has been one heck of a burr under my saddle if you catch my drift.

[Dane nods.]

JW: He's attacked people left and right... he's tried to sneak into buildings despite his suspension. And we decided that something needed to be done.

JD: Mr. Watkins, you're aware that Robert Donovan issued a challenge two weeks ago to face him?

JW: I am.

JD: And?

[Watkins pauses, seemingly bracing himself.]

JW: Well, before I answer that, I've been asked by the front office - at the behest of Dave Cooper's legal team - to run a clip... a video clip in response to Donovan's challenge.

JD: You heard the man. Let's roll it!

[Cut: A rather low-tech video feed, but the picture is at least clear. Standing in front of a blank wall is "The Professional" Dave Cooper, dressed in a white button down shirt and blue jeans, a hardened look on his face.]

DC: The following is being put on the air by Royalty, whether you like it or not -- and there's plenty I've got to get off my chest.

First of all, it's real cute to see how the AWA decided they'd just ignore the National title and create a World title, pretending everything is all right. Well, they know darn well just who is the National champion, and as far as I'm concerned, the National champion has every right to be recognized as such by the company who introduced that title.

But no -- they just want to sweep it under the rug and distract everyone with a shiny new trinket to chase.

[He shakes his head.]

DC: And, in the meantime, they've decided I'm too big of a threat to everyone on the AWA roster that they suspended me again -- even as half the roster is begging Watkins to let me back into the company so they can teach the lessons they think I need to learn.

And the loudest of them all is Robert Donovan.

[A roll of the eyes.]

DC: Donovan, I saw your speech months ago about how it was time to rally against Calisto Dufresne and everybody else who conspired to put Juan Vasquez in the hospital, but ever since that time, it's become pretty clear you didn't have what it took to get the job done.

You failed to take down Calisto... your face-painted buddy Supernova failed to take him down... everyone who came up against him failed to take him down.

Until Royalty came along... and not only did we take him down, we made him feel so embarrassed that he took yet another one of his extended vacations.

In other words, Donovan, where you failed, I succeeded.

[A quick nod.]

DC: Now I hear you crying your eyes out about how you want to teach me a lesson. Well, first of all, if you and those you call your buddies couldn't teach Calisto Dufresne a lesson and Royalty had to do it for you, what makes you think you're gonna be able to teach a lesson to me?

Second, you know the AWA said they don't want me around -- no doubt because of how intimidated they are about me and the talent and intelligence that I possess, which exceeds that of anybody on the roster or the front office.

Hey, I'm sure if you wanted to call out Cuban Assassin #6, then Watkins would be saying "let's hook 'em up" without a problem, but those four words are forbidden talk when it comes to you getting me in the ring.

So, as much as I would like to acknowledge your invitation to show up at Memorial Day Mayhem -- you know darn well who is denying me that opportunity. So it sounds like you'll just have to keep taking it up with the deaf ears who call themselves the AWA front office.

But, hey, maybe some day your wishes will get fulfilled -- because you just never know when I might decide to show up on AWA turf again -- and the next time I do, no amount of security is gonna prevent me from getting into the building

And that is the END of the discussion!

[The feed cuts as we cut back to the ring where Jim Watkins is standing with Jason Dane, looking irritated.]

JD: Some strong words from Dave Cooper there. So... you've now heard from Robert Donovan who wants Dave Cooper in the ring at Memorial Day Mayhem. AND you've heard from Dave Cooper who says he wants to accept the challenge. Now it comes to you... have you decided to make that match?

[The crowd cheers, hoping the match is made as Watkins slowly looks around at the roaring WKIK Studios crowd.]

JW: After further discussion with both the front office and the Championship Committee along with Mr. Cooper's legal team, we have decided...

[Pause.]

JW: ...to invite Dave Cooper to appear at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Big cheer! Watkins raises a hand.]

JW: However, he will NOT be competing in a match on that night.

[The boobirds come out for that.]

JW: Instead, Mr. Cooper will be given one opportunity to apologize. He must apologize to the AWA fans... wrestlers... executives... everyone for what he did in Westwego and since then.

And if he does... he will be reinstated effective immediately.

[Suddenly, the introductory notes of Metallica's cover of "Turn the Page" hit the arena, which sets the crowd to cheering and Jim Watkins to looking the slightest bit nervous.]

GM: Oh, not again.

BW: Jim Watkins might want to consider getting out of there, there's no Outlaw waiting to save his hide this time!

[Watkins looks like he might be entertaining similar thoughts, but since he's no coward, he stays in the ring, standing by the ropes. Robert Donovan emerges from the curtain, striding down to the ring with purpose. His eyes never leave the Chairman of the Championship Committee's, and Donovan takes a roundabout path around the ring, snagging a microphone before hauling himself up to the apron and then over the top rope. He just stares at Watkins for a second, then chuckles.]

RD: Relax, Jimmy...I ain't here to hurt anybody.

[Watkins nods, but doesn't move away from the ropes.]

RD: In fact, I came out here to deliver a pretty simple message. You see, Cooper...

[Donovan turns and glares into the camera.]

RD: I heard all that crap that came outta yer mouth earlier. You shoulda kept your mouth shut about what you an' your two pals did to Dufresne, though...all you did was remind me one more time of what I lost that night.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: I know you don't give half a damn 'bout me, or anybody else except Dave Cooper for that matter, but on that night you helped a certain unnamed jackass steal my title belt. You made light o' the fact that you took care o' Dufresne where I couldn't, Cooper, but you conveniently forgot that I never got my hands on that little twerp, never got a chance to do to him what shoulda been done months an' months ago.

[Donovan shrugs.]

RD: People've been tellin' me that there's nothin' that can be done 'bout that now, but they're wrong, Cooper. They're wrong because I know that now that you've got the okay, that festerin' sore you call an ego ain't gonna let you just stay home. Damn shame for you, really, 'cause if you never came back, ultimately, you'd win.

[The crowd boos this idea, and Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Really ain't a soul in this buildin' that wants to see you come out of this a winner, Cooper, which is why I'm happy that you'll be here soon. Now, lemme stop wastin' everybody's time an' get to that message.

[Donovan looks back at Watkins.]

RD: Jimmy, first of all, lemme say thank you for bein' smart enough to know just what kinda bait would draw Cooper back into an AWA buildin'. You and I haven't seen eye to eye lately, and I know that I ain't the only person breathin' down yer neck about this...but we're the types of people who like to bring problems to people directly, so I'm bringin' this one to you directly, Jimmy.

[Watkins looks slightly confused.]

RD: See, reason I'm thankin' you for gettin' Cooper to poke his nose back in here despite the fact that you didn't really give us what we want is that you actually _have_ given us what we want.

[Understanding dawns in Watkins' eyes.]

RD: We've pretty much decided we don't give a damn if it's official or not...the next time "The Professional" Dave Cooper shows up in or near an AWA event, he ain't walkin' out.

[Big cheer! Donovan steps over the rope and onto the apron, then turns back to look at Watkins.]

RD: But we will gladly send that son of a bitch home feet-first!

[Donovan drops the mic, steps down from the apron and walks back down the aisle as the crowd cheers.]

GM: My stars! What in the world is gonna happen at Memorial Day Mayhem with THOSE two men in the building at the same time?! Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by!

[We cut to backstage where we find AWA reporter Mark Stegglet standing next to the one and only Supernova. He is dressed in a black AWA T-shirt and blue jeans, his face painted black and yellow.]

MS: Supernova, it's good to have you hear tonight -- we haven't seen you in the ring the past few weeks. How are you doing as far as your recovery from those injuries at the hands of William Craven?

S: Mark, I'm not gonna deny that William Craven put the hurt on me -- but the thing about a guy like me is, I may take a lot of punishment, but I'm gonna get right back up and give it right back to them! I'm sure Craven thinks the issue is over, but as far as I'm concerned, it's only just begun!

MS: What exactly can you tell us will be in store for William Craven?

S: What will be in store for Craven? [Laughs] You say that like I got a specific game plan in mind for the guy. Hey, it's no secret what my game plan is with anybody I step into the ring with -- if you want to play fair, I'll oblige. But if you want to try to pull a fast one on me, jump me from behind or throw the rulebook out the window -- heh...

[A crazed look forms in his eyes.]

S: WELL, THAT'S WHEN THE GLOVES COME OFF AND I GO CRAZY!

[With that, he cups his hands to his mouth and howls.]

MS: Well, Supernova, perhaps maybe a confrontation could take place during the World title tournament -- which, I understand, you have just signed up to be part of?

S: Mark, you know very well I'm not gonna pass up an opportunity to claim the new top prize in the AWA -- although part of me certainly wants a piece of that con artist who ran away with what used to be the top prize! But, as the AWA begins its next chapter in its history, I intend to claim the prize for that chapter in history.

And I know a lot of guys are lining up for a shot at that World belt -- but whether they are friend, foe, neutral or somebody like William Craven who is due to find out what happens when you rattle my cage -- they are all gonna have to ask themselves one simple question should they step into the ring with me.

[He then gets a wild look in his eyes again.]

S: CAN YOU TAKE THE HEAT?!

[And, once again, he cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then walks off camera.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, the list of participants in the World title tournament just keeps on growing -- now Supernova has thrown his name into the tournament! We'll certainly find out more about other participants to be named -- now let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[We crossfade from Mark Steggle 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 Parts Unknown... he is The Enforcer!

[The now-familiar masked "enhancement talent" raises two fully covered arms to the jeers of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Justin Bieber's "Boyfriend" kicks in to a surprised reaction.]

BW: Ummm.

GM: What?

BW: The music. It just... well, it surprised me. It's not what you'd expect a professional wrestler to enter to.

GM: I don't know this song. Who does it?

BW: Justin Bieber.

GM: Who?

BW: Justin... oh, come on, Gordo. I don't believe you. Not even you can not know who that snot-nosed punk is.

GM: The name sounds familiar.

[As the music continues to play, Watson continues.]

PW: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 213 pounds... he is "Teenage Dream"...

DUSSSSSSSTINNNNNN
DREEEEEEEEEAMERRRRRR!

[The curtain parts and Dreamer makes his way through the curtain, flipping his bleached blonde hair back out of his eyes. He's sporting a sparkling silver sequined jacket with matching pants, a completely blinding scene as he struts into view, arms raised.]

GM: "Teenage Dream" Dustin Dreamer, a newcomer here to the AWA making his debut here tonight and hoping to earn himself a slot in the field of sixty-four no doubt.

[He pauses a few feet out from the entrance curtain, doing a full spin...

...and then pointing with both arms towards the entryway which brings out two tastefully yet scantily clad dancing girls - the kind you might expect to see standing behind Britney Spears on stage - each holding a sparkling firework candle in each hand. They take up positions on either side of Dreamer, holding the sparklers up in an arc as he slowly moves under them to ringside.]

GM: Well, that's quite the entrance.

BW: Hold on, Gordo. I don't think he's done yet.

[Standing in front of the apron, Dreamer nods to one of the dancing girls who tears away his silver pants, leaving a pair of also-shiny silver trunks behind. She then helps him out of his jacket, showing off a well-toned but slender torso.]

GM: The tearaway pants were a nice touch.

BW: Wait for it... wait for it...

[Dreamer cracks a slight smirk at the nearest camera before he deadleaps up onto the apron, not using his hands at all as he catches his balance on the apron. He pauses there, wagging a finger at the crowd...

...and dashes to the corner where he leaps to the top and gracefully backflips off the top, landing on his feet to a handful of cheers!]

GM: Wow! Quite an athletic move there by this young man.

[Dreamer swings around in another full spin, gesturing for the crowd's reaction to grow. He points at the masked man across the ring as he settles back to the corner, "dusting off" his shoulders.]

BW: You gotta get... that... dirt off your shoulder.

[The referee signals for the bell and Dreamer tears across the ring, leaping into the air, and landing with both feet squarely in the chest, sending the masked man propelling backwards into the corner where he crashes solidly against the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Nice start there for Dreamer!

[Dreamer turns his back, hooking the masked man around the head and neck and taking him down with a snap mare that Dreamer somehow executes and then rolls through to a seated position next to the masked man...

...and SNAPS an elbow back into the jaw of the Enforcer, knocking him back down to the mat!]

GM: Dustin Dreamer with a pair of high impact moves to start off this match, Bucky.

BW: I've heard a little bit about this kid and from what I understand, he's a high flyer... he's a risk taker... he's a thrill seeker... and most of all, he's a bit of a showoff.

GM: A showoff?

BW: They say he sometimes does things he doesn't need to do just to show he can.

GM: In other words, Skywalker Jones has some competition in the arrogance department?

BW: Hey, I didn't say that.

[Grabbing the masked man by the arm, Dreamer tugs him to his feet, whipping him across the ring to the nearest set of buckles. He flips his blonde hair back, moving to the opposite corner...

...and breaks into a full sprint, charging at his highest speed, and then leaves his feet, snapping off a kopro kick in the corner, catching the masked man right in the middle of his face with his heel!]

GM: Good grief!

[Dreamer pops back to his feet, a big grin on his face as he grabs the masked man by the eyehole of the hood, dragging him out to the middle of the ring where he plants a boot into the midsection of his opponent.]

GM: He puts a boot in the gut...

BW: This is gonna be something else... just watch!

[The Teenage Dream dashes to the ropes, bouncing off into a baseball slide that puts him right under the doubled-up Enforcer...

...and then throws a stiff right hand to the jaw, sending him stumbling back to the ropes as Dreamer kips up to his feet, throwing his arms out to look for more cheers.]

GM: A pair of knife edge chops by Dreamer... another whip coming- no, reversed!

[The Enforcer flings his smaller opponent into the ropes, setting for a backdrop as Dreamer rebounds, turns his back to the masked man and uses his own torso to backflip over the masked man to land on his feet. He promptly lifts his right hand, spitting at the open palm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He slapped him!

BW: He did not! It was a palm strike, you idiot! A shotay!

GM: A whaaaa?!

[The vicious palm strike spins the Enforcer around, his back to Dreamer who promptly leaps up, grabbing the masked man from behind, and brings him smashing down onto both knees in a lungblower!]

GM: OHHHHHHHH!

[With the Enforcer down and trembling on the canvas, Dreamer springs to his feet, marches to the corner, deadleaps to the top rope...

...and beautifully backflips off the top, twisting his body around in mid-air to land solidly across the torso with a Phoenix Splash!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A MOVE!!

[Dreamer takes a knee, slapping his open hand down on the chest as the official counts the one... two... and the three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: An impressive debut for Dustin Dreamer, the Teenage Dream, right here tonight in the WKIK Studios, Bucky.

BW: Impressive? Were you even watching? Did you SEE that finisher?!

GM: I saw it and I stand by my statement. This young man is very impressive.

BW: Oh, now he's VERY impressive?

GM: Would you stop? Fans, it looks like this young man is coming down here to address us. Mr. Dreamer, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling.

[We crossfade to a shot of Dreamer joining the announce team. He pauses, looking at the offered mic and then waves it off, sticking his hand out blindly behind him where after a moment, a silver mic is slapped down into it.]

GM: Apparently he'd like to use his own microphone. Mr. Dreamer, your comments on your debut here on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Dreamer pauses, tapping the top of the mic a few times. He lifts it to his mouth.]

DD: Mic check. Check one... check two.

GM: It IS working. We can all hear you find.

[He nods, looking out at the crowd and then flips a switch on the mic.]

DD: Like my good friends B.o.B., Chris Brown, and T.I. would say...

[Gordon turns to Bucky with a whisper.]

GM: What's wrong with his voice?

BW: It's auto-tuned.

GM: It's whaaaa?

BW: Never mind.

[Dreamer raises an arm, swinging it wildly around as he speaks.]

#If anybody feeling fresh in the building#
#Take your hand, hold it high to ceiling right now#
#And say damn, I'm killing them, damn I'm killing them#

[He pauses, waiting for the crowd to say it. Hearing nothing, he continues as though he had, jerking a thumb at himself.]

#I know they feeling me now#

GM: Well, I'm not sure if they're "feeling you" or not but-

[Dreamer ignores Gordon, continuing.]

#And if you too fresh in the building#
#Then take your hand, hold it high to the ceiling right now#
#And say damn I'm killing them, damn I'm killing them#

[This time, a scattering of fans obliges in the repeat. Dreamer grins widely as he "raps" it up.]

#I know they feeling me now#

[Dreamer switches the auto-tune off, speaking again.]

DD: Gordon Myers, I've been watching you since I was a little, bitty baby and I've only got one thing to say upon meeting you right here tonight.

[Gordon waits with a smile.]

DD: Damn you old!

[Bucky cackles with glee as the crowd jeers the insult.]

DD: You're so old...

[He waits for a "HOW OLD IS HE?" which Bucky obliges with.]

DD: ...that when they made Jurassic Park the movie, you got nostalgic!

[Dreamer flails about, laughing loudly as Gordon fumes.]

GM: Very funny. Do you want to talk about the match you just had or not?

[Dreamer waves an arm.]

DD: Settle down now, old timer. Of course, I want to talk about it. But the better question is - do YOU want to talk about it? And the answer to that is "damn right I do!" And every single person in this building right now is on their cell phones, ringin' up their homies. They're hittin' Facebook, trying to slap a "Like" on the Teenage Dream. They're firing up Twitter, making "Dustin Dreamer" trend worldwide!

And that's because they all witnessed history in the making here tonight. They witnessed the wrestling gods reaching into the supply closet, pulling out a fresh sheet of paper, and etching MY name across the top. They missed someone with Liam Neeson's voice shouting out, "THIS is the first moment in a new age of professional wrestling."

And that's exactly what it is, Gordon Myers. A new start. A fresh start. The golden age revisited.

[Myers interrupts, trying to get a word in.]

GM: You certainly are quite confident in your abilities.

DD: Of course I am. And you should be too. You saw me in there. You saw me do things that no one else is doing. Why SHOULDN'T I be confident in my abilities?

GM: There's a fine line between confidence and arrogance.

DD: That may be true but that's a line I got no problem with being on either side of it. Call me confident, call me arrogant, but at the end of the summer, you'll be calling me YOUR World Champion.

GM: So, you ARE here trying to get into the field of sixty-four?

DD: Of course I am, oldtimer. You see, every man, woman, and child in this life has a dream. For some, it's to be a fireman or an astronaut. For some, it's to own their own house with a white picket fence and two point five children. For some, it's to have a mansion with an elevator for yo' cars.

GM: And for you, it's to be the World Champion?

[Dreamer grimaces.]

DD: Hey, if I win the title, I'll take it and all. It'd be cool..

[Gordon looks stunned.]

GM: So... what?

DD: My dream, Gordon Myers, is to be on the cover of Tiger Beat!

[Gordon's jaw drops.]

DD: And I'm pretty sure if I win the World Title, I'll be lighting up newsstands just like I just lit up that chump inside the ring.

Are you feeling me now?

[And on that note, Dreamer strides out of view, his dancing girls in tow, leaving a still-shocked Gordon Myers behind.]

GM: Tiger Beat? Oh brother.. let's go to commercial.

[Fade to black.

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

AS: Hello! I'm Andrew Sterling.

DT: And I'm Dan Thomas.

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

DT: Rumble in Sin City.

AS: Loser Gives Up Scientology.

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

[Sterling points at the camera.]

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

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

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

DT: Or our delicious salads!

AS: Let's not forget our signature pancakes!

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

AS: WELL WE SHOULD!

DT: Right.

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

DT: Hongry?

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

DT: Ooookay.

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

[We fade out.

And then back up to live action inside the WKIK Studios to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is surrounded by the collective force known as Waterson International. To Stegglet's right, we see "Red Hot" Rex Summers with the Longhorn Heritage Title draped over his muscular right shoulder. He leans over, whispering something to Marcus Broussard who is still in the ring gear we saw him in earlier in the evening. The San Jose Shark visibly laughs at Summers' comment. On the left hand side of the announcer, we see the massive form of Ebola Zaire, a white head dress partially obscuring his face but not missing the fork clenched between his teeth. Alphonse Green stands... sorta... near Zaire, inching a bit away as Zaire makes a guttural grunt. In the middle of it all stands "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson, a broad smile on his face.]

MS: Mr. Waterson, two weeks ago, you made the challenge... these four men against whoever the AWA had to put against them. Do you have any idea who that will be?

ATTSBW: Stegglet, you're dumber than your uncle looks, you know that?

[Stegglet bristles.]

ATTSBW: When you stand here like we are, surrounded by the greatest collection of in-ring talent that has ever been united inside a squared circle, how you could even possibly imagine that I would care who they found to put against us?

MS: How can you NOT?! There's a tremendous amount of talent in this locker room and with the tournament-

[Waterson raises a hand.]

ATTSBW: Stop right there, Stegglet. Because you just mentioned EXACTLY what Waterson International is here to talk about.

MS: The tournament?

ATTSBW: Exactly right. You see, this match tonight? This is just a showcase. Skywalker Jones is running around here telling people that he's putting on a showcase of immortality - hey kid, call me if you REALLY want to be immortalized in this business - but he doesn't have a clue, Stegglet. This?

[He gestures to the men around him.]

ATTSBW: THIS is a showcase of immortality.

[Waterson gestures to Rex Summers who physically grabs Stegglet's wrist, yanking it towards him.]

RS: I told the entire wrestling world that this tournament was a joke... a sham. And tonight, I take my first steps towards proving it. Because you're looking at the only champion worth talking about in the AWA. You're looking at it the last man to wear the PCW World Title. And when it's all said and done come Labor Day, you're going to be looking at the FIRST man to wear the AWA World Title.

[Summers steps back as Marcus Broussard grabs Stegglet's arm.]

MB: What you see around you, Stegglet, is the most dangerous collection of talent that the AWA could even bear to see in one place at one time. Your beloved uncle and the rest of those simps in the front office sit around, cowering in fear at what this group might do with the right focus. Until now, we've all stood apart and played our own games. Rex put Travis Lynch on the first train back to his daddy's lap. Ebola over there is up nights dreaming up ways to bleed Vasquez dry as a bone. Alphonse is...

[Marcus pauses, sizing up Green.]

MB: ...well, uhh... you tell 'em what you're doing, Alphonse.

AG: I'm branchin' out!

[A cocky grin forms on Green's face as he grabs the mic from Stegglet.]

AG: Being the King of the Battle Royals, and the Greatest Light Heavyweight of All Time are all fantastic accomplishments for a first year pro such as myself, but me, along with the rest of my lovely Gang Green hunger for more. Holdin' the AWA World Title would be a fantastic way to cap my rookie year. One way or the other, Stegglet, that AWA World Title is comin' to Waterson International!

[Broussard golf claps, as Green hands him the mic.]

MB: The King of the Battle Royals right there, baby. And then there's me. Marcus Broussard. The San Jose Shark. The first man to wear the AWA National Title.

Maybe you've heard of me.

[Broussard cracks a grin.]

MS: You're out here talking about the World Title... talking about this tournament. But what about Stevie Scott?

[The Shark turns with an angry expression.]

MB: What ABOUT Stevie Scott? I answered Stevie Scott's little challenge earlier tonight. And come Memorial Day Mayhem, when I finish him off once and for all and send him packing out of MY AWA... there won't be a single thing left standing in my way of becoming the first AWA World Champion.

[Broussard glares at Summers for a moment. Green raises his eyebrow, but Broussard doesn't acknowledge him.]

MB: Not... one... single... thing.

[Summers seems about to retort when Waterson snatches the mic.]

ATTSBW: You see, Stegglet? This army is ready to go to war! The AWA can send whatever bulletstoppers they want in there tonight. Give us the so-called Saturday Night Superstar Imbrogno. Give us the wrestling bees! Give us Yuma Weaver. Heck, dig down deep and see if you can get Buddy Lambert to dust himself off for action again. I really couldn't care less who you find, people.

And better yet... THEY...

[He gestures again to his group.]

ATTSBW: ...couldn't care less who you find for this match. Because the fact remains the same... no matter who... no matter how many... and no matter where or when... Waterson International has set themselves up as the greatest unit in the world and tonight, we intend to prove it.

Consider. Yourselves. Warned.

[Fade to the announce area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Waterson International is very confident heading into tonight's Main Event, Bucky.

BW: As well they should be. You heard the rundown. Arguably the greatest collection of talent - and the most dangerous - in the entire AWA.

GM: But they don't even know who their opponents are! I would think if recent history has taught us anything, it'd be the danger of a mystery opponent... let alone an entire team of them!

BW: I trust Ben Waterson. He's got this one in the bag.

GM: It'll be an eight man elimination tag with the survivors earning immediate slots in the National Title Tournament, fans, and that'll be coming up later tonight but for right now, let's go back to the ring for what should be a very interesting singles matchup!

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is scheduled for one fall with a 10 minute time limit. First, already in the ring, he hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, weighing in at 238 pounds, Robby Sloan!

[Polite applause for the man dressed all in blue, as he raises his left arm and nods.]

BW: Hey, what's with them kickpads he's wearin'?

GM: Perfectly legal wrestling attire, Bucky, you know that. Besides, as I understand it, he has extensive Mixed Martial Arts training.

[Bucky grumbles.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" hits the loudspeakers, the fans instantly booing the appearance of the opponent without even seeing him.]

PW: ...accompanied by Cousin Bo, he hails from Kingsland, Arkansas, weighing in at 328 pounds, CLETUS LEE BISHOP!

[As the song kicks in, Cletus Lee comes tearing through the curtain, staring crazily at the fans. Bo is not far behind, patting Cletus Lee on the back. Instead of rushing the ring, Cletus Lee slowly makes his way to the ring, staring a hole through his opponent. Bo looks at Sloan and laughs.]

GM: I'd say young Mr. Sloan has just pulled the shortest straw.

BW: Funny you say that, because he's gonna end up drinking through a straw.

GM: You may be right.

BW: Of course I am. Would YOU bet against Cletus Lee?!

[Gordon sighs]

GM: No. I wouldn't.

[As Cletus Lee enters the ring, Robby Sloan takes up a defensive posture. Strangely, Bo enters the ring too.]

GM: What's this about?

BW: Heck, even I don't know.

[Bo grabs the microphone away from the announcer. The crowd boos heavily before he can say a word. Cletus Lee looks wildly around, getting a majority of the fans to be quiet.]

CB: Thank you, Cletus Lee.

[Bo turns to Cletus Lee's opponent.]

CB: Now, Robby, a lot of people complain about our tactics endlessly. They say we're not fair. I, on the other hand, disagree wholeheartedly. Now, to show the world what I mean, I've done two things. First of all, you'll notice Duane Henry is not here. Heck, he's not even in the building. That, in my opinion, is fair enough. BUT, just to up the ante, we've brought this along.

[Bo pulls a long piece of rope from his pocket and holds it up for everyone to see.]

CB: Tonight, Robby Sloan, you've drawn the best shot at Cletus Lee possible.

GM: What is that?

BW: Shut up and we'll see, Gordo.

CB: This rope? It will be tied behind Cletus Lee's back. You get to fight a one-armed man! Now tell me that's not fair.

BW: See, Gordo, totally fair.

GM: I'm a bit surprised, but let's see how this really goes.

[The ref takes the rope with a puzzled look, but Bo reassures him. Cletus Lee doesn't look happy at all as he puts his arm behind his back, and even less happy as the ref touches him to tie it up.]

BW: Hey, that ref better watch it. He's getting a bit rough there with Cletus Lee.

GM: Mr. Allen's the one who came up with the idea! Why doesn't he tie it on himself?

BW: Well, that's not his job!

[Bo leaves the ring and the ref calls for the bell. Immediately, Cletus Lee charges, but Sloan deftly dodges Cletus Lee's wild free arm. Cletus Lee goes

for a kick instead, but Sloan ducks under in time and kicks Cletus Lee in the back of his leg.]

GM: Lightning quick kick to the leg! Cletus Lee having trouble with one limb out of play, and young Robby Sloan takes advantage.

BW: Come on, Cletus Lee! You can't let this scrub take control!

[Cletus Lee's eyes go wide as he looks more angry than hurt.]

BW: Here comes that Charging Big Boot!

GM: No! He missed! Sloan ducks under again, and now he's trying to grab Cletus Lee's right leg and pull him down.

[It doesn't work that well as the much larger Bishop shakes him off.]

GM: Cletus Lee tries to grab Sloan with his free arm, but Sloan ducks and weaves. And he kicks Cletus Lee's leg again. Some very good strategy from this young man.

BW: Bah, Cletus Lee is just fooling with him, you'll see. The kid can't luck out forever.

[Sloan freely kicks away at Cletus Lee's right leg, trying to take him down to a knee.]

BW: Is this kid stupid? You can't hurt Cletus Lee.

GM: It sure looks like he's wincing. This crowd is getting behind Robby Sloan. They want to see him take the monster down!

[Cletus Lee roars in annoyance and tries to grab Sloan, but the young MMA trainee keeps ducking out of the way.]

GM: This young kid punches Cletus Lee square in the face!

BW: NEVER punch Cletus Lee in the face.

GM: This kid may be starting to put something together here, Bucky!

BW: No, this is the beginning of the end, Gordo.

[Cletus Lee is steaming and as Sloan goes for another punch, Cletus Lee uses his open arm to bat it out of the way, and Cletus Lee chokes him.]

GM: That's illegal! Stop him!

[But before the ref gets a chance to count, Cletus Lee nails a one-armed chokeslam that bounces Sloan on the back of his neck.]

GM: Wow. Even with one arm, that chokeslam still sounds horrific.

BW: I told ya, Gordo. Never tempt the big Razorback. All this kid has been doing is making him angrier by the second.

[Sloan uses the ropes to try and drag himself up, but Cletus Lee instead nails him with a nasty overhand chop.]

GM: Goodness, every shot Cletus Lee throws is ear-breaking, they're just so loud.

BW: Yup, I'd love to see Cletus Lee take on some of the so-called "giants" of the AWA. Ya notice how they've stayed away from him? This guy scares everybody. Heck, even I'm in awe of him.

[Cletus Lee pulls the hapless opponent up with one hand, somehow managing to muscle him up into an awkward position where he briefly manages to do a one-handed military press!]

GM: DEAR GOD! Pressing him into the air with one arm!

[Cletus Lee drops him onto his knees, where the poor sap bounces off.]

BW: Haha! Did you see that? A stomachbreaker with one arm.

[Sloan crawls along the mat helplessly, looking completely out of it. Cletus Lee backs up into the opposite turnbuckle, leaning forward and gesturing for Sloan to get up.]

GM: Uh oh, I think we all know what this is.

BW: Come on, you one-kick wonder, get up and face your fate.

[As Sloan slowly crawls to his feet, the crowd screams at him to just stay down.]

BW: Don't listen to 'em, kid. Get up!

GM: You really are sick, you know that?

[Sloan finally gets up, but he's facing the wrong way. He stumbles back out of the corner and turns around just to see his life flash before his eyes.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!”

GM: MY STARS! The Charging Big Boot flips the poor kid a couple of times!

BW: OHO! That was a good one.

[The ref drops to the mat as Cletus Lee stands with one boot on Sloan's prone body.]

GM: There's one... there's two... there's three. Good grief, what a kick that was.

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... CLEEEEEEETUS LEEEEEE BISSSSHOP!

[The crowd explodes with boos as Cletus Lee refuses to let his open arm be raised, and instead he kicks Sloan's body to the floor. He follows him out and contemplates kicking him some more. However, he sees Bo over at the commentary area gesturing to him, and Cletus Lee comes over snarling.]

BW: Wow, how about that?! One arm and yet he still wins.

[Bo smiles.]

CB: I thought you'd enjoy that. He does his best Danny Morton impression and he still treats that kid like nothing. Whereas the real Danny Morton is gonna permanently have one arm and he ran home to his mommy.

[Bo and Bucky both enjoy a good laugh. Gordon looks off-screen and sighs.]

GM: You know, you're going to have to pay for your actions one of these days.

[Bo looks at Gordon funny.]

CB: And who's gonna do it? You? Certainly not Morton. And Jackson Haynes ran away. He found somebody else with size who can thrash him easily.

[Cletus Lee, who's now been let free of the rope, lets his arm dangle limply and makes a really bad pained expression.]

GM: Oh, everyone's a comedian.

[Cletus Lee looks at Gordon out of the corner of his eye and shakes his head. Gordon gulps.]

BW: Well, now that you've rid us of the cripple and the cowpoker, what's next on your agenda?

CB: Y'know, Bucky, I'm glad you asked. As I always say, we're looking to dominate the tag team scene and win our titles back. But The Aces got a title shot first, and that's fine, they earned it.

GM: I beg to differ.

CB: I don't care. As I was about to say, we're always looking for some gold, and we've found a way.

GM: Wait, you're not saying what I think, are you?

CB: That's exactly what I'm saying, genius. I'm taking the opportunity right now to announce that both Cletus Lee and Duane Henry are being entered into the World Title Tournament. We've proven we're the best team around, and now we get to prove that we're the best in the world individually.

BW: Yes! That's fantastic news.

GM: That is indeed huge news. But what if your cousins end up drawing each other?

[Bo looks startled by that question, as if it never crossed his mind.]

CB: Well, the AWA gets to see the greatest match in its history, and one man goes on to take that precious gold belt.

[Gordon, knowing he's backed Bo into a corner, grins.]

GM: And which one of them is the better man?

[Bo sputters as Cletus Lee looks at him expectantly.]

CB: I, um, we... Stop trying to cause trouble, Myers. We've got preparations to make.

[Bo quickly walks away. Cletus Lee watches him go, then turns to Myers with an expression that says "Don't ever try something like that again." Cletus Lee follows to the back.]

BW: You're always causing trouble, you know that, Gordo?

GM: Hey, it was a fair question. But it's also a huge addition to the field of sixty-four as both Cletus Lee AND Duane Henry Bishop are now looking at becoming the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: And those are just the kind of guys you have to think might be dark horses to win the whole thing, Gordo. They've had so much success in tag team wrestling but you have to think they'd be skilled individual wrestlers as well. Especially Cletus Lee! The man's a beast! Imagine him in there with some of the guys we've seen announced already - like a MAMMOTH Maximus or a Rick Marley. He could be a major upset waiting to happen.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. And speaking of men waiting to be an upset in this tournament, let's go backstage right now where Jason Dane is standing by with yet another entry into this major event. Jason?

[We cut backstage to where Jason Dane is standing alongside one "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger. Jagger is clad in a charcoal-colored t-shirt with nothing more than a baby blue outline of the state of North Carolina on it and a pair of blue jeans. His medium length brown hair hangs freely around his eyes and he has a smile on his face. Dane gets the cue and begins.]

JD: We're backstage here with the young Jeff Jagger, who we have just announced will be the next participant to be granted a shot at the AWA World Title. What are your thoughts, Jeff?

JJ: Frankly, Jase, I'm downright giddy. Believe me when I tell you that I wanna go track down Dave Cooper an' get my pound o' flesh outta him as much as the next guy, but at the same time I'd be lyin' if I told ya that I wasn't excited for what's transpired outta that whole fiasco.

[Dane cocks an eyebrow.]

JD: What do you mean?

JJ: Look, we all know that National Title picture was a bit crowded. Everyone under the sun wanted to get Calisto Dufresne inside that squared circle, an' bein' the new guy on the block, I wasn't gettin' that chance anytime soon.

[Jagger raises a hand.]

JJ: Now let's be clear: I ain't got no problem workin' my tail off to get to where I needed to go. Nobody works harder than me on their days off. But I know I've got the talent to get inside that ring an' show the AWA and its fans exactly what it takes to be a champion, and this World Title tournament ain't about whose coattails you're holdin' on to, or where you stand in some ranking system...

[The Carolina Crusher clenches his fist, bringing it down against his palm.]

JJ: ...It's 'bout bein' the best.

An' say what you want about experience, but once it's time to get inside that ring an' hook 'em up, there ain't nobody better than Jeff Jagger.

JD: Are you going to fall back on what experience you do have? As I understand it, you won a tournament to become the champion of Carolina Championship Wrestling.

[A shrug from Jagger.]

JJ: You take all experience you can get in this game, Jase. I ain't gonna pretend like those boys in CCW, as good as they were, are anywhere close to the level o' competition I'm gettin' in the middle of in the AWA, but I'll use every trick I've learned up to this point to walk out as the guy representin' this organization the right way.

JD: And finally, speaking of the level of competition, what about the potential of ending up across the bracket from one of your boyhood idols, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews?

[Jagger pauses.]

JJ: We all know what Jeff Matthews got himself into here a few months ago, an' I don't condone or stand behind any o' that. _However..._

[Another pause.]

JJ: Jeff Matthews an' Caleb Temple are the reason I'm in this business. Inside the ring it was like poetry in motion, watchin' Jeff Matthews work. An' I can't think of a better way to end up as the AWA World Champion than goin' through the best technician I've ever seen. But no matter who I draw, they better not treat a battle with me like some walk in the park. Because gettin' in between me an' that gold...

[A stoic look crosses Jagger's face.]

JJ: ...will be more like a walk through Hell.

[On that note, Jagger turns and walks off camera.]

JD: Strong words from the young Jeff Jagger tonight! Back to you, Gordon!

[We crossfade back to the announce area.]

GM: Thanks, Jason.

BW: Do you ever notice how he barely ever throws it back to me? It's always all about you!

GM: I... never noticed that.

BW: Of course not. You self-centered jiggadolt!

GM: Jigga... huh?! Never mind. I don't even want to know. Let's go up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade 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 Queens, New York... Eli Johnson!

[A mohawked and muscled African American man throws up two beefy arms to jeers from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The WKIK Studios erupts at the simple sound of one very familiar lyric.]

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TANIIIIIGHT?#

[The PA kicks to life with the sounds of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy", the self-styled and performed vocal track by the AWA's own Sweet Daddy Williams who bursts through the curtain to a huge cheer.]

PW: From Hotlanta, Georgia... weighing in at 302 pounds...

SWEEEEEEEEEEET DADDYYYYY WILLLLLLLLLLIAAAAMSSSSS!

[The cheers intensify as Williams takes the long way around the ring, slapping the hand of every fan he can reach before pulling himself up on the apron using the middle rope. Standing on the apron, he swings his hindquarters back and forth to a big cheer before stepping through the ropes...

...and catching an incoming Eli Johnson with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams lands a right hand right out of the gate! And another! There's a third!

[Grabbing an arm, Williams fires Johnson into the ropes, knocking him flat with an overhead elbow smash. He dances away, swinging his arms back and forth to another big cheer.]

GM: Williams is looking for the kill early in this one.

[As Johnson staggers back to his feet, he gets caught with a snapping right hand to the jaw. Williams winds up the right, throwing a haymaker that sends Johnson falling back into the corner.]

GM: The Hotlanta native is on the move... big whip...

[Williams rushes across the ring, landing a big running clothesline that he promptly turns into a side headlock, charging out of the buckles, leaving his feet...

...and DRIVING Johnson facefirst into the mat!]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP!! That's all she wrote, fans!

[Williams covers, earning the three count and promptly rolls to the floor, raising a hand to the cheering fans as he heads towards the interview area.]

GM: A very quick win right there, Sweet Daddy. An obvious attempt to earn some momentum as we head into Memorial Day Mayhem and the start of this sixty-four man tournament.

[Williams nods as he catches his breath.]

SDW: THE TIIIIIME... is upon us, baby. Since what went down in Westwego, we all been waitin'... wonderin'... wantin' to know when we'd get our chance to be the man on top of the mountain. And now we know. Memorial Day is a big day in the AWA. Memorial Day Mayhem... the start of the summer tour... a Road To Glory, baby.

It's the start of something big for the AWA. The start of a new era.

And Sweet Daddy plans to be the man who leads us there, ya dig,
Gawwdahn?

[Gordon nods.]

GM: Oh, I dig for sure. But Sweet Daddy, if we go back a couple of weeks to you and Jim Watkins having a very... awkward conversation out here on WKIK. What was that all about?

SDW: I ain't gonna lie, Gordon. I ain't gonna lie. There's a big part of Sweet Daddy who would rather throw away all this World Title stuff, go out to Maine, Japan, Canada, Nevada, Phoenix... wherever it's gotta be! Track down a certain snake in the grass holdin' a piece of hardware that quite simply don't belong to him... and drag his puny tail right back here to Dallas, Texas where he can face the music, baby.

There's a big part of Sweet Daddy who wants that National Title back in town and back 'round MY waist.

[Big cheer!]

SDW: And I thought my old pal, Big Jim, oughta know that me... and some others in the locker room feel that way.

But business is business and a World Title is a World Title.

Sweet Daddy's been through a lot of stuff over the years and done a lot of things in this great sport of ours.

But I ain't NEVER been a World Champion.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: So, as I sit in the back and listen to the list of men comin' to town for this... your Jeff Matthews... your Hamilton Gramms... Rick Marley... Maximus... all of 'em, baby...

I want them to know that Sweet Daddy is for real.

I want them to know that Sweet Daddy means business.

[Pause.]

SDW: I want them to know that when they cross this fat man's path, they're dancin' with defeat, baby.

My dance card's full! My dance card's full til Labor Day, baby!

So, Graham... Marley... Matthews... Bishops... whoever wants to tangle with this old dog, I want you to know that I'm right here, in the middle of that ring, waitin' for ya.

[Williams nods at the cheering crowd.]

SDW: Come Memorial Day? Let's dance, baby. Let's dance.

[Williams storms off to another big cheer from the crowd as a grinning Gordon Myers shakes his head.]

GM: The World Title Tournament is bringing out the best in everyone, fans! And it's bringing some folks we haven't seen in a long, long time out of the woodwork. Take a look at a special piece of footage we received earlier this week from someone on their way to the United States for the biggest tournament of all time!

[The camera swings around jerkily for a few moments before settling, allowing the scene to come into focus. We are in a large, open indoor area with many people milling around. It appears to be an airport. A disembodied voice, familiar to some of you, clarifies with an Australian accent.]

???: Dallas-slash-Fort Worth International Airport, my friends. It's changed a little bit since last time. Wish I could say the same for LAX, but that's still a sack of balls. Oh, well. We're here now.

[Our perspective swings back around wildly, evidently this was recorded through the camera of a cellular phone held by our narrator. Our initial glimpse of him is far too close, and he recoils slightly as if this were mutual. As we steady once more, we get a clearer view of a haggard looking Caucasian in his mid-thirties. With his free hand he covers a yawn, then runs it through his head of light brown, brush cut hair. Then, finally-]

???: My name's Glenn Hudson. It's nice to be back.

[As he wearily rubs the back of his neck, his tired face creases into a frown.. but then cracks into a small, slightly unsettling grin.]

Hudson: If you book it.. they will come.

[A profound nod follows.]

Hudson: So.. I heard there was going to be a tournament to crown a new World Champion. From out of the woodwork, they emerge. The top young talent of today.. The cream of the nineties _and_ the noughties.. Even some old farts who were already old farts back when I started out in the business. I heard about it and liked what I heard.

[Glenn starts to walk slowly, his phone held more or less still at arm's length.]

Hudson: What an opportunity! Last week, I was running a pub. This week, I'm a World Championship contender again. In the space of four months, I could go from not wasting a chance to put some good head on a golden ale..

[He stops in his tracks. A nearby passenger turns to face him with curiosity.]

Hudson: .. to heading into a good chance to put something golden on my waist. That may not sound as clever now as it did ten hours ago, but it's still damned true.

[Their curiosity sated, the passenger turns away. Glenn sighs awkwardly, clearly fatigued - but there's a lifeline just out of shot.]

Hudson: My point being..

[With another twist of the wrist, we can see that we are next to a conveyor full of luggage. Glenn grabs a brown suitcase with conspicuous yellow and green tags, then heaves it off and onto the floor with a doof.]

Hudson: Not every opportunity in life comes around again if you just stand still and wait patiently.

[Camera back to Hudson. Save for a quick flick of the eyebrows, Glenn remains poker-faced as he continues.]

Hudson: So, I've come to Dallas to press some AWA flesh and sign my name on various pieces of paper. Then it's the Road. We all know professional wrestlers never really retire, so this was always just a matter of time. I just didn't realize it would take about ten years.

[He shrugs.]

Hudson: Been gone a while, but I'm here now.. and I'm in to win it. Spread the word. But please.. when you do, do me one favour.

[Glenn holds his phone back out at arm's length, theatrically peering off to some other imagined audience.]

Hudson: I want you.. to get up now. I want all of you to get off your chairs. I want you to get up right now and go to the window..

[His spare hand clenches into a fist, shaking with faux passion.]

Hudson: Open it.. Stick your head out and yell "GLENN HUDSON IS RUSTY AS HELL AND HE CAN'T MAKE IT ANY MORE!!!"

[In the background behind him, the people nearby who were previously just curious now become a little apprehensive and begin to create some distance. The one exception to this is a blue-shirted TSA officer, with walkie-talkie held up to their mouth as they approach. Meanwhile, Glenn finally allows himself a self-satisfied chuckle before eventually noticing that he has been noticed.]

Hudson: Ah..

[Thinking fast.]

Hudson: G'day. I just flew in from Melbourne, Australia.

[Hudson is now back behind the phone, camera pointed at the officer. They are clearly a little on edge but trying to keep things calm.]

TSA Officer: Sir, I'm going to have to ask-

Hudson: No worries. We're safe as houses, mate.

[A sudden flash of realization mixed with regret.]

Hudson: Oh.. foreclosures. Damn it, never mind.

TSA Officer: Sir-

[Their hand begins to fill our view as the officer reaches for the phone. We jolt as Glenn backs up a few steps. At this point he knows better, but..]

Hudson: Our Diggers have been doing some _great_ work in Oruzgan Province!

[Two more TSA officer appear in the distance, backup on the way. The immediate officer makes another attempt to reach for Glenn's phone - we are treated to a frantic, sweeping pan of the luggage conveyor and the pale tiled floor as they are again thwarted.]

Hudson: Let me guess; MMA fan, right?

[Abrupt cut 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.

Fade in, to a blue AWA backdrop. Seated in front of it on a metal folding chair is a stocky man in black. Black boots, black jeans, black hooded sweatshirt with the hood up obscuring most of his face. All that _can_ be seen, is a mouth with two missing teeth, clenching a lit cigar. He takes the cigar in his right hand to speak.]

?: Eight years is a long time. Banned in cities, fired from jobs, love lost, hope crushed to death. But war...

[He crushed the cigar in his hand, wincing slightly the hot embers burning his skin. He drops the crushed cigar on the ground and makes a fist. We can't see his eyes, but his body language tells us he's staring intently at it.]

?: War never changes. A tournament for the AWA World Championship. Some will be there for the thrill of competition. Some, to get their name on the lips of fans and promoters, to raise their worth in this business. But most will be there for the glory of the belt. Spoils of war. Shiny baubles and the respect of every pair of eyes that saw you became _the_ man.

[He removes the hood...]

?: But me?

[... revealing for the first time in eight years, "The South Boston Strangler" Hannibal Carver.]

HC: I want to make some cryin' widows and unloved orphans. Sixty-three men... sixty-three pine boxes.

[Scowls.]

HC: Papa's home. Time to take yer medicine.

[Out.

And then back to live action at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Count 'em off! You can add Glenn Hudson, a multiple time champion in South Laredo and Michigan and one of the most... unique... individuals ever seen in this business... he's in the tournament!

BW: I love me some Glenn Hudson as much as anyone but - are you freakin' kidding me?! Hannibal Carver?! That guy's a loon, Gordo! He's a nutball and he's dangerous as all get out to boot!

GM: Hannibal Carver is quite possibly as violent as they come.

BW: Quite possibly?! He just threatened to put sixty-three men in pine boxes, make their wives widows, and turn their kids into orphans! He's a certifiable nutjob!

GM: Perhaps but he's also a former champion up in more than one Canadian promotion. And the 2004 Lord of the Death Match winner.

BW: See what I mean?! They don't put you in tournaments called the "Lord Of The Death Match" if you're normal!

GM: Well, it's not like it's the first time we've had someone a bit on the violent side in the AWA, Bucky.

[David Draiman's "Forsaken" begins to play as the house lights dim. From the back steps a massive figure, draped in a sleeveless ring robe and bathed in a blood-red spotlight. Raising what looks to be a sword aggressively over his head he waits for something--]

#I'M OVER IT!#

BW: Point taken.

[The lyrics explode as he steps forth and heads down the ramp. The lights raise and his green skin becomes more clearly visible; the scarred and tattooed man-beast William Craven has arrived.]

GM: It appears that we're being joined by the "One Man Revolution".

BW: And you know what that means, Gordo; somebody's getting hurt.

GM: The last time we saw this mean, green man-beast he left the man called Supernova a bloody mess. He's not scheduled for action tonight which begs the question of "why is he dressed for action?"

[Reaching the ringside area, Craven sheds his robe, tossing it over the ring announcer's face and stealing his microphone in one fell swoop. Tumbling into the ring he crawls to the center before rocking back on his knees to grin out at the capacity crowd. Their jeers seem to give him life.]

WC: What l-v--y--

[Suddenly the boos from the crowd raise in volume and Craven's breathy, gravelly manner of speaking is drowned out. Rather than raising in tone to his typical shriek or roar, Craven starts to laugh, shakily rising from his

knees to lean out over the top rope. Still clearly amused, he seems in a diplomatic mood and attempts to reason with the crowd.]

WC: You vocalize so fervently your distaste and yet you say nothing. Nor have I given you cause to drown me out! Are you all really so sure that you won't like what I have to say?

[Perhaps 10% of the people stop booing.]

WC: Have I not given the majority of my adult life for your pleasure? Bled for you? My revolution ... it is for you. All for you. All of you...

[About half the people stop booing. Craven's eyes take on a hooded quality, like he's hiding something.]

WC: Yes, the revolution. So reviled by the establishment, those who would see dashed on the stones of history the very legacy they themselves forged. "Old School" gave way to "Hardcore" and now the father fears the son. Oedipus lives on in the insecurities of those in power who fear that power lost.

I'm thinking of you, Jon. Are you thinking of me?

[Craven chuckles in his wet, rough way and looks down at his empty hand, flexing the fingers in a stiff, jerky manner.]

BW: John? Who we talking about now?

GM: I ... think he might mean Jon Stegglet, one of the owners of this company, Bucky.

[Deep inhale by the green man in the ring.]

WC: The ones you should jeer, your so-called "heroes", are surely the cause of your distaste, yes? You pity the underdog known as "Supernova" and long to once more see the Mighty Martinez. What you must know, must realize is that they stand between you and the truth and glory that is the violence.

Harken back to the days of glory. Our repertoire of weaponry was of an endless variety. Legends were cut from whole cloth or carved from cold stone. Legends that endure to this day. The Claw. The Razor. The Priest. Monsters all; feared, cheered, reviled and admired... Into this I entered a neophyte; fresh-bred from the ruling class of a lesser kingdom and there I became a force indomitable.

But the Empire I did not rule... It was my crown to take but my coronation never came. In truth ... I wear the mantle of this revolution in lieu of it's true owner. Much as it pains me I must admit that I am second in stature to the one true heir to the Empire. The first ... aheh ... assuredly the first is obvious?

[Pause. The crowd, their rowdiness already ebbing, falls silent. Craven shakes his head in disappointment.]

WC: Truly? You TRULY do not know!? The signs are there! Do you hear anything that I say!? Martinez! The man who stood most mightily over all of the Empire! I have come here to erase his denial of what we both are! I am here to do what he would _not_! Do you not understand? He betrayed not just me but all of you!

[Craven throws his hand out in a wild gesture as the boos start again. Standing agape the green beast snarls at the fans.]

WC: It is the king that should bring the glory to the people! The king who should hold high the scepter of power!

[Snatching his bo'ken from the hidden sheathe in his ring robe, Craven illustrates his point by stabbing his weapon towards the ceiling.]

WC: Martinez _failed_ all of you! He failed Hardcore! And so I--

[The boos grow in volume and Craven begins to scream.]

WC: --SO I STRUCK! HIM! DOWN!

[Anger building, frustration, confusion, Craven looks around at the people he thought he had won to his side and roars at them.]

WC: THE KING IS DEAD! NOW _I_ AM KING!

[More boos.]

WC: And who will stop me!? Will it be you!?

[Craven points at a big, fat guy in the front row.]

WC: Or maybe your simpering milk-sow of a wife! Do you wait for the Supernova to burn once more!? Are you really so naive? That child, and a child he is, too young to know true battle was as wheat before the scythe. You'll not hear from him again.

And who is left to take up the banner for "old-school"? Ghosts and fools, too far gone or too weak to press their own cause. Still ... I hunger for competition. The craving I feel for the violence is strong. What man is willing to come to me? What lamb is fool enough to rush to slaughter?

[Pause. Beat. Craven laughs again.]

WC: Let us make it official. Bring to me a man dressed in stripes. The battle is one of "Hardcore" against "Old School". Should no man answer my challenge then we know the time is ripe for a resurrection of the Empire.

[Sprinting from the back comes a referee. Craven removes his robe and hands it over along with his bo'ken. They have a private conversation that quickly becomes an argument. Craven's face becomes twisted with rage and, fear evident, the official moves to the ropes and begins to count.]

WC: It seems that "Old School" is now officially on borrowed time...

Ref: 1!

[Craven chuckles.]

Ref: 2!

WC: Ten seconds to be exact...

Ref: 3!

GM: Craven claiming a victory even if no one fights him?

Ref: 4!

BW: Who's going to tell him no? You?

Ref: 5!

GM: No, I'll keep all my organs right where they are, thank you.

Ref: 6!

GM: After all he's done it looks as if--

[The fans boo. Some try to shout down Craven.]

Ref: 7!

GM: --no man is willing to defend Old School against this monster.

[A chant of "Su-per-no-va!" begins, the fans clapping rhythmically between repetitions.]

Ref: 8!

[A sick grin crosses Craven's mangled face as he retrieves his bo'ken, raising it on high again.]

Ref: 9!

[The count stops, Craven's face goes slack and that's when the fans begin to cheer. For good reason ... because the music playing is all too familiar to the fans.]

Judas Priest's "You've Got Another Thing Coming."]

BW: What in the--?

GM: Supernova! The man William Craven claims to have laid to rest! The referee stops the count--

[Supernova is indeed emerging from the entranceway. His face is painted as usual and he is dressed in his wrestling attire. However, there are still some noticeable bruises on his body. Still, the look in his eyes indicates Supernova is fired up and ready to take the open challenge.]

GM: --and it looks like the one man nobody expected wants himself another helping of the green man beast!

[Craven looks surprised at first, then gets an evil grin on his face as Supernova reaches ringside, climbing up onto the ring apron -- and that's when Craven strikes.]

GM: Craven attacking Supernova!

[Ducking his head to enter the ring Supernova absorbs a knee to the midsection and half steps, half falls in as Craven gets a grip on his head.]

BW: Hey, if the goofball wants to take Craven up on his open challenge, then he has nobody to blame but himself!

GM: Craven got the jump as Supernova tried to enter the ring -- but this young man is fighting back, trying to get to his feet!

[Supernova gets to one knee, laying shots into Bill's chiseled midsection only to get shoved down by his face. Craven raises his bo'ken high overhead, preparing to strike Supernova down yet again--]

DING! *DING!* *DING!*

[--and his eyes go wide with confusion.]

GM: That makes it official! It's a match!

BW: To heck with it, Bill! Just hit him anyway!

[Craven sneers at Supernova as the smaller man stands, not quite straight but good enough, then the big man tosses his weapon to the outside. Rushing Supernova he pounds on the face-painted wrestler, with Supernova returning some of his own blows, but the stronger Craven gets the better of his rival.]

GM: Craven sending Supernova into the ropes -- big kick!

BW: Mafia Kick, Gordo, get it right! That face-painted goof wanted Craven, now he's got him and now he's learning the hard way what it means to oppose a revolution!

GM: Craven with a stomp right to the throat! Come on!

[Gagging, clutching his throat, Supernova flops on the mat trying to rise again. Craven drags him up by the hair, shoving him into the corner, where he begins to pound away with forearms, knees and elbow strikes.]

GM: The referee trying to get Craven out of the corner but he's not paying attention!

BW: Of course! He's sending a message to the AWA and Supernova is gonna deliver the message whether he wants to or not!

GM: Craven whipping Supernova into the opposite corner... and here he comes!

[But as Craven charges, Supernova moves out of the way and Craven crashes chest first into the turnbuckles.]

GM: He missed! Supernova heading across the ring.

BW: No way! He couldn't possibly...

GM: HEAT WAVE!

[Supernova comes flying across the ring, crashing into Craven's back with his flying corner splash, causing Craven to slump over in the corner.]

GM: Supernova took the wind right out of Craven! The big man is dazed!

BW: He better not waste any time!

[Supernova gives the crowd a "WHOO!" and, pounds his chest, and proceeds to pummel Craven with punches, chops and boots!]

GM: Now Supernova taking the fight to Craven! He's gonna try to pick him up...

BW: He bodyslammed him! Whoa!

GM: Slamming the big man with relative ease! Supernova now bouncing off the ropes...

[As Supernova goes for the big splash, though, Craven raises up his knees.]

GM: Craven gets the knees up! Supernova clutching those ribs...

BW: And look at Craven -- he does NOT look happy!

GM: Oh my... I've seen this look before! No telling what Craven... hold on!

[Sliding to the outside Craven snatches up an object he tossed aside earlier in the ring ... the bo'ken.]

GM: He's got that bo'ken!

BW: Nobody touched it after Craven tossed it, Gordo, you can't blame the green man for reclaiming his toy when it's left out in the open.

[Raising his weapon high overhead Craven gives a primal scream to the booing crowd.]

GM: It's still illegal! This is not hardcore rules!

BW: Then tell Craven that!

GM: It's like a Louisville Slugger that's been filed to a dull edge and it has no place in the AWA! Craven sliding back into the ring!

[As Supernova gets to his feet, Craven raises the bo'ken above his head, ready to strike...

...but he isn't prepared for Supernova to raises his hands and catches it.]

GM: SUPERNOVA WITH THE BLOCK! He was ready for the strike!

BW: Craven's the stronger of the two, though! He can't possibly hold on!

GM: Look at this, Bucky... Supernova is getting to his feet!

[Craven is now wide-eyed as Supernova fights his way up from his knees.]

GM: A kick right to the gut! Craven has to drop the bo'ken!

BW: And there's a punch ... no, Craven blocks!

GM: Stiff spear hand to the throat! Come on!

[Supernova staggers backwards as Craven, now incensed, forgets his weapon of choice and runs into the ropes.]

GM: Craven charging ... OH MY!

[Supernova has the presence of mind to bend down as Craven tries again for a Mafia Kick and the resulting back body drop sends Craven cartwheeling from the ring, slowing his descent only slightly as he attempts, and fails to, hang onto the top rope.]

GM: SUPERNOVA HAS CLEARED CRAVEN FROM THE RING! That kick was the difference maker, Bucky! Craven misses and takes one of the most awkward spills to the outside I've seen in an AWA ring!

BW: Settle down, Gordo, he just got lucky!

GM: But Craven didn't expect that! Look at him now!

[Staggering, one leg stiff, Craven has gotten to his feet, his eyes wider than ever. But then that expression changes to a glare as he tries to return...

...but security is there to stop him.]

BW: Come on! This is an impromptu match!

GM: I suspect Jim Watkins didn't want to take any chances of things breaking down even more -- particularly to the lengths Craven would want them to go.

BW: But what about Supernova? Doesn't that goof want a piece of Craven?

[Supernova's action as he stands in the ring would indicate that, as he shouts at security to let Craven return -- with Craven indicating he's willing to do that -- but security isn't listening.]

GM: I'm sure Supernova will get his chance down the road -- but even so, there was a message delivered, as it was from Supernova to Craven that he will not stand by and watch Craven run roughshod over the AWA! Fans, we've got to get some control out here! Get this lunatic out of here! We've gotta take a quick break!

<COMMERCIAL>

As we return from black, we find Mark Stegglet standing outside a locker room clearly marked "STEVIE SCOTT"]

MS: Welcome back, fans. Earlier tonight, we heard Marcus Broussard see Stevie Scott's challenge and then raise him to stakes not thought possible. The San Jose Shark has issued a challenge for Stevie Scott for Memorial Day Mayhem in an I Quit match where the loser would leave town! But so far, we've been unable to get the Hotshot to comment. I'm going to try again right now.

[A knock on the door never comes though as Stevie Scott swings the door open before Stegglet's hand lands.]

HSS: You again, huh? Worse than the damn Girl Scouts.

[Stegglet is silent.]

HSS: Well, don't just stand there with your mouth hanging open. Ask your question, kid.

[Stegglet shakes off his surprise.]

MS: Did you hear the challenge from Marcus Broussard earlier tonight?

[Scott nods slightly.]

MS: Do you have an answer for him?

[Stevie looks at Stegglet silently for several moments...

...and then with a grin, he retreats to his locker room, leaving the camera lens pointed at the wooden door.]

MS: Uhh... is that a yes?

[We fade away from a puzzled Mark Stegglet and back to our announce team.]

GM: Mark Stegglet is trying to get an answer from Stevie Scott. Bucky, you know Stevie Scott pretty well. What do you think his answer will be?

BW: I just don't know, Gordo. I know Stevie wants to get his hands on Marcus in a bad, bad way. And he wants to put a hurting on him. After all, he challenged an accomplished mat technician to an I Quit match! But Loser Leaves Town? That's... that's something else altogether. That takes things to a whole other level.

GM: It certainly does. We hope to get an answer from Stevie Scott before we go off the air here tonight, fans. But right now, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...hailing from Capetown, South Africa and weighing in at two-hundred and seventy-one pounds. He represents all that is pure, here is... COLONEL P.W. DE KLERK!

[There is no entrance music as de Klerk appears in the aisle. The crowd boos relentlessly as de Klerk takes a few steps and stops, his left arm behind his back. He uses his right arm to twist his handlebar mustache and peer out at the crowd. He offers them a military salute and continues to the ring. He climbs into the ring and raises his right arm above his head, hand balled into a fist and then offers another military salute to the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent, hailing from Los Angeles, California. He is a two-time AWA National champion...weighting in at 238 lbs...

JUUUUAAAAAN VAAAASSSSQUEEEEEZZZ!!!

["They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play as the crowd erupts with a BIG FACE POP! As always, Vasquez is dressed in his familiar white tracksuit with black trim. His eyes remain focused on the ring, as he blindly slaps at the several outstretched hands reaching for him.]

GM: We've touched upon the change in attitude from Stevie Scott, but how about the change in attitude we've seen in Juan Vasquez?

BW: Yeah, Stevie's been wild and crazy...he's been going full throttle...but Vasquez? Ain't nothing but focus in those eyes, Gordo. He doesn't just want revenge...he's obsessed with it.

GM: I wouldn't go that far, but he's certainly been determined to strike back against those that attacked him at WrestleRock.

BW: Are you kidding me, Gordo? He travelled all the way to West Virginia just to beat up on the Moonshiners! He didn't do that just to get some more frequent flier miles!

"DING DING DING!"

[The two men circle each other, before tying up in the middle of the ring. The Colonel gets a hammerlock, but Vasquez reaches back kicks his legs into the air, before flipping de Klerk over his shoulder with a snapmare! As the Colonel gets to his feet, Vasquez takes him down with another snapmare, wasting no time to deliver a kick right between the shoulder blades to his seated opponent!]

GM: OH! A hard kick to the back from Vasquez!

[With de Klerk still wincing in pain, Juan runs into the ropes and then drives both feet right into the seated de Klerk's face with a dropkick! Keeping the pressure on, the former champ grabs a handful of hair and yanks de Klerk to his feet.]

GM: AND A BIG KNEELIFT! He got all of that!

BW: Did you notice, Gordo? He's not even thinking about going for a pin.

GM: I certainly did, Bucky. Those series of moves could have very well gotten him a three count.

BW: You'd expect Vasquez to treat the guys he's going after like that, but it's like he's looking to hurt everybody that's in his way!

[Juan whips him into the corner, charging in...]

GM: OH!

[...and leaps into the air, smashing a forearm across de Klerk's jaw! The South African begins to stumble out, but a HUGE chop across the chest sends him falling back into the corner.]

"SMMAAACCK!"

[The former National champ grabs onto the ropes and looks out to the crowd, as they roar in response, knowing what's coming next. Juan then cocks his leg back, driving his knee into de Klerk's face. He repeats the motion, driving his knee into the South African's face once, twice, three more times!]

GM: Brutal knees driven into The Colonel's face and we all know what's coming next!

[Juan takes a short jog out of the corner, circling around and then breaking into a full sprint, smashing home a running kneelift right into de Klerk's face!]

GM: OH MY STARS! I've seen that running knee to the head countless times, but it never gets any easier.

[Juan grabs a hold of the top rope and shoves his boot into de Klerk's throat, choking his mustachioed opponent as he yells at the camera.]

JV: "Where are you, Zaire!? Where are you, Ben!? I'm ready whenever you are!"

[The referee gives Juan a five-count, which he breaks without incident.]

GM: Juan Vasquez calling out Ben Waterson and Ebola Zaire. Clearly, those two are dominating his thoughts these days.

BW: That ain't gonna' be the only thing they'll be dominating, Gordo! As soon as you put Zaire across the ring from Vasquez, that quest for vengeance is gonna' be all over.

GM: That remains to be seen. And we're going to find out at Memorial Day Mayhem when those two collide in one-on-one action!

BW: Don't kid yourself, Gordo! Vasquez might be meaner and more vicious... but Zaire's a monster! A killer!

[Juan pulls a dazed de Klerk to his feet, once again blistering him with a huge knife-edge chop! And another! And another!]

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

GM: More brutal chops across the chest by Vasquez! He's just wearing de Klerk out with these tremendous strikes.

BW: I'll tell you one thing...that new attitude that Stevie's got? It's exactly that. NEW. He's still trying things out...testing his limits...finding out what he's capable of. But this side of Vasquez? Ain't nothing new about it. He's a little TOO comfortable with it. I'm tellin' ya', it's always been there, Gordo.

GM: He's certainly displaying a more ruthless style inside the ring than we're used to.

BW: It's not like he was a boy scout in there to begin with...but now he's not holding anything back!

[Juan tries to Irish whip de Klerk into the far corner, but it's reversed. He hits hard and as he comes out of the corner, de Klerk takes him down with a stiff clothesline!]

GM: Big-time clothesline from the Colonel!

BW: You can't forget, the Colonel isn't exactly a pushover in the ring, either. He's forgotten more wrestling than most of those Combat Corner idiots will ever know!

[The Colonel twists his mustache and smiles deviously at the booing crowd, before he drives a boot down into Vasquez's chest and pulls him back off the canvas.]

GM: The Colonel in control now. He sets Vasquez up...OH! A big suplex! And here's the cover...

[POP!]

GM: No! Only two!

[Scooping Vasquez up, de Klerk slams him down on the mat and then runs into the ropes, dropping a big-time elbow on the former two-time National champion!]

GM: Big elbowdrop driven right into the heart! A cover...no! Once again, Vasquez kicks out!

BW: The Colonel's bigger and stronger than Vasquez. He's got to use that size to his advantage. Smother Vasquez, 'cause if you give him an opening, he'll drop that right cross on you or put you in the Assassin's Spike!

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. Either one of those moves would spell the end of the match for just about any opponent.

BW: Except Ebola Zaire! Haha!

[The Colonel picks Vasquez up off the canvas and whips him into the corner, following him in and doubling the former two-time National champion with a shoulder right into the gut.]

GM: A tremendous shoulder tackle right there knocking the wind right out of Juan Vasquez.

[The South African motions that he's going to repeat the move again, whipping Vasquez into the opposite corner. He charges in once more, but at the last second, Juan moves out of the way, causing the Colonel to ram into the ringpost shoulder-first!]

"CLANK!"

GM: OH MY STARS! The Colonel hits the ringpost hard!

BW: He might've got a separated shoulder from that, daddy. He was going in there at full speed.

GM: Vasquez stalking de Klerk...

[Juan drops his arms to his sides and rears his head back, smashing home a huge headbutt that knocks the Colonel into the ropes!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A HEADBUTT!

[The Colonel rebounds back towards Vasquez, who then intertwines his fingers with The Colonel's in a double-knucklelock and then pulls his head back once again, before SLAMMING it directly into de Klerk's!]

GM: OH! Another huge headbutt from Vasquez rocks The Colonel!

BW: The number of men in this sport that can stand up to a headbutt from Juan Vasquez can be counted on one hand, Gordo, and I'm pretty sure de Klerk ain't on that list!

[The South African's knees buckle and he drops to the mat. This doesn't deter Juan, whose hands are still grasping de Klerk's. He cocks his head back once again and SMASHES it right into de Klerk's forehead, this time sending him to the mat!]

GM: A THIRD HEADBUTT FROM VASQUEZ! Skull meets skull in a violent clash!

BW: I don't think de Klerk even knows where he is anymore! His brains gotta' be more scrambled than the eggs I had for breakfast!

[With the knucklelock STILL clinched in, Vasquez stands back up...and then proceeds to repeatedly stomp de Klerk in the face!]

BW: NO WAY THAT'S LEGAL! Vasquez is trying to disfigure him! Do something about it, ref!

GM: I agree...this is taking things too far. Juan Vaquez's last match ended only when he beat Pedro Perez so bad that the referee had to stop it. Is he trying to get another stoppage?

BW: I don't even know if he'll stop if they ring the bell, Gordo.

[Stopping after receiving a severe reprimand from Johnny Jagger, Juan backs off and watches as de Klerk struggles to get back to his feet. Almost as if he's getting tired of waiting, Juan pulls de Klerk up into a waistlock, pounding several clubbing forearms to his back, before muscling the South African up once more and dropping him with a release German suplex!]

GM: OH! A HUGE WAISTLOCK SUPLEX AND THAT MIGHT BE IT!

BW: I think he might've KO'd The Colonel with that suplex. Jagger's telling him to pin him, but Vasquez doesn't look like he wants to!

[Juan puts his hands on his hips and simply stares at the referee with an annoyed look on his face, before nodding his head in understanding. He walks over to The Colonel and yanks his head back...before burying his taped thumb into de Klerk's throat!]

GM: THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!!! Jagger wanted Vasquez to pin him, but the former champ had other ideas!

BW: He's a maniac, Gordo! A maniac! It's like he's sending a message to Zaire! Like he's telling him he can be every bit as savage as the Botswana Beast!

GM: And that's it! de Klerk's out! Johnny Jagger's calling for the bell!

"DING DING DING!"

[Take it, Phil.]

PW: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH...

JUUUAAAAAN VASSSSQUUUUEZZZ!!!

[The crowd roars with cheers...although not as loud as you might expect, as Juan walks over to the nearest camera. There's a cold, almost emotion-less feel to his words as he speaks.]

JV: "None. Of you. Are. Safe.

NONE OF YOU."

[He then makes a throat-cutting gesture, before exiting the ring.]

BW: I always told you he had a dark side, Gordo, but all everyone ever saw was sunshine and smiles. He said he wasn't here to be your hero anymore and what we just saw inside that ring? That ain't no hero.

GM: Whatever that was, I'm not sure what we just saw. Juan Vasquez is on a collision course with Ebola Zaire...and lord help us all when that happens.

BW: Honestly, I'd be applauding what I just seen from Vasquez...if I wasn't so dang frightened! That man's not playing with a full deck these days!

GM: He definitely seems to be taking a walk on the wild side. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black as Vasquez continues to stare coldly out at the WKIK Studios crowd.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

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

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

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

CJ: Them things!

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

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

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

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

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

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

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

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

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

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

When we return from black, we find WKIK Studios roaring in a mixed reaction. Why?

Because Hall of Famer and former World Champion, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews is standing in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see, we've been joined in the ring by one of the men who will be participating in the upcoming World Title Tournament. He needs no introduction because when you see him, you instantly know who he is... just like these fans in Dallas.

BW: The ones booing him out of the building?

GM: There are quite a few of them booing him, yes. But you have to understand why. Although Jeff Matthews, at times, has been one of the most popular men in our sport, the last time he was seen in an AWA ring, he was trying to cripple Alex Martinez. It's only natural that the AWA fans may be a little uncertain as to why he's back.

BW: Judging from the mic in hand, I'm guessing he's about to tell us, Gordo.

[Matthews slowly raises the mic, obviously thinking long and hard about what he's come to say to the wrestling world.]

JMM: 16 years ago, I stepped into a wrestling ring for the first time.

[Long pause as Matthews listens to the mix of cheers and boos greeting him.]

JMM: It's crazy to look back on that now and realize that I've been doing this for nearly two decades. This is not the life I had envisioned for myself. This is not the life I wanted. You see, I wasn't the son who was supposed to follow in his father's footsteps. That was supposed to be John's path. He was to be the wrestler while I tried to figure out what in the world I wanted to do. I was the prodigal son. I dropped out of college and joined the Marines. And I'll spare you the rest of the life story, but let's just say that one favor to my older brother... and 16 years later; I'm still standing here in the middle of a ring.

[Jeff lowers the mic for a brief second, shakes his head and brings mic back up.]

JMM: We all know the ups and downs that I have lived through and endured. I'm not here to retell a story we all know. I'm simply here to give a reason as to why I have decided to enter myself into this World Title Tournament.

It's quite simple.

Wherever I went, I ultimately became champion. I achieved it through hard work, perseverance, doing all that I could. I always managed to find myself at the top of the mountain; in some cases, more than once. So it becomes easy to answer the question...

Why enter this tournament?

[Trademark JMM smirk]

JMM: To right the final wrong that plagues my existence. No one here walks around with that dubious distinction hanging over their heads. Losing a World Title to a man that was not even involved in the match. To this day, that decision... that night and that moment still eats at me. No matter what I do... there's only one way that I can rectify that situation.

Sour grapes? Perhaps. Should I have just gotten over it? I have.

But I've never had the opportunity to reclaim that glory. I was so consumed with vengeance, with politics... with all the nonsense of bruised egos, the haters...etc, etc.

And at the end of the day, I still felt emptiness. For all that I had accomplished, I felt like a failure.

[Matthews' story seems to be winning more of the fans to his side as a "MAD-FOX" chant slowly starts to build.]

JMM: I didn't quite understand...

[The chants continue... getting a little louder.]

JMM: Love me or hate me....

[Jeff seems to be overwhelmed by the chants... he pauses for a brief second...]

JMM: [cracking voice] ...you all respected me.

Because at the end of the day, I did what was best for me and for my family. And I don't regret a damn thing I did. I don't regret making my return to the ring for this tournament. I don't regret strapping up the laces, taping the hands... walking down the aisle to my music... and hearing you cheer or boo me.

Wrestling is what I do. This is who I am. And I've got a whole lot of fight left in these bones. So the question really isn't "Why enter this tournament?"

[shakes head emphatically]

JMM: The question should be... "What took you so long in coming back?" This isn't some gimmick. I'm not here to make a fool of myself or to run off into the sunset like some washed up hack. I'm here to win myself a World Title...

One more time...

And that's a promise...

[Jeff drops the mic, pausing in silence for a moment to soak up the reaction of the fans - a heckuva lot stronger in support for the Madfox than it was mere minutes ago. He raises a hand to them, the words "Thank you" visible on his lips as he does so...]

...and we fade to the announce team area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: A very emotional Jeff Matthews says he's here to win one more World Title... and that should be one heckuva story to follow as he attempts to battle his way through the field of sixty-four, walk the Road To Glory, and become the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion, fans.

[Dane cracks a grin.]

JD: But he's not the only one! Please welcome my guest at this time...

[The camera pulls back slightly as another man walks into view. Draped in his reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal, Sultan Azam Sharif proudly stands, waving his huge Iranian flag. The dusky-skinned Persian with the neatly trimmed hair and facial hair smiles as Dane starts the interview.]

JD: Sultan Azam Sharif, last time on Saturday Night Wrestling, you returned to the country for your big showdown with Marcus Broussard... and you made the former national Champion submit for the second time. With that in mind, you've got a great deal of momentum heading into the World Title Tournament.

SAS: Dank you, Mistair Jahsun Dan, dot you say dot! I always know dot I could make any man submit, un Mistair Marcoos Brusar is vun of deh best wreslairs in deh vurld. But again I show dot I am Olympic shampwon, Ashun Game shampwon, Pahvlani Keshvar, un I diddunt hof to take bock seat to nobody.

Now! deh Vurld Shampwonship Tournamunt is next. Un I know dot all deh wreslairs is gunna say dot dey vas gunna vin it. But all ontollEgunt AmerEcun know, like all my IranEun brothair know, dot...

[Sharif is interrupted by a stern voice, as a familiar silver-haired Eurasian man enters from the left. Clad in a paisley shirt and orchid slacks, Count Adrian Bathwaite quickly moves into screen. The crowd boos angrily at the return of the man who has always led Sharif down the wrong path.]

CAB: That's enough, Sultan. You don't have to address these low-class beggars, and certainly not this needle-necked serf.

[Bathwaite jabs Dane in the ribs with his cane for good measure.]

JD: OW!

CAB: Be a man and take the punishment you deserve. The punishment that the AWA deserves! This tournament is a farce, set up because the lowborn peasants who run this program are insane with jealousy and live in a state of denial. They'd sell their internal organs if it meant they could discredit the blooded.

JD: The 'blooded'?

CAB: Clean out your ears, dirt farmer! The peasantry always tries to bring down royalty, and it happened again. I should be here promoting a match between my man Sharif and the rightful AWA National Champion, Ma...

JD: DON'T SAY THAT!

[Another angry jab in the ribs by Bathwaite cuts Dane off.]

CAB: IN YOUR PLACE, PEASANT! This tournament is another whitewash by the commoners to deny the truth. The truth that some people are simply born better than them. And you are looking at such a man: Sultan Azam Sharif. We're going to use this tournament to prove that the highborn always end up on top of the rank-and-file. And once my man is the World Heavyweight Champion, we'll do the right thing and have a unification match for the World and National Titles!

[Pause. Dane's eyes grow saucer-wide as he realizes the implication of what Bathwaite is saying. The fans boo rowdily.]

JD: ...whaaaaaaat? You... you can't do that!

CAB: I got a contract that says I can, dirt farmer. And it says "Steal The Spotlight" on it in big letters.

JD: ...

CAB: Good, you've finally learned to seal your facial hole and let your betters spe...

SAS: VAAAAAAT?

[It took Sharif a little longer to catch up than Dane, but now HE has figured out what Bathwaite is saying. And he looks... well, like he's two or three seconds away from a violent rage. The crowd sees the schism coming and begins to cheer.]

SAS: YOU NOT GUNNA GIVE DOT PHONY JEHBRONIE A SHAMPWONSHIP MOTCH!

CAB: Sultan! Don't raise your voice to me.

SAS: I RAISE MY VOICE TO ANYONE I CHOOSE! UN YOU BETTAIR OXPLAIN!

CAB: Alright, alright, you're nobility so you've earned the right to be angry when you don't understand. So let me make you understand. These people...

[He points to the fans.]

CAB: ...are filth-encrusted common vermin.

[BOOOOO!]

CAB: And from that pool of sanguinary inferiority came the common peasants who make the rules in the AWA. And they robbed a highborn nobleman of the championship he won because they're jealous. You and I? We're nobility, Sultan. If we let them do that to one of us, then they'll do it

to us when the time is right! That's why the bluebloods have to support one another, even when they don't...

SAS: HE DIDDUNT SUPPORT ME WHEN HE COST ME NASHNUL SHAMPWONSHIP! IF HE EVAIR SHOW UP AGAIN, I GUNNA MAKE HIM HUMBAIL!

CAB: Fine. You want to do that? There's only one way to get him in the ring, obviously.

[It might be obvious to most people, but it takes Sharif a moment. Then he figures it out.]

SAS: Dot's right! Den I could make him pay for vat he did!

CAB: And we both win, then don't we? You get what you want and I get what I want. That's the essence of fine management, isn't it?

SAS: I opologize dot I diddunt realize you vas doing for me vat vas good, Mistair Count Bathwaite. I should not haf doubt you.

[Now the fans are booing again, as Bathwaite has again bamboozled Sharif.]

JD: Sultan, you can't be serious! You... you can't possibly believe that this man is doing this for you! Why would h... OW!

[Another Angry Man Cane Jab(tm) cuts off Dane.]

CAB: Back in your place before I put you there, you needle-necked serf! Come on, Sultan. These people don't deserve your presence. And we have to discuss why you came back here early without me... so that it never, ever happens again.

[Bathwaite leads Sharif off as the fans boo.]

JD: This is a terrible development... back to you, Gordon.

[We crossfade to Gordon and Bucky who are standing backstage.]

BW: AND BUCKY!

GM: Be that as it may... what on Earth is Adrian Bathwaite thinking?! He wants to... give... the current holder of the National Title... a title match?!

BW: COUNT Adrian explained it, Gordo. Nobility sticks up for nobility.

GM: But that makes him an enemy of the entire AWA!

BW: I guess he identifies more with who he IS than with the AWA. I really don't blame the man, even if I don't really like it.

GM: And Sharif has no idea what this really, truly means. He is a simple man, when it comes down to it; he wants revenge on someone who wronged him and has absolute confidence that he'd get it. He doesn't really realize that this would undermine the entire company and destroy the authority of the AWA and the prestige of the World Championship.

BW: Actually, if he won, it'd do the opposite of that, Gordo. But yeah, that's a real, real dangerous idea Adrian's got. I don't like it.

GM: The AWA would never allow it.

BW: The AWA would have no choice! That Steal The Spotlight gives Sharif... and Bathwaite by extension... the right to make ANY match. The AWA literally can't say no! And the only reason he can't just use it now to fight Langseth is that Langseth is under indefinite suspension AND he has no reason to show. Dangle the big gold carrot... he'd show for sure!

GM: As unfair as it is to Sultan Azam Sharif, I now have a new "last person on Earth I want to see win the tournament". Fans, let's go up to the ring where I understand we have a special ceremony to present to you. What's that about?

BW: No clue.

GM: We're about to find out, I suppose.

[As we cut back to the ring "The New Butcher", Bruno Verhoeven, and his legal advisor Theodore Colville are standing in the ring. Verhoeven is wearing his ring attire of urban camo pants and black MMA gloves while his associate is wearing a taupe colored sports coat and black dress pants.

A table was set up in the middle of the ring and a duffel bag has been placed on it.

Colville is holding a microphone in his left hand and a clipboard in his right one.]

TWC: Ahem ... ladies and gentlemen, fans of the American Wrestling Alliance ... my name is Theodore Winston Colville and as an advocate in the service of Meyer, Winkle and Pandey I continue to represent this fine, young athlete at my side, Mr. Bruno Verhoeven.

[As the crowd responds with jeers and boos Colville re-adjusts his wire-rimmed glasses.]

TWC: For those of you watching, my client is at this time tied up in an ongoing dispute with several parties about the possession of the Premier Championship Wrestling World Championship. While there have been misunderstandings, misgivings and open hostilities in this issue that transcend the mere letter of the law as well as the rulebook of this very organization Mr. Verhoeven has asked me to read out his written statement about the status of our said title.

[Colville clears his read one more time before he looks at his clipboard.]

TWC: "To the officials of the American Wrestling Alliance, to Travis Lynch and, last but not least, to the American wrestling fans in attendance and watching this at home."

[Bruno slowly unzips the duffel bag.]

TWC: "The state of the Premier Championship Wrestling World Championship in recent weeks has caused me great discomfort and pain. Like my father before me, I strive to uphold the standards and traditions that have set our great sport apart from every other athletic competition of the past century. To see Travis Lynch disregard those traditions and abandon a prestigious title, to deny me a fair shot at fighting for my place in its history just like my father was denied all those years ago, felt like an insult to everything I have believed in.

I refuse to accept that Travis Lynch has the authority to retire said championship and so I took it upon myself to rescue the item from further abuse."

[With a flourish, Verhoeven reveals the title belt. He slowly raises it above his head as Colville continues to read with his monotone voice.]

TWC: "Despite my reasonable concern for the integrity and safety of the title belt I was ordered time and time again in the last few weeks by AWA officials and the Lynch family to return the item ..."

[Bruno lays the title belt out on the table.]

TWC: "... a notion that I refuse to follow."

[More boos from the crowd. The German Beast remains stone-faced.]

TWC: "This situation has to be resolved in a way that ..."

[The crowd explodes into cheers as Travis Lynch rushes down to ringside, his face flush with anger.]

GM: Ohh! Look out here! Travis Lynch has been trying to get this belt back for weeks!

[Lynch slides under the bottom rope into the ring, sending a snarling Verhoeven into action as he shoves his own lawyer aside, slamming the sole of his boot down onto the back of Lynch's head.]

GM: Verhoeven cuts him off on the way in! Lynch let his emotions get the better of him and the Butcher made him pay for it!

[Verhoeven raises his powerful arms over his head, looking to deliver a crushing double axehandle.]

GM: Lynch is trying to get off the mat but he's not gonna like what's waiting for him, Bucky!

BW: Crush him, Bruno! Smash this little runt Stench into oblivion!

[But suddenly, Lynch erupts from a knee, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Verhoeven, sending the taller German staggering backwards!]

GM: Right hand! Travis Lynch lands the big right hand out of nowhere!

[Suddenly, Colville jumps in front of Lynch, shielding his man from further assault. His face panicked, the lawyer lifts the clipboard in front of him as a kind of shield.]

GM: What is he...?!

[Lynch pauses, unwilling to strike Colville for the moment...

...but the moment is all Verhoeven needs to lunge forward, throwing a big boot into the jaw of Lynch, knocking him flat to the shock of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! What a boot to the mush! Lynch is down, fans!

BW: He never saw the big boot coming, daddy!

GM: He certainly didn't and now he's at the mercy of Bruno Verhoeven!

[The Butcher picks the duffel bag back up, rummaging through it.]

GM: What is he doing now?

BW: Look! Colville's got more of the statement to read!

[With a shaking voice, Colville continues to read, faster this time.]

TWC: Where was I... where ... "This situation has to be resolved in a way that has to bring satisfaction to all parties and satisfy the claims that are constantly present. So, I have decided to solve the issue with a Solomonic approach."

[Bruno pulls a can out of the duffel bag ... and starts to squirt something all over the title belt and the table.]

GM: That ... that's ...

BW: Has the kid lost his mind?

GM: That's lighter fluid! He's gonna BURN the title belt?!

[The crowd goes wild with screams and boos as a half dozen officials and referees come tearing out of the locker room area towards the ring.]

GM: Verhoeven's trying to light the PCW World Title belt on fire! Travis Lynch is down! He's completely helpless, fans! Verhoeven's going to-

[The German shouts at the protesting officials, ignoring them. Colville seems to be a bit panicked as he ducks out of the ring...

...just as AWA owner Bobby Taylor comes flying through the curtain!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

BW: What the heck is Taylor doing out here?!

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this!

[The Outlaw of professional wrestling dives under the ropes, springing to his feet as Verhoeven pulls a burning Zippo lighter out, holding it over his head.]

GM: Look out! Get everyone out of there! This guy's gone nuts!

[Taylor holds his ground, waving the other officials back as he shouts something at Verhoeven but the German's eyes are fixed on the table, now dripping wet with lighter fluid.]

GM: We've got a standoff! Taylor's trying to talk him down! He's trying to-

[Verhoeven's eyes lock on Taylor's, a cold stare exchanged between the two as Taylor repeatedly tries to get the German to back off.]

GM: Taylor's trying to get him under control! Verhoeven hasn't done it yet but he's still got the lighter in his hand, ready to-

[Travis Lynch pushes up to a knee, rubbing his chin as he looks up...

...and his eyes go wide in horror at the scene presented before him. He glares at the hulking Verhoeven whose gaze has moved from Taylor to Lynch.]

GM: No, no! Don't do it! Don't do it, kid!

[Lynch springs off the mat as Taylor makes a lunge at the German...

...both falling short as Verhoeven flings the lit Zippo down onto the wooden table.]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

GM: THE TABLE'S ON FIRE! THE TABLE'S ON FIRE!

[The wooden table, soaked in lighter fluid, goes up in a small fireball with Taylor, Lynch, and Verhoeven all recoiling from the blaze. A quick-thinking official pulls a fire extinguisher from under the ring, rolling in with it and going to work, dousing the flames as Colville yanks Verhoeven from the ring by the arm.]

GM: Get that fire out!

BW: Verhoeven's making a run for it!

GM: He'd better! Travis Lynch is gonna crack him open when he gets his hands on him!

BW: He might have to race Taylor. Taylor's LIVID, Gordo!

[An enraged Bobby Taylor is shouting at both Colville and Verhoeven from the ring, obviously shocked. Travis Lynch is being restrained by three other officials, preventing him first from diving onto the burning title belt and then from pursuing the mad German.]

GM: Fans, I cannot believe what we have just witnessed. Not only was that fire a dangerous situation for everyone in the ring - and really, for everyone in this building - but we have just witnessed a total and utter disregard for everything the AWA stands for when Bruno Verhoeven set the PCW World Title belt ablaze!

BW: I've never seen anything like that, Gordo. I've seen title belts thrown in trash cans, painted, bashed up with a screwdriver, heck, even thrown into rivers and oceans. But I've NEVER seen anyone send a title belt straight to Hell!

GM: Travis Lynch is beside himself, fans - he's quite obviously distraught at what just happened. That title belt means so much to him and to his family and to see it just... unbelievable. We're going to need to get some aid out here to clean up the ringside area but when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to a shot of the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...from Jacksonville, Florida...weighing in at 245 pounds...he is the self-proclaimed World's Smartest Man...

"Mr. Mensa"MAAAAAAAAAANNNY IMBROOOOOOOGNNOOOOOO!

[There's a good portion of cheers for Mr. Mensa, as the crowd cheers him on, fully aware that he's here to defend Queen Bee's honor. Phil Waston then speaks into his mic once again.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Imbrogno has requested your cooperation in providing complete silence, as he recites his latest poem.

[A loud cheer as Imbrogno reads from his Kindle.]

MI: I'm the World's Smartest Man...here to defend my honey.
Skywalker Jones is but a moronic brute, concerned with only money.
Glitz and glamour, for him...the world's but a stage.
But he laid hands on my lady love and now I hold such rage.

[His eyes narrow.]

MI: To thrash him and to humble him, it will be such a pleasure.
But defending Queen Bee's honor?
That's the real treasure.

So come forth, Jones and face your fate!
Tremble before my might!
The Showcase of Immortality ends...
With your defeat tonight.

[Imbrogno bows, as Phil Watson makes another announcement. One met with a huge chorus of boos.]

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

[Buford P. Higgins enters the ring, with Hercules Hammonds following behind him. Higgins pulls the golden microphone from his back pocket and addresses Imbrogno.]

BPH: I didn't know this was a poetry slam, playa'!

[An obnoxious laugh.]

BPH: You think you so dang smart, don't ya'? Well, I'mma' let Hercules speak on this!

[The ring announcer hands his gold microphone to the huge, menacing Hammonds, who removes his fedora and brings the microphone up to his lips, speaking his first ever on-camera words to an AWA audience. In a deep, bass voice, the insurance policy says the last thing you'd expect...]

HH: Yo' Buford...gimme a beat.

[And in one of the truly surreal things ever seen on AWA television, Buford P. Higgins begins beatboxing as the monstrous Hercules Hammonds begins to...freestyle?]

HH: He mad 'cause we was messin' with wifey
and now it's on for life, see?
'Cause insect girl leadin' him 'round by his stinger
right into the path of a true pain bringa'
Thought you were a genius, Mr. Imbrog-no
Turns out you're just Captain Save-a-[CENSORED!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

BW: Bwahahahaha!!!

GM: How disgusting!

[Hammonds grins big as the crowd reacts to that last burn.]

HH: Revenge you seekin', but it'll never be known
'Cause you're 'bout to get wrecked by...

[Hammonds tosses the microphone to Buford, who snatches it out of the air without missing a beat.]

BPH: Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

BPH:
JOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS
!!!!

[And right on cue, "All I do is Win" by DJ Khalid begins to play as a throng of cheerleaders burst forth from behind the curtains, signaling the entrance of Skywalker Jones. 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, before making his walk towards the ring. However, he never makes it there, as Manny Imbrogno dives through the ropes and takes him down with a tope! BIG POP!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Manny Imbrogno isn't waiting for a bell! He just dove through those ropes and tackled Skywalker Jones to the ground!

[Imbrogno stays on Jones, pulling the high-flyer's furcoat over his head and raining down punches!]

BW: I thought he was the smartest man in the world! This ain't smart at all!

GM: On the contrary, he got the drop on Skywalker Jones!

[Grabbing Jones, Imbrogno tosses him into the ring as the referee motions for the bell to be rung.]

"DING DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Jones is still clad in his furcoat as he gets back to his feet and is promptly taken down by a clothesline! He almost trips over his coat as he scrambles back up and is then once again knocked down by a full extension dropkick from Imbrogno!]

GM: Manny Imbrogno is on fire! He's completely overwhelming Skywalker Jones!

BW: Slow it down and regroup! You gotta' outthink him, Jones!

GM: Can Skywalker Jones really outthink the "World's smartest man"?

BW: Gah! You shut your mouth, Myers!

[Still discombobulated, Jones walks right into Imbrogno's clutches and is sent to the mat with a hip toss. Mr. Mensa runs into the ropes and then crushes Jones underneath him with a somersault senton!]

GM: OH! A flipping backsplash! Here's the cover! One! Two! No! Jones gets the shoulder up!

BW: He might've got Jones by surprise, but he's not going to put him away that easy!

GM: Well, it's been all Manny Imbrogno so far...and it looks like he's heading up top!

[Looking to keep up the pressure, Imbrogno heads towards the corner and climbs the turnbuckles. Meanwhile, Skywalker Jones slowly gets to his feet,

finally shedding his furcoat. As he turns around, he sees Imbrogno leaping at him...]

"OHHHHH!!!"

[...and throws his furcoat right into Imbrogno's face, causing Mr. Mensa to crash to the mat!]

BW: Heck yeah! That's using your brain, Jones!

GM: Skywalker Jones might've just saved himself with that underhanded trick!

BW: Underhanded? That was brilliant!

[Shaking out the cobwebs, Jones walks over to Imbrogno, who's entangled by the furcoat, much like a fish in a net and stomps away at self-proclaimed genius.]

GM: Mickey Meekly is trying to get that furcoat off Imbrogno, but Jones just keeps pounding away!

[Finally tossing the furcoat out of the ring, Meekly gets a severe reprimand from Buford P. Higgins on the outside...]

"That's authentic fur, playa'! I'm sending you the cleaning bill!"

[...as Skywalker Jones drops an elbow waaay below the belt behind his back! Big time boos!]

GM: A blatant low blow by Skywalker Jones!

BW: Now who looks like the genius? It's like Imbrogno's playing checkers and Jones is playing chess out there!

GM: Oh brother.

[Pulling Imbrogno to his feet, Jones talks some trash, slapping Mr. Mensa across the face as he does so.]

GM: And as it's become all-too familiar, Skywalker Jones is displaying that terrible attitude of his again.

BW: No one said Imbrogno had to be a white knight trying to defend that tramp's honor! He brought this all on himself!

[Jones grabs Imbrogno around the waist and lifts him up, driving him into the canvas with a back suplex. However, Jones rolls through, continuing to hold onto Imbrogno and lifting him up for what looks to be another back suplex, only to suddenly reverse course and toss him face-first into the mat!]

GM: OH! Another innovative move by Skywalker Jones!

BW: He ate a mouthful of canvas right there, daddy!

[Stepping on Imbrogno's back, Jones points a finger into the air, before executing a standing moonsault right onto Mr. Mensa!]

GM: OH MY! A standing backflip splash by Skywalker Jones!

[Jones doesn't go for the cover, though, instead entangling his legs with Imbrogno's and then grabbing hold of his wrists; rocking back and forth before yanking Mr. Mensa back and elevating him into the air with a surfboard!]

BW: Surfboard submission, daddy...and you better believe that ain't a pleasant feeling!

GM: Manny Imbrogno has to be in tremendous pain!

[Pulling back on Imbrogno's arms just a little harder, Jones lets go of Imbrogno's wrists and quickly clasps his hands around his opponent's chin, drawing a loud groan of sympathy from the crowd.]

GM: OHHH! Jones is bending Imbrogno even further!

BW: He's gotta' give up! The human body ain't meant to bend like that!

[However, Imbrogno refuses to submit, even as his body is bent to its breaking point. Finally, Jones releases the hold and shakes his head in disgust.]

BW: Why'd he let go? There was no escape from that!

GM: I think Jones knew Imbrogno wasn't going to give up and had to change tactics. I'm impressed he endured all that!

BW: Pffft...he was just too dumb to know he was beat. Some genius.

[Pulling Imbrogno to his feet, Jones sends him into the ropes. As he rebounds off, Jones lifts him for a hip toss, aiming to bounce him off the top rope. However, as Imbrogno rebounds off, he lands on his feet instead of hitting the canvas. This catches Jones off-guard, as he immediately charges at Imbrogno, who takes his feet out from under him with a dropkick to the knee!]

GM: OH! Skywalker Jones performed that same hip toss into the ropes on

Bumble Bee on the last edition of Saturday Night, but it looks like Manny Imbrogno had it scouted out!

BW: Damn him and his brains!

[Yanking Jones up by the mini-fro, Imbrogno lifts him up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry...

...and begins to spin. And spin. And spin! Big pop!]

GM: AN AIRPLANE SPIN! IMBROGNO'S GOT JONES UP IN THE AIRPLANE SPIN!

BW: I'm getting motion sickness just from watching this!

GM: Folks, we have to take a quick commercial break, but we'll be right back with the conclusion of this thrilling match!

[The camera focuses on Manny Imbrogno spinning Skywalker Jones as we fade to...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. We freeze there for a moment...

...and then back to the studio, where Manny Imbrogno is STILL spinning around with Skywalker Jones on his shoulders!]

GM: Folks, welcome back...I...I simply have never seen anything like this in my life!

BW: This is madness!

[The crowd has seemingly started a count while we were gone...]

"ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT!"

"ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE!"

"TWO HUNDRED!!!"

[...and with that, Imbrogno sets Jones down from his shoulders, both combatants looking EXTREMELY weary.]

BW: Unbelievable!

GM: I'm not sure either man can continue after what we just witnessed!

[From the outside, Higgins and Hammonds shout directions at Skywalker Jones, pointing him towards where Imbrogno is, but Jones clearly has lost all sense of direction. He stumbles over...and suddenly yanks Mickey Meekly down into a small package!]

GM: OH! Skywalker Jones has the referee pinned!

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

[Taking his cues from the crowd, Jones leaps to his feet and thrusts his hands into the air in victory...before falling over! Meanwhile, a dazed Imbrogno spots Jones and immediately throws a dropkick...that misses by a good five feet! As everyone is down, the crowd roars with cheers!]

GM: To say that both men were affected by that airplane spin is a clear understatement.

BW: They don't even know where they are! I ain't seen anyone this tipsy since you drank that wine cooler at the Christmas party, Gordo!

[All three men in the ring, slowly get to their feet, as Jones and Imbrogno still seem a bit dizzy. Jones takes a wild swing that misses by a mile, as Imbrogno lands a kick to the midsection and then spikes Jones into the canvas with a DDT!]

GM: OH! A DDT AND THE COVER! ONE! TWO! THREE! IMBROGNO DID IT! HE-

[Heel pop!]

GM: NO! Jones got a foot on the ropes! So close! So very close!

BW: A real smart guy would've pulled him back in the middle of the ring!

[Scooping up and slamming Jones into the canvas, Imbrogno goes to climb to the turnbuckles once more.]

GM: I think he might be going for his patented top-rope backsplash, The Smart Bomb!

[However, Imbrogno, still slowed by the airplane spin, climbs up slowly. It's just enough of a delay that allows Skywalker Jones to get back to his feet...]

"SMMMMAAAAACCKKK!"

[...and deliver a devastating superkick to Imbrogno!]

GM: OHHH!!! SKYWALKER JONES STRIKES WITH THAT DEADLY SUPERKICK!

BW: The Calisto Killer! The Dufresne Destroyer!

GM: Wait...Jones is going up top! Is he going for a superplex?

[The kick knocks Imbrogno into a seated position on the top rope, as Jones climbs up to meet him. Looking at the glazed look in Imbrogno's eyes, Jones smiles big and wraps his arms around Imbrogno's waist, before screaming...]

"WITNESS...TO GREATNESS!!!"

[...and then lifting Imbrogno up for what looks to be a belly-to-belly superplex. However, Jones holds onto Imbrogno, as they both somersault through the air, with Jones landing on top of Imbrogno in a moonsault slam as they both hit the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!!! OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!!!

BW: WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT!?!?!?

GM: I...I DON'T KNOW!!!

[With the crowd roaring in disbelief at the move they just saw, Meekly snaps out of his shock and drops down, counting the one, the two...the three!]

GM: Manny Imbrogno falls short in his quest to avenge Queen Bee as Skywalker Jones just won...he won with...with...what was that, Bucky?

BW: It was a belly-to-belly...with a somersault. Almost like a moonsault powerslam or something. I don't know, Gordo! That was insane!!!

[At any rate, take it Buford!]

BPH: Your winner, as always...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

BPH:
JOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS
!!!!

[A slightly out-of-breath Jones then takes the microphone from Higgins. A portion of the crowd is chanting "Sky-walk-er!" as he addresses the crowd.]

SJ: You just witnessed greatness, people! Skywalker Jones wins again!

[Heel pop! Jones tries to catch his breath as he lets the ropes support him.]

SJ: The Showcase of Immortality rolls on, but I'm done dealing with these chumps! It's time to step up the competition! There's one man that Skywalker Jones wants to face! One man, that was there for the original Showcase of Immortality!

[Jones laughs.]

SJ: Yeah! That's right, I'm callin' YOU out...AMIGO.

["Amigo?" He can't mean...]

SJ: I'M CALLIN' YOU OUT...JUAN VASQUEZ!!!

[Big shocked pop!]

SJ: Next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, Skywalker Jones wants you one-on-one inside the ring! Whatta' you say, little man!? Whatta' you say!?!?

[A grin.]

SJ: You ain't scared, are ya'?

[And with a loud cackle, Jones tosses the microphone back to Buford P. Higgins and rolls out of the ring as we fade to black.

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.]

As we fade back up from black, we find ourselves watching some pre-taped footage. It's twilight. An establishing shot of a conifer-lined ridge overlooking the Pacific Ocean gives way to a closer view of a house perched amongst the timber. The deck of the home is illuminated in the glow of a fire burning in an outdoor fire pit.

Crossfade ... to the bearded face of one Gunnar Gaines, illuminated by the glow of the fire. Though his eyes are looking down, the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes betray a slight smirk. He turns his face upward and looks into the camera, speaking calmly.]

GG: Surprise.

[Gunnar chuckles slightly to himself.]

GG: Six years. Six years it's been since anyone has seen me in a wrestling ring. I bet some of you never thought I'd come back. That's OK — neither did I.

[The look on his face becomes contemplative.]

GG: The wrestling business used to be my life. Fact is, I was born into it. My grandfather wrestled. My dad wrestled. My big brother wrestled. And when I turned 19, I did the only thing I ever wanted to do. I took a cash payment

under the table from a questionable promoter and I got my butt in a wrestling ring. He laughed at me, too. Thought I was too young. He wasn't laughing for long. Neither was anyone else. It soon became evident I was willing to do things no one else would do, say things no one else would say, and feel pain no one else would willingly feel. It didn't matter. I was the man who did not care, and that made me dangerous.

Fast forward to 1996. I'm bigger than my grandfather ever was, bigger than my dad and certainly bigger than my big brother. Fact is, I'm the man. The World Champion. Voted number one in the world. Everyone's hero. And they don't love me in spite of what I do. They love me because of what I do, which is go to any length to be the baddest man in the business. The Baddest Thang Running — that's what they called me.

[The look on Gunnar's face becomes more pensive.]

GG: There's a downside to being everyone's hero. People take aim. Life shoots you down. I had business disputes and promoters closing up shop. I had a little problem with reputation management, some of which I brought on myself by being young and stupid. Basically, my career went to crap, and it all happened so fast. In these situations, the advice you get is to take a break. Regroup. So I did. I tried to come back in 2003 and did pretty well — until I blew out a shoulder and got fired all in the same glorious day. In 2006, EMWC brought me in. Great opportunity. But in no time, I was out of the promotion. Not welcome anymore. So I shrugged my shoulders and went home. I figured that was it.

[The undertone of anger in Gunnar's comments becomes more obvious.]

GG: You know, I started this little talk saying "the wrestling business used to be my life." Emphasis on "used to be." For the last six years I've put wrestling out of my mind. There was plenty else to keep me busy. Well, that's what I told myself. But there was nothing that gave me that same euphoric feeling of being a bone breaking, risk taking, ring shaking, get-your-fear-quaking son of a bitch inside of a professional wrestling ring. And deep down, I knew it. I just needed an opportunity, an excuse, to come back and do the only thing I really know how to do.

Then I heard about this AWA World Championship Tournament and my reaction was, "You mean, the AWA doesn't have a World Title?" Then I realized — it's because the AWA doesn't have a World Champion. That's why they're looking for one. Makes sense, right? And I've been a World Champion. Many times. Hell, they even put me in the Hall of Fame. So I decided to step forward. And surprisingly enough, they decided to accept me.

[Gunnar pauses, then resumes speaking.]

GG: Maybe they're just trying to prove a point. Maybe they're trying to demonstrate that everyone out there wants to be their AWA champion — even that old dinosaur Gunnar Gaines. But I've never been one to go along with anyone's storyline. So laugh at me. Call me a relic, or even a joke.

Condescend and say I was just good "for my time." You wouldn't be the first, but here's the thing — I really don't care. You see, I've realized that professional wrestling is in my blood. It was in my blood on the day I was born, and it will BE there until one day they lower my body into the ground, and that ain't happened yet.

I realize there's 63 other people in this tournament. All well qualified I'm sure. In this group, I'm not only the man who does not care, but I'm also the man no one fears, and THAT makes me dangerous. You see, on any given day, I can beat any one of those other 63 men. In the next round, I can do it again, and just keep going. I may be six years out of wrestling ... but the fact is, I'm just six wins away from being the AWA World Champion.

[He cocks his head slightly, thinking about that possibility.]

GG: Now wouldn't that be something. Is it possible? Believe it, because I do. And if anyone thinks otherwise, I'm going to make them prove it ... to this face.

[He turns, looks right into the camera, and flashes his trademark toothy, smirking, squinting Grizzly Grin as we fade to black...

...and then back up to our announce team who look a bit stunned.]

GM: My stars, if you'd told me ahead of time, I would have called you a liar. Former World Champion. Professional Wrestling Hall of Famer. The Baddest Thang Running. "Grizzly" Gunnar Gaines has joined the field of sixty-four and will compete for the honor of becoming the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: When you talk about names of men you thought we'd never see in a wrestling ring again, Gunnar Gaines has to be very close to the top of that list, Gordo. As you said and as he said, he's a former World Champion. He was voted the best wrestler in the world by the fans at one point. He's in the Hall of Fame. He's got nothing left to prove... or does he? Does he need this? Does he need one more run for immortality?

GM: We may find out at Memorial Day Mayhem where the World Title Tournament will begin. In fact, let's go backstage to Jason Dane who has a few more announcements about that big, big show. Jason?

[We crossfade to the backstage area where Dane stands alone in front of an AWA backdrop.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. It's been an exciting night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling and we've still got our big Main Event to come. But before we go back down to Phil for that, we've got a few pieces of business to take care of.

You just saw it moments ago. Hall of Famer Gunnar Gaines is in the tournament! No word yet on who his first round opponent will be but we

ARE starting to get a few of those trickling into us now from the Championship Committee.

As everyone knows, the World Title Tournament will begin in just a few short weeks at Memorial Day Mayhem. Let's recap what we know so far about this historic night!

[A MDM graphic appears over Dane's shoulder.]

JD: Earlier this weekend, it was announced by the Championship Committee that we would see Juan Vasquez battle the Botswana Beast himself, Ebola Zaire in what should be a violent and very physical matchup. That's a non-tournament match. And of course, it'll be another non-tournament match when the Lynches put the National Tag Team Titles on the line against The Aces. Both teams have been pretty quiet since the Anniversary Show where we saw the Aces come out from under the ring and brutally attack the champions. In a few short weeks, the Number One contenders get their shot at the gold.

[Pause.]

JD: Now, back to the tournament... moments ago, I was informed by AWA management that Bruno Verhoeven is suspended for his actions of earlier tonight effective immediately. That suspension will lift at Memorial Day Mayhem when he will compete against Travis Lynch... in a first round World Title tournament matchup!

We've also been told that despite their ordered silence by Percy Chiles - both James Monosso AND Nenshou have been entered into the field of sixty-four and one of those men will compete at Memorial Day Mayhem in the first round of the tournament.

Exciting news all around and I'm sure we will have many and more matches to announce in the coming days ahead so stay tuned to AWA.com and the All Access app to keep up to date on all the happenings.

Now, let's go down to Phil Watson for tonight's Main Event!

[We crossfade away from Jason to find Phil Watson standing in the ring. The Waterson International team has already made their entrance, Ben Waterson tormenting the ring announcer by shouting at him as Watson begins.]

PW: The following contest is an ELIMINATION TAG TEAM MATCH with TV Time Remaining! The match will be conducted under tag team rules until a man is eliminated. At that point, he must go back to the locker room area and the match will continue. When all the members of a team are eliminated, the match is over and the survivors on the other squad are declared the winners.

In this match, the winners will be GUARANTEED immediate entry into the World Title Tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... they are accompanied to the ring by the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson... they are the team of...

ALPHONNNNNNNSE GREEEEEEEEEN!

[Green mounts a midbuckle, mimicking throwing someone over the top rope to the floor to the jeers of the crowd.]

EEEEEEEBOOOOOLAAAA ZAAAAAAIRE!

[The bloodthirsty savage slightly tilts his head at the announcement of his name, revealing a pencil gripped between his teeth as he yanks the cloth headwrap off his badly-scarred skull.]

The Longhorn Heritage Champion... "RED HOT" REEEEEEX
SUMMMMMERRRS!

[Summers shrugs out of his full-length robe, revealing a perfectly-sculpted body with the title belt secured around his waist.]

And finally... the San Jose Shark...

MAAAAAAARRRRRCUSSSS BROUUUUUUUSSAAAAARD!

[Broussard tugs at the ropes, ignoring the fans' jeers as he tries to stay loose for the battle to come.]

PW: And now... their opponents...

[Watson puts down the mic, simply waiting. Waterson shouts, "WHO IS IT?!" at him and gets a mere shrug in response.]

GM: I'm not even sure Phil Watson knows who the mystery opponents are, Bucky.

BW: I don't think ANYONE does!

GM: The entire WKIK Studios' audience is on their feet now, watching and waiting for any sign of-

[Metallica's "Turn The Page" kicks in to a HUUUUUUUGE roar from the crowd!]

GM: It's Robert Donovan! Donovan is the first man on the opposing team!

[The seven footer promptly marches out to ringside, glaring up at the ring - most specifically at Rex Summers.]

GM: And if I'm not mistaken, this will be the first time that Robert Donovan is standing in the ring with Rex Summers - the man who STOLE the Longhorn Heritage Championship from him several weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: Stole?! He won that fair and square!

GM: I think our definitions of "fair and square" greatly differ. But like it or not, he IS the Longhorn Heritage Champion... and I think you can put Robert Donovan quite clearly in the "or not" column.

[Donovan steps to the ring apron, pulling himself up on the ring apron before stepping over the ropes into the ring. Marcus Broussard threatens to charge him right there on the spot when AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps in, trying to keep the combatants under control.]

GM: This one might break down before Donovan even has a full team out here. I'm not sure it was the smartest idea for Donovan to get into that ring until his team is out here.

BW: Well, no one's ever accused Donovan of being the smartest guy, Gordo.

GM: I'll make sure he knows you said that. But the question is - does Donovan even KNOW who his partners are here tonight?

BW: I highly doubt it. The AWA brass has kept this one under wraps tonight. Who knows who is about to walk out here through that curtain, Gordo!

[Donovan pauses, fists at the ready in case he needs to throw down as we wait for the second man to arrive. The WKIK Studios crowd bursts into a buzz as the lights suddenly cut to pitch black without warning.]

GM: Well, that's interesting.

BW: And I've learned anything in my years in this business, it's that bad things happen when the lights go out, daddy!

[Over the PA system, the faint sound of a heartbeat begins after ten seconds of complete silence.

Thump-thump

Thump-thump

Thump-thump

"Do you fear the Dark?" a gravelly voice asks in a whisper.]

BW: Oh my god.

[A single red spotlight cuts through the blackness, illuminating a solitary form just beyond the curtain as "Beautiful People" by Marilyn Manson cuts in over the PA system. The crowd is still buzzing, not quite sure who uses that music...]

GM: Is that-?!

[The light grows brighter, lighting up the man known throughout the wrestling world as The Spectre.]

GM: It is! What in the world is HE doing here?!

BW: I have no idea. First Craven, then Carver, and now THIS guy?! Maybe Craven's right! Maybe this truly is a revolution! Maybe this is the future of the AWA!

GM: There's no way, Bucky! It can't be!

[Spectre, clad in a pair of cutoff jeans, a black t shirt and combat boots stands with his taped forearms held up at angles away from his pale, scarred body as the combination of his dark dreadlocks and the red lighting paints a ghastly picture over the ghoulish wrestler.]

GM: I can't believe we're even seeing this. What in the world was the Championship Committee thinking bringing this guy here?! He's notorious for a blatant disregard for the rules! He thinks he's BEYOND the rules, Bucky.

BW: The fact is that the man operates on his OWN rules! And if those involve steel chairs, barbed wire, and baseball bats - so be it, daddy!

[As the music picks up, the lights start flashing in time with the beat, creating almost a strobe-effect as The Spectre speeds up to a run and slides smoothly under the bottom rope, standing and stalking towards the ropes. Ben Waterson and Alphonse Green very visibly step aside, whispering to one another as the pale-skinned grappler climbs to the second rope, staring out at the shocked crowd.]

GM: This man has never competed before in the AWA... and there's a real good reason for it despite being one of the most accomplished grapplers in the business. He stands six foot four, weighs in at 275 pounds. The man is a physical beast!

[The Spectre steps down off the middle rope, glaring at his opponents...

...and then just as cold of a stare aimed at his own partner.]

GM: Do you think he even realizes that he's TEAMING with Donovan?

BW: Do you think he even cares? For a man who prides himself on his brawling skills, he might look at Donovan as a challenge! Donovan used to walk around Los Angeles calling himself Deathmatch no Oni... the self-appointed King of the Death Match. You think Spectre might like to take a shot at someone like that?

GM: I certainly think it's a possibility.

[The six foot four Spectre stands toe to toe with the seven foot Donovan, glaring at the big man as Ben Waterson smiles gleefully from across the ring.]

GM: This could be very, very interesting.

[But before anything can break down, we hear “Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun” by the Beastie Boys.]

GM: Now who is this?

[The music plays for several moments with no answer to that question...

...until “Hotshot” Stevie Scott comes striding out of the locker room area, a big smirk on his face as the crowd roars. Scott lifts his right hand, fingers twisted to form a mock pistol...]

GM: Stevie Scott! Stevie Scott is the third man on the team!

[Scott slowly lifts his hand, aiming it in the direction of Marcus Broussard, and “pulls the trigger...”

...right before breaking into a dash, diving under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: THE HOTSHOT’S IN! THE HOTSHOT’S IN!

[The Hotshot springs to his feet, looking to attack the San Jose Shark who bails through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And he went RIGHT after Broussard!

BW: I guess we can say he accepted his challenge, huh?

GM: I would certainly say so! Stevie Scott seems to have accepted the challenge! He’ll face Marcus Broussard at Memorial Day Mayhem in an I Quit match where the loser will leave town!

[The rest of Waterson International bails from the ring as well, trying to avoid the wild-eyed Hotshot who is pacing around the ring, ready for a fight.]

GM: That’s three... who is the fourth?

BW: Donovan, the Spectre, and Stevie Scott? That’s a heck of a team, Gordo.

GM: It surely is. Waterson International may be regretting this open challenge right about now, fans.

[The camera lands on Broussard who is shouting at Stevie Scott from the floor.]

GM: Broussard just told Stevie to enjoy his last Main Event on Saturday Night Wrestling. That's hard to imagine, Bucky.

BW: It is. We're looking at one of these two guys competing in the Main Event here on Saturday Night Wrestling - right back where it all started here in the WKIK Studios - for the last time.

GM: That match is gonna be something else but so is this one and we're still waiting to see who-

[The slow rumbling of "God's Gonna Cut You Down, by Johnny Cash erupts onto the ears of all in attendance. The collective crowd rises and turns quizzically towards the entrance where a massive figure is seen standing just outside their view. The figure stomps back and forth furiously before suddenly... recklessly... He tears down through the entrance curtain... To a massive roar...]

GM: OH MY STARS!! IT'S...

BW: HIM!? WHAT THE HELL IS _HE_ DOING HERE?!

[The figure stands just beyond the entrance, facing the ring, staring around him... Soaking in the adulation... Remembering a different time.. Remembering a different life.

He slowly reaches up, removing his large trenchcoat to reveal a right arm covered in a black sleeve. That same black arm reaches up to the sky and plucks his trademark cowboy hat off his head.. he turns and smiles to the cheering fans.

GM: RON HOUSTON!!! RON HOUSTON IS THE FOURTH MAN!

[The Athens Georgia Madman, The East Coast Terror, the FIRST Rumble winner, the former AWA National Champion. All names apply to the big man as he slowly strides away from the entrance curtain, absorbing the pandemonium as he draws closer and closer to...]

GM: HE'S COMING FOR BROUSSARD!!

BW: Oh man... there's NO love lost there, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely not!

[Houston lifts his right arm, pointing at the San Jose Shark who looks on with pure shock on his face. He turns to Ben Waterson, frantically shouting, "NOT RON HOUSTON!" a mere moment before Houston pastes him with a right hand!]

GM: OHH! IT'S ON!!

[And inside the ring, Stevie Scott steps out to the apron, throwing himself off into a sloppy Thesz Press on Alphonse Green, hammering the King of the

Battle Royals on the barely-padded floor as the Spectre gleefully slides under the ropes, grabbing Ebola Zaire by a beefy arm and swinging him around into a right hand to the mush!]

GM: It's breaking down in the ring! The fight is on!

[Robert Donovan is the last one into the fray, stepping over the ropes to the apron...

...and promptly grabbing a fleeing Rex Summers by the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Summers was trying to get away from the fight on the floor and he got caught!

[Donovan holds him at arm's length, reading the Longhorn Heritage Champion the riot act...

...and the resourceful Summers uses the moment's delay to stick a thumb into Donovan's eye, breaking the chokehold!]

GM: Summers goes directly to the eyes!

BW: We've got people fighting everywhere out here!

[A series of right hands from Houston has Broussard staggering away, trying to flee his former rival. Nearby, Stevie Scott pulls Alphonse Green to his feet by the arm...

...and FIRES him into the WKIK Studios cement wall!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ebola Zaire buries a heavily-taped right hand into the throat of The Spectre, jabbing his stiffened fingers into the windpipe. Grabbing the brawler by the hair, Zaire SLAMS his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: Zaire puts the Spectre into the apron! Headfirst!

[A quick cut back to the ring shows Rex Summers delivering a trio of forearms to the back of Donovan's head and neck, knocking the seven footer down to a knee. In the background, we see Broussard roll under the ropes, still trying to get away from Ron Houston who is in hot pursuit!]

GM: We've got two former National Champions going at it in there - both looking for a chance to battle to become the first ever AWA World Champion.

BW: Just like they fought to become the first ever AWA National Champion! Some things never change, daddy!

[Broussard climbs back to his feet, backing away from Houston who suddenly lunges forward, a big boot aimed at his rival's jaw...

...but missing badly as Broussard drops down to the mat, causing Houston to hit Summers with the big boot, sending the Longhorn Heritage Champion sailing off the apron, crashing down to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DOWN GOES SUMMERS! Ron Houston was aiming for Broussard but he got Summers instead!

[Broussard tries to seize the moment, hammering Houston with forearms across the back. He SLAMS his forearm into the kidneys of Houston, causing Houston to recoil in pain, staggering to the ropes where Broussard throws a knee into the same spot.]

GM: Broussard’s targeting the back of Ron Houston...

[Out on the floor, Alphonse Green staggers back to his feet, taking his spot in his team’s corner as Stevie Scott does the same, glaring at Broussard and watching his every movement. Soon, Robert Donovan does the same.

With Ben Waterson shouting from the floor, we continue to see The Spectre and Ebola Zaire doing battle out on the barely-padded concrete. The Spectre digs his fingers into the eyes of Zaire, sending him stumbling towards the bleachers where the Spectre pursues, shoving Zaire onto his back across the wooden seats, digging his fingers into the windpipe of the bloodthirsty savage!]

GM: He’s choking Zaire! The Spectre is strangling Zaire out here on the floor!

[We cut back to the ring where Broussard has Houston backed into a neutral corner, lacing boot after boot after boot into the ribs of the East Coast Terror. With the referee warning him, the San Jose Shark backs off, grabbing an arm to fire him across the ring but Houston reverses, sending the San Jose Shark crashing into the turnbuckles...

...and then LAUNCHING the San Jose Shark through the air, sending him crashing to the canvas with a backdrop!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP!

[Houston backs up to the corner, ready to throw his right arm as Broussard stumbles to his feet...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[Broussard ducks underneath it, blindly reaching back to hook the arm in a backslide...

...and takes Houston down, pinning his shoulders to the mat!]

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

[The crowd ROARS as Houston fires a shoulder off the mat, barely breaking the three count.]

GM: So close right there!

BW: Never forget that Marcus Broussard has the BEST cradles and pinning predicaments in the business, daddy! The backslide very easily could have ended Ron Houston's night in a hurry!

[Broussard slips back to his feet...

...and opts to bail out, slapping the hand of Alphonse Green!]

GM: Broussard tagged in Green!

BW: The King of the Battle Royals!

GM: Who doesn't look too thrilled at the idea of getting inside that ring with Ron Houston, fans!

[Houston decides not to wait, rushing the corner...

...where Broussard is able to tangle up the right arm, leaping off the apron to snap the sleeve-covered limb down over the top rope, causing Houston to collapse to a knee in pain.]

GM: That arm has been a constant source of trouble for Ron Houston for years now! Every time it looks like Houston's ready for a big comeback - ready to return to top level form - that arm gets reinjured and don't think for a second that putting his rival back on the shelf isn't at the top of Marcus Broussard's "to do" list right now.

[Green slips through the ropes, slamming an elbow down on the shoulder of Houston.]

GM: Alphonse Green is looking to take advantage of the opening provided by his partner, the very first National Champion, Marcus Broussard.

[Green hauls Houston off the mat by the arm, pushing him back against the ropes...

...and drills Houston with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Big chop by Green!

[Houston fires back, catching Green with a haymaker to the jaw.]

GM: Houston throws a left hand! Trying to protect that right arm perhaps!

[A second left connects, sending Green charging to the opposite side of the ring, rebounding back...

...and dropping into a baseball slide, going through the legs of Houston where he pops up to his feet on the apron behind Houston.]

GM: Whoa!

[As Houston swings around, Green slingshots himself over the ropes, smashing a shouldertackle into the oft-injured limb of Houston, knocking him flat!]

GM: Nice move by Alphonse Green!

BW: You sound surprised!

GM: Quite frankly, I am a little surprised. I didn't expect see Alphonse Green- look out!

[The crowd roars as a shocked Green backpedals away at the sight of The Spectre and Ebola Zaire's war spilling inside the ring...]

GM: There's a fight going on! The Spectre and Zaire are trading shots right in the middle of the ring - neither of these men are the legal men, Bucky!

BW: You think they care?!

[The two brawlers tangle up, falling into the corner where the Spectre promptly sinks his teeth into the scarred forehead of Ebola Zaire!]

GM: He's biting Zaire!

BW: Biting him?! He's gnawing on his head, Gordo!

[The referee steps in, trying to get him to stop. From the floor, we can hear Ben Waterson shouting at Alphonse Green who looks surprised... then stunned... then scared to death.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Green's going after the Spectre!

[Alphonse Green slowly... very slowly... approaches from the blind side of the New York City native, lifting both arms over his head, aiming at the back of the Spectre's head...

...and with his eyes closed, he SLAMS his hands down over the head!]

GM: Double axehandle from behind and-

[The crowd ROARS as the Spectre wheels around, glaring an icy hole straight through Alphonse Green...

...and then grabs him by the throat, letting Green dangle there for a moment until Spectre uses the grip to fling Green into the nearest set of turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Green hits the corner hard!

[The Spectre winds up, throwing a right hand to the head... and another... and another... and another... and another... getting the idea yet?]

GM: Get in there, referee!

BW: Protecting Alphonse Green?

GM: Well, this Spectre guy isn't playing with a full deck, Bucky. He's gotta be kept under control for sure!

[Right hands rain down on Alphonse Green for about twenty solid seconds, forcing Green down to a seated position against the buckles at which point The Spectre continues to hammer away, making sure Green stays there when he finally peels away, racing to the ropes.]

GM: Look out here!

[The brawler rebounds at top speed...

...and SLAMS his knee into the head of the seated Green to a huge cheer from the crowd!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Grabbing Green by the hair, The Spectre yanks him off the mat...

...and HURLS him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: The King of the Battle Royal just got tossed over the top! Irony!

GM: Does that make The Spectre the new King of the Battle Royal, Bucky?

[But before Bucky can answer, Ebola Zaire has regained his feet and slams the point of his elbow down on the back of the Spectre's neck, putting him down on his knees. Suddenly, Zaire dips into one of the pockets in his very baggy pants...

...and withdraws a fork, glistening in the studio lights!]

GM: NO!

[Zaire swings the fork down, hoping to split open the pale skin of The Spectre and leave trails of crimson pouring down his face...

...but the New York City native frantically brings both hands up, blocking the attempt!]

GM: The referee's warning Zaire! The referee just told Zaire that if he uses the fork on Spectre, he'll be disquali-

[Zaire suddenly lashes out, smashing Jagger in the side of the face with his left hand, sending the referee sprawling to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! The official just got floored by Zaire!

[Which gives The Spectre a chance to get back up, crushing Zaire with a headbutt to the bridge of the nose as he turns around. The blow seems to stumble the Botswana Beast as the brawler dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: LAAAAARIAAAAA-

[But as the clothesline comes swinging towards the staggered Zaire, the bloodthirsty savage thrusts both hands into the throat of the Spectre in a cross chop!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Zaire lays in a few stomps on the downed Spectre before he backs away, lifting his meaty right arm...

...and CRUSHING the downed Spectre with a king-sized elbowdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A pair of AWA officials appear out of nowhere, escorting Ebola Zaire backwards away from the Spectre as Mickey Meekly slides in, waving to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and...

[Meekly huddles up with Phil Watson as Zaire glares at him.]

PW: Referee Mickey Meekly has DISQUALIFIED Ebola Zaire for striking the official! He is ELIMINATED from the matchup!

[The crowd half-cheers the announcement, really wanting to see Zaire and Spectre tangle a little longer...

...but the cheers turn to boos as Zaire grabs the nearest official, smashing a headbutt into his skull, knocking him flat!]

GM: Zaire drops another official!

[The second official tries to bail out but gets grabbed by the hair, throwing down to his knees...

...and then SWINGS the fork down into the forehead of the official!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The jeers intensify as Zaire digs the sharpened metal tines into the flesh of the AWA official, tearing open the skin to leave blood streaming out.]

GM: Zaire has snapped! Look at Ben Waterson! Waterson is shouting at Zaire! He knows he’s risking suspension with something like this! Zaire is Waterson’s defense against Vasquez!

BW: I don’t think Ben can control him like Percy Childes can!

GM: I think you’re right, Bucky. Waterson is up on the apron, screaming at Zaire to back off but he’s not even listening to him! He’s not even-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: VASQUEZ! JUAN VASQUEZ!

[The former two-time National Champion does a full on sprint from the locker room...

...a steel chair gripped in his hands!]

GM: Vasquez has got a chair! He’s got a steel chair and-

[He dives under the ropes, bringing the chair with him as he climbs to his feet with it...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF, WHAT A SHOT!! HE BLASTED ZAIRE ACROSS THE BACK WITH THE STEEL CHAIR!!

[That breaks off Zaire’s fork attack, allowing the bloodied official to slump to the canvas, being dragged out of the ring by the other officials that are now surrounding the ringside area!]

GM: Vasquez drilled him with the chair and that stunned Zaire!

[Vasquez throws the chair down on the canvas, winding up...]

GM: RIGHT HAND!

[...and DRILLS Zaire with a right cross, sending him falling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: HE CLEARS THE RING OF ZAIRE!! HE CLEARED HIM OUT!!

[Vasquez stands in the middle of the ring, face filled with rage as he kicks the bottom rope and shouts at Ben Waterson...

...before wheeling around, charging across the ring, and YANKING Marcus Broussard over the ropes into the ring!]

GM: VASQUEZ BRINGS BROUSSARD IN THE HARD WAY!

[Vasquez leaps atop the man who donned the mask of the West Memphis Assassin nearly one year ago - starting Vasquez down the path that he's been on ever since. He hammers the skull of the San Jose Shark with right hands as quickly as he can throw them as the crowd roars with delight!]

GM: Vasquez is all over Broussard! He's beating the heck out of him, Bucky!

BW: This isn't right! Get him off Marcus!

[Suddenly, the ring fills with AWA officials and security that are trying to get Vasquez under control as the crowd continues to stand and cheer all over WKIK Studios.]

GM: The fight is still going on! We need to take a quick break! We'll be right back and hopefully be able to continue this match, fans, so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

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

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

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

CJ: Them things!

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

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

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

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

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

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

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

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

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

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

As we fade back in from black, we find the ring cleared of everyone but Rex Summers and Stevie Scott.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. As you can see, during the break, we managed to get Juan Vasquez and the eliminated Ebola Zaire out of here. You have to imagine that Zaire is going to be in some serious trouble after what he

pulled out here and you also have to wonder if his scheduled match with Juan Vasquez at Memorial Day Mayhem is in jeopardy.

BW: The Championship Committee's got another late night in front of 'em, Gordo.

GM: You got that right. But now we've gotten this thing back under control. Mickey Meekly has taken over the officiating duties and we're re-starting this thing with Rex Summers and Stevie Scott as the legal men.

[While the announcers were recapping, we see Summers get Scott into the corner where he repeatedly drives his shoulder into the ribcage of two-time National Champion Stevie Scott.]

GM: You've got the current Longhorn Heritage Champion tangling with a two-time former National Champion and both of these men deserve to be in the World Title tournament in my opinion, Bucky.

BW: Mine too but our opinions don't count, daddy. They gotta win this match or they gotta impress the Championship Committee in the process.

[Straightening up, Summers grabs Scott by the arm, winging him across the ring to the corner.]

GM: Ohhh... the Hotshot hits the corner hard!

[And as he staggers out, Summers drops him with a left-armed clothesline. Smirking at the jeering crowd, Summers strikes a single bicep pose with that left arm...

...and drops a heavy elbow across the chest!]

GM: Summers rolls into a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas twice before Scott's shoulder flies off the mat.]

GM: Two count only there for the Longhorn Heritage Champion. And what would it mean to Rex Summers to walk into that tournament holding one piece of gold and walk out carrying the biggest piece of gold in all the land, Bucky?

BW: What would it mean? Rex Summers IS gold, Gordo. He walked into the AWA carrying gold as the last man to EVER wear the sanctioned PCW World Title. Forget Travis Lynch - that's a paper championship reign. Rex Summers was the LAST one standing from that joint. And then he traded up, knocking off the seven foot beast standing across the ring from him tonight, Robert Donovan, to get the Longhorn Heritage Title around his waist. Now? His biggest accomplishment is still to come and with Ben Waterson in his corner, the odds are stacked in his favor, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Summers drags Scott off the mat, throwing him back into the buckles. He marches in, ready to deliver some more damage...

...but Scott pops out of the buckles, smashing a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by the Hotshot!

[A second one lands as well, knocking Summers back a few steps towards his own corner before Scott heads him off, grabbing the hair and dragging him to a neutral corner where he SLAMS his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the buckles goes Summers!

[Grabbing Summers as he staggers out, Scott hoists him up...

...and DROPS him down on his knee in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! That might spoil some of Red Hot's night time plans!

[With Summers cringing in pain, clutching his nether regions, Scott winds up and uncorks an uppercut that sends Summers sailing over the ropes, crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: OVER THE TOP GOES REX SUMMERS!

BW: Stevie Scott has been a man on fire in recent weeks, Gordo! He's been bringing the intensity every single time we see him and he's going to need every single bit of that intensity if he hopes to make Marcus Broussard say "I Quit" on Memorial Day, daddy!

[Scott exits the ring, standing on the ring apron for a moment as Broussard fires a few words at him from around the corner...

...and Scott suddenly has heard enough, rushing down the apron and grabbing Broussard by the hair with both hands! The crowd roars as the San Jose Shark tries to fight his way free!]

GM: Scott's got him! Stevie's got him by the hair!

[A panicked Waterson reaches up, grabbing the Hotshot around the leg to the protests of the official...

...and to a boot to the mush from Scott who knocks his former manager down to the floor to a huge ovation as he lets go of Broussard!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: He kicked Ben in the face! What an ungrateful piece of trash!

GM: You used to LOVE this guy! You were one of Stevie Scott's biggest fans!

BW: That was before he turned into this ungrateful jerk!

[Scott leaps down to the floor, grabbing his former manager by the hair and hauling him up to his feet to reveal a trickle of blood coming from Waterson's nose.]

BW: He busted his nose! Waterson's nose is bleeding!

GM: I can see that.

[Scott winds up, ready to drill Waterson with a haymaker...

...but Alphonse Green intervenes, leaping off the apron with a running dropkick to the back of Scott, sending him crashing into Waterson where they both topple over to the floor!]

GM: GREEN SAVES WATERSON!!

[A fired-up Alphonse Green pulls Scott off the floor...

...and SLAMS him skullfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[A dazed Rex Summers regains his feet, shoving Green aside as he grabs the staggered Scott from behind...

...and FLINGS him bodily into the front row, sending the fans scattering!]

GM: OHHHH! Look out down there at ringside! The fight is spilling into the crowd!

BW: There's so much on the line here tonight, Gordo. So much on the line. The electricity is in the air and these men all want those spots in the tournament so badly!

GM: We're over ten minutes into this match and only one man has been eliminated so far!

[Alphonse Green climbs back up on the apron, shouting encouragement to his stablemate as Summers shoves Scott back into the ring, pulling himself back up on the apron.]

GM: Summers steps back in... measuring his man... ohh! He DRIVES an elbow down into the windpipe!

[Summers applies another lateral press, earning another two count before Scott kicks out.]

GM: And the Hotshot's out at two again!

[An irate Summers grabs a handful of Scott's hair, hammering away with clenched fists to the jeers of the crowd. He pulls himself back to his feet, throwing Scott into the Waterson International corner where Marcus Broussard happily tags himself in as Waterson shouts, "BREAK HIM!"]

BW: You heard the order from Ben, Shark. Break this guy in half, daddy!

GM: Broussard throwing big knees into the ribs of the Hotshot, going right after the ribs that Rex Summers started working on earlier.

[Broussard drags his rival out of the corner, applying a front facelock as he slings Scott's arm over his neck...

...and SNAPS him over in a suplex!]

GM: Snap suplex by the San Jose Shark!

[Broussard floats over, applying a lateral press while jamming his forearm bone into Scott's cheekbone.]

GM: That's a cover for one! For two!

[Scott's shoulder fires off the mat in time.]

GM: Two count only again!

[Broussard swiftly gets to his feet, laying in boot after boot into the injured ribs of the Hotshot. He leans over, pulling Scott back to his feet where he fires him into the ropes, burying a boot into the gut on the rebound.]

GM: Scott's doubled up again... gutwrench coming up...

[But as he gets Scott halfway up, he brings him CRASHING down across his bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! GUTBUSTER BY THE SAN JOSE SHARK!!

[He rolls the Hotshot off his knee, applying another press while hooking a leg...

...and earning another two count to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Still not enough for the San Jose Shark!

[In the corner, Alphonse Green slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting at Broussard while sticking out his arm.]

GM: Green wants the tag! He wants the San Jose Shark to tag him in!

BW: I'm not so sure that's the best idea.

GM: Why not? He's part of this team too! He's part of Waterson International!

BW: Yeah, but... uhh...

GM: Are you saying that Alphonse Green is a lesser member of the group?!

BW: I didn't say that! Don't put words in my mouth, Myers! Don't try and start trouble with me and Waterson International!

[Broussard hauls Scott back to his feet, totally ignoring Green's pleas as he backs Scott into the ropes, throwing a right hand into the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand downtown!

[Pulling Scott into a side waistlock, the San Jose Shark hoists him into the air and then dumps him down on the back of the head and neck with a side suplex before rolling into yet another pin attempt.]

GM: He gets one! He gets two! He gets- no, just a two!

[The crowd roars at the kickout and Alphonse Green again shouts at his partner to tag him in. Broussard slowly rises to his feet, shaking his head at the corner as he reaches down, dragging Scott by the feet towards the neutral corner.]

GM: Marcus Broussard, again refusing to make the tag to Green, looks like he's headed up the ropes here in the corner. Not your typical offense we're used to seeing from the San Jose Shark so you have to wonder what he's got planned here.

[Broussard hops up on the middle rope, standing tall on it before leaping off with a knee aimed at the ribs...

...that hits nothing but canvas as the Hotshot rolls to avoid it!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Broussard rolls back and forth on the mat, clutching his knee in pain as the Hotshot drags himself across the ring, looking to make a tag to one of the three men with their arms outstretched and with the crowd cheering him on...

...he does!]

GM: TAG!

[The seven foot form of Robert Donovan steps over the top rope, rushing across the ring and knocking a hobbled Broussard flat with a running shoulder tackle!]

GM: Down goes Broussard off the big tackle by Donovan!

[Donovan backs off, waving for Broussard to get up again. As the San Jose Shark staggers back to his feet, a running clothesline topples him back down to the mat.]

GM: Big clothesline by the former Longhorn champion!

[Donovan backs off again, waving for the San Jose Shark to climb to his feet as he stands near the ropes...

...and nearly separates Broussard's head from his shoulders with a running big boot as the first National Champion regains his feet!]

GM: OHHH! MY STARS, WHAT A BOOT!!

[Donovan gives a big shout to the crowd, pointing down to the canvas.]

GM: I think he's calling for the gutwrench powerbomb! If he hits it, Broussard's night is over, fans!

[In the corner, The Spectre shouts at Donovan, demanding to be tagged into the match to finish off the San Jose Shark.]

GM: And it looks like Alphonse Green isn't the only one looking to get into this match. The Spectre is absolutely SCREAMING at Robert Donovan right now, wanting that tag.

BW: Houston wants it as well, he's got that hand out there.

GM: But Houston's willing to wait for it. The Spectre doesn't look so inclined.

[An annoyed Donovan waves off the Spectre as he drags a recovering Broussard off the mat, burying a boot into his midsection as he goes to wrap his arms around the torso. A shout from Ben Waterson is heard over the mics which sees Rex Summers step into the ring, drawing the referee's attention.]

GM: The referee's trying to keep Summers out of there and- wait a second!

[With the referee tied up, Alphonse Green rushes into the ring, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back...

...and SMASHING his foot into the skull of an unaware Donovan, forcing him to release the hold, staggering back towards his corner where The Spectre slaps him hard on the shoulder!]

GM: Green saves Broussard and the Spectre tags himself in!

[Green, having successfully delivered Ground Chuck to Donovan, dives from the ring as he's in no hurry to tussle with The Spectre again who

immediately hoists a stunned Broussard up around the torso, twisting around...

...and DROPPING him facefirst on the top turnbuckle with a Hot Shot type move!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The Spectre immediately pounces on the downed Broussard, throwing a trio of right hands before applying a cover.]

GM: He might have him here, fans! Spectre gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[But at the last possible moment, Ben Waterson slips Broussard’s foot over the bottom rope, shouting at Mickey Meekly!]

BW: Foot on the ropes!

GM: Yeah, but how did it get there?!

BW: It doesn’t matter! The referee has to stop counting when a man gets his foot on the ropes!

GM: Are you sweating over there?

BW: Shaddup, Myers! It’s hot in here under these stupid lights!

[The Spectre rises to his feet, arguing with the referee as Ben Waterson tries to give his client some advice. A threatened backhand from the New York City native sends Waterson scampering away as the Spectre turns his focus back to the San Jose Shark.]

GM: Donovan’s shouting at the Spectre now. He’s not too pleased about that hard tag, Bucky.

BW: It was a legal tag. He should quit his whining.

[Donovan seems to be far from whining as he shouts angrily at the Spectre who pauses, turning away from Broussard to do the same thing in response to the seven footer.]

GM: And now both teams are experiencing a little difficulty.

BW: No way! Waterson International is a tight-knit unit!

[The Spectre finally turns back to Broussard, leaning down to pick him up...

...and gets plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: The Spectre has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd reacts with a mixed response as an angry Spectre climbs to his feet, promptly throwing Broussard back into the corner where he tees off with a series of body shots as Ron Houston steps into the ring, moving in on the corner...

...where the Spectre suddenly spins around, catching Houston flush on the side of the face with a spinning backfist!]

GM: OHH!

[And then immediately leaps into the air, spiking Houston's skull into the canvas with a three-quarter nelson bulldog!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Houston's skull BOUNCES off the canvas, leaving him prone on the mat as an angry Spectre gets back up, fists balled up and looking for a fight. Donovan is quick to oblige, stepping over the ropes again and promptly throwing a right hand to the jaw of the New York City native!]

GM: Donovan's going after the Spectre - his own teammate!

BW: Spectre's eliminated. They ain't teammates no mo', daddy.

[Donovan hammers away as the Spectre returns fire, the crowd roaring for the exchange of hard, brutal shots between the two brawlers. The seven footer starts to get the better of the exchange, hammering the Spectre back towards the ropes...

...where a HUUUUUUGE uppercut sends him sailing over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: WHAT A SHOT!! DONOVAN CLEARS THE RING OF THE SPECTRE!!
We're down to three on three, fans, and we'll be right back after this quick break!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out as we fade back in to live action where Ron Houston is being choked by the boot of Rex Summers in the Waterson International corner. Upon breaking at four, Summers slaps the hand of an eager Alphonse Green who takes the Longhorn Heritage Champion's place, choking the downed Houston with both hands.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and as Alphonse Green illegally chokes Ron Houston on the mat, we're down to a three on three situation here. So much at stake. So much on the line here in this one as the winners IMMEDIATELY get added to the field of sixty-four who will be battling it out all summer long for the right to be the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[Grabbing Houston by the foot, Green hauls him away from the corner where he promptly drops an elbow to the chest. He rolls back to his feet, dropping a second.]

GM: A pair of elbows... no, make that a trio of elbows by Alphonse Green!

[A third and fourth and fifth elbow drop follow the first two, ending with Green down on the mat doing pushups to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: This guy really is something else, Bucky.

BW: He's a second generation star - the business is in his blood, daddy!

GM: It sure doesn't look like it at times.

[Popping back to his feet, Green strikes a sloppy double bicep pose, gesturing to Rex Summers who ignores his partner as Ben Waterson shouts at Green to "stay on the man!"]

GM: Green stomping the heck out of Ron Houston here, forcing him under the ropes to the apron.

[Green uses that position to his advantage, dashing off the ropes, and rebounding back with a baseball slide kick to the ribs that knocks the East Coast Terror down to the floor!]

GM: Nice move by Green to put Houston outside the ring... and he's telling the official to start a ten count.

BW: Smart move. Why waste energy trying to pin Houston when you can simply get him counted out?

GM: I suppose I can't argue with that but some might say that a real sportsman would want to finish his opponent INSIDE the ring.

BW: Those people are idiot losers who have no idea on how to be successful in the world of professional wrestling. I'm a former multi-time Manager of the Year. Believe me - I know what I'm talking about, daddy!

[The referee's count tails off at five as Houston pulls himself back to his feet. Seeing this, Green quickly approaches, grabbing the top rope with both hands and slingshots himself over the top with a crossbody...

...that Houston catches!]

GM: Whoa! Ron Houston is showing there ain't a thing wrong with that arm, fans!

[Houston holds Green across his chest for a few moments...

...and then falls backwards, hurling Green overhead in a fallaway slam that sends him sailing OFF the padded floor and onto the unforgiving concrete just beyond it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Did you hear the smack of flesh on concrete when Green hit the floor over here by us?!

BW: I certainly did! Houston should be disqualified for that!

[Dragging back up to his feet, Houston stalks out after Green who is barely moving out on the cold concrete. The Athens, Georgia Madman reaches down, grabbing Green around the throat to haul him back to his feet before dragging him back towards the ring.]

GM: Alphonse Green can barely stand and I think Ron Houston is looking to finish him off right here.

[Houston shoves Green under the ropes before climbing up on the apron where Rex Summers steps into view, shouting at Houston from beyond the ringpost.]

GM: Summers appears to be trying to buy his partner some time here but Ron Houston is having none of that, stepping through the ropes.

[A desperate Green is crawling towards the corner as fast as he can... which quite frankly isn't that fast at this point after the hard fall on the concrete that he took... which makes him easy prey for Houston who hauls him to his feet by the back of the trunks.]

GM: Houston pulls him up...

[The crowd buzzes as Houston ducks down, hoisting Green up in a fireman's carry.]

GM: He's going for the Fade To Black on Alphonse Green!

[Ben Waterson hurls himself up on the apron, shouting at Houston, trying to distract him but the East Coast Terror is all business, doing a quick spin before HURLING Green up, out, and straight down to the canvas with a thunderous face-first slam to the mat!]

GM: FADE! TO! BLACK! And I think Alphonse Green just got faded out!

[Houston drops to a knee, planting a hand on the chest of the unconscious Green and scores a three count while glaring at Marcus Broussard who is standing on the apron.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Alphonse Green has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd cheers as Houston slowly rises to his feet...

...and points directly at Marcus Broussard!]

GM: Houston wants another shot at the San Jose Shark! He wants their storied rivalry to continue right inside this ring here tonight! It was over four years ago that Houston and Broussard started their war and it looks like time has NOT healed these particular wounds, fans. We're down to three on two with the Waterson International duo of Summers and Broussard trying to fight off Ron Houston, Robert Donovan, and Stevie Scott!

[Broussard drops down to the floor, quickly huddling up with Ben Waterson to discuss strategy...

...which gives Stevie Scott a chance to drop off the apron, hurry around the ring to slip up behind the conferring duo, and SLAM their heads into one another to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: Double noggin knocker by the Hotshot!

[A smirking Scott shoves Broussard under the ropes into the ring. The San Jose Shark quickly gets up, standing on the ropes to shout at the Hotshot who waves him off.]

GM: I'm not sure Broussard realizes that he's in the ring with Houston!

[But as the very first National Champion turns around...

...he lays eyes on the man who beat him for that title belt who rushes forward, tackling Broussard back into the ropes where he begins hammering him with closed fists to the head!]

GM: Houston's all over Broussard!

BW: Those are clenched fists, ref! Get in there!

GM: The official is shouting at Houston, trying to calm him down...

[But Houston ignores the referee, whipping Broussard across the ring, and knocking him flat with a back elbow under the chin...

...which gives Rex Summers a reason to rush in, trying to save his partner.]

GM: In comes Summers and-

[The crowd cheers as Houston drops him with a back elbow as well!]

GM: Ron Houston is taking on Waterson International on his own!

[Broussard quickly scrambles to his feet, charging at Houston's exposed back but the Athens, Georgia Madman wheels around and drops him with a right hand!]

GM: Another big shot by Houston!

[Houston quickly leans down, pulling Broussard off the mat and hoisting him up into a fireman's carry to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: He's got him up! He's gonna fade him out, Bucky!

BW: This can't be happening. This can not be happening!

[Houston goes into an airplane spin, the crowd roaring as Rex Summers gets up and gets caught with one of Broussard's legs, causing him to sail over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: He clears out Summers!

[A few more spins before Houston spins Broussard out, dropping him facefirst on the canvas to an enormous cheer!]

GM: FADE! TO! BLACK!

[A dizzy Houston staggers away from the downed Broussard, leaning against the ropes...

...where Stevie Scott slaps the shoulder of the East Coast Terror.]

GM: What the-?! The Hotshot tags himself in!

[Stevie Scott steps through the ropes, throwing himself into a lateral press on Broussard.]

GM: The Hotshot tags in! He gets one! He gets two! He gets thr-

[The crowd collectively gasps as Ron Houston leans over, yanking the Hotshot out of the cover by the leg.]

GM: He pulled him off!

BW: Houston wanted to pin Broussard himself and Stevie Scott just robbed him of it! What a selfish son of a gun he is, Gordo!

GM: It does seem to be a pretty selfish thing to do but it just goes to show how badly Stevie Scott wants to get his hands on the San Jose Shark, Bucky.

BW: He'll get all of Broussard he wants and then some at Memorial Day Mayhem, daddy.

[Scott comes up to his feet, glaring at Houston with his hands on his hips. Houston tears into him verbally, shouting at the Hotshot. Scott is unresponsive, just glaring at the East Coast Terror...

...until Houston reaches out and shoves him in the chest! The crowd "ooooohs" at the sight of it.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I love it! These goody two shoes are gonna get into it over who gets the glory in this one! So much for fairplay, sportsmanship, and all that garbage!

[Scott points a finger at Houston, warning him to back off...

...but the Athens, Georgia Madman is having none of that, reaching out to shove Stevie again, this time knocking him back several feet, spinning him around so that he's not even facing Houston.]

GM: He shoves the man again! Stevie Scott is trying to resist... trying not to-

[Suddenly, the former two-time National Champion swings around, lashing out with his leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEATSEEKER! HEATSEEKER ON HIS OWN PARTNER!!

[The blow knocks Ron Houston flat, unmoving on the canvas as the Hotshot stands over him, shouting at the big brawler.]

GM: Stevie didn't want to do it, I don't think, but after the second shove, he felt like he didn't have a choice, Bucky!

BW: He had a choice... and he made it! Stevie Scott is a no-good son of a gun and you know it, Gordo!

GM: You might be right... but that no-good son of a gun is about to eliminate Marcus Broussard!

[The San Jose Shark is still motionless on the mat after the Fade To Black when Scott approaches, leaning over him to shout at his fallen rival.]

GM: Stevie Scott is letting him have it, tearing into him...

[But with his legs parted to stand over Broussard, he becomes an easy target...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BROUSSARD KICKED HIM LOW!! HE KICKED HIM IN THE GROIN!!

[The referee promptly calls for the bell!]

PW: Marcus Broussard has been DISQUALIFIED and therefore has been ELIMINATED from the match!

[That announcement is Rex Summers' cue to dash into the ring, hook up the Hotshot in a double underhook...

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

BW: HEAT CHECK, DADDY!!

[Summers flips an unmoving Hotshot to his back, applying a cover.]

GM: Summers has got him for one! For two!

[And then the referee slaps the mat a third time before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Whoa! Rex Summers, the Longhorn Heritage Champion, has just pinned the two-time former National Champion - arguably the greatest National Champion of all-time! What a big boost to the momentum of this young man as he tries to break into the field of sixty-four!

BW: Tomorrow morning, when you wake up, the headlines will read "SUMMERS PINS SCOTT!" No matter what else happens here tonight, that's the headline, daddy!

[With the sounding of the bell, Robert Donovan is coming back in, stepping over the ropes into the ring where he buries a prompt boot into the midsection of Rex Summers. He grabs the doubled-up champion in a gutwrench...]

GM: Donovan hooks him! He's got Summers hooked in the gutwrench!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring at this point, waiting for the move that will end the match...]

...when Ben Waterson makes one more attempt to save his man, leaping up on the apron, shouting at Donovan!]

GM: Waterson's up! Get him down from there!

[Donovan pauses for a moment and then shoves Summers down to the mat, reaching out to hook a mighty hand around Waterson's throat!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GOT HIM!

[Donovan pulls hard, yanking Waterson over the ropes into the ring. He gives a big shout as Waterson falls to his knees...]

GM: Waterson's in trouble! Donovan's got him trapped in the ring and-

[He yanks Waterson clear from his knees up into a chokeslam lift...]

...but Summers nails him from behind, forcing him to drop the squirming manager.]

GM: Ohh! Summers just saved his manager right there!

[Swinging Donovan around, Summers buries a boot in the midsection before reaching up to double underhook the arms...]

GM: He's got him! He's going for the Heat Check!

[But Donovan wriggles free, powering out of the hold, rearing back his right hand...]

...and DRILLING Summers in the chest with a Blackheart Punch that sends him reeling away...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!!

[Summers staggers across the ring...

...and gets DRILLED with a second heart punch, this time the Pulse Killer of Ron Houston!]

GM: OHHH! A SECOND HEART PUNCH!!

[Summers flails back the other way, barely able to stand as Donovan buries a boot in the gut, hooking the gutwrench...

...and DRIVING Summers down to the canvas!]

GM: GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!! HE PLANTED HIM!!

[Donovan collapses to the mat, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Rex Summers has been ELIMINATED! Your winners of the match...

RON HOUUUUSTONNNN and...

ROOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOVAAAAAAN!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the announcement of the winners!]

GM: That means that Robert Donovan and Ron Houston are in the tournament! They both immediately qualify for the tournament, fans!

BW: Unbelievable.

GM: Donovan and Houston are in! Waterson International is stunned! We're out of time! We gotta go! We'll see you next time, fans!

[Houston and Donovan glare at one another from across the ring, a slight nod of respect exchanged as we fade to black.]