

[We fade in from black to footage marked "March 15th, 2008." We see nothing but the voice of Gordon Myers is crystal clear.]

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance. And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... \_real\_ professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas."

[Gordon's voice trails off and is replaced by present day Gordon providing a voiceover over still photos of some of the biggest and best moments in AWA history.]

"When I first spoke those words live from the WKIK Studios, I had no idea what the future would hold. When you've been around the wrestling business as long as I have, you come to realize that unemployment can be only a moment away at any given time. We all walked into that small television studio in Dallas, Texas with high hopes but faced with the cold reality of the situation - the AWA would not last.

But there was something special in the air that night... something different. You could feel it... sense it... smell it... taste it. The boys in the locker room knew it. Bucky and I, we knew it too. And the fans definitely knew it. They knew that we were getting ourselves involved with something that could change... everything."

[The black screen fades up to Gordon Myers standing in front of a AWA Fifth Anniversary graphic. He's smiling, looking down the eyeglasses pushed down his nose at the camera.]

"Five years later, I stand before you a humble man to have been chosen as the voice of this company - to have been given, as I said on that night, the great honor and privilege of calling some of the greatest matches and moments that I can recall seeing in all my years in this business. The night when Marcus Broussard became the National Champion. The night Juan Vasquez shocked the world by entering the AWA... and then shocked it again when he was demolished at WrestleRock. The Stampede Cups. The Southern Syndicate. Rhodes and Vasquez. Scott and Vasquez. Ricky Royal. Kolya Sudakov. Ron Houston. The return of "Playboy" Ronnie D. The arrival of Nenshou. The warpath of Tumaffi. Each and every time the double cage of WarGames was erected. The near riot in the WKIK Studios. The Dragon. Kentucky's Pride becoming the National Tag Team Champions. The City Jack/Dufresne war. James Monosso shocking the world to win the World Title.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: I could keep going all night. The American Wrestling Alliance has gone from the little engine that could running shows solely out of a TV studio in Dallas to a national powerhouse that is on television sets around the world but still stays true to the roots and the beliefs that made it successful to begin with.

And I couldn't be prouder.

[Myers beams.]

GM: So, on this night when we celebrate our fifth year as part of this business, we take this time to thank you - all of you within the sound of my voice - who have supported the AWA.

We thank the wrestlers... the referees... the ring crew... the announcers... the office staff... the backstage staff... the production team... the medical crew. Even those who are no longer a part of the company but who've paved the way for those who still are.

And of course, most of all... we thank you, the fans of the AWA, who continue to make this possible for us to come out here week after week and present the best professional action going today.

We thank you... and with a smile on our face and joy in our hearts, we say...

You ain't seen nothin' yet.

[Gordon grins again.]

GM: Enjoy the show.

[The shot fades back to black...

...and then fades up to the 80s synth awesomeness of Animotion's "Obsession" playing in the background over the AWA Television Champion, Dave Bryant, wearing his ring robe, holding the folded TV title up for the camera.]

DB: Tonight, at the AWA's Anniversary Show, this...

[Bryant puts the title in front of his face briefly, then lowers it.]

DB: ...is on the line. Another big stage...and another small-time opponent.

[Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: You've got no idea what you're stepping into tonight, Manny. No idea at all.

[Bryant slings the title over his shoulder and smirks as we fade to "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno in front of an AWA logo.]

MI: Small-time opponent? The World Television Champion thinks that the World's Smartest Man is a small-time opponent?

[Imbrogno shakes his head.]

MI: The only thing small time about this opponent, Mr. Bryant, is the small time it's going to take me to put your shoulders to the mat for the one, two, three, and become the NEW World Television Champion.

[Imbrogno pauses, looking up.]

MI: Hmm. That doesn't rhyme.

[We fade from Imbrogno's pensive face to a shot of Alex Martinez standing in front of the AWA logo.]

AM: Adam Rogers....

You and I have unfinished business. At SuperClash III, you left me for dead. Gave me up to the Dragon. You were the one person I relied upon for help against Temple and Matthews. And you spat in my face and stabbed me in the back.

And why?

Because your feelings were hurt when Caleb Temple set you on fire. You couldn't believe that I didn't come to the hospital and hold your hand. You couldn't imagine that you weren't the center of my universe when my world was falling apart.

Well tonight, Rogers, I get my vengeance on you. Tonight, you pay for your sins. You had a long run where you didn't have to worry about me takin' my revenge.

But your lease on breathin' easy expires tonight.

Caleb Temple might have set you on fire, Rogers. But tonight, here at the Anniversary show, you learn what a real fire is. Because tonight, Adam Rogers, you're gonna get... [Martinez pulls off his mirrored sunglasses.]

BURNED!!!!

[We fade from Martinez to a shot of Adam Rogers. Well, we can only assume it's Adam Rogers since he has his back to the camera, showing off a black leather vest with "BULLIES" in glittering silver across the back.]

AR: The way I see it, we have two options here.

[Rogers holds out the index finger on his left hand.]

AR: I could bore you with a long ol' history lesson like Alex Martinez did. I can talk about Los Angeles, Craven, Temple, yadda yadda yadda. Like you all don't already know all about that.

[He flicks out the index finger on his right hand.]

AR: Or I could tell you that there's only one thing getting burned around here when this one's over.

[He turns around, patting a pocket on the vest over his heart that has a metal cigar tube in it.]

AR: This victory cigar.

[Rogers gives a wink at the camera before we fade to a shot of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.]

HSS: The Fifth Anniversary Show! Hit the lights, turn 'em bright, and let's throw one hell of a party cause it's time to celebrate.

But let's be real about this.

As much as I'd love to be the guy in the back tonight drinking champagne and sucking helium out of balloons, I'm actually gonna be the guy out in the ring punchin' people in the face.

[Scott smirks.]

HSS: And there are very few people in this business I like punchin' in the face more than Calisto Dufresne.

[Scott pauses, tapping his finger on the camera lens.]

HSS: But Ricky Marley?

[A nod.]

HSS: Yeah, I'll make an exception for you.

[Another fade delivers us Larry Doyle with Kenny Stanton standing behind him.]

LD: CELLLLEBRATE GOOD TIMES, COME ON!

["Hollywood" Larry cracks a grin, turning to slap the title belt hanging over the shoulder of Stanton.]

LD: There ain't no party like an AWA party, jack, and I can't think of a better way to celebrate the crowning of the very first AWA World Tag Team Champions...

[Stanton jerks a thumb at himself.]

LD: ...then to throw a big ol' party where Royalty can - yet again - show the rest of the wrestling world that even without our fearless leader, we're the group that can't... be... stopped.

[Doyle grins as the shot fades to Hannibal Carver.]

HC: Look at my neck.

[The shot zooms in on Carver's neck, showing off the red welts left behind by Terry Shane at the Stampede Cup.]

HC: Get close.

[The camera zooms closer.]

HC: Count 'em up, Shane. Each one you see is one time I'm gonna wrap that steel chain around my head and bust your skull up with it.

[Carver runs a hand over his neck.]

HC: And there's a whole lot of `em.

[The shot holds on Carver for a long moment...

...and with a burst of light, we are LIVE inside the Crockett Coliseum with Bachman Turner Overdrive's "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet" rocking over the PA system to the roar of the crowd.

We establish the scene with a nice panning shot of the old converted warehouse that has been turned into one of the hotbeds of professional wrestling - the Crockett Coliseum.

The shot shows the trademark red, white, and blue roped ring in the center of the action with a plain white canvas. The ring is surrounded by thin black mats and steel barricades on three sides. The other has an elevated wooden platform that leads the distance from the ring to the entryway which will serve as the entrance ramp. Off to one side of the ramp is a small interview platform. Sharp-eyed viewers will notice that the former set of the Money Pit has been struck down and an extra bleacher of fans has been jammed into that space.

We cut to a ringside shot where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are standing, ready to get to work.]

GM: Welcome everyone to the biggest birthday party in the business - the Fifth Anniversary Show for the AWA LIVE here in our hometown, Dallas, Texas, inside the friendly confines of the Crockett Coliseum!

BW: The AWA has turned the Crockett Coliseum into the hottest spot for wrestling on the planet and as we get close to headin' out on the road for this year's Heat Wave tour, the fans here in Dallas have jammed into this building for one of their last chances to see some AWA action for a while!

GM: It's gonna be an exciting night of action here in Dallas as we've got four big matches to present - including our Main Event which will see Hannibal Carver collide with Terry Shane III in a Steel Chain Match!

BW: I hate to say that Shane asked for this... but after what he did at the Cup, Terry Shane asked for this! Hannibal Carver is one of the most dangerous men on the planet and with a steel chain wrapped around his hand, he might bleed Shane dry here tonight at the Anniversary Show.

GM: He might indeed... but it wasn't his hand that had the chain wrapped around it at the Cup, Bucky... it was his throat! And you have to wonder if Carver is coming back too soon from that situation for this match. We'll find out later tonight. In addition, we'll see that People's Choice match - a match that you, the AWA fans, added to the lineup here tonight when two former World Champions collide! Alex Martinez meets Adam Rogers here tonight!

BW: Some fools online called this an EMWC nostalgia match but we're talkin' 'bout a different Adam Rogers, Gordo. This is Adam Rogers, a part of the Beale Street Bullies. And after failing to get out of the first round at the Cup, you better bet that Rogers will be looking to make a big impact here tonight against Martinez.

GM: You're absolutely right about that... and you have to wonder if we'll hear an answer from Alex Martinez regarding Supreme Wright's challenge here tonight. Will Martinez enter the Memorial Day Rumble alongside Wright and try to earn a shot at the World Title that way?

BW: What about the World Television Title? Don't be like those idiots in the front office and forget about that like they did at the Stampede Cup, Gordo.

GM: I wouldn't dare. The TV Title will be on the line here tonight when the Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant, defends it against "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno! And we've got something very special for you fans here tonight as well - an AWA Originals Six Man Tag Team Match where every man in the match appeared on the very first broadcast of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling five years ago!

BW: It's a total mismatch though, Gordo. They saddled Stevie Scott with Old Man Dust and Clayton Shaw taking on a former National Champion in Calisto Dufresne, a top contender to the World Title in Ricky Marley, and one-half of the new World Tag Team Champions in Kenny Stanton! Someone in the office doesn't like the Hotshot too much, I tell ya that.

GM: We've got all of that plus so much more including Marcus Broussard, the first AWA National Champion, who will be here at some point tonight! It's gonna be a heck of a night and one heck of a party so let's go backstage right now to our own Mark Stegglet and Jason Dane who are with the competitors in our opening matchup!

[Cut to the back, where the AWA Television Champion stands with Jason Dane. Bryant is in his ring robe, and the AWA TV title belt rests on one shoulder.]

JD: We're here with the Dave Bryant, who's preparing to go out and defend his Television title against Manny Imbrogno. What are your thoughts going into this one?

[Bryant takes the strap off of his shoulder and holds it up, eye-level to Dane.]

DB: Mr. Dane, what am I holding in my hands right now?

JD: Well, that's the Television title.

DB: Correct! Now, I gave a statement shortly after this belt officially replaced the Longhorn Heritage title, and I talked a lot about how I wanted it to become on par with the World Heavyweight Title. Truth be told, I figured it wouldn't be too hard, because they're both new championships, and the guy holding the World Title's top speed is slightly above glacial, so I know for a fact that every single night the Television Title is defended, it's gonna be the best match of the night.

JD: What's your point?

DB: My point is that, apparently, somebody in the office also thought I might not have that difficult a time making this --

[Bryant shakes the belt right in front of Jason Dane's face.]

DB: -- mean more than the title everybody is looking to as the pinnacle of achievement in the AWA. Now, let me ask you one more question, Jason. Did I, or did I not state that I would defend this championship at every opportunity and against any and all comers?

JD: Well, yes --

DB: And was there a Television title defense at the Stampede Cup?

[Dane moves to answer, but Bryant pushes the microphone down, holds it for a few moments, then, smirking, lets go.]

JD: ...No, there was not.

DB: Thanks for letting me get that on the record, Jason. If it'd been up to me, up to the CHAMPION, I would have defended it on Night One, and considering the...caliber...of opponent the AWA has been sending me so far, I would've gladly defended it again on Night Two.

[Dane doesn't have a quick response for that.]

DB: I want this to matter, Dane, I want it to matter more than Monosso's title belt, I want it to matter more than Mark Langseth's fake National Title, I want it to matter more than either set of tag team championships. I can't make it matter if the AWA keeps sending me these chump change opponents for title defense, so tonight?

[Bryant turns to the camera, lowering the belt.]

DB: Tonight, Mr. Mensa, you're going to take a message back to the brass for me. It won't be a written message, it won't be a letter or an e-mail or a text message. No, Manny, I'm sick and tired of being the only one who cares about making this belt mean something, so that message I'm talking about?

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: You'll carry it in the form of your broken neck.

[Bryant abruptly turns and stalks away as Dane turns back to the camera.]

JD: The World Television Champion is fired up for this title defense live on WKIK. We know the challenger as the so-called World's Smartest Man but you gotta wonder how smart it is to accept a match against a determined Dave Bryant. Mark?

[We crossfade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is next to "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno who is wearing a glittering blue and silver sequined robe over his white wrestling trunks. He strokes his beard as Stegglet speaks.]

MS: You just heard a very clear threat out of the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant. Are you worried going into this big title match?

[Imbrogno gives Stegglet an arched eyebrow.]

MI: They call me Mister Mensa... I'm the World's Smartest Man... Big, bad Dave Bryant stands strong... ...but covered in spray tan. The AWA's Britney Spears... He screams, he shouts, he lets it all out... He huffs, he puffs, he blows the house down... As he prepares for this momentous title bout.

He warns your truly of an impending injury... A busted jaw, a broken neck... But when it comes to making it happen... I'm more afraid of The Man From Heck.

[Stegglet smirks at the old school reference.]

MI: So, bring forth your anger, Doc of Love...Bring forth your rage...But when Mr. Mensa ties you in knots...You'll be no more scary than a rat in a cage.

The moment's at hand. The moment is now. And when your title becomes mine... You'll see the world's greatest victory bow.

[Imbrogno does the full bow from the waist towards the camera, raising up with a smile on his face before cartwheeling out of view to the surprise of Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Is Dave Bryant taking Mr. Mensa too lightly? Could the title change hands right here tonight? It's time to go down to the ring and find out!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing - a big graphic showing "DAVE BRYANT versus MANNY IMBROGNO" surrounding him.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the World Television Title! Introducing first...

[A nice piece of obscure classical music blasts out over the PA system to the roar of the crowd.]

PW: He is the challenger... weighing in at 245 pounds... from Jacksonville, Florida...

He is MISTER MENNNNSAAAAA...

MANNNNYYYY IMBROOOOOGNOOOOO!

[The crowd cheers for the World's Smartest Man as he jogs down the aisle towards the ring, doing a front somersault over the ropes, rolling up to his feet with a flourish of his silver and blue robe. He yanks it off, tossing it out to a ringside attendant as the music changes.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to boo accordingly. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the vitriol being rained down upon him.]

PW: Coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds... he is the AWA World Television Champion...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

## DAAAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYANNNNNT!

[The boos get louder as the Las Vegas native makes his way, laughing, down the aisle. He pauses occasionally as a particularly loud fan yells at him, delivering his trademark smirk before moving on down the aisle, pausing on the apron, turning towards the aisle and raising his arms in victory, taunting the crowd.]

GM: The World Television Champion is looking to send a message here tonight to Manny Imbrogno.

BW: No, no, no - he ain't sendin' a message TO Imbrogno. He's sendin' a message THROUGH Imbrogno. He's sending a message to the front office - to the suits - tellin' 'em that he ain't gonna stand by and be ignored. He's gonna make the World Television Title the hottest piece of gold in the entire AWA even if it kills him to do it!

[Bryant steps to the middle of the ring, untying his robe and handing it off to a ringside attendant whom Bryant berates briefly, pointing at them and then the robe before turning to face Imbrogno as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Imbrogno charges across the ring, racing towards Bryant who surges out of the corner for a collar and elbow tieup...

...and cartwheels to the side, avoiding the tieup!]

GM: Whoa!

[Bryant wheels around, looking puzzled at Imbrogno before charging forward for another tieup...

...and Imbrogno cartwheels to the side again, avoiding another lockup.]

GM: Imbrogno's got his agility on display here, throwing out cartwheels like they're frisbees.

[Bryant grabs the ropes, angrily kicking at the bottom rope before turning back towards Mr. Mensa. He points a finger at Imbrogno, shouting at him before the World's Smartest Man snaps off a graceful bow...]

GM: There's that victory bow we heard about. That's gotta get under the skin of Dave Bryant as the Doctor of Love tries to get on track in this one.

BW: Bryant's sizing him up this time. He's slowing down, taking his time...

[Bryant moves step by step out of the corner, gesturing Imbrogno towards him...]

GM: Bryant's trying to antagonize Imbrogno into tangling up with him but so far, Mr. Mensa's doing things the right way by my estimation, Bucky.

BW: Dodge, duck, flip, and fly... that's the ticket for Imbrogno if he's going to win the World Television Title here tonight.

[Seeing the challenger hang back with a grin on his face, an angry Bryant rushes forward again, swinging a right hand that Imbrogno avoids with a backflip.]

GM: Whoa my!

[Bryant keeps charging, throwing a left that Imbrogno ducks under, swinging his legs up into a handstand and smashing his heels into Bryant's face, knocking him down on his rear to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Imbrogno with quite the athletic move there!

BW: A handstand kick?! I don't know if I've ever seen that before.

[As Bryant scampers up, Imbrogno pops him on the jaw with a pair of forearms, sending the Doctor of Love falling back into the turnbuckles where the challenger grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Bryant sends Imbrogno across the ring, rushing in behind him as Imbrogno leaps up to the middle rope...

...and leaps back, twisting his body around into a cross body press!]

GM: Oh my! Imbrogno hooks the leg! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[The champion kicks out, lifting his shoulder off the mat JUST before the three count. The crowd deflates on the kickout as Bryant scampers away, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Bryant's making a run for it! This can't be what he expected at all! It can't be-

[Imbrogno grabs the top rope, swinging an arm around to the cheers of the crowd...

...and catapults himself over the top rope, crashing down on a surprised Dave Bryant!]

"ОНННННННННН!"

GM: IMBROGNO WIPES HIM OUT WITH A CROSS BODY!!

[The World's Smartest Man climbs to his feet, clapping his hands as the crowd roars their support for him. He pulls Bryant up by the hair, shoving him under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: The challenger puts him back in... climbing up on the apron...

[Imbrogno gives a shout, rushing down the length of the ring apron, scaling the ropes...]

GM: Mr. Mensa's going up top! Bryant hasn't got a clue where he is!

BW: DAVE! DAVE! HE'S BEHIND YOU!

GM: Sit down, Bucky!

[As Bryant climbs to his feet, wobbling as he turns around, Imbrogno leaps off the top rope for another crossbody...

...but Bryant bottoms out, causing Imbrogno to crash and burn on the mat!]

"ОНННННННННН!"

GM: He missed! He missed the high risk move off the top... and I've gotta think you're partially responsible for that, Bucky.

BW: Why, thank you!

GM: Unbelievable.

[Bryant gets back to his feet, an arrogant smirk on his face as he points to his temple.]

GM: Oh, yes. He's such a smart guy.

[The Doctor of Love pulls Imbrogno off the mat, burying a pair of right hands into the midsection before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Bryant shoots him in... ohh! Running knee lift to the midsection!

[The knee to the gut flips Imbrogno over, dumping him down onto the mat in a heap, clutching at his abdomen as Bryant again stands over him, taunting his downed challenger.] GM: The Doctor of Love is asserting his will now - hitting him with everything he's got INCLUDING the kitchen sink.

[Bryant kicks Imbrogno's arms away from his gut before leaping up, dropping a knee down into the stomach!]

GM: Ohh! Right in the gut again!

[Bryant grabs a handful of the long brown hair, hammering away at Imbrogno's skull with precision punches, right between the eyes. The referee's count forces him back at four, Bryant throwing his hands up and pleading his innocence.]

GM: The World Television Champion's back up, walking around the ring...

[The Doctor of Love stomps the midsection a few times, forcing Mr. Mensa to roll away from him. Bryant reaches down, dragging Imbrogno up to his feet by the back of the trunks...]

GM: Bryant drags him back up to his feet, looking perhaps to finish off Imbrogno...

[Holding the side waistlock, Bryant lifts Imbrogno into the air...

...where he flips over the top, landing on his feet behind the World Television Champion!]

GM: Imbrogno escapes!

[The World's Smartest Man leaps up, hooking his feet under the armpits of Bryant, dragging him down into a pinning predicament!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Bryant escapes slips a shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: Out at two! Bryant just barely escaped the-

[Imbrogno rushes towards Bryant who leans over to avoid him, leaping into the air to drag the champion down with a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Bryant claps his legs together on the ears of Imbrogno, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Out at two again! The World Television Champion is hanging on to the title for dear life right now!

[Imbrogno straightens up, waiting for Bryant to get back up. As the champion rises, Mr. Mensa uncorks a spinning kick, swinging his calf towards the head of Bryant...]

GM: SPIN KIC-

[Bryant ducks down, coming up with the leg up on his shoulder. He grabs the leg with both arms, hanging on tight...

...and drops back, swinging to the side...]

GM: LEGWHIP!

[Imbrogno cries out, grabbing at his knee in pain as Bryant quickly pounces on it, stomping the knee repeatedly. He pins the ankle down with his foot, dropping a quartet of knees on the limb!]

GM: And Bryant's all over him - going after the leg like a wild animal!

[Getting back up, Bryant hooks the leg under his armpit, flipping Imbrogno over onto his stomach and leaning back in a half Boston Crab!]

GM: The Doctor of Love hooks in the half Crab!

[Bryant leans back, torquing the knee as much as he can with a shout of "GIVE UP!! GIVE UP!"]

GM: Imbrogno's trying to fight it!

BW: That knee's hurting, Gordo. You know it is. That legwhip really did a number on him!

[Imbrogno drags himself towards the ropes, trying to get across the ring towards the escape of reaching the ropes.]

GM: Mr. Mensa's trying to get there! He's trying to get to the ropes to get out of this!

[With a final lunge, Imbrogno wraps himself around the bottom ropes, breaking the submission hold. The referee jumps right in, calling for the break...]

GM: Bryant's being ordered to break the hold! The count is on!

BW: Hold `til four! Hold it!

GM: Are you Bryant's manager or something?!

BW: No, I'm just givin' some advice!

[Bryant breaks the hold just after four, again lifting his hands to show that he's not doing anything illegal... any longer. Imbrogno uses the ropes to drag himself under the bottom rope to the safety of the ring apron.]

GM: Mr. Mensa escapes... but Bryant's not done with him!

[The Doctor of Love shouts at Imbrogno, reaching over the ropes to drag the challenger up by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Bryant hooks him... setting up for a suplex...

[Bryant lifts him up, bringing him down hard with a spine-rattling vertical suplex. He floats over into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg at all as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE !! TWO !! TH-

[Imbrogno kicks out before the three count but gets another barrage of right hands to the skull for it. Bryant climbs to his feet at four, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit but Dave Bryant's walking around like this is completely over... that it's finished.

BW: It is, Gordo! It's over!

GM: Not yet it isn't.

[Bryant reaches down, dragging Imbrogno off the canvas. He grabs Mr. Mensa's leg, tucking it under him as he lifts him up...

...and brings him shin-first down across a bent knee!]

GM: SHINBREAKER!

[Bryant shoves Imbrogno down, wrapping up the leg in a spinning toehold...

...and gets dragged down to the mat in a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The champion kicks out at two. Both men scramble, trying to get back to their feet...]

GM: Both men getting back to-

[The Doctor of Love buries a boot into the gut of Imbrogno, hooking a front facelock...

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

GM: DDT! DDT!

[Bryant shoves Imbrogno over onto his back, making a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Doctor of Love gets back to his feet, pointing at his wrist and forcing the referee to raise his hand in victory.]

PW: Here is your winner... and STILL AWA World Television Champion... DAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYANNNNT!

[Bryant nods at the jeering crowd, shouting something off-mic at the referee who backs away as the World Television Champion snatches his title belt away from the official.]

GM: That DDT just turned out Imbrogno's lights in a hurry!

BW: How 'bout that, Gordo? How 'bout that? The Doctor of Love just sent a message to the entire AWA that the World Television Title is serious business and-

GM: He's not done, Bucky!

[Bryant throws the title belt down, dragging the World's Smartest Man back to his feet, pulling him into a front facelock again...]

GM: Bryant sets him up...

[The Doctor of Love SPIKES Imbrogno on top of his skull, leaving him flat on his face on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! A SECOND DDT by Bryant!

BW: He's done for! Call the meat wagon for Imbrogno `cause he's gonna need it to get out of here tonight!

GM: Right on top of his head... jamming that neck. This could be trouble for Mr. Mensa and these fans are letting Bryant have it! They're letting him know just how distasteful they find this. There's no reason for this, Bucky... no call for it at all.

BW: We knew he wanted to send a message and this is it! Don't treat Dave Bryant like the champion he is and suffer the consequences!

[Bryant gets back to his feet, gesturing at the downed Imbrogno, shouting at the jeering fans. He stands in the middle of the ring, hands on his hips, looking disdainfully at the crowd...

...and suddenly leans down, pulling Imbrogno up for a third time!]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do it! Don't do this!

[The World Television Champion pulls a limp Imbrogno into a front facelock, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and SNAPS off a third spiking DDT, driving him into the canvas for a third time!]

GM: GOOD GOD!

[Bryant sits up on the mat, grinning at the reaction of the fans as the referee dives in, covering up Imbrogno, trying to prevent any further assault as the Doctor of Love gets back to his feet, snatching his title belt back up and slinging it over his shoulder.]

GM: Dave Bryant is the World Television Champion but this is NO way for a champion to act. This is NO way for a champion to carry himself or carry that title belt over his shoulder.

[A flood of AWA officials hit the ring in a flurry, waving frantically towards the locker room which also brings an EMT crew as well as Dr. Bob Ponavitch rushing down the ramp towards the squared circle as Bryant stares down at the motionless Imbrogno.]

GM: We've got officials in the ring... we've got medics in the ring! We've gotta take a quick break and get this under control!

[Bryant's cold glare fills the screen as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then fade back up as the familiar opening riffs to ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" come blaring through the Crockett Coliseum's PA system as the crowd leaps to its collective feet and begins to shower the entryway with boos. From said entryway emerges former National Champion and number one contender, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne.

Dufresne is clad in a fitted white and red checkered dress shirt and a pair of black slacks. His long blond hair cascades down past his shoulders and on his face sits an extremely displeased look. He approaches Jason Dane in the interview area as the music – but not the jeers – dies down.]

JD: Calis-

[Dane is cut off before he can even get started as Dufresne snatches the microphone away from him without apology.]

CD: This isn't the time for any inane questions from you, Dane. This is the time for justice! As one of the AWA's Founding Fathers, I have been through many trials and tribulations during the five years that I have been the beacon of righteousness in the AWA. City Jack's heinous attacks on me... the Westwego Incident... Juan Vasquez's murderous rampage. But this...

[A shake of his head.]

CD: This takes the cake. We've had a lot of men who claimed to be standard-bearers for this company wear gold, many of which were men of questionable morals and upbringing. Men like Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez.

Say what you want about those men, but they never ran away from a fight and \_purposefully\_ got themselves disqualified or counted out in order to keep hold of their gold. [Dane looks on incredulously as the crowd responds with boos.]

CD: But yet James Monosso, the man who supposedly kept going when his doctors told him to retire, did just that at the Stampede Cup. He said he was continuing on after the World Title tournament to do what was right for the business and for the AWA. You call getting yourself counted out and keeping the organization's paragon of virtue from becoming the only man to ever hold all of the major AWA titles "doing what's right for the AWA"?

The man was doing what was right for himself. Which is what he's done all along.

[Dufresne shakes his head with disdain.]

CD: Today is one of the biggest days on the AWA calendar. It's the day where we look back on where we started to where we are today. And where is your champion?

Nowhere to be found.

[The boos continue.]

CD: He can't even show up to pay reverence to the men who came before him – men like Calisto Dufresne – who made it all possible for him to hold that belt. But fear not, fans, there is good news. There has been an announcement by the Championship Committee just before I walked out here tonight: You now have a champion you can be proud of, who is here to carry the banner of the AWA forward when its current champion won't. I will now step aside for that man.

[Dufresne walks back through the entryway, leaving the crowd with a confused murmur...]

GM: Fans, I don't quite know wha-

[Gordon is cut off as the PA system blares to life once again...]

GM:...You have got to be kidding me.

[...With the familiar sound of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man". The crowd immediately switches to a loud heel pop as Dufresne re-emerges from the back, this time with a gold title hanging over his shoulder.]

BW: He's got the AWA World Title, Gordo! And rightfully so!

GM: No, Bucky... I think... I think that's the PWR Pacific Championship! The title Calisto Dufresne won nearly a decade ago and battled City Jack over in Los Angeles!

[Dufresne struts back towards the interview area, holding the "AWA World Championship" high into the air.]

CD: It is my great honor to accept the title of AWA Uncrowned World Champion! When James Monosso can't be bothered to support this organization, Calisto Dufresne will. Tonight, fans, you \_will\_ have a champion in the Main Event; and it'll be a champion you can be proud of!

As a Founding Father of the AWA, I will do exactly what James Monosso won't...

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: ...show up and compete like a man.

Like a champion.

And win.

[For the third time, "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in, and Dufresne turns back on his heel and heads back through the entryway, leaving Jason Dane looking on, mouth agape.]

BW: I told you! I told you all that Calisto Dufresne was the uncrowned AWA World Champion and now he's crowned, daddy!

GM: That is NOT the AWA World Title. It's the PWR Pacific Championship!

BW: It's a symbol! A symbol of Dufresne being the best in the world at what he does! James Monosso may hold the title... for now... but the fact of the matter is that Calisto Dufresne is the top of the charts around here, Gordo.

GM: I can't wait for James Monosso to get his hands on this man and make him pay for what he did at the Cup. That DDT on the elevated wooden ramp was despicable!

BW: Monosso's wearin' that belt on borrowed time, daddy. You know it. I know it. And everyone watchin' this show knows it. It's only a matter of time before Dufresne gets him back into the ring with the title on the line and this time, he WILL walk out with the AWA World Title around his waist. Count on it.

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, coming up next, we've got our People's Choice matchup. You, the AWA faithful, were asked to select the match of your choice out of a suggested ten matches and you selected a showdown between two former World Champions with Alex Martinez meeting Adam Rogers in what would be a Main Event anywhere in the world! Mark Stegglet is standing by with the Hall of Famer, the former World Champion, the man simply known as the Last American Badboy, Alex Martinez! Mark?

[Cut to Mark Stegglet, who stands with Alex Martinez behind him. The seven foot tall Hall of Famer has his arms crossed over his chest, lights sparkling off his mirrored sunglasses. As always, he wears a black leather jacket over a t-shirt, this time a red one with the AWA logo done in white lettering.] MS: Mr. Martinez, you are just moments way from stepping into the ring with Adam Rogers. But before we speak of your challenge tonight, there is another challenge that you've yet to answer. One laid in front of you by Supreme Wright.

[Martinez responds with a nod of his head.]

AM: Wright, I heard ya at the Cup. Heard ya say you don't wanna get in the ring with me. And ya can spin it however ya like, but the fact of the matter is, you'd rather put twenty eight people between you and I.

And that's fine. I don't mind fightin' my way to ya.

But I heard somethin' else ya said. Ya said that ya \_knew\_ you're better than me. And that's fine. I always appreciate confidence. It makes a man fallin' to me all the sweeter. But the thing is, Wright, you might know you're better than me.

But you don't know who I am at all.

I'm a man who never backs down from a challenge. I'm a man who never refuses a fight. And I'm a man who always gets satisfaction. I'm the man, Supreme Wright, that everyone falls to. I'm the man that never stops until I've won.

Even if it takes me awhile.

So you wanna know if I'll meet you in the Rumble?

Wouldn't miss it for the world.

I'll be in the Rumble, Wright. And I'll be lookin' for you. Lookin' to expand the things ya know, and to teach ya that you just made the worst mistake of your life.

MS: Speaking of having to wait awhile, that brings us to your opponent tonight, Adam Rogers.

AM: Yeah... I bet everyone thought I forgot about him.

MS: Many people might say that you were finished with The Dragon and his minions when you defeated William Craven in a barbed wire match. But the truth is, there is one bit of outstanding business left. It was a year and a half ago, in November of 2011, that Adam Rogers first partnered with you, allowing you to defeat your long time nemeses Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple, and then betrayed you and left for dead. This match has certainly been a long time coming. How do you feel now that the fan voting has finally given you your opportunity?

AM: Well, you're right Dane, this is a long time in comin'.

But I knew my time would come. I had other things to do. Takin' care of Craven, for one. But I knew that eventually, Rogers' number would come up. See, I can be patient when I want to. And I didn't wanna get to Rogers right away.

Because I wanted the chance to get really angry.

I wanted to seethe.

I wanted to think, every day, since ya left me for dead, about what happened that night. I didn't want it to come quickly. I wanted to be more than mad.

I wanted to learn how to hate ya properly.

All my life, I've never been one to ask for help. The number of people I've turned to can be counted on one hand. But you, Rogers? You were the person I relied on more than anyone else. You were the person I wanted at my side when I was gonna finally get my hands on Matthews and Temple. They ruined my life. And all ya had to do was be the man I thought ya were. All ya had to do was fight by me.

But ya proved that ain't no man. You're just a little boy. The same little boy ya were when I first met ya in LA.

Well boy, your day of reckonin' has arrived.

Like I said, I don't trust many people. And you? You're the reason why. You betrayed me, Rogers. And understand, blood calls for blood. What ya did to me? Tonight I'm gonna revisit all of that on you. I'm gonna bleed you dry. The beating I'm about to lay on ya? That's a year and a half worth of rage and hate.

Yeah, its been awhile. But I've been thinkin' about it. I've been thinkin' about all the things I'm gonna to ya. And what I'm gonna do, Rogers, is I'm gonna use ya to teach a lesson. You and I are gonna go into that ring, and you're gonna be the lesson in who Alex Martinez is.

Your blood will show why I am a Hall of Famer.

Your screams will show why I've won four World Titles.

Your loss will prove that I'm the same man I've always been.

I waited until the right moment, and its here now. Tonight, I get my vengeance on you. Tonight, you pay for what ya did to me.

And you'll help me teach the world that I am not a man to be crossed.

To borrow a phrase....

[Martinez smirks.]

AM: Count on it.

[And with that, we fade back down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[A pregnant pause hangs in the air just before one of the most instantly recognizable songs in the entire professional wrestling business kicks to life over the PA system.]

#It's all right...#

PW: Coming to the ring. He stands seven feet tall, and weighs in at three hundred and fifty pounds.

[There's a buzzing in the crowd, as eyes turn towards the entranceway.]

#It's all right...#

PW: Hailing from Los Angeles, California.

[The buzz begins to build into a roar.]

#It's all right, I'm just a...#

[And then the crowd gets...]

#LITTLE CRAZY#

PW: ALEX MARTINEZ!!!!

[The curtain is pulled aside, and out steps Alex Martinez. His expression calm but intense, Alex Martinez pauses a moment, and then steps forward. All around him, fans cheer and scream, hands reaching out to touch him, though the stoic Martinez doesn't appear to be aware. He wears a black leather jacket, as well as his long black wrestling leggings and his wrestling books, which look more like biker boots than "proper" gear. Both of Martinez' fists are covered in black fingerless gloves, and his right elbow is covered in a black pad. Martinez throws one long leg and then the other over the top rope.]

GM: The Franchise, the Institution, the Last American Badboy, the former World Champion, the Hall of Famer - the list of accolades that Alex Martinez carries with him is absolutely mind-boggling. He is quite literally a living legend as he steps into the ring to settle a piece of unfinished business here tonight against a man he formerly considered an ally and even a friend -Adam Rogers. BW: People have talked about Rogers bein' a different man than the guy Martinez knew in Los Angeles - I'd argue that he's a different man than the guy who betrayed Martinez here in the AWA to boot, Gordo. Rogers is a completely different guy since he hooked up with the Beale Street Bullies.

[Crossfade back to Phil Watson who looks a bit nervous as Alex Martinez is pacing around him, waiting for his opponent to enter the Crockett Coliseum.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's another pause before the music changes to Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Gimme Back My Bullets" to a deafening jeer from the pro-Lynch Dallas crowd.]

PW: From Naples, Florida... weighing in at 243 pounds... representing the Beale Street Bullies...

AAAAADAAAAAM ROOOOGERRRRS!

[The curtain parts as a wild-bearded and long-haired Adam Rogers walks into view. A pair of sunglasses cover his eyes as he unsnaps his "BEALE STREET BULLIES" bullpen windbreaker jacket to reveal his well-sculpted torso. He's not as chiseled as he was in his prime - it's tough to hit the gym when you're busy being a scumbag.]

GM: The fans are all over Rogers already, Bucky. They're not about to forget the role that Rogers has played and CONTINUES to play in tormenting the Lynch family.

BW: Oh, cry me a river. The Lynches have all this comin' to 'em and if you ask me, the Bullies haven't put 'em through enough yet.

GM: What's Rogers waiting for up there on the ramp?

[Tugging his sunglasses down his nose, he stares down the aisle at a waiting Alex Martinez who is waving, calling him down to the ring. Rogers chuckles before turning back to the curtain, giving a wave of his own...]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Oh yeah! Here comes trouble, daddy!

[The curtain parts to reveal the slight but sneaky Dick Wyatt jogging into view in a wifebeater tank top, stained blue jeans, and cowboy boots. He shouts down the ramp at Martinez who shakes his head...

...and then gets deadly serious as he sees Robert Donovan, the big man of the Beale Street Bullies, stride into view. Donovan's clad in a black t-shirt that reads "MAMA LYNCH'S FAVORITE WRESTLER" along with a pair of black jeans. He falls in behind Rogers, slapping him on the back as he gestures towards the ring.] GM: Alex Martinez has just found himself in a world of trouble, fans! The Beale Street Bullies are on their way to the ring and Martinez stands alone here tonight on the Fifth Anniversary Show! Don't go away `cause we'll be right back!

[Fade to black...

...and straight to commercial where we fade into a high end gym. We see a man pumping iron at what appears to be an extremely expensive exercise machine. After catching a glimpse of the man, being in a gym this fancy, working on a machine that's almost as fancy, it's rather fitting. The man is former AWA, EMWC North American champion, and international wrestling superstar Jonas Olrikke.]

JO(voice over): We can't all be this beautiful.

[Olrikke finishes his workout, and a lovely young woman runs up to him, embracing him. The woman smells Olrikke, and smiles. She then turns to the camera, flashing what appears to be a blue and white stick of deodorant.]

Woman #1: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is dressed up in a \$5,000 suit, dancing a slow dance with another lovely young, dark haired woman. The woman is wearing a black dress. The pair look into each other's eyes, dancing to what appears to be Olrikke's theme song "Save A Prayer" by Duran Duran.]

JO(voice over): But we can all do our part to smell beautiful.

[The woman leans in, getting a good whiff. The woman then turns towards the camera, with a smile on her face, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of cologne.]

Woman #2: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is running some hair cream through his hair. Another fade, and he's splashing after shave on his face.]

JO(voice over): Whether you work hard, or play hard, you need that little extra something to maintain a competitive edge.

[Fade. Olrikke is playing tennis with intensity! Look! The hair on his head isn't moving! Fabulous! After returning a shot, Olrikke pumps his fists in victory.]

JO(voice over): Now in America, Europe's number one men's beauty products will keep you smelling and looking fresh 24 hours a day! Try it today!

[Yet another lovely young lady, who appears to have been his playing partner, runs up to him and gives him a hug. After running her hands

through his hair and getting a good sniff, she grins and turns towards the camera, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of hair gel.]

Woman #3: Magnifika....

[Fade to black.

As we fade back up, we get a graphic reading "ALEX MARTINEZ versus ADAM ROGERS" as the referee signals for the bell. Rogers has already assaulted Martinez from behind, hammering away with forearms to the back of the head, knocking the seven footer down to a knee against the ropes.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see, Adam Rogers executes a sneak attack before the bell to get the early advantage! Dick Wyatt was directly responsible for that, Bucky!

BW: He didn't lay a hand on Martinez!

GM: He didn't have to! He's got a big mouth and is constantly running it. Who knows what he said to Martinez to make the big man take a swing at him!

[Rogers grabs the top rope, pressing a knee to the back of Martinez' neck, choking him over the middle rope as the referee steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: Get him off the man, referee!

BW: The referee's doin' his job, Gordo. He's layin' in the count.

GM: The count's up to three... now to four... and finally, Rogers backs off.

[Rogers cracks a big grin at the jeering crowd...

...and starts choking Martinez over the middle rope again, drawing even louder jeers as the referee jumps right back in!]

GM: It's hard to believe this is the same Adam Rogers who was once one of the most respected technical wrestlers in the world. Very few will ever forget that thrilling sixty minute draw he had against Marcus Broussard a few years ago

BW: That was at the first Anniversary Show!

GM: Seems like only yesterday.

[Rogers again backs off at four, grabbing the protesting official by the arm as he backs away from the ropes...

...which allows Robert Donovan to lay in a big right hand to the jaw, knocking Martinez down to the canvas.]

GM: Oh, come on! That was blatant interference out of Donovan!

BW: Donovan and Martinez go back a long time too, Gordo. This is the problem when you're as much of a jerk as Martinez is - you make a lot of enemies over the years.

GM: You think this is a grudge between Donovan and Martinez? He'd smack his own mother in the face out there if it helped them win the match!

[Rogers is all grins as he shoves the referee aside, lunging forward to drive his elbow into the back of the big man's head as he tried to push up to all fours. He flips Martinez to his back, applying a sloppy cover.]

GM: Not much behind this cover... and to no one's surprise, Martinez is out before even a one count comes down.

[Rogers springs to his feet, stomping the head and neck of Martinez as the referee leans in, shouting for him to back off. He shakes his head, dropping to both knees as he grabs a handful of hair, peppering Martinez with short right hands to the temple.]

GM: Get in there, referee!

[Outside the ring, a cackling Dick Wyatt hops up on the apron, shouting at the downed Martinez. The referee whips around, forcing Wyatt to get down as Rogers switches to a two-handed choke!]

GM: He's choking him, Bucky! No doubt about it!

BW: You sure about that? This might be a neck massage. I think Martinez strained something and Rogers is just trying to help him out.

GM: That's ridiculous!

[Rogers breaks the choke as the referee turns around, quickly counting to four. He lifts his hands, getting back to his feet before pulling Martinez up by the arm.]

GM: Both men are back to their feet now... Rogers with a big armwringer, putting the pressure on the elbow and should-

[Suddenly, Rogers jerks the arm, taking the seven footer off his feet with a high impact clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Short-arm clothesline out of Rogers and Martinez goes down in a heap off of that!

[Rogers rolls the big man onto his shoulders, applying another lateral press but not bothering to hook a leg and only scoring a two count.]

GM: Just barely got the two count. There's still a whole lot of fight left in Alex Martinez, Bucky.

BW: Oh, no doubt. You don't get to be a former World Champion and a Hall of Famer by being a pushover to everyone you come across. But he's got a long, hard fight ahead of him if he wants to beat the Bullies here tonight.

GM: He shouldn't have to beat the Bullies! He should only have to beat one of them!

[Rogers grabs two hands full of Martinez' hair, dragging him to his feet, and promptly throwing him through the ropes to the floor...

...and immediately tying up the official as Dick Wyatt dives on top of Martinez, hammering him with fists a-plenty!]

GM: Wyatt's on Martinez!

[This continues for several moments before Donovan physically yanks Wyatt off of the seven footer, giving him a glare before shoving Martinez back into the ring.]

GM: Donovan puts Martinez back in... perhaps fearing a disqualification there for Rogers.

BW: He's a veteran, Gordo... Wyatt's just a kid with a chip on his shoulders. It's a smart move for sure.

[Wyatt gives Donovan some lip service as Rogers drops a knee across the chest, staying there and striking a double bicep pose as the referee drops to count.]

GM: Oh, give me a break.

[The pin count is predictably broken up.]

GM: You're not gonna pin Alex Martinez like that... and Adam Rogers knows it. He's just trying to get under the skin of the big man and that could be a big mistake. Alex Martinez, who informed the world earlier tonight that he WILL be in the Memorial Day Rumble to battle for a future shot at the AWA World Title... and that's gonna be something else, Bucky.

BW: That Rumble is already star-studded and we've only got a handful of names in it. Wright, Martinez, Craven, Shadoe Rage - already signed to compete and I'm hearing we'll get even more names in the days and weeks to come.

GM: You better believe it. You'd have to imagine the Beale Street Bullies might throw their names in that hat as well, Bucky.

BW: You got that right. Having the numbers tilted in your favor can be huge in the Rumble and when you've got 10 percent of the guys in the Rumble on your side, that can make a big difference. GM: At the end of the day though, it's still every man for himself and you have to wonder just how quickly these polecats will turn on each other when a shot at the World Title is at stake.

[While the announcers chatted about the upcoming Rumble, Rogers used a series of stomps and kicks to force Martinez to roll out onto the ring apron, again backing off as Dick Wyatt rushes in, choking Martinez by pulling down with both hands.]

GM: He's choking Martinez on the apron and this is ridiculous! This is essentially a three-on-one out here against the Last American Badboy. He may be over seven feet tall and an icon in our sport but even Martinez can't battle odds like this for long.

[Wyatt backs off as Rogers approaches, leaning down to grab the legs...

...and SNAPS Martinez' throat into the bottom rope with a catapult, leaving a coughing Martinez rolling out to the floor to catch a breather.]

GM: Martinez rolls out... and Rogers is going out after him!

[The referee steps in, preventing Rogers from pursuing...

...which is big Robert Donovan's cue to pull a gasping Martinez off the padded mats at ringside, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

## "CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAG!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

## GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES MARTINEZ!!

[A chuckling Donovan simply walks away as the referee wheels around to accuse him of interfering.]

GM: Donovan just put Martinez into the steel with that Irish whip and the referee should eject him from ringside for that!

BW: He ain't got no proof, Gordo! If he don't see it, he can't call it, daddy!

GM: Unfortunately, that's true but-

[HUUUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: HEY!

BW: NO! GET THEM OUT OF HERE! THEY AIN'T GOT NO BUSINESS OUT HERE!

[The roaring crowd salutes the arrival of their hometown heroes, dressed in street clothes and serious glares, the Lynch brothers!]

GM: Jack, James, and Travis Lynch are headed out here! They haven't forgotten a single thing about what these Bullies have done to them and they're sick of seeing them do it to Alex Martinez in this one!

BW: The referee should throw 'em out of here! No business! No right!

GM: What right does Donovan and Wyatt have to being out here?!

BW: They're his partners! His friends! His allies!

GM: Well, who knows? Maybe Alex Martinez is allies with the Lynch brothers!

BW: I highly doubt that. The Stenches ain't got no friends and Martinez is too big of a punk to have any allies.

[James Lynch points a warning finger at Dick Wyatt who is totally irate, tipping over the timekeeper's table as he shouts off-mic at the intruding Lynches.]

GM: Whoa! Get him under control! Hey, you get out of here!

[We can suddenly hear Wyatt a lot clearer as he has apparently snatched a headset off someone, shouting into it!]

DW: THESE INBRED IDJITS AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT GETTIN' IN OUR BUSINESS! YOU WANT IN OUR BUSINESS?! YA WANNA STICK YER NOSES IN OUR BUSINESS?! I'LL KNOCK YER GAHDA-

[Suddenly, the mic goes silent, as does all the audio for several moments before abruptly coming back in mid-sentence.]

GM: -apologize for the language of Dick Wyatt. And the behavior of all of these Beale Street Bullies for that matter.

[Donovan and Jack Lynch can be seen glaring at each other in the background as Rogers and Travis Lynch trade words from Lynch's spot on the entrance ramp.]

BW: Look! They've completely disrupted this match! Adam Rogers had Alex Martinez exactly where he wanted him and these Texas-sized goofballs are out here causin' all sorts of ruckus.

[With Rogers shouting at Travis Lynch, he fails to notice Alex Martinez dragging himself back into the ring, and soon after, back to his feet. The crowd doesn't miss it though, buzzing with anticipation as Rogers steps up on the second rope, screaming red-faced at Travis Lynch who grins, pointing behind Rogers.]

BW: Adam! ADAM! BEHIND YOU!

[Rogers suddenly hops down, turning around...

...and gets run over with a big ol' clothesline that dumps him down to the mat!]

GM: Clothesline by the seven footer!

[Martinez wheels around as Rogers tries to get off the canvas...

...and drops him with a second running clothesline!]

GM: A second big clothesline by the Last American Badboy!

[This time as Rogers battles up, Martinez grabs him under the armpits, hoisting him into the air and throwing him back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Good grief! Look at the power out of Martinez!

[The big man rushes in, throwing a back elbow into the mush. He quickly grabs an arm, FIRING Rogers across the ring with such authority that Rogers crumples to the canvas on impact, collapsing to his rear end against the turnbuckles.]

GM: That whip shook the ring - I swear it did, fans!

BW: Look at what these Stenches have done!

[At ringside, we see Travis Lynch clapping for Martinez as James Lynch turns around, waving an arm to fire up the crowd as Jack Lynch continues to keep a wary eye on the man who betrayed him at SuperClash IV, Robert Donovan who has somehow corralled Dick Wyatt enough to keep him by his side for the moment.]

GM: We've got a potential powderkeg out at ringside but right now, the action is raging inside the ring as Martinez moves in on the downed Rogers.

[The former Natural looks up, shaking his head as his attacked as Martinez plants his big boot down on side of Rogers' face...

...and RAKES his big boot across the face!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That's illegal! Get in there, ref! Do your job!

[Martinez repeats the facewash - again and again with the crowd roaring for the painful move.]

GM: He's ripping Rogers' flesh right off his face!

[Shoving the referee aside, Martinez rushes to the ropes, rebounding off and SMASHING Rogers with a running kick to the temple, leaving Rogers hanging between the middle and bottom rope...]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Martinez nods at the cheering crowd, leaning down to drag Rogers to his feet by the back of the trunks. He points out at ringside to the Bullies...

...and swings Rogers around, hooking him by the throat with both hands!]

GM: He's looking for the Firebomb!

[Rogers suddenly lashes out, sticking a thumb into the eye to stun the big man. He moves to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope as Martinez staggers away...

...and leaps off, snaring a side headlock on the way down!]

GM: BULLDOG! BULLDOG OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

[Rogers throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before flipping the big man into another lateral press - this time reaching back to hook a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Again, Martinez powers out, lifting his massive shoulders off the canvas just after the two count, bringing the crowd to their feet to cheer him on as Jack and Travis Lynch lead the crowd in a "AL-EX!" AL-EX!" chant.]

GM: The Lynches have got these fans on their feet, cheering on the big man!

[Rogers shakes his head as he pulls Martinez to his feet by the arm, slipping behind him into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Rogers hooks him! He's looking for that waistlock suplex!

[But Martinez lunges forward, hooking the ropes with both arms to avoid the released German suplex. Rogers struggles and strains, trying to yank the big man into the big throw.]

GM: He's fighting it! Martinez is trying to hang on - he doesn't want to go over for that suplex!

BW: I'm not even sure Rogers can get him up for it!

GM: Martinez must think he can - he's hanging on for dear life!

[Rogers suddenly breaks the hold, the thirty-nine year old hammering away with forearms to the back of the skull and neck. Martinez' grip on the ropes loosens which is Rogers' cue to hook the waistlock again...

...but the big man grabs the ropes again!]

GM: Martinez hooks the ropes again! He's fighting it and-

[The crowd jeers as Dick Wyatt leaps up on the apron, rearing back a right hand...

...and gets YANKED down off the apron by James Lynch who SMASHES him with a haymaker of his own! HUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: OH YEAH! JAMES LYNCH HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

[A fuming Robert Donovan leans down, yanking James Lynch off of his younger partner...

...but a huge leaping right hand from Jack Lynch sends Donovan falling back!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON THE FLOOR!!

[The referee freaks out, shouting at the action out on the floor as a panicked Rogers looks puzzled. He breaks his waistlock, turning to look for the other Lynch...

...who is standing in the ring, having ripped off his t-shirt to the cheers of the crowd...]

BW: NO!

[Travis does a full spin, cocking the fist back...

...and CRACKS Rogers in the temple with a discus punch, sending him falling backwards. Travis quickly bails out to the floor before the referee can spot him.]

GM: ROGERS GOT SMASHED!

[The crowd is absolutely going wild as Travis Lynch rushes to the aid of his brothers out on the floor as Alex Martinez turns around...

...and grabs the falling Rogers by the throat with two powerful hands!]

BW: NO, NO, NOOOO!

[Martinez muscles Rogers up into the air, holding him high for one and all to see...

...and DRIVES him into the canvas with the Firebomb!]

GM: FIREBOMB!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Martinez rolls into a press, hooking both legs just as the referee wheels around, diving down to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as the bell rings, saluting the seven footer as he climbs to his feet, shouting something off-mic at the downed Adam Rogers as the referee raises his hand in victory.]

GM: Alex Martinez scores a much-needed victory, putting to rest the last remaining ghost of the mental and physical torment that the Dragon -William Craven - put him through... and perhaps gaining some momentum as he turns his focus towards Memorial Day Mayhem and the Rumble!

BW: Speaking of rumbles, it's gettin' out of control out here!

[The camera cuts to a shot near the timekeeper's table where Dick Wyatt has James Lynch pinned under that table, stomping the wood into his skull as Donovan and Jack trade haymakers up on the entrance ramp. Travis suddenly rushes into frame, knocking Dick Wyatt down with a leaping tackle to even louder cheers from the crowd!]

GM: The Lynches and the Bullies have unfinished business and you can bet that after this, it's only gonna get worse between these two feuding families! Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with a very special interview!

[An abrupt fade to black isn't long in coming.

Fade to black.]

VO: The following is a paid advertisement and does reflect the views of American Wrestling Alliance.

[Fade in to a wide shot, soft-filtered lens view of an old gym with an empty wrestling ring in the center ring.]

ML: And on the 8th day, God looked down on his planned paradise and said, "I need a legend." So God made a King.

[Shot fades to a black and white close up shot of a confident looking Mark Langseth, looking straight into the camera. Then as the voice over continues, the screen shows a rolling collection of still shots of Langseth in the ring throughout his career.]

ML: God said, "I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, keep in top shape for all hours, ply his craft heroically despite the risk of injury, compete at a Hall of Fame level, and the most dedicated man in his profession. So God made a King. [Grainy footage of Mark Langseth from the Westwego Incident, standing tall in the ring with the National Title before the shot cuts out.]

ML: God said, "I need somebody willing to get in the ring everyday against the best in the business, beat them down, make them submit, watch their careers die and then say to them 'Maybe next year'....

[Slow roll of still shots of Langseth locking opponents in the Greatness Personified anklelock.]

ML: "...I need somebody who has the unbeatable will to win, overcoming all odds and masterfully turning any situation to his favor. I need somebody who no man has pinned or submitted in nearly a decade." So God made a King.

[Slow fade into a black and white shot of Mark Langseth, sitting on his throne with his newly adorned crown, at the AWA coronation.]

ML: God said onto the world, "It had to be somebody who'd fight the good fight and not cut corners. Somebody to build an organization around, somebody that others would look up to, somebody to be the only deserving champion - nationally and internationally..."

[Rapid fire shots of Langseth defending his National Title in other federations, with those logos pixelated out.]

ML: Somebody who'd laugh, sigh, and reply with smiling eyes when all the world finally recognizes and unites under one banner, properly bowing down to the power of Royalty. "So God made a King."

[As the screen shows a final black and white shot of Langseth, standing tall in the ring, the following familiar words appear:

Bring Justice To Royalty Sign the Petition www.RoyaltyAWA.com/petitionforjustice/

[Fade.

And fade back up on the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing alone in front of a generic AWA backdrop.]

JD: Welcome back to the Fifth Anniversary Show, fans, and right now, we've got a very special guest.

[The camera zooms back to reveal one of the AWA's co-owners, Jon Stegglet, who has a glass of champagne in his hand and a big grin on his face.]

JD: Welcome to the Anniversary Show, Mr. Stegglet!

[Jon is beaming as he shakes Jason's hand.]

JS: It's a great night to be a part of this great organization, isn't it?

JD: It certainly is. Did you ever think we'd see this day?

[Stegglet grins, shaking his head.]

JS: There were a lot of naysayers when this place started, Jason. You know that as well as anyone. Too old school... too conservative... not embracing the modern audience. Coming from our days in LA, they thought that all we knew was extreme and if we weren't doing that, we were going to bomb miserably.

You know, my old boss used to say that making it to the top was hard... staying at the top was harder... but making it there, staying there, walking away from it all, and then getting all the way back to the top of the mountain is the hardest of it all.

Well, Jason... on this night, I like to think we're on top of the mountain for a second time and it feels pretty damn good.

[Jason smiles at his boss.]

JD: I know that President O'Connor is going to address the Mark Langseth situation later toni-

[Stegglet lifts his hand.]

JS: I'm going to let him handle that. This is a big night for us and I don't want to ruin it by talking about Langseth.

JD: Fair enough. I'm also told that you've got a big announcement for us here tonight.

[Another nod.]

JS: I do, I do. As you may be aware, Jason, we're rapidly approaching the 100th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling - an event that will happen later this year. To commemorate what will be another huge night for the AWA, we will be running a series of fan polls over the next few months to determine the ONE match from AWA history that the fans want to see a rematch of at SNW 100.

JD: The fans are going to pick their favorite match in AWA Saturday Night Wrestling history that they want to see a rematch of? That's fantastic!

JS: We think so. And we're very excited to get a chance to relive some of the great moments in AWA history in the months to come as well as we'll be presenting-

[Stegglet's voice trails off as he looks to the side off-camera. Dane's gaze follows, looking equally surprised.]

JS: You.

[The camera pans to reveal Stegglet's former employer and current employee, former EMWC owner Chris Blue. Blue is clad in a navy blue sportscoat over a white dress shirt and jeans. Sharp-eyed viewers might notice a copy of George R.R. Martin's "Game Of Thrones" under his left arm.]

CB: Now, Jon... let's not be cross on this joyous occasion. I came to congratulate you.

[Blue offers his hand to a suspicious Stegglet who stares at him.]

CB: Seriously. Five years is a great accomplishment - one that very few actually get to enjoy. Congratulations to you and Bobby and Todd and all the others.

[Blue's hand is still out there. Stegglet finally relents, giving the hand a quick shake.]

JS: Thank you.

[There's an awkward moment of silence as the two men stare at one another.]

JS: Look, we were kind in the middle of something here.

[Blue raises a hand.]

CB: Far be it from me to interrupt. I just had a piece of pressing business to attend to and it couldn't wait any longer.

[An exasperated Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Of course. Whatever Chris Blue wants can never wait. Whatever business you have with me can wait, I'm sure.

[Blue smiles at Stegglet, slightly inclining his head.]

CB: I have a feeling you wouldn't say that if my Dragon were here.

[Blue lightly taps the hardcover book under his arm with his free hand.]

CB: Besides, who said my business is with you?

[Stegglet looks confused.]

JS: If not me, wh...?

[Stegglet's words trail off as he turns slightly to look at a shocked Jason Dane.]

JD: ME?!

[Blue smiles again.]

CB: No other.

[Blue's focus falls on Jon Stegglet again.]

CB: You're excused... Steggy.

[Jon Stegglet is seething at this point and seems ready to boil over when he abruptly turns, storming off with a shake of his head.]

JD: Wh... what do you want with me?

[Blue turns back to Dane, again tilting his head.]

CB: I have developed an interest - an interest that people here say you might be able to assist me with.

[Dane looks confused.]

CB: What can you tell me about... the Wise Men?

[Dane shakes his head at first, looking at the camera that's still on in front of him...

...and then a smile crosses his face.]

JD: What do you want to know?

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: Everything.

[Dane nods, gesturing at the camera.]

CB: Ah, of course. I'll be in touch, Mr. Dane.

[And with a unsettling smile, Blue strides off camera as Dane gestures for the camera to be cut off with a throat-slitting gesture. The feed abruptly cuts out and over to Mark Stegglet who obviously didn't see what just went down.]

MS: Thanks, Jason! And with me right now, making a return to the AWA after a long time out of action is the AWA Original himself - Mister Stars And Stripes, Clayton Shaw!

[Shaw walks into the camera shot, a United States flag hanging on a wooden pole over his shoulder.]

MS: Mr. Shaw, welcome home!

[The patriotic superstar gives a big grin, nodding as he claps Stegglet on the shoulder with a bit too much enthusiasm, sending the announcer lurching forward.]

CS: Thanks, Mark. You know, I've been nursing a bunch of injuries for a while now and was pretty happy sitting at home watching all the action on TV but when the front office called me up and said they were putting together this AWA Originals Six Man Tag Team match for tonight, I knew that was my sign to dust off Ol' Glory and get back inside that squared circle.

MS: When you look back at the last five years of AWA action, what are some of your favorite moments?

[Shaw rubs his chin thoughtfully.]

CS: There are so many of 'em, Mark. How about that first WarGames when those nasty ol' Russians got what was comin' their way?

MS: Certainly a favorite for a lot of people. And when you climb inside that ring tonight, there will be a few people inside that ring who were also inside that double cage at the first WarGames... two of which are on your own team but were enemies back then. Do you expect any problems between Tin Can Rust and Stevie Scott?

[Shaw shakes his head.]

CS: Rust can be a bit of a hothead, that's for sure... and Stevie Scott can irritate the heck out of ya. But they've both been through a lot in the last five years. I've talked to the Hotshot myself and I truly believe he's a different man than he was back then. You never can tell what'll happen when you get out there but I'm hopeful I can keep 'em on the same page and we can pick up a big win here tonight.

MS: Best of luck to you out there tonight, Mr. Shaw.

CS: Thanks, Mark.

[And with that, we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a six man tag team match scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit.

And now... the SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE...

[The crowd begins buzzing at this newly-added stipulation.]

GM: Special guest ref? I haven't heard anything about this.

BW: That's 'cause you don't have the same sources that I do! I knew about this for weeks and I can't wait to see the look on your face when he's announced!

[Phil Watson pauses, mic in hand...

...and as the sounds of Soul Coughing's "Super Bon Bon" starts up over the PA system, the crowd erupts in a mixed reaction.]

GM: You gotta be kidding me!

BW: WE! GOIN'! SIZZLAH!

[As the curtain parts, the very first AWA National Champion, Marcus Broussard, steps into the Crockett Coliseum to an even louder mixed reaction. He's clad in black pants and a form-fitting striped referee's shirt with the sleeves cut off. He has the same arrogant smile on his face that made him one of the most hated men in the sport during his time in the AWA.]

GM: Marcus Broussard, the San Jose Shark himself, is the Special Guest Referee for this six man tag team match... and as controversial as that is, I suppose it's also fitting. He IS an AWA Original. But how can he be unbiased, Bucky?

BW: Of course he will be! He's a man of honor!

GM: A man of alleged honor who will be officiating a match involving the man who ended his AWA career! I'm not sure how this is going to work at all.

[Broussard enters the ring with a flourish, drawing more of a mixed reaction than ever as the ring announcer raises his mic again...]

GM: This six man tag team affair just got even more interesting than we thought. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back more action here on the Fifth Anniversary Show!

[Broussard is smirking at the crowd's reaction as we fade to black.

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then fade back up to live action where we see Calisto Dufresne, Kenny Stanton, and Rick Marley on one side of the ring with Larry Doyle standing in their corner. On the other side of the ring, Tin Can Rust and Clayton Shaw have already entered as well, huddled up and pointing across the ring at the opposing team.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and we've got one more person to add to this-

[Suddenly, the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" begins to blast over the PA system.]

PW: And their tag team partner... from St. Louis, Missouri... he is the Hotshot...

## STEEEEEVIEEEE SCOOOOOTT!

[Scott bursts through the curtain, giving a shout as he starts marching down the aisle towards the ring. He's in a set of full-length tights, with flames airbrushed down the outside of each leg, his dirty blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail as he steps through the ropes into the ring... ...and runs right into Tin Can Rust who physically shoves him back against the ropes, jabbing a finger into his face.]

GM: Whoa!

BW: Ain't no love lost there, Gordo. You talk about men being on the very first AWA Saturday Night Wrestling - well, these two BRAWLED on the very first AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! Five years later, you expect 'em to team up and you gotta expect some fireworks.

GM: Apparently there is still some bad blood between these two men.

[The crowd "ohhhhs!" as Scott slaps Rust's hand away, sticking his own finger in Rust's face as the other team looks on with interest.]

BW: I love it, Gordo. The good guys are gonna see their team fall apart before the bell.

[Clayton Shaw, sensing the worst, steps in between the two men, shoving them apart.]

GM: Clayton Shaw's trying to play a little bit of peacemaker here and perhaps thankfully so because that could have fallen apart in a major way right there.

[Shaw pushes an angry Scott back to the corner, gesturing out to the apron as Rust is still shouting at the former two-time National Champion. Across the ring, Kenny Stanton and Rick Marley have left the ring, leaving Calisto Dufresne inside the squared circle, laughing at Rust and Scott...]

GM: Dufresne seems to be enjoying-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Tin Can Rust spins around, rushing across the ring, leaping up to smash a right hand into the skull of the shocked Dufresne. Fist after fist comes flying in, smashing the former National Champion in the skull to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Rust is all over 'im in the corner!

BW: And you want to talk about bad blood, Gordo - there may be no blood feud in AWA history that was more intense than the one between Calisto Dufresne and City Jack. That's a war that Tin Can Rust got involved with when his partner, City Jack, got taken out of action by the Ladykiller and a war that Rust still feels like he's in by the looks of him!

GM: Rust seems to have a long memory as he's battling guys he hasn't faced in a long, long time but has the fire in his belly like it's still the first time in there with them.

[With Dufresne reeling, Rust grabs an arm, rocketing him across the ring into the opposite corner...]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne SLAMS into the buckles!

[He staggers out of the "good guys'" corner as Rust leans down, hoisting him up into the air...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[...and sends him CRASHING down to the canvas with the shoulder throw!]

GM: Rust sends him high and then drops him down hard, fans!

[Rust is all fired up, giving a "GET UP!" shout at Dufresne who wobbles up to his feet and gets cracked with a knife-edge chop across the chest that sends him staggering back into the ropes nearest the entrance ramp...

...where a running clothesline takes the Ladykiller over the ropes, sending him crashing down in a heap on the wooden platform!]

"ОННННННННННИ!"

GM: RUST TAKES HIM OVER THE TOP TO THE RAMP!

[The veteran and former AWA National Tag Team Champion steps out on the ramp, looking out at the cheering crowd as he pulls Dufresne off the ramp by the back of the trunks, spinning him around into his arms...]

GM: No, no, no!

"ТНUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!" "ОНННННННННННН!"

GM: BODYSLAM ON THE RAMP!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Dufresne rolls to his side, grabbing at his lower back in pain. Rust again shouts at him to get up as the Ladykiller rolls away from Rust, trying to escape towards the locker room as the veteran pursues him.]

GM: Rust is heading after him as Dufresne tries to get away... Broussard's not even counting, Bucky!

BW: That's not really his style.

[The San Jose Shark stands near the ropes, half-heartedly encouraging both men to get back into the ring as Rust pulls Dufresne off the floor by the back of the trunks.]

GM: Rust has him back up on his feet, dragging him by the hair back towards the ring...

[And with a throw, he sends Dufresne through the ropes back inside the ring. The Ladykiller immediately scrambles to all fours, crawling across towards the corner where Kenny Stanton and Rick Marley are positioned. He

gets there as Rust steps into the ring, slapping the hand of Rick Marley to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Rick Marley, the Benedict Arnold himself, betrayed the AWA back at SuperClash IV when he turned on Sultan Azam Sharif and Supernova and then again at the Stampede Cup when he helped eliminate Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez from the tourn-

[Upon seeing Marley in the ring, Scott reaches over the ropes, slapping the shoulder of Tin Can Rust. Rust glares at the Hotshot as he steps into the ring, rushing across...]

GM: Scott makes the tag and-

[He leaps into the air, catching a surprised Marley off-guard with a vertical body press, knocking him down to the canvas where he starts hammering away with right hands to the skull!]

GM: RIGHT HANDS! THE FISTS ARE FLYIN' IN DALLAS, TEXAS!

[This happens for a few moments...

...and then Marcus Broussard lunges in, physically grabbing Stevie Scott around the head and under the arm, dragging the Hotshot off of Marley!]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd jeers the San Jose Shark as he gestures at Scott, miming the illegal punches. Scott stares in disbelief at the guest referee, hands on his hips.]

GM: The referee can NOT physically get involved like that, Bucky! You know that as well as I do!

BW: We see it happen all the time in matches - you never get all worked up like that!

GM: We never see it in the opening moments of the match. Late in the match, when tempers are hot, if you've gotta do it to keep the match fair, then I can see it... but in the first couple minutes, use a count on the man!

[Scott nudges Broussard aside as Marley gets back to his feet, burying a right hand in "Showtime's" stomach, sending him falling back against the ropes that he grabs onto to stay standing...]

GM: Scott shoots him off!

[The Hotshot sets for a backdrop early, allowing Marley to twist his body around on the rebound, using Scott's own back to backflip over the two-time National Champion to land on his feet behind him!]

GM: Whoa! Nice counter out of Marley!

[Marley leaps up, throwing his legs out for a front dropkick...

...but Scott slaps it away, causing Marley to slam down to the canvas hard as Scott steps in, grabbing the legs...]

GM: What's he... SLINGSHOT!

[Scott falls back, launching Marley up into the air where he sails a few feet before SLAMMING facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: Haha! Marley ate the canvas there!

BW: Why are you laughing?!

GM: Because Rick Marley has it coming after what he's pulled in the past several months! I just wish someone would've gotten the chance to make him pay for it before now!

[Marley scrambles to his feet, again grabbing the ropes as Scott comes for him, throwing a kick to the body. He spins Marley's back against the ropes, laying in heavy shots to the gut over and over...]

GM: Scott's putting the heavy blows in on Marley...

[Grabbing the arm, Scott looks for another Irish whip but Marley manages to reverse it, sending Scott into the ropes...]

GM: Marley reverses... backdr-

[But Scott spots it early, dropping down to a knee...

...and CRACKING a doubled-up Marley on the chin with an uppercut that sends Marley flailing backwards, crashing down to the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Marley's getting the heck out of there because Stevie Scott is having his way with him at this stage of the contest.

BW: Getting out on the floor isn't usually the best idea with Stevie Scott because he's pretty dangerous outside of the ring!

GM: You called it, Bucky - he's going out after him!

[Scott steps out to the apron, measuring the downed Marley...

...and leaps off, smashing a forearm across the shoulders of the rising Marley, knocking him back down to the floor.]

GM: Scott lays him out again! Rick Marley may be regretting sticking his nose into the business of Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott at the Stampede Cup right about now, fans!

BW: We still haven't heard from Marley to explain what he was doing there. A lot of people think that was payback for Vasquez helping to eliminate Marley from the World Title tournament last summer.

GM: You believe that?

BW: Sounds reasonable to me. That was the biggest tournament in wrestling history and for someone to blatantly cause someone else to be eliminated, that's bound to stir up some bad blood.

GM: Ignoring for the moment that Percy Childes ORDERED Juan Vasquez to do that at a time when Vasquez was under contract to him-

BW: Oh, Vasquez had no problem breaking that deal when the mood struck him! Don't let him blame Percy for what he did during his emo period, Gordo.

GM: His... what?!

[While the announcers bicker, Stevie Scott pulls Rick Marley off the floor, slamming his head first into the ring apron... then into the timekeeper's table, sending Phil Watson and the timekeeper scattering away from the action before Scott shoves Marley under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Scott puts him back in, moving back in as well now.

[Getting back to his feet, Scott turns his body, perhaps trying to position himself for the Heatseeker...

...but we'll never know as Tin Can Rust reaches in, slapping Scott on the shoulder to tag himself in!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Rust steps through the ropes, gesturing for Scott to get out. A fuming Stevie Scott has a few words for Rust before he steps out onto the ring apron, leaving Tin Can Rust to pull Marley off the mat, blasting him with a right hand that sends him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Tin Can Rust seems very aggressive here tonight. I know he's been quite vocal about how upset he is that he didn't even get into the Stampede Cup field. Rust came back to the AWA earlier this year with the Stampede Cup as a very specific goal. He wanted to win the trophy that he was never able to win with City Jack as his partner. That frustration may be boiling over a bit here tonight in Dallas, Texas, Bucky.

BW: It's tough to completely and miserably fail at something but that's exactly what Rust did. Not only did he fail to impress the Selection Committee enough to just be given a spot in the tournament... not only did he fail to win the match that would've gotten him into the tournament... but he also failed to impress the fans enough to get them to VOTE them into the

tournament. Tin Can Rust is a complete and total failure here in the AWA in 2013 and you gotta wonder if Old Man Dust just can't pull it off without his fat and flabby friend by his side.

[Rust lights up Marley with a pair of knife-edge chops before grabbing the arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip by Rust...

[Kenny Stanton slides down the apron, slapping the shoulder of Marley while still holding onto the tag rope.]

BW: I think Stanton made the tag there!

GM: You could be right.

[Rust winds up a right hand, allowing Marley to baseball slide through the legs, popping up to his feet...

...which gives Stanton a chance to charge in from the blind side, knocking Rust down to the mat with a leaping forearm smash to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: One-half of the new World Tag Team Champions, Kenny Stanton, is in the ring and he's doing a number on Tin Can Rust right out of the gate!

[The crowd is jeering as Stanton hammers Rust with right hands to the skull, Larry Doyle shouting his encouragement from ringside.]

GM: Larry Doyle certainly likes what he sees out of his man. Stanton and Brad Jacobs shocked the world at the Stampede Cup by becoming the very first AWA World Tag Team Champions.

BW: Titles they're going to hold and defend with pride, honor, and total domination.

GM: We'll see about that. Right now though, Stanton is really going to work on a man who is one-half of arguably the greatest tag team in AWA history, Kentucky's Pride.

BW: WAS. WAS, Gordo. He WAS one-half of Kentucky's Pride but the fat man is retired and shoveling pancakes down his blubbery gullet so Rust is all alone and wallowing in failure.

GM: Would you stop?

[After a barrage of punches, forearms, and stomps, Stanton gets back to his feet. He delivers a hard kick to the chest, rolling Rust back over onto his shoulders, measuring him...

...and leaps up, dropping a big leg across the chest! He rolls into a lateral press, allowing Marcus Broussard to make his first pin count of the match.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! But that's all.

[Stanton points a finger at Broussard, miming a faster count.]

GM: Seems like Stanton wants a little faster count out of the San Jose Shark.

[Broussard seems to bristle at the comment, gesturing for Stanton to focus on his opponent.]

BW: Boy, Kenny Stanton's come a long way in five years, Gordo.

GM: He certainly has. Stanton was indeed on the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling but he would have been what some in the industry refer to as "enhancement talent." He wasn't a big star, he wasn't even considered an up-and-comer. He was a young man who essentially was losing every match he was in... but gaining a lot of experience in the process.

BW: And all it took to unlock that greatness was for Stanton to find a great partner in Brad Jacobs and then an even BETTER manager in Larry Doyle. "Hollywood" has taken these two to a whole other level, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure how much credit goes to Larry Doyle but the Blonde Bombers are a completely different beast than the Southern Stallions they were before.

[Stanton pulls Rust off the mat, throwing a knife-edge chop across the chest, knocking Rust back chestfirst into the ropes. The World Tag Team Champion loops his arms around Rust's head and neck, pulling down to choke Rust over the top rope!]

GM: He's choking him! Choking him over the ropes!

[Broussard approaches a little quicker this time, looking at the choke. With a nod, he starts a measured count, taking a long time to get to four before Stanton releases the choke, tugging the top rope to snap Rust back down to the canvas.]

GM: Stanton puts him back down... and look at Kenny Stanton...

[The crowd jeers Stanton as he struts around the downed Rust, arms spread apart in a "check me out" gesture. He grins at the jeering crowd, pausing to lean through the ropes to deliver a high five to Larry Doyle as Rust crawls towards his corner...]

GM: Rust is trying to get across this ring... trying to make the tag...

[But as Rust makes a lunge for Clayton Shaw's outstretched hand, Stanton grabs an ankle to drag Rust back towards his own corner where he slaps the hand of Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: Stanton makes the exchange with the Ladykiller... who promptly drops an elbow on the back of the skull... and another... and another... and another...

[Stanton rolls out, huddling up with Doyle as Dufresne gets to his feet, stomping Rust into the mat.]

GM: And now the former National Champion is in full control of this one, stomping his former foe in the head repeatedly. Dufresne came out here earlier tonight and proclaimed himself as the uncrowned World Champion and the day for he and the REAL World Champion, James Monosso, to settle that will come, I assure you of that.

BW: I'm not sure about that. Monosso may just cash in his chips and call it a career.

GM: He will not! James Monosso has sworn to defend that World Title until he's defeated. Once he's lost it, he will walk away from the AWA... from the entire sport of professional wrestling. But until then, he will keep fighting until he can't any longer.

BW: Calisto will be happy to make that day sooner rather than later, daddy.

GM: I'm sure he'll try.

[Dufresne mounts the midbuckle, gesturing at his waist in the "I want the belt" gesture as the crowd jeers. He hops back down, slowly approaching Rust who has pushed up to a knee. The Ladykiller loops a leg over the back of Rust's head and neck, leaping up...

...and DRIVES Rust's face into the canvas!]

GM: Goodness!

[Nodding his head, the Ladykiller flips Rust to his back, applying a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Rust's shoulder comes off the mat, breaking the pin. Dufresne quickly takes the mount, grabbing a handful of hair and hammering away at the forehead of his former rival.]

GM: Those punches are dangerously close to the eye, Bucky.

BW: Maybe that's the intent. Maybe Calisto's gonna take Rust's eye just like he did to City Jack so long ago now. GM: On a night like this, you can't help but think about the rivalries that have defined the AWA until this point - Rhodes and Vasquez, Jack and Dufresne, Sharif and Supernova, Broussard and Scott, Vasquez and Scott, Houston and Broussard... so, so, SO many others.

[Climbing back to his feet and bringing Rust with him, Dufresne slams him headfirst into the neutral corner. He shouts at Rust, taunting him as he spins him around, facing out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Dufresne's laying in the words now as well as the blows and I'm not sure how smart of an idea that is.

[Rust winds up, throwing a right hand at Dufresne but the Ladykiller shakes it off, returning fire with a boot to the gut. He drags Rust out of the corner, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Dufresne's looking to finish it!

[Rust suddenly surges forward, charging Dufresne across the ring and slamming him spinefirst into the opposite neutral corner! Big cheer!]

GM: Rust felt it coming and the veteran knew he had to escape!

BW: Lucky for him `cause the Ladykiller was about to turn his lights out once and for all, daddy.

[Rust backs off, throwing rights and lefts at the midsection of Dufresne before switching to haymakers to the skull. Broussard slowly lopes across the ring, lazily starting a very slow count as Rust takes advantage of it, hammering away at the skull of his long-time enemy!]

GM: Rust is all over him! Just doing a tremendous amount of damage right now!

[Backing off again, Rust grabs an arm, whipping Dufresne to the opposite corner where he charges in after him, connecting with a big clothesline on the Ladykiller!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline in the corner!

[Rust suddenly takes the midbuckle, raising his right hand to a big roar from the crowd...]

"ONE!" "TWO!" "FOUR!" "FOUR!" "SIX!" "SEVEN!" "EIGHT!" "NINE!" "TEN!"

[Rust hops down from the middle rope, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: Another whip... ohh! Dufresne hits the buckles hard!

[The Ladykiller staggers out, ending up under the arm of Rust who scoops him, spinning around for a sidewalk slam...

...and DRIVES him down to the mat!]

GM: CAN CRUSHER!! HE HIT ALL OF THAT!!

[Rust applies the cover, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But a diving Rick Marley makes the save, smashing a forearm off the back of the head of Rust...

...which brings Clayton Shaw into the ring for the first time all night!]

GM: IN COMES STARS AND STRIPES!

[The crowd roars as Shaw brings Marley up, hammering away with right hands to the skull. Kenny Stanton comes barreling in as well but gets cut off by Stevie Scott!]

GM: We've got everyone in the ring now! A fight has broken out here in Dallas!

[Stanton and Scott are trading haymakers as Shaw backs Marley into the corner, working him over with heavy right hands! In the middle of it all, Tin Can Rust drags Calisto Dufresne off the mat, staring dead in the eyes and saying something as he winds up his right arm, swinging it around and around to the roar of the crowd...]

GM: He's winding up for that big haymaker!

[Stevie Scott throws Kenny Stanton into the corner, rushing in after him...

...and runs right into a pair of raised boots by Stanton, sending Scott stumbling backwards...]

GM: Ohh! Scott ran into the-

[...where he bumps into the winding up Rust, causing him to stumble, dropping to a knee.]

GM: Scott accidentally bumped into Tin Can Rust and-

[Rust suddenly gets to his feet, all pissed off as he spins around and shoves Stevie Scott. Scott backs off, raising his hands as he explains what just happened. Across the ring, Rick Marley has managed to backdrop Clayton Shaw over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: OHH! SHAW GOES DOWN HARD!!

BW: Who cares about that?! Look at Rust and Scott! They're gonna brawl! It's gonna be a replay of the first night here in the AWA!

[Scott is still trying to explain what happened when Kenny Stanton rushes out of the corner behind Scott, throwing a dropkick to the back that sends him into Rust again!]

GM: Ohh!

[Rust grabs two hands full of Stevie Scott's hair, pulling him up to his feet, staring him in the eye...

...and then wheels around, catching an attacking Dufresne with a big right hand!]

GM: Oh! He caught Dufresne coming in!

[Rust drops Dufresne with a second right hand before turning back towards Scott...

...and waves his hands in disgust at him, turning to walk away.]

GM: What the...?! Where's he going?! Where is Tin Can Rust going?!

[Rust steps through the ropes out to the apron as Scott hits a pair of right hands on Stanton before throwing him through the ropes to the floor. Scott angrily marches across the ring, grabbing Rust by the arm...]

GM: Scott's seen enough of-

"ОННННННННННН!"

[The crowd gasps as Rust blindly turns and CRACKS Scott in the temple with a big haymaker that sends him staggering backwards, spinning around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "ОННННННННННННННН!"

GM: HIGHLIGHT REEL! MARLEY HITS THE SUPERKICK!!

[Scott staggers backwards into a boot to the gut from Dufresne who quickly hooks the front facelock, elevating him horizontal off the canvas...

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

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM!

GM: Scott's out! He's out cold after-

BW: Clear the runway!

[Kenny Stanton quickly scales the ropes, waving for Dufresne and Marley to step aside...

...and leaps off, sailing through the air, and crashing down with a flying legdrop across the chest!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That's it, Gordo!

[Stanton rolls off to his feet...

...which is Calisto Dufresne's cue to rush forward, grabbing a handful of trunks to hurl Stanton over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Dufresne wheels around as Marley rushes him...

...and leans down, backdropping Marley over the top to the floor as well before lunging into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEE!

BW: Haha! I love it!

GM: What was that all about?!

BW: Are you blind? It was about Calisto Dufresne wanting to get the pin on Stevie Scott and not letting anyone else beat him to it! That's the sign of a winner! That's the sign of the uncrowned World Champion!

[Broussard shakes his head as grabs Dufresne by the wrist, raising his hand as the referee makes it official...]

PW: Your winners of the match... the team of Rick Marley, Kenny Stanton, and CAAAAAALIIIISTOOOO DUUUUFRESNNNNE!

[Dufresne looks down at Stevie Scott, holding up his hands in triumph before lowering them and gesturing at his waist.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne scores a victory with the aid of Kenny Stanton, Rick Marley, and in large part, to Tin Can Rust as well.

[The camera catches Rust walking down the ramp, an angry look still on his face as he marches back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Tin Can Rust assaulted Stevie Scott and then walked out on him, leaving him easy prey for a three-on-one attack that made a pinfall academic, Bucky.

BW: You can blame anyone you want but the fact is, the uncrowned World Champion is standing tall with his hand raised in victory on this big night for the AWA. The so-called "real" World Champion is nowhere to be seen but Calisto Dufresne is standing on top of the world. Tell me he ain't the World Champion, Gordo! Tell me!

GM: He most assuredly is not... but if Dufresne keeps finding a way to win, he COULD be in the very near future. Fans, we've got to take another quick break but we'll be right back with a special announcement from the President of the AWA so don't go away!

[Fade to black...

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about \_me\_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers. [A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here.

Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...

...and then back up to live action - a shot in the audience of Jason Dane standing next to a very familiar figure. We can't see his face because he's busy signing autographs. But the familiar leather jacket gives him away. Jason nods.]

JD: Welcome back, fans... right now, I'm here with none other than Chris Staley.

[Staley turns around to face Jason when he hears his name. He holds up a finger to the people waiting for him, indicating that this should only take about a minute.]

CS: Hey, JD, how's it going?

JD: Good, good. But I think the fans would rather hear about you and where you've been.

[Staley cracks a smile.]

CS: Yeah, I saw that some people wanted me to face Brian Von Braun. I guess that would be the "Where Are You" match, huh?

[Jason chuckles.]

JD: Yes. And that leads me to the big question. Where in the world have you been?

[Staley sighs.]

CS: Well, the last time you saw me was in the Steal The Spotlight match. And, unfortunately for me, that was the match where I got hurt.

[Jason raises his eyebrows.]

JD: Really, you were injured? That's one scoop I missed somehow.

CS: Yup. When I got eliminated from the match, I suffered some cracked ribs. I managed to keep it away from the media, which is why you didn't hear anything about it. I figured if I laid low, I'd be better off.

JD: And how are you feeling now?

CS: Great. I'm completely recovered. Haven't felt this good in ages.

JD: So I assume this means we'll be seeing you in action again soon?

CS: Yup. I've been told that I'll be making my return to the ring on the next Saturday Night Wrestling.

JD: And what about tonight?

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: Tonight, I'm just one of the fans. I knew when I heard the Anniversary show was coming that I had to be here. And, so far, I've enjoyed every minute of it.

JD: Okay. But I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't ask the big question.

[Now Staley raises an eyebrow.]

JD: Exactly who do you have your sights set on?

CS: Right now? I can think of a couple of guys. Nenshou, for one. He had a hand in my injury, and I'd love nothing more than to repay him in spades. Alphonse Green annoys the heck out of me. But most of all?

[Staley bristles.]

CS: I want Craven. I still haven't forgotten our little encounter from the EMWC days. He can ignore me all he wants, but I \_will\_ get my hands on him. He wants hardcore in the AWA? Not a chance. This is a place where people come to wrestle, not whack each other with whatever ungodly weapons you can find. That's the whole reason I left Japan. I won't give up until he's gone forever.

[Staley looks back at the fans waiting.]

CS: Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some people that have been waiting for me.

[Staley turns back to the crowd and starts signing again.]

JD: Okay, you heard it here first. Chris Staley is back and more than ready for action. Right now, we're going to go to some pre-recorded footage with the AWA President, Karl O'Connor to address the Mark Langseth situation. Let's take a look at that right now.

[Crossfade to President Karl O'Connor standing in front of a AWA logo.]

KOC: Good evening. It is with great sadness that I am not in Dallas tonight to help celebrate the Fifth Anniversary of the American Wrestling Alliance. I am proud to be a part of the AWA and overjoyed at this momentous occasion. I look forward to helping celebrate many more anniversaries in the years to come.

[O'Connor smiles, shuffling a stack of papers in front of him.]

KOC: My absence was necessary as I find myself in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania tonight ironing out some final details in the AWA's binding agreement to end the stalemate with Mark Langseth.

I can now say with certainty that this conflict is over... or at least, the end is in sight.

Much of this agreement is covered by some non-disclosure agreements but I can say the following:

Mark Langseth has been assessed AND has paid the biggest fines in AWA history for his actions since becoming an AWA employee.

For his partners in Royalty, he has paid further fines on their behalf.

[A pause.]

KOC: Mark Langseth has also agreed to fall under a zero tolerance policy in terms of his appearances with the AWA. One no-show will give the AWA the right to terminate him without prejudice.

He has also agreed to a one year probationary period where any violation of the AWA's rules and regulations could potentially earn him the same termination.

[O'Connor lifts a sheet of paper, turning it towards the camera.]

KOC: However, all of those clauses only become active IF Mr. Langseth becomes an active member of the AWA roster once more... and it is our intention to see that that does NOT happen.

Mr. Langseth and Royalty have been given an offer - a one-time-only offer that they have accepted.

We tire of this situation being played out in conference rooms, courthouses, and negotiating tactics. We want this situation settled where it should have been settled long ago... inside the wrestling ring.

[A grin.]

KOC: And at Memorial Day Mayhem, we hope to accomplish exactly that.

The AWA has made an offer...

WINNER... TAKES... ALL.

[O'Connor nods, gesturing to the paper.]

KOC: This contract, which Mr. Langseth signed earlier today, states that he can select anyone he wishes to battle on his behalf. It can be a singles match, a tag team match, a six man tag, whatever he chooses. He can select ANYONE who agrees to defend him.

Once Mr. Langseth has announced his choice of match, the AWA will also select a representative.

And at Memorial Day Mayhem, Mr. Langseth's champion will face the AWA's chosen champion in a trial by battle. If Mr. Langseth's champion is victorious, Mr. Langseth will be reinstated with the conditions mentioned earlier.

If he falls to win...

[O'Connor slams the contract down with a loud thud.]

KOC: Mr. Langseth's AWA contract will be immediately terminated and he will be BARRED from ever competing again within the American Wrestling Alliance.

We believe this is a fair and just way to settle this long-standing conflict and we look forward to a day when the name "Mark Langseth" does no longer hang over the AWA like a dark cloud.

Thank you for your time... and enjoy the rest of the show.

[We fade from the shot of O'Connor to a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

GM: Wow! What an announcement!

BW: I'm not sure what to make of that, Gordo.

GM: Langseth picks the rules... Langseth picks his champion, the AWA picks theirs... and we go to battle at Memorial Day Mayhem with Langseth's very AWA career on the line! That's huge and it makes what is going to be a big night on the deck of the USS Kensington in Corpus Christi even bigger!

BW: This doesn't seem fair to Mark Langseth... it doesn't seem fair to Royalty.

GM: I think it's perfectly fair! Langseth is being given the chance he's always wanted. He can come back to the AWA... IF he can beat whoever the AWA chooses to use to put him out once and for all.

BW: Man, that's a lot of pressure on both sides of the ball. You gotta figure Langseth will pick someone from Royalty for his champion. Maybe Cooper? The new World Tag Team Champions would be a good pick? It could be all of 'em in a six man tag!

GM: Or maybe he's got a ringer. Maybe Mark Langseth's got one of those old EMWC allies on speed dial - a quick call to Jeff Matthews... to Jake Shaw... to Devon Case or Caleb Temple or who knows who else.

BW: Why does it have to be an EMWC guy? There are a whole lot of talented guys out there in the wrestling world who'd take a pile of money to take this fight on. How long has it been since we've seen Ebola Zaire? Maybe Morgan Dane or Grant Stone?

GM: The sky's the limit for Mark Langseth who will spare no expense in getting back inside an AWA ring to cement his legacy in this sport.

BW: And who's gonna step up for the AWA for this Trial By Battle?

GM: The line will be out the President's door, I'm sure. This will be an exciting story to see develop in the weeks ahead. But speaking of exciting stories, we're on the verge of heading into our Main Event here as Terry Shane III, the leader of the so-called Shane Gang, is about to go into battle with his most hated rival, Hannibal Carver, in a Steel Chain Match. Let's take a look at some footage recorded earlier tonight when the Shane Gang arrived here at the building!

[We crossfade back to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Jason Dane is standing backstage.]

JD: I am standing by as the members of the Shane Gang have arrived in the building. All of the members. After serving their one month suspension from their blatant disobedience of the rules and stipulations during a six man tag match over two months ago, Harry Hyatt and Donnie White have been reinstated. At the Stampede Cup we saw the remaining members escorted from the arena after what can only be explained as a disgusting and despicable attack on Hannibal Carver.

[As Carver's name falls from the tongue of Jason Dane the doors to the hallway fly open. Out marches the cavalry, led by the outspoken and exuberant mannerisms of Donnie White. Beside him, with his arm around the Atomic Blonde's shoulder is Harry Hyatt. Behind them are the Ring Workers; Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong.

The camera then jump pans over to the gentlemen behind them, a familiar sight indeed. Terry Shane III stands ramrod straight, his hands at his side and his head lifted high. It's the first time we've seen the Ring Leader since the Shane Gang was booted from the Stampede Cup.

And he sure is standing tall.]

DW: Oh baby, it's good to be back, playas! Donnie White missed this smell...missed this feeling! Hell I even missed your chubby little cheeks there Jay-Dee! But what I missed most my main man...what the Atomic Blonde couldn't live without was seeing the Leader of the Pack humiliate ole Hannah-ball Mon-Carver!

[Dane tries to peer over Donnie White but is unsuccessful.]

JD: That's great, Donnie but --

DW: I mean the beating my people put on him at the Cup was unforgettable! Unfathomable! Undeniably the moment to be remembered!

JD: Mr. Shane.... excuse me, Donnie. Mr. Shane!

[Suddenly the feminine figure of Miss Sandra Hayes slithers through the men in front of her.]

MSH: Now isn't a good time, sweetie. Terry is --

[Finally, the Ring Leader presses through the Gang, standing front and center.]

TS3: Perfectly capable of speaking for himself.

[Jason stops a respectable distance from the Salience, definitely out of striking range; he's a bit tentative for a very good reason.]

JD: Mr. Shane, your Gang is back in it's entirety tonight for the first time in over --

TS3: [interrupting again]: That is NOT what you want to ask me about. Go on. Ask it.

JD: I -- I'm sure the fans want to know about --

TS3: [scoff] Pff. Please. You did not come here to talk to me about the return of Donnie White and Harry Hyatt.

[The Siren interjects herself.]

MSH: Not that we aren't excited to have them back!

[Shane shoots her a glare, she shrugs.]

TS3: Stop beating around the bush, Jason. You know you want to ask.

JD: [uncomfortable] Well, I'm not sure that...

TS3: Ask it, or go.

[Jason clears his throat.]

JD: But Karl O'Connor --

[Shane's voice raises suddenly to a feral shout, ringing off the pavement soundly.]

TS3: ASK ME! ASK ME JASON! Ask me how it felt to wrap the chains around that bastard's THROAT! Ask me how it felt to watch him squirm like a PIG being led to the slaughter! Ask me what was going through my mind when I watched his eyes go still as the night as I felt his life fading in my fingertips! Ask me, Jason! Ask me what happened when a dozen guards had to rip the chains from my hands as I violently strangled the beast! Ask me whose blood spilled down the aisle and over the ring and all throughout Oklahoma City that night! ASK ME!!

[Shane's breath is coming heavily, one hand pressed out to Jason Dane. He practically looms over Dane, who steps back slightly, eyes wide.]

JD: Mr. O'Connor thought you pushed the envelope and told me not to dis--

TS3: Do you think I gave a rat's tail about what the HELL Karl O'Conner told you?! You want to know, Jason? You want to know how good it felt to torture the madman? Did I enjoy it? Did I love it?! Would I do it all over again?!

JD: Alright, enough... what --

TS3: YOU ARE DAMN RIGHT I --

[It's the Siren who emphatically interrupts this time, one hand slightly idly around the Ring Leader's waist. Her words are smooth, practiced.]

MSH: I will, he will. Tonight. [pause] Jason Dane...everything Terry Shane III does to Hannibal Carver this evening will be within the written guidelines of their sanctioned match. Hannibal Carver begged the Committee for this opportunity and we have given it to him per his request.

[The Siren begins guiding the Ring Leader towards the door to the dressing room area, passing the likes of Lenny Strong, Aaron Anderson, Harry Hyatt, and Donnie White. The Salience's steps are slow and list to one side as she delicately begins pulling him towards her. Each member slaps him across the shoulders, further firing up the seething Ring Leader.]

MSH: Like I said, Jason. Tonight. You will get all the answers you are looking for.

[Cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is scheduled for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is a STEEL CHAIN MATCH!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: The two men will be connected at the wrist with this steel chain and the only way to win will be by pinfall or submission!

[Another cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[Static.

Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play.]

PW: Hailing from Independence, Missouri and accompanied by Miss Sandra Hayes... weighing in at 212 pounds, here is..

"THE SALIENCE" TERRY SHANE III!!!

[The crowd's jeers are thunderous as Miss Sandra Hayes strides into view, branding iron dangling over her shoulder. She gestures angrily at the booing fans with the metal weapon.]

GM: Well, it looks like Miss Hayes is coming out here for this... but thankfully there is no sign of the rest of the Shane Gang.

BW: Not yet at least.

GM: Good point.

[Hayes turns, pointing at the entrance portal with the branding iron as Terry Shane III, adorned in a glistening emerald robe, backpedals into the view of the crowd.]

GM: There he is, fans. One of the hottest rising stars in the entire AWA and a man who - in my opinion - is putting that rising career on the line in this one. He has pushed and he has pushed Hannibal Carver to the limits of what he can take before he snaps and becomes the man who used to use a can opener as a weapon inside the ring. Carver is no longer that man but you have to wonder if being hanged with a steel chain on national television changes your mind.

BW: I gotta hope Terry Shane is ready for this tonight. When we heard he'd signed for this match, many of us were very concerned. A steel chain match on a normal day is bad enough... but against a guy like Carver, you're putting your career at risk.

[Shane steps into the ring, kicking at the steel chain that rests on the mat. He shrugs out of his robe, handing it over to Sandra Hayes who tries to settle Shane down. He ignores her, pacing back and forth as the music fades out.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening riff to Clutch's "Milk Of Human Kindness" plays as the fans get to their feet.]

PW: Hailing from South Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 260 pounds...

## HANNIBAL CARVER!!

[The drums kick the song into high gear as Carver makes his way through the curtain, the fans roaring for the madman from Mass. ]

GM: Hannibal Carver, still sporting red welts on the neck from the damage that steel chain did to him the last time these two were in the squared circle together, looks like a man with a very clear goal here tonight.

BW: And that goal is to extract as much blood from Terry Shane's body as possible.

GM: This will not be one for the faint at heart. No wristlocks, no collar and elbow tieups, this is going to be a fight and it just might be a bloody one at that, fans. Parental discretion is certainly advised for this one.

[Carver strides down the aisle towards the ring, all business. He's clad in a Miller High Life sweatshirt, which he yanks off about halfway down the ramp, throwing it aside to reveal a black tank top with "DEATH" etched across the front in white tape. His hands are heavily taped as he slams one fist into the palm of the other hand. He pauses just before the ring ropes, staring in at Shane who orders Miss Hayes from the ring...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second! We gotta get the chain on them!

[Carver steps into the ring, instantly rushing towards Terry Shane!]

GM: No, no!

[Carver easily swats aside a blow from Terry Shane, hammering him with flying fists that bring the crowd to their feet! He grabs a handful of Shane's hair, spinning him to the buckles where he slams his forehead into the buckle!]

GM: Carver's all over him and the match hasn't even started yet!

[Carver spins Shane around in the corner, throwing a knife-edge chop with his right hand that pops off the chest...

...and then a right forearm that rattles Shane's jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[He repeats the striking pattern - chop, forearm, chop, forearm, chop, forearm as he batters Shane into the corner with the crowd absolutely roaring!]

## GM: WELCOME TO THE VIOLENCE PARTY, TERRY SHANE!

[A well-placed overhead elbow smash connects, knocking Shane off his feet and down to his rear in the corner. Carver stalks away, snatching the steel chain off the canvas. He walks back in, dropping to his knees and pressing the chain across the windpipe!]

GM: He's choking him! He's using that chain as an offensive weapon early on in this one!

BW: The match hasn't even started yet!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Carver who suddenly gets up, backing away to allow the official to kneel down, fastening the steel chain to Shane's wrist using a wriststrap. Halfway across the ring, Carver is securing the chain to his own wrist to the joy of the crowd.]

GM: The chain is on both men's wrists as it should be and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Carver yanks the slack of the chain into his hands, pulling Shane from the corner. Shane gets dragged to all fours where he's coughing violently, trying to recover from the choke...

...and another jerk of the chain rips an arm out from under him, causing him to fall to the mat and get dragged a couple feet closer to Carver.]

GM: Carver's using his strength to drag Shane around the ring with that steel chain... uh oh!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Carver starts wrapping the steel links around his right hand...]

GM: The South Boston native is wrapping up that hand, forming a fist made out of steel...

BW: Stay down, Terry! Stay down and get the heck out of there!

[Shane pushes up off the mat, wobbling towards Carver who winds up...]

BW: NO!

[...and DRILLS Terry Shane III between the eyes with the chain-wrapped fist, causing him to dead man fall back down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief, what a shot out of Carver!

[Carver stands tall, holding the steel fist high in the air to the cheers of the crowd as Miss Sandra Hayes shouts at the official from ringside.]

GM: She's yelling at the referee but that does her no good, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. He's only there to count a pinfall or check for a submission. He hooked the chains on 'em - his job is done for a little while.

[The referee turns to Hayes, explaining the same thing as Carver paces around the ring, waving for Shane to get up with his left hand. A dazed Terry Shane pushes up to all fours, breathing heavily as he climbs all the way to his feet...]

## BW: NOT AGAIN!

[...and gets BLASTED between the eyes with the steel links again! Shane collapses to the mat, rolling over to his stomach with his hands over his head as Carver looks down on him. We can hear Sandra Hayes begging Shane to get out of the ring as the fans are roaring for the treatment he's receiving at the hands of Carver.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is completely comfortable inside that ring with a weapon in his hand... or in this case, a weapon AROUND his hand!

BW: This isn't Terry Shane's game, Gordo. He's a third-generation superstar, a Maestro on the mat, a technical wizard... he ain't some bar room brawling moron!

GM: Then perhaps he should've thought twice before agreeing to this match with Hannibal Carver!

[Carver leans down, dragging Shane to a seated position in front of him.]

GM: Oh no.

[Carver nods to the cheering crowd and DRIVES the chain-wrapped fist into the forehead... and again... and again... and again... and again... until the crimson starts to flow!]

GM: He's busted Terry Shane III open, fans! We warned you that this might get bloody in a hurry and I believe that's exactly what is happening right here and now!

BW: He's gotta get out of there! Someone's gotta help him!

[Sandra Hayes shows tremendous guts, leaping up on the ring apron, waving her branding iron around. This draws Carver's attention as he allows the now-bloodied Shane to slump down to the canvas while he approaches Hayes, a bloody chain still wrapped around his fist.]

BW: He wouldn't DARE use that chain on Sandra, would he?!

GM: I wouldn't bet on that if I were her!

[Carver winds up the right hand, chuckling as she drops back down to the floor, waving her arms around in fear. He starts to turn back towards Shane when Shane grabs two hands full of steel links and YANKS hard...

...bringing the chain UP into the groin of Carver!]

"ОННННННННН!"

GM: My stars, the chain got somehow between the legs of the brawler and Shane made him pay for it!

BW: That might be all he needs, Gordo. Terry Shane needs a moment to recover and regroup and he may have just bought himself that moment.

GM: Or maybe Miss Sandra Hayes bought him that moment.

BW: Whatever.

[Carver is down on the mat, breathing heavily as he clutches his groin. Across the ring, Sandra Hayes has snaked herself under the bottom rope, giving the ringside fans a show as she shakes Terry Shane, shouting at him to get back up to his feet...] GM: Terry Shane's slowly starting to stir... oh my...

[The camera gets a nice clear view of the crimson mask starting to form on the face of Terry Shane. He adjusts the armbrace covering his forearm as he climbs to his feet...]

GM: Shane's back up... ohh! Big stomp on Carver... and another...

[Carver pushes up to his knees, burying a right hand (no longer wrapped in steel) into the gut of Shane who staggers back before throwing a big kick to the ear of Carver, knocking him back down.]

GM: Good grief! Kicked him RIGHT in the ear!

[A few stomps to the ear follows before Shane moves down to the lower body, lifting the legs of Carver...

...and STOMPING his groin!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: No DQ! Anything goes in this one!

GM: Terry Shane with a blatant violation of the rules by attacking the groin of Hannibal Carver a second time and Carver's in a lot of pain right now... really hurting down there on the mat.

[Shane falls back into the ropes, steadying himself as he wipes some of the blood from his eyes. He measures the downed Carver, taking a few step run before stomping the ear again...]

GM: Those blows to the ear may just look irritating but it's actually pretty good strategy on the part of Shane, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Hitting the ear like that can wreak all sorts of havoc with Carver's balance and ability to steady himself. If Shane wants to keep him down and punish him, that might give him the ability to do it.

[Shane leans down, pulling Carver off the mat by the arm with the chain attached to it. He grabs the chain himself, looping it around the throat of Carver.]

GM: We've seen this before!

[But Shane isn't strong enough to try to hang Carver again, simply planting a knee between the shoulderblades and pulling back on the slack of the chain, digging the metal links into the throat of his opponent!]

GM: He's strangling the air out of him with that chain! Just like he did to him at the Stampede Cup a few weeks ago!

[Carver struggles against the choke, trying to slip his fingers under the steel to create some breathing room. Shane slides his fingers further up the chain, getting more pressure on the choke...]

GM: Come on!

[Shane finally lets go, breathing heavily as Carver slumps down to the mat.]

GM: Shane would have kept that chokehold all night if he could have, Bucky, but the beating he took in the opening moments of this match has got him a bit winded.

BW: We've been watching these two go at it for about five minutes now and I'M exhausted already - I can only imagine what they feel like it in there.

[Shane takes the opportunity to slowly wind the metal chain around his right hand...]

GM: Uh oh... and we saw Carver do this earlier to great effect. You can bet that Shane's got similar ideas here.

[The third-generation competitor walks up to Carver's head, holding the chain-wrapped fist high...

...and DROPS down to his knees, burying the steel chain between the eyes of the South Boston Strangler!]

GM: OHH!

[Carver's hands shoot up to his head, covering up as he rolls to his stomach.]

GM: A hard shot by Terry Shane and just as Carver split his head open with that steel chain earlier - the same could've just happened to the man from Boston, Mass, Bucky.

BW: Shane should split his damn head open from ear to ear for what he pulled earlier!

GM: What he PULLED?! It's a steel chain match! Using the chain as a weapon is totally legal, Bucky! And you know that!

BW: We'll see if you feel the same way when you see some of the stuff that Terry Shane plans on using that chain for here tonight. Get him, kid! Bust him up!

[Shane drops down to the mat, rolling under the bottom rope. He reaches back in, dragging Carver by the arms so that his upper body is draped over the ring apron.]

GM: Shane's got Carver dangling over the edge of the apron...

[Standing at ringside, Shane methodically wraps the chain around his bracecovered forearm...

...and SLAMS it down on the back of Carver's neck!]

GM: Ohh!

[Shane shouts at Carver, hammering down with blow after blow to the back of the neck as the crowd jeers wildly.]

GM: Terry Shane is teeing off on Hannibal Carver's neck!

BW: Even in the midst of the brutality of a steel chain match, Terry Shane is thinking, Gordo. Don't forget - Shane's signature hold is that Neck Crank that he calls the No Escape. If he can use the chain to soften up Carver's neck and then hook in that hold, Carver ain't gonna have a choice but to give it up.

GM: I have a hard time imagining Hannibal Carver giving up under ANY circumstances, Bucky.

[Looping his hands behind Carver's neck, Shane pulls down, stretching and straining the neck as the crowd continues to jeer. Carver kicks his legs, trying to flail about and free himself...]

GM: Absolutely no rules in this one so this is completely legal, fans!

[Shane finally releases, sitting on the floor for a few moments to catch his breath as Carver rolls back inside the ring, grabbing at the back of his neck. Miss Sandra Hayes kneels down next to Shane, pointing wildly at the ring, whispering advice to her man.]

GM: Miss Hayes trying to give some encouragement to Terry Shane who is climbing back to his feet, rolling back inside the ring now.

[Shane climbs to his feet, looping the chain around his forearm again as he approaches a rising Carver who is up to a knee...

...and throws a right hand into Shane's abdomen!]

GM: Carver goes downstairs with the right hand!

[A second blow causes Shane to stagger backwards as Carver climbs up to his feet. Shane winds up, throwing the chain-wrapped arm at Carver who manages to avoid it, hooking a full nelson...]

GM: Full nelson applied!

[Carver powers Shane up into the air in the full nelson, sitting out and DRIVING Shane's tailbone into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! DORCHESTER DROP OUT OF CARVER!!

[Shane bounces a few times on the mat before rolling to his stomach, clutching his rear end as Carver climbs back to his feet, delivering a stomp to the butt that causes Shane roll to his back.]

GM: A big offensive move by Carver and that could easily turn things around for him right now in this brutal steel chain match. You have to wonder if Terry Shane Jr., the father of the Salience, is watching this match, Bucky.

BW: Terry Shane Jr. is one of the greats in the history of our sport. A former World Champion in his own right and a man who WAS professional wrestling in the state of Missouri for several years. I believe Junior makes his home in Amarillo, Texas now.

GM: Sure does. He runs a wrestling school down there with his old friend Oliver Strickland.

[With Terry Shane down on the mat in front of him, Carver gives a shout of "BOOT PARTY!" to the cheers of the crowd...

...and leaps up, stomping down on the ankle of Terry Shane. He leaps again, stomping the thigh. He works his way up the body - stomach, forearm, bicep, and then down the other side to the ankle...]

GM: He's stompin' his way towards victory, Bucky!

[...before finally leaping up and STOMPING the skull of Shane to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: That might do it! Carver makes the cover!

[The referee drops down...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the shoulder's up at two prompting Carver to grab the shoulder with his hand and SLAM it down into the mat.]

GM: Oof! Unorthodox offense by the South Boston Strangler but quite effective for sure!

[Climbing back to his feet, Carver lifts the heavy metal chain over his head...

...and THROWS it down on the face of Terry Shane!]

GM: Good grief!

[Carver leans down, piling up the chain so that the majority of it rests right on the face of Shane as he takes a couple steps back...]

BW: You gotta be kidding me!

[He swandives, simply falling over in a headbutt...

...and SLAMS his own skull into the metal chain, driving it into Shane's face!]

"ОННННННННННИ!"

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Carver instantly rolls off, clutching his skull in pain as he kicks and stomps his feet into the canvas.]

GM: Why? Why on Earth would you do such a thing?!

BW: Shane's in incredible pain off of it but so is Carver! Carver's always been willing to put his own body through Hell if it meant doing damage to his opponent and that's exactly what we saw right there!

[Carver rolls back towards Shane, throwing an arm over his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"ОННННННННННН!"

GM: SHOULDER UP FROM TERRY SHANE!!

[Out on the floor, Miss Hayes is freaking out, repeatedly slamming the branding iron into the steel ringpost, shouting at Shane as Carver staggers back to his feet, clutching at his own forehead which now has a trickle of blood coming from it.]

GM: That headbutt split his own head open, Bucky.

BW: I'm not surprised by that. There was a lot of impact there.

[Shane reaches up, shoving the chain off of his face, revealing bloody streaks that have come from his head and face and made their way onto his chest now, starting to smear on his white elbowpads.]

GM: Carver's hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on his feet... he's waving for Shane to get up... begging Terry Shane to get back to his feet again...

[Shane rolls to all fours, pushing himself up as a steady flow of blood drops off his forehead onto the mat below him, creating a small pool as Shane pushes up to his knees, looking up through blood-stung eyes at Carver who rushes forward...

...and THROWS himself into a devastating lariat, folding Shane back on his own legs!]

GM: GOOD GOD!!

BW: That might be it, Gordo!

[Carver again throws an arm across, pinning the shoulders down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"ОНННННННННННН!"

GM: THE SHOULDER'S UP AGAIN! INCREDIBLE!

[Carver pushes up to his knees, shaking his head at Shane's kickout. He shouts something off-mic at Shane before grabbing two hands full of hair, flipping Shane to his stomach...

...and SLAMS his bloodied face into the mat!]

GM: Facefirst into the canvas!

[He pulls Shane up, revealing a bloody smear on the mat before them...

...and SMASHES his face into the mat a second time!]

GM: Terry Shane's been barely able to kick out of the last two pin attempts... this might be enough to put him down for three. Carver's really doing a number on him here, fans!

[The South Boston Strangler pulls him up by the hair a third time, sticking a finger in his face, saying something to the man who tried to hang him at the Stampede Cup...

...and DRIVES his face into the canvas for a third time before flipping him to his back.]

GM: Another cover!

[The referee drops down again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"ОНННННННННННН!"

[The crowd deflates at the sight of Terry Shane lifting a shoulder off the mat yet again. Carver pushes to his knees, burying his head in his hands as he looks out at the official who holds up two fingers to confirm it.]

GM: Terry Shane III is showing tremendous resilience here tonight. I wasn't sure he had this kind of fight in him but he obviously does as he has repeatedly kicked out of pin attempts that most of us thought was the end. He's battled hard with blood pouring down his face from the outset of this one but he keeps on going. Just keeps on going...

[Carver climbs to his feet, looping the steel chain loosely around both of his arms and hands...

...and as Shane pushes to his knees, he suddenly gets yanked to his feet inside a full nelson!]

GM: FULL NELSON! CARVER HOOKS IT ON!

[And with the steel chain providing extra pressure, Carver really starts to cause a bloodied Terry Shane to scream out in pain. The South Boston Strangler gives another powerful lift, yanking Shane into the air for a moment as he starts swinging him back and forth!]

GM: Carver might be trying to get a submission out of Shane right here! He's swinging him back and forth, those steel links cutting into the arms, the neck, the back of the head!

[Shane is wailing in pain as Miss Sandra Hayes shouts at him, trying to get him to do something...]

GM: Hayes is gesturing with the branding iron - waving Shane towards her!

[Shane takes a few steps towards her direction but Carver yanks him back towards him, swinging him towards the turnbuckles...

...where the resourceful Shane leaps up, pushing off the buckles with his feet...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The push-off causes Carver to fall back, his shoulders getting pushed to the mat as Shane rolls over, still in the full nelson...]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Somehow, Carver is able to both release the full nelson and extricate himself from the rollup in time to avoid defeat. The crowd cheers for the near fall - a nervous buzz in the air about how close it was.]

GM: Incredibly close! An incredibly close nearfall there for Hannibal Carver!

BW: He almost got caught, Gordo! Terry Shane almost used his WRESTLING skills to defeat this lunatic in an absolute bloody war!

[Shane rolls to all fours, yanking some chain beneath him as a thankful Carver gets to his feet, looking incredibly grateful to have escaped a near disaster. He leans down, grabbing a handful of bloody hair to pull Shane up...

...who LASHES OUT with a chain-wrapped fist between the eyes, knocking Carver back into the turnbuckles from the impact!]

GM: Ohh! Shane caught him with the right hand!

[The stream of blood coming down Carver's face worsens as Shane moves in with the chain-wrapped fist, hammering the cut over and over!]

GM: Oh! OHH! That's enough for heaven's sake!

BW: It ain't enough until Carver's finished! Once and for all! FOR GOOD!

[Shane steps up to the midbuckle, waving at the crowd as he raises his right hand and SLAMS the steel links into the head of Carver once... twice... three times!]

GM: Enough is enough! Get off the man!

[The Salience looks out at the crowd, giving a shout of "COUNT, YOU IDIOTS!" which draws a bunch of boos before Shane lands three more blows.]

GM: A half dozen big shots with that chain to the skull and... finally, finally he drops down...

[Shane backs off, backing halfway across the ring (or as far as the length of chain will let him go)...

...and rushes back in, leaping up to deliver a clothesline in the corner as his legs go through the ropes!]

GM: BIG RUNNING CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!! And Carver might be out on his feet after that!

[Shane slips back through the ropes, landing a pair of chain-wrapped fists to the midsection before leaning down, hoisting Carver up off the mat to sit him on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Uh oh... I don't know what Terry Shane III has in mind here but I don't think it can be good news for Hannibal Carver.

[The third-generation grappler steps up to the middle rope, securing a front facelock while looping Carver's limp arm over his neck...]

GM: A superplex perhaps on the way here and if he hits it, I'm not sure Hannibal Carver is getting up from it!

[But Carver has other ideas...]

GM: Carver's fighting back! Two right hands to the ribs!

[Shane winds up with his right hand but Carver blocks it with his left...

...and then leans forward, sinking his teeth into the bloody forehead of Shane!]

GM: HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING THE MAN!!

[Shane screams out in pain before Carver lets off, grinning a bloody smile as he shoves Shane back down to the mat. Carver stands on the middle rope, slowly looping the steel chain over his right hand, holding it high over his head...

...and leaps off, DRIVING the fist into the skull!]

GM: FISTDROP OFF THE SECOND ROPE!! GOOD GOD!

[Carver settles into a North-South position, attempting a sloppy cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"ОННННННННННН!"

GM: MY GOD!

BW: He kicked out, Gordo! The son of a gun kicked out! Come on, Gordo - you gotta be impressed, daddy! You GOTTA be impressed after that!

GM: It was very impressive to be sure. I can't believe he kicked out of that steel chain fistdrop off the middle rope! This one should be over in my estimation but both of these men are giving it everything they've got and then some here tonight in Dallas on the Fifth Anniversary Show!

BW: Remember, this match has a time limit of TV time remaining and we're gettin' damn close to that, Gordo!

GM: We certainly are. Can we get word from the timekeeper and see where we're at? I gotta think we're getting close to the time limit as we MUST be off the air on time on this night in Dallas!

[Carver climbs to his feet, shaking his head in disbelief just before spitting a bloody wad of saliva down on the canvas. He looks out at the cheering crowd...

...and then raises his right arm into the air to even louder cheers!]

GM: He's calling for the Mind Eraser!

[Carver grabs the chain, again looping it over and over around his right arm...]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's going for the Mind Eraser WITH the chain?! He'll knock him into the middle of next year!

GM: Fans, we're getting word that we're DESPERATELY short on time here. If we-

[Carver leans down, slapping the canvas with both hands and giving a shout as he waits for Terry Shane to get to his feet. A battled and bloodied Shane pushes up to his knees as Carver stalks around, positioning himself behind Shane...]

BW: No, no! Miss Hayes, do something! Do something!

[On cue, Miss Hayes climbs up on the elevated entrance ramp, waving her arms and the branding iron frantically.]

GM: What is she... oh, damn it!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as the group known as the Shane Gang comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

BW: SHANE GANG! SHANE GANG!

[Aaron Anderson is the first one in...

...and gets DROPPED with a steel chain-wrapped forearm between the eyes! Big cheer!]

GM: Carver dispatches of Anderson!

[Harry Hyatt is next, rushing hard...

...but Carver sidesteps, throwing Hyatt over the ropes to the floor! Another big cheer!]

GM: HYATT'S OUT TOO!

[Donnie White quickly scales the ropes as Lenny Strong steps into the ring, ducking a forearm shot...

...and rushes the corner, giving White a big shove that sends him sailing off the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHH! CARVER SENDS WHITE TO THE FLOOR!

[With Carver's back to him, Strong goes into a full spin...]

BW: ELBOW!

[...but Carver strikes first, throwing a short right forearm to the jaw, catching him with solid steel and knocking him flat!]

GM: CARVER TAKES DOWN STRONG AS WELL!

BW: Carver's battling the entire Shane Gang himself! We're running low on time, Gordo!

GM: We certainly are! We're almost-

[Miss Hayes approaches the ropes, shouting at Carver who turns to face her...

...and she wings the branding iron into the air, sending it over Carver's outstretched hands!]

GM: NO!

[And into the waiting hands of Terry Shane III who winds up and BLASTS Carver between the eyes with it!]

GM: OHHH!

[Shane quickly wraps the steel chain around his right arm, gesturing for Aaron Anderson and Harry Hyatt's aid. Hyatt moves in quick, whipping Carver into the ropes...

...and together, Hyatt and Anderson somehow muscle Carver up into the air. He plummets downwards...]

"ОНННННННННННН!"

GM: EUROPEAN UPPERCUT WITH THE CHAIN!!

[The blow knocks Carver silly, leaving him out flat on his back on the canvas. For good measure, Shane grabs the branding iron...

...and SLAMS it between the eyes a second time!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Shane angrily throws the branding iron aside, applying a cover as Harry Hyatt throws the protesting official down to the mat, ordering him to make a count.]

GM: Not like this, damn it!

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Damn them! Damn these Shane Gang guys!

[The crowd is all over the Shane Gang as Harry Hyatt and Aaron Anderson help Terry Shane to his feet, raising his hands in victory as Miss Sandra Hayes joins them in the ring, gesturing with her re-claimed branding iron at the winner.] GM: Terry Shane III has won this brutal, bloody Steel Chain Match here tonight at the Anniversary Show and... well, these fans are NOT happy about it, Bucky.

BW: Who cares?! The Shane Gang is standin' tall and Carver's left a bloodied and broken wreck! Let the good times roll, daddy!

GM: We're out of time! We've gotta go! Thank you all so much for helping us celebrate our Fifth Anniversary! Good night everybody!

[A bloodied Terry Shane stands with his arms raised, his celebrating allies all around him...

...as we fade to black.]