

MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM

USS Lexington
Corpus Christi, Texas
May 27th, 2013

[We fade up from black to a shot of the American flag flapping in the breeze atop the USS Lexington. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Francis Marion Crawford once said... 'They fell, but o'er their glorious grave floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.'

On this Memorial Day, we proudly send our thoughts and our prayers to the memories of those who have died for their country and to the loved ones they left behind."

[A silent moment, still holding on the flag before fading back to black...

...and then back up to a vignetted slow-motion shot of AWA Rumbles gone by as a voiceover begins over some dramatic classical music.]

"It is a yearly tradition."

[We see Marcus Broussard and Ron Houston battling it out from the inaugural Rumble back in 2008.]

"Thirty of the greatest superstars in the world coming together for the grandest of all prizes."

[A shot of the AWA World Title is super-imposed over the Rumble footage where we spot "Hotshot" Stevie Scott uncorking a Heatseeker superkick onto Ron Houston who had Adam Rogers draped over his shoulders in preparation for a Fade To Black, a kick that sends both Houston and Rogers to the floor to give the Hotshot his Rumble victory.]

"Thirty men who will battle seemingly insurmountable odds..."

[Raphael Rhodes delivers a headbutt to an off-balance Juan Vasquez, knocking the Latino superstar off the apron to the floor to earn his victory in 2010.]

"...go to unthinkable lengths..."

[Supernova drops down, pulling the top rope with him as Kolya Sudakov's Russian Sickle finds nothing but air as he goes sailing over the ropes and down to the floor, giving the face-painted warrior a surprising victory in 2011.]

"...fight with incredible heart..."

[Another shot of Supernova, this one from the 2012 Rumble as he attempts to become the first two-time winner of the match, going for a Heat Wave splash on Supreme Wright out on the apron up against the steel ringpost...

...but Wright avoids it, causing Supernova to slam into the steel before slumping down to the floor eliminated to give Wright a shocking upset victory.]

"...and survive unimaginable tests of stamina, skill, and strength to become simply one thing..."

[The shot fades to reveal the five Rumble winners in AWA history.]

"Unforgettable."

[We fade to black...

...and as we come back up, we see Percy Childes in front of a very dark blue backdrop. on this backdrop, a hazy, dim line crosses two-thirds of the way down: a reddish-purple miasma like the last flare of the sun on the horizon after sunset. Above this, in the upper-right hand corner of the screen, a red "UNHOLY ALLIANCE" logo can be seen.

Percy is wearing a scarlet dress jacket, white shirt, black tie, and black pants. The bald, goateed, slightly rotund manager begins to speak in a menacing tone.]

PC: Tonight, on this legendary ship of war, the new era goes into full gear.

And how fitting? The USS Lexington was once a great, fearsome battle carrier. Built for World War Two. Took its name from a Lexington that had also served as an aircraft carrier, but sunk in battle. Eleven battle stars. Presidential Unit Citation. Refitted multiple times over the years to serve multiple purposes. But today? It is decommissioned, a relic of what once was. A floating museum.

The promoters tell you that here, Memorial Day Mayhem is being held aboard a mighty aircraft carrier. But it is not. That is what the Lexington USED to be. Today, it's a museum. We're battling aboard a museum.

Isn't this the perfect place for you, Luke Kinsey?

Is this not your perfect environment, Juan Vasquez?

Don't you belong here, Stevie Scott?

Yes, the legendary trio is together at last. Kinsey and Vasquez have had a long history. Vasquez and Scott have had a long history. Kinsey and Scott may have once exchanged angry caps-lock filled text messages at three AM. But all of them are finished. Oh, don't get me wrong. They're formidable foes. Legends are usually legendary for a reason. One, because they were once at the top of their sport.

And two, because they've since been supplanted.

The Unholy Alliance's time is now. We will wait no longer. First, we will decommission these arrogant men, the same way that the Lexington itself was decommissioned twenty-two years ago. We will put them to port... we will leave them as exhibits in this very museum. I do not claim that this will be easy. But I do claim that this will be.

Second, we will invade the Rumble. I have found the only man suitable to take Tully Braun's place, and I will lead him to the ring tonight. This man of my choosing, along with Nenshou, Rick Marley, and Johnny Detson, will form our assault upon the Rumble itself, and with victory there, our ticket to domination at last.

For now is our day. Today, we stand alongside three legends. But after tonight, we will no longer stand aside them... until we are ourselves supplanted some far future day. Then we'll join you at your home, Kinsey, Vasquez, and Scott. Then we will belong where you belong.

Here. In the museum.

[And with those words, Percy chuckles darkly. We fade up to live action as the sounds of "Stars And Stripes Forever" blasting over the PA system that the AWA brought in for this unique location. The first shot is of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in the middle of the red, white, and blue roped ring with a roaring crowd - made up largely of military service men and women - behind them.]

GM: WELCOME ONE AND ALL TO A YEARLY TRADITION HERE IN THE AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE - WELCOME TO MEMORIAL DAY MAAAAYHEM!

[The crowd ROARS for that! A series of red, white, and blue pyro bursts fire up from the edge of the warship's deck, firing off into the air. We quick-cut to an aerial shot of the action, showing off the pyro first and as it fades, we can see a very simple setup for the night's action. The ring is surrounded by its usual black padding and steel barricades. The fans around ringside have been set into steel chairs but immediately afterwards, we get very large temporary bleachers that have brought in for the event.

The entrance to the ring is a small aisleway that splits two sections of the crowd - no sign of the elevated platform on this night. We can also spy the timekeeper and announcer tables at ringside as well.

Several airplanes are on the deck of the ship - some very old, maybe World War I era and some modern looking fighter jets - all providing a backdrop on this unusual locale as we cut back to the in-ring shot as the crowd is still roaring for the pyro.]

GM: My name is Gordon Myers and by my side here tonight LIVE on WKIK is the so-called straw that stirs the drink here in the AWA, my friend, Bucky Wilde. Happy Memorial Day, Bucky!

[Gordon, dressed in his usual black suit, turns to address his colorful color man who is a Starburst original pack of color - orange sportscoat, deep red pants, eye-bursting yellow shirt, and a lime green tie. A brief "BUC-KY! BUC-KY! BUC-KY!" chant starts up from the AWA faithful as Wilde grins, egging them on with a wave of his arms.]

BW: It IS a Happy Memorial Day, Gordo! The annual Heat Wave tour begins here tonight and even though we're still in Texas for one more day, we've got the whole summer ahead of us to get out of these hole in the wall burgers filled with rednecks and girls I wouldn't lay a finger on even if I'd been drinkin' that still that Old Man Stench makes in his woodshed so that he can face each and every day with that ol' battle axe he calls a wife!

[Bucky cackles off-mic as the crowd's cheers turn to jeers.]

GM: You certainly have a way with people. But you're right, it IS the first night of our annual Heat Wave tour where we will be traveling across America to bring the fans the greatest professional wrestling action in the world! Tonight, we are LIVE here on WKIK in Corpus Christi, Texas...

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: LIVE on the deck of the USS Lexington...

[BIGGER CHEER!]

GM: And LIVE as we bring you the start of what may be the biggest summer yet for the AWA, Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Another big cheer!]

GM: Now, it's gonna be tough to top what we did last summer with the World Title Tournament but you know we're going to give it our all. And tonight, we're going to start this summer off with some of the biggest matches I've ever seen on paper in AWA history, Bucky.

BW: That's right - we've got so many matches that could Main Event an edition of Saturday Night Wrestling but here tonight, they're just another part of the show.

GM: Let's run down the lineup for those folks at home, Bucky.

BW: Well, we already talked about the Stenches but tonight, these Texas fans get to see the Stenches get their tails kicked - Beale Street Style!

GM: How about the Loser Leaves Town match with the Steal The Spotlight contract on the line which pits November against Skywalker Jones?

BW: It never rains in Corpus Christi, daddy, and I'm bettin' that's a bad sign for the moody cruiserweight!

GM: We've got that six man tag team war pitting Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, and Luke Kinsey taking on some trio of the Unholy Alliance!

BW: You know you're in for a STACKED show when that's one of the first matches we talk about. It's gonna be a fight - it's gonna be a war like you said and I can't wait to see it.

GM: Mark Langseth's very future here in the AWA is on the line in the Winner Takes All Trial By Battle. We found out earlier today that Sultan Azam Sharif WILL represent the AWA as he meets Royalty's own Dave Cooper with Langseth's AWA future at stake.

BW: Sharif wins, Langseth is banned from the AWA for life. But when Cooper wins, Royalty is back, daddy!

GM: In one of the most talked-about matches in quite some time, the AWA will UNIFY the tag team titles here tonight when the AWA National Tag Team Champions, The Bishop Boys, meet the AWA World Tag Team Champions, The Blonde Bombers in what should be an outstanding matchup!

BW: The war of words is drawin' to a close and tonight, it's time to let the fists fly! The Bishop Boys have been called arguably the greatest tag team in AWA history but tonight, the Blonde Bombers have a chance to write their own page in the history books!

GM: The AWA World Heavyweight Title will be up for grabs when James Monosso defends the gold against the Number One Contender, Calisto Dufresne, in a Falls Count Anywhere affair!

BW: They could go down to the mess! They could go into the cockpit of one of these jets! Heck, they could go into the water! This is gonna be something else and when it's all said and done, we WILL have a new World Champion here tonight, Gordo. Bank on it!

GM: We'll see about that - and of course, in tonight's Main Event, thirty men will walk that aisle and compete in the annual Rumble match. Thirty men enter, only one man can walk out with a guaranteed contract to face the World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: It's the reason we're all here... the reason all these people are here... the reason everyone's at home with their ribs and chicken and burgers and potato salad and-

GM: Easy there, Bucky. It IS the reason we're all here. It's the Rumble! It's Memorial Day Mayhem! And it starts right now!

[As Gordon punctuates his sentence by gesturing to the aisleway...

Burst of static.

Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of the 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. The familiar feminine silhouette appears first in the entrance way, hip cocked, hand placed on her skin tight leather pants. Miss Sandra Hayes raises her other hand which tightly grips the branding iron. A branding iron that begins to signal the arrival of the self proclaimed fastest rising tag team in AWA.]

PW: The following match is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... being accompanied by Miss Sandra Hayes... weighing in at a combined weight of 505 pounds. Here are Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong...

THE RIIIIIIIIING WORKERS!!!

GM: Anderson and Strong continue to stir the pot known as the AWA Tag Team Division. After an early exit of the Stampede Cup I can't help but to wonder just what state of mind these two are in.

BW: Kill mode, if you ask me.

GM: From what I heard, they asked for a match tonight. Heck, I heard they downright BEGGED for it.

[Wheeling out behind Miss Hayes is in fact Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. The two sport their signature green track jackets with white lining and matching ring tights. Anderson's head is shaved down to his scalp while Strong sports a raggedy slop of brown hair pinned back behind his ears. The trio march out to the ring, much to the dismay of the crowd, who shout obscene gestures towards the duo while a mix of whistles from some men in the front row beckon out towards the Siren.]

GM: I'll never understand the cheers for this diabolical woman. Miss Sandra Hayes might just be the most evil of them all. She has a laundry list of victims from her precious branding iron that she stole --

BW: She stole nothing! That man is gone. Finished. His career is over! Possession is nine-tenths of the law, Gordo!

[The Shane Gang members all reach the ring and Miss Sandra Hayes sets herself up on the middle rope, gesturing for her fearless warriors to follow. Anderson enters, as does Strong, and before Phil Watson can get ready himself for his next announcement Miss Sandra Hayes lifts a mic up to her pink lipstick brushed lips..]

MSH: Seriously?

[The crowd stirs, the boos ever increasing.]

MSH: The Hive? THIS is the best the AWA has to offer us? An opening contest against a team of nobodies too ashamed to show their faces? I understand the embarrassment, fellas. Winless, lonely sleepless nights, tossing and turning with only each other to keep you warm at night. I don't get it.

So Karl, if you're listening back there, do us and everyone watching a favor.

[She holds out her free hand, signaling for a hand out.]

MSH: After Aaron and Lenny wipe the floor with this bottom feeding scum of a tag team offering you have sent us, reach down into your pockets.... I know you can handle THAT...

And try to pull out enough [pause] cash to put some talent in the ring with these men...these athletes...these superstars... these fiiiine wrestling specimens! The Ring Workers deserve nothing but the best competition you can afford. So dig down reeeeeeal deep and wiggle your tiny little "crippling" nubby fingers around if you have too, Karl. Tell Bobby, Todd, and the rest of YOUR Gang to stand watch if you need it because we are about to deliver a CLEAR message to the rest of the tag teams here in the AWA and it's rather simple.

The Ring Workers are ready.

For anything.

For any --

[Suddenly a cartoonish voice blares out over the speakers, cutting Miss Sandra Hayes off.]

V/O: THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE BUT...

...BEES!

[Which is then replaced by a deep, super-serious voice.]

V/O: MY GOD. BEES.

[The crowd whips into a frenzy as the horrific sound of a swarm of bees drowns out the screaming voice of Miss Sandra Hayes who slams the mic down. It is soon followed by the At Vance hard rock version of "Flight of the Bumblebee", further whipping the crowd into excitement for the opening match of the evening.]

PW: And their opponents... From Parts Unknown...at a total combined weight of 388 pounds...they are Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee...

THE HIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE!

[A fired-up Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee, resplendent in various patterns of yellow and black coverings from head to toe, clinching their fists, spinning their arms, and shouting various buzzwords (like "BZZZ!", "BZZZ!", and "BZZZITY BZZZ!"), a frenetic duo of seemingly perpetual motion bouncing back and forth across the aisle while making their way to the ring.]

GM: We haven't seen the Hive in action since they, along with a handful of other teams, attempted to qualify for the Stampede Cup two weeks prior to the big tag team extravaganza in Oklahoma City where the men standing before them tonight stole one of the final slots for the tournament.

BW: Stole? They crippled the competition!

GM: That's hardly how I remember it. Nevertheless, the Hive have been itching to get back into action and rumor has it that the Ring Workers were originally penciled in to battle one of the latest foreign tag team signees that the AWA has acquired but after some Visa issues arose the Hive eagerly stepped in to substitute.

BW: Even though the Queen Bee had other contractual obligations for a photo shoot with Honey magazine in the UK. She's an international phenom!

GM: Seriously? You just made that up.

[Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee hop up onto the apron, playing to the crowd's cheers and just as they turn their backs...

...Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson dart across the ring and HAMMER them from behind!]

GM: Oh my! The Ring Workers aren't waiting for things to officially get underway! They just floored the Hive!

[Anderson and Strong each step through the ropes and hop down to the floor. Anderson firmly grabs Yellow Jacket and LAUNCHES him into the ringside barrier where he collapses upon impact. Strong pummels Bumble Bee repeatedly over the back, knocking him down to one knee. Strong steps back...

...then rushes forward and DRIVES his knee into the jaw of Bumble Bee dropping him to all fours upon impact!]

BW: Anderson and Strong are out to send a message, Gordo! I heard from multiple sources that they were furious about how their Stampede Cup match was officiated.

GM: What in the world was wrong with the refereeing in the match? Gaines and Martinez pinned them smack dab in the center of the ring!

BW: Only after a fan assaulted Terry Shane III and prohibited him from consulting his associates!

GM: That fan was Justin Gaines, Gunnar's son!

BW: So you're saying Calisto Dufresne's illegitimate children should be able to jump James Monosso tonight and cost him the World Title?

GM: I hardly said that.

[Lenny Strong grabs a hold of Bumble Bee and hip tosses him...

...folding him back first over the ringside barrier!]

GM: My stars! That's absolutely savage! That could've broken the man's back, Bucky - he's just hanging there over it!

[Anderson sees Bumble Bee draped over the railing and it triggers something inside of him, enough so that he immediately releases Yellow Jacket and charges towards the helpless Bumble Bee...

...SLICING him across the throat with a brutal axe kick!]

GM: Bumble Bee nearly got decapitated with that devastating kick! Ricky Longfellow is shouting at Anderson and Strong to bring the action into the ring! This match hasn't even officially started!

[Anderson and Strong continue to assault Bumble Bee, stomping on the downed Hive member as Yellow Jacket begins to stir about twelve feet away from them. The slightly larger Hive member utilizes the railing to pull himself up. As soon as he rises, he races forward, springing up onto the thin railing...balancing...lunging...shooting his legs out...

...and FIRES one leg into the backs of both Anderson and Strong!]

GM: DOUBLE FLYING DROP-KICK FROM THE RAILING BY YELLOW JACKET! I didn't know he had it in him!

[Anderson and Strong roll around on the floor, grabbing at the backs of their necks. Yellow Jacket briefly checks on Bumble Bee but elects to leave his partner, hopping up onto the ring apron, where he shakes his rear end and the small stinger attached to it just before he leaps back, flipping over...

...and SPLASHING his body across the Ring Workers!]

GM: Backflip crossbody from the apron! The crowd is loving it! Yellow Jacket is-

BW: Insane! What the heck is going on here?!

[It's now that Yellow Jacket peels Bumble Bee up off of the floor and he points down at both Strong and Anderson. Bumble Bee shows a welcome sign of emotion with a jumping high five to his partner. The masked duo shove their opponents back into the ring before Bumble Bee points up to the turnbuckles, and Yellow Jacket nods as each of them take off for separate corners.]

GM: The Hive looking to take things into the air once more! Apparently this break from in-ring action has allowed this team to regroup and relight a fire underneath their-

BW: It's a conspiracy!

[Yellow Jacket perches himself on the turnbuckle closest to the ring entrance... Bumble Bee perches himself on the adjacent turnbuckle. Both men slowly rise up, the crowd standing up with them as they cup their mouths, "BZZZ-ING!" out to the crowd.]

BW: Oh, this is just ridiculous.

[The crowd, caught up in the moment, "bzz's" along with them, just as Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee lift off, throwing their bodies up in the air, launching themselves towards Lenny Strong...towards Aaron Anderson...

...who are more than ready...

...as Lenny Strong EXPLODES into the air with a European Uppercut that sends Bumble Bee spinning around in the other direction where he crashes awkwardly back through the ropes and over the ring apron.]

GM: Anderson caught Yellow Jacket! He's trying to wiggle free!

[Anderson, sensing his opponent is trying to slip out, adjusts his grip, raking Yellow Jacket across his shoulders. He turns towards Lenny Strong who spins his finger around and as he does Anderson shoves Yellow Jacket up and over...

...right into the waiting arms of Aaron Anderson who POWERBOMBS him to the canvas!]

BW: DEMOLITION DRIVER! THEY NAILED IT!

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT IMPACT! Yellow Jacket looks like he has just been knocked out cold!

[Anderson crosses his arms in front of his neck, then slices them away from his body as he shouts, "It's over!" Lenny Strong begins to roll his elbow pad down but Anderson waves him off. He leans down, grabbing a practically limp Yellow Jacket off the mat, tugging his head between his legs in a standing headscissors...]

GM: Enough is enough! What more do they need to do to Yellow Jacket?!

[Strong scales the turnbuckles as Anderson lifts him up into a Canadian Backbreaker, powering him up into a crucifix powerbomb position as Strong steadies himself...]

GM: Strong is up on the turnbuckles! These guys don't fly often but when they do-

BW: Bad things happen!

[Strong, with one foot on the top buckle and one foot on the ropes, bends at the knees...then erupts up in the air...leaping...somersaulting...

...only to be SPEARED through the air by Bumble Bee who throws himself at their attacker to break up the doubleteam!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! BUMBLE BEE SPEARED LENNY STRONG MID-FLIP!

[Both men crash to the mat with Lenny Strong visibly taking the brute of the impact as Bumble Bee lands on top of him.]

GM: Bumble Bee may have just saved his partner from serious injur-

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd's reaction comes as a surprised Anderson swivels his hips towards the downed man and POWERBOMBS Yellow Jacket down towards Bumble Bee...

...who rolls aside, causing Yellow Jacket to be powerbombed right onto a prone Lenny Strong!]

BW: NO! GOD NO! What is happening?!

GM: Anderson just powerbombed Yellow Jacket on top of Lenny Strong! He just crushed his own partner!

[From the floor, Miss Hayes shouts at Ricky Longfellow, demanding he intervene and throw out the match. Longfellow shakes his head, allowing the action to continue.]

GM: The referee says the match will go on!

BW: He can't do that! The integrity of this match has obviously been compromised!

[Anderson, eyes wide from what he has just done, spins back towards Bumble Bee who has already leapt into the air, throwing his body into Anderson and sending both men tumbling over...

...only to have Anderson roll through, deadlifting Bumble up in his arms as he stands back up!]

BW: What pure strength by Anderson! That's my guy!

[Anderson firmly clutches onto Bumble Bee, his body perpendicular to his, and charges a few steps, looking for a front powerslam...

...but Bumble Bee wriggles free, tugging Anderson down and around into a twisting DDT!

GM: That's your guy, huh?

BW: Shut it, Gordo!

[Bumble Bee immediately pops up, scurrying to his feet as he rushes towards the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, springing up to the top rope...

...and leaps backwards, twisting around as he does!]

GM: BUMBLE BEE OFF THE TOP!

[The masked man CRASHES across the body of Anderson, knocking him down to the mat again as the crowd roars!]

GM: OH MY! Bumble Bee showing incredible athletic display! What has come over the Hive! They look like a million bucks out there!

BW: They are no Blonde Bombers, Gordo.

[Bumble Bee rolls off Anderson and darts over to Yellow Jacket. He grabs him by the arms and drags him up to his feet, helping him out to the ring apron as both Strong and Anderson roll out to the "safety" of the floor.]

GM: The Ring Workers are bailing out and the Hive has just put themselves in an excellent position to start off Memorial Day Mayhem. Ricky Longfellow has started a count.

[The Siren leaps back up onto the apron, loudly protesting to Ricky Longfellow who ignores her cries and continues to start his count. One. Two.]

BW: He can't be serious! He's counting them out?! This isn't right at all!

[Bumble Bee prances around the ring, wagging his stinger emphatically in the process. Yellow Jacket, still wobbly, merely latches onto the middle rope from one knee.]

GM: Memorial Day Mayhem is starting off with a giant upset! The Ring Workers, one of the fastest rising tag teams in all of the AWA, are seconds away from losing to the Hive in our show's opening contest!

[Bumble Bee, now standing up on the turnbuckle, throws his fingers into the air as Longfellow continues the count.]

CROWD: "FOUR! FIVE!"

[Suddenly, something...in fact, "someones", begin racing out from the entrance portal.]

GM: Oh my! What is this?! Or should I say -- WHO is this?!

[With duct taped being peeled off their arms by the one and only Queen Bee comes another pair of black and yellow masked superstars. "Yellow Jacket" and "Bumble Bee" sprint down the aisle and the Bumble Bee in the ring suddenly becomes the only voice heard counting out loud as he screams out "Six", only to be puzzled by the fact that not a single fan in attendance counts along with him.]

GM: He sees it! He sees them! We've got two sets of Hive members out here! What is going on?!

BW: I told you it was a conspiracy!

[Miss Sandra Hayes rushes to the aid of Strong and Anderson while the second Hive slides into the ring. The just arrived version "Yellow Jacket" and "Bumble Bee" get right in the faces of the other masked duo in front of them.]

GM: I hear a lot of yelling going! I can't quite make out what they are saying!

BW: I don't get what all the buzz is about.

GM: Give me a break.

[The heat of the argument magnifies as all four men begin frantically throwing arms in the air, yelling, screaming, poking one another in the chest. Meanwhile Lenny Strong and Anderson being crawling back into the ring, slipping in behind the second Hive. Lenny Strong readies himself, lowering his green elbow pad and exposing a hard black one. Anderson slaps his thigh, loosening up his lethal right leg...

...and the first Hive take notice, shoving the second Hive towards the Ring Workers!

GM: LOADED KO ELBOW BY STRONG! Anderson has Yellow Jacket!

[Anderson lifts Yellow Jacket into the air, one hand clutching his wrist, the other wrapped firmly around his neck...

...and then DRIVES him across the back of his head into the canvas!]

GM: BLOODY AXE MURDER!

[The first Hive hops out of the ring, backpedaling down the aisle. Miss Hayes shouts out at Longfellow who looks lost in the ring but as Anderson lays over the knocked out Yellow Jacket he slides down beside them.]

BW: YES! Count it! One! Two! Three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Justice is restored!

GM: Aaaaaugh! What just happened, Bucky?! Who is that?!

PW: The winners of this contest as a result of pinfall...The team of Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson...

THE RIIIIIIING WORKERS!

[Just as the words fall from Gordon's mouth the first Hive stand half way down the aisle, reaching up to their decorative masks, peeling them back...

...revealing multi-hued rainbow streaks of red, orange, yellow, green, and even indigo colored spiked hair as scattered cheers erupt throughout the arena!]

BW: THE RAVE!

[Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG stand in the aisle, pointing back at Anderson and Strong, hysterically laughing out in their direction. Anderson and Strong lean against the ropes, shouting back at the Rave members while Miss Sandra Hayes splits between the Ring Workers and tries to cool them down.]

GM: Apparently the Rave are tired of being left out of tag team title picture and they are taking matters into their own hands!

BW: They may have barked up the wrong tree through, look at the Ring Workers, they are ready to set this place on fire.

GM: I don't really question their motives, the Rave have been nipping at the elite tag teams for quite some time, Bucky, but I do question their execution as upsetting a team like Anderson and Strong who have an army like the Shane Gang behind them might just be more than the Rave bargained for.

[Crossfade to the announce table.]

GM: A wild opening contest to get us going here on Memorial Day Mayhem and with the tag team titles getting unified here tonight, we've been hearing all sorts of chatter about who the next team in line to face the winner will be. Of course, the Ring Workers may have just taken a large step towards putting their name into the mix but my money's on the team affectionately known as RyGunn - Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines - who very easily

could be in that match later tonight as the World Tag Team Champions themselves, Bucky.

BW: Coulda, woulda, shoulda. The fact is - they ain't! They may be the Number One Contenders, they may be gettin' the next shot. That all remains to be seen. There's a whole lot of good teams out there linin' up for their shot as we just saw.

GM: Teams like the Ring Workers, the Aces, Violence Unlimited, the Lynches... you name 'em, they're here in the AWA lining up to get their chance to face the unified World Tag Team Champions - whoever they may be after tonight. In fact, I'm told that we've caught up with one of the aforementioned teams to get their thoughts on that big tag team showdown later tonight!

[Cut to the backstage area, where Jason Dane stands, flanked on one side by the legendary Gunnar Gaines, and on the other by young Ryan Martinez. Both men are in their street clothes. Ryan in a blue t-shirt and black pants, and Gaines in dark blue jeans and a black polo shirt, untucked. Standing behind Gunnar is his son, Justin, in the usual track suit and T-shirt.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Gentlemen, we've just seen the Ring Workers in action. A team that you two men are certainly familiar with.

RM: You mean a team that made the mistake of getting in our faces, and then paid the price?

[Gunnar shakes his head, laughing.]

GG: I just want to know why _they're_ called the Ring Workers when _we're_ the ones that worked _them_ over. But we're on to bigger and better things.

JD: Well, and speaking of teams that you're familiar with, later on tonight, we'll see a Unification Match between The Bishop Boys and the team that defeated you in the finals of the Stampede Cup. I'm referring, of course, to the Blonde Bombers. Both of you have made it clear that you want the winners of the match. Judging from your performance in the Cup, I'd say you two have earned that shot. But I think everyone wants to know - which team do you want to face? The long time champions, or do you want a chance at redemption against the men who took the Cup from you?

RM: Personally...

[Ryan's expression grows sharper.]

RM: I just want a fight.

Bishops, Bombers. They're both great teams. They both have gold. When we beat the Bombers, we'll have made the point that they're not better than us. When we beat the Bishops, we'll have proven that there's no team better than Gaines and Martinez.

They're two different teams. With two different skill sets. But, one thing remains constant. This man here, is still Gunnar Gaines. A living legend. And I'm still Ryan Martinez. I'm still someone who loves getting in the ring, and taking it anyone who stands in front of me.

Bishops, Bombers. Two different teams. But they still have to fight us. And we're the same fierce competitors we've always been.

JD: Very well. Mr. Gaines. As a veteran, do you have any thoughts on the differences between the two teams?

GG: Well, the Bishops are more straight up, whereas the Blonde Bombers are more sneaky. They like to bend the rules, and maybe even break them. Look, Jason, we don't care about breaking rules — we just break necks. And, we bust brains. Right before the Grizzly Splash lands on your broken carcass to complete the Splashbuster, thereby making things fully academic. So, it doesn't much matter if it's the Bombers or the Bishops we get down the line. We get satisfaction. That's what we get and that's what we WILL get no matter which one of them it is. Bottom line.

JD: Now, this brings me to my final question. Surely, you two gentlemen came for more than just the chance to watch. Tonight is, of course, the Rumble. Mr. Gaines, you're a legendary singles competitor. And Ryan, you earned your way into the AWA by taking it to Mark Langseth. Should we expect either, or both of you in the Rumble tonight?

[Both men pause a moment, looking at each other.]

RM: Listen Jason. Of course every man would love a shot at the World Title. But for me? The World Title shot I want the most is the World Tag Team Titles.

JD: And you, Mr. Gaines.

GG: Well, you know, I've had World Titles. I was the main dog in Portland, Los Angeles and Toronto. And, I defended all over the world and was voted the top wrestler in the entire world by the fans. But it was always a singles belt that I was holding, never a tag title. That's a goal I've never accomplished. Not even when I was tagging with...

[It occurs to him he probably shouldn't mention THAT name — Caleb Temple — in front of Ryan.]

GG: Well, I won't go there, just suffice it to say I never won a tag title anywhere, no matter who my partner might have been. So if you're asking if I want a shot at the World Title here in the AWA, I have to admit, I wouldn't turn down the match. But like I told Ryan, the World Title I really want is the World Tag Team Titles, and much like Ryan, that's my focus here in the AWA.

JD: So that's a no, you won't be in the Rumble?

GG: Jason, I told Ryan the same thing he told me. And WE just told YOU it's the tag belts we're focused on. Do I need to call up Captain Obvious to explain things to you? Your big take-away from this backstage interview is simply this - tonight someone's going to unify the tag belts. And soon after that, we're going to take them away and hold them a good, long time. You pair THIS legendary toughness and determination [pats himself on the chest] with THAT kind of young talent [slaps Ryan on the chest]... that's what's going to happen.

JD: Will it, Ryan?

RM: Count on it.

JD: Alright, gentlemen... you heard 'em, fans! We're heading to our first commercial break of the night but don't you dare go away 'cause coming up next, the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies will collide!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and

with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action to a makeshift interview area set up somewhere on the USS Lexington consisting of an AWA Memorial Day Mayhem backdrop hanging on the wall. Louis Matsui stands in front of it. Well, we assume that's what he is standing in front of, since immediately behind the paunchy, bespectacled Asian are the immense forms of the masked MAMMOTH Maximus, who has on a black singlet with a silver M across the front and the scowling Japanese giant, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed in a black singlet.]

LM: [Holding out his right thumb and index finger in front of him.] This close... The Corporation came this close to bringing the World Title home with us last month. And if it weren't for Dufresne laying his hands on me, Monosso might not have been able to hit that Concussionizer and knocked Maximus out of the ring for a cheap countout victory.

But that's all the complaining you're going to hear from me, because, instead of focusing on what should have, or might have, been, I've got my eyes on what WILL BE! And that's one of these guys standing tall as the winner of the Rumble! Then it wouldn't matter whether Monosso or Dufresne walks out with the title tonight. In fact, all that matters is who is champion WHEN we decide to cash in the title shot that either one of these men WILL be winning TONIGHT!

[We crossfade away from Matsui to Glenn Hudson who is already decked out in his wrestling gear. Rolling his shoulders to loosen up - he appears ready to go - the Australian veteran flashes an enthused smile.]

GH: Almost a year ago to this day, I was dusting myself off [sure enough, he does the action], preparing to step back into the squared circle for the first time in nine years. Could I still hang with the competition after all this time? The greatest field of contenders assembled all wanting, all needing to become the first AWA World Champion... And while I had my eye on the big prize, like everyone else, something else happened that led me along a different path.

[A shrug of acceptance rather than regret.]

GH: First round, one-on-one with "Red Hot" Rex Summers - then the Longhorn Heritage Champ. No one really knew what was heading in poor Remy's direction, least of all Rex himself. It was a great day. From that red

hot Summer, all the way through to punishing Winter, in some way or another I fought to uphold the legacy of South Laredo and Texas Wrestling.

[He shakes a clenched fist, then his head.]

GH: In the end, the "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant didn't have it in himself to blacken that legacy, that history. Regardless of what he did, what he tried to do, Longhorn Heritage lives on. And in the course of events, we also learned Dave Bryant didn't have it in himself to beat me. Not cleanly, not like a man worthy of respect.

[Another shake of the head.]

GH: Dave, you've pinned me twice, you've busted me open more times than I can recall, but it's YOUR blood that's in the water... They ask, "When are you going to face Glenn Hudson again?" Every time your eyes dart back and forth, every time that vein in your forehead pops, they know YOU know the shark still has your taste and you're still in a whole lot of trouble.

[Hudson performs a short but comical doggy paddle, casting a terrified glance over his shoulder before resuming with a chuckle.]

GH: So what can we expect out of Dave Bryant on Memorial Day? Anyone who eliminates him from this Rumble is awarded with a shot at his World Television Title? So there's two or three guys you've scouted in this match you think you can beat? So we're gonna see you casually bump into them, go sailing over the top and out onto the floor? Someone to stand in MY way of MY shot?! Hah! I wouldn't wish that fate on anyone.

[A moment's consideration.]

GH: If it's going to be anyone, at least let it be Alphonse. Alphonse Green; a card short of a full deck, the JOKER of the Battle Royals! Coming from me, that's something extra special. So, if I don't chuck you out myself, Dave... If I don't seal that deal tonight so you have NO way out...

[Hudson clasps his palms together imploringly.]

GH: ... Please let it be Alphonse.

[Fade away from the grinning Hudson back to an aerial shot of the ring and the roaring crowd surrounding it.]

GM: Special thanks to WKIK's local affiliate down here in Corpus Christi, WORR for use of their traffic chopper to provide some aerial shots of the USS Lexington. The Rumble's participants are all back in the locker room area, getting ready to do battle later tonight, fans, but we've got a long ways to go before then. Coming up next, we've got the next chapter in the ongoing rivalry between the Lynch Brothers and the Beale Street Bullies!

BW: Those no-good, lowlife Stenches intentionally injured Dick Wyatt! They broke his arm on purpose!

GM: That remains to be proven. Injuries happen inside the ring and I didn't see any malicious actions by the Lynch Brothers. Nevertheless, that injury led directly to this challenge - the Bullies said the Lynches could pick both participants in this match... and up until now, we have no idea who will be competing. That's about to change, fans. Let's go find out who'll be taking part in this grudge match!

[Crossfade to Phil Watson.]

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

[Watson pauses, lowering the mic to let the suspense build for a few moments before "Tom Sawyer" by Rush hits the speakers to a HUGE reaction!]

PW: Coming to the ring, he hails from Dallas, Texas... standing six foot three inches and weighing in tonight at 260 pounds...

TRAAAAVIS LYNNNNNNCH!

[Our camera cuts to the makeshift entrance curtain that pulls back to reveal the youngest of the Lynch brothers and as it does so, the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out "Tom Sawyer" by Rush.]

GM: It's Travis! It's gonna be Travis!

BW: The runt of the litter.

GM: You look at his physique and tell me he's the runt of the litter, Bucky.

[The youngster is, as always, dressed in his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them, his two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white. He comes to the ring in a slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders.]

GM: The youngest son of the legendary Lynch wrestling family, Travis Lynch, has apparently decided that he will represent his brothers and himself in this singles match.

[As he nears the ring, a few lovely ladies are able to lean over the barricade and kiss him a few times on the cheeks before being escorted back to their seats. Travis smiles as the ladies are brought back to their seats and he slides under the bottom rope where he takes the microphone from the ring announcer and smiles for brief second as he nods his thanks.]

TL: A Bully versus Travis Lynch!

[The crowd cheers.]

TL: I'm sure you're all asking yourselves how did Travis become the lucky member of the Lynches... well, I drew the short straw in the back about five minutes ago.

[Travis flashes his pearly whites.]

TL: And honestly I definitely won the draw. Don't worry I'm not going to drag this out, ladies and gentlemen, even though I know how much Bucky loves the Lynches.

[Travis chuckles.]

TL: Memorial Day Mayhem is going to be myself versus Robert Donovan!

[The crowd roars their approval.]

TL: That's right, big Rob... I'm calling you out! This all started with you when you decided to turn your back on Jack and the entire Lynch family! So tonight I'm going to take you to the woodshed, boy!

[Travis hands the mic back to the ring announcer.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Metallica's version of "Turn The Page" kicks in to big jeers from the Corpus Christi crowd.]

PW: Heading down the aisle, he hails from Pensacola, Florida... standing seven foot two and weighing in at 332 pounds... he represents the Beale Street Bullies...

ROOOOOOBERRRT DONNNNNNOVAAAAN!

[With the proverbial canary-eating grin, the big man of the Bullies strides into view with a swagger. He's wearing a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "BULLIES" scrawled across his abdomen, and heavy black boots.]

GM: There he is, Bucky. Formerly one of the most popular men in the entire AWA - now this man stands among the most hated.

BW: Couldn't tell ya why.

GM: I certainly can! Robert Donovan betrayed Jack Lynch - betrayed the entire Lynch family back at SuperClash IV, Bucky. The Lynches are some of the most popular men in the entire business and you're surprised these fans boo Robert Donovan after that.

BW: These people - and the Stenches - are just jealous! They're jealous of the Beale Street Bullies - a REAL family! A family steeped in tradition, in

history. The Bullies is a name synonymous with wrestling in the South, Gordo, you know that.

GM: Of course I do. Robert Donovan's father, "Tough" Tony. Dick Wyatt's grandfather, Gerry "Hangman" Wyatt. And of course, George Rogers was the father of Adam Rogers. Those three men were - and still are - notorious in the South for their time in Mid South Wrestling as the Beale Street Bullies and now their families are following in their footsteps.

BW: You're damn right. Ten times the legacy of these stinkin' Stench boys and their old man!

GM: That's highly debatable if you ask me.

[Donovan pauses halfway up the aisle, flashing a smirk at Lynch as he adjusts the heavy brace on his left elbow. He makes his way down the rest of the aisle, walking up the ringsteps, pausing on the apron...

...and Travis Lynch makes a charge towards him!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!!

[A big haymaker finds its mark on the jaw of Donovan, bringing the cheering crowd to their feet as Lynch cocks and fires another right hand... and another right hand... and another right hand!]

GM: Lynch is hammering away at the seven footer! He's all over him!

[Lynch goes into a full spin, throwing a discus punch that bounces off the skull of Donovan, knocking the big man down to the thinly-padded floor!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch sends him down hard!

[Donovan rolls to a knee, grabbing at his jaw as he glares up in the ring where Lynch slams both arms into the top rope, waving for Donovan to get back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Lynch wants him back in there but Donovan's having none of it!

BW: 'Cause he got knocked loopy by a clenched fist - an ILLEGAL clenched fist, I might add!

GM: Two matches in a row start off with an attack before the bell and if this is any sign to come of how things will go down here tonight in Corpus Christi, it's gonna be a wild, wild night, fans!

[Pushing up to his feet, Donovan rubs at his jaw...

...and the crowd erupts into jeers as Adam Rogers comes jogging down the aisle towards the ringside area. He immediately loops an arm over his "brother's" shoulders, pointing up angrily at the ring where Davis Warren waves his arms.]

GM: Adam Rogers is out here now... and that can only make this situation worse, fans.

BW: He's out here to even the sides since the referee is surely in Ol' Man Lynch's pocket!

GM: Bucky!

[Rogers walks Donovan around the ring for a bit, gesturing at the squared circle. The seven footer nods, stepping up on the apron before climbing back inside the ring. Lynch is fired up, pacing around the ring angrily...

...and the two men lunge into a collar and elbow tieup, Donovan easily powering the smaller man back into the ropes...]

GM: Donovan pushes him back... ohh! Big knee to the gut!

[Grabbing an arm, Donovan goes to whip him across...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Lynch!

[Lynch winds up, throwing a right hand that Donovan somehow ducks under on the rebound, wheeling around...]

GM: Oh! Big jab by Donovan... and another... and another!

[Donovan has Lynch reeling under the firepower of his punches as he winds up for a big haymaker...

...but the muscular Lynch raises an arm to block it!]

GM: Lynch blocks the big right hand...

[He grabs a handful of Donovan's hair, returning fire to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Lynch fires back with one of his own! And another! And a third!

[Battering Donovan back against the ropes, Lynch keeps hold of the hair as he throws fist after fist after fist with the crowd roaring, climbing to their feet...]

GM: HE'S GOIN' TO TOWN ON DONOVAN!

[A HUUUUUGE haymaker connects, causing Donovan to stumble off the ropes, throwing a wild punch at the air as he staggers forward...]

GM: Donovan's out on his feet!

[Rogers slams his hands down on the mat, shouting at his partner-in-crime as Lynch grabs a hold of Donovan around the head and neck, using a snapmare to take him over...]

GM: Lynch puts him down... ohh! A big leaping kneedrop down on Donovan!

[The crowd cheers as the Texan gets back to his feet, pacing around the downed seven footer who begins to struggle to get back to his feet...]

BW: It's gonna take more than a kneedrop to put the big man down for a three count, Gordo.

GM: You appear to be right about that as he gets back to his feet...

[Lynch pursues as Donovan staggers towards the corner...

...but suddenly swings around, smashing a fist to the jaw of Lynch that knocks him flat!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot out of Donovan!

[Donovan barrels out of the corner, catching a rising Lynch with a knee to the torso. He grabs two hands full of hair, slamming his head down into a headbutt to the back of the skull!]

GM: Lynch down to all fours off the headbutt... ohh! Soccer kick to the ribs!

[Having flipped Lynch to his back, Donovan races to the ropes, bouncing back off...]

GM: KNEEDROP!

[...and Lynch rolls clear, causing Donovan to SLAM his knee down into the canvas on a missed kneedrop! The big man flops over onto his stomach, reaching down to grab his leg.]

GM: He missed the kneedrop! He went for the exact same thing that Lynch did to him a few moments ago but he comes up empty on the big leaping kneedrop!

BW: If he'd hit it, he might've put the kid through the mat, Gordo! That's three hundred plus pounds comin' down on ya!

[Lynch tries to seize the moment, rolling over to pin Donovan's leg to the mat with his own knee and then hammers down fists onto the knee!]

GM: He's hammering away on that leg that Donovan hit on the mat!

BW: I gotta admit - that's pretty smart of him.

GM: Wow. Bucky Wilde with something nice to say about a member of the Lynch family.

BW: I call it like it is, Gordo. If one of the stupid Stenches pulls off somethin' worth praising, I ain't afraid to give him a little praise for it. It ain't gonna happen often so don't get your shorts all straightened out over it.

[Lynch slides up the torso, straddling the waist to rain down fists on the skull of Donovan!]

GM: Those big right hands climb right up the ladder to the skull of the seven footer - and listen to Adam Rogers out there shouting at him to get out of there, get out from under Lynch!

[Lynch attempts a lateral press, only earning a one count before Donovan muscles out.]

BW: Like I said, it's gonna take a lot more than that to put Donovan down for three.

[Donovan crawls away towards the ropes as Lynch gets back to his feet, pointing a threatening finger at Adam Rogers who got a little too close during the pin attempt.]

GM: Donovan's back on his feet... wait a second!

[Rogers pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at the referee whose attention immediately goes to the former World Champion...

...which allows Donovan to rake his fingers across the eyes of a distracted Travis Lynch!]

GM: Oh! Donovan goes to the eyes and-

[Using the momentary blindness, Donovan grabs a handful of hair and CHUCKS Travis Lynch over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor in a heap!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Haha! Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant!

GM: Brilliant?! It was blatant cheating out of the Bullies!

BW: Brilliant cheating though, wasn't it? Rogers with the distraction and Donovan serves up the beatdown! Lynch is down on the floor and that could've busted up his wing just like the Lynches did to Dick Wyatt!

[Donovan stalks away from the ropes, grinning as he waves for Warren to start the ten count. Adam Rogers drops down, reaching through the ropes to trade a high five with his partner-in-crime...

...and suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers as Jack and James Lynch stride out into view!]

GM: Uh oh! We've got trouble, fans! The Lynches are comin' to town and they don't look too happy about what they're seeing out here!

BW: They ain't got no business bein' out here! Kick 'em out, ref!

GM: Hey, if Adam Rogers can be out here, so can they!

[The elder Lynch brothers quickly help their younger brother to his feet, moving him back towards the ring apron where, despite referee Davis Warren's protests, they help him into the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch is back in at the count of six... ready to continue the fight with his brothers in his corner...

[Donovan moves in, throwing a pair of boots to the gut of the rising Lynch. He backs him into the corner...]

GM: Donovan backs him in... the ref calls for a break...

[The seven footer winds up, throwing the right hand that Lynch blocks again before uncorking a series of right hands, backing Donovan up to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Donovan's in trouble and-

[The big man takes a wild swing that Lynch easily ducks, leaning down to grab the back of his leg and yanking it out from under him!]

GM: OHHH! LYNCH TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[Grabbing the ankle, Lynch drops a big knee down across the sore leg that he went after earlier...]

GM: Lynch is going right back after that leg!

[Lying on the leg, Lynch cranks up on the foot, wrenching the knee he's pinned down to the mat.]

GM: It's a bit unusual to see Travis Lynch utilizing a gameplan like this but against a seven footer, it's very much a good idea. Take that wheel out from under the big man and you take away a lot of his size and strength advantage.

[Donovan grabs a handful of hair, pulling Lynch's head back as he raises his right arm, preparing to slam his elbow down into the head and neck of Lynch...]

...who suddenly cranks up on the ankle again, putting more pressure on the limb!]

GM: Donovan thought he was about out of it but Lynch turns on the heat and gets him right back down in that leglock.

[Holding the ankle with one hand, Lynch hammers the hurting knee with the other, causing Donovan to cry out in pain.]

GM: The brothers Lynch are cheering on Travis, rallying these fans behind him here in Corpus Christi! The majority of this crowd is made up of the fighting men and women of the US Armed Forces and we're damn proud to have 'em here with us here on Memorial Day, fans!

[Donovan grabs a handful of hair again, pulling Lynch's head back...

...and SLAMS his fist into the side of Lynch's jaw, breaking the hold!]

GM: Oh! That'll get him out of the hold!

[The seven footer gets up, showing a little bit of hobble in his steps as he stumbles towards the rising Lynch, grabbing two hands full of hair...

...and SLAMS his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Donovan puts him headfirst into the corner!

[Draping Lynch's throat over the top rope, Donovan pushes down on the back of the neck, choking the Texan violently as the crowd jeers.]

GM: He's choking him! The referee's right there, trying to get him to break it up.

BW: Warren's counting him...

[The big man breaks the choke at the count of four, stalking Lynch as he staggers across the ring to the opposite ropes, coughing violently as Donovan grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Donovan lashes out, throwing a big boot to the jaw of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Big boot connects!

[Lynch's head snaps back as he falls to the mat, rolling around in pain as Donovan stands over him. Outside the ring, we see Adam Rogers clapping his hands in celebration, shouting some words of encouragement to his man.]

GM: The Bullies are in control of this one after that big boot and you can see some concern on the faces of Jack and James Lynch, fans.

[The seven footer looks out at Jack Lynch, taunting him a bit.]

BW: Hehe... Donovan ain't got enough to deal with with Travis, he wants a piece of Jack too!

GM: Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan... that's where this all started, Bucky.

BW: If Donovan gets his way, that's where it's gonna end too.

[Donovan approaches the ropes, sitting on the middle rope and waving for Jack Lynch to get in the ring. The crowd jeers the seven footer as Lynch makes a move towards the ropes only to be stopped by James.]

GM: Donovan's trying to taunt the Lynches into getting their baby brother disqualified!

BW: Prove it! He wants a piece of Jack Lynch - plain and simple!

[A smirking Donovan climbs off the ropes, walking back to the middle of the ring where Travis Lynch is up to a knee, trying to get back to his feet as Donovan rears back his right hand...

...and HAMMERS it down between the eyes of Lynch, knocking him back down!]

GM: Good grief! What a right hand!

[Donovan waves for Travis to get back up, shaking his head as Lynch tiredly raises a hand, swatting at Donovan as the big man steps behind him, dragging him up to his knees...]

GM: Lynch is on his knees...

[With a handful of hair to pull Lynch's head back, Donovan raises his long right arm...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the eyesocket!]

GM: Ohh! Goodness!

[Lynch collapses facefirst down to the mat as Donovan looks out at Jack and James, gesturing down at his feet where Travis is laid out.]

GM: So much has changed in a year, fans. A year ago, Robert Donovan was out here battling against Royalty with these fans on their feet supporting him but now they're all over him for what he's doing to the Lynches.

BW: Oh, boo friggin' hoo. Those poor Stenches are finally gettin' what they've had comin' to him for years and the fans are all sad about it. I hope Donovan put this kid in a hospital bed here tonight!

GM: Bucky!

[Donovan leans down, dragging Lynch off the mat again by the hair, and scores with a headbutt that sends Lynch falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Ohh! He rocked him with that!

[The big man grabs Lynch by the arm in the corner, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whip is reversed!

[Donovan hits the corner hard, staggering out...

...as Travis does a full spin, uncorking another discus punch that sends Donovan sailing backwards, falling through the ropes to the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot!

[Rogers races around the corner, trying to get Donovan back up to his feet as Lynch approaches, leaning over the ropes to shout at Rogers.]

GM: Lynch is dragging Donovan off the mat...

[Lynch grabs a front facelock, slinging Donovan's arm over the back of his neck...]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me.

GM: He's gonna suplex the big man in! He's gonna bring him in the hard way!

BW: There's no way! No way he's gonna get him up!

[Suddenly, Adam Rogers reaches into the ring, grabbing Lynch by the ankle!]

GM: ROGERS GRABS THE LEG! HE'S PREVENTING THE-

[The crowd ROARS as James Lynch rushes around the ringpost, rearing back with a right hand...

...and HOOKING the Iron Claw!]

GM: CLAW!! JAMES HAS THE CLAW ON ROGERS!!

[Rogers immediately lets go of Travis' leg, grabbing at James' wrist to try and free himself from the Claw.]

GM: Rogers and James are tangled up on the floor!

[Donovan suddenly breaks away, grabbing Travis by the throat!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Jack Lynch reaches up, throwing a right hand to the ribcage of Donovan, breaking up the chokeslam attempt...]

GM: Travis breaks away...

[Travis throws a dropkick, catching Donovan on the chest, staggering him. Lynch gets back to his feet...]

GM: Donovan's stunned and Travis grabs him... NO!

[Travis rushes down the length of the ropes and SLAMS Donovan's skull into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH!

[Donovan suddenly staggers backwards, clutching at his forehead as Lynch steps up to the middle rope, waving an arm to the cheers of the crowd...]

...and then leaps off the middle rope, extending his arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!!

[But Donovan drops to a knee, causing Lynch to slam chest first into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He missed!

[Donovan steps over the ropes, leaning down to hook a gutwrench...]

GM: The big man's got him hooked!

[The seven footer lifts him off the mat, dangling him off the mat...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got him-

[Donovan lifts Lynch up into the air, gutwrenching him over...]

...when suddenly Travis HOOKS the Iron Claw in mid-lift!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!

[Lynch grabs the wrist he's using to apply the Iron Claw with his other hand, forcing Donovan down to a knee as the crowd climbs to their feet!]

GM: Lynch has got the Claw applied! He's got it sunk in deep!

[Donovan struggles against it, grabbing Lynch's hand and wrist, trying to force the grip off of his skull!]

GM: He's fighting it! Donovan's trying to find a way out of this and-

[Suddenly, Adam Rogers leaps up on the apron at ringside, drawing the referee's attention...

...but just for a split second as both Lynches are instantly on the scene, giving a powerful yank to both legs, pulling Rogers down so that his jaw BOUNCES off the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH! ROGERS GOT DROPPED BY THE LYNCHES!!

[The official wheels around, watching as Travis continues to put the pressure on, trying to drive Donovan down to the mat...

...when the seven footer suddenly swings his right arm up into the groin of the Texan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE REFEREE!

[Which means that Davis Warren is swinging around to signal the timekeeper right about now.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: A blatant low blow right in front of the official, Davis Warren, and that means a disqualification!

[Donovan promptly rolls out to the floor, joining Adam Rogers who helps him stagger away from the ringside area as James and Jack Lynch tend to their younger brother.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the match as a result of a disqualification... TRAVIS LYNNNNCH!

[The youngest Lynch gingerly sits up on the mat as the referee raises his hand in victory. Jack and James Lynch applaud their brother while keeping their gaze locked on the entryway where Rogers and Donovan are making their escape.]

GM: Donovan goes low to escape the Iron Claw and I think if you can take anything away from this one, Bucky, it's just how dangerous that clawhold is and how desperate men are to avoid it.

BW: Like I said earlier, I'll give 'em credit where it's due and the Lynch family Iron Claw is one of the most feared holds in the entire history of pro wrestling, Gordo.

GM: The seven footer went low on him and that cost him the match... but, of course, I expect that's nowhere near the end of this war between the Lynches and the Bullies.

BW: You got that right, Gordo. Too much bad blood between those six men for it to be over that quickly.

GM: Speaking of bad blood, our next match is the direct result of bad blood that has been brewing between these two men since last fall, Bucky.

BW: It started off so simple - like it usually does. It was Skywalker Jones using one of November's moves in a match... and then November returning the favor in one of his own. And that was all it took.

GM: Along the way, we saw November shock the world by winning Steal The Spotlight back at SuperClash IV, injuring Jones in the process. But it was back at the Stampede Cup in March where things really took a drastic turn when Jones and his partner, Hercules Hammonds, laid a savage beating on LION Tetsuo - a legendary cruiserweight competitor from Japan that was one of November's heroes in the business. They put such a beating on Tetsuo, he STILL hasn't return to action and some doubt he ever will.

BW: That one pushed November over the edge too. He attacked Jones on Night 2 savagely with a steel chair... which brings us here to this. November says he can't bear to be in a promotion with Jones any longer and he's willing to put everything on the line to get him out of here.

GM: And he does mean EVERYTHING, fans, as November not only put the Steal The Spotlight contract on the line but he also put his very AWA career down as well. This match is LOSER LEAVES TOWN! The loser of this one is gone from the AWA for good. The stakes have never been higher for these two men, fans. And right now, let's go backstage to November just moments before the biggest match he's had in years.

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where November is standing alone. He's dressed for action, already in his ring gear as he sits on the floor, leaning with his back against the wall.]

N: I have to admit that when I came back to the United States last summer for the AWA World Title Tournament, I did NOT picture this particular piece of my career going this direction.

You see, I made myself a promise when I decided to accept Todd Michaelson's offer to come to the AWA for the tournament. A promise that said I was going to stick to my guns this time - I was going to stay focused on success inside the ring. Victories, titles, glory... that kind of thing.

[November lifts a finger.]

N: What I WASN'T going to do was get myself tangled up into some blood feud that would derail everything.

[A soft throaty chuckle that sounds like he really doesn't find this amusing.]

N: But here we are. Skywalker Jones has been the bane of my existence for months now - my arch-enemy, my rival, the Lex Luthor to my Man of Steel if you're into that sort of thing.

A lot of it I could've forgiven, Jones... maybe even should've forgiven.

So what? You used one of my moves in a match and called me out in the process. Imitation's the sincerest form of flattery, right?

And yeah, we went to war in Steal The Spotlight... but at the end, I was the one with my hand held high. I was the winner with a contract in my back pocket that said I could have any match I wanted at any time. It was a guaranteed shot at Dave Bryant... at James Monosso... anyone!

[The moody cruiserweight shakes his head.]

N: It was EXACTLY what I'd returned to America to do. I came back to do the thing that I was never able to do when I was here before - to be the best, to be a superstar, to be the guy on the front of the program. I saw big posters hanging on the walls of kids' rooms showing me doing Shooting Star Presses. I saw "Best Of November" DVDs being made. I saw people lining up at events to shake my hand, take my picture, and tell me how I had inspired them to get into the business.

But as I sit here on this floor watching the men who've already done that - guys like Juan Vasquez, like Stevie Scott, like Alex Martinez - walking through this backstage area, I realize the window in my career to accomplish those goals are slipping away.

[He slowly inches up the wall until he's standing, facing the camera.]

N: The window is being closed by YOU, Skywalker Jones... you and your little buddies Higgins and Hammonds. You're shutting the window because you stand the idea of someone being looked at as being in the same league with you athletically. You can't stand the idea that someone else might get slapped with the tag the Human Highlight Reel.

[The slightest of smiles crosses November's face.]

N: So, it comes down to this. Me and you. One more time. One way or the other, it ends right here tonight, Jones. And I've read the posts on the Internet, the message boards. They think I've got no chance. You're younger, you're faster, you've got more athleticism than I do at this point in my career... and heck, maybe you're just flat out better.

But in sports, there's a saying... "That's why they play the games."

[A nod.]

N: That's why we wrestle the matches, Jones. Because all the on-paper advantages in the world don't do you a lick of good when you're inside that squared circle. In there, you've got to live up to the hype. In there, you

have to feel the pressure bearing down on your head and live with the fact that with the slightest error, the smallest of miscalculations, the tiniest of slip-ups, and I'm going to be right there to take advantage of it.

Think about it, Jones. Think about it the first time you scale the ropes tonight. Think about it the first time you decide to dive from the ring to the floor. Think about it when you decide to be the Human Highlight Reel that you'd give everything to be.

Think about it long and hard.

[He smiles. A real smile this time.]

N: And think about what happens when you crash and burn, losing time as I climb up the ropes instead only for you to open your eyes, catching sight of me twisting and turning through the air a split second before I crash down on you. Your eyes close again, your body betraying you as you try to lift a shoulder to save yourself - your very career - but there's nothing there. No movement, no strength, no energy. Your eyes fly open, seeing the arena lights bearing down on you. You blink, trying to clear your vision as you hear a noise slapping down next to your ear - once, twice, thrice.

And then a bell... that wonderful, marvelous bell.

Then... and only then... will you know it's over, Jones. You've lost. You've lost the match... you've lost everything in the world that meant anything to you.

[November shrugs his shoulders.]

N: And then you become me. You become the Internet darling that flies through the air with the greatest of ease. The guy with a chip on his shoulder that none of the other promoters are quite sure they want to bother with. You'll stay in the States a few years, drifting from small-town promotion to smaller-town promotion, working in the Boys And Girls Clubs and the Jewish Community Centers and Elks Lodges. Then someday, you'll get to go to Japan. You'll like it there... maybe even love it there. You'll make decent money, you'll be a national treasure.

But you won't... be... here.

[He points at the AWA logo on the wall.]

N: It'll burn you up inside. It'll torture you. You won't be able to watch AWA television. You'll cringe at the conversations when people ask, "Hey, didn't you get your start in the AWA?" You'll hear stories of what's going on in the States and you'll change the subject.

It'll hurt. A lot.

But someday, maybe... you'll get your own Todd Michaelson, a man who has believed in you from Day One, who supported you, who was your friend

when no one else wanted to be... he'll show up and offer you a chance of a lifetime.

A chance you'd be a fool to refuse.

A chance to be what you always wanted to be.

[November nods, clapping his hands together before running them over his face and through his growing hair.]

N: The man.

This is one of those nights that changes men's lives. Not just us, Jones. Monosso, the Bishops, the Bombers, Cooper, Langseth, Sharif, everyone involved with the Rumble. One of those nights that might earn its own page in the history books.

One way or the other, Jones, we're going to have our own paragraph on that page.

But what's it gonna say?

[Another shrug.]

N: It's about time to find out, don'tcha think?

[The camera slowly fades out on the shot of the so-called moody cruiserweight 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 back up to a shot labeled "Earlier Today". We see a man facing away from the camera, who appears to be looking at the USS Lexington floating in her spot in the Corpus Christi Bay. From his leather jacket, we can tell this is Chris Staley. Staley takes a deep breath of the fresh bay air and begins speaking.]

CS: There she is. The old warhorse herself. Fighter of many a battle, and later tonight, a battleground once more. Only this time it's 30 men fighting it out for the right to get a shot at the World Title.

[Staley pauses.]

CS: Y'know, I took a tour of the ship yesterday and I learned that she has the nickname "The Blue Ghost". Seems that the Japanese referred to her as a "ghost" ship for her tendency to reappear after being reportedly sunk. Heh. That sounds kinda familiar, doesn't it?

[Staley turns around to face the camera, with the hint of a smile on his face.]

CS: My whole career, they write me off, I just keep coming back and pulling off the big shocks.

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: Hello, William. Hope you've taken the time to digest that, yes, it really happened. I came back with a vengeance and put that thought in your head that maybe, just maybe, you're the one who doesn't have what it takes anymore. You try really hard to spook everybody with your look, but all I see is a desperate older man, clinging to his past for as long as he can. Well?

[Staley rubs his chin.]

CS: I think maybe it's time to prove I'm right, by tossing your sorry butt right over the top one more time. And then? I can truly consider you out of my life.

[Staley gets a big smile out of that.]

CS: And speaking of people that are desperate...

[Staley waves at the camera.]

CS: ...hello, Alphonse. Nice to see you take my words to heart. But, man, name a good wrestler from New Jersey?

[Staley looks around in disbelief.]

CS: Hey, how about one of my idols? One of the men that inspired me to be a wrestler? Does the name Steve "The Fury" Kowalski ring a bell? It should. Now that man was a true bad... man.

[Staley cringes at just narrowly avoiding a word that's verboten.]

CS: Anyway, I've got to say that maybe "annoying" wasn't the right word for you. I'd say you're more like...a comedian.

[Staley laughs.]

CS: My face is annoying? Really? That's the best you've got? Ahhhh, you, you've got such a way with words.

[Staley still laughs.]

CS: Not impressed with me winning a Battle Royal without you in it? Well, I guess I'll just have to win one WITH you in it. I'll have to turn the Gang Green Flying Machine against it's creator.

[Staley stops laughing when he brings up the next entrant.]

CS: Nenshou. I hold you personally responsible for injuring me. Nothing would make me feel better than proving my kicks are more lethal. Nothing would make me feel better than to toss the "Pearl Of The Orient", and put him on the DL instead.

[Staley scratches his chin for a second, then snaps his fingers, as if he just got a jolt of inspiration.]

CS: Dave Bryant. The ol' "Doctor Of Love" himself. The old names from LA just keep coming. Boy, did you just put a target on your head. A shot at the TV title? If you think I'm passing up the opportunity to eliminate you and get my first shot at AWA gold, you're out of your mind.

[Staley looks thoughtful.]

CS: Hmm, a Rumble where I can get a TV title shot and a World title shot? I'm liking the odds.

[Staley gets a grim look on his face.]

CS: Man, so many guys I want to toss, so little time. I think us guys that fight the good fight, straight up, need to band together and take some of these guys down. Glenn, Supernova, Sweet Daddy, Sultan. I'm talking to guys like you. I know you'd each like to win this whole thing. Heck, why enter if you don't? But I'm pleading with each of you. Let's all help each other out and take down some of these guys that would cast a dark cloud over the AWA if they were to win. Then, afterwards, we can fight it out among each other and see who really is the best.

[Staley cracks his knuckles.]

CS: Tonight, I continue my streak of luck. Battle royals, much like fortune, favor the brave. And you're not gonna see a braver fighter than me. Maybe that Battle Royal from two shows ago didn't have quite the star power that this one has but I am really confident that this is my time. All those roadblocks I've faced in my career, the false starts, the "almost got 'ems", they're over. Now is my time to reign.

[Staley turns back to the Lexington.]

CS: You can keep trying to toss me, over and over again, but I just will not stay down. I will not accept defeat.

[A small chuckle escapes from his mouth.]

CS: Much like the Blue Ghost herself, I will not be sunk.

[Staley lightly taps the railing he's standing in front of and walks out of the shot. Cut back to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is a LOSER LEAVES TOWN MATCH!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: The winner of this match will also receive the STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT contract!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The sounds of Alice In Chains' "Rain When I Die" fills the air to a fairly large reaction from the AWA faithful.]

PW: He hails from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 210 pounds...

NOOOOOOOOOOOOVEMMMMMMBERRRRRRR!

[As the music continues, we get a blast of blue strobe lights coming from around the entryway. The rhythm builds and builds and builds as smoke joins the lighting effects.]

GM: If this is the last entrance in the AWA for the man known as November, the front office is sparing no expense on the lighting for him.

[After a few more moments, November appears through the entrance curtain, standing backwards in a crucifix as the fans' excitement raises audibly. He slowly turns to face the ring, a pretty healthy beard starting to develop on his formerly clean shaven babyface. He drops to a knee, bowing his head for a moment.]

BW: Make all the prayers you want, November. Ain't no one listenin' to the likes of you.

[November comes to his feat in a flourish, striding down the aisle towards the ring with a slow, methodical pace. He leans over the railing, slapping the hand of everyone he can find, savoring the moment... just in case.]

GM: November came back to the AWA to be a part of the World Title Tournament but when he failed to win the championship, he quickly

refocused his efforts upon deciding to stay here in the States. He won the annual Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash IV but has yet to cash in that contract.

BW: And after tonight, it won't be an option to do it 'cause that contract is gonna belong to Skywalker Jones and November will be on a flight back to Japan!

[November pauses, several feet away from the entryway. He's dressed in a pair of black, blue, and silver full length tights with black boots. He's also in a sleeveless t-shirt with a stylized wolf's head on the front. He nods to the cheering crowd before tugging off his shirt and tossing it into the seats.]

GM: November perhaps providing a final souvenir to the fans of the AWA with that t-shirt.

[Taking a few step dash, November dives headfirst under the ropes into the ring. He climbs to his feet, marching to the corner where he scales the midbuckle, raising an arm to a big reaction...]

GM: This could be it for November and he knows it, Bucky. He's taking it all in, absorbing every moment of this entrance because it just may be the final time he enters the ring here in the AWA.

[November settles back in the corner, arms on the top rope, head bowed as he gets focused for the battle to come. Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Watson pauses, grabbing at his earpiece and then looking around a bit surprised.]

GM: Fans, I'm guessing that Phil Watson is receiving the same news over his earpiece that we just got and that is the news that Skywalker Jones is NOT on the USS Lexington and his current whereabouts are unknown.

BW: Did he chicken out of this match? Say it ain't so, Jones!

GM: Well, that's certainly a strong possibility. Risking your career is-...WHAT is that!?

[Suddenly, the whump-whump sounds of a helicopter fast approaching the USS Lexington can be heard in the distance.]

GM: Can it actually be him? This is amazing!

BW: No freakin' way...

[The crowd roars, as the helicopter lands on the deck of the ship. Two members of the AWA ring crew are quickly there to roll out the red carpet for the man that then emerges from the helicopter, dressed to the nines in an all-white suit...]

Buford P. Higgins.]

GM: Oh my stars, what an entrance!

BW: Now THAT'S how you arrive in style, Gordo!

[Once the crowd sees Buford, those roars immediately turn to deafening boos!]

BPH: HAPPY MEMORIAL DAY, PLAYA'S! Have no fear, 'cause the stars of the show have arrived!

[As Buford steps off and onto the red carpet, he's then followed by the monstrous Hercules Hammonds. However, the crowd really becomes unhinged, as they see the man, who may very well be wrestling his final match in an AWA ring...

Skywalker Jones.

Jones is dressed in his usual full-length furcoat, worn over full-length, metallic silver tights. For a man who may very well be put out of the AWA in a few moments' time, Jones has a supremely confident look on his face and a BEYOND cocky strut in his step. One has to wonder if he's wearing those shades, because he's being blinded by just how big the grin on his face is.

Meanwhile, Buford continues to do his intros as the trio make their way down the red carpet and towards the ring.]

BPH: Making his way to the ring now, accompanied by the world's GREATEST ring announcer, Buford P. Higgins! and the strongest man in ALLLL the land, Hercules! Hercules! Hercules! Hammonds!....

[Buford takes a deep breath.]

BPH: He just came soaring down from the heavens and straight to your hearts! He comes into this match, weighing in at a flawless, physically perfect, universally praised...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He is a serial thrilla', a soon-to-be career KILLA'!

[Big time boos!]

BPH: Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce to you, the spotlight, the main attraction, and the center of YOUR universe...he hails...from HOT COFFEE, MISSISSIPPI!

[Buford stops right at the ring apron, as Hercules Hammonds leaps up to sit on the ropes and hold them open for...]

SKY. WALKER.

[Deep breath now!]

JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN
NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSS
SSS!!!!

[With the pomp and circumstance at an end, Jones slowly strides to the middle of the ring where he meets November. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps up to both men, giving some final instructions as they stare one another down...]

GM: You can feel the tension in the air between these two men, Bucky.

BW: They know what's at stake - no doubt about it. They know that, just like November said, the slightest error here could be the end of their AWA career and could curse them to a career of being a what-could-have-been forever.

GM: The Steal The Spotlight contract, of course, is a huge prize to have on the line. That ability to pick the match of your choice any time up to SuperClash V is so important. But it sort of takes a back seat here tonight, doesn't it?

BW: Of course it does. As important as the Steal The Spotlight contract is, it ain't a man's career. And that's what is at stake here tonight. November and Skywalker Jones putting their AWA careers on the line. For November, it's that last shot of glory in his career but for Jones, he's got his entire career ahead of him. If he loses here tonight, man oh man, that's gonna sting for a good, long while.

[Jones predictably starts running his mouth in November's direction, talking up a storm.]

GM: I'd say that I'd love to be a fly in that ring to hear what could possibly be being said right now but... well, with Jones trashtalking November, I probably don't want to hear it at all.

[Suddenly, November's heard enough, lashing out with an open hand across the face!]

GM: Ohh! He slapped him! Slapped the young pup right in the mouth!

[Stinging from the slap, Jones throws a backhand slap of his own that November ducks under, hooking Jones' slapping arm with one arm and then grabbing the free arm with the other, dragging him down to the mat in a backslide as the crowd roars and the referee signals for the bell!]

GM: BACKSLIDE! BACKSLIDE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Jones kicks out, his whole body shaking as he slips free from the pinning predicament.]

GM: Whoa! That was close!

BW: Too close, Gordo!

GM: Skywalker Jones just barely escaped a record-setting pinfall!

[Jones rolls to the side, taking a knee near the ropes as he looks shocked at what just nearly happened. A smirking November takes to his feet, holding his thumb and index finger just barely apart.]

GM: November's telling him it was that close, Bucky. That close to sending Skywalker Jones out of town.

BW: And what's interesting about what we just saw is that after what happened at the Stampede Cup, a lot of people thought November might be out of control here tonight. That he'd come out all hot under the collar and want to brawl with the kid... maybe punish him a bit. But November just showed us all that he's gonna be the wise ol' veteran here tonight. If he gets a chance to finish the match, he's gonna take it.

GM: He has to, Bucky... they both do. Skywalker Jones is going to need to push down his need for showboating for one night as well because of the stakes in this one. He can not afford to make a mistake trying to make a highlight reel.

[Jones gets back off the mat, glaring across the ring at November who is waving him back to the middle.]

GM: November's staying right in the center of the ring, trying not to get baited into anything.

[Jones nods, walking away from the ropes to the middle of the ring where he goes chest-to-chest with the so-called moody cruiserweight for a second time. The jawjacking continues as the crowd continues to buzz in anticipation...]

GM: Back we go to the middle of the ring, the two men trading words...

[Suddenly, Jones reaches out with both hands, shoving November back several steps. November smirks as he walks back in and returns the favor, shoving Jones backwards.]

GM: A little shoving match within the match going on.

[Jones lunges into a collar and elbow tieup, jostling for position with November, and suddenly breaks his own lockup, throwing a short forearm at the jaw.]

GM: Oh!

[Grabbing November by the arm, Jones fires him towards the turnbuckles where November deftly scales the buckles, backflipping out and over the

charging Jones who hits the corner chestfirst as November lands on his feet behind him...

...and immediately leaves his feet again, flipping forward into a koppou kick. His heel cracks into the sternum of the turning Jones, knocking him down to a seated position on the canvas where he promptly rolls out to the floor where Hercules Hammonds is there to greet him.]

GM: Jones has had enough for the moment after that powerful flipping kick in the corner... and these fans are letting him know exactly what they think about that tactic, Bucky.

BW: Who cares what these Corpus Christi cornpuffs think of the Human Highlight Reel? The important thing is that he got a window of time to get out of the ring and regroup with his boys. Herc's right there, his partner in the impressive SkyHerc duo, giving him a little moral support.

[All the while, November is pacing back and forth inside the ring, trying to be patient and not jump into a two-on-one situation. The referee's ten count reaches four before Jones even turns back to look at the ring.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is milking that ten count, trying to regroup and find a new strategy after that.

[Jones shouts something into the ring off-mic, whatever it is sending November into a bit of a fury as he ducks his head through the ropes, making a grab for Jones' hair...

...and getting cracked on the jaw with a leaping uppercut!]

BW: OHHH! STRAIGHT OUTTA STREET FIGHTER!

[A dazed November hangs over the middle rope as Jones pulls himself up onto the apron, measuring his man...

...and then steps up to the second rope, springing into the air as high as his body will travel (which is pretty damn high)...

GM: JONES SOARS INTO THE AIR...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...AND _DOWN_ ACROSS THE BACK OF THE HEAD AND NECK WITH A KNEEDROP!

[The springing kneedrop has a whole lot of impact, causing November to slump through the ropes out onto the ring apron at the feet of Skywalker Jones who immediately goes to work with a series of stomps to the back of the head and neck.]

GM: Jones is instantly all over him, working over November to the dismay of these fans in Corpus Christi!

[Jones drops back down to the floor, ducking under the ropes to break the count before sliding back out. He grabs November by the head, spinning him over onto his back, lifting his torso off the canvas...

...and SLAMS the back of his head and neck into the edge of the ring apron!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief! That’ll send a jolt right down your spine!

[November writhes in pain, rolling back and forth on the apron while grabbing at his neck as Jones climbs back up the ringsteps...

...and then starts climbing the ropes as well.]

GM: Uh oh! Skywalker Jones is taking to the sky early in this one, Bucky.

BW: There’s another element to take into account in this one, Gordo.

GM: What’s that?

BW: The Rumble awaits the winner of this match too!

GM: You’re absolutely right. Both men signed their names to compete in the Rumble but of course, only the winner will advance to do so. The other man will be replaced by an alternate. So, it only makes sense that both of these men would want to try to end this thing as early as they can so they can stay fresh for the Rumble match itself.

[Jones steps up to the top rope, balancing himself as he looks down at the prone November. The crowd is on their feet, flashes firing all over the makeshift arena as the Human Highlight Reel prepares to take flight...]

GM: Jones is up! Jones is gonna fly!

[He leaps from his perch, sailing through the air at high velocity and elevation, plummeting down, down, down with his leg extended...]

GM: LEGDROP!

[...and CONNECTS! The impact shakes the entire USS Lexington crowd as Jones nearly separates November’s head from his shoulders with the flying legdrop!]

GM: Good grief! What a move by Skywalker Jones!

BW: That’s a phrase that should be recorded and put out here on a button that we can hit ‘cause we’re gonna say it a lot, daddy!

GM: Jones hits a flying legdrop off the top to the floor... and it looks like it shook him up quite a bit as well.

BW: A dive like that is going to shake up both competitors but you can bet it hurt November a heckuva lot more than it did Skywalker Jones.

[Outside the ring, Buford P. Higgins is running around the ring, forcing high fives out of the ringside fans and generally being a big annoyance as he continually shouts, "DID YOU SEE IT?! DID YOU SEE IT?!"]

GM: Can someone shut him up please?

BW: Hey, you got feet and an attitude... go do it yourself.

[Down on the barely-padded aircraft carrier deck, Jones is wincing as he pushes up to a knee, reaching back to grab at his tailbone. He nods at the still buzzing crowd, dragging himself up using the ring apron...

...and then gestures to the crowd, slapping himself across the chest with a loud "THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' 'BOUT!"]

GM: Man, both of these guys are running their mouths out here when they should be focused on finding a way to win this match.

BW: Oh, I think they found one already, Gordo. After that legdrop, this might be done right here and now.

[Jones shoves November under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after him to apply a lateral press...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the delay between the big move and the pin attempt is enough time for November to get a shoulder safely off the mat to break the pin.]

GM: No, no! Just a two count! November's AWA career is safe!

BW: For now. It ain't over yet, Gordo.

GM: It's certainly not and November just needs to try and find a way to dig down deep and cause Jones to make some kind of an error that would get him back into the game.

[Jones gets up, glaring at the official as he leans down to drag November up off the mat. A short whip slams November into the corner where he stumbles out into a snapping back elbows mash into the mush, knocking November back to the buckles.]

GM: Back into the corner goes a man who has held cruiserweight and Light Heavyweight Titles before but has yet to win the big one. He's got that Steal The Spotlight contract under his belt though so if he can win this match tonight, you would have to believe he'll be challenging for the World Heavyweight Title in the very near future.

BW: After tonight, that ain't gonna be an option for him. He's going to be on a plane back to Japan while Jones starts shining up a place on his mantle for the big, big gold!

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky.

[With November in the corner, arms draped over the top rope, Jones moves in with a series of short jabs to the jaw. The referee steps in, ordering him to vacate the turnbuckles...]

GM: Jones steps out to break the five count - you don't want to get disqualified in this one because that's as good as a pinfall and you're out of here if either of those things happen.

BW: He steps out but moves right back in, staying focused, staying on the weakened November. You gotta like the looks of Skywalker Jones winning this thing right about now.

[Jones moves in, lighting up the chest of November with a big reverse knife-edge chop. A second one follows before he grabs November by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip to the corner... here comes Jones!

[Jones leaps into the air, cracking November with a forearm on the jaw!]

GM: Big leaping forearm in the corner... another whip...

[November hits the buckles a second time, hanging onto them as Jones backs into the opposite corner, pointing across the ring...

...and breaks into a sprint, leaping into the air with both knees raised!]

GM: KNEES!

[But November sidesteps, causing Jones to SLAM both knees into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Jones comes back down, hobbling out of the corner...

...and November drops down to the mat, spinning backwards to catch Jones in the back of the knees with a kick!]

GM: Oh! He swept the legs out from under Jones!

[November pops up, striking a pose...

...and then SNAPS OFF a standing Shooting Star Press, crashing down across the chest of Jones as he tightly cradles both legs, the referee diving to the mat to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Jones finds the leg strength to break the double leg hook, kicking out of the pin attempt just in time!]

GM: Man, that was incredibly close, fans!

BW: The Standing Shooting Star doesn't have a ton of impact but it's so shocking and when you couple it with that tight double leg cradle, a lot of times it's on the level of a well-timed small package or rollup. It'll get that surprise win.

GM: And Jones is bailing out to the floor again. That was too close for him, I think.

[November backs up to the middle of the ring, eyeing Jones as Hercules Hammonds again comes to check on him...

...and November suddenly breaks towards the back ropes, bouncing off, building up a head of steam as the crowd buzzes...]

GM: HERE COMES NOVEMBER!

[...and then ROARS as he flings himself over the top rope, flipping through the air to crash down onto both men with a somersault plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A DIVE OUT OF NOVEMBER AND HE TOOK 'EM BOTH OUT!

[November climbs back to his feet, moving a little slowly as he raises an arm to the cheering Corpus Christi fans. He leans down, dragging Jones up by the cornrows before shoving him back into the ring. With a nod, November pulls himself up on the apron...]

GM: He puts Jones back in and he's going after him!

BW: November's looking to finish this right now! He's got his eyes on the Rumble later tonight and knows he needs to get out of this one quickly if he wants to stand a chance in that one.

[With one foot on the top rope and one on the second, November eyes Jones as he rolls around on the mat a bit before he then steps up top, both feet steady as he balances himself.]

GM: November's perched! How many times have we seen this before, Bucky?!

BW: A whole heckuva lot but if he hits this, it might be curtains for Skywalker Jones!

[A desperate Buford P. Higgins throws himself under the bottom rope, grabbing Skywalker Jones by the arms and pulling him to the safety of the ringside area to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, that was blatant outside interference and Skywalker Jones should be DISQUALIFIED for it!

BW: In a match like this, with stakes this high, a referee is going to be very wary about calling for a DQ. You may technically be right, Gordo, but I seriously doubt any official would do that unless his hand was forced.

[November jumps down off the ropes to the mat, glaring outside the ring, shouting at the official as he points at Higgins.]

GM: November was up top, looking for that November Reign... but Buford P. Higgins just got himself involved with this match and that interference could have major repercussions, Bucky.

BW: It certainly could. If November goes on to lose this match, you could potentially point at that moment as a game-changer. He seemed on the verge of hitting that Shooting Star off the top, like you said, and that would've been all she wrote for this one.

[Angrily shaking his head, November ducks through the ropes, grabbing Jones by the hair and pulling him back onto the ring apron. A few well-placed forearms to the jaw have Jones dazed, hanging onto the top rope with his right hand to keep from falling back to the floor...]

GM: Jones is dazed, he's-

[November suddenly steps up to the middle rope, pushing himself into the air and lashing out with a boot to the back of Jones' skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: ENZUIGIRI CONNECTS!

[Jones crumples, falling down to a knee on the apron as November rolls to the center of the ring, popping back to his feet and dashing towards his opponent...

...and DRILLING him squarely in the face with a low dropkick that sends Jones hurtling off the apron and back down onto the floor!]

GM: What a shot that was! The dropkick hits him right between the eyes and Skywalker Jones is down and possibly out after that one!

[Down on the mat, November rolls under the bottom rope which sends Buford P. Higgins scurrying away to hide behind the hulking Hercules Hammonds. The Seattle native takes a quick glance in their direction to make sure he's safe as he pulls Jones up off the ground by the arm, waving towards the ringside fans to move aside as he goes for a whip...]

GM: Irish whip... INTO THE STEEL!!

[Jones, arms draped over the metal railing, seems barely able to move as November approaches. The cruiserweight grabs the top of the railing with both hands, turning his body to snap off body kicks...]

GM: Ohh! Hard kick to the ribs... and a second!

[A few more connect before November moves up the body, throwing a barrage of hard shots into the sternum...]

GM: The kicks are climbing the ladder up into the chest now!

BW: He's got some dangerous feet, Gordo - a whole lot of kicking power in there. Perhaps on a level with Staley or Nenshou.

GM: Ohhh! Leaping back kick into the sternum! That'll knock the wind right out of your sails!

[November pulls Jones off the railing, hooking a front facelock before slinging Jones' arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Look out here. November may be thinking about hanging this kid out to dry over the metal railing!

BW: The referee's shouting at him from inside the ring, warning him to put it back inside the squared circle. He may be risking disqualification here if he does this, Gordo.

GM: That would be at the referee's discretion and if he let the Higgins interference go, I think this one would be okay as well.

[November starts to lift Jones but the Hot Coffee native slips a leg in, blocking it...]

GM: Jones blocks the lift! He's fighting against it!

[But suddenly, it's Jones who is lifting November up for the suplex, shocking the crowd as he dumps November in a heap over the barricade and into the steel chairs in the front row of ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A SUPLEX OVER THE RAILING INTO THE CHAIRS!!

BW: And that'll change the complexion of this one, Gordo!

GM: It certainly will!

[Several feet away, we see Hammonds and Higgins trade a celebratory high five as Jones staggers away from the railing, planting his hands firmly on the

timekeeper's table to stay on his feet as November lies sprawled across several chairs in the front. The ringside fans surround him, rooting him on to continue the fight...]

GM: That suplex HAD to take a lot out of November, fans. He went down incredibly hard into those steel chairs at ringside and he may be in some serious trouble now. We're just over ten minutes into this thing but at the pace these two are going, I can't imagine they can go much longer.

BW: Going over the railing like that into the chairs... you gotta believe November thinks he's back in Los Angeles right about now.

GM: Absolutely. Skywalker Jones is staggering around here at ringside now... what's he doing?

[Jones shoves the timekeeper out of his folding chair, snatching up the unfolded chair in his hands.]

GM: Uh oh. Jones has got a chair!

BW: I don't know what he's thinking about doing here, Gordo, but he can't use that chair on him! He can't! That'll DEFINITELY be a disqualification.

GM: That's what the official is telling him right now but he's not even listening, I don't believe.

[Jones puts the chair down, still unfolded, on the floor...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh my god. I think I get it.

[Jones backs up, backing half the distance to the far barricade. He pauses, watching November struggle to get off his back for a few moments...

...and then breaks into a sprint, stepping up on the seat of the metal chair, using it to give himself even greater height as he somersaults over the steel barricade, crashing on a just-up November with a somersault dive of his own into the front row!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

BW: Skywalker Jones is half-man, half-amazing, daddy! The name his Momma gave him must be Luke 'cause you better believe this man is a skywalker!

GM: Jones and November are now BOTH laid out in those chairs at ringside!

BW: The referee's still counting on 'em both... what happens if there's a double countout?! Do they BOTH leave town?

GM: I'm not sure. We'd have to get a ruling from the Championship Committee on that one. Look at Hercules Hammonds though... Hammonds is walking over there to the railing...

[Reaching over the railing, Hammonds deadlifts his partner up into his arms like a father carrying a small child, walking back towards the ring with him, and sliding him under the bottom rope with a deep "COUNT THAT SUCKA OUT!"]

GM: Hercules Hammonds just put Jones back in the ring and now he's telling the referee to count November out?! That can't happen! That was another instance of blatant interference out of Hammonds and Higgins and the referee's gotta be getting tired of that.

BW: Jones is in the ring, November's not! Count the man, you idiot!

GM: No, no! Don't you dare! This is not fair at all!

BW: Who gives a flying fig about fair?! We want the win, daddy!

GM: WE?! Since when are you a part of Jones' entourage?!

[Jones drags himself to rest against the turnbuckles, waving at the official to count. The referee shakes his head, pointing at the interfering Hammonds repeatedly. Out on the floor, we can spy November using the railing (and the help of some fans) to get back on his feet.]

GM: November's up and he's coming back over the barricade, heading back towards the ring...

[Higgins suddenly jumps up on the railing, arguing with the referee who gets right in his face...

...which distracts him from Hercules Hammonds sprinting towards November, flattening him with a running clothesline!]

GM: OH, COME ON! That's another blatant interference out of Hammonds!

BW: Hrm? Didn't see that. I was watching Buford make his case - his poppa was a lawyer, you know?

GM: I wasn't aware, no.

BW: His poppa was a rolling stone too.

GM: I see.

[Hammonds pulls November up off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring as Jones crawls across, throwing himself into a cover as Higgins points out the pin to the referee who wheels around, dropping down to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But November lifts the shoulder off the mat at two, breaking the pin and sending Buford P. Higgins into a poorly-contained rage, shouting at both November AND the referee as Hammonds slams his muscular arms into the apron at ringside.]

GM: Higgins is hot, Hammonds is hot, but it's still only a two count which means the match continues and November's career is still safe.

BW: For now!

[Jones pushes up to his feet, stomping November repeatedly into the mat before dragging him up by the arm. A short whip sends him into the nearest set of turnbuckles where he collides hard, staggering back out...

...RIGHT into a leaping thrust kick under the chin!]

GM: SUPERKICK!! SUPERKICK!!

BW: THE CALISTO KILLER! THE DUFRESNE DESTROYER! THE VASQUEZ VANQUISHER! Call it what you will but it usually means the end is near, daddy!

[Jones throws himself into another cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! NOVEMBER GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

BW: Man oh man, when a man's career is at stake, he can absorb almost any punishment... take almost anything someone can dish out and keep going. November's career may not quite be on the line but you can bet that if he loses here tonight, he's heading back to a life of exile in Japan.

[An angry Jones pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together in frustration. He holds up three fingers at the official who shakes him off and replies with two as Jones gets to his feet, still shaking his head.]

GM: Skywalker Jones obviously thought he had him right there, fans. A very close near fall for the former student of the Combat Corner.

BW: If he wins this Steal The Spotlight contract, he might just be the most SUCCESSFUL former student of that joint as well.

GM: I'm betting the Blonde Bombers and Supreme Wright would beg to differ, Bucky.

[Back on his feet, Jones pulls November into his arms, slamming him down with a bodyslam...]

...and then after dusting off his shoulder, he shows off his impressive vertical leap, sailing high into the air, and BURYING the point of his elbow into the heart of his rival!]

GM: High leaping elbowdrop... and another cover!

[The referee's count gets a little less this time as November starts to recover from the superkick, just a hair over a two count.]

GM: Jones couldn't get him again... and some signs of frustration are starting to peek through for Jones as he drags November up to his feet again...

[Another whip sends November across the ring, crashing into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Into the corner again...

[Jones charges in with a head of steam, looking for a big clothesline...]

...but November raises both feet, causing Jones to run right into them!]

GM: OHHH! FEET TO THE FACE!

[November hops up to the midbuckle, pausing a moment before leaping off, snaring Jones' head between his legs, and snapping him down to the mat with a rana!]

GM: Oh my! Nice headscissor takedown out of November!

[November promptly rolls up to a knee, using the ropes to get to his feet as Jones stumbles back to his own...]

GM: November charges in... goes low with a dropkick to the knee!

[Jones drops down to his knee, clutching the kneecap that just took the hard running kick...]

...which makes him easy prey as November takes flight, flipping over and SMASHING the back of his leg down on the back of Jones' head!]

GM: OHHH! FLIPPING LEGDROP FROM A STANDING POSITION!

BW: He should be an Olympic gymnast droppin' out things like that!

[November flips Jones to his back, diving across his chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But this time, it's Jones who raises the shoulder off the mat in time.]

GM: Two count! Just a two right there for the legdrop!

[November gets up, pulling Jones up by the arm to fire him into the corner. He backs up to the opposite corner before charging across, taking flight with a spinning leg lariat across the upper body that rocks Jones but carries November out to the apron!]

GM: Ohh! What a move!

[Reaching into the ring, November delivers a shove to the back, sending Jones staggering from the corner as November scales the buckles, leaping off with his legs tucked...

...and DRIVES his feet between the shoulderblades with a dropkick, sending Jones sailing across the ring before crumpling down to a heap on the mat!]

GM: Big dropkick off the top by November and the momentum has certainly turned in this one. November may be looking for something big here... something that can finish off Skywalker Jones...

[Pulling Jones to his feet, November drives him back into the corner, smashing his shoulder into the midsection. He leans down, hoisting Jones up onto the top turnbuckle...]

GM: November puts him up top... and he's climbing up there with him!

[Stepping up to the middle rope, November slams his forearm into the side of Jones' head a few times before steadying himself...]

GM: I think he's setting up a flying headscissors off the ropes!

[November proves to do exactly that, leaping into the air to hook Jones' head between his legs...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[...but Jones hangs on to the top rope with one hand, hanging onto November's left thigh with the other to prevent the throw. With November's momentum stopped, Jones releases the ropes, grabbing the other leg as well...]

GM: He blocked the throw off the top but what in the world is he looking for right now?!

[Jones switches his grip, grabbing the legs under his armpits. He lifts his left leg, trying to loop it over November's arm so he can drop him facefirst to the mat but November avoids it, grabbing the rope...

...and yanking hard, tugging Jones down in a bodyscissors, throwing him down to the mat!]

GM: Whoa! Two nice counters in a row right there... wait! Look at November!

[Springing back to his feet, November points at the recovering Jones, charging towards him as Jones reaches a knee...]

GM: REIGN DANCE!

[November springs off the bent knee, throwing his own knee at Jones' exposed jaw...

...but Jones raises his arms, blocking the Shining Wizard attempt. The blow knocks him off-balance but he quickly recovers, getting to his feet as November swings around...]

GM: Jones slaps away the kneestrike... both men bac-

[The Seattle native lashes out with a side kick, aiming at the ribs of Jones who slaps the leg away... and does the same to a kick thrown at the other side of the body...]

GM: Jones knocks away the kicks...

[Jones suddenly lunges forward, leaping up with a Superman punch attempt that November sidesteps, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Crossface! November's trying to force him down to the mat to hook in a submission hold!

[But Jones is struggling against it, fighting the crossface efforts. He abruptly drops to his back, swinging his left foot up to catch November flush on the temple, sending him staggering away...]

GM: Oh! Nice kick by Jones, creates some distance...

[Jones grabs November from behind, hooking a rear waistlock.]

BW: GERMAN!

[But November spreads his legs, planting his feet to avoid the lift as he grabs at the wrists clasped in front of him. November takes a few swings at the hands, hammering his fist down into the wrist.]

GM: November's fighting it, trying to avoid the throw.

[Jones suddenly breaks the hold, throwing a forearm to the back of the head, knocking November chestfirst into the turnbuckles. A second and third clubbing forearm land on the same spot. Jones approaches, hooking his left arm around the back of November's neck. The Mississippi native ducks down, tucking the back of his head against November's chest as he leans down to grab the left leg with his right arm...]

GM: What's he-?!

BW: Oh, watch this!

[He swings November slightly to the left...

...and then SNAPS him back to the right, driving his back into the mat!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: RAZZLE DAZZLE, DADDY!

[Jones dives across the chest, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the right shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin attempt. Jones promptly gets up, leaping high into the air, driving his feet down into the midsection of November!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Hah! That'll keep 'im down! Finish him off, kid!

[Jones strides to the corner, scaling the turnbuckles with his back turned towards the downed November. Jones places a foot on the top rope, pointing out to the buzzing fans as he steps up...]

GM: Jones is up top! He's gonna fly!

[The former Combat Corner student leaps off the top, flipping backwards for a moonsault...

...but keeps on going, over-rotating to end up in legdrop position...]

GM: SHOOT THE MOON!

[...where he ends up as November rolls to the side!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE BACKFLIP LEGDROP!!

[November pushes up off the mat, hitting the ropes behind him, charging toward the seated Jones...

...and CREAMS him with a running knee to the jaw!]

GM: OHH! HE NAILED HIM!!

[The Seattle native collapses atop Jones, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[This time, it's Jones' turn to lift the shoulder off the mat!]

GM: No, no! He didn't get him! November thought he had him there, I think, but it wasn't enough to get the three count!

BW: These two have passed the fifteen minute mark in this match and they're really throwing everything they've got at one another. We've seen so many attempts to end this thing with a big move... so many pin attempts.

GM: Don't forget - this is a Loser Leaves Town affair. Whoever drops this one, they're gone! They're out of the AWA for good!

[November pushes up to his knees, looking on with frustration as he stares at the official who holds up two fingers again. He slowly gets up, pointing to the corner...]

GM: And now it's November who is gonna fly!

[But as he turns to walk to the corner, Jones makes a lunge, grabbing him by the leg!]

BW: Look at that! That's brilliant! He ain't even gonna let November go to the corner and try whatever he was gonna try!

[November turns around, an angry expression on his face as he stomps Jones in the back of the skull once...twice... three times... and then once between the eyes!]

GM: Good grief! He might have struck a nerve in November!

[The moody cruiserweight leans down, dragging Jones off the mat by the hair...

...and pulls him into a fireman's carry, lifting him up across his shoulders!]

GM: November's got him up! He's got him set up for-

[Suddenly, Hercules Hammonds pulls himself up on the apron, shouting and pointing at November who turns towards him...

...which gives Skywalker Jones a chance to slip out of the lift, landing on his knees behind November...]

GM: NO!

[...and SLAM his arm up into the groin of November!]

GM: OHHH! LOW BLOW!

[Hammonds drops down off the apron, a big smile on his face as Jones drags him down in a schoolboy!]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHOULDER UP! MY STARS, HE GOT A SHOULDER UP!

BW: What?! How the heck did he do that, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea! November somehow, someway found a way to kick out of a low blow from Skywalker Jones that would’ve been a TERRIBLE way for November to lose his AWA career!

[Still clutching his groin, November rolls from the ring, rolling out onto the floor where Hercules Hammonds comes stomping around the ring towards him while Skywalker Jones pulls the referee towards him, shouting that it was a three count.]

GM: Referee, turn around! Hercules Hammonds is out here and he’s trying to-

[Hammonds yanks November off the mat, tugging him into a gutwrench. He powers November up into a Canadian Backbreaker!]

GM: No, no, no! He’s going for the Hammonds Hammer on the floor!

[Suddenly, the referee spins away from Jones, spotting Hammonds in mid-lift!]

GM: Yeah! The ref saw it! He saw it!

[Johnny Jagger slides out to the floor, ordering Hammonds to put November down on the mat which Hammonds obliges...

...and then Jagger sticks a finger in the chest of Hammonds.]

BW: What the heck’s gotten into Jagger!? What’s he doing!?

[And with two words, he makes it quite clear what he’s doing.]

“YOU! OUT!”

[The crowd ERUPTS at the announcement!]

GM: My stars, Hercules Hammonds just got sent back to the locker room! He’s being thrown out from ringside!

BW: Whaaat?! He can't do that!

GM: He most certainly can and he most certainly did! In my view, it was either that or disqualify Jones for outside interference! Which would you prefer, Bucky?!

BW: Well, Hammonds may have crossed a line. Good call, ref.

GM: I thought so.

[As a furious Hammonds backs down the aisle, Skywalker Jones grabs the referee by the shirt, backing him into the corner where he proceeds to berate him for the call he just made.]

GM: Jones had better watch himself! He could get disqualified for putting his hands on an AWA official like that!

BW: Jagger's telling him that right now too. Buford needs to calm his man down before he makes a HUGE mistake right here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem that costs them EVERYTHING!

[Jagger ultimately slaps Jones' hands away, sticking a finger in the face.]

BW: Hey, it just occurred to me! Jones has a history with Jagger's no-account son too! This isn't fair to Skywalker Jones at ALL, Gordo!

GM: Jeff Jagger is no longer a member of the AWA active roster. He is currently spending his days in Japan as a part of Tiger Paw Pro so there is no conflict of interest in my book.

BW: Your book is ratty, stained, and full of holes, Gordo! This whole thing smells like a conspiracy to me!

[Jones backs off, glaring at the official...

...until November leaps up onto his shoulders, steadies himself, and then drags him down in a Victory Roll!]

GM: ROLLUP!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars! I thought he had him right there! Somehow, Skywalker Jones found a way to get out of that pinning predicament just before the three count came down!

[Jones catches a rising November with a boot to the ribs, doubling him up before he tugs him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh!

[Jones reaches down, hooking one arm into a double underhook. He grabs the second, doing the same.]

“LOOK AT ME NOW, COACH!”

[The former Combat Corner student hoists November up into the air for the trademark maneuver of the Head Trainer of said school, Todd Michaelson, the Billion Dollar Bomb...]

GM: BILLION DOLLAR-

[...but at the peak of the lift, November manages to scissor his legs around the head of Jones, yanking him down in a hurrcanrana as he tightly cradles both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: NO, NO, NO! TWO COUNT ONLY!! Holy... man, that was close.

[November looks up in disbelief at the official who is holding up two fingers.]

GM: We’re closing in on the twenty minute mark of this match and these two men have absolutely given it their everything so far. The fans have been on their feet multiple times in the match and we’ve had so many near falls, I think Bucky’s gonna need a blood pressure check after this one’s all said and done to see if he can continue.

[November scrambles to his feet, greeting the rising Jones with a pair of side kicks to the chest, sending Jones falling back into the corner. Grabbing the top rope, November throws a series of ten kicks, each cracking solidly against the sternum, forcing Jones to hang onto the top rope with both arms to stay on his feet...]

GM: November’s going to work with those kicks and the veteran’s got Skywalker Jones quite literally on the ropes right now.

BW: Oh, that’s hysterical!

GM: I rather liked it myself.

[Leaning over, November lifts Jones up, depositing him on the top turnbuckle as he falls back down to a crouching position...]

GM: November puts him up top but it took a lot-

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: METEOR PUNCH! METEOR PUNCH!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[The crouching November EXPLODED upwards in a leaping palm strike that caught Jones RIGHT on the chin, snapping his head back as he sent a wad of saliva flying through the air and into the crowd!]

GM: November caught all of that!

[Turning his back on Jones, November reaches back, hooking him under the armpits with both hands...]

GM: It looks like he's going for some kind of slam here... some kind of-

[But a desperate Jones reaches down, digging his fingers into the eyes to break up the move.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[A blinded November staggers out of the corner a few feet before turning around, stumbling back towards him as Jones straightens up, leaping into the air over a stunned November...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!! But November grabbed the ropes! He grabbed the top rope in the corner, preventing himself from being taken down to the mat by Jones!

BW: He's hanging on for dear life!

[Jones struggles for it, kicking his legs and pulling hard as the referee prepares to make a count...

...but November suddenly slips the grip, leaping up to the middle rope, springing up into the air with his body practically going vertical to the turnbuckles as he hangs on to the top rope, swinging back down...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and DRIVES both feet squarely into the chest of the prone Jones!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

BW: DOUBLE STOMPED HIM STRAIGHT TO HELL!

[November collapses, throwing himself into a sloppy cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as a desperate Buford P. Higgins reaches into the ring, grabbing November by the foot and dragging him off the prone Skywalker Jones!]

GM: HIGGINS! HIGGINS MAY HAVE JUST SAVED HIS EMPLOYER'S SKIN!
We were about a half a count away from November winning this match and

sending Skywalker Jones out of the AWA for good but Buford P. Higgins just pulled November off his client!

[A furious November lashes out with his foot, catching Higgins in the top of the head, sending him down on his rear on the floor. The referee looks puzzled as November gets back to his feet, gesturing at Higgins.]

GM: November's trying to explain what happened but the referee didn't see any of it. Johnny Jagger's trying to find out what happened but Higgins is down on the floor, saying he didn't do anything which is a bold-faced lie!

BW: If the ref didn't see it, it didn't happen, Gordo!

GM: That's one way to think about it, I guess.

[November waves off Higgins as he approaches the corner, stepping out to the apron.]

GM: The high flyer is looking to go for the homerun one more time!

[The former cruiserweight champion heads towards the buckles, climbing the turnbuckles one by one...]

GM: November's taking his time... showing some signs of fatigue in this one... but he's headed up top, ready to fly one more time.

BW: If he hits it, I think it's over, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right!

[November steps to the top rope, balancing himself as the crowd rises to their feet, roaring for him...]

GM: Jones isn't moving! He's in serious trouble here and you've gotta believe that November is looking for the November Reign right here, that devastating Shooting Star Press off the top!

[November throws his head back, soaking up the cheers as he takes on a crucifix pose on the top rope...]

GM: November's ready... he's poised...

[Suddenly, Buford P. Higgins drags himself off the floor, throwing himself under the bottom rope to grab Jones by the arms, pulling and yanking as hard as he can...]

GM: Higgins! Higgins is trying to save Jones again!

BW: The referee's trying to pull him out of there but Higgins is trying to pull Jones clear from that Shooting Star!

[November looks down, rage in his eyes as he stares at the scene unfolding before him...]

...and then leaps into the air, flipping backwards while sailing forwards...]

GM: NOVEMBER REIGN!

[...and CRASHES down onto the back of Buford P. Higgins!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: HE LANDED ON HIGGINS!! DID HE MEAN TO DO THAT?!

GM: I think he did! I think he was trying to take Higgins out of the match!

[The crowd is roaring as Higgins slumps from the ring, motionless on the floor as November looks down at him.]

GM: November knew that with Higgins out there interfering, he wasn't going to be able to finish off Jones. But now, Hammonds is gone... Higgins is gone as well! It's down to one-on-one and now we can REALLY find out who the better man is!

BW: I can't believe November would do that to an innocent ring announcer! What kind of hero to these fans is he supposed to be?! What a savage jerk!

[November stands on the second rope, shouting at the downed Higgins as Skywalker Jones crawls across the ring, trying to get back to his feet.]

GM: November needs to stay on focus though. He needs to keep his head in the game and keep his attention on Skywalker Jones who is trying to get out of danger.

[Slowly, November turns to find Jones using the ropes to drag himself back to his feet. He's leaning against the buckles, breathing heavily as November backs into the opposite corner, giving a shout...]

GM: HERE! HE! COMES!

[The Seattle native sprints across the ring, extending his arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[...but Jones ducks down, stepping out of the way as November slams HARD chestfirst into the corner. Jones quickly snares a rear waistlock, driving November into the buckles and rolling backwards with him into an Adam Rogers-esque Rolling Reverse Cradle but releases it, staying on the mat as November gets rolled right back to his feet.]

GM: What in the...?

[Jones kips up to his feet, instantly leaping into the air again with a full backflip...

...and SLAMS his feet down onto the forehead of a stunned November!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: PELE KICK! THE PELE KICK CONNECTS!

[November staggers, falling backwards until collapsing back into the turnbuckles, clutching the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: November’s on his feet still!

BW: But for how long?! That kick had to rock him, daddy!

GM: It certainly did. He might be out on his feet, fans!

[Jones gets back up, dashing half the distance of the ring to leap up, burying his knees squarely in the chest of November!]

GM: Ohh! Big double knees in the corner!

[Jones dashes back across the ring towards the corner...

...but November does the same, letting loose a horrific howl as he follows him in...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: YAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAA!

GM: November DRILLS him with the big running boot to the jaw! He took that backflip kick... he took the double knees... but somehow he channeled that pain and turned it into an offensive maneuver!

BW: That’s all those years in Japan shining through, Gordo - that’s that fighting spirit they talk about in the rings in the Land of the Rising Sun! The ability to take some punishment but push it away in the favor of getting in one more shot on your opponent!

[November grabs the stunned Jones who spun chestfirst into the buckles on the impact of the running boot in a side waistlock, hoisting him up and depositing him facing away from the ring on the top rope...]

GM: November sets him up top again... and he’s climbing as well! November’s looking to finish him off once and for all right here and now, fans!

[Stepping up on the ropes, November delivers a pair of forearms to the back of the head and neck. He moves one step higher, balancing on the top rope for a moment before slipping his legs over the shoulders of Jones to sit in an electric chair position...]

GM: November's setting up for something - I can't quite tell what he's got in mind, fans. He's trying to-

[Jones suddenly lurches forward, wrapping his arms around the connection from the ringpost to the turnbuckle. November hammers away with closed fists to the skull, trying to knock him free.]

BW: I think he's looking for a top rope reverse rana but Jones saw it coming and is trying to save himself!

[Jones still hangs on, getting pummeled at point blank range with absolutely no defense. He pulls on the ring support, twisting his upper body down further which causes November to slide off his shoulders onto the top rope.]

GM: Jones slips out of it... and now it's his turn to return fire!

[With November's back to him, Jones opens up with a series of short forearms to the right ear. A headbutt to the base of the neck causes November to dangerously lurch forward towards the ringpost.]

GM: Whoa! Hang on up there!

BW: You talk about being in a high risk area. Either of these two are a misstep away from losing their AWA career, Gordo!

GM: You've got that right.

[Jones straightens up, standing on the midbuckle as he grabs November by the hair, pulling him back towards the ring. November switches his stance, facing the ring once more as Jones hooks a bodylock...]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: He's going for Witness To Greatness! That flipping belly-to-belly off the top rope!

GM: November knows it too! He's felt it before and he's fighting back!

[November tees off, throwing rapid-fire forearms into the jaw of Jones, trying to break his grip...]

GM: He's fighting it with all he's got!

[The moody cruiserweight hooks his arms over Jones' arms, smashing him with a headbutt between the eyes that stuns him.]

GM: And now it's November trying to retake the advantage - back and forth this one continues to go! Who can take the edge?! Who can score the big move to put the other man away?!

[November suddenly hooks a front facelock, slinging Jones' arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: He hooks him!

BW: What?! Why?! What's he gonna do?! They're up top! He can't superplex him to the floor - can he?!

GM: Why not?

BW: He'll break his back... or worse!

[November attempts to get Jones up into the air but a strong grip on the ropes prevents it from happening. Jones throws a pair of right hands to the ribs, softening November's resolve...

...and then makes a lift attempt!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR IT!

BW: SUPERPLEX!

[The crowd buzzes with surprise as Jones muscles November up, holding him straight up and down, not falling back for the expected superplex...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and DROPPING November straight down so that the top of his head SMASHES into the top turnbuckle before he crashes down to the canvas in a heap with Skywalker Jones collapsing on top of him!]

BW: BRAINBUSTER! BRAINBUSTER ON THE BUCKLES!!

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd buzzes at the bell - a mix of awe at the finishing moment and shock that they've seen November inside an AWA ring for the very last time.]

GM: It's over! November is done - he's gone, Bucky!

BW: I told you he would be! Skywalker Jones reigns supreme!

GM: Jones has somehow managed to escape this match with his AWA career intact... but we can not say the same for November.

[Jones rolls from the ring where Johnny Jagger slides out to raise his hand. He staggers over to the downed Buford P. Higgins, dragging him off the floor and wobbling together back up the aisle without a celebration.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is getting out of here... and looking at him, I'm thinking it's going to be very hard for him to compete in the Rumble later tonight.

BW: He don't need to, Gordo! He's got the Steal The Spotlight contract now - he can challenge for the World Title whenever he wants and don't have to win the Rumble to do it! He can take the rest of the night off and rest up!

GM: I suppose that's true... but another man who will not be competing in the Rumble is the man in the ring, still out cold it appears, the dazzling November.

BW: Go back to Japan, sucka!

GM: Bucky, please. There's no reason to treat this man with such disrespect. He put on such a tremendous show here tonight, he put forth such incredible effort. It's sad that only one of those men could win this match after the struggle we just saw but that's the way it is. November put his AWA career on the line and in the end, he just didn't have enough to put away Skywalker Jones. You can blame Buford P. Higgins and Hercules Hammonds to an extent but in the end, it was one-on-one and November just couldn't get the job done.

BW: That's the bottom line, Gordo. Forget all that Higgins and Hammonds talk. When it counted, Jones was able to put November down for a three count... period!

[With Johnny Jagger's assistance, November gets up off the mat, falling into the turnbuckles as he grabs at the back of his neck. The fans are cheering the Seattle native as he tries to recover.]

GM: And these fans in Corpus Christi are showing their respect for November - for what he's done in this sport over the past years and what he did right here tonight. It's a shame - a real shame that we'll never get to see this man compete inside the AWA rings again but that's what was on the line, that was the stipulation.

[November is able to push up just a bit, looking out at the cheering crowd. He raises his right hand slightly, giving the smallest of gestures before collapsing back into the corner.]

GM: The man can barely stand after that devastating brainbuster that Skywalker Jones used on him but... well, you can tell how much these fans and this sport means to him. He'll live to fight another day... but it won't be fair. Farewell, November... and thank you.

[We slowly fade to black on the image of November standing in the corner of the ring with his head bowed...]

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 up to backstage, where Jason Dane stands, microphone in hand. Looming over him, all but drowning Dane in shadow, is none other than Alex Martinez. The Last American Badboy wears a black t-shirt under his black leather jacket, as well as a pair of blue jeans and leather boots. Dane's dwarfed, diminutive reflection can be seen in the silvered lenses of Martinez' mirrored sunglasses.]

JD: Mr. Martinez, at the last Rumble...

[Martinez clears his throat, and drops his hand over the microphone, shaking his head at Dane.]

AM: We ain't talkin' about the last Rumble. We ain't talkin' about nothin' that happened last year, or any other year, or any other night. We're talkin' about the Rumble that's comin' up soon. We're talkin' about tonight.

So ask me, what's happenin' tonight.

[Dane swallows, and works to regain his composure after being startled.]

JD: Well, tell me then, about tonight.

AM: Tonight, I'm beatin' twenty nine other guys. Tonight, I'm earnin' a shot at the World Title.

When I first came here, I told everyone that I had only one goal. Everyone watchin' can say that I got distracted. That this, that, and the other thing pulled me away from my goal. But "immortal" means ya don't die.

And Alex Martinez is a long way from dead.

So tonight is about puttin' my feet on the right path. Tonight is about puttin' my hands around twenty nine throats, liftin' 'em up into the air, and tossin' into the third row. Tonight is about cuttin' through twenty nine men and earnin' my way towards the thirtieth... that bein' the guy, whoever it is, who winds up wearin' the World Title.

My World Title.

JD: But of those twenty nine other men, there's one that is undoubtedly on your mind.

AM: Ya mean Wright?

JD: Yes, I am referring to Supreme Wright who has had a lot of bold things to say, where you're concerned.

AM: He has. And I ain't been shy in talkin' about him either. So let me just say one more thing.

Wright, I respect ya. You're a great wrestler. I won't ever take anything away from ya. You say you know you're the best. I say prove it. And I also say, tonight's your chance.

Here's the deal, Wright. Tonight, we'll be in the ring together. I dunno when, but I know it'll happen. You're too good, and so am I for us not to meet. So tonight, I want ya look for me.

I'll be the giant standin' in the middle of the ring, feet planted firmly.

I want ya to come up to me, and put your finger in my chest. I want ya to lift yourself up to your tiptoes and put your forehead against mine. I want ya to tell me just how good ya are.

And tomorrow, when ya wake up... you'll know how great I am.

JD: It seems that your focus is on Supreme Wright. But of course, there'll be twenty eight other wrestlers.

AM: I'm focused on Wright. But trust me, focusin' on one man don't mean I'm overlookin' the others. See, I'm good enough to walk and chew gum at the same time. Wright is someone I wanna get my hands on.

But he is only one of twenty nine.

And more than anything, my goal is that World Title. Nothin' and no one is gettin' in my way. I'm gonna win tonight.

I have to win tonight.

Now all of ya, and especially you Wright, sit back and watch, so ya can learn just how an immortal does it.

[And with that, Martinez steps away, determined and intense as ever as we fade away from Jason Dane to Dave Cooper, who stands in front of a blank wall. He is already dressed in his wrestling attire, a defiant look on his face.]

DC: Tonight is the night that Royalty is gonna leave its mark on the AWA like it's never been left before.

It will start when I finish off that camel salesman Sultan Azam Sharif... he thinks he's a man of honor because he stands proudly for his country and for the AWA. Well, Sharif, there's no honor among men like yourself who spend their time figuring how many ways they can make airplanes go boom in the sky, and that's all I have to say on that subject.

[A smirk.]

DC: But it's not gonna stop there. The Blonde Bombers are going to settle, once and for all, the question of who is the dominant tag team in the AWA. Cousin Bo, I don't need to be out there helping the Bombers in the ring, considering they took down three teams to win the Stampede Cup while your boys had trouble getting past those rhyming idiots in the first round. All I need to do is tell them everything I know about Cletus Lee and Duane Henry, because nobody in the AWA has faced them more times than I have. So I know everything from what moves they like to use the most to how you deal with that unpleasant body odor they give off, and I passed on that advice to Brad and Kenny. That's all I need to do and that's gonna ensure victory for the Bombers tonight.

[A nod.]

DC: And then we come to the Rumble... I know exactly what my objectives are, who my targets are gonna be, and I'm not gonna rest until I fulfill those objects and take out those targets. Once that's done, Royalty will have left its mark once again on the AWA and everyone, from the idiots in the offices in the back to the idiots that step into that ring to the idiots who buy tickets to see whoever steps into the ring, will know that we mean business and anyone who stands in our way will be put out of this sport for good.

And that is the END of the discussion!

[We fade away from a determined Dave Cooper...

...and into a shot on the deck of the USS Lexington, where we hear a loud cheer coming from the crowd as we're joined by Mark Stegglet, standing by with Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, and Luke Kinsey.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I have with me at this time the three men who will oppose the Unholy Alliance in mere moments now:

Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, and their partner, Luke Kinsey!

[The cheers only get louder, as the three raise their arms to acknowledge the crowd.]

JS: Gentlemen, welcome to Memorial Day Mayhem.

LK: Mark Stegglet, before these two guys say their piece, let me get something off of my chest.

It's been three long years since I put these boots on. It's probably been four or five years since I wore them on a regular basis. You can get all the WD-40 you want, but the truth is, I'm still gonna be rusty.

And mother nature? Still undefeated. Same with father time. The Luke Kinsey that you remember, the Luke Kinsey that all these people remember, he's not here tonight. I might not bust out a hurricanrana, I'm pretty sure I forgot how to do a Big City Driver and I forget which move I stole from Eddie Van Gibson.

So if you were tuning in tonight for a catch-as-catch-can classic, lemme be the bearer of bad news: Ya' ain't gettin' that out of me. I'm gonna ruin your five star classic, just like I did when your uncle was calling me an abomination, young Steggy. But here's the catch.

[Luke holds up a finger and looks to his team.]

LK: I didn't come here for no wrestling exhibition. I didn't haul my ass all the way here from scenic Syracuse, New York, to trade wristlocks with Rick Marley. Been there, done that, didn't get the t-shirt.

I came here for a fight, boys, I brought the tasseled boots out of retirement just to wipe some blood on 'em. You guys have been playing the numbers

game for too long, with too much success, and what you need is someone not afraid to bring the fight to your doorstep. I've been through the ringer, fellas, I fought the law, the law won, and I STILL kept fightin' anyways.

And it's true. I haven't done a damn thing in the AWA, and I don't pretend to. But my partners, my friends, my BLOOD... you don't get any bigger or better than what these guys have done. They ARE the AWA Hall of Fame. They are the very BEST this promotion has to offer and you want their spots BAD.

But you failed. And now you get me as your parting gift.

Happy Memorial Day.

[Stevie grins a satisfied grin, putting a hand on Kinsey's shoulder.]

HSS: You know, back when I stood in the middle of the ring and put my career at risk to try to bring Juan Vasquez back into the light, I made reference to a man that came to see me in the hospital when I was in traction after Vasquez himself broke my neck.

[Couple of pats on the aforementioned shoulder before removing his hand.]

HSS: It was this man right here.

It was this man that opened my eyes to the bigger picture. To the idea of what a true legacy is made of. And most importantly, perhaps, the idea of what a true MAN is made of.

So when we needed a little help...and yes, when this outnumbered, even the best in the AWA need a little help...there was only one man who we could possibly turn to.

[A li'l Steviegrin.]

HSS: Yes, the Life of the Party may be back together again...

...but rest assured, Unholy Alliance, it's going to be anything BUT a party for you.

[And with that, Juan Vasquez steps up to the plate.]

JV: I'll be honest...I didn't want to ask Luke for help.

[A playful shout of, "I thought we were friends, Juan!" from Luke causes Juan to roll his eyes and shake his head.]

JV: That's not what I meant!

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: Yeah, me and Stevie were outnumbered and outgunned. Me and him?

We're brave...sometimes too brave for our own damn good, but one thing we ain't, is suicidal. And with the army that Percy Childes built...we needed all the help we could get.

[He gives Luke a quick look, before continuing on.]

JV: But I wasn't about to drag Luke from the comforts of a well-deserved retirement and into this war with The Unholy Alliance. He's as close to me as a brother. He's a man that I know would drop everything to come stand by my side as we marched through the gates of Hell to face the Devil himself.

All I needed to do was ask.

[He shakes his head.]

JV: But I couldn't be that selfish. I had no right. It wasn't his fight to begin with.

So when I didn't ask him to fight by our side...

...he DEMANDED to.

[Juan puts an arm around Luke's shoulder and points right at him.]

JV: THAT'S the kind of man you're up against, Unholy Alliance.

Forget his reputation. Pretend you don't know his accomplishments. Ignore the fact that he's one of the greatest to ever lace up a pair of boots and wrestle inside the ring.

Just remember what he did to all of you on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[One heck of a devious grin forms on Juan's face.]

JV: Percy...he's the man that stared into the eyes of your Devil's army...and he made THEM blink.

[He pats Luke on the shoulder.]

JV: It doesn't matter if he's been away from the ring for three years or THIRTY years! 'Cause I'd trade every last coward, scoundrel and scumbag you've got in The Unholy Alliance all day, EVERY day...for one Luke Kinsey.

The man I'm proud to call my friend. The man I'm proud to call my brother.

The craziest, toughest, bravest son of bitch that I know!

And tonight, he's on OUR side, amigo.

[An ominous chuckle.]

JV: I guarantee you, Percy...this is gonna' be one Memorial Day that you're gonna' wanna' forget.

[And with that, the trio heads out to a huge roar as we fade over to Phil Watson who is in the ring...]

PW: The following contest is a SIX MAN TAG TEAM MATCH!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: It is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" blasts over the PA system as the trio who just had their interview completed heads down the aisle.]

PW: They are the team of JUAN VASQUEZ, "HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT, and LUUUUUUUUKE KINNNNSEYYYY!

[They waste no time in getting to the ring, each taking a turnbuckle to salute the cheering crowd as Watson continues...]

PW: And their opponents...

[The lights dim and a light mist rolls out from the entryway as "Raijin's Drums by George Sakalis begins to play over the PA System. After a moment, the mysterious Nenshou appears, wearing a long black robe with the hood pulled down over his painted face. Pausing at the entrance, his manager Percy Childes... overweight and sweating, the piece of filth is as loud as his charge is silent, jawing at fans and threatening to brain them with his crystal orb topped cane. After a moment or two, Johnny Detson and Rick Marley emerge on either side of Percy who smirks a diabolical and twisted grin at the camera.]

PW: The team of the UNHOOOOOLYYYYY AAAAALLIIIIIANNNNNCE!

[With a jerk of the cane, Percy sends his soldiers dashing down the aisle towards the ring, diving under the bottom rope and...]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of six of the top wrestlers in the world going to war with one another!]

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

BW: And you've gotta love this, Gordo. Vasquez, Scott, and Kinsey against Nenshou, Marley, and Detson! We've got former champions all over the place in there!

[Kinsey and Marley tangle up in the corner with Kinsey pushing Marley's throat down on the top rope, choking him as Stevie Scott uncorks a series of haymakers on Johnny Detson, putting him back against the ropes. Juan Vasquez and Nenshou are trading shots in the middle of the ring - a punch from Vasquez followed by a chop from Nenshou. Percy Childes has bailed out to the floor, shouting at his squad while frantically waving his crystal-topped cane at the ring.]

GM: This is gonna be a tough one for referee Davis Warren to keep under control, fans. Six very explosive personalities - seven if you count Percy Childes out there on the floor.

[Kinsey chucks Marley through the ropes to the floor, stepping out onto the apron as Stevie Scott grabs Nenshou from behind, holding his arms as Vasquez hammers away with right hands to the midsection!]

GM: Vasquez and Scott are working over Nenshou... but Detson's not out of it yet!

[Johnny Detson comes rushing in from out of frame, connecting with a double axehandle to the back of Scott's head, breaking up the hold on Nenshou. Detson swings around, throwing a right hand at Vasquez who blocks it before connecting with a headbutt between the eyes, sending Detson stumbling back towards the ropes...

...where a HUGE running clothesline out of Vasquez takes Detson all the way over the top and down to the floor!]

GM: VASQUEZ CLEARS OUT DETSON!

[The crowd is roaring as Vasquez wheels around, getting caught with a thrust kick to the chest that knocks him into the ropes.]

GM: Nenshou catches Vasquez with one of those deadly kicks!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the arm, Nenshou whips him across the ring. The former two-time National Champion bounces off, getting dropped with a big knife-edge chop!]

GM: Nenshou takes him down with a chop...

[Suddenly, Stevie Scott is back on the scene, grabbing Nenshou by the hair and chucking him backfirst into the nearest corner. The crowd roars as Scott squares up, leaning over to throw repeated rights and lefts at the ribcage of the face-painted warrior.

A quick camera cut to the outside of the ring shows Luke Kinsey SMASHING Rick Marley's head into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Kinsey's taking the fight to Marley out on the floor!

[The camera cuts again, showing Johnny Detson grabbing the middle rope and pulling himself up on the apron...

...when suddenly Juan Vasquez flies in from out of nowhere, scoring with a baseball slide dropkick that knocks Detson backwards, slamming backfirst into the ringside barricade!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL GOES DETSON!!

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet out on the apron, shouting at Detson from that spot as we cut back to the ring where Stevie Scott grabs Nenshou by the arm, whipping him across the ring and sending him crashing into the far corner!]

GM: Nenshou hits the corner hard!

[The former Longhorn Heritage Champion stumbles out as Scott leans over, launching Nenshou high up into the air...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[Nenshou crashes down hard on the canvas as Stevie Scott pumps his fists in front of him. He turns back towards the middle of the ring where Nenshou is getting back to his feet.]

GM: Scott grabs him again, lifts him up... ATOMIC DROP!

[The tailbone-rattling move sends Nenshou lurching forward, crashing over the ropes and down to the deck of the USS Lexington as well.]

GM: Five of the six men involved in this match are out on the floor, fans... and look at Stevie Scott!

[Scott ducks down, leaning through the ropes to grab Rick Marley by the hair, pulling him through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Scott's dragging Marley in! He's not done with the Unholy Alliance by a longshot after what they've done to him in recent weeks!

[Scott shoves Marley back into the corner, pasting him repeatedly with right hands to the jaw. He grabs an arm, whipping Marley across the ring where "Showtime" leaps up to the midbuckle, throws a head fake that makes an incoming Scott duck down as Marley turns around to face him...]

GM: Marley off the second rope!

[And Scott connects with a right hand to the breadbasket that flips Marley over and onto his back to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Scott takes Marley down hard with that one... and you can see that Percy Childes has managed to get Nenshou and Detson back together, huddling up with them on the floor...

[The Hotshot pulls Marley off the mat by the hair, turning a full 360 with him...

...and HURLING him over the top rope, sending him crashing down onto his Unholy Alliance comrades, wiping them all out to a HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: OH YEAH!! STEVIE SCOTT JUST WIPED OUT THE ENTIRE UNHOLY ALLIANCE!

BW: That ain't right! Percy ain't done nothin' to this punk!

GM: Punk? Wow, that's a far cry from where you were one of Stevie Scott's biggest supporters, Bucky!

BW: Well, Stevie Scott's a far cry from the man he was back then - when he was runnin' the Southern Syndicate and didn't give a DAMN what these nine-to-fivers thought!

[Scott is all sorts of fired up, hopping up to the middle rope to shout at the recovering Unholy Alliance as Juan Vasquez and Luke Kinsey take their places in the corner.]

GM: You can see Vasquez and Kinsey in the corner, longtime friends and allies and when Juan Vasquez needed to make the phone call... when he knew he was outgunned against the Unholy Alliance, there was only one man who he COULD call to try and even odds like this and that's Luke Kinsey!

BW: The Loose Cannon, the Big City Shooter, the man that's been blackballed from the entire industry for years now - and the one man that Juan Vasquez knew could turn this whole thing around.

[Inside the ring, Stevie Scott is pacing back and forth as Johnny Detson climbs up on the apron, jerking a thumb at himself and gesturing at his waist.]

GM: Detson says he's the true World Champion around these parts. We know that Johnny Detson is a former World Champion from the Phoenix territory.

BW: Former? He never lost that title, Gordo. In the eyes of many, that makes him the REAL World Champion.

GM: Try telling that to James Monosso.

BW: After tonight, I'll be tellin' it to Calisto Dufresne.

[Detson steps through the ropes as the referee FINALLY signals for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell and this one is officially underway at last with Johnny Detson starting things off against "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

[Detson gestures at himself a few times before lunging into a collar and elbow tieup, pushing his 248 pound frame up against the former two-time National Champion, searching for an edge...]

GM: Detson's trying to outmuscle Stevie Scott here... they're very close to the same size...

[The Hollywood native quickly pulls Scott into a side headlock, cranking on the head and neck.]

GM: Into the side headlock goes Detson... and immediately takes him over with the same hold, throwing him right over his hip and down to the mat.

[Detson rolls Scott onto his shoulders, delivering a "COUNT HIM, REF!" as Warren drops to his knees but doesn't get a single count in before Scott lifts a shoulder up off the canvas.]

GM: Not even a one count right there, Bucky.

BW: Detson ain't plannin' on pinning Scott with this hold, I promise you that. This is just to slow things down a bit... put the pace in the Alliance's pocket... maybe wear the man down a bit.

[Scott battles his way back to his feet, tossing a pair of forearms into the ribcage of Detson to loosen his grip before shooting him off to the ropes...]

GM: Scott fires him in... drops down...

[Detson goes over the top, hurdling him before hitting the far ropes where he rebounds back...

...and gets hiptossed down to the mat!]

GM: Hiptoss!

[Stevie Scott takes a moment to crack a grin, pointing at Juan Vasquez who "mockingly" applauds.]

GM: Perhaps Stevie Scott is learning from Juan Vasquez a bit during their partnership.

BW: Partnership. That makes me sick. We're just a couple years removed from Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez trying to end one another's careers in an AWA ring and now they're runnin' buddies?!

GM: Desperate situations require desperate measures. And no matter what you think of Juan Vasquez, his forced standing as a member of the Unholy Alliance was certainly a desperate situation.

[Detson scrambles back to his feet, charging towards Scott who scoops him up, dropping him down in a bodyslam. Scott backs off as Nenshou dashes in, getting a bodyslam of his own!]

GM: Bodyslams on two members of the Unholy Alliance... and Rick Marley decides not to join the party on that one.

[Nenshou rolls out to the floor alongside Detson, quickly huddling with Percy Childes again...

...a conference that quickly gets broken up by Stevie Scott leaning through the ropes, grabbing the hair of Detson and Nenshou and CLASHING their skulls together!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[Scott backs off, smirking as the dastardly duo stumbles around ringside. Rick Marley shouts at Scott from his place on the apron. Scott shakes his head before kissing his palm and turning to slap his rear end to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Haha! Stevie Scott just told Rick Marley exactly what he could do if he doesn't like what he's seeing out here, fans.

[An annoyed Marley stalks down the apron, shaking his head at Stevie Scott as Scott waves for Detson to get back into the ring.]

GM: Detson's still wobbled after having his head smashed into Nenshou's as he gets back on the apron, stepping through into the ring.

[Detson complains to the official who demands that he get back into the middle of the ring in reply.]

GM: Davis Warren sees nothing wrong with what happened out there on the floor and neither do I, fans.

[Detson moves in slowly, looking for another tieup. This time, as they tangle, Scott pulls him into a front facelock, dragging him back into the corner where he slaps the hand of Juan Vasquez.]

GM: The tag is made - in comes Vasquez!

BW: And there's a whole lot of bad blood between Detson and Vasquez.

GM: I guess you can say that. Detson's been obsessed with Vasquez for years. It was right here at this event several years ago when Johnny Detson made a one night AWA appearance in hopes of getting his hands on Juan Vasquez.

[Vasquez steps in, burying a kick into the ribs of Detson. An uppercut style blow to the body follows, leaving Detson sucking wind as he falls away from the corner.]

GM: Whoops... it looked like Detson was hoping for a tag there but Vasquez cuts him off with a handful of trunks, yanking him into a short forearm into the kidneys...

[The Los Angeles native hooks a side waistlock, hoisting Detson off the mat high into the air before dropping him down in a side suplex!]

GM: Big suplex out of Vasquez! Right down on the back of the head!

[Vasquez rolls into a lateral press, getting just a bit more than a one count before Detson raises the shoulder.]

GM: Not even a two count there but Vasquez stays right on the mat, climbing to his feet and burying a kick into the ribs. There's another one and Detson's rolling towards the ropes...

[The referee backs Vasquez off...

...which allows Luke Kinsey to rush down the apron, grabbing the top rope as he repeatedly stomps the hell out of Detson's ribcage!]

GM: Kinsey's not even legally in the ring but he's playing a role in the offense of this one already!

[A grinning Vasquez pushes past the official as Kinsey makes his way back to the corner. Percy Childes can be heard screaming at Davis Warren as Vasquez pulls Detson up by the arm, hauling him back to the ropes where he makes the tag...]

GM: In comes Kinsey...

[There's a pretty loud reaction for the first legal appearance of Luke Kinsey inside an AWA ring as he and Vasquez each grab an arm.]

GM: Doubleteam on the way, they fire Detson in...

[And each man throws a haymaker to the midsection on the rebound, doubling up Detson as Vasquez makes his exit to the apron, leaving Luke Kinsey on the attack...

...and attack he does, raking his fingernails down the back of Detson!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Hey! That's blatantly illegal! Why aren't you up in arms over it?!

GM: Well, Luke Kinsey isn't here to make any friends, Bucky. He's here to HELP his friends and if he has to bend or break some rules to do it, I'm pretty sure he's going to do exactly that.

[Detson wobbles into the neutral corner where Kinsey pursues, spinning his back into the buckles as he jams a back elbow up into the chin of Johnny Detson...]

GM: Kinsey with a pair of right hands to the chin, Detson staggering out to the middle of the ropes...

[Kinsey grabs an arm, flinging Detson across the ring...

...and knocks him right off his feet with a picture perfect standing dropkick that the crowd cheers loudly for.]

GM: Beautiful dropkick out of Kinsey - straight out of Syracuse, New York. It's been a long time since anyone's seen Kinsey in action, fans. A couple of years now at least.

BW: And that's only if you get Canadian television.

GM: Now, now... let's not go there. With Luke Kinsey around, it only FEELS like 2001.

[Kinsey rolls into a cover of his own, again only earning a one count before Detson lifts a shoulder. The Big City Shooter throws a leg over Detson, taking the mount as he hammers home several heavy right hands to the skull!]

GM: Kinsey's taking the fight to Johnny Detson and-

[Rick Marley intervenes, ducking through the ropes, grabbing two hands full of long blonde hair, and HURLING Kinsey off of Detson and down to the mat. The crowd jeers as the official backs Marley out of the ring.]

GM: Rick Marley blatantly getting himself involved but I have a feeling that that's the kind of match we can expect in this one. Davis Warren's going to have his hands full.

[Kinsey takes a knee, glaring at Marley as he gets back to his feet. He shouts something off-mic at him, gesturing at the ring.]

GM: Kinsey's telling Marley that if he wants to put his hands on him, he can tag in and do exactly that!

[Turning back to Detson, Kinsey goes to pull him from a knee to his feet...

...where Detson leans up, throwing his head into the gut of Kinsey!]

GM: Oh! Detson caught him coming in!

[Straightening up, Detson grabs a handful of hair and PASTES Kinsey with a European uppercut, knocking him back into the ropes where Detson drags him to the Unholy Alliance corner, pushing him back into the buckles as he slaps Rick Marley's hand.]

GM: The tag is made... and man oh man, listen to these fans get all over Rick Marley's case.

BW: Hey, they're the reason he's in the Alliance to begin with! It's all their fault!

GM: That's some really goofy logic the two of you are using, Bucky.

BW: Rick Marley wanted to be the hero to these people. He wanted to be their savior and their champion but they just wouldn't show him the respect he deserved! Instead, they cheer for lunatics like Monosso and Vasquez and Scott and even Luke Kinsey!

[Marley steps into the ring, throwing a pair of chops to Kinsey's chest before wrapping his hands around the throat!]

GM: That's a choke! Ref, get in there!

[The referee does indeed "get in there" forcing a break at the count of four as Marley steps out...]

...and Detson loops the tag rope around the throat, choking Kinsey viciously without the referee seeing a thing!]

GM: That's a choke as well! They're strangling Luke Kinsey with the tag rope, fans!

BW: Hey, he started the rulebreaking! And if Kinsey wants to start it, you can be assured that the Alliance will finish it, daddy!

[Moving back in, Marley pulls Kinsey out of the corner into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...]

...and SNAPS Kinsey over in a suplex!]

GM: A lightning-quick suplex out of Rick Marley and by all appearances, it looks like the Unholy Alliance has decided to focus on Kinsey, perhaps because of the ring rust he's gotta be going through in this one.

[Marley kips up to his feet, throwing his arms apart and cracking a big grin as he gestures to himself.]

GM: He's pretty proud of himself after a simple snap suplex, Bucky.

["Showtime" walks to the corner, slapping the hand of Nenshou who steps in, dashing a few short steps, twisting his body all up and BURIES an elbow into the heart of Kinsey!]

GM: Ohh!

[Nenshou too attempts a cover, earning a two count before Kinsey lifts a shoulder.]

GM: Two count only for Nenshou but Percy is shouting at him to "pour it on!" He wants them to keep on punishing Kinsey, hit him with everything he's got.

BW: There's another reason for that I just thought of.

GM: Oh?

BW: If you can injure the guy who came back to wrestling to help Scott and Vasquez, you better believe that no one ELSE is gonna come to their aid.

GM: You may have a good point there, Bucky.

BW: Of course I do. That's what I do.

[The Asian Assassin hauls Kinsey off the mat by the hair, pausing to glare at Vasquez who is cheering his friend on, clapping his hand against the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Vasquez is trying to rally his friend and ally, Luke Kinsey, into a comeback here... getting these fans to clap their hands, stomp their feet, get some fighting spirit into the man from New York.

[Nenshou drags a taped thumb across his throat in Vasquez' direction before snapmaring Kinsey over into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohh! Big kick to the spine of Luke Kinsey!

[Nenshou promptly dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, and CREAMING Kinsey with a low dropkick to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! And another big kick, this time a dropkick downstairs to the face and Nenshou's going for another cover! He's got one! He's got two! But that's all.

[The face-painted warrior gets back to his feet, pointing a warning finger at Vasquez who had one leg in, ready to rush across and break up the pin on his friend.]

GM: Irish whip by Nenshou puts Kinsey into the neutral corner... rushes in after him...

[The leaping shouldertackle comes up empty as Kinsey sidesteps, causing Nenshou to slam into the buckles. Kinsey grabs two hands full of hair, dropping to his rear with his legs split, SMASHING the face of Nenshou into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Luke Kinsey with the faceslam... up on all fours now, crawling across the ring...

[Nenshou rolls to his side, grabbing at Kinsey's ankle but coming up empty as Kinsey makes a lunge, slapping the hand of Stevie Scott!]

GM: Tag! In comes the Hotshot!

[Nenshou is on a knee as Scott approaches, throwing an overhead elbow down between the eyes. A second one seems to stun Nenshou as Scott grabs a handful of hair, dragging him back to his feet...

...and rushing towards the neutral corner, SLAMMING his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHH! HEADFIRST INTO THE CORNER!

[Scott spins around, pointing at the opposite side, rushing across as the fans cheer him on, driving Nenshou's head into that top turnbuckle as well!]

GM: Good grief! Nenshou goes headfirst into two turnbuckles and he looks dazed!

[The Asian Assassin takes a wild swing that comes up empty as Scott grabs the hair again, pointing towards his own corner and charges in, SMASHING Nenshou's skull into the buckle!]

GM: Make it three! Three times Nenshou's head hits the buckles!

[With a nod to the roaring crowd, Scott spins to point to the final corner - the corner of the Unholy Alliance.]

BW: He's not!

GM: Oh, I wouldn't bet that farm on that!

[Scott dashes to the final corner...

...but pulls up about three feet short, flashing some sign language in the direction of the Alliance to a big cheer!]

GM: Eeeks. Fans, we apologize for that... colorful gesture out of the Hotshot.

[...and then sticks his fingers in the eyes of Nenshou, sending the former Longhorn Heritage Champion blindly stumbling back out to the middle of the ring where Scott charges out, connecting with a running clothesline that drops him!]

GM: And Nenshou goes down hard off the clothesline...

[Scott looks out at the cheering crowd, slowly stalking Nenshou who is crawling across the ring towards the neutral corner.]

GM: Nenshou's trying to create some distance here, trying to get away but Scott's right on his tail, dragging him up by the pants...

[Grabbing an arm, Scott goes to whip Nenshou across but the reversal goes down, sending the Hotshot crashing into the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Stevie hits the corner instead... look out here!

[Nenshou throws himself back into the opposite corner, racing out, cartwheeling, tumbling, flying backwards...]

GM: HANDSPRING ELB-

[But Scott dives aside, causing Nenshou to SLAM backfirst into the turnbuckles, his head and neck whipping backwards!]

BW: That could cause a serious case of whiplash, Gordo.

GM: So might this!

[Scott hooks a side headlock, swinging a hand around in the air, charging out of the corner...]

GM: BULLD-

[But in a desperate attempt to save his partner, Rick Marley ducks into the ring, throwing his leg up in a superkick...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CASTING CALL! MARLEY HITS THE CASTING CALL ON SCOTT!

[The referee immediately is on Marley's case for being illegally in the ring...

...but only for a moment as Luke Kinsey comes sailing into view, leaping into the air with a vertical bodypress that takes Marley off his feet where Kinsey opens fire with right hands!]

GM: KINSEY'S IN AS WELL!!

BW: The floodgates are openin'!

GM: In comes Detson and-

[Detson only gets a step into the ring before Juan Vasquez rushes him, knocking him back into the corner where he opens fire with rights and lefts!]

GM: All six men are back in the ring! All heck has broken loose again!

[Kinsey and Marley go rolling into the ropes where they fall apart before Marley slips out to the floor while Kinsey stays on the apron. The camera cuts to show Vasquez hammering Detson in the back of the head with forearm smashes...

...before Detson grabs a handful of trunks, yanking Vasquez towards him and sending him spilling out to the floor!]

GM: Vasquez is out as well!

[We cut to the ring apron where Luke Kinsey is back on his feet, slapping the buckle and running in place...

...and then breaks into a sprint down the length of the apron, leaping into the air, driving his knee into the jaw of the rising Marley who was down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE BY KINSEY!!

[A quick cut shows Johnny Detson grabbing Juan Vasquez by the arm, FIRING him into the ringside barricade!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE STEEL GOES VASQUEZ! This one's breaking down again, fans!

BW: You act surprised! These guys hate each other, I don't know what the heck can hold 'em in the ring!

[Detson gets back into the ring, moving to help Nenshou as Nenshou pulls Scott back to his feet. Detson grabs Scott by the arms, holding them back as Nenshou squares up...]

GM: HIGH KICK!

[The foot bounces off the temple of Scott, knocking him flat as Detson leaps up and down, celebrating the big move.]

GM: That might do it, fans! They might have knocked him out with that!

[Detson waves for Nenshou to hold Scott up so he can do something...]

GM: Nenshou pulls Scott up... holding the arms...

[Detson breaks towards the ropes...

...and goes sailing over them, crashing down on the floor thanks to Luke Kinsey!]

GM: KINSEY YANKED THE ROPES DOWN!!

[A shocked Nenshou's grip lets up a little too much, allowing Stevie Scott to slip free, lashing out with a back elbow to the temple. A second one sends Nenshou spinning away from him...]

GM: Scott gets free...

[He drops down, hooking a handful of pants to pull Nenshou into a schoolboy rollup...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

BW: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The bell rings as the crowd ERUPTS into cheers...

...but for just a moment as an irate Percy Childes hops up on the apron, waving his crystal-topped cane towards the locker room!]

GM: They did it! They knocked off the Unholy Alliance!

BW: This ain't over!

GM: I'm sure you're right, Bucky, but they did los-

BW: No, this ain't over right now! LOOK!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as The Aces come tearing down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: The Aces! Childes and Tyler are heading for the ring!

[Steven Childes dives headfirst under the bottom rope where Stevie Scott is ready for him, diving on his back and hammering away with rights and lefts as he tries to buy himself some time...

...but Daniel Tyler is right behind him, popping up to his feet, hands shaking as he stands at the ready.]

GM: Behind you, Stevie! Behind you!

[And as Scott pushes up to his feet, Tyler leaps into the air, hooking his head and neck...

...and SNAPPING him down in a violent-looking reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHH! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Tyler pops back up, shouting and screaming at the downed Stevie Scott for a split second...

...until an incoming Luke Kinsey throws himself into a spear tackle, taking Tyler down to the mat where he starts throwing big bombs to the head!]

GM: Kinsey's all over Tyler!

[Outside the ring, Rick Marley is hanging onto the leg of Juan Vasquez, preventing him from getting back into the ring to help his allies as Johnny Detson sits on the apron, hammering Vasquez with right hands to the skull!]

GM: We've got a five-on-three situation here, fans!

[Inside the ring, Steven Childes gets back to his feet, signaling Percy who throws in the cane...

...which comes CRASHING down over the back of Kinsey's neck, knocking him down in a heap!]

GM: Ohh! This is a damn mugging - an out-and-out assault!

[Childes lifts the cane, driving it down on the back of the neck a second time as his partner slowly gets up off the mat, joining Steven in a beatdown on a prone Luke Kinsey. Across the ring, Nenshou has Stevie Scott seated in the corner with his boot on Scott's throat, strangling the life out of him!]

BW: The Unholy Alliance may have lost this match but don't think for a second that they've lost this war, daddy!

[We cut back to the floor where Juan Vasquez scores with a headbutt on Johnny Detson, knocking him back off the apron. A series of short right hands to the skull of Marley gets Vasquez loose from him as he gets up on the apron, stepping into the ring...]

GM: VASQUEZ IS IN! VASQUEZ IS IN!!

[Steven Childes is the first to act, winding up with the cane like a baseball bat and taking a swing at Vasquez who avoids it before scoring with a dropkick that sends Childes sailing through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: He clears out Steven Childes!

[Daniel Tyler winds up, greeting Vasquez with a pair of right hands before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Vasquez!

[Tyler hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...and getting hiptossed down to the mat to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[Vasquez sprints to the ropes, bouncing off, and leaping into the air to land backfirst across Tyler's torso!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[The crowd has been whipped into a frenzy by the flurry of offense out of Vasquez...

...until Nenshou SLAMS a double axehandle into the back of his neck, knocking Vasquez down to his knees.]

GM: Nenshou caught him from behind... look out, Marley's in now!

[Marley grabs a front facelock on Vasquez, yanking him to his feet...

...and spins around, DRIVING Vasquez skullfirst into the canvas with the Limelight!]

GM: OHHH! GOOD GRIEF!

BW: We've got bodies everywhere out here, Gordo! Everywhere!

[A feisty Luke Kinsey throws himself from his knees at Rick Marley, tackling him down to the mat again. The crowd cheers the barrage of quick right hands before Nenshou strikes again, knocking Kinsey down to the canvas.]

GM: Vasquez is down! Kinsey's down right next to him!

BW: Stevie's out here by us on the floor... Johnny Detson's beating the heck out of him out here...

[Nenshou backs off as Steven Childes steps back in, showing some fire as he shouts at his partner.]

GM: Wait a second! They're not done yet!

[Childes goes to the corner, scaling the turnbuckles as Tyler approaches the corner as well, reaching up to grab his partner...]

GM: No, no!

BW: ROCKET LAUNCHER!

[Tyler sends Childes sailing through the air...

...onto the raised knees of Juan Vasquez!]

GM: KNEES UP!! VASQUEZ CAUGHT HIM!!

[A furious Percy Childes turns towards the locker room again, waving both arms madly.]

GM: What's he doing? They're all out here - who is he waving for?

[The crowd ERUPTS in a mix of anger and surprise as Tully Brawn comes jogging into view, a big grin on his face. He taps his temple a few times as he passes the aisle camera.]

GM: TULLY BRAWN?! What the heck is HE doing here?! He's supposed to be in Alabama to face Brian Von Braun, his older brother, tonight!

BW: Haha! They pulled a fast one, Gordo! Don'tcha get it?!

GM: What the world are you talking about, Bucky Wilde?!

BW: They set this whole thing up! They wanted Von Braun out of the building... heck, out of the damn STATE so that he couldn't help his allies out in this one! Tully Brawn was never going to face BVB in Alabama - this was the plan the whole time!

GM: What a... what a sick and twisted group these men are! And that lunatic Percy Childes is leading the whole lot of 'em!

[Brawn grabs the crystal-topped cane off the floor as he rolls in, driving it down between the eyes of a rising Juan Vasquez!]

GM: OHHH!

[Vasquez collapses to the mat, covering up his head as Brawn gestures for Tyler to pull Stevie Scott off the mat.]

GM: Tyler's got Scott up... holding his arms behind him...

[Brawn winds up a second time, swinging down like he's chopping a tree branch...

...and SLAMS the cane between the eyes of the Hotshot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! This is terrible! Absolutely terrible! We've got a six-on-three beating going on and I don't care if you're Superman, Batman, and the Green Lantern, you're not beating those odds!

BW: Wow. A comic book reference. I thought you were better than Dane and Stegglet, Gordo.

[The crowd cheers again for an instant as Kinsey throws himself at Brawn, forcing him back into the turnbuckles where he slams his shoulder into the midsection...

...but Johnny Detson arrives, cane in hand to smash it across the back of Kinsey!]

GM: Detson with the cane now! Everyone's getting a turn with that damn thing tonight, fans.

[Detson pulls Kinsey out of the corner, tugging him into a standing headscissors. He reaches down, double underhooking both arms...]

GM: NO!

[...and leaps up, DRIVING Kinsey facefirst into the canvas!]

BW: He calls it the Hoyle Driver - and funny enough, Kinsey's used the same move for YEARS! He got his from his hero, Eddie Van Gibson, but right now, he just took that full force and is out like a light!

GM: Kinsey's out! Vasquez and Scott are both struggling to get up as well as the Unholy Alliance is out here putting the boots to them!

[In the ring, Rick Marley is giving instructions, pointing down to ringside to Tyler and Brawn. Both men quickly exit the ring...]

GM: What the heck... what are they doing?!

BW: They're... what ARE they doing?

[Soon enough, it becomes obvious what they're doing.]

GM: They're unhooking the steel barricade - they're disconnecting a section of that metal railing that's keeping the fans back from the ring! We're going to need security out here right now!

[Security floods onto the scene, keeping the fans back as Brawn and Tyler muscle the section of railing into the ring. Marley jumps in to help, pulling the barricade in and with the aid of his partners, sets it up in the middle of the ring.]

GM: What is all THIS about?!

BW: Oh, I just got it! I know what they're doing, Gordo!

GM: What ARE they doing?

BW: Don't you remember back when Marley came back to the AWA? He and Monosso had that rivalry where they talked about Marley using the railing to end some kid's career in Phoenix!

GM: Oh my... you mean-?!

[With the railing in position and Percy Childes directing traffic, Rick Marley drags Luke Kinsey off the mat, pulling him over towards the barricade...]

GM: He's gonna deliver the Limelight onto the railing?!

BW: They're gonna finish off Kinsey once and for all tonight!

[The Aces pull Stevie Scott to his feet, holding his arms as he struggles against them. A few feet away, Detson and Brawn do the same to Vasquez.]

BW: And even better, they're gonna make the Hotshot and Vasquez watch while they do it! Marley and the Unholy Alliance are gonna put Kinsey in a hospital bed once and for all and-

[Marley steps up to the railing, holding the front facelock...

...when suddenly, the crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA!!

BW: HE'S GOT A CHAIR!!

[The face-painted young lion slides in, rearing back...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[Marley just narrowly avoided the chairshot that hits the railing instead. Percy Childes calls for a retreat, members of the Unholy Alliance bailing out left and right as Supernova swings the steel chair like a wildman!]

GM: SUPERNOVA CLEARS 'EM OUT!! HE HAS SAVED LUKE KINSEY!!

BW: Not to mention Vasquez and Scott 'cause you know they were comin' for them next!

[An angry Supernova kicks over the railing as he shouts at Marley, screaming for him to get back into the ring.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is in retreat... but this isn't over, fans. It's not over by a longshot after what these jackals just tried to do to Luke Kinsey! Vasquez and Scott are standing alongside Supernova, ready for the fight to continue but I think Percy Childes has decided to live and fight another day!

[Vasquez turns away, filled with anger as he kneels down next to his longtime friend to check on his condition and we 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 up to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" and to Supernova, who stands in front of an AWA Memorial Day Rumble backdrop. Supernova has his face painted black and yellow and wears his wrestling attire and vest.]

S: The Memorial Day Rumble... the match that gives everyone the chance to say they beat 29 other wrestlers to earn themselves a shot at the AWA's top prize. I'm one of the lucky few to have earned that distinction... and I almost earned that distinction twice.

Yet tonight, for me, it's not about earning that special distinction, but about settling a personal score.

[A slight laugh.]

S: Rick Marley, you had your say back at Superclash, when you decided to put the knife in my back, simply because you had an axe to grind with the AWA. Then you accused me of being the AWA's favored son and how they just rolled out the red carpet for me while you got the shaft. I gave you your chance to come say it to my face and you wouldn't take it.

And then you decide to taunt me and hide behind the Unholy Alliance.

[Beat.]

S: Well, Marley, tonight you get your chance to take what you keep telling everyone has been denied to you. You have your chance to earn that distinction of beating 29 other wrestlers to get yourself a shot at the AWA World championship. It's your chance to show the world you deserve the accolades you feel should have come to you a long time ago.

But there's just one problem, Marley.

[An intense look forms on his face.]

S: To earn that distinction... you have to get past me.

[Fade out from Supernova to an excited looking Jason Dane, standing in front of an AWA banner.]

JD: In just a little while it'll be time once again for the Memorial Day Rumble, and you can tell that many of the AWA's finest are psyched up for a ch-

?: Flight 8-1-2, aboard Gang Green Airlines, now boarding gate 12!

[Dane rolls his eyes as he's interrupted by Alphonse Green, who strolls into view dressed for action,. Dane sighs and shakes his head as he sees a flight captain's cap on top of Green's head, along with a pair of aviator sunglasses.]

AG: We're just about ready for takeoff, a full flight on board the Gang Green Flying Machine today, with a capacity of 29. The skies are beautiful at our destination, with a temperature of 77 degrees. It's not going to matter whether or not you sit near an emergency exit, because there's gonna be a lot of exiting in tonight's Rumble! Hope y'all enjoy your flight over the top rope and to the floor, it's expected to be a smooth trip!

JD: Good grief. You know, I don't even want to know where you got that hat.

[Green grins, tipping the hat towards Dane.]

AG: I've always wanted to be a pilot!

[Dane groans.]

JD: Here's something that's going to wipe that grin off your face. I'm sure you heard by now that Karl O'Connor made a ruling based on what happened in last year's Rumble. The referees at ringside are going to keep an eye on you, and if you are not accounted for during your time in the Rumble, you will be automatically eliminated!

[The grin on Green's face slowly disappears. He turns towards Dane, raising his sunglasses.]

AG: Ya know, I have ears, Dane. You know what, that doesn't matter to me one bit!

[Dane raises his eyebrow, not believing that the ruling doesn't bother Green.]

AG: Look out over the sea of people here tonight, Gang Green is in full force, yearning to see their captain go out there and kick some heads in on his way to victory! I don't need to hide, Dane. You called me out on that once before, and I'm gonna show you and everyone else that doubts that I am what I say I am when I earn my right to be the #1 contender to the World Heavyweight championship!

JD: There are 29 other men who are thinking the same thing. You've had run ins with Glenn Hudson, Chris Staley's been calling you out.. there are guys like Alex Martinez, Supernova, and even last years winner, the man who eliminated you, Supreme Wright, the list goes on and on of those who deserve the right to be the #1 contender. You're gonna need all the luck in the world to survive these guys!

AG: Blah blah blah most star studded Rumble ever, yeah I get it. Keep tryin' to plant those seeds of doubt, Dane, my fans always tell me to never listen to the haters. I see 29 other men, getting ready as the Gang Green Flying Machine starts it's taxiing down the runway. The no-smoking light and fasten seat belt lights are lit, and the captain's telling everyone to keep their seat backs and their tray tables in an upright position.

Keep those mobile devices goin', though. Gotta have those recording devices going for when I stand tall at the end of the night. Like it or not everybody rides..

[Green lowers his sunglasses back over his eyes.]

AG: ...with Alphonse Green.

[Green turns and rushes off camera, as the camera pans back over to Dane.]

JD: Well, there you have it, I guess Alphonse Green's trying to make sure that the Gang Green Flying Machine's not grounded. Despite the announcement, he's still as confident as ever, but will can he go toe to toe with all the big stars in tonight's Rumble? Back to you guys!

[Crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. We've called it the most star-studded edition of the Rumble ever and I don't think that's any exaggeration, fans. We've got former World Champions, Hall Of Famers, former National Champions, some of the very best that this sport has to offer all battling it out for a future shot at the AWA World Title currently held by James Monosso.

BW: Some of the highest stakes you can imagine. We've talked about how few people get to hold the World Title in their careers but not many more ever even get a SHOT to hold the World Title in their careers. Tonight, thirty men get the chance to take their destiny in their own hands and earn themselves a shot at that title.

GM: High stakes indeed... but when you talk about high stakes, you've GOT to be talking about our next match, Bucky.

BW: That's right, Gordo. The words "Winner Takes All" have been used in the hype for this match but in the case of Royalty and Mark Langseth, it may never have been more true.

GM: We've been through censorship, we've been through suspensions, we've been through sneak attacks, legal battles, the Westwego Incident, Joe Petrow and Jim Watkins, and so much more. We could run video recaps all night long to explain how we got here... but in the end, we have arrived and tonight, we look for this situation to come to a conclusion. After nearly a two year suspension, Mark Langseth's future with this company will be revealed right here tonight. Jim Watkins began the negotiations to end this situation during his time as the Chairman of the Championship Committee and President Karl O'Connor wasted no time in inking the deal. Sultan Azam

Sharif will represent the AWA... Dave Cooper will represent Langseth and Royalty. If Cooper wins, Mark Langseth's AWA career will resume effective immediately. If Sharif wins, Mark Langseth is banned from the AWA FOR LIFE!

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: The stakes have never been higher for Dave Cooper and Sultan Azam Sharif than they are here tonight, fans. Let's go up to the ring for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is the WINNER TAKES ALL match!

[Big cheer!]

PW: The future of Mark Langseth in the American Wrestling Alliance is on the line. Introducing first...

["The Professional" by Leon starts up to a huge explosion of jeers from the Corpus Christi crowd.]

PW: From Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in at 260 pounds... he represents Royalty and on this night, fights for the very career of Mark Langseth...

He is the Professional...

DAAAAAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOOOPER!

[A few moments pass before Dave Cooper strides through the curtain, a very obvious confident smile on his face. He takes several steps out on the deck of the USS Lexington clad in his standard black trunks, kneepads, and white boots. A brown vest with the words "The Professional" on the back is over a white t-shirt that says "WIN ONE FOR MARK!" on the front.]

GM: Win one for Mark... good grief.

BW: A great sentiment. When the last man to wear the AWA National Title comes back to the AWA, it'll be a glorious day for everyone!

GM: You're unbelievable, you know that? That man has caused the AWA nothing but headaches and heartache and you want him back?! I hope Sharif wins this thing and erases the name "Mark Langseth" from our history books once and for all.

[Cooper looks around at the jeering crowd, still smiling as he nods at their reaction. He moves a few more steps towards the ring before stopping, snapping his fingers like he forgot something...

...and then jerks a thumb at the curtain behind him.]

GM: Oh, now what is THIS all about?!

[The jeers intensify as "Hollywood" Larry Doyle walks into view, an equally confident smile on his face. Doyle's smile is made even brighter by the very serious faces of Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs, the AWA World Tag Team Championship duo known as the Blonde Bombers walking out alongside him.]

GM: Doyle AND the Bombers?! What business do they have out here?

BW: Royalty business, daddy! The Bombers and "Hollywood" Larry are here to help usher in a new era of Royalty to the AWA - an era where Mark Langseth is back and Royalty is stronger than ever!

[High fives are all around as Cooper and the Bombers greet one another. With a nod towards the ring, Cooper continues down the walkway, his partners-in-crime following him...]

GM: Dave Cooper has arrived and for a man who has all the pressure in the world on his shoulders here tonight, he certainly looks very confident, Bucky... although that might have a lot to do with the backup he just brought out here with him.

BW: Cooper's got all the reasons in the world to be confident. He knows what he's capable of. He knows what's on the line so he'll be at his very best... and he knows that Sharif is torn about this situation. Sharif wants Langseth back in the AWA in his heart of hearts because he wants vengeance on Langseth for what happened to him almost two years ago when he had the National Title won and Langseth interfered!

GM: I don't think those feelings will prevent Sharif from ENDING Mark Langseth's AWA future here tonight, Bucky... not one bit. Before this match begins, however, let's go backstage where Sultan Azam Sharif is standing by!

[We fade to the backstage area, where Jason Dane stands alongside Sultan Azam Sharif.

Sharif is not carrying his Iranian flag, is not wearing a kaffiyeh, nor is he wearing a bisht. He instead wears a white AWA T-Shirt, his baggy white sirwal (pants) tucked into his shiny gold hooked boots, and his gold sash around the waist. His neatly cut black hair, trimmed black mustache, and battlescarred complexion frame a determined expression.]

JD: Sultan Azam Sharif, when you came to the United States many years ago, I don't think anyone would have thought you'd be fighting aboard a US aircraft carrier... and being cheered.

SAS: Mistair Jahsun Dan, it is raspec.

I diddunt hate USA, un nevair did. But I raspec AmerEcun peepell, I raspec dot dey love deir country like I love my country. Dot is why, today, one day, on USS Lexington, I leave my Iranian flag home. Not because I diddunt vant to show I am proud of my country, but to show raspec for AmerEcun men un women. Iran un AmerEca diddunt haf to be enemy, is not too late.

But Royalty, for you it is too late! Dahveed Coopair, I come all deh vay, ten tousun mile from Shiraz Iran to be deh AWA champwon. To be strong for Iran, to vin for Iran, to be deh best in deh vurld for Iran. But also for myself! Un I vas gonna do it deh right vay! I om deh best wrastlair in deh vurld, un I vant to prove it in deh ring, but you un Mork Lonset, you vant to gang up and vin vidout proving dot you are deh best! You are slave for a mon who set home un do nothing un say he vant champwonship motch for nothing? All dis time, you come to AWA un be his slave, vhy? VHY?

If it vas money, you could hof try to vin shapwonship youself un get money. If it vas powair, you could hof try to vin champwonship youself un get powair. Vhy do you slave for a phony?

I know vhy. It vas shown every time you jump my bock. You are a cowaird! All deh time, you jump on my bock un attock wid numbairs, un you only get brave ven you fight a rookie. Tonight, you gunna see vat USA think of a cowaird. Because I... I am Iranian. I am Muslim. Un I go ten tousun mile to USS Lexington, US military ship in front of tousun tousun AmerEcun proud on Memorial Day... un dey know I love my country dot might be at var vid dem someday.

But dey still gunna cheer for me, because I om not cowaird! I om not cowaird! I vill go to deh ring, un fight deh vay dot AmerEcuns always fight! Dot's vhy dey raspec me! Un you gonna learn raspec! I vill teach you raspec, I vill teach you to be humbail, un all AWA vill see it. CAMARAMAN, ZOOM!

[Sharif flexes briefly as we fade back to live action where Dave Cooper has taken his spot inside the ring as Doyle and the Bombers moved into his corner. He removes his ring vest and t-shirt, holding the shirt up so the entire crowd can see the "WIN ONE FOR MARK!" verbiage, earning him even louder jeers somehow as his music starts to fade.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a momentary pause before Sultan Azam Sharif strides through the curtain into view. On this night, in this place, Sharif shows the ultimate sign of respect for his adopted homeland by refusing to play his music, refusing his usual entrance attire, and refusing to carry his flag. This earns him a loud reaction - a positive one - from the largely military crowd who cheer Sharif as he power-walks down the aisle.]

PW: From Iran... he weighs in at 251 pounds...

SULLLLTAAAN AAZZAAAAAAM SHAAAARIIIIIF!

[The cheers grow louder as Sharif walks right up the steps, taking a place on the ring apron where he points threateningly at Dave Cooper who leans over, hands on his thighs before waving for Sharif to get inside the ring. Sharif turns to look at the crowd, pointing at them all and patting his muscular chest before stepping into the ring. He wears a loose white sirwal (pants), tucked into a pair of shiny gold boots with curled hooked toes, reminiscent of galesh. A shiny gold sash around his waist and white wristbands complete his attire.]

GM: Sharif has chosen to do away with some of the more controversial aspects of his ring entrance here tonight due to our venue tonight here on the USS Lexington. We thank him profusely for that. We here in the AWA strongly believe in the Freedoms of Speech and Expression but on this night, we know that Sharif does not want to distract from the men and women who've paid the ultimate price for their country here in this very patriotic venue.

[Sharif marches to his corner, tugging at the ropes to loosen up as Cooper straightens up, looking out at Larry Doyle and exchanging a short nod.]

GM: So much on the line here. So much at stake. After everything that Mark Langseth, Joe Petrow, and all the rest of Royalty has put the AWA through for so long, it's hard to believe that we may be just a short while from putting that chapter to bed. Petrow's gone - never to return. And in just a little while, Mark Langseth may be gone as well.

BW: You're really rooting for that, aren't you?

GM: Absolutely. No doubt and I'm not ashamed one bit to admit it.

BW: So much for being the pillar of impartiality, Myers.

[Sharif swings his arms back and forth, staying loose as AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps into the middle of the ring. He points to Cooper... then to Sharif, checking if both men are ready for battle...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cooper takes a cautious step out of the corner, turning to the official to say something.]

GM: What's he doing?

BW: I'm not sure.

[Cooper and Jagger have a brief exchange which results in Jagger nodding several times, waving to the timekeeper again...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jagger looks at Cooper with a shrug.]

GM: I'm not sure... fans, bear with us a moment here. What is Dave Cooper doing, Bucky?

BW: I think... I think he asked Jagger if the match had officially started. He asked him to ring the bell again to make sure everyone knew the match had started.

GM: Okay... but why? Since when do we need the bell rung twice? Since when do we...?

[Cooper grins across the ring at Sharif... and then settles back into his corner, his arms draped on the top rope...]

GM: I don't understand what's going on here. What is Dave Cooper doing, Bucky?

BW: Why do you keep asking me? I have no idea!

[Sharif looks puzzled at the official who signals for the match to begin, waving the two men together...]

BW: Sharif's ready to fight... but Cooper looks like he's calling an early timeout.

GM: There are no timeouts in the world of professional wrestling - you know that as well as anyone, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, I tried to call one at the thirty minute mark when I was managing Big Bubba Brown against "The Hangman" Willie Wilson in Memphis.

GM: If I recall, that ended with you getting hooked in a sleeperhold by Wilson.

BW: Still can't hear an alarm clock without breaking into a cold sweat.

GM: Cooper's waving Sharif forward... like he's luring him into something. If I were Sharif, I'd be careful here.

[But Sharif and caution don't go well together as he power-walks across the ring. He gets about halfway there when Cooper shouts "NOW!"]

GM: Huh?

[The shout draws Sharif's attention to the side where he spots Kenny Stanton sliding under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: What the-?!

[Stanton gets up, catching a hooked boot in the midsection as he does. Sharif hooks a front facelock to protect himself, hammering his forearm down into Stanton's back over and over...

...and not noticing Brad Jacobs climbing into the ring, World Tag Team Title belt in hand as he winds up...]

GM: NO!

[...and SMASHES Sharif in the back of the skull with it, knocking the Iranian grappler down to the canvas. The crowd jeers loudly as Jacobs stands over Sharif, waiting for his partner to get back up. Soon, Larry Doyle is up on the apron, shouting at his men as Dave Cooper, still grinning, steps out of the corner, gesturing for them to pick Sharif up...]

GM: What in the world are we witnessing, Bucky?!

BW: I don't know... I just don't... the match had started, Gordo! We heard the bell! We heard it TWICE!

GM: I know! The referee hasn't signaled anything yet but...

[Jacobs and Stanton lift Sharif off the mat, each holding an arm as the Iranian lightly struggles against their grip, still dazed from the title belt shot. Cooper steps forward, jabbing a finger into his chest...]

"This isn't about you. Not tonight at least. Tonight, you're just a messenger."

[On cue, Stanton and Jacobs power Sharif up into the air as Cooper dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off with a spear tackle that shoves Sharif up... over... and Stanton and Jacobs SWING him back down into the canvas with a devastating triple team move!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT IN THE HELL?!?!]

[Cooper grins at the laid-out Sharif before him. The crowd is buzzing with confusion as Cooper looks out at Larry Doyle, pointing to the floor. "Hollywood" Larry hops off the apron, shoving a steel chair under the ropes into the squared circle.]

GM: Oh my god. I don't like the looks of this, Bucky.

BW: I don't get it! Isn't this all illegal?!

[Cooper winds up with the chair, standing over the downed Sharif...

...and JAMS the edge of the chair back into the ankle of Sharif!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He DROVE the chair into the ankle!

BW: Listen to Sharif! He's screaming in pain, Gordo! Cooper's trying to break his damn ankle!

[Cooper lifts the chair again, staring down at Sharif who is trying to reach down to grab his ankle...

...but Cooper SLAMS the chair down into the ankle a second time, preventing him from being able to protect it!]

GM: Again! Good grief!

[Sharif sits up, grabbing at his ankle as Cooper throws the chair aside, gesturing at the injured Iranian. Brad Jacobs yanks Sharif up by the head, lifting him by his legs...

...and DRIVES him down with a standing spinebuster!]

GM: Come on!

BW: The only person that might even come out here to help Sharif would be Supernova and we're being told that he's stuck in a room with the front office about that steel chair he was wielding out here earlier.

[Cooper grabs Sharif by the hooked boot, tugging and yanking on it, pulling it right off the injured ankle.]

GM: And now Cooper's got the boot off! He ripped the boot right off that ankle and-

[Stanton pulls Sharif up, holding his arms as Sharif shouts in a foreign tongue in Cooper's direction...

...just before Cooper SLAMS the hooked boot down between the eyes of Sharif, sending him right back down to the mat!]

GM: This is terrible! We need some help out here! We need help out here right now for Sultan Azam Sharif!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell rings... this match is over but...

[Cooper grabs the bare foot of Sharif, flipping him over onto his stomach...]

GM: That's the anklelock! The anklelock is the signature hold of Mark Langseth, the Greatness Personified! We all know that but-

BW: But Dave Cooper, unless I'm reading this situation wrong, just made sure that Mark Langseth will NEVER use that hold in the AWA again! He's

gone, Gordo! The referee's gonna disqualify Cooper for outside interference - blatant outside interference at that! They didn't even make an attempt to hide it. I don't understand... I don't get it at all.

[Sharif claws at the canvas, screaming in pain as Cooper wrenches on the injured ankle. Stanton drops down on all fours, shouting "DO YOU WANNA QUIT?!" at Sharif as Jacobs and Doyle laugh.]

GM: Oh, this is a real riot. These guys are mocking Mark Langseth, they're mocking Sultan Azam Sharif, they're mocking this entire company with this act they're putting on!

[After several moments, Cooper releases the hold, gesturing to the chair again...]

GM: No, no... not the chair. Please, don't do it again.

BW: Uh oh... they've got other ideas this time, Gordo.

[A smirking Stanton folds the steel chair over Sharif's leg as Jacobs kneels down, using his powerful upper body to pin Sharif to the mat, keeping him steady as Stanton holds the legs down...]

GM: What are they...?

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern as Cooper hops up on the middle rope, looking out at the jeering crowd. He nods, pointing down at Sharif...]

GM: No, no! Don't do it! For the love of God, don't do-

[Cooper leaps off, STOMPING the chair that's wrapped around the ankle! The crowd ROARS in shock and then falls silent as Sharif starts screaming in pain, howling in agony as he rolls around in anguish on the mat.]

BW: My god! They broke his ankle, Gordo! They broke his ankle!

GM: I think you're right - I think I heard something inside that ring snap and-

[Cooper glares down at the pain-filled Sharif... then out at the jeering crowd. He stands over his screaming opponent as the Bombers trade a high five with one another.]

GM: I don't understand what's goin- okay, Jason Dane is getting in there to see if he can find out what the heck is happening. Take it, Jason.

[Inside the ring, a mic-wielding Jason Dane looks down in surprise at the screaming Sultan Azam Sharif as a pair of medics slide into the ring, trying to work on the Iranian. Jacobs snatches the mic.]

BJ: Get that piece of trash out of OUR ring!

[The boos get even louder as Jacobs shoves the mic back into the chest of Jason Dane who quickly recovers.]

JD: I don't... I'm not sure I can wrap my head around what just happened here, guys. Dave Cooper, you had the chance to get Mark Langseth reinstated here tonight but instead... instead it seems like you had these men (gestures at the Bombers) interfere right in front of the official...

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Did you get yourself INTENTIONALLY disqualified?!

[Cooper laughs loudly as Kenny Stanton and Larry Doyle join in. Brad Jacobs continues to glare at Sharif as the medical team works on his ankle.]

DC: Is that really the question you want to ask, Dane?

[Dane looks flustered.]

JD: No, I guess not. It's quite obvious that that's EXACTLY what you just did. You got yourself intentionally disqualified - you lost this match and in the process, you lost Mark Langseth's AWA career! He's gone! The founder and leader of Royalty is gone!

[Cooper's expression changes at that, staring coldly at Dane.]

DC: I'd ask your question now, Dane... before things get nasty.

[Dane puffs up his chest, pointing an accusing finger.]

JD: I want to know what would prompt you to throw the match that could've brought back the man you've been lobbying to get reinstated for almost two years now!

[Cooper smiles again, nodding his head.]

DC: There it is, Jason. The question that everyone is asking themselves right now. What could cause it to happen? Why would it possibly happen? Why would I EVER do what I just did?

[The crowd jeers Cooper as he speaks. He shakes his head before replying.]

DC: First of all, Jason, for many months, you've been hearing Sultan Azam Sharif calling me a slave to Mark Langseth, and after listening to him, I came to one conclusion...

He was right.

[Jason seems surprised at that remark as do the fans who start buzzing. Cooper seems to like the reaction, cracking a grin before continuing.]

DC: I spent months doing nothing but the bidding of Mark Langseth and Joe Petrow... and if you remember, after I realized it was clear Petrow was pursuing his own agenda and not the better good of Royalty, I made the decision to cut ties with him and bring in Larry Doyle, who then brought in these two men beside me.

[Cooper raises a finger.]

DC: I was also the one who made the decision to dump my former partner when he became a liability.

[A second finger.]

DC: And more recently, I came to learn that Mark Langseth was only interested in his own agenda... unlike Larry Doyle, who was all about ensuring ALL his clients' interests would be met.

If Petrow had to go... if Somers had to go...

[Cooper flicks up a third finger.]

DC: Then so did Langseth.

But with all that said... I don't like Sultan Azam Sharif, Larry Doyle doesn't like Sharif, Brad Jacobs doesn't like Sharif, Kenny Stanton doesn't like Sharif and we all decided it was time to ensure that Royalty's message about taking down anyone in our path is heard loud and clear.

So tonight's match outcome and what happened to Sharif... all I have to say is this.

Two birds, one stone.

[Doyle claps him on the back as Stanton tosses an imaginary disc in the air, and then shoots it with his imaginary rifle.]

DC: But believe me... we have only just gotten started and, when the night is over, Royalty will have officially been remade in the image it needs to be made.

And you don't just have to hear it from me.

[Cooper shoves the mic towards Larry Doyle who happily accepts it.]

LD: Larry Doyle ain't the type of guy to take orders from a talking television, same with these Blonde Bombers. And if there's one thing we know about Dave Cooper, is that he ain't afraid to dig his heels in the sand and do what he thinks is right.

Mark Langseth, we been walkin' on eggshells and wishin' on fallen stars, wonderin' when you'd be brought back into the AWA. But it hit yours truly a while ago, and it hit Dave Cooper soon after... we were just carrying you

around, making you seem important when all you were is an anchor around our neck.

For Pete's sake, the planets aligned and the storm from hell materialized outta thin air just to let you near an AWA title when you did nothing to deserve it, you had two man servants doing your bidding and drove Joe Petrow back into the looney bin. My man Cooper here has done NOTHING but clear the path for you to be treated like the legend and former World Champ you are, but here's the catch... at some point, you gotta know when enough is enough. The sport has passed you by, wrestling has passed you by, and you can bet your bollocks to a barn dance that we were not gonna sit here and wait for you to figure out that you weren't wanted or needed anymore.

[Jacobs throws his arms apart with a loud "YOU'RE DONE, BOY!" before a grinning Doyle continues.]

LD: We pulled stunts for you, we waged war for you, we interrupted AWA television for you... all for nothing. All for naught. We coulda been furthering OUR agenda, we coulda been doing something for ourselves, but we did everything for you, Mark Langseth, and we got nothing in return.

Not a phone call, not a text, not a letter. The only people petitioning the AWA to get your back were these four right here because you couldn't be bothered to show your face and do it yourself!

[Doyle points to the four men on screen.]

LD: Well to hell with you, Mark Langseth. It was fun watching you be the goofy old man at the night club for a while, doing the Hustle while the rest of the club did the Cuban Shuffle, but after a while that old man needs to go home to watch Jeopardy, and so should you. And when he doesn't know it's time, just like you didn't?

We'll throw his ass out. Stay home, Langseth, and keep Petrow with you. This sport is for the young and the hungry, not the old and deluded.

[Doyle shoves the mic back at Jason Dane, taking one final look at the injured Sharif before Royalty makes their exit from the ring, taking the long hate-filled walk back towards the ring.]

GM: Royalty's walking out... and they've turned their back on Mark Langseth! After all that time, after nearly two years, Dave Cooper has apparently had enough of Royalty being all about Langseth! He had his chance to get the man reinstated and instead, he threw the match and got Langseth banned for life! Incredible!

BW: I'm still in shock, Gordo... and in the process, they just took out Sultan Azam Sharif! That's a broken ankle if I've ever seen one and you know that a broken ankle takes you out of action for months!

GM: It certainly does. It would appear that Royalty just took Sharif out of action... and certainly out of the Rumble later tonight! It may be quite some time before we see Sharif back in action, fans. Dr. Bob Ponavitch just got in the ring, he's checking on him now... we're going to take a break and give the medical staff time to do their work. Don't go away, fans, we'll be right back after the break.

[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 up to Mark Stegglet standing in the backstage area.]

MS: Welcome back, fans... and right now, I'm being joined by a team that's dominated the competition for much of the past year but now is _chasing_ another team. I speak of The Bishop Boys, along with Cousin Bo. Gentlemen, come on in.

[Bo is, of course, the first one in, staring a hole through Mark. Duane Henry's in next, looking slightly different with signs of facial hair growing in. Finally, Cletus Lee slowly walks in, his title slung over his shoulder. Mark clears his throat and looks at Bo hesitantly.]

MS: Oh, um, Mr. Allen, sorry.

CB: It's nice that you remembered, but that's not why I'm staring at you.

[Mark looks at the camera for a second, then looks back at Bo.]

MS: Okay, well, why are you staring at me?

[Bo raises his eyebrows.]

CB: Chasing them?! You think we're _chasing_ the Blonde Bombers. You couldn't be more wrong. See, this little clash was destined to happen, what with two different teams holding titles. It's just that I called the audible. I'm the one who decided that Memorial Day Mayhem was the right time and place for this fight. I could've picked any time for this. Hell, Doyle could've picked the right time. But he didn't. So there you go.

MS: Alright, but what about all the naysayers who claim you're getting weak, just while the Blonde Bom-

[Bo's face turns bright red.]

CB: Oh, really, Stegglet, is THAT how this is gonna be? You're going to trust all these supposed inside sources? You're gonna be the big rumor monger now? If that's the way you want to handle things, then this interview is OVER!

[Bo starts to walk away, but Mark calls out to him.]

MS: Mr. Allen! Mr. Allen! If that's the way you want to end the interview, don't you think you're just validating these rumors?

[The air grows deathly still. For a minute, nothing happens, as Mark and The Bishops look off-screen. Bo slowly walks back into the picture.]

CB: You are seriously lucky you're untouchable around here, you know that?

[Mark backs off slightly, but still has a look on his face like he's expecting an answer. Bo sighs.]

CB: Getting weak? Really? Ask that team from Tiger Paw Pro that we beat if we're getting weak. The team that we beat after mowing through two other

teams. Ask Violence Unlimited if we're so weak. I could go on and on about other teams, but I'll just stop there. It's pointless.

[Bo shrugs.]

CB: Now, as for The Blonde Bombers? Hey, I'll admit it. They've been on fire lately. They wouldn't have won the Stampede Cup if they were just some fluke. Granted, they cheated their butts off, but sometimes you just have to play the game the right way.

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: Hell, how do you think we got where we are? And how do you think the Unification match is gonna go? Purely through nefarious means.

MS: So, wait, are you saying you admire The Blonde Bombers?

CB: No, no, no. Can't stand them. Just saying I can respect the path they've taken.

MS: Two weeks ago, Larry Doyle claimed-

[Bo interrupts again.]

CB: Now who the hell cares what Doyle claims? That snake-oil salesman is so full of hot air, he makes the Hindenburg look like a day out at the park.

MS: Some would claim you're the same way.

CB: Well, "some" obviously haven't followed us very closely. Like I always say, when I say something, it's the truth. It's been that way since day one of our AWA careers. What's Larry Doyle done? Gone through more mood swings than some chick on the cycle?!

MS: MR. ALLEN!

CB: Hey, where am I wrong? You remember when he first showed up coming across as such a loudmouth that Dick Vitale got headaches? Promising public parties for his team? Seriously, what the hell is that? And then, when that didn't work, he named one of his boys JOHANN?! To borrow a phrase from Myers, oh my stars!

[Duane Henry snickers.]

CB: So now he thinks he has the right combination. A kid that came straight from the depths of obscurity around this place, and a guy who has to yell all the time. As if that's gonna help me understand what he's blathering on about. Seriously, why do all of these teams have guys who have to yell? No matter, they have the World Titles around their waists, and that makes them the big target now.

[Duane Henry steps forward, so Mark puts his mic in front of his face.]

DHB: Brad Jacobs, you been hollerin' about getting in my brother's way. For your sake, I hope that happens. I can't wait 'til he knocks your head clean off your dang shoulders.

[Cletus Lee nods.]

DHB: So many men been claimin' they know what it takes to knock him down. Ain't one o' them been right. You gonna find out the hard way why they call him the "Redneck Wrecking Machine".

[Duane Henry turns to his big brother and they exchange nods.]

DHB: I guess that leaves you to me, Stanton. Hehehe, you definitely gonna find out why they now callin' me the Suicide Messiah.

[Duane Henry thoughtfully strokes his chin.]

DHB: Them World Tag Team Titles gonna look _real_ nice with our National Tag Team Titles. They may be united, but we still gonna hold all the gold, show the world that the Bishop Boys truly are the BEST tag team in AWA history, yes sir. And Doyle? Th-

[Bo interrupts.]

CB: Doyle? I see that boot of yours anywhere near the ring, I'm going to take it and clobber you right upside the head with it. And, hey, maybe I'll add that to our collection of gold.

[Even Cletus Lee gets a good laugh out of that.]

CB: Tonight, all the people right here on this ship and all the people watching at home with their grills going, they're going to see what warfare's really all about. And I promise you, there will be fireworks going off, both in the ring, and at the end of our match. Tonight, Larryland's closed for business. Permanently.

[For once, it's the Bishops who walk away first, leaving Bo with Mark.]

CB: And maybe, just maybe, I'll grant you the first interview with your Unified Tag Team Champions.

[Bo gets a smug look on his face and walks off.]

MS: Well, the Bishop Boys never seem to lack in confidence. Will they win the World Tag Team titles?

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" which shows an interview area set up atop the deck of the USS Lexington. Standing on the left is Jason Dane, ready to start the interview, while on his right stand the Blonde Bombers. Stanton and Jacobs wear black tights, with the silhouette and bombs logo in white and silver across the backside, Stanton in

long tights and Jacobs in short ones. The titles rest over their shoulders. To their right, next to Dane, stands the one and only Larry Doyle, dressed in his best Apollo Creed ensemble: red glittery pants, white shirt, blue glitter jacket, red tie. He cackles to the camera as Dane begins.]

JD: Standing with me at this time are the AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Blonde Bombers, along with their manager Larry Doyle, and gentlemen, the day of reckoning is here.

LD: You got that right, Dane. The day of reckoning is upon us, the showdown is here. On one side of the ring, statistically speaking, the very best tag team the AWA has ever seen.

Stampede Cups? They've come close. National titles? They held 'em. Careers, they ended 'em, streaks, they broke 'em, the Bishop Boys live at the very top of the AWA tag team food chain, and let's be honest here Dane, it's Memorial Day, I ain't gonna lie to ya... if you ain't in the AWA, you don't count. And when you rule the roost around these parts, you just rule, period. Every great tag team the AWA has ever seen has fallen at the hands of the Bishop Boys-

[Stanton cuts in.]

KS: Except SkyHerc, apparently.

[And Doyle just keeps on going...]

LD: Except SkyHerc, apparently, but we all have bad days.

The point is, the Bishop Boys have seen it, done it and lived to tell the story. They have ruled the AWA tag team title scene and have done EVERYTHING you could ask for a World Championship team to do... except one thing. And that's be the Blonde Bombers. The old saying goes that there are lies, damned lies and statistics, and when all you got is numbers backin' ya up, you're losin' the human element, amigo.

'Cause like I said, on one side of the ring you got statistically the best tag team the AWA has ever seen, and that's true. But on the other side of the ring you have an act of God, a force of nature. The scourge of the Far East, the Truth From On High. Shout it from the mountain tops, hear it from the burning bush, the Bishop Boys are good, but the Blonde Bombers are out of this world, daddy! And though me may think-

[Stanton cuts in again, this time putting his hand over the mic.]

KS: I'm sorry, Larry. But there's something I gotta say.

[Stanton clears his throat and looks into the camera.]

KS: I was at the first Memorial Day Mayhem.

I set the ring up. I tested the ropes. You know how much I got paid? Zero dollars.

I was at the second and the third one too, in fact up until last year I was at ALL of `em, and never once drew a paycheck. But watching you, the Bishop Boys. Watching the spot on the card you got, the money you got paid, watching the world bow at your feet... it makes me indignant.

How DARE you let your cousin stand in front of this camera and tell the world you've been disrespected, how DARE you tell anyone that you haven't been treated the right way? I know we took your spot, I know we stole your thunder and I don't give a DAMN how you feel about it. Neither does the big man. Because the price we paid to get these belts, the price I paid just to be here, believe me boys, you don't EVER wanna know that price. You're not man enough to pay it.

We have both been to the very bottom, and we both fought our way back. We know what it means to be desperate, we know what it means to fight for your last paycheck. We win because we have to, because we NEED to... you win because it'll look nice on your resume, if you're able to write one.

THAT is why we won at the Stampede Cup, THAT is why we hold those tag team titles and God as my witness, that's why we're gonna tear your ass apart on top of this ship. Your days are numbered.

[Stanton gives the microphone back and with a look, both he and Jacobs leave the interview area.]

LD: Better than I could have ever said it. This ain't the OK Corral, but they're gonna talk about this shootout forever and ever, Jason. The big dogs on the block and the new wolves in the neighborhood, it don't get no better than that. And we know it ain't gonna be no pushover, those Bishop Boys have pride and a hell of a lot of anger on their side. But my boys, those Blonde Bombers, they're cut from a different cloth. You can drop `em off this ship into the ocean and you still wouldn't put out that fire in their bellies. They don't have a chip on their shoulder, they got a sack of rocks on their shoulder, and leaving the Bishop Boys in pieces ain't gonna make it better.

Who are they angry at?

The world. So they're gonna set it on fire if they have to.

The Showdown. IS. Here. Bring your popcorn.

[We fade away from a grinning Larry Doyle to a live action panning shot of the cheering crowd atop the USS Lexington. The bell sounds as we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the UNIFIED WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[HUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Nothin' To Lose" by Rebel Meets Rebel kicks in over the PA system to a big reaction from the crowd - a solid mixture of cheers and boos considering their opposition.]

PW: From Kingsland, Arkansas... at a total combined weight of 568 pounds... they are accompanied to the ring by Cousin Bo and are the current AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

Duane Henry... Cletus Lee...

THE BISHOP BOOOOOOOOYS!

[The curtain parts to reveal the meanest set of brothers in the American Wrestling Alliance. Duane Henry walks through first, holding his National Title belt over his head. Cousin Bo is the next one through, jerking a thumb at himself, gesturing at his waist in the "I want the belt" gesture. Finally, the Redneck Wrecking Machine himself, Cletus Lee Bishop strides into view.]

GM: Many have called them the greatest tag team in AWA history. Tonight, they get the chance to cement themselves in that slot, Bucky.

BW: I'm one of 'em, Gordo. These two are, bar none, the best tag team the AWA has ever seen. Forget Kentucky's Pride, forget Freeman and Dufresne, forget Violence Unlimited or the Lynches, forget Rough N Ready... it's these two. It's the Bishop Boys... or at least, it was.

GM: Are you saying-

BW: I'm saying that the Blonde Bombers went through the best teams in the world to become the World Tag Team Champions at the Stampede Cup. I'm saying the Blonde Bombers have come on hotter and better than any tag team that the AWA has ever seen. They made their return to the AWA at SuperClash IV in November. That means in about six months, they have put themselves at the top of the ladder for tag team wrestling. Six months, Gordo.

GM: I'm aware.

BW: So, as much as I think the Bishops are the best tag team that the AWA has ever seen... I also have to add "until now" to the end of that sentence because tonight could spell the end of an era, daddy.

[About ten feet down the aisle, Cousin Bo pulls to a stop, gesturing at his team, waving them back...]

GM: What's this? Are they leaving?

[Cousin Bo stands in the middle of the aisle, a big grin on his face as Cletus Lee and Duane Henry take up spots on either side of the aisle, right out of

view as someone would come through the entrance curtain. With his boys out of view, Bo hurdles the railing, taking a spot in the crowd surrounded by fans.]

GM: It's an ambush! They're setting up to jump the Bombers when they come through the curtain!

BW: IT'S A TRAP!

[The crowd is buzzing as the music fades and is replaced by the distinctive opening to "F***in' In The Bushes" by Oasis. The fans ROAR to their feet in boos as the curtain is pushed aside and the Treacherous Three make their way out, led of course by "Hollywood" Larry Doyle. Doyle wears the red, white and blue get up shown previously.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Kenny Stanton is first, toned and tanned, with long blonde hair and downhome charm. He wears the black tights with the hair-and-bombs insignia on the thighs and seat, with white boots and black knee pads. The AWA World tag team title is strapped around his waist.

Behind him comes Brad Jacobs, built to the hilt with tremendous traps, sculpted upper body and dark brown skin, with a big "305" tattooed on his left shoulder, short black hair freshly dyed into a blonde faux hawk. He wears traditional short trunks, same color blue as Stanton, with the insignia on the seat of the trunks, black kneepads and white boots. His title is also strapped around his waist. They high five each other...

...and just as they're about to high five their manager, the Bishop Boys strike!]

GM: HERE THEY COME!

[The crowd jeers as Cletus Lee attacks Brad Jacobs from behind, striking hard with a big forearm smash to the back of the head that catches Jacobs off-guard, knocking him to a knee. Duane Henry throws himself into a tackle, knocking Kenny Stanton down to the floor, swinging wildly. Larry Doyle backs off, his eyes wide as Cousin Bo leaps back into the aisle, shouting at "Hollywood."]

GM: This match hasn't even started yet and the Bishop Boys have decided to jump the Bombers before the bell!

BW: The Bishops are showin' right out the gate that they're willing to do WHATEVER it takes to win the World Tag Team Titles here tonight. The Blonde Bombers may have won the Stampede Cup to win those titles but they didn't beat the Bishops on that night! Tonight, to be the Unified World Tag Team Titles, they gotta do it, Gordo!

GM: They certainly do.

[Duane Henry hammers away on Stanton down on the floor as Brad Jacobs battles back to his feet, throwing big fists to the body of Cletus Lee Bishop!]

GM: We've got a fight out here in the aisle - the match has NOT started, fans. It has NOT started yet.

[Duane Henry gets to his feet, dragging Stanton by the hair down the aisle, tossing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Duane Henry puts him under the ropes into the ring...

[The smaller Bishop brother gets up on the apron, watching as he waits for Stanton to rise. In the meantime, Larry Doyle has made his way down to the ring, shouting at Stanton as Cousin Bo gets there as well, hammering his fists down on the apron...]

GM: Hang on here... Duane Henry's gonna fly!

[The referee signals, calling for the bell, as Duane Henry is springing off the top rope...]

GM: DROPKICK!

[The two feet land squarely in the chest of Kenny Stanton, sending him sailing across the ring and down to the mat. Duane Henry wastes not a single moment as he crawls across the ring, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Stanton lifts the shoulder, kicking out of the pin attempt...

...and rolls right out to the floor, trying to get away from Duane Henry who gets back to his feet, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[Duane Henry uses the top rope to catapult himself over the ropes, crashing down on top of Stanton with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG DIVE TO THE FLOOR!!

[Out on the floor, Duane Henry takes the mount, hammering away with a right hand to the skull of Kenny Stanton as Larry Doyle runs his mouth from several feet away.]

GM: Duane Henry Bishop has managed to establish control of the match early for his team... look out here, it looks like the big guys are making their way over here as well...

[Jacobs and Cletus Lee are still trading haymakers as they reach the ringside area, brawling their hearts out with the crowd roaring. Duane Henry gets to his feet, leaving Stanton behind to slam a forearm into the back of Jacobs' head, joining his big brother in the brawl.]

GM: The Bishops are joining up to work over Jacobs...

[Cletus Lee throws Jacobs under the ropes into the ring, climbing up on the apron as Duane Henry gets back in as well. Duane Henry starts to scale the turnbuckles as Cletus Lee steps over the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Cletus Lee's back in... Jacobs as well...

BW: Are they the legal men?

GM: I'm not sure. The referee hasn't asked either of them to exit the ring yet so I'm guessing he's okay with this changeup in the men inside the ring. We never really got off to a clean start even though the bell rang so...

[Cletus Lee grabs the rising Jacobs by the arm, pulling him up into a scoop, slamming him down and pointing to the corner where his smaller brother is perched...]

GM: Duane Henry's gonna fly again!

[Duane Henry throws himself off the top rope, tucking his body to point his elbow down...

...and BURIES the elbow into the chest of Jacobs!]

GM: OHHH! Elbow off the top!

[Duane Henry rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Jacobs powers out, tossing Duane Henry off of him with relative ease. Cletus Lee goes to move back in but the referee finally steps in, waving him off and sending him back out to the apron.]

GM: It looks like the referee has decided that Duane Henry is going to start things off with Brad Jacobs and I can't imagine that's what the Bishops really wanted. Jacobs, the powerhouse of the World Tag Team Champions, is down for now but the Bishops really need to keep him there if they want his power to be neutralized.

[Duane Henry marches to the corner, slapping his big brother's hand.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the Redneck Wrecking Machine.

[The smaller Bishop pulls Jacobs into a front facelock, dragging him towards the corner as Cletus Lee steps in, raising his arms over his head and clapping his hands together...]

GM: Ohh! Big double axehandle across the back!

[Duane Henry bails out as Cletus Lee starts stomping Brad Jacobs down into the canvas. Outside the ring, we see Larry Doyle helping Kenny Stanton up onto the apron. Stanton leans against the ropes, rubbing the back of his head as he shouts encouragement to Brad Jacobs.]

GM: Cletus Lee brings Jacobs up off the mat... big whip to the corner...

[Cletus Lee comes roaring in, landing a big clothesline into the buckles that shakes Jacobs from head to toe. The big man backs off, waving for Jacobs who staggers out into a straight right hand that drops him to his back on the mat.]

GM: Oh! Cletus Lee dropped him!

[The 330 pounder drops into another cover, getting a two count before Jacobs edges a shoulder up.]

GM: Jacobs is out at two...

[Cletus Lee throws a leg over into the straddle, grabbing Jacobs by the back of the head and opening up with a series of big right hands to the skull!]

GM: He's hammering away on Jacobs, the referee's in there calling for the break.

[At the count of four, Cletus Lee backs off, rising to his feet. He backs up, slapping Duane Henry's outstretched hand.]

GM: The tag's made to Duane Henry... quickly through the ropes...

[Duane Henry charges across the ring, diving down to drive an elbow into the back of Jacobs' neck as the powerhouse tries to get up off all fours. A second elbow drive puts him down on his stomach.]

GM: Duane Henry's doing exactly what we talked about, trying to keep Jacobs down on the mat... keep him off his feet where he can really take advantage of his power.

[Duane Henry pops back to his feet, charging to the ropes behind him. He bounces off, dropping into a baseball slide and smashing his feet into the cheek of Jacobs!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution on that dropkick by Duane Henry...

BW: He's gonna do it again!

[The smaller Bishop gets back to his feet, dashing to the ropes...

...where Kenny Stanton pulls the top rope down, sending Duane Henry toppling over the ropes and down HARD on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: STANTON DROPS THE BRIDGE ON DUANE HENRY!!

BW: The referee’s giving Kenny Stanton grief for that but if you ask me, that’s payback for the sneak attack coming through the curtain.

[Stanton drops down off the apron, grabbing Duane Henry by the hair. He shouts something off-mic at him before SMASHING his face into the ring apron. A second slam into the apron gets Cousin Bo’s attention as he’s coming around the ringpost, shouting at Stanton who gets back up on the apron.]

GM: Stanton moving back on the apron - the referee was threatening him with a disqualification and he wants no part of that.

BW: Gordo, I’ve been wonderin’ ‘bout that. Since this is a title unification match, can the titles change hands on a countout or a disqualification?

GM: An excellent question, Bucky. I haven’t heard an answer in either direction on that. Perhaps one of our producers can check in with the Championship Committee during this match and find out for us. In the meantime, Brad Jacobs is back on his feet, moving in on Duane Henry...

[Jacobs steps out on the apron, measuring Duane Henry...

...and STOMPS on the back of his head, smashing his face into the canvas. Duane Henry slumps down to the floor as Jacobs taunts the crowd who jeer him wildly.]

GM: Brad Jacobs is doing himself no favor in taunting these fans here in Corpus Christi, Bucky.

BW: Aww, the fans don’t like Big Brad? I’m sure he’s losing sleep over it... no, wait, that’s him losing sleep over all the lovely ladies who wanna ride the Tilt-A-Whirl with the champ, daddy!

GM: Bucky!

[Jacobs smirks at the jeering crowd as he drops down off the apron, grabbing Duane Henry by the arm...]

GM: Uh oh! Look out here!

[...and LAUNCHES the smaller man into an Irish whip aimed at the steel railing!]

GM: BIG WHIP INTO THE STE-

[But Duane Henry leaps over the railing, landing on his feet in between two sections of steel chairs. He spins, waving Jacobs in. The big man lumbers towards him...

...and gets caught with a snapping right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Duane Henry caught him coming in!

[Duane Henry grabs the back of Jacobs' head, stepping up onto a chair in the front row...

...and leaps into the air, snapping Jacobs' throat down on the top of the steel railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jacobs slumps down to his knees, leaning against the railing as Duane Henry leaps back over the barricade. He delivers a few kicks to the back of Jacobs' head, smashing it repeatedly into the steel. Duane Henry turns, pointing a threatening finger at an incoming Larry Doyle before he pulls Jacobs up off the floor, dragging him back towards the ring where he somehow muscles him up onto the apron.]

GM: Jacobs gets rolled back in... Duane Henry's up on the apron...

[As Jacobs tries to get back to his feet, Duane Henry slingshots over the ropes, hooking a front facelock on the way down for a DDT...

...but Jacobs holds his ground!]

GM: Whoa! The powerhouse blocks the DDT and-

[Jacobs straightens up, HURLING Duane Henry over his head and down to the canvas with a thunderous release Northern Lights suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOW OF POWER OUT OF JACOBS!!

[Jacobs gets back to his feet, stumbling across the ring towards a waiting Kenny Stanton.]

GM: The Bombers make the tag! In comes Kenny Stanton!

[Stanton slingshots over the top, throwing a big right uppercut to the jaw of the rising Duane Henry, knocking him back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand out of Stanton!

[Stanton rushes in, throwing a big boot into the gut of Duane Henry, doubling him up. He grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends Duane Henry across, smashing him into the corner...

[The Bomber backs to the corner, throwing his arms over the top rope. Larry Doyle hops up on the apron, rubbing his man's shoulders, patting him on the back...]

...and then Stanton breaks into a sprint, rushing across the ring at top speed, and flings himself into the air...]

GM: STANTON FLIES!!

[...right into a leaping spear tackle in the corner!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Stanton backs off, taunting Cletus Lee... then the fans... and then turns back to the corner where Duane Henry has slumped into a seated position against the turnbuckles...]

...and Stanton rushes back in, flipping into a front somersault, crushing Duane Henry against the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STANTON FLATTENS HIM!! OH MY!!

[Grabbing a foot, Stanton drags Duane Henry out of the corner, throwing himself into a cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Duane Henry slips a shoulder up, breaking the pin attempt. Stanton stays on the attack though, grabbing a handful of hair as he flips Duane Henry over onto his stomach...]

...and SLAMS his skull into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the mat!

[Stanton slowly lifts Duane Henry by the hair, looking at Cletus Lee in the corner...]

...and SMASHES the face into the mat a second time!]

GM: The referee's trying to get Stanton to lay off the hair but he's picking him up again... and AGAIN into the mat!

BW: Three times, Gordo! Three times he sends him facefirst into the mat and Duane Henry needs a tag, daddy.

GM: It certainly looks that way.

[Stanton grabs a handful of hair, pulling Duane Henry into a front facelock, pulling him to the corner where Brad Jacobs tags in, hopping up to the middle rope, and then leaps off with a double axehandle across the back, knocking Duane Henry down to the mat.]

GM: Jacobs takes him off his feet. Stanton steps out and now it's up to Brad Jacobs to look for the big smash!

[Brad Jacobs looks across the ring, shouting at Cletus Lee. He slaps himself across the chest, causing Cletus Lee to pace back and forth with anger on the apron.]

GM: Jacobs is trying to get under the skin of Cletus Lee Bishop.

BW: Sure looks like it's working, Gordo. I ain't sure I'd WANT to get under the skin of Cletus Lee Bishop. I ain't sure we'd like him when he's angry, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Jacobs pulls Duane Henry off the mat, scooping him up across his chest in a bodyslam position...

...and DROPS Duane Henry down across his knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution on the backbreaker...

[Jacobs hangs on, getting back to his feet...

...where he muscles Duane Henry up into a gorilla press!]

GM: He's got him up! WAY UP!

[He turns towards Cletus Lee, glaring into the eyes of the big man...

...and swings Duane Henry out of the military press into another backbreaker!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[An arrogant Jacobs shoves Duane Henry off his knee, leaving him in a heap on the canvas. He again shouts at Cletus Lee, pausing to flex a single bicep in his direction, waving for him to get into the ring.]

GM: Cletus Lee's comin' in!

[But Cousin Bo rushes into action, throwing himself around Cletus Lee's leg, shouting at him.]

GM: Cousin Bo's trying to talk him down! He doesn't want Cletus Lee to get in there quite yet.

[A furious Cletus Lee slams an arm down on the top turnbuckle, causing the entire top rope to shake all around the ring as he steps back onto the apron, gripping the ropes with white-knuckled hands as he tenses up.]

GM: My stars, I would not want to be in that ring when Cletus Lee gets a chance to get in there.

BW: I'm not even sure I want to be out HERE when that happens.

GM: Fans, we didn't get to hear the introductions for this match in full but remember, this one has a sixty minute time limit as well. Plenty of time for these two teams to fight it out to determine the undisputed Unified World Tag Team Champions!

[Jacobs smirks at the fuming Cletus Lee as he pulls Duane Henry off the mat again by the hair. He shoves him back into a neutral corner, hooking him under the arm and around the head and neck...]

GM: Big ol' throw coming up!

[Jacobs HURLS Duane Henry out of the corner and into the air with a mighty biel throw...

...that Duane Henry over-rotates on, somehow landing on his feet!]

GM: DUANE HENRY FLIPS OUT OF IT!!

[Duane Henry stumbles forward towards his corner, arm outstretched towards his bigger brother...

...and gets FLATTENED with a running clothesline from behind!]

GM: OHHH! Jacobs cuts off the tag!

[Dangerously close to the corner this time, Jacobs gives a verbal beatdown on Cletus Lee who again looks like he's about to storm the ring at any given moment. The referee wedges himself between the two men, shaking his head as he orders Jacobs to back off.]

GM: The referee's doing his best to keep this thing under control. He has no desire to see Cletus Lee storm in there illegally and get involved with this match. Only when a tag comes and we were VERY close to seeing the tag right there, Bucky.

BW: We sure were. Real close.

[Leaning down, Jacobs pulls Duane Henry to his feet by the back of the pants, holding him just out of range of his brother's hand...]

GM: Jacobs keeping him just beyond an arm's reach...

BW: That's just the big man taunting the bigger man, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is... there's no call for this other than to make Cletus Lee even angrier...

[Jacobs uses that handful of pants to pull Duane Henry into a side waistlock, lifting him up into the air...

...but Duane Henry flips right over, landing on his knees!]

GM: He escapes the suplex...

[Duane Henry lunges forward, smashing his head into the midsection of his attacker!]

GM: Duane Henry goes low on Jacobs!

[The smaller man gets to his feet, leaping into the air, hooking his leg behind the head and neck of Jacobs...

...and DRIVING his face into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A COUNTER BY DUANE HENRY!!!

[Duane Henry lies flat on his back on the canvas, breathing heavily as Brad Jacobs does the same. Cletus Lee slams his hand into the top turnbuckle repeatedly, shouting at Duane Henry to rise up and make the tag to bring him in...]

GM: He wants the tag! Cletus Lee wants that tag in the worst possible way!

BW: We're at the ten minute mark in this one and I'm not sure how much longer Duane Henry can survive in there with the Bombers unless he gets a breather, Gordo.

GM: He needs to tag his big brother and Cletus Lee is ready and waiting for that tag...

[Duane Henry rolls to his stomach, slipping his arms underneath him, pushing him up off the mat to his knees, looking up at his big brother. A few feet away, Brad Jacobs has managed to pull himself to his knees using the ropes, trying to get back up to cut off the tag like Larry Doyle is ordering him to do...]

GM: Doyle's telling him to stop the tag while Cousin Bo's telling his boys to MAKE the tag.

BW: Pretty simple strategy on both sides, Gordo.

GM: Yes it is... but who'll be able to do it? Who will be able to make or stop the tag?

[Jacobs grabs the top rope, hauling himself to his feet as Duane Henry steadies himself...

...and LUNGES!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd actually cheers as Cletus Lee Bishop tags himself into the match, stepping over the ropes. Jacobs opens fire, swinging a right hand that Cletus Lee blocks only to throw one of his own... two of his own... three of his own...]

GM: Cletus Lee's bringing the thunder on Brad Jacobs with those right hands!

[Backing him against the ropes, Cletus Lee grabs him by an arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Ohh! Back elbow under the chin!

[The blow stuns Jacobs, staggering him but it doesn't take him down as Cletus Lee charges to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and CONNECTING with a running shoulder tackle that sends Jacobs flying backwards into the ropes, springing off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Jacobs SLAMS a meaty clothesline into him!

BW: But Cletus Lee's still standin', daddy! He's one of the hardest men in the entire AWA to knock off his feet and that man is standing after a damn solid clothesline!

[With Cletus Lee stunned, Jacobs dips in, ducking down to go for a bodyslam on the six foot nine big man...

...but Cletus Lee is ready for him, slamming the point of his elbow down into the exposed ribs a half dozen times.]

GM: Jacobs is looking for the slam but Cletus Lee was waiting, breaking his way out of the attempt... ohh, nice knee into the gut as well!

[Ducking down, Cletus Lee muscles Jacobs up onto his back in a fireman's carry, walking out to the center of the ring...

...and powers Jacobs up over his head, dropping him down over a bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! GUTBUSTER BY CLETUS LEE!!

[Cletus Lee settles into a lateral press.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- Jacobs powers out at two!

BW: That was an impressive show of strength by Cletus Lee but there's no chance it was enough to finish off Jacobs, Gordo.

GM: I'm afraid you're right.

[Cletus Lee gets back to his feet, dragging Jacobs up by the arm. A short whip sends him crashing into the Bishops corner where Cletus Lee lumbers in, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: Big knife edge chop by Cletus Lee!

[Cletus Lee flashes a slight smile as Jacobs clutches at his chest, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

[Jacobs slumps down to his knees in the corner, clutching his chest as Cletus Lee Bishop stands over him, raising a powerful arm to a mixed reaction from the Corpus Christi crowd.]

GM: Well, these fans may not have decided yet who they want to cheer for in this one - and who can blame them?

BW: Oh yeah... two of the best tag teams on the planet. Why would they want to cheer for success? They should keep on cheering losers like Sweet Daddy Williams and those stinkin' Stenches.

[Cletus Lee again pulls Jacobs up to his feet, grabbing him with both hands before delivering a big headbutt that knocks Jacobs back into the corner again...]

GM: Another whip...

BW: This might be a mistake - he's gonna send Jacobs right into the Bombers' corner...

[Cletus Lee goes for the big whip but pulls up, stopping him short, and FIRING him back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! He put him RIGHT back into the Bishops' corner!

[The big man reaches out with both hands, grabbing Jacobs by the throat!]

GM: He's choking him! Cletus Lee is choking him, fans!

[Jacobs reaches up, grabbing the wrists with his hands...]

GM: Jacobs is trying to power out of this chokehold! He's trying to-

BW: Trying to, hell! He's doing it, Gordo!

[The crowd buzzes with surprise as the powerhouse forces Cletus Lee's hands from around his throat...

...and then lands a big headbutt to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Ohh! Jacobs hits the headbutt!

[Jacobs wheels around, drilling Duane Henry with a forearm smash that sends the smaller man sailing off the apron to the floor to the cheers of the crowd. He grabs Cletus Lee by the back of the head, smashing his head into the buckles...]

GM: Into the top turnbuckle!

[Jacobs repeats the blow into the buckle, actually getting the crowd to count along.]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[With Cletus Lee staggered, Jacobs cocks the right arm...

...and SLAMS a clothesline home again, catching Cletus Lee firmly across the chest, sending him stumbling backwards, almost falling before he manages to catch his balance.]

GM: Oh! He almost dropped him there but somehow Cletus Lee is still standing!

BW: Incredible!

[Jacobs backs to the corner, taking a few deep breathes before dropping down into a three point stance...]

GM: Uh oh! We've seen this before, Bucky!

[The crowd is buzzing as Jacobs digs his knuckles into the mat, his legs shaking with intensity and anticipation...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!!

[Jacobs comes barreling out of the corner, attempting to connect with the three-point stance spear tackle...]

...but shockingly, Cletus Lee leapfrogs!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Jacobs' own momentum carries him far past Cletus Lee to Kenny Stanton who slaps his partner's hand. He slingshots himself up to the top rope, giving a whoop before he leaps off...]

GM: CROSSBOD-

[But Cletus Lee sidesteps, throwing Stanton down to the mat!]

GM: OHH!

[Cletus Lee wobbles backwards...]

...where Duane Henry tags himself back in, leaping up to the top rope in a single bound...]

GM: Duane Henry's up top now!

[Duane Henry takes flight, sailing through the air off the top rope, catching a rising Kenny Stanton with a front flip senton off the top, crashing both men down on the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Both men go down off that daredevil dive!

[The smaller Bishop flips over, applying a cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Stanton kicks out at two as Duane Henry gets right back up, racing to the ropes...]

...and goes tumbling through them!]

GM: OHHH! DUANE HENRY HITS THE FLOOR!!

BW: That was Doyle, Gordo! "Hollywood" Larry pulled the ropes down!

GM: Did he? I didn't see it but I'll take your word for it... and it looks like Cousin Bo saw the same thing you did!

[Cousin Bo comes racing around the corner, shouting at "Hollywood" Larry who backs off, shaking his head repeatedly.]

GM: Doyle's denying it but Cousin Bo's coming for him!

[The referee slides out to the floor, stepping between the two men.]

GM: The referee's trying to keep the managers apart! He doesn't want any outside the ring problems getting in the way of what's going on INSIDE the ring so-

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

[With the referee distracted, Cletus Lee steps into the ring, grabbing a rising Kenny Stanton by the throat...

...and powers him up into the air, throwing him down to the mat with a chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! CLETUS LEE WITH THE CHOKESLAM!!

[Duane Henry, out on the floor, pulls himself up on the apron, ready to fly...]

GM: Duane Henry's going to- he's going up top again!

[A little wobbly, Duane Henry tries to prepare himself for a big dive...

...but Brad Jacobs ducks under the ropes, grabbing Kenny Stanton by the leg and pulling him from the ring to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Jacobs pulls out Stanton! He may have just saved his partner - and the World Tag Team Titles - right there!

[Stanton and Jacobs fall into a huddle out on the floor, Larry Doyle rushing to their side...

...and Duane Henry turns his back, blindly leaping from the top...]

BW: MOONSAULT!

[...and WIPES out both Bombers with top rope Moonsault to the floor!]

GM: WHAT A DEATH DEFYING DIVE BY DUANE HENRY BISHOP! MY STARS IN HEAVEN!!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring for the suicidal dive to the floor as Duane Henry, Brad Jacobs, Kenny Stanton, and Larry Doyle lie on the barely-padded floor. Cousin Bo is up on the apron, shouting his encouragement for Duane Henry's big dive.]

GM: That one should make the highlight reel for the year, fans! What a breathtaking move out of Duane Henry Bishop to take out all three members of the Blonde Bombers!

BW: Can we get the truck to pull up the replay on that? That was something else, Gordo.

GM: I certainly hope so. A daredevil moonsault off the top rope, wiping out Stanton, Jacobs, and that windbag Doyle! We're over fifteen minutes into this battle and these two teams are really taking the fight to one another. The Unified World Tag Team Titles means you're the best in our sport when it comes to tag team wrestling. It puts you in the echelon of tag team history along the true greats in our sport - names like the Down Boys, the Epitome Of Cool, the Fraternity Boys, The Outlaws, and so many others.

BW: "Big Bucks" Bucky Wilde and "Flashy" Frankie Fuller!

GM: Don't remind me of that, please. Fans, if you blinked and missed it a few moments ago, keep your eyes open now because I'm told the truck has the replay up...

[We cut to a split screen where one side shows live action, Duane Henry pushing up to his knees. The other shows a replay of the death-defying leap where Duane Henry turned his back on the Bombers out on the floor and blindly took flight with a high arcing backflip that sent him sailing through the air, wiping out the opposition with a single move.]

GM: Incredible.

BW: Skywalker Jones may have some competition on the highlight reel tonight, daddy!

GM: You better believe it! In fact, I've been told that WKIK is offering a special bonus here tonight for the Highlight Of The Night sponsored by Maglite flashlights. You, the fans, will be able to go onto the WKIK website later tonight and vote for your favorite move that you saw all night long. The winning wrestler will get a \$25,000 cash bonus from WKIK and Maglite!

BW: Well, that's definitely going to be on the list, Gordo.

GM: Back to live action, Duane Henry has made his way back to his feet, shoving Kenny Stanton back into the ring... he's looking to find a way to finish him off right now.

[Duane Henry drags himself up onto the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and slingshots himself over the top, crashing down backfirst onto a prone Kenny Stanton!]

GM: Ohh! A tumbling backsplash over the top... he's got one! He's got two! He's got th-

[The shoulder comes up at the two count, breaking up the pin for Duane Henry who staggers to his feet, stumbling across the ring to make the tag to his bigger brother.]

GM: In comes Cletus Lee on the exchange...

[Each man grabs a handful of Stanton's hair, winding way back with a double headbutt that knocks Stanton back into the neutral corner. Moving across the ring, Cletus Lee grabs Duane Henry by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: He shoots in his partner... ohh! Big corner splash by Duane Henry...

BW: Here comes the pain!

[Cletus Lee comes storming in behind him, connecting with a massive splash in the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! AVALANCHE BY THE BIG MAN!!

[Cletus Lee yanks Stanton from the corner, lifting him up for an atomic drop, dropping him tailbone-first on a bent knee which sends him staggering towards Duane Henry who leaps up, grabbing Stanton by the head...

...and YANKS him down onto his raised knees!]

GM: OHHH! SKULLFIRST TO THE KNEE!!

[Duane Henry rolls out as a recovering Larry Doyle shouts angrily at the extended double team. Cletus Lee shakes his head at the official as he leans down, pulling Stanton up by the back of the trunks...]

GM: Cletus Lee's apparently not done with him, fans. I thought he might attempt a cover after that series of doubleteams but apparently he's got something else in mind...

[With a wobbled Stanton in front of him, Cletus Lee buries a boot in the gut before dashing to the ropes, rebounding off towards a doubled up Stanton...]

GM: Off the ropes!

[Cletus Lee leaps up, raising his lengthy leg high into the air...]

GM: AXE KICK!

[...but whooshes on it as Stanton takes a couple steps back, narrowly avoiding the dangerous move! Cletus Lee steadies himself, turing back towards Stanton who throws a deep-dipping uppercut that snaps Cletus Lee's head back!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand!

[With Cletus Lee dazed, Stanton hits the ropes behind him, bouncing off with a leaping back elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! That one stunned the big man!

[Cletus Lee wobbles back, almost dropping to a knee before straightening back up. Stanton hits the ropes again, rebounding with a running dropkick on the chin that sends Cletus Lee falling back, landing in the ropes which save him from falling.]

GM: Oh my! Whatta dropkick out of Stanton!

[Stanton moves to the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Brad Jacobs!

[Jacobs steps in, each Bomber grabbing an arm on the big man.]

GM: Double whip shoots him in...

[A charging double shouldertackle does nothing but anger the Redneck Wrecking Machine who stands his ground, watching as Stanton and Jacobs bounce off a few steps. With a roar, Cletus Lee surges forward, both arms out...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[The Bombers duck down, avoiding the big shot!]

GM: The Bombers got out of the way of-

[Cletus Lee rushes forward again, getting lifted into the air by both men who hold high for a moment...

...and then drop facefirst down to the mat!]

GM: FLAPJACK!!

[Stanton scrambles up, racing to the ropes as Jacobs sets, catching him on the rebound with a backdrop...

...that Stanton somehow turns into a flipping legdrop across the prone Cletus Lee!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a doubleteam that was!

[Jacobs leans down, pulling Cletus Lee up by the hair. He ducks down, lifting the three hundred pounder up into a bearhug as Stanton dashes to the ropes, rebounding off to hit the ropes behind Jacobs...]

GM: Stanton’s building up a head of steam and-

[...and leaves his feet, nearly taking Cletus Lee’s head off with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: OHHH! That might do it, fans!

[Stanton bails out to the floor as Jacobs applies the cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Cletus Lee just BARELY lifts a shoulder up, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Near fall there for the Blonde Bombers who were a half a count away from becoming the Unified World Tag Team Champions!

[Jacobs gets back to his feet, arguing with the official who repeats that it was only a two count. He hauls Cletus Lee up by the arm, winging him back into the neutral corner...

...and barreling in after him, connecting with a solid clothesline across the collarbone!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him with all of that, fans!

[Jacobs ducks down again, looking for the scoop slam but Cletus Lee desperately digs his fingers into the eyes, raking hard to send Jacobs staggering blindly away!]

GM: Cletus Lee wanted no part of that slam! Jacobs got caught with the eyerake and...

[Cletus Lee steps out of the corner, unleashing a brutal diving lariat across the throat of Jacobs that actually flips the big man over to his stomach! The crowd ROARS on the impact!]

GM: My stars - what a lariat! What a lariat out of the big man!

[Cletus Lee flips him to his back, applying a cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[This time, it's Brad Jacobs' turn to lift the shoulder!]

GM: No, no! Two count only!

[An angry Cletus Lee slams his open hands down on the mat as he gets to his feet, staring out at Cousin Bo who gives a weird hand signal.]

GM: Cousin Bo is calling for something... Cletus Lee gives him a nod.

[Cletus Lee pulls Jacobs into a front facelock, slinging the muscular arm over his neck, lifting the powerhouse up into a suplex...]

GM: Suplex coming up...

BW: Is it?

[The crowd begins to buzz... then cheers... then starts roaring as Cletus Lee holds Jacobs high over his head for a ridiculous amount of time!]

GM: My stars, he's had the man up for twenty seconds at least!

BW: And Brad Jacobs ain't a little guy, Gordo! He's nearly three hundred pounds of rock solid muscle and-

[Suddenly, Cletus Lee twists his body, twisting Jacobs' as well...

...and SNAPS his jaw down over Cletus Lee's shoulder in an Ace Crusher!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

BW: Where the heck did Cletus Lee come up with that?! Good lord almighty!

GM: That might do it!

[Cletus Lee flips over, applying another cover as Cousin Bo starts to celebrate out on the floor...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A diving Kenny Stanton intervenes, wanting no chance of a pinfall right there!]

GM: It looked like Brad Jacobs was about to kick out but Kenny Stanton wasn't taking any chances with the World Tag Team Titles AND the National Tag Team Titles on the line! They want those belts unified here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem, fans!

"TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! FORTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Twenty minutes gone in the time limit but these two teams are just tearing into one another at an incredible rate. I can't believe that move we

just saw out of Cletus Lee. Cletus Lee rarely breaks any new individual offense but on a night like this with stakes this high, there's no telling what we're going to see!

[With Stanton getting forced back by the referee, Duane Henry steps into the ring, pulling Brad Jacobs up to his feet. Cletus Lee gets up as well, joining his brother in a double back suplex lift...

...but they end up dumping Jacobs right down on his tailbone!]

GM: Ohh!

[Cletus Lee breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes that Jacobs is facing...

...and CRUSHES him with a running boot to the face!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Turning back towards Duane Henry, he scoops his brother up in a military press, holding him high...

...and DROPPING him chestfirst on a stunned Brad Jacobs to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH!

BW: Settle down, Myers!

GM: I can't help it! What a series of moves out of the Bishops!

[The referee wheels around, forcing Duane Henry to get out of the ring as Cletus Lee gets up, pointing out to the floor...]

GM: What the heck?

BW: Cletus Lee ain't going for a cover off that. I think that's a major mistake, Gordo. Cousin Bo's shouting for him to go for a cover but Cletus Lee ain't listening to him!

[Cletus Lee grabs a dazed Brad Jacobs, pulling him into a standing headscissors in the middle of the ring...]

GM: Uh oh! This could be bad news for the Bombers! The champs are in trouble here!

[Cletus Lee powers Jacobs up over his shoulder, switching his grip into a crucifix position...]

GM: UH OH! This could be REALLY bad news for the Bombers!

[The six foot nine Cletus Lee walks across the ring, heading towards the ropes...]

GM: He's gonna throw him over the top! He's gonna throw him to the floor!

BW: He'll break the man's neck! His back! Who knows?!

GM: He doesn't care, Bucky! Cletus Lee don't care!

[But Larry Doyle does as he shouts at Kenny Stanton, ordering him to intervene.]

GM: Stanton's coming in!

[But so is Duane Henry who throws himself at Stanton, tying him up and pushing him back into the Bombers' corner as Cletus Lee gets a step closer to the ropes...

...when suddenly Brad Jacobs starts kicking and wiggling, sliding down the back of Cletus Lee...]

GM: Jacobs slips out!

[And as an off-balance Cletus Lee spins around, rushing Jacobs, the powerhouse scoops him up, using his own momentum against him...

...and DRIVES him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[This time, a diving Duane Henry Bishop breaks up the pin attempt!]

GM: NO! Duane Henry makes the save! I think the Bombers might've had it won right there if it hadn't been for Duane Henry Bishop getting involved!

[The referee forces Duane Henry out, just as he did to Kenny Stanton moments ago, leaving Brad Jacobs crawling across the ring towards his corner as Cletus Lee does the same...]

GM: Both men are heading towards their corner... both men looking for the tag...

[The crowd is roaring, cheering on whoever they've finally decided to support in this battle of the bad guys...]

GM: Who can get there first? Whoever does may turn the match in their team's direction. We can hear Larry Doyle shouting encouragement as Cousin Bo Allan does the same thing on the other side of the ring... who's gonna get there? Cletus Lee's got a longer reach and-

[The reach turns out to be helpful as Duane Henry gets the tag!]

GM: Duane Henry's in... coming on fast!

[A diving forearm smash to the back of the head prevents Jacobs from making the tag. Duane Henry is immediately to his feet, dragging Jacobs back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: He pulls Jacobs up, having prevented the tag...

[The crowd jeers as Duane Henry hooks the front facelock, slinging Jacobs' arm over his neck...]

GM: Are you kidding me?! He's going for the gourdbuster on a near three hundred pound man!

[Duane Henry points out at Doyle, "TELL COOPER TO WATCH AND LEARN!" before attempting the lift...]

GM: He's trying to get him up!

[...and getting absolutely nowhere with it!]

GM: No, no! He can't get him up!

[But Jacobs certainly can, lifting Duane Henry up and dumping him down with a vertical suplex!]

GM: Ohh! He got all of that! And now Brad Jacobs is just a few feet from his corner where-

[Jacobs rolls to his knees, breathing heavily as Duane Henry grabs the ropes, trying to get back up...]

GM: Both men trying to get there... trying to-

[About half the crowd cheers as Jacobs making a falling tag into the corner, slapping the hand of Kenny Stanton who catapults over the top rope, lashing out with a right hand to the jaw of the rising Duane Henry Bishop!]

GM: The tag is made! Stanton immediately hits the right hand...

[Grabbing the arm, Stanton shoots Duane Henry across the ring...]

GM: Duane Henry comes off...

[Stanton buries a boot into the gut, rushing to the nearest set of ropes to rebound off, hooking the head...

...and SNAPPING Duane Henry down to the mat with a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: No Sweat! Shades of Mark Langseth!

BW: You think Langseth showed Stanton how to do that before they kicked him to the curb, Gordo?

GM: I wouldn't even begin to guess what happened in that situation between Royalty and Mark Langseth... and with Langseth barred from the AWA for life, we may never know now!

[The smaller half of the World Tag Team Champions pulls Duane Henry up, hooking a side waistlock as he turns towards the corner, delivering an atomic drop that sends him staggering towards Brad Jacobs who BLASTS him with a forearm between the eyes, sending him stumbling back...]

GM: Jacobs isn't out of this fight just yet, fans!

[...into the waiting arms of Stanton who hooks the side waistlock again, lifting Duane Henry into a back suplex complete with the bridge!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- SHOULDER UP!! SHOULDER UP!!

[Stanton rolls to his knees, clapping his hands together in frustration before getting back to his feet, reaching down to pull Duane Henry up and into a front facelock...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Doyle nods, shouting loudly, "SEND 'IM TO HELL, BABY!" as Stanton leans down, hooking a leg...]

GM: He's got that... I know that move, Bucky!

BW: Ain't a soul in the business who don't, Gordo!

[With the leg trapped, fisherman-style, Stanton snaps backwards, driving him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLET TRAIN TO HELL! A PAGE OUT OF THE PETROW PLAYBOOK!

[Stanton rolls to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "It's over!" gesture before making the cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A desperate Cletus Lee Bishop lumbers in, diving into a big forearm across the back of Stanton to break up the pin!]

GM: Cletus Lee breaks up the pin and-

[And Brad Jacobs comes charging in, running full-force, and connecting with a big running clothesline that drags both men into the ropes...

...where they tumble over the top and down to the floor!]

GM: JACOBS CLEARS OUT CLETUS LEE BISHOP!! OH MY!!

[With Cletus Lee and Jacobs out of the picture, Larry Doyle pulls himself up onto the ring apron, shouting at Kenny Stanton as he gets back to his feet. Stanton nods, dragging Duane Henry up off the canvas, ducking into a scoop...]

GM: Big slam down in the middle... and Stanton's heading up top!

["Hollywood" Larry is leaping up and down, shouting with enthusiasm as Stanton steps out to the apron, scaling the ropes...]

GM: We might be about to see that flying legdrop we've seen out of Stanton on several occasions!

BW: And if we see that, it may be over, daddy!

GM: You're absolutely right!

[Stanton steps up to the second rope, shouting something back to his manager who is still on the apron...]

...which gets the referee to come over, ordering him down.]

GM: The ref wants Doyle out of there and-

BW: BO!

[Cousin Bo, desperate to save his cousin, leaps up on the apron and takes a big swing at the back of Stanton's leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which results in Stanton getting crotched up top!]

GM: Stanton's up top! He fell hard after Cousin Bo got involved!

[And now "Hollywood" Larry's lost it, dropping down to the floor and rushing to the far side of the ring where he's chasing after Cousin Bo who opts to flee and let Doyle chase him, hoping it gives Duane Henry enough time to do whatever he's got to do as the smaller Bishop gets to his feet, climbing the buckles...]

GM: Duane Henry's climbing up there... trying to get there where Stanton is...

[The crowd cheers as Stanton blasts Duane Henry with a right hand... the Bishop returns fire shortly after though, turning the situation into a high-risk slugfest atop the ropes!]

GM: Both men jockeying for position up on the ropes, changing where they're standing to look for safer ground...

BW: Ain't no such thing when you're up on the ropes!

[Suddenly, the crowd roars as Cletus Lee pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes. The referee protests but Cletus Lee shoves past him, moving to the corner where Stanton and Duane Henry are trading right hands up on the ropes!]

GM: Cletus Lee is in!

[He steps in, turning around to grab Stanton by the upper thighs!]

GM: Oh my stars! Cletus Lee's gonna powerbomb Stanton!

BW: No, no, no! They're going for the Razorback Special!

[Proving Bucky right, Duane Henry twists his body, trying to hook Stanton around the head and neck...]

BW: Jacobs is down on the floor, Cletus Lee put him in the post we're being told. We missed that completely!

GM: Stanton's fighting this! He knows the titles are at risk if they hit it!

[Stanton's flurry of left hands to the ribs leaves Duane Henry stunned as Stanton gives a shove off which causes Duane Henry to slip off the ropes, barely able to land safely on the apron as Cletus Lee staggers out...]

GM: He's gonna powerbomb him anyways!

[Stanton tees off, right hands as fast as he can throw them to the skull of Cletus Lee...

...and somehow turns the powerbomb into a huracanrana!]

GM: STANTON'S GOT CLETUS LEE CRADLED!

BW: Cletus Lee ain't legal!

[Which the referee tries to inform Stanton of a split second before Duane Henry springboards off the top rope, throwing a missile dropkick RIGHT to the face of the kneeling Stanton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Duane Henry scrambles up, pulling Stanton to his feet...

...and lifting him up into the torture rack backbreaker!]

GM: They're going for the Elixir!

BW: Cletus Lee's getting up still... he's having a hard time getting back to his feet...

[But as he does, he spots what Duane Henry is looking for, breaking into a dash into the ropes...

...where a fleeing Cousin Bo has pulled himself up onto the apron, tugging the top rope down which sends Cletus Lee flying over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

BW: WHAT THE-?!

GM: It was a mistake! An accident! Cousin Bo was trying to get away from Larry Doyle and didn't even realize what he'd done! The referee's shouting at him but-

[Duane Henry looks on in shock at what just happened as Brad Jacobs slides into the ring, racing across...]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR!

[The tackle causing Duane Henry's weight to pitch forward, allowing the still-torture racked Stanton to land on his feet in front of Duane Henry. He grabs a handful of trunks, throwing him towards Jacobs who muscles him up over his shoulder into a Canadian backbreaker as Stanton dashes to the ropes behind them...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and leaps up, snaring Duane Henry in a leaping reverse neckbreaker as Jacobs sits out into the powerbomb simultaneously!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Stanton flips over, rolling into a cover as Jacobs takes a guarding position. Stanton tightly hooks the legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in a mixed reaction as "Hollywood" Larry Doyle snatches the title belts off the timekeeper's table, rolling into the ring to celebrate with his men.]

PW: Here are your winners... and the UNIFIED WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

THE BLONNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMBERRRRRS!

[Jacobs falls into an embrace with Larry Doyle, happily accepting his two title belts before yanking Kenny Stanton up off the mat, embracing his partner as well.]

GM: The Bombers have done it! The Blonde Bombers are the Unified World Tag Team Titles! Incredible!

BW: The Bishops have fallen, Gordo! The Bishops have fallen to defeat after wearing those National Tag Team Titles for so, so long. Those belts now belong to another!

GM: Stanton, Jacobs, and you gotta give credit to Doyle as well. They've stormed into the AWA and in the six months since their arrival, they've won the Stampede Cup, the World Tag Team Titles, and now the National Tag Team Titles as well! Never before have we've seen a team burst upon the scene and become so, so dominant in such a short period of time.

[There's a quick cut to the locker room area where we see a large screen has been set up. Several of the AWA's tag teams are standing around watching said screen - The Aces, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines, the Rockstar Express, The Ring Workers, and several others - all watching and nodding at what they just witnessed.]

GM: You can see the bulk of the AWA's tag team division, all watching. They were obviously all doing some scouting, making sure that they're prepared if their number gets called to take on the new Unified World Tag Team Champions.

BW: It's been a heckuva night for Royalty, Gordo. Dave Cooper lost his match but made a statement in helping take out Sharif with a broken ankle. The Bombers become the Unified World Tag Team Champions... and don't forget, Cooper's a part of the Rumble as well.

GM: Imagine if Dave Cooper could manage to win the Rumble here tonight and become the top contender for the World Heavyweight Title as well. It truly would be Royalty's night.

BW: Absolutely.

GM: The Bombers are celebrating, the Bishops are recovering - we've got to take another break but when we come back, let's get ready to Rumble, fans!

[Fade to black as the Bombers and Doyle exit the ring - just as Cousin Bo is climbing in and Cletus Lee is rolling under the ropes.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." It is "Showtime" Rick Marley standing alone in front of a black backdrop with the AWA logo emblazoned on it in yellow. The dark haired high flyer looks into the camera and smirks, shaking his head and bringing the mic up to his lips.]

RM: I haven't had a whole lot to say over the last few weeks...figured that I'd just let my actions speak for me.

Vasquez got paid back for costing me my match in the title tournament; Scott got paid back for being...well...Steve Scott, and the Unholy Alliance showed the AWA faithful what we're really all about.

[Marley paused, his smirk melting away, slowly morphing into a scowl of rage.]

RM: And you all have yourselves to thank for it.

You see, I tried to walk the straight and narrow here: Did all the right things...said all the right things...made time for the fans...

And all the while, it got me one thing: Passed over...ignored.

I've been down this road with you before...I've said my piece and I'm sure that each and every one of you can recite at least one of the things that I've said by heart...

...

Which is why I'm finished talking about it.

I swore that I was going to make a name for myself here in AWA...to prove that the success I had in other places wasn't a fluke...and I'm going to.

I've paid in blood...I've paid in sweat...and now it's time for me to get what's owed to me. All of the chances that went to less deserving wrestlers. All of the paydays that were collected by guys that don't deserve to be in the same conversation with me...

[He pauses, taking a deep breath and calming down.]

RM: You see, THAT'S why I helped The Royalty beat Supernova and Sharif. THAT'S why I embarrassed Supernova with stand ins. THAT'S why I took out Vasquez and Scott...and THAT'S why I joined The Unholy Alliance: AWA has been collecting on my effort for long enough.

Now it's going to pay up...and I've got just the guys with me to make it happen...

...

And you can take that to the bank.

[An abrupt cut to the ring where we find Cletus Lee Bishop leaning against the turnbuckles, holding the back of his head as Cousin Bo paces back and forth, shouting at both of his cousins.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see, during our break, the Bishops did NOT vacate the ring as we expected. In fact, during that entire time, Cousin Bo has been walking around in there shouting at them both.

BW: I've picked up a few things he's saying, Gordo... saying they blew it and they broke his string of promises. He's hot under the collar for sure.

GM: But he's the one who pulled down the rope! You might even speculate that they had this match in hand until then. They were setting up for Doc Allan's Miracle Headache Elixir, Bucky.

BW: I know, I was here too, Gordo. But they didn't get the job done. Whether you blame them or Bo, the fact is that the Bombers walked out with the Unified World Tag Team Titles and left the Bishops staring at the lights.

[Cousin Bo is screaming at Duane Henry who waves him off. Bo slowly turns, staring at the dazed Cletus Lee...

...and stalks across the ring, obviously enraged.]

GM: This can't be good.

[Cousin Bo reaches out, sticking his finger into the chest of his bigger cousin. He does it again.. and again, punctuating the gesture with a shout each time...]

BW: Uhhh, Bo... this might not be your best idea.

[Suddenly, Cletus Lee's eyes go wide as he reaches out...

...and hooks a massive hand around the throat of his cousin!]

GM: OH MY! HE'S GOT HIM BY THE THROAT!

[Cletus Lee stalks out to the center of the ring, still holding Bo by the throat as Duane Henry finally gets up, moving to join his family...

...and grabs Cletus Lee by the arm!]

GM: Duane Henry's trying to stop him! I think Cletus Lee was gonna chokeslam his cousin straight to hell but Duane Henry's seen enough of that. He's not gonna let that happen!

BW: Yeah! Everyone listen to Duane Henry - just calm down!

[An angry Cletus Lee stares into the eyes of his gasping cousin...

...and then abruptly shoves him down to the mat, turning to leave the ring, stalking back up the aisle to the locker room. Duane Henry throws up his arms in dismay, staring at his brother's back.]

BW: Duane Henry just asked his brother where he's going but... well, Cletus Lee ain't saying a word, Gordo.

GM: No, he's not. He's leaving and not looking back.

[Duane Henry kneels down next to Cousin Bo, checking on his relative and manager as we fade back to the locker room area...

...where we find Mark Stegglet standing, looking off-camera. He suddenly jerks his head at the camera, perhaps realizing he's live.]

MS: Umm... fans...

[Stegglet's voice is low, almost a whisper. He grimaces and then points off-camera. The camera turns to show Chris Blue, seated in a chair, his feet up on a second folding chair. He has a TV screen pulled in front of him and seems to be rewatching the events of earlier in the evening where Dave Cooper and Royalty betrayed Mark Langseth. He has a curious expression on his face as the camera and Mark Stegglet creep closer. As we get within mic-range, we can hear Blue softly singing to himself, not even with any sort of musicality but almost a basic recitation of the lyrics. Sharp-eared viewers would pick it up as "Be Prepared" from The Lion King which seems like an odd choice, doesn't it?]

CB: But we're talking kings and successions... even you can't be caught unaware...

[A clearing of the throat from Mark Stegglet alerts Blue to his presence. A quick click of a remote pauses the action on the screen as Blue wheels towards Stegglet, a copy of George RR Martin's "A Game Of Thrones" on his lap now visible.]

CB: Mr. Stegglet, I presume...

[Mark looks anxious as he raises his mic.]

MS: Mr. Blue, I was just hoping to get your thoughts, moments before the Rumble, on William Craven's chances here tonight of winning the match and earning a World Title shot.

[Blue chuckles, tapping his book softly.]

CB: Oh, my Dragon is prepared, Mr. Stegglet. He has spent weeks upon weeks undergoing my personal training for this match including the impromptu Battle Royal that we featured on Saturday Night Wrestling not so long ago...

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Which he lost.

[Blue pauses, arching an eyebrow in Stegglet's direction.]

CB: A miscalculation... an oversight. Nothing more. Tell me, Mr. Stegglet. Have you read this particular series of novels?

[He taps the book again.]

MS: Sure, of course.

CB: Do you know what I enjoy the most about them?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

CB: It's the imagery. It's the pictures that Mr. Martin paints with his words. You can practically see the brutality unfolding in front of you. Severed limbs, arrows piercing legs, chests, hearts... scorched flesh.

[A soft chuckle.]

CB: He writes of battles where seas of soldiers are tearing one another to shreds in bloody armed conflict... until the dragons arrive from the heavens to swoop down and end the wars.

A field of fire, Mr. Stegglet. Bodies burning, the smell of roasted flesh in the air.

[Stegglet winces like he might gag.]

CB: Do you find this disturbing?

[A nod.]

CB: Then I would suggest you avert your eyes to what is about to happen out in that ring when twenty-nine of the world's most hardened soldiers do battle for a magnificent prize...

...only to find it all torn away when my Dragon swoops in from the heavens, unleashes with one mighty breath, and blisters away the skin of all in his path until they are left weeping, their flesh bubbling from the heat.

[Stegglet winces again.]

CB: This is why you can not speak to my Dragon tonight, Mr. Stegglet. He sits now in isolation, preparing himself for-

[Stegglet again interrupts.]

MS: But we already spoke to him.

[Blue pauses, trying to hide his surprise.]

CB: Say that again.

MS: We... uhh... we already spoke to William Craven today. He requested a camera for an interview.

[Blue looks down, slamming his open palm on the cover of his book.]

CB: He disobeyed a direct...

[Blue trails off, falling into silence.]

MS: We haven't run it yet. Would you... would you like to see it right now?

[The slightest of nods comes from the former EMWC owner. Stegglet turns to the camera, gesturing. There's a few moments pause before we abruptly cut to pre-recorded footage below decks, deep in the bowels of the USS Lexington, sits the green-tattooed mass of scar tissue of William Craven. Leaning heavily against a piece of machinery that may be a bilge pump William scowls downward. A long moment passes, a pregnant pause to begin the segment, before William finally sighs deeply.]

WC: To finally rest within the hull of the Blue Ghost ... it feels, somehow ... right. In the days long gone by that I served my country it was not on a ship such as this, I was Army, but this juggernaut ... perhaps the Navy would have been a better home. The Lexington and I ... we share much. Commissioned during World War II, she is a mighty presence with a long history, never truly defeated, she rules the ocean as her kingdom. I, too, have spent these many years dominating the world of professional wrestling as the lord of violence ... never truly defeated. Never truly defeated because no matter how many years pass I cannot be driven from my kingdom. I refuse.

[Rising slowly Bill comes into clearer focus; standard ring attire of black vinyl slacks with red-wrapped hands and feet. Jerkily rubbing the wrappings of his hands hard across his face and scalp he seems to shake off whatever fugue state he finds himself in, building energy.]

WC: For nearly two years I terrorized the AWA first in secret and then in person. I destroyed man after man, sending Alex Martinez home for over a year and made myself known in every aspect of the business. Everyone in the arena, from my opponents to the referees to the timekeeper, feared my wrath. Behind the scenes the men in charge were forced to bow and scrape before my lawyers, unable to send me from this place no matter how hard they tried. Such is my worth in this industry, such is the legacy I have formed during the three decades across which my career stretches!

Now ... the ghosts of my past return to haunt me. So long dead as to be forgotten, the very fact that they exist befuddles me.

Chris Staley ... Staley. The first time the name crossed my ears this _Millenium_ it made no impact at all. After all, it had been fourteen years since I'd last heard it and, even then, I'd only heard it a few times. Chris Staley ... a minor speedbump in my rapid rise to the top of this industry in the 20th century.

[Shaking his head, Craven flicks his split tongue between his sharpened and partially missing teeth while laughing quietly.]

WC: I _know_ why you hate me, Staley. I know... Yes, yes everyone knows that on the same night I buried Eddie Jacobs, ripped to shreds a man to take his place in a 4-way dance and won that dance I also beat you half to death and took your title. Everyone knows although, well, not that many people remember the name of the man who lost the title that night. They remember _me_ ... not you.

You hate me ... because, for all intents and purposes, I ended your career. You weren't the first and you weren't nearly the last. How long were you gone from the spotlight, Staley? Was it the entirety of the last 14 years? Were you hiding beneath a rock that whole time ... or just beneath notice? If you couldn't win a match against a man who'd already fought through five other men while you were fresh, well, then what could you do?

You could, perhaps, take down the ring after the show? Is that the rock under which you hid? The ring...?

[Craven smiles again, mirthlessly this time, but it slowly dissolves into a deep and shuddering frown.]

WC: Now ... after I rose so high, after I tore the AWA to shreds, hollowed out it's heroes and ultimately returned wrestling's Emperor to the spotlight to stand beside me, now you return? You truly believe that you, who lost to me during the year I was deemed "rookie of the year", now that I have been seasoned by a decades-long trial by fire NOW you believe that you can do better!? How? Is there some training regimen you've discovered? Has God blessed you in some sort of Holy Crusade against me? I am become the End, Staley...

Come unto me, boy, and I'll remind you of the beast you faced in my infancy ... then end you all over again. This time you won't return to the ring ... nor will you walk again. You wanted my attention and now you have it ... and now ... goodbye forever. It. Gets. Worse...

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to Blue sitting in front of the TV screen again, staring with a burning rage under his eyes.]

CB: Chris Staley.

[Blue slowly raises a hand, pressing it against his forehead.]

CB: Chris Staley.

[He swoops up to his feet, unleashing a kick that knocks the TV over in a sound of breaking glass.]

CB: CHRIS STALEY?!

[Stegglet takes a step back but has his wrist grabbed, yanking towards the sudden-fury of his interview subject.]

CB: TWENTY-EIGHT OF THE BEST IN THE WORLD IN THAT RING WITH THEM AND HE'S TALKING ABOUT CHRIS STALEY?!

[Blue shoves Stegglet back, turning his back on the camera. His hands run over his head before he slams them again into a nearby set of equipment cases. He wheels around, rage-filled eyes bearing into the camera.]

CB: Do you know what Chris Staley is, Stegglet? Chris Staley is the bug that splashes dead onto your windshield when you just had your car washed. A mere annoyance. A buzzing fly in your ear. A creaky board in your floor. He is a nuisance... he is an itch that won't go away.

What he is NOT is a serious threat to me... or to my Dragon.

[Blue raises an arm, pointing a finger into the camera.]

CB: Something that Mr. Craven would do well to remember.

[The anger seems to slowly fade out of Blue as a brave Stegglet slides in again...]

MS: You seem pretty upset with Mr. Craven's actions here today. Is there any concern that he's your last hope for victory in this Rumble? One of the biggest nights of the year?

[Blue pauses, looking at Stegglet.]

CB: My last hope?

[Blue chuckles softly, shaking his head.]

CB: No. There is another.

[And with that, he turns to leave a bewildered Stegglet behind. Stegglet is speechless so we fade again...

...where we find Jason Dane, beaming widely.]

JD: I am honored to be with you this evening in what has shaped up to be a historically annual event where we have seen unknown wrestlers become superstars, superstars become champions, and champion become legends. Last year, it was Supreme Wright who overcame the odds and submitted his name in lights in front of AWA arenas nationwide and tonight we will once again bear witness to another man outlasting a star-studded field of AWA's very finest in an attempt to claim stake as the number one contender to the AWA World Heavyweight Title. Will it be Adam Rogers? Will it be Nenshou? Will it be-

"I TOLD YOU."

[The words, though drastically amplified and emanating from somewhere off-screen, are all too familiar to AWA fans and even more-so, to Jason Dane.]

JD: [low] Terry Shane the Third.

"Ahem."

JD: [even lower] And Miss Sandra Hayes.

MSH: Thanks, cutie.

[Dane rolls his eyes and takes a small step back which allows the Ring Leader and the Agent..or Publicist..or "whatever she is calling herself these days" to the Gang, Miss Sandra Hayes, to step into the view of the camera. Shane is in full entrance attire with his short black hair greased back and tucked behind his ears...his emerald gown sequined with jewels spelling out his name...his boots laced up just below his knee. And then there is Miss Sandra Hayes, all five foot seven of her. Her slim figure looks as though it has been poured into cropped leather pants that barely reach her calves and a jalapeno green, lace-back tanktop that holds rather snugly to her noticeably busty upperbody. Garish, multi-hued zebra bracelets ride her arm while her braided tar colored hair tumbles over her right shoulder. In her left arm she carries "her" branding iron like a red carpet accessory.]

TS3: I told you that I thought it was impossible for our Gang to ever get STRONGER. And there I was, Jason... Surrounded by near perfection. Last week I stood before the AWA, before the World, with Donnie White to my right... with the Ring Workers to my left... and with him...

MSH: Harry Hyatt!

[Shane shoots Miss Hayes a look, she shrugs.]

TS3: Harry Hyatt. Standing right in front of me.

[Snarl.]

TS3: HE forced my hands! He forced my MOUTH...to deliver the words that I despise more than Hannibal Carver, more than Shadoe Rage, more than you, Jason.

That I was WRONG.

I was wrong in bringing that flamboyant fabrication of a wrestler into MY Gang. I was wrong in convincing MYSELF that he belonged.

Shadoe Rage proved.... nay... he exposed Harry Hyatt for what he was. For that, I am thankful. For that...

...there was a PRICE to be paid.

JD: So that price was the beat-

MSH: Quiet please! Not while he's emphasizing.

TS3: It was UNDENIABLE. That in order to be perfect, in order to be whole, it meant that I had to wipe the last bit of grime clean. I had to do what was necessary, for the good of MY Gang. If that meant bringing Shadoe Rage into our group, so be it. If that meant ridding it of Harry Hyatt, so be it.

If that means wrapping metal chains around another man's neck and strangling every last whimper and drop of blood from his body.

So be it.

So in answer to your question, Jason...

MSH: Capital En, Capital Oh!

TS3: NO. I do not think that a few kicks, a handful of punches, and a choke hold is a steep price to pay for that taste of perfection that the Shane Gang strives for. I do believe that making Hannibal Carver submit means I am a threat to the World Title. I do believe that the Ring Workers destroying multiple tag teams in one night means they are a force to be reckoned with. I do believe that Donnie White is the most underrated wrestler and high flyer that the entire wrestling world has to offer. But most importantly...

...I do believe that tonight I will stand amongst twenty-nine other men and watch them fall one by one at my hands. In fact, I beg of it, Jason. I relish the opportunity to show the World just what kind of man that I am. Do your best to hold me down, AWA, and I will do my worst to every single superstar that stands between me and a chance at the World Tonight.

Because NOBODY can stop me.

Not MAMMOTH Maximus.

Not Brody.

Not Supernova.

Not...

[Shane pauses, rolling his fingers which cues Miss Hayes.]

MSH [quietly]: Alex Mar --

TS3: NOT EVEN ALEX MARTINEZ.

[He nods, she curtsies.]

TS3: Each one of them will realize the same thing that everyone else understands who has EVER been in the ring with me. They each had the moment, that taste, that brief instant where they said, "Whoa. He IS great. He IS talented. He IS better than I am." Ask them... ask them all about that empty feeling that nestled deep down in their heart when they had to suffer that realization, that agony, that heartbreak of me wrestling their dream away from them.

Ripping their aspirations.

Taking their last chance and putting it in my back pocket for safe keeping just out of their reach.

Because tonight is not about ANY of them, Jason. Tonight was not about whether or not Mark Langseth will ever get reinstated. It is not about James Monosso and the title reign that, much like his career, has been dragged out for far too long. It was not about whether the Bishop Boys could climb and scrape their way up and beat the Bombers.

No, my humble little friend.

It is about the ANOINTMENT of Terry Shane the Third.

It is about the RING LEADER diving head first into the forefront of the AWA and leading his now perfect Gang into whatever battle lies ahead.

It is about teaching the World what the SALIENCE stands for...

JD: What exactly does-

[Miss Sandra Hayes' hand jets out in front of the mouth of Dane as she shakes her head.]

TS3: [ignoring Dane] So BRING ON the Rumble, Jason.

Bring on twenty-nine other ill-fated superstars.

And I will give you the PERFECT ending that you all desire.

MSH: [whispering]: Count on it.

[Cut back to ringside to our announce duo.]

GM: Terry Shane III is one of thirty top stars in the world of professional wrestling who have entered this year's Rumble, all fighting for a chance at the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: We've got former World Champions like Adam Rogers... Hall of Famers like Alex Martinez... former National Champions like Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez.

GM: It's the most star-studded Rumble ever and it begins right now!

[Crossfade to the ring where the bell sounds and Phil Watson begins to speak.]

PW: It is now time for the annual RUMBLE!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: Thirty men have drawn numbers earlier today to determine their order of entry into the event. To be eliminated, you must go OVER the top rope

and have BOTH feet touch the floor. When all thirty men have entered, the last man remaining will be your winner and will receive a future shot at the AWA World Title!

And now... the man who drew Number One!

[There's a pregnant pause as the AWA faithful stand and wait, wondering who the unluckiest man in the building is...]

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

[The crowd bursts into jeers at the sounds of "Saints Of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue blasting over the PA system. The lights hanging over the ring dim as laser lights begin to flash all over the USS Lexington.]

GM: "Showtime" Rick Marley is the first man in the 2013 Rumble!

[Marley strides through the curtain with a pretty unhappy look on his face. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a ponytail and wears a midnight blue set of long-legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. He pauses just beyond the curtain, giving a gesture with his right hand.]

GM: Now what's this all about?

[The question is quickly answered as the Collector of Oddities and the leader of the Unholy Alliance, Percy Childes, strides into view.]

GM: Oh, of course. The Collector of Oddities is coming out here with his charge... now, he's going to have to go back to the locker room before this match starts though.

BW: Who says?!

GM: The rules of the Rumble have ALWAYS said that managers are not allowed at ringside!

[Percy starts to walk towards the ring alongside his charge when suddenly a handful of referees and AWA officials appear in the aisle, blocking his path. An irate Childes blasts them verbally, ordering them out of his way.]

GM: Percy Childes is being told to go back to the locker room right now. There'll be no shenanigans out here in this one, fans.

BW: I don't understand this. Just because "we've always done it", that don't make it a good rule. Rick Marley should be allowed to have his manager out here to advise him, to scout for him, to do the things that a manager is paid to do!

[Marley looks equally upset, standing in the aisle with his hands on his hips as Percy Childes is forced back down the aisle to the locker room. Shaking

his head, Marley heads down the aisle to the ring, climbing up on the ring apron. The fans jeer as he steps into the ring, standing in the middle of the squared circle with his arms thrown out to his sides, soaking up the jeers.]

GM: Rick Marley has become one of the most hated men in the entire AWA ever since SuperClash IV when he betrayed the AWA and helped Royalty in a six man tag team match. Now he's joined the Unholy Alliance and... well, that makes him a marked man in the eyes of the AWA faithful, Bucky.

BW: It also makes him a marked man inside this ring tonight so as talented as he is, you would have a hard time arguing that he'll be there at the end of this sixty plus minutes tonight, Gordo.

GM: Rick Marley has a long history with James Monosso though so those two clashing with the World Title on the line would be a very interesting encounter.

BW: What about Marley vs Calisto Dufresne?

GM: Well, it'd be a good matchup as well. Some history there to boot.

[Marley stands in the ring, turning to face the aisleway as the music fades, being replaced by Phil Watson's voice.]

PW: And now... the man who drew Number Two...

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation, watching and waiting...]

GM: Who's it gonna be?

BW: Number Two ain't no better than Number One, Gordo. Maybe whoever drew it decided to just take the night off instead.

GM: You might be-

[Harsh guitars ring out across the speakers, drums and clanging cymbals right after as "Just Another Victim" from House of Pain and Helmet hits.]

GM: Oh my!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the music as a massive mound of a man strides without pause from the entrance area. He strikes an absolutely frightening visage as though not very tall, he's wide and thick as they come. A pause in the middle of the aisle where he starts pumping himself up, his head bouncing to the beat, hands flexing, snarling the whole time. Spittle flying, the beast of a human being roars and stalks right to the ring.]

GM: It's Brody! Brody draws Number Two!

[The shot cuts to the ring where Rick Marley is looking around in a panic.]

GM: And this is obviously not what Rick Marley was hoping for out here, Bucky.

BW: No, obviously not, Gordo! Who the heck WOULD want to get in there with this lunatic?!

GM: Lunatic? What's he ever done to earn that from you?

[The man is a specimen with a double wide back, tree trunk legs and veins coming out of veins. His head is shaven and he wears an all red singlet with black knee pads and wrestling boots. Scaling the ringsteps, Brody points a finger at Marley who backs to the opposite corner, shaking his head as Brody steps through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Here we go, fans! "Showtime" Rick Marley and Brody are Numbers One and Two and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Marley breaks into a sprint, charging at Brody...

...and gets shouldertackled right off his feet, knocked effortlessly down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Well, that's one strategy to try.

GM: It didn't work out so well for Marley. He may want to find a different one and he may want to do so REAL quick, Bucky.

[Brody marches towards Marley who scampers to his feet, again backing off towards the corner...

...where he sets his feet, lashing out with a Curtain Call superkick!]

GM: CURTAIN CA-

[The crowd ROARS as Brody snatches the kick out of the air, holding the leg over his right shoulder as he reaches out with his left hand, grabbing Marley by the throat...]

GM: Marley may be done already!

[Using the double grip, Brody powers Marley up off the mat...]

GM: UP!

[...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous slam!]

GM: AND DOWN!

BW: Ricky Marley needs to start prayin' that one of the other Alliance members are in this match, Gordo. He needs Nenshou to come out here next or Johnny Detson.

GM: We're not even a minute into the match and he's already begging for help? That's not a good sign for Rick Marley, Bucky.

[Marley pulls himself up off the mat, grabbing the middle rope with both hands to steady himself...

...and gets hooked in a rear waistlock! Marley starts shaking his head, looking for a way to escape...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[Brody rips Marley away from the ropes without hardly a pinch of effort before powering him into the air, throwing him down to the canvas again with a lot of impact.]

GM: Good grief!

[Brody backs to the corner, pumping his right arm up and down to the cheers of the crowd...]

GM: Listen to these fans in Corpus Christi! They want to see it! They want to see Brody knock Marley out of the ring to the floor and eliminate him from this Rumble!

BW: Just 'cause they want to see it don't mean it's gonna happen!

[As Marley stumbles up to his feet, Brody comes rushing from the corner...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[Marley throws himself into a low dropkick, catching Brody on the kneecap, knocking him down to a knee. "Showtime" pops right back up, grabbing Brody by the side of the head, hammering away with short forearms to the temple...]

GM: Marley's got a chance here! He created an opening for himself, working over Bro-

[The big man powers up, even on his knees, and THROWS Marley down to the mat with a big shove!]

GM: Goodness, this man is strong!

[Brody climbs back up to his feet, shaking out his leg as he approaches Marley. Marley, who has rolled back to his feet, is lurking in the corner, trying to stay close to the ropes.]

GM: Marley may be trying to lure Brody in here... he's hiding in the corner...

BW: Hiding?! That's a slanderous thing to say. I think he's trying to uncork a sound strategy here. Lure the big dummy into the corner ropes and throw him over the top.

GM: You think so, huh?

[The muscular man from Parts Unknown draws closer and closer, swinging his right arm around and around as the crowd cheers...

...but Marley darts out, sticking a thumb into the eye of Brody!]

GM: Ohh! Cheap shot!

[He grabs Brody by the back of the head, attempting to throw him over the top...

...but Brody reverses, sending Marley over the ropes instead!]

GM: OVER THE TOP GOES MARLEY!!

BW: No, no! He's hanging on! He's hanging on to the top rope! Hang on, Ricky!

[Marley clings to the ropes, trying to stay on the ring apron as Brody comes towards him, rearing back a right hand...

...but Marley uses the ropes to swing his legs up, snapping a foot into the forehead of Brody, sending him staggering away!]

GM: Brody got caught coming in!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Marley uses them to catapult himself over, flipping so that his legs land on the shoulders of Brody, still holding the top rope as he uses his newly-hooked headscissors to drag Brody towards the ropes...]

GM: MARLEY'S TRYING TO DRAG HIM OUT!!

[Suddenly, the countdown begins.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: All eyes turn to the entryway... who's it gonna be?

[The crowd jeers at the sight of the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant, jogging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Dave Bryant is Number Three!

BW: The Doctor of Love - and the World Television Champion - is the third man in... and that makes things very interesting for the two men inside the ring already. Remember, Dave Bryant offered a shot at the TV Title to whoever can manage to eliminate him from the Rumble here tonight.

GM: And you can bet that Bryant has no desire to defend the title against EITHER of these men, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him?

[Bryant pats the World Television Title draped over his shoulder before dropping it on the apron. With a smirk, he rolls under the bottom rope into the ring, winding up both arms...

...and SMASHING them down between the shoulderblades of Brody with a double axehandle!]

GM: Well, I'm not sure how smart that was.

BW: He had to do it, Gordo! Bryant stands no chance in there against Brody one-on-one. He needs to get Marley on his side here in the early moments of this one.

[Bryant turns Brody around, burying an uppercut to the chin. A second one lands too, knocking Brody into the ropes where Bryant grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Bryant hits the ropes, rebounding out fast...

...and gets floored with a big shoulder tackle!]

GM: Good grief! So much power, so much strength in Brody.

[Brody nods to the cheering crowd as he pulls Bryant from a knee by the arm, dragging him into his arms...

...and LAUNCHES Bryant up and over his head with a belly to belly throw!]

GM: Goodness! Bryant went halfway across the ring, bouncing off the mat there!

[Brody gets back to his feet, pulling his arm back and at the ready...]

GM: He's setting up for that big clothesline!

[Brody waits... and waits... and waits...]

GM: Bryant's starting to stir, trying to get back to his feet after that big suplex...

[The big man rushes towards him, swinging his arm for a devastating clothesline...]

...but Bryant flattens out, sending Brody past him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...right into a Casting Call superkick that snaps Brody's head back, sending him staggering...]

GM: Marley caught him but I think he didn't catch him flush!

BW: If he'd caught him flush, Brody might be out cold right about now.

[Bryant jumps on the back of the stunned Brody, wrapping his arms around the head and neck in a sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPER! Bryant hooks in a sleeperhold!

[Brody struggles under the World Television Champion's weight, swinging his arms back and forth, trying to find a way out.]

GM: We're rapidly approaching the fourth entry into the 2013 Rumble, fans. Brody... ohh! He slams Bryant back into the turnbuckles!

[Brody steps out, holding Bryant by the legs...]

...and DRIVES back into the turnbuckles for a second time!]

GM: AGAIN! Again he goes back into the corner! Bryant's trying to get free before he has to take another one of those but I'm not sure how wise that is. When Brody creates some separation, he might be able to bring the thunder in a MAJOR fashion!

[The big man wobbles out, looking to slam Bryant back for a third time as the countdown begins...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of Terry Shane III jogging down the aisle.]

GM: Terry Shane is Number Four!

BW: Miss Hayes can't be pleased with that draw.

GM: Nor at being prevented from joining her man out at ringside. We're being told over our headphones that she's throwing quite the fit at the entrance curtain but Shane comes out alone.

BW: This third generation star has really been one of the hottest newcomers that the AWA has ever seen, Gordo. He's instantly made himself one of the most talked about competitors in all of wrestling and just imagine how that conversation changes if he wins the Rumble here tonight.

[Shane slides under the ropes into the ring, rushing the corner to deliver a pair of boots to the gut of Brody. Bryant hangs onto the sleeper, now standing on his feet as both Shane and Marley take turns throwing kicks into the torso of the big man.]

GM: We've got a three on one on Brody and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as someone goes hurdling over the barricade, rushing to dive headfirst under the ropes...

...and tackling Terry Shane right off his feet!]

BW: IT'S CARVER! IT'S CARVER!

GM: It is! Hannibal Carver just came out of the crowd and he's all over Terry Shane! We'd heard rumors that Carver was going to never come back... that he was out for good!

[Carver takes the mount, hammering away at Terry Shane over and over as Rick Marley backs off, wanting no part of Carver. Carver suddenly gets up, ripping off his hooded sweatshirt, flinging it into the crowd as Terry Shane crawls under the ropes to ringside...]

GM: Shane's escaped! He went under the ropes to the floor and-

[The crowd's roars grow louder as Carver exits the ring, pursuing Shane. He grabs his rival by the hair...

...and SLAMS him skullfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! HEADFIRST TO THE STEEL!!

[Shane crumples to the floor as the crowd roars. Carver nods, slapping his elbow a few times...]

GM: He's calling for the Mind Eraser!

[The cheers turn loudly to boos as a flood of AWA security staff comes pouring down the aisle, getting in Carver's path, shoving him away from the downed Terry Shane...]

GM: We've got security out here - they're all over the place, fans! They're all over Hannibal Carver trying to get him out of here!

[With the fans booing wildly, Carver is pushing against security, trying to fight his way free. A pair of guards get shoved down just before a third wraps an arm around Carver's head and neck, pulling him back.]

GM: Terry Shane's trying to crawl away from this mess, trying to save himself...

[Shane pulls himself to his feet, shouting something at Carver as he uses the ropes to drag himself up onto the apron. He's still shouting at his rival as he steps through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Terry Shane looks like he's seen a ghost, fans! I think he truly believed he'd rid the wrestling world of Hannibal Carver! Look at Carver, trying to get away from these guards! He wants another piece of Terry Shane! He wants to rip this kid apart in the worst possible way!

BW: This ain't right, Gordo! Carver ain't got no business being out here. They should fine him, suspend him, fire him! If Percy Childes and Miss Hayes can't be out here, neither can Carver!

GM: Carver CAN'T be out here! They're trying to get him out of here! Look at all these guards out here - all around us, trying to force Carver back up the aisle to the locker room!

[With chaos still reigning in the ringside area, the countdown begins a little late but still begins...]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd jeers as a masked man comes jogging into view. The masked man is wearing a Pharaoh mask... but is dressed JUST like Tully Brawn was earlier in the evening.]

GM: Of course! Of course he'd be here. We thought his spot had been given up since he was supposed to be in Alabama here tonight but-

BW: What are you going on about now?

GM: That's Tully Brawn, Bucky! Tell me it's not!

BW: It's some guy in a mask. It ain't the first time we've had masked men in the Rumble, Gordo! Why are you freakin' out about it?!

GM: That's Tully Brawn, I promise you! I guarantee you that it is!

[Pushing past the sea of security, The Masked Pharaoh hits the ring, promptly joining a three-on-one attack on Brody in the corner as Dave Bryant and Rick Marley are working the big man over in the turnbuckles. Terry Shane is still standing by the ring ropes, shouting at Carver...

...who suddenly breaks away, diving under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: CARVER'S IN AGAIN!!

[Shane's eyes go wide before he gets tackled right off his feet. Carver winds up, hammering his fist over and over into the skull of the third generation star!]

GM: CARVER'S IN THE RING AGAIN!! HE'S ALL OVER TERRY SHANE FOR THE SECOND TIME!!

[Shane struggles, trying to cover up as Carver drills him with haymakers. Suddenly, security pours INSIDE the ring!]

GM: Wait a second! What the heck's going on here?!

BW: They gotta get Carver out of here!

GM: Yeah, but we're in the middle of a damn match!

[The swarm of security bumps into the masked man and Marley, causing a distraction...

...which allows Brody to lift Bryant into the air, pressing him overhead!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA!

[Brody HURLS the Doctor of Love into a pile of security guards, knocking several men down to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: What in the...?!]

[Stepping out of the corner, Brody finds himself confronted by a security guard who has taken umbrage to the big man knocking down his co-workers...

...and gets THROWN over the top rope and down to the floor by Brody as a result!]

GM: OH MY! BRODY TOSSES A SECURITY GUARD!

BW: He should be fired for that!

GM: He might be! But the AWA shouldn't have ordered these guards into the ring DURING a match! They've got no business being in there and-

[Another guard goes sailing through the air, crashing down on the mat thanks to a powerful biel throw by Brody!]

GM: The guards are clearing out! They want no part of Brody!

[With a bit of space, we see Carver has Shane down in the corner, stomping him repeatedly in the chest...]

GM: Carver's still got Shane down and is still going to work on him!

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into jeers!]

GM: No, no! They've got no business out here EITHER!

[The fans' reaction comes from the sight of Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong, the Ring Workers, hitting the ring after racing past a crop of stunned AWA officials and security guards!]

GM: Anderson and Strong are in! They're not involved in this match!

[Strong and Anderson jump Carver from behind, hammering him down to the mat. The stomps begin, raining down on Carver as Terry Shane uses the ropes to get back to his feet...

...and then leaps into the fray, jumping down to his knees where he grabs Carver by the hair and starts pummeling his face with short right hands!]

GM: Shane's turned the tables on Carver thanks to his Gang of jackals!

[Shane steps back, ordering them to pick him up. Anderson and Strong each grab an arm, doing exactly that as Shane measures him. He swings his right arm back...

...and has it grabbed by Brody!]

GM: UH OH!!

[Throwing Carver aside, Anderson and Strong rush at Brody before he can attack their leader.]

GM: Wait a second! This isn't legal at all! Get them out of there!

BW: First, you don't want security in the ring and now you do?! Make up your mind!

[Brody drops Anderson with a right hand. He eats a few stiff elbows to the ear from Strong before connecting with a haymaker that knocks him back into the ropes...]

GM: Brody's fighting off the Shane Gang! He's fighting off- fans, we just got word that the Championship Committee has ordered the clock stopped in this match until we can regain control! The Shane Gang is in the ring, trying to interfere in this match and- hold on... we'll be right back!

[With Brody trading blows with the Shane Gang, 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 when we come back to live action, we're back to the legal five men inside the ring. We can see Hannibal Carver being dragged back down the aisle by AWA security while AWA officials force Anderson and Strong back down the aisle as well.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... we've just managed to get some control over this situation and I'm told that we're about to restart the match.

[The countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd jeers as one of the Beale Street Bullies, Adam Rogers, come waltzing down the aisle. He breaks into a jog about halfway there.]

GM: A former World Champion, Adam Rogers, is on his way to the ring and you better believe that even though he's yet to make an impact on the singles rankings since returning to the AWA earlier this year, he could very easily walk out of this Rumble as the winner.

BW: Take a look at the ring as Rogers gets in there, Gordo. You've got the Unholy Alliance represented in Rick Marley...

GM: And Tully Brawn.

BW: Perhaps. You've got the Shane Gang represented with Terry Shane and now the Beale Street Bullies with Adam Rogers.

GM: It truly has become a land of gang warfare here in the AWA in recent weeks. If you don't have an ally or two in your back pocket, you're at a major disadvantage here tonight.

[As Rogers hits the ring, we see Dave Bryant and the Masked Pharaoh taking turns kicking Brody in the corner. Rogers grabs Rick Marley by the hair, turning him into a knife-edge chop as Terry Shane III kneels in the corner by himself, eyeing all the conflicts around him...]

GM: Adam Rogers, the former World Champion, is Number Six in this matchup, really going to town on Rick Marley with those chops.

BW: That's the kind of matchup that you'll rarely see the Championship Committee put together - it's only gonna happen here in the Rumble!

[Bryant and the masked man each grab an arm on Brody, firing him across to the opposite corner...

...where he bounces out, running from the corner, and flattening BOTH men with a running double clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! BRODY DROPS 'EM BOTH!!

[Turning to the crowd, Brody does a full 360 while pointing to them...

...and then pointing at the downed Dave Bryant!]

GM: Brody's about to earn himself a shot at the TV Title, fans!

BW: DAVE! GET UP! GET OUT!!

GM: And can you imagine Dave Bryant defending the title against that man?!

BW: No! I don't want to see it! Anybody but him!

GM: Glenn Hudson?

BW: NO! Anybody but either of them!

[Brody reaches down, dragging Bryant to his feet by the arm, tugging him into a military press...]

GM: Oh my! He's got Bryant up... waaaaay up!

[Brody walks around the ring, holding Bryant as high up in the air as he can manage...

...but walks right into a big boot to the gut from Adam Rogers!]

GM: Ohh! Rogers just saved Dave Bryant!

[Rogers grabs Brody by the hair, throwing him into the nearest corner...

...a split second before a charging Masked Pharaoh connects with a running leaping splash in the buckles! Rogers grins, turning around to help Bryant off the mat...]

GM: Hey, look at this... maybe Rogers is trying to form an alliance with Bryant in this-

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Rogers HURLS Bryant over the top rope!]

GM: NO! HE STABBED HIM IN THE BACK!!

BW: Bryant's hanging on! Bryant's on the apron!

[The former Natural moves in, pasting Bryant repeatedly with right hands, trying to knock the Doctor of Love off the apron. An overhead elbow bounces off the skull of Bryant, knocking him down to a knee...]

GM: Rogers is trying to win himself a shot at the TV Title!

[The countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The sight of Shadoe Rage trotting down the aisle towards the ring brings the fans to their feet. He hops up on the apron, turning his back to look out at the crowd, twirling a finger around in the air...

...which is Terry Shane's cue to jump into him with a leaping knee to the back, sending Rage sailing off the apron, crashing into the steel barricade at ringside!]

GM: OHHHH! Terry Shane attacks before Rage could even get inside the ring!

BW: I love it, Gordo. He knew that Rage was going to be coming straight for him so he goes after him first!

[Dropping to his back, Shane rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Terry Shane's leaving the ring again and... he's going after Rage!

[Out on the floor, Shane puts the boots to Rage up against the railing, repeatedly kicking him into the steel...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is the seventh man in the Rumble but he hasn't even made it into the ring yet thanks to Terry Shane III. What a disappointment he must be to his father, the legendary Terry Shane Jr.

BW: Terry Shane Jr. is an old relic who is probably living vicariously through his son while he daydreams about old sixty minute draws against Hamilton Graham! He should be proud of his son - damn proud - if you ask me!

GM: No one asked you! Terry Shane Jr. was a man who competed with honor, with dignity, and with sportsmanship.

BW: Oh, he sounds like a real Boy Scout, Gordo!

[Shane pulls Rage up off the ringside mats by the hair, laying the trash talk on him...

...and SLAMS him into the steel again!]

GM: Terry Shane is laying in a vicious assault out there on the floor, trying to take Rage out of this match before he ever gets a chance to get into it. In fact, I'm surprised he didn't just have his goons jump Rage in the locker room.

[Pulling Rage off the railing, Shane throws him under the ropes into the ring before rolling in behind him.]

GM: Well, he finally gets the action back inside the ring, pulling Rage up now...

[Shane grabs a handful of trunks and hair, HURLING Rage over the top!]

GM: Shane tosses him out but Rage's on the apron!

BW: Shane doesn't know that!

[Shadoe Rage quickly scales the turnbuckles, holding his arms above his head before he leaps off...

...and CRASHES a double axehandle down over the back of Shane's head, knocking him down to the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: Shadoe Rage took a risk there but it may have paid off as he turns the tables on Terry Shane!

[Rage grabs the hair of Shane, slamming his face into the canvas! The crowd roars as he pulls Shane's head up a second time, slamming it into the mat again!]

GM: Shadoe Rage is all over Terry Shane!

[The shot cuts to Dave Bryant who has managed to make his way back inside the ring and now somehow finds himself allied with Adam Rogers as

they work over Brody in the corner. Nearby, Rick Marley and the Masked Pharaoh are huddled up, pointing at the various conflicts.]

GM: Look at Marley! You still want to tell me that's not Tully Brawn?!

BW: Hey, Rumbles make for strange bedfellows. Maybe Marley and this masked dude have some common enemies.

GM: I'm sure they do... and common friends... and a common manager.

BW: Ain't nothin' "common" about the Collector of Oddities.

GM: You admit it!

BW: I admit nothin'! You want to prove that's Tully Brawn to me? Go take the mask off him.

GM: We've had seven men inside the ring and not a single one has been eliminated yet. And now we're rapidly closing in on Number Eight. Who will be the eighth man into the 2013 Rumble, fans?

BW: Eight men in without an elimination?

[Once again, the countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd begins to jeer wildly at the sight of the biggest man in the 2013 Rumble, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, walking down the aisle.]

GM: The Japanese Giant, MAMMOTH Mizusawa is the eighth man in!

[The giant takes his time getting to the ring as our cameras cut to Marley and the masked man joining the assault on Brody, each grabbing a leg as Rogers and Bryant push on the torso, trying to get the muscular man over the ropes...]

GM: We've got four men trying to eliminate Brody while Shadoc Rage and Terry Shane continue to do battle... uh oh! The giant's coming in!

[The seven footer steps over the ropes into the ring...]

...which sends everyone into a flurry. Adam Rogers breaks away from the attack on Brody, rushing towards the giant who catches him by the hair, smashing him down to the mat with a headbutt!]

GM: The giant drops Rogers!

[Rick Marley straightens up, gesturing at the masked man who turns, charging the giant...

...and gets dropped with a big boot to the mush!]

GM: Good grief!

[Reaching down, the giant lifts both Rage and Shane off the mat by the hair...

...and SLAMS their heads together, causing both men to slump down to the mat motionless!]

GM: He's destroying everyone he comes in contact with!

[Dave Bryant and Rick Marley huddle up, each ordering the other to go after the Japanese giant.]

GM: Neither of them want to do it!

BW: They should do it together!

[Apparently they agree as the two men charge in unison...

...and get grabbed by the throats in unison!]

BW: OH NO!

GM: HE'S GOT-

[Cue the double lift...]

GM: CHOKESLAAAAAM!

[The giant stands alone over a sea of downed bodies, throwing his arms back with a tremendous roar...]

GM: THE GIANT RULES THE ROOST...

[The crowd's stunned silence turns into a deafening roar as Brody emerges from the corner, walking out to the middle of the ring, reaching up to pump his arms up and down...]

GM: ...OR DOES HE?!

BW: Dear lord! Brody and the giant?!

[Brody continues to pump the right arm up and down, up and down, up and down...

...and turns, racing to the ropes behind him, bouncing off...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!!

[The right arm BOUNCES off the chest of the giant who takes two big steps back...

...and then steps forward, slapping a massive palm across his chest, leaving a bright red welt as he shouts "AGAIN!"

GM: Oh my stars! The giant wants another one! He wants more!

BW: Then feed the son of a gun some more!

[Brody nods his head in a big exaggerated nod, looking out to the roaring crowd as he pumps the right arm up and down again, breaking into a charge...]

GM: Off the ropes... CLOTHESLINE!

[BOOM!]

BW: NOTHING! THE GIANT FEELS NOTHING!

[Well, not quite nothing as he does stumble back a few steps... but again, he walks forward, shaking his head at Brody as he flashes the slightest of smiles, giving him a dismissive wave.]

GM: The giant wants it... again?!

BW: Oh hell yes, he does! Do it, Brody! Do it!

[Giving a loud shout, Brody starts jogging in place, pumping his legs faster and faster before breaking into a sprint to the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: ONE... MORE... TIME!

[But just as Brody swings the arm, the giant ducks down, scooping him up across his "mammoth" shoulders...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEAR GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[The Japanese Giant rises to his feet, the crown jewel of the Matsui Corporation, looking out at the stunned crowd!]

GM: THIS GIANT HAS LAID OUT EVERYONE, BUCKY! EVERYONE!

BW: No one can stand up to him - not even Brody! Brody tried... he damn sure tried... but he couldn't do it! Even he got laid out by the giant!

GM: And if he can't do it, then who can?!

[Perhaps on cue, the countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[And the crowd erupts with a mixture of surprise, anger, and intrigue...]

GM/BW: HERCULES HAMMONDS!

[Hammonds comes strutting through the curtain, slapping his massive pectorals as he shouts "WHO BRODY?!" repeatedly. A handful of fans pick up on the chant, putting a big grin on Hammonds' face as he approaches the ring. The giant, Mizusawa, has turned to the aisle, waving his hand at Hammonds...]

GM: Hercules Hammonds has been looking forward to this night when he could go collide with Brody for months and now it has arrived...

[Mizusawa toes the prone Brody behind him, putting himself between Hammonds and Brody...]

BW: But if Hammonds wants him some of Brody, he's gotta go through the giant!

[Hammonds steps in, nodding his head at the giant. He gives himself a slap to each side of his chest...

...and then barrels forward, throwing right hands!]

GM: Big right hand by Hammonds! A second right hand by Hammonds! A third right hand has the giant staggered!

[Big Herc suddenly ducks down, slipping an arm up between the legs...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR A SLAM!!

[Hammonds gets Mizusawa a bit higher off the mat than anyone would have anticipated...

...and then collapses under his weight, getting squashed on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief, Bucky!

BW: Hammonds is one of the strongest men in the entire AWA - if not THE strongest - and even he couldn't get the Japanese Giant up for that slam, daddy! The giant is just too big, too strong, and too massive for that!

GM: There's nine men inside this squared circle and MAMMOTH Mizusawa has laid them ALL out!

[The giant gets back to his feet, leaning down to pull the Masked Pharaoh up off the mat...

...and lifts him up into the air, holding him across his gigantic chest as he walks towards the ropes...]

GM: He's gonna toss Tully Brawn!

[Seeing his (possible) partner in trouble, Rick Marley peels himself off the mat, throwing himself at the giant's back!]

GM: Marley's trying to save Brawn!

BW: You don't know it's Brawn!

GM: Right. Cause Rick Marley is so selfless, he'd risk elimination to save just some random masked guy!

[Slowly, other people in the match get back to their feet. Dave Bryant and Shadoo Rage rush in, hammering the back of Mizusawa as he drops the masked man on the mat.]

GM: The giant's painted a big ol' target on his back and the rest of the men in this match are going after him!

[With the giant turned back against the ropes, Marley, Bryant, the masked man, Rage, and Rogers attempt to get his weight moving back over the ropes. Terry Shane III has pulled back into a corner, watching to see what happens.]

GM: We've got almost everyone in the ring trying to get rid of the giant!

BW: And that's how you have to do it, Gordo. If they want the Japanese Giant eliminated, they're going to need to work in a big group to do it! It's the only way to get him out!

GM: Right now, they've got him backed against the ropes... he's trying to fight them all off... and right now, he could use the arrival of the other Matsui Corporation member in this match, MAMMOTH Maximus.

BW: I'm not sure that would help him at all. Remember, it was Maximus who went right after him in the Rumble last year... sure, they weren't both working for Louie Matsui back then but...

[Slowly, Brody gets back to his feet, staring across at the big mess against the ropes...

...and then leans down, yanking Hercules Hammonds off the mat.]

GM: Brody's going after Hammonds instead of- wait a second...

[Brody points at the giant, then at both he and Hammonds. Hammonds looks at Mizusawa, giving a nod.]

GM: Are they working together?!

[Brody and Hammonds break into a charge at the giant!]

GM: CLEAR!

[The pile of grapplers clear out, allowing Brody and Hammonds to connect with a double running tackle that staggers the giant!]

GM: Holy-

BW: They're going for it again!

[A second running double tackle has the giant topple back, standing on one foot...]

GM: ONE MORE TIME!!

[This time, it's a double clothesline...

...and it sends Mizusawa tumbling over the ropes, landing on his feet out on the floor!]

GM: OHHH! THE GIANT'S GONE! THE GIANT IS THE FIRST MAN ELIMINATED FROM THE RUMBLE!!

[With all the ruckus surrounding Mizusawa's elimination, we join the countdown late...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Number Ten!]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ IS NUMBER TEN!!

[The former two-time National Champion comes sprinting down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope. He pops up to his feet, finding a greeting party waiting for him...]

GM: They're all comin' for Vasquez!

[An incoming Bryant gets a right hand to the gut followed by a kneelift that sends him sprawling backwards.]

GM: Bryant goes down!

[The Masked Pharaoh jumps on Vasquez from behind, landing a few clubbing blows to the back before pulling the hero's arms back, holding them as Marley winds up...]

GM: CASTING CA-

[Vasquez wriggles free!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK CONNECTS ON BRAWN!!

BW: IT'S NOT-

[Vasquez wheels around, grabbing the masked man by the eyeholes...

...and RIPS the mask right off!]

BW: Fine. Maybe it is.

GM: OF COURSE IT IS!!

[A smirking Vasquez gives a "tsk, tsk" gesture at Tully Brawn before sidestepping a Marley charge, hooking him under the armpit...]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[The crowd cheers the popular signature move as Vasquez breaks into a sprint, ducking under a Shadoc Rage clothesline going one way, ducking it again on the way back...

...and leaps up, dropping the backplash on a prone Marley!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[Vasquez pops back up, ducking down as Shadoe Rage charges at him...

...and runs right into Terry Shane who HURLS Rage over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: SHANE TOSSES RAGE!

BW: He saw his opportunity to get rid of one of his biggest enemies in the entire Rumble and he took advantage of it, Gordo! Brilliant!

GM: I suppose you can call it that.

[Vasquez turns towards Shane, cocking his head like he just noticed he was there.]

GM: Uh oh! Terry Shane may have just gotten himself on Juan Vasquez' radar and that can't be good news for the third generation grappler!

[But just as Vasquez turns his focus to Shane, he gets attacked from behind by an unmasked Tully Brawn!]

GM: Ohh! Tully Brawn brings the attack to Vasquez!

[Shortly after, Rick Marley gets to his feet and the two Unholy Alliance members work over the former two-time National Champion with Dave Bryant occasionally jumping in to help, stomping Vasquez.

The camera cuts to show Brody and Hercules Hammonds jostling near the ropes, trying to muscle one another over the top.]

GM: Well, that was a short-lived alliance.

BW: But an effective one. They got the giant out and not many people can say that, Gordo.

GM: That's for sure.

[Dragging Vasquez off the mat, Bryant holds his arms back as Brawn and Marley take turns throwing blows to the body...

...when suddenly Adam Rogers grabs Brawn, spinning him around into a haymaker that drops him! The crowd cheers the surprising move as Rogers turns his focus to Rick Marley with a right hand that drops him as well!]

GM: Rogers is taking on the Unholy Alliance!

BW: Rogers and Vasquez have a relationship, Gordo. They've been friends for a while now. Remember back to the West Memphis Assassin situation a couple years ago?

GM: I certainly do.

[Bryant shoves Vasquez aside, catching Rogers with a short right hand to the jaw that knocks him back a few steps as the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd jeers loudly as Alphonse Green marches into view, throwing his arms into the air...

...and then they ERUPT in cheers as Hannibal Carver comes tearing past him, running down the aisle at top speed!]

GM: CARVER! CARVER!!

[Hannibal Carver dives under the ropes into the ring again, diving at Terry Shane...

...and taking him THROUGH the ropes to the floor with a tackle!]

GM: TO THE FLOOR! CARVER TAKES 'IM TO THE FLOOR!!

[The crowd ROARS as security comes pouring down the aisle again. Carver pulls Shane off the floor by the hair...

...and SMASHES his skull into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! HEADFIRST INTO THE STEEL!!

[Shane collapses in a heap on the floor as Carver stands tall...

...and reaches into his pocket, holding his hand high above his head!]

GM: Oh my god... oh my god...

BW: He's got that damn can opener, Gordo!

GM: No, no! He can't do that! No matter how much he hates Terry Shane, he can't do that!

[Alphonse Green marches down the aisle, grabbing Hannibal Carver by the arm, swinging him around...]

"Do YOU want to ride... with Alphons-?!"

[The question never comes out as Carver DROPS him with a right hand to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: All hell is breaking loose out here at ringside! We've got security all over the place again! Thank the stars, they're not inside the ring quite yet but... let's take a quick break! Let's go right now!

[Security floods into the ringside area again as we 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 we come back in the middle of the countdown clock.]

"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Welcome back, fans, and we're about to see the twelfth man in the 2013 Rumble!

[The crowd breaks into jeers as Johnny Detson appears in the aisleway.]

GM: Johnny Detson! Yet another member of the Unholy Alliance is on his way to the ring!

[Detson moves quickly, sliding into the ring to help out his partners by pulling Juan Vasquez away from Rick Marley, smashing him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Juan Vasquez is in SERIOUS trouble here, fans. He is at a three-on-one disadvantage in there against the Unholy Alliance and is in DESPERATE need of one of his allies. Perhaps Stevie Scott... or Supernova...

BW: Or Luke Kinsey?

GM: Is Kinsey in the Rumble?!

BW: With so many surprise entries and substitutions after what we've seen here tonight, I wouldn't be surprised to find out that I'M in the Rumble, Gordo.

GM: Good point.

[The crowd jeers as Detson and Marley work over Vasquez in the corner...

...when suddenly Adam Rogers gets himself involved again, pulling Marley out by the arm and into a right hand!]

GM: Rogers again comes in to help out Vasquez. I'm really surprised by that, Bucky. After the attitude we've seen out of Rogers in recent months, I'm surprised he remembers anything about his pre-Bullies life.

[A quick camera cut finds Brody backed against the ropes, Hercules Hammonds pushing on his torso to try to shove him over the top.]

GM: Hammonds is trying to get Brody up and out... uh oh, look at this...

[Alphonse Green suddenly joins in, grabbing one of Brody's legs and pulling up on it.]

BW: Is Alphonse Green trying to help Hercules Hammonds toss Brody over the top rope?

GM: I'm not sure that he needs any help with that.

[Hammonds suddenly notices Green trying to assist him...

...and abruptly breaks off his attack on Brody, simply backing away with a smirk on his face, leaving Green to attempt his elimination on his own.]

GM: Uh oh. This can't end well.

[The crowd is starting to laugh as Green struggles and strains, his grip around the upper thigh of Brody who looks down with a not-so-amused look on his face...

...just before he reaches down, hooking a gutwrench...]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM!

[Brody lifts Green up in the gutwrench...

...and then just kinda throws him through the air, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Big show of power out of Brody... and he charges Hammonds!

[Hammonds catches Brody coming in, scooping him up across his chest, and dropping him down in a backbreaker!]

GM: Backbreaker by Hammonds!

[He drops down again in the backbreaker, still holding the near-three hundred pounder across his chest. He gets up once more...]

BW: Third time's a charm?

[Hammonds drops him again in the backbreaker before lifting him back up, walking around the ring with him. He walks over to the ropes, looking down at the announce duo...]

"GET READY TO CALL IT, OLD MAN!"

BW: He's talkin' to you, Gordo.

GM: I figured.

[Hammonds goes to turn back to the middle of the ring...]

GM: He's gonna go for that overhead throw! We've seen this before - we saw it back at the Stampede Cup in fact!

[The big man turns back around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!! BRYANT OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THE SUPERKICK!!

[A stunned Hammonds lurches forward, dropping Brody on the canvas...]

GM: Hammonds got overconfident and Bryant caught him!

[Hammonds is still staggered, stumbling forward as Alphonse Green dashes to the ropes, springing off the second rope back towards Hammonds...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GROUND CHUCK!!

[The foot hits Hammonds flush on the forehead, staggering him even more...]

GM: GREEN GETS HIM TOO!

[The camera holds on Hammonds who is stumbling back and forth, trying to stay on his feet as the countdown begins...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[Chris Staley comes jogging down the aisle to the cheers of the Corpus Christi crowd!]

GM: Chris Staley is Number Thirteen! Almost to the halfway point in this match!

BW: A whole lot of bodies still inside the ring, Gordo. Only a couple guys eliminated out of the thirteen who've been in there.

[Staley slides headfirst into the ring, dishing out haymakers as he gets to his feet...]

GM: Big right hand to Marley... then one to Brawn... then one to Detson...

BW: Staley did say he wanted to ally some folks together in here, get some of the fan favorites on the same page.

[Staley spins to the side, burying a rolling sole butt into the midsection of a stunned Hercules Hammonds. He grabs Hammonds by the back of the trunks...]

GM: STALEY'S GONNA TOSS HAMMONDS!!

[But Brody steps in front of him, shaking his head. He raises a powerful arm, jerking a thumb at himself...]

GM: Brody says that Hammonds is his!

BW: What an idiot!

[Staley angrily shoves Hammonds down to the mat, glaring at Brody. He gestures at Hammonds, then makes a "throw him over" gesture at Brody who shakes his head again...

...which is Staley's cue to throw a rolling sole butt into the gut of Brody, doubling him up!]

GM: Ohh! Staley caught him with one of those kicks!

[Staley winds up with a bigger kick, throwing a roundhouse at the head but Brody gets his hands up, swatting it aside...

...which allows Alphonse Green to jump Staley from behind! Green knocks Staley to the mat where he stomps him viciously as Brody pulls Hammonds off the mat, lifting him up into a slam position and walking towards the ropes...]

GM: Brody's trying to get him out, trying to put him over...

[The Unholy Alliance joins Green in the assault on Chris Staley since Staley came after them, stomping and kicking him into the canvas...]

GM: We've got a mass beatdown on Chris Staley and-

[Juan Vasquez suddenly leaps into action, swinging Brawn away from the fray to deliver a headbutt that knocks him down on his rear. Turning to his left, Vasquez throws a right hand at an incoming Johnny Detson, sending him sprawling as well.]

GM: Vasquez is helping Chris Staley get out from under the Unholy Alliance. Perhaps Brody didn't hear Staley calling for alliances out here but maybe Juan Vasquez did!

[Soon enough, Adam Rogers joins in to help Vasquez, yanking Rick Marley away from Staley by the hair, throwing him back into a corner which leaves Alphonse Green as the only one working over Staley until Dave Bryant creeps into the picture.]

GM: Bryant and Green working in tandem on Chris Staley - both men have motives for wanting Staley out of there. Chris Staley has made no secret of the fact that he's aiming for both of those men here tonight.

[A quick camera cut shows Brody leaning on Hammonds, trying to force the Gulf Coast native over the ropes.]

BW: The Tupelo Terror's in some trouble, Gordo... and if my sources are tellin' it true, Skywalker Jones has opted out of competing here tonight after speaking with AWA doctors.

GM: I'm hearing the same thing which means that Hammonds has no allies tonight in Corpus Christi.

[With Hammonds in trouble, Terry Shane III decides this is a good opportunity to get himself involved, rushing up behind Brody in an attempt to upend both men and get a double elimination.]

GM: Look at Shane! Terry Shane's trying to get 'em both out! That coward's been hanging out, doing very little the whole match except trying to avoid Shadoo Rage and Hannibal Carver!

BW: Coward?! It's an excellent strategy. When you come in early, your only goal is to survive, Gordo. You can't win it if you're not in it at the end. You don't get any bonus prize for eliminating a lot of people. That kind of goal is for suckers and ego clowns.

[Shane struggles and strains, trying to get nearly six hundred pounds of muscle over the ropes and to the floor when the countdown begins anew...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the face-painted young lion known as Supernova who comes sprinting through the curtain!]

GM: Supernova's #14! He was the 2011 winner of the Rumble and came very close to repeating last year, fans! But tonight, he's told the entire world that winning this thing for the second time is taking a backseat to being the man who eliminates Rick Marley!

[Supernova hits the ring, pulling himself up on the ring apron. He quickly scales the ropes...

...and HURLS himself off the top, taking down both Tully Brawn AND Johnny Detson with a diving crossbody!]

GM: OHHH! SUPERNOVA GOES RIGHT FOR THE ALLIANCE!

[Supernova pops back to his feet, fending off an incoming Dave Bryant with a right hand... and then a twisting backhand catches Alphonse Green on the jaw, spinning him around and down to the mat.]

GM: Supernova's cleaning house and-

[The face-painted grappler grabs a handful of Tully Brawn's hair...

...and LAUNCHES him over the top rope and down to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: TULLY BRAWN IS ELIMINATED!

[Supernova turns around, grabbing Johnny Detson by the hair as well but Detson slips a knee into the gut, preventing the throw.]

GM: Detson battles out but Supernova’s already gotten rid of one member of the Unholy Alliance! These fans are loving the sight of that, Bucky.

BW: Well, the Alliance went in here with a four person group... we still haven’t seen Nenshou but Brawn, Detson, and Marley were already out here. Now we’re down one of those. But you can bet that Percy Childes still has a plan.

GM: You have to wonder what the plan was from the outset. Was it to protect one member of the Alliance over another? Was it every man for himself and let the best man win?

BW: Whatever it was, I’m sure it made perfect sense!

[Detson grabs Supernova by the arms, holding them back as Dave Bryant buries right hand after right hand into the gut.]

GM: We’re almost to the halfway point in the match which means that some of these guys have been in here a really long time at this point. Guys like Rick Marley and Brody were the first two out here, nearly a half hour ago.

BW: You can see it on Brody’s face, Gordo. He’s exhausted.

GM: Brody’s never been tested like this before... you can believe that. Terry Shane is still trying to get him and Hammonds out but he needs more muscle.

BW: It was really poor planning on the part of Shane and Miss Sandra to not get more of the Shane Gang into this match and you see that when you see the Unholy Alliance working as a group in there.

GM: From my understanding, it wasn’t for lack of trying. We simply just ran out of spots.

BW: Right, sure. I’m guessing it was a conspiracy to keep Terry Shane from winning this whole thing, Gordo.

GM: Right. A big conspiracy to hold Terry Shane down.

[Terry Shane finally relents, backing away quickly to try and lose himself in the crowd as Brody sets Hammonds down on the mat, turning to find the man who was trying to eliminate him...]

GM: Brody's hunting for Terry Shane in there right now. Shane's hiding behind... Alphonse Green?!

[Terry Shane pats Green on the shoulder, whispering to him and gesturing in Brody's direction. With a nod, Green breaks away from the downed Staley to help Shane move in on Brody...]

...when suddenly Shane gives Green a shove in the back, throwing him right at Brody who scoops him up, slinging him over a shoulder, and DRIVES him down with a powerslam in one motion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG TIME POWERSLAM BY BRODY!!

[Brody stands over the downed Green, sticking out his tongue and giving a big roar to the crowd as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Who drew the halfway point in the match? Who is Number Fifteen?

[The crowd cheers as Hall of Famer Gunnar Gaines comes jogging into view.]

GM: Huh?!

BW: Hah! The old man lied to the kid! Gunnar Gaines IS in the Rumble. I knew his fragile ego wouldn't let him miss a chance to get a World Title shot. I knew it!

GM: Well, Gunnar Gaines might have some 'splainin' to do to Ryan Martinez after this because we very clearly heard both members of the Number One contenders to the World Tag Team Titles say earlier tonight that they were focused on the tag titles and not the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: It's every man for himself tonight, Gordo... even if you're in a tag team.

[Gaines rolls under the bottom rope, popping to his feet to deliver an uppercut on an incoming Terry Shane who was looking to catch him on the way in.]

GM: Ohh! Gaines caught Shane!

[A series of jabbing right hands has Shane wobbling and a big wind-up left sends him sprawling back, falling into the corner just before Dave Bryant lowers the boom with a clubbing forearm to the back of Gaines' head!]

GM: Bryant attacks the Hall of Famer from behind... stomping the heck out of him down on the mat now.

BW: I think Bryant's plan of attack tonight is just to go after anyone who he thinks might be targeting him to get that World Television Title shot and Gaines would certainly be on that list.

GM: Twelve men still inside the ring of the fifteen who've walked the aisle. That's pretty impressive and makes for crowded conditions inside that squared circle.

BW: We said it's the most star-studded Rumble in AWA history so I think it's only fitting that it's damn tough to get someone over the top and out of this ring right now, Gordo.

GM: You got that right. But with this many people in the ring, it gets very dangerous, doesn't it?

BW: It sure does. You start getting wary of stray fingers in the eyes or stepping on someone's boot and rolling an ankle or knee. This gets pretty dangerous in a hurry.

[Inside the ring, we see Adam Rogers and Juan Vasquez working in tandem to try and toss Johnny Detson...

...but Rick Marley rushes in, throwing fists at both men to break up the attempt.]

GM: Marley's been in there a long time, Bucky, but he's still right in there, trying to protect his allies.

BW: That'll come back to help when he starts to run low on gas. But Marley's got a lot of stamina. He's the kind of guy you can imagine going from the Number One all the way to the end.

[The camera cuts to Brody who has pulled Green up off the mat and is trying to muscle him up...]

BW: But this guy on the other hand is running close to empty. He's on fumes, daddy.

GM: All those muscles burn up a lot of oxygen, fans, and I think Brody's feeling the effects of that right about now as he tries to get Green up.

[Even a smaller man like Green causes some trouble for Brody at this late stage of the game as he attempts a military press, his arms visibly shaking on the full extension...

...which again gives Terry Shane a chance to strike, dropping down to his knees...]

GM: NO!

[...and SLAMMING an arm up into the groin of Brody, forcing him to drop Green!]

GM: Brody's in trouble and-

[Suddenly, Hercules Hammonds comes barreling in out of nowhere, connecting with a big running shoulder tackle that sends Brody sailing towards the ropes...

...where Shane pulls the ropes down, causing Brody to topple out to the floor!]

GM: He's gone! Brody's gone!

BW: Thanks to Terry Shane!

GM: I'm sure Hercules Hammonds will get the credit for the elimination but credit the assist to Terry Shane on that one! Brody had been in there an awfully long time and he just ran out of gas in the end, fans. A good showing for the newcomer though. He's got a lot to be proud of.

[As Brody slowly gets up and starts making his way towards the locker room, the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Ryan Martinez jogging down the aisle, shaking his head as he does so.]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Hah! The kid's a liar too just like the old man is! They're both in it! They're both out for themselves! And they both want the World Heavyweight Title - just like it should be!

[The son of the Hall of Famer slides into the ring, looking at Gunnar Gaines who just dropped Adam Rogers with a right hand. Gaines stares at his young partner for several moments...]

GM: This looks pretty tense. What's gonna happen here with the Number One contenders, fans?

[...and then shrugs, cracking an infamous Grizzly Grin before he turns around and DRILLS an incoming Dave Bryant right between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand on the World Television Champion!

[Moving to his partner's side, Martinez and Gaines work in tandem, clutching wrists...

...and mowing over Hercules Hammonds, taking him over the ropes and down to the floor with a double clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! RYGUNN ELIMINATES HAMMONDS!

BW: It took two men to do it!

[Martinez spins around, at the ready as he surveys the ring, looking for another target. Chris Staley has Alphonse Green up against the turnbuckles, repeatedly kicking away at the ribcage. A few feet away, Adam Rogers is tangled up with Johnny Detson, each trying to shove the other over the top rope. Gaines points across the ring and Martinez hesitates for a moment before nodding...]

GM: The Number One contenders are working in tandem, working together as they try to survive the last half of this Rumble matchup at which point it truly would become every man for himself - even for them!

[Gaines moves past Supernova who is hammering Dave Bryant with right hands in the corner while Martinez drills a rising Terry Shane with an elbow between the eyes, still moving in...

...until finally, they reach their target.]

GM: Vasquez is working over Marley in the corner...

[The crowd roars as Vasquez throws knee after knee to the ribcage, forcing Marley down to his rear end where he continues to throw them to the face...]

GM: The knees are flying in the corner and...

[Vasquez backs up to deliver a running knee...

...and gets grabbed by Gunnar Gaines who wheels him around!]

GM: What the-?!

[Vasquez looks surprised... and then spots Martinez lurking as well.]

GM: Uh oh...

[A quick grin flashes across the face of Vasquez before he opens fire, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Gaines. A second one lands before Gaines can even respond and a headbutt sends him reeling backwards as Martinez rushes in, throwing forearm smashes to the jaw!]

GM: They're going after Vasquez!

BW: RyGunn's looking to make a big splash in this Rumble and there might not be any bigger splash than to take out a two-time former National Champion and arguably the most popular guy in the company!

[Adam Rogers grabs Martinez from behind...

...but gets a back elbow to the ear for his efforts, knocking him out of the waistlock. Gaines grabs Rogers by the hair, pasting him with a haymaker that knocks the former Natural down to the mat as Martinez and Vasquez continue to trade shots!]

GM: Vasquez! Martinez! Vasquez! Martinez! These two Latino superstars have the USS Lexington rocking with this exchange!

[The Hall of Famer, Gaines, has Adam Rogers backed against the ropes, trying to hoist him up onto a shoulder as Martinez and Vasquez stand and throw in the center of the ring, drawing the crowd up to their feet in a tremendous roar!]

GM: Listen to these fans, they're going crazy!

BW: Only in the Rumble, daddy!

[With Vasquez distracted, Terry Shane creeps up behind him, grabbing two hands full of hair, and turning to throw him over the ropes...

...but Martinez reaches out, grabbing Shane by the arm and pulling him into a forearm smash to the jaw that knocks him flat!]

GM: Whoa! Martinez apparently wasn't done with Juan Vasquez!

[Martinez is standing over Shane, moving in on him when the countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd breaks into jeers at the arrival of the One Man Revolution, William Craven, as he jogs into view.]

GM: William Craven, who Chris Blue said would turn this squared circle into his own personal killing field here tonight is walking in at Number Seventeen into a wild brawl!

[Craven steps up on the apron, climbing through the ropes...

...where Chris Staley is waiting for him, grabbing him by the back of the head and swinging his leg up over and over, his shin bouncing repeatedly off the face of Craven!]

GM: STALEY'S ALL OVER HIM! There's no love lost between these two men, that's for sure!

[Craven falls back, leaning against the ropes as Staley grabs the top rope with both hands, throwing round kicks to the body...]

GM: Shot after shot to the ribcage, over and over! William Craven is taking a pounding at the hands - strike that, at the feet - of Chris Staley in his early moments inside the squared circle!

[Creeping up alongside the dazed Craven, Johnny Detson slips in a pair of forearms to the ear, stunning the Dragon. Detson gestures to Staley, trying to get him to work with him...]

GM: It looks like Staley's going to try and help Detson eliminate Craven...

[When suddenly, Supernova goes flying across the ring, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAT WAVE!! HEAT WAVE ON MARLEY!!

[With Marley stunned, Supernova pulls him out, lifting him up into the air...

...and pressing him up high!]

GM: He's gonna toss Marley! He's gonna eliminate the first man in!

[But Marley reaches down, digging his fingers into the eyes to free himself from Supernova's grip. He grabs a front facelock on the way down before twisting around and DRIVING Supernova's painted face into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! LIMELIGHT ON SUPERNOVA!!

BW: Get him up, Ricky! If you get him up, you can eliminate him!

[Marley tries to muscle the bigger man up to do exactly that but has no success. He frantically waves for Detson's aid but Detson is trying to get Craven's legs up while Staley pushes on his upper body.]

GM: Twelve men still in the ring out of the seventeen whose numbers have been called.

BW: Still some big names to come in this too. We haven't seen Supreme Wright, the 2012 winner... MAMMOTH Maximus who almost won the World Title a couple weeks ago.

GM: How 'bout Adam Rogers running buddy, Robert Donovan? He's yet to make an appearance too. A whole lot of top notch guys still to come out here and it's so competitive right now between the twelve who are in there.

[A quick camera cut finds Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines taking turns throwing right hands to the midsection of a trapped Terry Shane before Martinez grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Shane hits the corner hard as Martinez grabs Gunnar Gaines by the arm, whipping him across...]

GM: Into the corner... OHHH! Big leaping splash out of Gaines!

[Gaines vacates the premises as Martinez rushes across, landing a big clothesline!]

GM: And the clothesline as well! Terry Shane may be out on his feet after that doubleteam!

[Martinez pulls Shane out of the corner, shoving him back over the ropes as Gaines dips down to grab a leg...]

GM: RyGunn's trying to force Terry Shane over the top!

BW: They're getting close! The leader of the Shane Gang is in a whole lot of trouble!

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts in jeers!]

GM: WHAT THE HECK?!

BW: RING WORKERS!

[For the second time of the night, Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong hit the ring to save their leader. Anderson pulls Martinez back off of Shane while Strong starts throwing kicks to the ribs of Gunnar Gaines!]

GM: This isn't legal! They're not allowed out here!

[The crowd jeers as Tully Brawn comes running back out down the aisle, diving into the ring!]

GM: This is out of control! He's not allowed out here either! He's already been eliminated! He's-

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT! HE'S SEEN ENOUGH!

[The Hotshot comes tearing down the aisle, a wooden board in hand. He dives under the ropes, winding up with it...

...and brings it CRASHING down across the back of Johnny Detson to another big roar!]

GM: NO, NO, NO! WE NEED SECURITY! WE NEED TO REGAIN CONTROL! Fans, we're going to take another break but we'll be right back with more Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Abrupt fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back to live action - a shot of the aisleway where tons of AWA officials and security are escorting the interlopers back down the aisle.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. During the break, we were able to get some assistance out here to help get Stevie Scott, the Ring Workers, and Tully Brawn out of here. I've never seen a Rumble like this in all my years, Bucky.

BW: It's all these factions - these groups ready to fight at the drop of a hat, Gordo. They're ready to jump in there on each other at the slightest provocation.

GM: The clock has been started back up and-

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The jeers pick up again as the other Beale Street Bully in the match, Robert Donovan, comes lumbering down the aisle.]

GM: Seven feet tall and over three hundred pound of really bad attitude, Robert Donovan is heading for the ring!

BW: Thank god. Maybe now Adam Rogers can quit working with Vasquez and help throw him out!

[Donovan reaches the ring, swinging a long leg over the top rope to join the battle...

...and Chris Staley attacks him with a flurry of offense!]

GM: Staley goes right after Donovan with some hard kicks... and there's a history there as well, Bucky.

BW: They used to be teammates back in the EMWC in a group called Redemption.

GM: A group led by Chris Blue as I recall.

BW: Absolutely.

[Staley's assault is short-lived though as Adam Rogers grabs his arms, pulling him back off of Donovan. The seven footer winds up, cracking Staley with a right hand... and another... and another before Staley collapses down to the mat.]

GM: Donovan's telling Rogers to get him up... they're gonna toss Staley over the top!

[Donovan grabs a handful of hair, throwing Staley over...

...but he hangs on to the top rope, scrambling to stay on the apron.]

GM: No, no! Staley's still in this one!

[Holding the top rope, Staley swings a leg up, catching Donovan on the side of the head, stunning him...]

GM: Ohh! Big kick out of Staley!

[Reaching in, Staley hooks a front facelock, pulling Donovan's head and torso down over the top rope. He hangs on tight, pulling and pulling...]

GM: Staley's using that front facelock to try and drag Donovan over the top...

[Seizing the opportunity, Gaines and Martinez approach from the blind side...

...and HURL the seven footer over the ropes with the aid of Chris Staley!]

GM: Whoa! Donovan's gone!

BW: That quickly?!

GM: It took three men to do it but he's out of here!

[Stepping back into the ring, Staley nudges Ryan Martinez, pointing at William Craven who has trapped Supernova in the corner and is choking him with both hands!]

GM: Craven and Supernova have tangled a few times before, fans, and it looks like the One Man Revolution is hoping to put that all behind him here tonight by eliminating Supernova from the Rumble!

BW: In the meantime, Supernova's told the entire world that his goal tonight is to eliminate Rick Marley who is STILL in this thing after about thirty-six minutes.

GM: Marley has fought a very smart Rumble, sticking and moving as much as possible. He's also been using his allies to his advantage and trying to look at this!

[Rogers and Vasquez work in unison, firing Detson across the ring, and running him down with a double clothesline!]

GM: Detson goes down hard after that and-

[As Vasquez starts miming throwing Detson out, Rogers grabs him by the trunks and HURLS Vasquez over the top!]

GM: OHHHH!

[But Vasquez hangs on, clinging to the ropes while his feet dangle just inches off the floor. Using his upper body strength, he pulls himself back into the ring...

...and as Rogers turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[The big right hand spins Rogers away from him where Vasquez grabs the handful of trunks and rockets Rogers over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

GM: OHH! ROGERS IS GONE!

[With both Beale Street Bullies eliminated in short order, the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Number Nineteen coming right up...

[The crowd cheers at the sight of a familiar face who hasn't been seen on AWA television in quite some time.]

GM: Hey! It's Brent Maverick! One-half of the Hall of Fame duo, the Outlaws!

BW: And we're being told right now that this was November's spot in the Rumble, Gordo.

GM: November is out of the AWA after losing that Loser Leaves Town match earlier tonight and so, Brent Maverick replaces him in the 2013 edition of the Rumble!

BW: Only eleven guys left in this thing, Gordo, and we still haven't seen Wright or Maximus or...

GM: How about Nenshou?

BW: Man, the best really IS yet to come!

GM: A whole lot of talent left to walk that aisle and I would not be the least bit surprised if our winner is still sitting in that locker room, waiting to be one of the final eleven men in the Rumble match.

[A quick camera cut shows Juan Vasquez against the ropes, getting hammered with European uppercuts out of Detson. Detson delivers a big boot to the gut, doubling him up as he pulls him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Detson's got him set and-

[Vasquez straightens up, backdropping Detson over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! DETSON'S GONE! HE'S ELIMINATED!

[An irate Marley rushes Vasquez from behind, hammering away with right hands to force Vasquez near the ropes...

...where Johnny Detson leaps up, hooking Vasquez in a front facelock...]

GM: Wait, wait! He's already eliminated! Detson's already-

[The crowd jeers as Detson and Marley work together, lifting Vasquez into the air and dropping him on the floor with a suplex!]

GM: OHHH! VASQUEZ HAS BEEN ELIMINATED BY THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE!

BW: YES! GLORIOUS DAY! Juan Vasquez has been deprived of getting a shot at the World Heavyweight Title! There should be dancing in the streets - a parade the level of Mardi Gras, Gordo!

GM: Obviously, you're quite happy about this - as is the Unholy Alliance. Look at Marley mocking him, waving at Vasquez as the referees force him back up the aisle.

[The camera cuts to find Brent Maverick hammering Dave Bryant with haymakers in the corner.]

GM: Brent Maverick's going to town on Dave Bryant, perhaps thinking he's found an easy way to get a shot at the World Television Title by only wrestling this one night here on Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Another quick cut finds Gunnar Gaines leaning on William Craven, trying to force his torso over the top. Chris Staley is down on the mat, trying to upend the powerful legs...]

GM: Craven's trying to fight off Gaines and Staley... and Ryan Martinez is moving in to help them! We're drawing near to the arrival of the twentieth man in the Rumble.

BW: Which means that Marley's been in the ring for about forty minutes!

GM: Dave Bryant's right behind him as well, a strong showing so far by the World Television Champion.

BW: And Terry Shane is right behind them!

GM: Well, it's a lot easier to stay in a match like this when you spend the bulk of the time hiding from everyone and avoiding any confrontations.

[Another cut shows Maverick lifting Bryant up for a slam, trying to shove him over the top.]

GM: You might recall that Brent Maverick was in the Finals of the Longhorn Heritage Title tournament against Nenshou when that title was first created. Maybe now he's looking to get a shot at the title that replaced it.

[A wide shot of the ring shows Alphonse Green staying back, leaning in the corner. Terry Shane does the same across the ring as Rick Marley suddenly finds himself under attack from Supernova yet again as the countdown begins once more...]

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[As the buzzer sounds, the AWA faithful ERUPTS in jeers as the twentieth man comes strutting down the aisle.]

GM: Dave Cooper is Number Twenty! The Professional checks in at the two-thirds mark of the match and that's a good place for him to be coming into.

BW: That's right - at this point, he only needs to last about twenty minutes to win this whole thing.

[Cooper walks slowly around the ring, not in any obvious hurry to get inside the squared circle as he stares at the ten men battling it out inside the ring.]

GM: What's he waiting for, Bucky? Get him in there!

BW: Me?! I've got no control over him!

GM: Royalty could cement themselves as having one of the best nights in their history if Cooper could somehow find a way to score a victory here tonight.

BW: What a night it'd be! They got rid of Langseth and Sharif, unified the World Tag Team Titles, AND won a shot at the World Title?! That'd be one heck of a run, Gordo.

[Cooper suddenly grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. He steps through the ropes into the ring, rushing across at Brent Maverick's exposed back...]

GM: COOPER FROM BEHIND!!

[But Maverick senses him coming, swinging around to catch him with a jabbing punch... and another... and a third.]

GM: Maverick's throwing the jabs!

[He starts winding up, ready to throw the big haymaker to floor Cooper...

...when Alphonse Green swoops in from behind, grabbing a handful of hair...]

BW: GANG GREEN FLYING MACHINE!

[...and LAUNCHES an unsuspecting Maverick over the top rope!]

BW: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

BW: The King Of The Battle Royals knocks off a Hall of Famer, Gordo! That's gonna make headlines all over the wrestling world!

[Green jerks a thumb at himself, shouting at the crowd...

...when Dave Cooper comes in, hooking a handful of trunks and propelling Green over the ropes!]

GM: GREEN'S GO- no! He hangs on!

BW: But for how long? Cooper's moving in on him!

[With Green on the apron, Dave Cooper grabs a handful of hair, hammering his fist down between the eyes of the King of the Battle Royal over and over again, trying to knock him to the floor for the elimination. The camera cuts to the other side of the ring where William Craven is trying to fight his way free from the trio of Chris Staley, Gunnar Gaines, and Ryan Martinez. He rakes his fingers across the face of Gaines, digging into the eyes. The Hall of Famer stumbles away, grabbing at his face.]

GM: Craven goes to the eyes on Gunnar Gaines, making it a two on one against him.

[He slams an open palm into the chin of Ryan Martinez, stunning him. A second one hits right on the bridge of the nose, knocking the youngster down to a knee. Craven raises both arms over his head, giving a loud shout before HAMMERING a double axehandle across the back of Chris Staley who was still trying to get his legs up off the mat...]

GM: Craven fights free!

[An irate Craven steps away from the ropes, raising his right leg and SLAMMING it down in an axe kick between the eyes of Martinez!]

GM: Good grief! Of course, we don't have to search too far back in our memories to recall the utter hell that William Craven put Ryan Martinez' father, Alex, through in recent years as the mysterious man known as the Dragon. He might be looking to inflict some of that on Ryan now as well.

[Reaching down, Craven pulls up Ryan by the hair, slapping him violently across the face...

...which earns him a pair of hard elbowstrikes to the jaw from the fiesty Martinez! Craven spirals away, grabbing at his jaw...]

GM: Staley's up!

[...and walks right into a high kick from Staley that sends Craven staggering back at Martinez who throws a forearm smash. The two continue to open fire, pinballing Craven back and forth between them. A quick cut shows a tired Rick Marley throwing right hands at the midsection of Supernova who has his arms being held by an also-tired Dave Bryant.]

GM: Bryant and Marley... the two men who've been in this match the longest are working in tandem on Supernova.

BW: Marley's showing some smarts out here, continuing to find allies to help him in this match even though his two Unholy Alliance allies are already eliminated.

[Another cut shows Terry Shane kneeling in the corner, watching the action unfold...]

GM: And then there's Terry Shane who is showing the yellow stripe down his back more and more as this match goes on.

[Shane slips to the side, avoiding Gunnar Gaines as he draws near. Gaines is still having some trouble with his vision, rubbing his eyes as Terry Shane gets up and buries a kick to the gut of the veteran.]

BW: You were saying?!

GM: Just because he assaults a blinded man doesn't make me think any more highly of him, Bucky. And we're about to be joined by another competitor!

[The countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[There's a pause as the crowd rises to their feet, eager to see who is the next man to join the match...

...and then ERUPTS in a massive ovation!]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ! THE LAST AMERICAN BADBOY IS THE TWENTY-FIRST MAN IN THE 2013 RUMBLE!

BW: A great draw for the Hall of Famer and former multi-time World Champion!

[Martinez stalks down the aisle, not in any hurry but not taking his sweet time either. He can be seen surveying the ring from the aisle, almost as if picking his spots. Upon reaching the ring, he swings a leg over the top rope, climbing into the ring where Terry Shane turns away from Gunnar Gaines, rushing at him...

...but Martinez sidesteps, grabbing a handful of hair and FLINGING Shane over the top rope!]

GM: SHANE'S GONE!! HE'S GONE!!

BW: No! The ref's waving it off, Gordo! He's got- what DOES he have?!

[The camera cuts to that side of the ring, showing Shane with one foot on the floor but the other dangling dangerously above it!]

GM: My stars, he somehow managed to land on one foot - saving himself for the moment!

BW: He needs to get back in there!

[Shane waits for Martinez' attention to turn away before he dives headfirst under the ropes, turning to look at the official who waves him off as not being eliminated...

...and then rolls back under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: What the... what the heck is this?!

BW: It's a strategy! Shane's gonna buy himself some time out on the floor, Gordo!

[With the officials ordering him back into the ring, Shane feigns disappointment, walking around the squared circle with a disgusted look on his face.]

GM: He's PRETENDING that he was eliminated!

BW: This is brilliant! He should get an Oscar for this!

GM: The referees need to put him back inside the ring. This isn't legal, is it?

BW: I'm not sure if there are any rules about leaving the ring on your own. Seems fair to me.

GM: I'm sure it does. If Hannibal Carver were still out here, you better believe he'd be back in that ring in a hurry.

[Back inside the ring, we find Alex Martinez grabbing Dave Cooper by the back of the hair, dragging him away from the ropes where he was still trying to eliminate Alphonse Green. Martinez flings Cooper across the ring...

...and DROPS him with a massive big boot!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shout out of Martinez!

[Martinez goes to turn around just as Alphonse Green springboards off the top rope, sailing towards him with a flying clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[But Martinez sidesteps, sending Green crashing into a still-stunned Gunnar Gaines which makes Gaines stagger back towards the ropes...

...where Alex Martinez rushes in, throwing a heavy clothesline that takes his fellow Hall of Famer over the top rope, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! GAINES IS GONE!! We're back down to ten men inside the ring!

BW: Well, nine really since Terry Shane's on the floor.

GM: Alex Martinez gets his first elimination of the Rumble and- uh oh!

[Suddenly, Alex comes face to face with his son who looks less than pleased at his father's elimination. Ryan Martinez, ever the fiery temper, jabs a finger into his father's chest, turning to point at the eliminated Gaines.]

GM: We've got a little family dispute going on inside the ring right now. Ryan Martinez seems upset that his father eliminated his tag team partner from the Rumble and... well, I suppose I can understand that.

BW: The stupidity of youth!

GM: What's that supposed to mean?

BW: It's every man for himself, Gordo! Does the spawn of Martinez really think that Gaines wouldn't have stuck a blade between his shoulders and chucked him out himself if it would've bettered his odds of feeding his massive ego?!

GM: They're a team, Bucky! Why would you even say that?!

[Father and son are arguing loudly and heatedly in the middle of the ring...

...when Alex suddenly flings his son aside, meeting an incoming William Craven with a big haymaker!]

GM: Craven went for Ryan and Alex makes him pay for it! Big right hands to the jaw of the Dragon and I'm having some flashbacks to SuperClash IV right about now.

BW: Except they're not surrounded with barbed wire.

GM: Thank the maker for that. Fans, we've got nine competitors left to join the Memorial Day Rumble and we've STILL got some big names to come, Bucky.

BW: We still haven't seen Nenshou. We've still got some mystery entries to come.

GM: How about everyone's favorite - including yours - Sweet Daddy Williams?

BW: Oh, good... a fat cow being led to the slaughter late. What about last year's Rumble winner, Supreme Wright?

GM: That's true. Wright obviously got a very good draw this year and that'll increase his chances of being able to repeat as the winner and get a SuperClash IV rematch against James Monosso.

BW: Why do you keep counting Calisto Dufresne out? You really think he can't beat Monosso?

GM: Perhaps "hope" is a better word, Bucky. I hope that Dufresne can't get his hands on the World Title and sully it the way he did the National Title before he lost it in Westwego. But if he does and Supreme Wright is waiting for him? We're going to have ANOTHER new World Champion in my estimation.

[The other grapplers in the ring have backed off, watching Craven and Alex Martinez tear into one another with a ferocity reserved for the greatest of rivals...]

GM: Big righ- blocked by Craven!

[The One Man Revolution slaps the haymaker aside, throwing one of his own...

...RIGHT at the heart of the seven footer!]

GM: OHH! HEART PUNCH!

[Martinez stumbles back, slowly turning...

...and is lifted up off the mat by the upper thighs, twisted around, and DRIVEN into the canvas with a spinebuster by the Professional!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! Cooper hits the spinebuster!

[The Professional pops up, a big grin on his face...

...until Ryan Martinez nearly takes his head off with a clothesline!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Apparently that argument between the kid and his old man was short-lived.

GM: Even if they're fighting, they're family, Bucky. Family sticks together no matter what.

BW: Tell that to Brian Von Braun.

GM: That's a very messy situation indeed.

[With all the action, we join the countdown in midstream...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[Another big cheer goes up as Glenn Hudson, the former Longhorn Heritage Champion, comes dashing down the aisle!]

GM: Glenn Hudson is twenty-two! Eight men remaining to enter this year's Rumble and look how fast he's coming down here!

[Hudson dives headfirst under the ropes, ducking a wild right hand from Alphonse Green...

...and throwing a big running dropkick into the chest of Dave Bryant, knocking him back into the corner!]

GM: Oh my! Hudson's all over Bryant!

[The crowd is ROARING as Hudson winds back and fires right hands over and over into the skull of the tired World Television Champion!]

GM: When Bryant went in at Number Three, you have to believe that Hudson thought there was no chance that his arch-rival would still be in the match when he entered at twenty-two but here they are!

BW: I bet Hudson's just dying to toss Bryant out and win that World Television Title shot.

GM: He doesn't need to, Bucky! Bryant agreed to defend the title against him on the last Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: That's not what happened! He misspoke! He was tricked!

GM: That's not the way that I, the AWA faithful, or the Championship Committee saw it and from what I understand, the contracts have been drawn up for that title match to occur in the very near future.

[Across the ring, Chris Staley has forced William Craven back into the corner, throwing big kicks to the body as the crowd cheers that action as well. Craven tries to cover up but the lethal kicks keep finding a home into the ribcage.

Just on the edge of the camera shot, we can also see Rick Marley choking his face-painted rival, Supernova, over the top rope.]

BW: Ricky Marley's STILL in there, Gordo! You gotta be impressed by that!

GM: A whole lot of stamina on display by "Showtime" here tonight as he was the first man in the ring tonight and has lasted for about forty minutes.

[Marley throws a glance to the floor, waving for Terry Shane's assistance. The Ring Leader hops up on the apron, grabbing Supernova in a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck...]

GM: Shane's going to help Marley eliminate Supernova!

[With Marley hammering the back of Supernova, Shane sets for the suplex, lifting the young lion up...

...but Supernova wriggles free, forcing Shane to set him back down just a split second before Supernova lifts up Shane, dropping him down on the unforgiving floor with a front-layout!]

GM: OHHH! SHANE'S GONE!!

[But the referee waves it off, pointing under the ropes!]

BW: No, no... not so fast, Gordo. Terry Shane went UNDER the ropes earlier on. He can't be eliminated without going OVER the ropes. Supernova may have just saved himself but he didn't-

GM: MARLEY GOES OVER... HE'S HANGING ON!!

[A fired-up Supernova managed to hip toss Marley over the ropes but the Unholy Alliance member grabbed hold of the ropes, keeping himself in the match for the moment as Supernova hammers away, trying to knock him down...

...when suddenly two men leap out of the front row, rushing towards Marley!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

BW: ACES!

[Steven Childes and Daniel Tyler are on the scene, shoving Marley back under the ropes into the ring. They stand on the floor, taunting a surprised Supernova who glares at them in response, shouting at the officials who are now trying to get the Aces out of here...]

GM: We've got some trouble out here on the floor again! We've gotta take another break, fans, but we'll be right back with more Rumble action!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back to live action where Supernova is still trading words with the Aces who are being pushed back up the aisle...]

GM: We're back LIVE here on WKI- OHHHHH!

[The crowd JEERS loudly as Rick Marley strikes, coming on fast behind Supernova and shoving him out over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: MARLEY ELIMINATES SUPERNOVA!! OUT OF NOWHERE!!

[With Supernova down on the floor, the face-painted fan favorite sits up, glaring at the mocking Marley...

...who gets grabbed from behind by a creeping Dave Cooper who HURLS Marley over the ropes but again Marley scrambles to hang on, staying on the apron!]

GM: Marley just saved himself from elimination again and-

[Not for long though as Supernova approaches, giving the leg a big yank, pulling Marley down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! MARLEY'S GONE!!

BW: Gaaah! What a cheapshot by Supernova! He was already eliminated! He had no business putting his hands on another member of the match after that, Gordo!

GM: That's a good point but after that interference by the Aces, Supernova was hot under the collar and who could possibly blame him!

[Supernova stands over Marley, screaming and shouting at him. A tired "Showtime" pulls himself off the floor, throwing himself at Supernova!]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor! It's breaking down out on the floor!

[With Marley and Supernova brawling in the aisleway, the countdown starts up again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[There's a momentary pause before a burst of cheers goes up!]

GM: It's Mr. Mensa! Manny Imbrogno is the twenty-third man!

BW: And I'm being told he's the replacement for Skywalker Jones.

[The World's Smartest Man jogs down the aisle, moving past the swarm of bodies clogging the aisleway to slide under the ropes...

...and promptly scoops Alphonse Green up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry!]

GM: Imbrogno's got Green up! He's asking Green if he wants to ride with Mr. Mensa!

BW: Oh, that's hilarious, Gordo. You're a real riot.

[With Green on his shoulders, Imbrogno starts spinning around and around and around...]

GM: AIRPLANE SPIN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RUMBLE!!

BW: I'm not sure I've ever seen that done before!

[Imbrogno spins around ten times before setting a wobbling Green down on his feet...

...and scooping Dave Bryant up instead as Hudson throws the Doctor of Love at him...]

GM: Another one! Now it's Bryant getting the Airplane Spin treatment out of Imbrogno! Around and around he goes!

BW: The fans are reacting to it but Imbrogno's gotta be making himself dizzy doing this as well and that can't be the best of ideas in the Rumble, Gordo.

GM: I hate to admit it but you're probably right. These fans here in Corpus Christi are counting along on the airplane spin rotations though... they're lovin' it!

[The fans, indeed, are counting along with each completed spin...]

"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"
"ELEVEN!"
"TWELVE!"
"THIRTEEN!"
"FOURTEEN!"

"FIFTEEN!"
"SIXTEEN!"
"SEVENTEEN!"
"EIGHTEEN!"
"NINETEEN!"
"TWENTY!"

[Imbrogno sets Bryant down, both men stumbling and staggering after the move...

...when a right hand from Ryan Martinez sends Dave Cooper stumbling towards Imbrogno who somehow ducks down, lifting him up on the shoulders. The crowd is ready to count from the get-go this time...]

"ONE!"
"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"
"ELEVEN!"
"TWELVE!"
"THIRTEEN!"
"FOURTEEN!"
"FIFTEEN!"
"SIXTEEN!"
"SEVENTEEN!"
"EIGHTEEN!"
"NINETEEN!"
"TWENTY!"
"TWENTY-ONE!"
"TWENTY-TWO!"
"TWENTY-THREE!"
"TWENTY-FOUR!"
"TWENTY-FIVE!"
"TWENTY-SIX!"
"TWENTY-SEVEN!"
"TWENTY-EIGHT!"
"TWENTY-NINE!"
"THIRTY!"

[Imbrogno dumps Cooper off his shoulders down on the mat, grabbing at the ropes to stay on his feet...]

GM: Imbrogno is an Airplane Spinnin' machine out there, fans!

BW: But look at him now! Barely able to stand, all dizzy. So much for being the World's Smartest Man!

[From the floor, Terry Shane jumps back up on the apron, reaching over to grab Imbrogno by his glorious jet black shoulder-length hair...

...and YANKS him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: What?!

GM: If he's going to compete in the match, make him get in the damn ring!

BW: Whoa! Calm down, Gordo!

[Shane drops back to the floor, taunting the eliminated Imbrogno as the ringside fans jeer the third generation competitor. We cut to a shot of a dizzy Dave Bryant and Alphonse Green trading right hands that come nowhere close to hitting one another, much to the amusement of a nearby Glenn Hudson who is chuckling.]

GM: Heheh.

BW: Oh, that's funny to you? Two of the best wrestlers in the AWA not being able to connect with punches because they're too dizzy?

GM: Well, yes, actually.

[Hudson steps forward, grabbing each man by the back of the head...

...and CLASHING their skulls together, sending Bryant and Green falling down to their knees on the mat. Hudson breaks into a charge backwards, hitting the ropes...]

GM: Hudson racing in...

[...and leaves his feet, throwing his legs apart in a split-legged low dropkick, knocking them both down to the mat! The camera quick cuts to showing Chris Staley again trying to upend William Craven over the ropes...]

GM: Staley's trying to-

[The countdown suddenly starts, cutting off Gordon.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[All eyes turn towards the entrance...

...and the screams of the ladies in attendance is overwhelming as Travis Lynch comes jogging into view.]

GM: Travis Lynch is twenty-four!

BW: Is that his order of entry or his IQ?

GM: Very funny.

[Lynch gives a fistpump to the cheering crowd on his way down the aisle.]

GM: The youngest of the Lynch clan hits the ring and...

[He does a full spin, uncorking that discus punch...

...and DRILLING Alex Martinez with it, knocking the big man back into the nearest set of turnbuckles. He spins back the other way, POPPING a rising Alphonse Green in the temple, sending him sailing over the ropes where he lands on the ring apron!]

GM: He sends Green over the top but Alphonse is hanging on!

BW: For now! Hudson's right on him!

[Glenn Hudson pulls Green off the apron, drilling him with a right hand... and another... and a third. Lynch turns again...

...and CRACKS Dave Bryant with another discus punch, knocking him down to the mat. Lynch pumps a fist to the cheering crowd...]

GM: Travis Lynch is cleaning house in there and-

[He turns again as Dave Cooper approaches...

...and sinks his fingers into the skull of the Professional in the Lynch Iron Claw!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!

[The crowd is ROARING at the sight of the Royalty member trapped in the Iron Claw. Cooper's arms are flailing at Lynch, trying to escape the dangerous hold as the duo stand locked together in the center of the ring...

...when suddenly Terry Shane steps through the ropes, rushing Travis Lynch's exposed back and smashing a forearm across the back of Lynch's head!]

GM: Ohh! Shane put himself back inside the ring! He's fair game now once again!

[Shane yanks Lynch around by the hair, rocking him with a European uppercut... and another... and another...]

GM: Shane's hammering away with that forearm! What got into him to come after Lynch like this?

BW: Hey, maybe Terry Shane's sick of hearing people talk about the Lynches like they're wrestling gods when he's a third generation star and the newest member of a wrestling family whose achievements far surpass the stupid Stench boys!

GM: That's a debatable subject for sure, Bucky.

[Shane drags Travis towards the corner, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle, spinning his back into the corner where he starts laying in heavy boots to the midsection.

The camera cuts to find William Craven getting knocked flat by a running double clothesline from the Martinez family!]

GM: Ohh! Alex and Ryan working in tandem to knock Craven down with that clothesline...

BW: Gunnar Gaines has gotta be seething, sittin' in the back watching his partner work together with the guy who eliminated him from this match.

GM: Hey, you said it yourself, Bucky - it's every man for himself in this one.

[Alex turns, clapping his son on the shoulder and gesturing at a dazed Chris Staley near the ropes. They charge across again...

...when Staley suddenly leaps up, lashing out with a kick to the temple of Alex!]

GM: OHH! HE CRACKED THE SEVEN FOOTER!

[Staley scrambles up, trying to hoist the larger Martinez up onto his shoulders.

A quick camera cut shows Alphonse Green raking the eyes of Glenn Hudson, sending the former Longhorn Heritage Champion stumbling back as Green races down the length of the apron, leaps up, swinging himself over the ropes to land on the middle rope...

...and bounces back, lashing out with a head kick!]

GM: GROUND CHUCK!!

[The head kick sends Hudson sprawling down to the mat as Green pops back to his feet, standing over him. He nods, raising an arm...]

BW: Wait for it! Wait for it!

[Green cups his hands around his mouth, giving a shout.]

“OHHHHHHHHH-”

[But in mid-shout, Dave Bryant comes charging out of nowhere, hooking a handful of trunks and HURLING Green over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: HE’S GONE!! ALPHONSE GREEN IS GONE!!

BW: Dave Bryant’s been in that ring for over forty minutes and he’s still going, Gordo! The World Television Champion is showing everyone why he - and that title - is to be reckoned with!

[Bryant pumps a fist, turning around...

...and Ryan Martinez comes charging towards him, connecting with a big running clothesline that takes the Doctor of Love over the top rope, dumping him on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE’S GONE! BRYANT’S BEEN ELIMINATED!

BW: And that punk kid, Ryan Martinez, just won himself a shot at the World Television Title!

GM: We were just saying how Bryant had been in the ring for nearly forty minutes but no more! He got distracted, got overconfident after eliminating Alphonse Green and it cost him!

[With Green and Bryant bickering out on the floor, the countdown starts again...]

“TEN!”

“NINE!”

“EIGHT!”

“SEVEN!”

“SIX!”

“FIVE!”

“FOUR!”

“THREE!”

“TWO!”

“ONE!”

“BZZZZZZZZZZ!”

[All eyes turn towards the entrance and the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the man walking through the curtain!]

GM: SUPREME WRIGHT! LAST YEAR'S WINNER IS NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE!

BW: Not quite the lucky draw he got last year when he pulled twenty-nine but pretty darned close, Gordo.

GM: It absolutely is and for a man with the gas tank of Supreme Wright, this is as good as drawing Number Thirty!

[Wright rushes the ring, diving under the bottom rope. He pops up to his feet, finding William Craven in front of him. He quickly lifts him into a fireman's carry...

...and shoves him up and over, flattening out and raising his knees as he falls to his back...]

GM: FAT TUESDAY ON CRAVEN!!

[Wright grabs the dazed Craven by the back of the head, throwing him over the top with ease!]

GM: CRAVEN'S GONE!!

BW: Ohh, that ain't gonna make Mr. Blue too happy.

GM: No, it's certainly not!

[Irate at Wright for eliminating his target, Chris Staley grabs Wright by the arm, swinging him around...

...and EATING a head kick for his efforts!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A KICK!!

[Wright grabs the staggered Staley by the back of the trunks...

...and HURLS him over the top to the floor!]

GM: STALEY'S GONE AS WELL!

BW: Supreme Wright's cleaning house! He's taking people out left and right!

[The crowd roars as Ryan Martinez swings Wright around, blasting him with a hard elbow shot. Wright fires back, throwing one of his own. Martinez returns fire too. Suddenly, the crowd is on their feet, roaring as Martinez and Wright trade forearms and elbows, battering each other relentlessly.

We cut to the floor where Dave Bryant and Chris Staley are shouting at each other as the officials try to force them back down the aisle...

...when suddenly Alphonse Green comes running into view, leaping up on the railing...]

GM: GROUND CHUCK!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The flying kick catches Staley right on the forehead, flipping him back and down to the floor. Green drops to his knees, leaning in to shout at the downed Staley as Bryant makes his exit.]

GM: Alphonse Green assaulted Chris Staley out on the floor! They’d both already been eliminated but Green couldn’t resist getting one more shot in on Staley!

BW: With Supreme Wright going on a rally, we’re down to seven men inside the ring with five more to go, Gordo!

GM: Twelve men - only twelve men left in the 2013 Rumble and one of them will walk out the winner, joining the likes of Stevie Scott and Raphael Rhodes in the history books of the AWA.

[We cut back to the ring where Wright and Ryan Martinez are trading shots. Suddenly, Wright gets the advantage, hammering Martinez back with a series of quick forearms...

...and connects with a big clothesline that takes Ryan over the top to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! RYAN MARTINEZ IS GONE AS WELL!!

[Wright spins around after his third elimination of the match...

...and comes face to face with an angry father.]

GM: UH OH!

BW: These two were already on a collision course here tonight and now after what Wright just did to Ryan Martinez, Alex REALLY wants to throw down with him!

[The camera can’t catch the exchange but Alex Martinez is shouting at Wright, jabbing a finger repeatedly into his chest...]

GM: This doesn’t look good, fans. This is going to break down at any time now.

[With Wright and Martinez eye to eye in the center of the ring, the countdown starts up again...]

“TEN!”

"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"
"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd jeers as MAMMOTH Maximus comes striding through the curtain. He gestures at himself with repeated "THE WORLD IS MINE" shouts as he makes his way down the aisle.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus came very close to winning the World Heavyweight Title against James Monosso just a few weeks ago and tonight, he has the opportunity to earn himself a rematch against the World Champion.

BW: Or Calisto Dufresne! Stop overlooking the Ladykiller, Gordo!

GM: I'm not overlooking anyone, I promise you that.

[Maximus climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. He strides right up to Wright and Martinez, shouting at them both.]

GM: That might not be the best idea.

BW: Why not? The world is his!

GM: Four men left to enter the 2013 Rumble and as you look at who is remaining in this match, you start to see the storylines unfold.

[A quick cut shows Dave Cooper stomping Glenn Hudson in the corner.]

GM: Perhaps it's Dave Cooper who wins, setting up a challenge for the World Heavyweight Title for Royalty - looking to take control over the entire AWA one title belt at a time.

[Another cut reveals Lynch and Terry Shane tangled up in another corner.]

GM: Travis Lynch looks to escape the shadows of his brothers and his legendary father to earn his first shot at the AWA World Championship.

[Cut back to Martinez, Wright, and Maximus.]

GM: And then you have those three. Martinez, the Hall of Fame legend who thinks he can achieve immortality with another World Championship. Wright who won the Rumble last year and is looking to become the first ever repeat winner of the Rumble. And of course, MAMMOTH Maximus who many feel had the World Title won a few weeks ago until he found himself the victim of a countout loss... many believe thanks to Calisto Dufresne.

[With Maximus still barking at them both, Martinez and Wright slowly turn to face the big man...

...and STRIKE in unison! Wright throws a forearm to the jaw as Martinez connects with a haymaker of his own!]

GM: The seven foot Martinez and the ever-dangerous Supreme Wright are working together against their biggest threat in the match!

[Martinez and Wright batter him back against the ropes where they fire him off...]

GM: Double clothesli-

[But Maximus leaps up, breaking through the arms. He wheels around just as Martinez and Wright do the same...

...and FLATTENS them both with a double clothesline of his own!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: Maximus picks up the 7-10 split, daddy!

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus just laid out two of the favorites to win this entire thing by himself!

[With Martinez and Wright down, Travis Lynch breaks away from Terry Shane III to take his shot...

...and catches a clubbing blow on the ear, sending him spiraling away...]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Lynch!

[...which allows Dave Cooper to grab him from behind and HURL him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! Travis Lynch is eliminated by Dave Cooper!

BW: We're down to the final ten!

[Out on the floor, a frustrated Travis Lynch slams his arms down on the apron, glaring at Cooper before walking back down the aisle and leaving Cooper to fend off an attack from Glenn Hudson.]

GM: Glenn Hudson goes right for Cooper... they're in there. Of course, we just saw Terry Shane, he's in there still. He's closing in on the forty-five minute mark of the match.

[With Cooper and Hudson brawling in the corner, MAMMOTH Maximus dashes in, leaping up...

...and SQUASHES Glenn Hudson in the buckles with a flying splash!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: You're gonna need a spatula to pick up Hudson after that one!

[Cooper drags Hudson out to the middle, gesturing down at him as Maximus winds up, dropping a four hundred pound elbow down on the sternum as the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Sweet Daddy Williams jogging down the aisle towards the ring. He slaps the hands of a few fans before diving under the bottom rope where Maximus awaits him...]

GM: Right hand by Williams! And another! And a third!

[With Maximus reeling, Williams winds up, swinging his arms around, and cracks him on the jaw with a big left that sends him staggering back into the corner.]

GM: Williams sends Maximus to the buckles... oh! He's got Cooper!

[Running towards the corner, Williams throws Cooper into Maximus for a big collision in the turnbuckles...]

...and then turns his gaze on Terry Shane who was again backed off, trying to stay out of things! The crowd ROARS as Williams points at the cowering Shane!]

GM: Oh yeah! Go get him, Sweet Daddy!

[The man from Hotlanta approaches the corner where Shane suddenly gets up, throwing a right hand that Williams easily blocks before throwing a trio of his own, knocking Shane back into the corner...]

GM: Listen to these fans cheer on Sweet Daddy as he sends Terry Shane across...

[Shane stumbles out and gets LAUNCHED with a backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP OUT OF WILLIAMS!!

[Swinging an arm around, he grabs a rising Shane, dragging him back into a corner in a side headlock...]

GM: He's going for the Riley Roundup!

[Charging out of the corner, Williams leaps up, DRIVING Shane's face into the canvas with a running bulldog!]

GM: BULLDOG! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Williams climbs to his feet, gesturing that he's going to throw Shane over the top...

...when he turns around into a leaping body attack out of Maximus, clashing his arms together on the fan favorite's ears!]

GM: Ohh! Williams gets taken down hard!

[Dave Cooper stumbles out of the corner, pulling Williams off the mat, and HURLING him over the top rope to the thunderous jeers of the AWA faithful!]

GM: Williams is gone! Cooper eliminates another one!

BW: I'm telling you, Gordo - I think it just might be Royalty's night!

GM: The elimination of Sweet Daddy Williams puts us back down to six men in the match with three more still to come. This is where it starts to get very tough for these men, Bucky, because the slightest error at this point takes them out of the Rumble and out of their chance to earn a shot at the World Title.

BW: When you look at who is remaining in there, the only man that came in before Number Twenty is Terry Shane. Everyone else is relatively fresh - maybe only fifteen minutes or so in the ring but Terry Shane is closing in on fifty minutes inside the squared circle and he's gotta be running on fumes.

GM: You're absolutely right. Shane has tried to conserve his energy in this match - staying out of conflicts, avoiding the action as much as possible, but will it be enough? Could it possibly be enough to surpass the energy of men who've been in the ring half as long or less than he has?

[Maximus pulls Alex Martinez into the corner, squaring up to throw rights and lefts. First, the blows land in the midsection, fists striking hard before he moves up to clubbing, hooking forearms to the head. Martinez raises his arms, trying to absorb some of the punishment on them.]

GM: Martinez is trying to cover up... he knows he can't take these shots head-on without blocking them some if he wants to survive in this match for much longer, fans.

[The Hall of Famer is still trying to find a way to defend himself as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd rises once more, turning towards the top of the aisle. There's a momentary pause as they wait to see who drew the twenty-eighth entry into the Memorial Day Rumble...]

...and then a burst of jeers as an unexpected figure comes jogging into view.]

GM: ERIC PRESTON?!

BW: Oho! Blue said there was another and he wasn't kidding! He wasn't about to pin all his Rumble hopes on just one monster - he's got a second entry in the match!

GM: Well, I guess this means his negotiations went well, doesn't it? Eric Preston is Number Twenty-eight and look at the smirk on his face, Bucky.

BW: Why shouldn't he be happy? He's walking into the Rumble in a cushy slot. The twenty-eighth man in and now if he can only survive about ten to fifteen minutes, he might earn himself a shot at the World Heavyweight Title! This could be Blue's ace in the hole, Gordo - he may have just got the drop on everyone else in the entire AWA!

[Preston scales the ringsteps, sizing up the competition from outside the ring - Maximus battering Martinez, Cooper and Shane working over Glenn Hudson, and Supreme Wright climbing to his feet. With a nod, Preston steps in, walks to the middle of the ring, grabs Wright by the arm to spin him around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PRESTON JUST SLAPPED SUPREME WRIGHT ACROSS THE FACE!

BW: Oh my god!

GM: I can't believe he just did that!

[Wright seethes, standing still with a rapidly-reddening cheek. Preston stays right up in his face, running his mouth a mile a minute. He steps forward, pushing his chest up against his former ally's.]

GM: We all remember what happened earlier this year between these two when Supreme Wright decided that Eric Preston's services were no longer needed. Remember, Preston tried to aid Wright in winning the World Title from James Monosso last year at SuperClash IV but Wright wanted no part of the type of help Preston had in mind.

BW: I can't believe Wright hasn't hit him back yet!

[Wright turns back towards Preston, their foreheads pressed against each other as they stand in the middle of the ring. Wright's chest is heaving, his body shaking with rage as he stares into the eyes of the man who just slapped him across the face...]

GM: Eric Preston's daring him... begging him to hit him back!

BW: What're you waiting for, Wright?! Do it! Let's see what you're made of!

[Wright steps back, measuring Preston who has now dropped his hands, sticking his chin out...]

GM: Wright's looking... he's gonna-

[Suddenly, the 2012 Rumble winner turns around, walking across the ring...]

GM: What's he-?

[He grabs the top rope, not even looking back at Preston as his former ally bombards him with insults. With a tug, Wright slingshots himself over the top, landing on the floor...]

BW: WHOA!

GM: Supreme Wright... he just eliminated HIMSELF!

BW: We wanted to see what he's made of and I think we just found out it's a big ol' pile of chicken sh-

GM: BUCKY!

BW: -feed! Chicken feed! He's got a yella stripe running down his back like the coward that he is!

GM: I don't understand this at all, fans. Supreme Wright has ELIMINATED himself from the match rather than stay and fight Eric Preston. If someone wants to explain this to me, I'd love to hear it.

BW: It's simple, Gor-

GM: Someone else, please.

BW: Oh, I see how it is, Myers. You're too good to hear the truth from good ol' Big Bucks! You're just jealous of my ability to get the real truth from the yokels around here unlike that halfwit Jason Dane who couldn't get a real scoop at the ice cream shop.

GM: Can we stay focused on the match please? With Wright gone, we're down to six men in with two more to come. Eight men remaining in the 2013 Rumble!

[Preston stands in the ring, still shouting at the back of the exiting Supreme Wright as the countdown begins anew...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[All eyes turn to the entrance again...

...and a HUGE explosion of boos erupts at the sight of the Asian Assassin, Nenshou, as he comes walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

BW: Ohh yeah! Nenshou is twenty-nine! What a WISE number to draw here tonight!

GM: What the heck are you implying, Bucky?!

BW: Just that Nenshou showed a lot of wisdom when he pulled one of the luckiest numbers all night.

GM: The final member of the Unholy Alliance and he may have more at stake tonight than many of these men because remember, James Monosso has REFUSED to put the World Title on the line against his former stablemate again. If Nenshou wants a shot at the title, he may have no choice but to win it here tonight.

BW: And you KNOW that Nenshou and Percy are dying to get another crack at that World Title. Percy thought Nenshou had the title in the bag in the tournament last summer but it wasn't to be. Tonight though, could be a whole other story if the Collector of Oddites has his way.

GM: You have to believe this didn't turn out quite as Percy Childes had envisioned though seeing as though Rick Marley, Johnny Detson, and Tully

Brawn have already been eliminated. Nenshou's coming out here but there's not an ally in sight.

[Nenshou slips through the ropes into the ring, instantly catching a nearby Glenn Hudson with a knife-edge chop across the chest. He wheels to his side, cracking Dave Cooper with a thrust kick to the chest...

...when a wild-eyed Eric Preston jumps on his back, clubbing him across the face with crossfacing forearm smashes!]

GM: There's no love lost between Eric Preston and the Unholy Alliance no matter what kind of attitude change Preston's had between then and now, fans.

BW: When you look in that ring right now, Gordo, who do you think is walking out of here the winner?

GM: I'm not sure but don't forget, we've got one more competitor to go.

BW: Quit trying to walk the straight and narrow. Pick a winner, Gordo!

GM: There are some really great grapplers still in there - Hall of Famers like Alex Martinez, former champions like Nenshou and Glenn Hudson, a flat-out monster of a man in MAMMOTH Maximus!

[Speaking of which, Maximus is whipping Martinez across the ring, charging out after him...

...and running headlong into a raised boot!]

GM: OHH! MARTINEZ GOT THE BOOT UP!!

[Maximus stumbles backwards where Terry Shane jumps on his back, trying to secure a sleeperhold...]

GM: What in the world?

BW: A unique strategy out of the third generation star, maybe trying to wear Maximus down a bit before he tries to eliminate him!

[Martinez lumbers out of the corner, swinging his leg up a second time!]

GM: RUNNING BIG BOOT TO THE CHIN!

[Maximus teeters, totters, and then collapses backwards, SQUASHING Terry Shane on the canvas beneath him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TERRY SHANE JUST GOT SMASHED UNDER FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS OF MAMMOTH MAXIMUS!!

[Martinez turns to his side, reaching out to grab a handful of Eric Preston's hair as well as Nenshou's...

...and SLAMS their heads together to a big cheer!]

GM: Martinez is heating up, fans! He's got a second wind and-

[Did someone say "Free Chicken?" cause it's the final countdown as the crowd rises to their feet for one last ten count...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Who's the final man in the Rumble?

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT! STEVIE SCOTT IS THE LAST MAN IN!

BW: Aw hell no!

GM: The "Hotshot" won this very match back in 2009 and looks to become the first two-time winner of the Rumble right here tonight in Corpus Christi! Memorial Day Mayhem has these fans whipped into a frenzy and we're down to eight men - one of which is about to make history, fans!

BW: We've got Terry Shane who has been in that ring for over FIFTY minutes now... Dave Cooper, Alex Martinez, Glenn Hudson, MAMMOTH Maximus, Eric Preston, Nenshou, and now Stevie Scott all fighting it out to see who will be the 2013 Rumble winner!

[Stevie Scott comes sprinting down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring. He'd dishing out fisticuffs for anyone who draws near. He drops a kneeling Terry Shane with a right hand... then Dave Cooper with a matching one.]

GM: Stevie Scott is the proverbial house of fire, fans!

[Scott turns towards Eric Preston, throwing him into the ropes...

...and knocking him flat with a running clothesline! He spins around, charging a rising Terry Shane!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OVER THE TOP!!

BW: HE HANGS ON!! SHANE'S ON THE APRON!!

[Trying to put out the fire, Glenn Hudson comes quick, leaping into the air towards Stevie Scott, snaring a front facelock that he attempts to twist into a tornado DDT...

...but Scott lifts him up, depositing him out on the apron!]

GM: Stevie sets him down and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEATSEEKER CONNECTS AND HUDSON'S GONE!!

[The big superkick catches Hudson under the chin, sending him sailing off the apron to the floor for the elimination.]

BW: We're down to the Magnificent Seven!

[Scott moves in on Terry Shane as the third generation star attempts to get back inside the ring, catching him with a knee as he steps through the ropes. He backs Shane into the corner, peppering him with short knife-edge chops to the chest...

...and then steps out of the way as Nenshou comes tumbling across the ring, smashing his elbow into the heart of Terry Shane!]

GM: OHHH! Nenshou went for the handspring elbow but he caught Terry Shane with it instead!

[A big boot to the gut of Nenshou doubles him up as Stevie hooks a double underhook, lifting the Asian Assassin into the air, twisting him over...

...and bringing him down hard across a bent knee!]

GM: BACKBREAKER! OH MY!

[With Nenshou down, Stevie Scott turns his attention towards the other side of the ring where Alex Martinez has MAMMOTH Maximus halfway over the ropes, ready to dump him to the floor. The Hotshot gives a wave to anyone who's watching as they rush in to assist...

...and with Stevie Scott leading the way, a pile of competitors sends Maximus toppling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHH! MAXIMUS IS GONE! MAXIMUS IS GONE!

BW: We're down to six!

GM: Terry Shane, Dave Cooper, Alex Martinez, Eric Preston, Nenshou, and Stevie Scott - one of these six men will be your 2013 Memorial Day Rumble winner and earn themselves a future shot at the World Heavyweight Champion no matter who it may be!

[Turning back towards the middle of the ring, Stevie Scott spies Nenshou charging at him...

...and ducks down, backdropping Nenshou over the top rope!]

GM: OVER THE TOP... NO! Nenshou's on the apron!

[Perfectly balanced, Nenshou grabs at his windpipe, leaning forward...]

GM: MIST!

[...just as Stevie Scott ducks, allowing Dave Cooper to get a faceful of green mist!]

GM: STEVIE SAW IT COMING! HE WAS READY FOR IT!!

[A blinded Dave Cooper swings wildly, staggering near the ropes...

...where Alex Martinez connects with a running clothesline, taking Cooper over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: COOPER'S GONE AS WELL!

BW: Down to five!

[A grinning Stevie Scott wheels around, decking Nenshou with a right hand. A second one staggers the Asian Assassin who grabs the top rope to steady himself and keep from falling...]

GM: Stevie's trying to knock Nenshou off the apron! He's trying to put this down to the Final Four!

BW: Shane, Martinez, Preston, Nenshou, and the Hotshot - who's gonna do it, Gordo? Who is gonna be the last man standing?

GM: I have no idea! You've got a former two-time National Champion in Stevie Scott, one of the most athletic men on the roster in Nenshou-

BW: OHHH! We ain't got time for their resumes, Gordo!

[A high kick from Nenshou sends Scott staggering backwards out to the middle of the ring where Eric Preston catches him with a boot to the gut. He dashes to the ropes...

...where Terry Shane tugs down the top, sending Preston toppling over...]

GM: PRESTON'S- NO! NO! The referee says he's only got one foot on the floor!

[Trying to seize the moment, Terry Shane dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: BASEBALL SLI-

[Preston sidesteps by hopping on the foot touching the floor, causing Shane to slide right out under the ropes...

...where Preston CRACKS him with a right hand on the jaw before pulling himself back up on the apron. The former Combat Corner student steps in, catching a pair of right hands from Stevie Scott.]

GM: Nenshou steps back in... OH!

[The crowd ROARS as Alex Martinez hooks his massive hands around the throat of Nenshou, ready to Firebomb him straight out of the ring...]

GM: Martinez with the double choke... HE LIFTS!

[But at the peak of the lift, Nenshou manages to reverse the momentum into a rana, tumbling backwards over the ropes...

...but dragging Martinez over with him!]

GM: BOTH MEN GO OVER!!

BW: But they're both still on the apron!

[Nenshou is the first to his feet, throwing a back kick to the mush of a kneeling Martinez, causing the seven footer to grab the ropes with his hand, trying to stay on the apron...]

GM: Nenshou opens fire... knife-edge chop... Mongolian double chop!

[The Asian Assassin continues to batter the kneeling Martinez, throwing chops and martial arts thrusts, trying to figure out a way to knock him down to the floor and eliminate the Hall of Famer...]

GM: What a showdown this is, Bucky! Can Martinez withstand these brutal shots from Nenshou?

[Nenshou backs up, raising his right leg...]

GM: AXE KICK!

[But Martinez brings his arms up, grabbing the leg as it swings down towards him!]

GM: MARTINEZ BLOCKS THE KICK! HE BLOCKED THE AXE KICK!

[Nenshou stumbles, grabbing the ropes to make sure he doesn't fall off-balance to the floor...]

GM: NENSHOU'S HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!!

[Martinez rises up, slipping the leg over his shoulder as he reaches out with a free hand to grab Nenshou by the throat...]

GM: Nenshou and Martinez are in a dangerous position right here and-

[In near unison, Stevie Scott uncorks a Heatseeker while Preston throws a running dropkick. Scott hits Nenshou... Preston hits Martinez...

...and both men topple to the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! MARTINEZ IS GONE! NENSHOU IS GONE!!

BW: We're down to three! Holy-

GM: I didn't see that one coming! Many had picked Alex Martinez to win the whole thing, Bucky!

BW: You were one of them... you just didn't tell anyone!

GM: I don't know about that but I thought the Hall of Famer WAS one of the odds-on favorites - that's for sure.

[Preston immediately turns on the Hotshot, hammering him in the back of the head with a forearm. A few more follow before Preston puts the boots to him...]

GM: Preston's all over him! Kicking and stomping and- hey, wait a second!

BW: No, you're right! Preston's doing a number on him!

GM: He is but that's not what I-

BW: Gordo, can we focus on the match?!

GM: I'm trying to tell you that-

[Preston drags Scott up by the hair, lifting him up across his chest, walking him towards the ropes...]

BW: Preston's gonna dump Stevie Scott and win this whole thing! He's gonna take one home for Mr. Blue and start a new era here in the AWA - a new era of power for-

GM: Bucky, can I please get a word in-

BW: He's almost got him over! He's almost- HEY!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers at the sight of third generation star, Terry Shane III, who has been in the ring for nearly an hour, sliding underneath the bottom rope from his spot on the floor where he had been since Eric Preston dropped him with an uppercut...

...rising to his feet, crouching down low, sizing up the situation. His arms dangle from his side, fingers wiggling, his entire body shaking with anticipation of this moment...]

BW: GORDO, TERRY SHANE NEVER GOT ELIMINATED! HE'S STILL IN THIS MATCH!

GM: That's what I was trying to say! Shane went UNDER the ropes to the floor but he's back in now and-

[Suddenly, Shane picks his moment and charges across the ring, moving as quickly as his weary legs will manage. He leans down, linking his hands between Preston's legs...

...and with a mighty roar, he lifts up!]

GM: What's he-?!

[The lift gets Preston's weight going up and over...

...which takes Stevie Scott right along with him!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: HE DID IT!! TERRY SHANE HAS SHOCKED THE WORLD!

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: Terry Shane has lived up to the great legacy of his father and his grandfather and has CEMENTED himself as one of the top stars here in the AWA! Incredible!

[Shane falls to his knees in the middle of the ring, raising his arms wearily before slumping facefirst down to the mat. Moments later, we see Miss Sandra Hayes, Donnie White, and the Ring Workers hit the ring, celebrating the gigantic victory for their group.]

GM: The rest of the Shane Gang has hit the ring to celebrate! The party is on for this group of young upstarts who've battled so long to make an impact. Well, tonight... they've certainly made it, Bucky.

BW: The party is going to rage all night long, daddy! Wait, wait... hush up while Watson makes it official...

[Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner of the Memorial Day Rumble... outlasting twenty-nine others to win a future shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Title...

TERRYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[The Ring Workers help Shane to his feet as Miss Hayes throws herself into an embrace with the man who brought her to the American Wrestling Alliance.]

GM: This is a heck of a moment for this group, Bucky. It may have only been Terry Shane who won the match but they all share a piece of that victory knowing that this... this right here... will legitimize the Shane Gang in the eyes of the wrestling world as a force to be reckoned with.

BW: It was the most star-studded Rumble of all time. You had former champions, current champions, Hall of Famers, out-and-out legends of the squared circle. And in the end, it's a guy who is not even out of his rookie year in the AWA yet. He's still got a month or two to go before he's been in the AWA for a full year but tonight, he's on top of the world!

GM: Terry Shane adds his name to the list of Rumble winners - Ron Houston, Stevie Scott, Raphael Rhodes, Supernova, Supreme Wright, and now Terry Shane the Third! Love him or hate him, he is now in the AWA history books for this night and all other nights to come... and someday, sometime in the not-so-distant future, Terry Shane III WILL step into an AWA ring and do battle with the AWA World Heavyweight Title on the line! Fans, the celebration continues in the ring but when we come back, the AWA World Heavyweight Title will be on the line and falls will count ANYWHERE! Trust me when I say that you do NOT want to miss that!

[The Shane Gang continues their celebration as we fade to black.

And fade back up on a series of beach shots - a pair of young children building a sandcastle, young men out on their surfboards, a spirited game of volleyball with shapely young ladies... you get the idea.

A voiceover begins.]

"As the summer begins and the temperatures rise, the beach isn't the only place where things are heating up."

[Cut to a series of weathermen saying the same phrase over and over again - "A Heat Wave is coming!" before the screen cuts to a nice graphic of a scorching hot sun.]

"The AWA's annual Heat Wave tour started tonight in Corpus Christi but will be making its way throughout the United States all summer long and you will not want to miss the biggest stars of the AWA galaxy when they come to your town."

[A graphic pops up reading, "JUNE 8th - CAJUNDOME - LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA."]

"The Cajundome will be spiced up to a whole new level in Lafayette, Louisiana on the 8th of June for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! Don't miss out on seeing RyGunn, the World Television Champion Dave Bryant puts the gold on the line, and see all the fallout from Memorial Day Mayhem!"

[The graphic changes to show "JUNE 15th - MOBILE CIVIC CENTER - MOBILE, ALABAMA."]

"The AWA hits Mobile, Alabama and the Mobile Civic Center on the 15th for a special live arena event. Sweet Daddy Williams is on the card! The Lynch Brothers take on the Beale Street Bullies in an Alabama Street Fight! Hercules Hammonds will be in action as well!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JUNE 22nd - DONALD TUCKER CENTER - TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA."]

"Look out, Florida, because the Sunshine State is about to get heated up hotter than ever when the AWA hits the Donald Tucker Center in Tallahassee on the 22nd for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! The Rave will be in action! Terry Shane III takes on Yuma Weaver! The Blonde Bombers hit the ring as well!"

[Another graphic comes up, this one advertising a double shot of shows in the Carolinas.]

"Get ready, Carolinas, 'cause the AWA is coming to town for two nights as we hit Charlotte on June 29th and Greensboro on June 30th. All the stars of the AWA come to town for these non-televised events featuring Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez taking on The Aces in Charlotte and Brian Von Braun meeting Johnny Detson in Greensboro!"

[The graphic fades to reveal a Heat Wave logo.]

"The AWA is on the road all summer long so keep your eyes open for new dates added in your town because when the American Wrestling Alliance is in your area, you do NOT want to miss it!"

[Some info about buying tickets appears before the graphic fades to black...

...and we fade back up to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Jason Dane is standing next to the challenger for the AWA World Title, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. They're standing in what looks to be the bowels of the ship somewhere. Dufresne is already clad in his wrestling attire, his blond hair pulled back into a tight pony tail and his fists are wrapped in tape. He smirks confidently as Jason Dane gets the go-ahead to begin the interview.]

JD: Fans, I'm here deep in the recesses of the USS Lexington alongside the challenger for the AWA World Title tonight. The man who claims to be the

AWA Uncrowned World Champion, “Ladykiller” Calisto Dufresne. Calisto, first off, with it being Memorial Day and wrestling in such a unique venue – one of the most historic ships in US Naval history... what are you feeling right now?

[Dufresne looks at Dane in annoyance.]

CD: Look, Dane... I don’t care if we’re fighting on this rusty old boat, an oil platform, inside a circus tent or on the surface of the moon. And I don’t care if we’re fighting on Memorial Day, Flag Day, Arbor Day or Take-Your-Kid-To-Work Day. No matter what the date, no matter what the venue, the result is the same: Calisto Dufresne goes from Uncrowned World Champion to _the_ World Champion in a few short minutes from now.

JD: You seem a bit more at ease than you were two weeks ago when Karl O’Connor announced that you would get your rematch with James Monosso, but it would be in a Falls Count Anywhere format.

[A shrug from the Ladykiller.]

CD: It’s been par for the course around here since 2008 for the stiff inside those cheap suits to find ways to keep Calisto Dufresne down, and this is just the latest example of that. They’re looking to hold down the greatest competitor in the history of this organization and to suck every drop of blood out of the turnip that is James Monosso’s career at the same time. Unfortunately for you, James, I’m going to oblige the suits on this one...

...Because you just might end up a vegetable before this night is out after all.

JD: James Monosso, much like this historic vessel, has been through his share of wars, and—

[Dufresne cuts off Dane, as usual.]

CD: James Monosso _has_ been through his share of wars. Most of which he came out looking far worse than when he went in. But I’ve been in this business for the better part of a decade myself, Dane. My success in that time is, frankly, unparalleled. And what do you see here?

[The former National Champion gestures towards his chiseled figure.]

CD: Not a scratch on me. You won’t see me hopped up on meds, wrestling geriatrics in a Middle School gym in 20 years. I don’t need to put myself through bloody battles to win matches. For _what_? The fans? Glory? Money? I get all of that through being the preeminent Chessmaster of this sport. And you can rest assured that I’m thinking three steps ahead tonight as well.

But you were absolutely right about one thing, Dane. James Monosso is very similar to the USS Lexington. He’s been through his wars. His battles. Had a long, if not storied, career. And just like the USS Lexington, tonight...

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: ...He gets decommissioned. For good.

[We crossfade away from the night's challenger to more pre-taped footage. This time, it's marked "YESTERDAY." It's dusk, and the World Heavyweight Champion is seated on the bow of the USS Lexington. James Monosso, wearing a pair of black jeans and a black T-Shirt with PROPERTY OF MYSELF stenciled on it in pale green (on sale now at AWAsShop!) is watching the sun set. The World Heavyweight Championship Belt is neatly folded on the deck next to him, as if seated at his side.]

JM: Tomorrow's Memorial Day.

They say it's a day to remember the veterans who died. But it ain't. Not for most. I guess it is for families who lost people. I dunno. Lost my family long ago, dead or not. That one was my fault. I blame wrestling for a lot of what ruined me, and I ain't backin' down from that, but my family was my fault. I moved on.

That's why Memorial Day don't make no sense to me. We move on. Move on! Them dead guys don't care if you get the day off work. They don't care if you put flowers on their grave. They don't! They're dead! Move on! I guess if you got family, and it makes you feel better, okay, but if they cared they'd have wanted you to move on.

No, what don't make sense to me is that you mourn the dead but ignore the livin'. What about the veterans who died inside, but they still got a pulse? You know how many of us there are? We got used and spent by this country. Happened to my old man and happened to me, and I'm glad I ain't got no kids I know about. Some guys make it though okay, but some..., we just get spent. You wouldn't know what I mean unless you been there.

There's a bunch of us in wrestling. Craven probably got it the worst, but there's more of us out there. And that's nothin' compared to how many are out on the streets, especially after a decade plus of war. They can't live a normal life no more. They're the ones that need rememberin'. They got spent for this country an' then thrown away, and every year we all line up and salute the dead with our backs to the livin'. You wanna be a proud American? Turn around and look. LOOK. Look at them. Look them in the eye and know what they did so you could sit on your couch with a bag of chips and a six-pack, and watch human beings kill themselves slowly for your amusement.

[All this time, Monosso's eyes are on the sunset. But now, he looks at the camera.]

JM: You wanna know what all that has to do with Calisto Dufresne?

Guys like that, with them big egos that think they're special... they got no clue who made it possible. Them fancy cars? Them diamond watches? Them whores? Them big mirrors he can lookin' and say how great he is?

I LOST MY MIND IN THE GULF SO YOU COULD HAVE THAT, YOU SON OF A BITCH.

[The eyes go from pensive to wild. This is the Monosso we know... the look of the man who has performed some of the most violent acts the AWA has seen.]

JM: You don't know the hell we lived through, and nothin' I do to you could ever simulate it. But for you, for you I'll try. We got a ship of war right here, Dufresne, and we can go anywhere on it. They got guns, they got bombs, they got hand-to-hand combat weapons, and I was trained how to use all of it. I DID use some of it. I killed men with some of it! Men that were a lot better than you! They went out and fought. Probably wasn't for nothin' they believed in. Probably wasn't their choice. But they did it and they fought to the death because their country needed them to. They bled and they died for a reason! FOR A REASON. They were just like me! They were sent out to fight for the precious little bastards that ran their stinkin' country! The ego crazy bastards who had cars, and watches, and whores, and that looked in the mirror and thought they were special! Those bastards sent men to die, and I killed the men they sent! But I never got my sights on them bastards. None of us did! We killed their men and they surrendered. WHERE THE HELL WAS THE SOLDIER'S CHANCE TO SURRENDER?

But you? You're gonna come on this ship, this ship of war, thinkin' you're above the men who served on it. Just like those fat old men who stuffed their faces while their people starved, sent their men to war and raped the women, and got to walk away over the graves of the chumps they used like cattle. The men I had to kill!

You think you're so great?! You think you're special?! WHY? You ain't done nothin' that _means_ anything! You lived off other people's work! You call yourself a [BLEEP]damn champion like you earned somethin'? You never earned nothin' in your life!

...and you never will.

[We fade back to live action as Monosso's features are lost to the looming darkness of night...

...as we fade back up on the solemn faces of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde.]

GM: I... fans, quite frankly, I'm a little bit speechless after that. We've known for a while now that James Monosso is a former member of the American military but... well, he's never really gone into specifics until now.

BW: Maybe that was a good thing.

GM: Perhaps it was. The World Champion has... very different views on a lot of matters that we all face on a daily basis. He has very clearly stated in the

past that he's not a fan of Memorial Day and we apologize to our fans who may have been offended by some of his comments just now.

[Gordon winces a bit.]

GM: However, James Monosso can not spend this day angry at the rest of the world. He can not be focused on his past and the ways he feels he's been wronged by society, Bucky. He needs to focus on Calisto Dufresne. He needs to focus on defending the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: The story's been told over and over again. Monosso won the title back in September and almost immediately informed the world that his neck is busted up something fierce. He told the world that one hard shot, one fall in the wrong position, one blow with something too solid - all those things could put him in a wheelchair for the rest of his life, Gordo.

GM: Monosso made a promise to the AWA, to the fans, and most importantly to him, to Jim Watkins - a man who saw something in Monosso and helped him when no one else would. He promised to keep going, to keep wrestling, to keep competing until someone takes that title off his waist. Once that happens, he's hanging up his boots and calling it a career. Many times since that night we've wondered - and we have to wonder again here at Memorial Day Mayhem - is tonight that night? Is tonight the night that Calisto Dufresne achieves his lifetime goal of wearing a World Heavyweight Title around his waist? Is tonight the night that James Monosso looks life without wrestling dead in the eye and faces the rest of his life?

[Gordon looks at Bucky.]

GM: You believe it is.

BW: I do, I do believe it is. I think the amount of punishment that Monosso has absorbed - especially in the course of winning and defending the World Title - has him worn down to the point where the loss of that title is imminent. I think Calisto Dufresne is in the right place and at the right time and is staring his destiny in the face. Destiny calls tonight for the Ladykiller... he just needs to find a way to answer the phone.

GM: James Monosso. Calisto Dufresne. Two names that are synonymous with the American Wrestling Alliance doing battle for the greatest prize in our sport - the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: Let's do this.

GM: For the final time tonight, let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: It has a one hour time limit and falls will count ANYWHERE on the USS Lexington!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: And, of course, it is for the American Wrestling Alliance WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Yep, one more!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The sounds of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in to a DEAFENING explosion of jeers from the AWA faithful jammed onboard the retired warship as they rise to their feet to let their feelings be heard.]

PW: He is the challenger... from Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in at 245 pounds...

He is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUUFRESNNNNNNE!

[The camera cuts to the entranceway where the curtains part to reveal one of the AWA's most despised individuals, Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne strides through the curtain, an arrogant sneer on his face as he flips his flowing blonde hair back over his shoulders. The Pro Wrestling Revolution Pacific Title is slung over his shoulder as he slaps the face of it, giving a shout of "REAL WORLD CHAMPION!"]

GM: Calisto Dufresne is carrying that title belt - almost ten years old now - over his shoulder like he's a champion of some sorts.

BW: He is, Gordo! You know he's the Uncrowned World Champ!

GM: I know no such thing. What I do know is that he somehow got a countout victory over James Monosso back at the Stampede Cup and has convinced himself that makes him the World Champion. It most certainly does not.

BW: But if he can pin James Monosso tonight where falls count anywhere on this boat, then he's the UNDISPUTED champ, Gordo!

GM: Now THAT I'll agree with.

[Dufresne stands at the head of the entryway for many moments, absorbing the jeers from his "adoring fans" - a decision that proves to be a poor one as James Monosso comes lumbering through the curtain behind him...

...carrying a metal snow shovel in his hands!]

BW: Wait a second!

[Monosso winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT THE MAN WITH A SHOVEL!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Dufresne crumples to the floor, having been smashed between the shoulderblades with a wide metal snow shovel.]

BW: That's illegal!

GM: There's nothing illegal in this one, Bucky. No countouts, no disqualifications! Anything goes in this Falls Count Anywhere match which is exactly how James Monosso likes it!

BW: Where the heck did he get a shovel from?!

GM: We're not in the middle of nowhere, Bucky. They do have hardware stores here in Corpus Christi!

BW: But it's the middle of summer!

[Dufresne rolls over to his back as Monosso steps up to the plate, slowly raising the shovel over his head a second time...]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's gonna try and cave Dufresne's head in!

[Monosso straightens up, the shovel reared back as far as he possibly can, the metal bouncing off his own rear end...]

GM: Monosso's showing no mercy! He wants to end this one fast!

BW: We've seen him try to end matches quickly in the past. We know that neck is a stack of dimes just waiting to be turned into nickels! But this is going too far!

GM: In a Falls Count Anywhere match, I'm not sure there's such a thing as going too far!

BW: I'll keep that in mind.

[Monosso lets loose a horrific roar as he swings the metal shovel a second time, aiming at the skull of Dufresne...]

...who just BARELY managed to roll to the side, avoiding the blow. He quickly hooks the handle under his armpit with his right arm, pulling it out of Monosso's grip.]

GM: Dufresne saved himself! He just- ohh! Big boot to the mush!

[A hard kick by Monosso sends Dufresne back down onto the unpadded deck of the USS Lexington. He takes a step back, grabbing Dufresne by the legs...]

GM: Monosso grabs the legs... SLINGSHOT!

[Monosso falls back while holding the legs, launching Dufresne into the air...

...where he SLAMS chestfirst into the steel barricade lining the entrance walkway!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Chestfirst into the steel goes Dufresne! Monosso's going to take advantage of these rules... he's going to use everything that's not bolted down in this makeshift arena, fans.

[Monosso climbs to his feet, reaching down to pull Dufresne off the railing by the back of the trunks. He pulls him into a side waistlock, hoisting the Ladykiller up into the air...]

GM: Oh no... ohnoohnoohno!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACK SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Monosso flips over, applying a cover as the referee comes charging down the aisle...]

GM: The referee's going to count! I guess this match has officially started and we didn't even know it!

[The referee manages to get a two count in before Dufresne lifts a shoulder off the deck of the USS Lexington.]

GM: Two count only on the suplex... and look at Monosso!

[Taking the mount on the challenger, Monosso throws a heavy right hand to the skull. He grabs the left hand deep into the long blonde hair, using it as he pulls Dufresne into another right hand... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Monosso's hammering away at him! Repeated heavy shots with that right hand!

BW: And he's screaming like a lunatic every time he hits him!

GM: He IS a lunatic! Never forget that!

[Climbing to his feet off the floor, Monosso uses that left hand full of hair to pull Dufresne up to his feet...

...and uses the hair to HURL Dufresne into the air, throwing his body into the metal barricade again!]

GM: AHHH! Dufresne's body just SLAMMED into that barricade and Monosso's stalking around him up there in the aisle. They're a long ways away from the ring, fans, but it's still totally legal. Don't forget that Falls Count Anywhere and that means that a pinfall up there at the top of the aisle is as good as a pinfall inside the confines of the squared circle in this case.

[Monosso moves in again, trying to pull Dufresne up...

...but gets fingers raked across his eyes in response!]

GM: Ohh! He gets blinded by the rake of the eyes, Monosso falling back into the other side of the railing!

[Dufresne grabs the railing he was thrown into, dragging himself back up to his feet...

...as Monosso suddenly (and blindly) rushes forward, throwing himself into a spear tackle!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEAR GOD!! DEAR GOD ALMIGHTY!!

BW: MONOSSO PUT HIM _THROUGH_ THE RAILING!!

GM: A three hundred pound spear tackle into the steel barricade that broke the damn railing off its hinges! Incredible! Calisto Dufresne might be broken in half off that, Bucky! He might be done for!

BW: I hate to say you're right, Gordo... but you just might be in this case. Dufresne ain't moving at all after going through the railing.

GM: Monosso's not moving much either. That spear tackle can do a lot of damage to the neck - we've heard of guys who specialize in that move shortening their career due to problems with their neck and spine. It was a dangerous move for Monosso to attempt but for a guy who feels like he's got nothing to lose, he's willing to do absolutely anything to end a match.

[Monosso pushes up to his knees, immediately grabbing at the back of his neck as he rolls to a seated position, cradling the back of his head.]

GM: Monosso looks like he may have hurt himself like we speculated, Bucky.

BW: He sure does. But Dufresne can't take advantage of it. He's too banged up after going through the railing.

[Using a pair of helpful servicemen, Monosso drags himself back to his feet. He leans against the fallen barricade, looking over to Dufresne who is down on the ground still...]

...and suddenly, Monosso gives a monstrous roar as he lifts the barricade section into the air!]

GM: Oh my god! Don't do this, James! Don't-

[A desperate Dufresne lashes out with an upkick to the ribs of Monosso, forcing him to set the section of railing down on the deck of the USS Lexington. A second kick stuns Monosso as Dufresne crawls up to a knee, pushing up to his feet.]

GM: Dufresne's back up...

[Holding Monosso by the arm, Dufresne loops a leg over the back of Monosso's head and neck...]

GM: NO!

[...and leaps up, DRIVING Monosso facefirst into the canvas with a leg-driven faceslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might be it! That might have done it right there, fans!

[Dufresne flips Monosso over onto his back, laying atop the steel railing, and dives into a lateral press.]

GM: The referee's right there, Johnny Jagger gives one! He's got two!

[But Monosso lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: A two count only! Fans, we're not even five minutes into this match and I could easily see this match ending at any moment with the heavy guns these two are firing at one another.

[Dufresne kneels on the steel railing, grabbing a handful of stringy hair to hammer away at Monosso's forehead. He climbs to his feet after several blows, dragging Monosso up with him.]

GM: Both men back to their feet now if you can believe that...

[Grabbing Monosso by the arm, Dufresne winds up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG WHIP INTO THE STEEL!!

[Monosso SLAMS backfirst into the railing, his head and neck snapping back from the impact as Dufresne leans over the opposite railing, snatching up a steel chair from a protesting fan...]

GM: Uh oh... Dufresne's got a chair!

BW: Monosso's arms are slung over the railing... he's defenseless! Brain him with the chair and take home the title, champ!

[Dufresne winds up with the steel chair, ready to crown Monosso over the skull with it...]

GM: HE SWINGS!

[But Monosso slumps to a knee, raising his left arm just barely high enough...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...for the steel chair blow to land SOLIDLY across the raised forearm! Monosso crumples to the floor, clutching the left arm and clinching his teeth in pain as he rolls back and forth on the ground.]

GM: Right on the arm! Dufresne hit him RIGHT on the arm, fans!

BW: He might have broken Monosso's damn arm, Gordo!

GM: There was a lot of impact on that arm. Monosso just barely got it up to save himself. If he'd been hit in the head with the chair, this match, his title reign, his very career would be over!

BW: And maybe even worse! He might've booked himself a permanent vacation in the crippled folks' home!

[Dufresne winds up with the chair again, standing over Monosso who works up to his knees, still holding his arm...]

GM: He's gonna try it again, fans! Dufresne's going to try and club him over the head with the chair again!

[The Ladykiller can be seen saying something to the kneeling Monosso, a final bit of trash talk before he swings it down hard...]

GM: CHAIR!

[Monosso manages to lunge to his side, causing Dufresne to slam the chair into the floor, sending a jolt through his hands as he throws the chair down to the ground.]

GM: He missed... and that'll sting for sure.

[An angry Dufresne stomps at the downed Monosso, kicking him a few times in the ribs which causes the World Champion to roll towards the ring.]

GM: They're getting closer to the ringside area, fans... drawing close to the squared circle that they've managed to avoid so far in this one.

[Pulling Monosso up by the hair, Dufresne drags him to the ring where he SLAMS his face into the ring apron.]

GM: Facefirst into the hardest part of the ring!

[Winding up a second time, the Ladykiller SMASHES his skull into the apron!]

GM: Ohh! Two times into the edge of the ring apron...

[Monosso stumbles away, falling into the steel ringpost with his head pressed up against it...]

GM: Monosso's hanging onto the ringpost, trying to stay on his feet...

[A smirking Dufresne steps back, "framing his shot" with his hands as he measures the stunned Monosso...]

GM: Oh my god.. is he-?!

BW: Yes! Concussionizer!

[Dufresne rushes forward from the mouth of the aisleway, trying to mimic Monosso's dangerous headkick into the steel ringpost...

...but Monosso straightens up, causing Dufresne to kick the ringpost at full force!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED!

[Dufresne stumbles back, leaning down to grab at his leg as Monosso lashes out with a kneelift, knocking the Ladykiller back into the railing at ringside.]

GM: These two are going back and forth, back and forth in their battle to see who will walk out of Corpus Christi, who will kick off the AWA's Heat Wave summer tour with the World Heavyweight Title around their waist...

[Monosso steps over to the railing, grabbing Dufresne by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: Dufresne SLAMS into the steel!

[The Ladykiller slumps forward, falling down to all fours on the floor as Monosso staggers towards him...]

GM: Monosso pulls him up...

[He tugs Dufresne into a front facelock, slinging the challenger's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: The World Champion's got him hooked!

[...and takes him over with a spine-rattling suplex down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHHH! BIG SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!!

[Monosso flips Dufresne to his back again, diving across the chest.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no, that's all!

[The World Champion climbs to his feet again...

...and then storms over to the timekeeper's table, shoving the timekeeper out of his seat!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that! We don't need to see that at all especially out of the World Champion for this company!

BW: What are they gonna do? Fire him?

GM: They might fine him and we know how important money is to James Monosso, Bucky.

[Monosso grabs the steel chair that the timekeeper was seated on, folding it up before turning to walk back towards Dufresne who has pushed up to all fours...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!! GOOD GOD!

[The World Champion nods at the cheering crowd, shoving the steel chair under the ropes into the ring. He leans down, pulling Dufresne up by the hair and rolling him in as well...]

GM: Dufresne gets put into the ring... Monosso's coming in as well... and imagine that, they're going into the ring for part of this Falls Count Anywhere affair.

BW: Monosso's in the ring but he's got that chair with him and that can't be good news for the challenger, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is not. He's unfolding that chair, setting it up in the middle of the ring...

[Monosso grabs Dufresne by that long blonde hair, dragging him out near the chair. He tugs Dufresne into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[The crowd begins to buzz with anticipation as Monosso turns towards the chair...]

BW: HE'S GONNA POWERBOMB HIM ON THAT OPEN CHAIR!!

GM: No he's not! No he is not! Somebody needs to stop this!

[Monosso reaches down, hooking his hands under Dufresne's torso...]

GM: Somebody needs to stop this, damn it! He can NOT do this to another human being!

[Dufresne suddenly drops down to a knee, causing Monosso to break his grip...]

...and SWINGS his arm up into the World Champion's groin!]

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY DUFRESNE!

[Getting back to his feet, Dufresne grabs two hands full of hair, leaping into the air...]

...and SMASHES Monosso's face into the seat of the chair!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Monosso stays on the chair, his face pressed against the steel as Dufresne climbs back to his feet...]

...and waves for another chair!]

GM: Oh my god. This is getting out of control, Bucky. Completely out of control!

BW: Hey, the front office knew what they were getting into. You don't book a man like Monosso into a Falls Count Anywhere match if you want a catch-as-catch-can classic! You book a man like Monosso in a match like this when you want ratings! You want two men willing to break each other in half to win the World Title! And that's exactly what we're getting, daddy!

[The timekeeper at ringside refuses to give Dufresne his chair...]

...so Dufresne steps out there to get it himself, shoving the timekeeper down again!]

GM: Give me a break! That's twice that our timekeeper has gone down from one of these guys!

BW: And twice that he's lost his chair!

[Dufresne slides the chair in, sliding back in under the ropes. He snatches up the folding chair as he climbs to his feet...]

GM: Monosso's head is still down on the seat of that other chair and Dufresne's got another one!

[The Ladykiller winds up, quickly swinging it back down...]

"CLAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: HE MISSED! MONOSSO MOVED!

[Reaching up, Monosso grabs a handful of hair and YANKS Dufresne's face down into the stack of two chairs!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso returns fire!

[Monosso climbs to his feet, grabbing the folded chair and throwing it down on the back of Dufresne who is belly-first down on the canvas. The World Champion kneels down on the chair, pressing the steel into Dufresne's spine...

...and grabs two hands full of long blonde hair...]

GM: OH MY!!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Monosso tugging back on the hair, bending Dufresne's spine against the chair in a makeshift Camel Clutch!]

GM: He's trying to break the man in half - just like you said, Bucky!

BW: This is totally legal in this match too! The referee's kneeling down there on the mat, checking to see if Dufresne wants to quit. And if he does, who can blame him? Monosso's a maniac!

[Dufresne shouts "NOOOOO!" at the official who checks for the submission. Monosso holds the makeshift hold for a few more moments before releasing, climbing back to his feet...]

GM: Monosso's got Dufresne down on the mat... we've got steel chairs inside that ring and-

[Monosso pulls the Ladykiller up off the mat by the hair, dragging him into a side waistlock...]

GM: He's going for the Descent Into Madness!

BW: If he hits that, it's over!

[A desperate Dufresne reaches over, digging his fingers into the eyes of Monosso to break the grip. The World Champion blindly stumbles away as Dufresne grabs one of the chairs off the mat, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT ACROSS THE BACK!!

[Monosso collapses through the ropes, crashing down to the floor below as Dufresne stands in the ring, holding the chair in the air to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Monosso's down and the challenger is standing tall!

BW: He might be standing tall but he can't win the title with a countout 'cause there ain't no countouts in this one!

[Dufresne nods, stepping out to the apron, still holding the steel chair in his hands. He backs down the apron, leaning his back against the ringpost as he adjusts his grip on the chair, twisting it around...]

GM: What's he...?

BW: LOOK OUT BELOW!

[The Ladykiller gets a five-step run down the apron, leaping off...

...and DRIVING the steel chair down across the upper body of the floored Monosso!]

GM: MY STARS!! I don't think we've EVER seen Dufresne do something like that, Bucky! EVER!

BW: Calisto Dufresne is showing he's willing to do ANYTHING to win the World Title here tonight. He's willing to do absolutely ANYTHING! And this is a guy who once tried to blind a man to win gold so you can bet that when we say "anything", we mean "anything!", daddy!

[Shoving the chair out of the way, a wincing Dufresne rolls into a cover, waiting as the official drops to all fours...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Monosso slips a shoulder up off the floor!]

GM: Two count only! We're just over ten minutes into this thing but both of these men have been put through the wringer already in this one, fans! Both of these men are physical wrecks after what they've done to each other already!

[Leaning down, the Ladykiller pulls Monosso up by the hair, turning towards the timekeeper's table...

...and SLAMS his head down into the wooden table!]

GM: OHHH! Into the table!

[Grabbing the hair with both hands, Dufresne pulls his torso up off the table...]

GM: WHAM! Down into the wooden table a second time!

[Dufresne throws a threatening glance at the timekeeper who scampers aside rather than getting shoved down again...

...and grabs the ring bell!]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: Dufresne's got the ring bell... and if you're a long-time AWA fan, you know that Dufresne's been able to use the ring bell to great effectiveness in the past, fans.

[Dufresne smirks at the crowd, pointing to his head...]

GM: What's he doing now?

[...and reaches under the timekeeper's table, fiddling with something for a moment before pulling something into view!]

GM: That's a tire iron! Dufresne's got a tire iron! He planned this! He had that tire iron taped to the underside of that wooden table so that he could use it here tonight!

BW: If you remember way back when, Dufresne used a tire iron to bust up some arms in the past... and look at this, Gordo!

[Grabbing the left arm of Monosso, Dufresne presses it down on top of the metal ring bell...]

GM: This is what he did before! This is how he broke arms in the past!

BW: And that's the arm he hit with the chair earlier! He's REALLY gonna make sure it's broken now!

[With the arm atop the bell, Dufresne winds up...]

GM: He's going to break the arm! He's going to-

[Monosso suddenly surges off the table, throwing an elbow back into the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso caught him!

[Dufresne stumbles forward, rolling under the ropes...

...and then ducking through them, hooking the steel tire iron around the throat of Monosso and pulling up!]

GM: He's choking him! He's got the tire iron around the windpipe and he's choking him, fans!

[Monosso's hands shoot up to the tire iron, trying to free himself.]

GM: Monosso's fighting it! He can't get free! Look at his face turning red! He's gasping for air! He can't get out of this!

[With white-knuckled hands grasping at the metal weapon strangling the life out of him, Monosso pulls down hard, trying to create space between the steel and his throat...

...but fails, his arms slumping down to his side as Dufresne shouts "CHECK HIM!"

GM: Dufresne's treating this like a sleeperhold! He wants Senior Official Johnny Jagger to check the arm!

BW: He's gotta do it too! He can't NOT do it, Gordo!

GM: I suppose you're right.

[Jagger slides in, grasping Monosso by the right wrist, lifting his arm into the air...

...and dropping it limply to his side. He turns, holding up one finger to the timekeeper.]

GM: That's one! If the arm falls three times, this match is over, fans!

BW: And if this match is over like that, we've got a new World Champion, daddy!

GM: Dufresne's holding tight, screaming at the official to hurry up...

[Jagger lifts the arm a second time...

...and watches it drop back down!]

GM: That's two!

BW: One more! One more to victory! Come on, champ!

[The referee lifts the arm a third time, holding it high and still...

...and lets go...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[The crowd GASPS as Monosso swinging his left arm up, clutching the steel ring bell in his hand to SMASH it between the eyes of Calisto Dufresne as the right arm comes down!]

GM: OHHH! Monosso cracked him with the ring bell! He cracked him right between the eyes with the damn ring bell!

[Dufresne crumbles backwards, dropping the tire iron on the canvas as Monosso slumps down to his knees on the floor, visibly gasping for air as the Ladykiller rolls to his stomach, hands up around his head...]

GM: James Monosso saved himself, saved the World Heavyweight Title right there, fans. He was so close to losing everything right there at the hands of the challenger, Bucky.

BW: The match, the title, his career. The stakes have never been higher for James Monosso than they are here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem, fans.

[Dufresne pushes up to his knees inside the ring, bringing the crowd to a roar as they see blood streaming down the forehead of the Ladykiller.]

GM: The bell! The bell busted open the forehead of the challenger! The crimson is flowing freely from the skull of the Ladykiller and James Monosso needs to know that he's got a chance... he's got an opportunity... he's got an opening to turn this thing around right now!

[Monosso uses the apron to drag himself up to his feet...

...and a baseball-sliding Calisto Dufresne kicks him squarely in the chest, sending him falling back into the steel barricade at ringside!]

GM: Dufresne stays on the attack. He may be bloody but he is not broken as he continues to bring the fight to the World Champion right here tonight in Corpus Christi!

[Dufresne rolls out to the floor, leaning against the railing...

...and then charges forward, connecting with a clothesline that takes Monosso over the barricade and into the front row of fans who quickly scatter!]

GM: THE CHALLENGER PUTS HIM INTO THE FRONT ROW!!

[Dufresne collapses over the railing, breathing heavily as Monosso lies flat on his back on the floor, his chest heaving hard than the Ladykiller's.]

GM: Dufresne puts the champion in the front row... what's this?

[Leaning over the railing, the Ladykiller pulls Monosso up, slipping him into a front facelock...

...and slowly turning it over so that they're back to back with the ringside barrier separating them...]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do it! The man has an injured neck! HE'S GOT A-
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd falls silent at the sight of the back of Monosso's neck being SLAMMED into the edge of the ringside barricade in a reverse neckbreaker. The World Champion instantly grabs at the back of his neck, rolling up in a fetal position as Dufresne leans against the railing, keeping up on his feet.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne, that son of a-

BW: Easy, Gordo!

GM: That man just made a deliberate attempt to END the career of James Monosso! He just tried to break the man's neck right down there at ringside.

BW: I told ya, Gordo! You put two men in this environment - with the chance to do WHATEVER is necessary to become the World Heavyweight Champion - and that's EXACTLY what they're gonna do. WHATEVER IT TAKES, DADDY!

GM: He could have crippled the man!

BW: He may have! Monosso ain't exactly doing some CrossFit training out there right now. He's laid out, busted up, and not moving an inch. I think he's done, Gordo. I think we've got a new World Champion right now.

[Dufresne leans over the railing, falling into ringside where he makes a sloppy cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[Just barely... BARELY... Monosso slips a shoulder off the floor.]

BW: Son of a...

GM: The man refuses to stay down! The World Champion is NOT going down without the fight of his damn life, Bucky!

BW: Well, the challenger's gonna give it to him! Finish him off, Calisto!

[Dragging Monosso to his feet, Dufresne chucks him over the railing into the ringside area. He climbs over, following him there...]

GM: Dufresne's putting Monosso back in...

[The challenger rolls in after him, climbing slowly to his feet. He wipes a hand across his bloody forehead, clearing his vision as he leans down to pull the champion off the mat and into a front facelock...]

GM: What is this?

[Leaning down, Dufresne hooks a leg...]

GM: What in the heck is he doing here?

[With the leg cradled, Dufresne SWINGS to the side, snapping him down with a neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Dufresne applies a press, pushing open palms down on the chest of the World Champion.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, Monosso just barely gets a shoulder off the mat which drives Dufresne to a rage, hammering the World Champion with closed right hands to the skull before shoving him back down to the mat. The Ladykiller climbs to his feet, staring down at Monosso...]

GM: Dufresne's looking at him... perhaps trying to figure out what it's going to take to put the World Champion down for a three count.

BW: I know EXACTLY what it's gonna take, Gordo! It's gonna take a little Wham Bam action and it'll be OVER!

GM: You could be right, Bucky... and we may be about to find out 'cause Dufresne's pulling the champion off the mat...

[The Ladykiller tugs a barely-moving Monosso into a front facelock, reaching back to hook a handful of singlet with his right hand...]

GM: Here it comes!

[But Dufresne takes a little too long to attempt his signature move as Monosso pulls out of the front facelock...

...and HURLS a shocked Dufresne shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: UH OH!!

[The crowd is ROARING as Monosso steps out on the ring apron, pumping his right arm up and down...

...and tears down the length of the apron with a vengeance, lifting his leg...]

GM: CONCUSSIONIZER!!

[...and SLAMS his boot into the side of Calisto Dufresne's skull, smashing his temple into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT IT! HE HIT IT ALL!!!

BW: Dufresne's gotta get out of there! CALISTO! CALISTO! CRAWL TO MY VOICE, BUDDY!

GM: Would you SIT down?!

[Monosso slips through the ropes, stumbling across the ring and falling into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED OUT!! MY GOD IN HEAVEN, HE KICKED OUT!!!

BW: Holy... Dufresne kicked out?!

[The crowd is buzzing in shock at the last second kickout!]

GM: I can't believe it! That should've finished him off! That should've gotten the three count!

BW: I think so! Calisto Dufresne may have just shocked the entire world with his ability to kick out of that Concussionizer... and it took a lot of out of Monosso. He's still down as well. Both men are down on the mat and-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

GM: Now what the HELL is this all about?!

[The jeers are pouring down now at the sight of a quite dangerous and despised foursome walking down the aisle.]

GM: It's Royalty! Royalty is heading down the aisle... but why?! Why the hell are they here, Bucky?

BW: How would I know, Gordo? Maybe they're just out here scouting?

GM: Scouting? Dave Cooper got eliminated from the Rumble. He's not in line for a shot at the World Title. The World Tag Team Champions have got their own business to take care of! They've got no business being out here, Bucky. Admit it!

BW: Well, it does seem a little odd to me.

GM: Royalty has made it clear they've got no friends in this company. If you're not with Royalty, you're against them and I don't like the looks of this situation one bit, Bucky.

BW: Neither does Monosso!

[Now up on his knees, Monosso spots the foursome known as Royalty walking down the aisle towards the ring. He gets up, angrily gesturing at them to Senior Official Johnny Jagger who immediately shouts at Larry Doyle, ordering him to take his men back down the aisle to the locker room.]

GM: Doyle's ignoring the ref - they all are! Royalty is... my god, they're surrounding the ring, Bucky! These men - who've already broken Sultan Azam Sharif's ankle here tonight - are surrounding the ring!

BW: Monosso's shouting at Cooper, telling him to stay out of his business. I think Royalty believes that EVERYTHING that happens in the AWA is their business, Gordo. Cooper's ignoring him too. They're not responding to Jagger or Monosso but they've got their eyes LOCKED on the ring!

GM: Monosso's shouting at Cooper again...

[Leaning over, Monosso ducks through the ropes, swiping at Cooper who just barely avoids him. The World Champion points a threatening finger as he turns back into the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

[Dufresne collapses on top of Monosso, throwing himself into a cover as the referee dives to the canvas...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[Again, the shoulder flies up before the three count!]

GM: OUT AT TWO!! HE ONLY GOT A TWO COUNT!!

BW: GAAAH! Monosso's a damn horror movie monster! What's it gonna take to get him to stay down?!

GM: You said it yourself - there may be only one thing to put him down and that's the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am DDT!

BW: The superkick may not have gotten a three count but did you see Monosso's head and neck snap back again? Another whiplash-style impact on the neck of the World Champion!

[Dufresne pushes up to his knees...

...and his eyes fall on the members of Royalty surrounding the ring for the very first time. He looks incredibly nervous as he pushes up to his feet, complaining to Johnny Jagger about it.]

GM: Dufresne doesn't like Royalty out here either! He's telling Johnny Jagger to get 'em out of here!

BW: Jagger's again ordering Cooper and Doyle and the Bombers to leave but they ain't budgin', daddy!

[The challenger leans down, pulling Monosso out to the center of the ring, tugging him into a front facelock again...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[But again, Monosso is ready for it, ducking down, slipping his right arm up between the legs of Dufresne to hoist him up into a fireman's carry!]

GM: COUNTER! COUNTER!

[Monosso lumbers across the ring, stumbling...

...and FALLS into the corner, throwing the upper back of Dufresne up against the turnbuckles!]

GM: HAPPY VALLEY DRIVER!!

[Dufresne hits the canvas, promptly rolling under the ropes out onto the ring apron.]

GM: Dufresne's out on the apron! He's trying to avoid the cover!

BW: But in a Falls Count Anywhere match, going out to the apron only DELAYS the cover!

[Monosso, breathing heavily as he leans against the turnbuckles, suddenly leans over the ropes...]

GM: He's trying to grab Dufresne but he can't get him from there!

[A frustrated World Champion steps out to the apron, backing up against the ringpost...

...and is just about to run down the apron when Kenny Stanton grabs him by the ankle!]

GM: What the-?!

[Monosso suddenly spins around, charging back the other way and STOMPS the skull of Stanton, knocking one-half of the World Tag Team Champions down to the floor!]

GM: Stanton got involved! Kenny Stanton grabbed the ankle of Monosso and-

[Dufresne surges towards him, wobbling down the length of the apron...]

GM: Here comes the challenger!

[But Monosso greets him, hooking him by the throat!]

GM: CHOKE!

[Twisting his body so that his back is against the ropes, Monosso lifts Dufresne slightly off the apron, throwing him down to the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CHOKESLAM OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR!!

BW: There wasn't a lot behind that - very little force because of the odd positioning on the apron, not much height because of the style of Monosso's chokeslam - and that all leads to not a ton of impact!

GM: Maybe not a ton of impact but it was enough to stun the challenger.

[Monosso suddenly leans down, grabbing at the silvery-grey kneepad over his right knee. He tugs it off, throwing it into the crowd where a frenzy erupts to grab it.]

GM: What once would just be a cool souvenir potentially could become a piece of history if James Monosso falls in defeat here tonight. He's over twenty minutes into what would have to be considered his toughest title defense to date.

[Monosso leans against the ropes, slapping his now-bare knee a few times...

...and with a mighty roar, he leaps off the ring apron, SLAMMING his knee down in the biggest King Kong kneedrop of his career!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That might be enough! That might do it right there!

[Monosso slumps into a cover as the referee slides out to the floor, diving to all fours...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[Dufresne against just barely gets the shoulder off the floor, the crowd buzzing with surprise.]

GM: Dufresne gets out again! The challenger is showing the kind of resilience that I, quite frankly, didn't know that he had, Bucky.

BW: Of course he does! He's the Uncrowned World Champion! You think you win that title without being-

GM: Oh, give me a break!

[Monosso climbs back to his feet, glaring at a nearby Brad Jacobs who stands between a trashtalking Kenny Stanton and the World Champion.]

GM: Jacobs looks like he's trying to keep Stanton back, trying to hold him away from the champion...

[Shaking his head, Monosso leans down, going to grab Dufresne by the hair, dragging him to his knees...

...where Dufresne SLAMS his arm up into the groin again!]

GM: AGAIN! ANOTHER LOW BLOW BY THE CHALLENGER!!

[Shoving people aside, Dufresne grabs at the edge of the mats covering up the deck of the USS Lexington. He tugs, ripping and tearing at the tape securing the protective mats...

...and yanks them free, exposing the solid, unforgiving deck!]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's gonna REALLY finish off Monosso now!

[A bloodied Dufresne grabs Monosso by his stringy hair, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's gonna hit the DDT on the exposed floor!

[Dufresne goes to lift Monosso but the World Champion blocks it. A panicked challenger tries again...]

GM: He's blocking it! The World Champion's blocking it!

[With a roar, he muscles Dufresne up onto his shoulder, staggering forward with him...

...and SLAMS Dufresne's groin into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!!

[Monosso shoves Dufresne under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the ropes, ready to crawl in as well...

...when Kenny Stanton gets around his partner, grabbing Monosso by the leg!]

GM: Stanton's in there again! He's trying to keep Monosso from getting back into the ring!

BW: I don't understand. What the heck does Kenny Stanton have against James Monosso?!

GM: I'm not- ohh! Big right hand from Monosso drops Stanton!

[Monosso pulls himself into the ring, stalking towards Dufresne who is down on all fours. The World Champion grabs him by the back of the trunks, lifting him straight up off the mat into a side waistlock...]

GM: DESCENT INTO MADNESS!

[The World Champion muscles Dufresne up into the air...

...and DUMPS him on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: HE GOT IT!! IT'S OVER!!

[Monosso flips over, diving across the chest of the Ladykiller.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

[Monosso pushes up to his knees, his fists clenched in triumph...

...when suddenly Johnny Jagger points to the ropes where Calisto Dufresne's foot is resting!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Calisto Dufresne got a foot on the ropes?!

BW: Unbelievable!

GM: It certainly is... and it's quite suspicious if you ask me.

BW: What?!

GM: Larry Doyle was right there! Did Larry Doyle put Dufresne's foot on the bottom rope?!

BW: Why?! Why would he do that?!

GM: That's a helluva question, Bucky... but I think he did it! In fact, I'm almost sure of it! There's no way that Dufresne managed to get a foot on the ropes on his own after being hit with that move! We've seen Monosso beat countless men with that and I'm calling it the way I see it - just like you say that you do!

[Monosso glares at the official, looking around the ringside area at the Royalty members. Stanton and Jacobs are huddled up now, pointing at the ring. Larry Doyle is grinning like a wide-mouthed bass, slapping his hands against the ring apron as Dave Cooper leans over, staring under the ropes at the action inside the ring.]

GM: Royalty looks like a pack of dogs out there, ready to strike at the soonest opportunity...

[Monosso points at Doyle... then at Cooper...

...and then grabs a barely-moving Dufresne, pulling him back up to his feet...]

GM: He's got him back up... what's left? What more can he do to him? He's hit the Concussionizer! He's hit the Happy Valley Driver! He's hit the Descent Into Madness! What does James Monosso have left? What else can he do?

[Ducking down, Monosso lifts Dufresne up off the canvas, twisting him around so that he's holding Dufresne up over his shoulder...]

GM: A powerslam coming up... wait, no! No it's not!

[Monosso lowers Dufresne so that the challenger's head is dangling down below Monosso's waist...]

GM: He's gonna spike him! He's gonna finish him off!

BW: He used to use this piledriver! This used to be-

[Dufresne feels it coming and wriggles, sliding down Monosso's back to land on his feet behind him.]

GM: Dufresne slips out!

[He boots a turning Monosso in the gut, hooking the front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT! DDT!

[The weary challenger flips Monosso onto his back, diving across the chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[With a three count just a heartbeat away, the World Champion slips his shoulder just an inch or so off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: HE KICKED OUT!! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: What?! He did not! There's no way he did that!

GM: He certainly did! The shoulder came up and the three count was avoided! This is something else, fans. We truly are witnessing something very special here in Corpus Christi tonight!

BW: Calisto just needs to pick him up and do it again! Hook that front facelock and spike him on his skull again!

[The Ladykiller sits up on the canvas, head buried in the palm of his hands as he shows frustration at the World Champion's escape of his pin attempt.]

BW: Dufresne can't believe it either... what's left? What else can HE do now? We wondered what else James Monosso could do but now we have to wonder - what else can Calisto Dufresne do?!

[Slowly, the challenger pulls himself back to his feet. He rubs a hand across his bloodied brow, looking down at the dazed World Champion.]

GM: That's the thought that HAS to be running through Dufresne's head right now. What can he do? What's left in his arsenal that can put the World Heavyweight Title around his waist?

[Dufresne reaches down, dragging the barely-moving champion to his feet...

...and tugging him into a standing front facelock for a second time.]

GM: He's going for it again!

BW: Why not? If one couldn't do it, maybe a second one can!

[The challenger stands in the middle of the ring, holding Monosso in the front facelock, unable to defend himself...

...when the bloodied Dufresne suddenly shoves Monosso away, sending him down to his knees.]

GM: What's he... why did he do that?

BW: I have no idea.

[Dufresne stands over the kneeling Monosso, looking down at him with rage-filled and merciless eyes...

...eyes that suddenly light up as a steel chair is slid across the canvas, hitting him in the foot.]

GM: Cooper just shoved that chair in to Dufresne!

BW: Oh my god. He's gonna finish him, Gordon.

GM: He... my god, he is. You're right, Bucky. He's gonna finish James Monosso's career right here and now.

[Dufresne locks eyes momentarily with Dave Cooper, exchanging the slightest of nods before leaning down, grabbing the chair at his feet and lifting it up off the canvas. He looks at it, lightly tapping his fingers on it as the World Champion looks up at him, brushing the hair from his eyes. The Ladykiller rears back with the chair, the top of it touching the small of his back...]

GM: My god... my god, no! Please don't do this! Please don't do this! For the love of-

[Monosso looks up at Dufresne, glaring at the man who holds his very career in his hands...]

"DO IT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The chair CRASHES down over Monosso's skull, snapping his head and neck back before causing him to slump motionless to the canvas. The Ladykiller flings the now-dented steel chair aside, diving into a cover. The crowd falls silent as the referee dives to the canvas, slapping the canvas once...]

GM: Come on, James... come on, kid... get up.

[Slapping the canvas twice...]

GM: It can't... it can't end like this...

[The hand comes up one final time...]

GM: It...

[The hand slaps the canvas for the third time before spinning to signal the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's... it's over.

BW: DUFRESNE DID IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

[Phil Watson makes it official as Johnny Jagger grabs the AWA World Heavyweight Championship belt...]

PW: Here is your winner...

...and NEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

CAAAAAAALIIIIISTOOOOO DUUUUUUUFRESNNNNNNE!

[The crowd is still seemingly in shock, barely registering any reaction at all to the announcement of Dufresne as the new World Champion... nor a response to him being handed the World Title belt that he embraces, collapsing to his knees...]

GM: Your eyes do not deceive you, fans. James Monosso, our mighty World Champion, has fallen. After months of physical punishment taking their toll on him... after months of being told he should retire due to his injuries... after months of us waiting for the other shoe to drop, tonight - here at Memorial Day Mayhem - it finally has happened. Calisto Dufresne... incredible... Calisto Dufresne is the new World Champion.

BW: Glorious days are here again! We've FINALLY got a World Champion that we can be proud of.

GM: Bucky Wilde, James Monosso might not have been your typical company flag-bearing World Champion. He might not have been everyone's cup of tea. He might not have been a hero to the people the way that some have... but he was a man. A man who shook off the shackles of Percy Childes and the Unholy Alliance. A man who stood and fought on his own for the things he believed in. And a man who lived up to his word to Jim Watkins. He defended that World Title while hurt, while seriously injured, until someone could take it from him.

BW: And that someone is Calisto Dufresne!

GM: I may not like the man, Bucky, but I am incredibly impressed with the effort he put forth here tonight. He fought like a man possessed... a man who, as you said before, was willing to do ANYTHING to win the World Title... and that's exactly what he just did.

[Dufresne uses the aid of Johnny Jagger to climb to his feet, thrusting the World Title belt over his head to the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: The celebration has begun here in Corpus Christi for the new World Champion. It's a dark night here in the AWA - the Blonde Bombers are the Unified World Tag Team Champions, Terry Shane III has won the Rumble, Sultan Azam Sharif had his ankle broken and was left for-

BW: Hold on, Gordo... something's going down here.

[Suddenly, on an unspoken cue, Dave Cooper and the Blonde Bombers take up positions on the apron on three sides of the ring...

...which leaves one side of the ring open for Calisto Dufresne to bail out, getting the heck out of there before Royalty can make a move in his direction.]

GM: What is going on here? Royalty is in the ring. Dave Cooper, Kenny Stanton, and Brad Jacobs have just taken over the ring and sent Calisto Dufresne running to the outside...

[Cooper gestures at the downed Monosso which is Stanton and Jacobs' cue to lift him up by the arms, holding him in between the World Tag Team Champions...]

GM: What is this all about? The man lost the match, he lost the title, he's lost his career. What more can you do to him?

BW: You sure you want to ask that with these three in there? You already saw what they did to Sharif earlier tonight. You know what they're capable of.

[Stanton shoves Monosso at Cooper who quickly hooks a front facelock, slinging Monosso's limp arm over his neck...]

GM: No, no! Don't do this! There's no reason! There's no need!

[Cooper suddenly lifts Monosso up, holding him horizontal to the mat for a moment...

...and DRIVES him into the canvas with a gourdbuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Stanton and Jacobs move forward, stomping and kicking the downed now-former World Champion.]

GM: This is ridiculous! There's no need for this at all! Can we get security out here and throw these idiots out of here?!

[Cooper joins in to make it a three-on-one...

...when suddenly, Calisto Dufresne rolls back into the ring, steel chair in hand, sending Royalty bailing out back to the ring apron!]

GM: What the-?! Did Dufresne just save James Monosso from Royalty?! Did he just-

[Dufresne decides not to wait for the drama, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: AHHHH!

BW: I guess not!

[Dufresne throws the chair aside...

...and falls into an embrace with Dave Cooper. He turns, trading high fives with Stanton and Jacobs.]

GM: Are you... you've gotta be kidding me! This can NOT be happening!

BW: I think it is, Gordo! I think it IS happening!

GM: Has Calisto Dufresne... scratch that, has the new World Champion JOINED Royalty?!

[Dufresne turns, embracing the incoming Larry Doyle as well.]

GM: What are we witnessing here? The World Champion AND the World Tag Team Champions in the same group? Has the balance of power just shifted in an extreme fashion?!

[The fivesome stands over the motionless Monosso, arms raised in triumph for the biggest night in their history...

...a scene that is suddenly interrupted by a burst of static. The shot dissolves into a black screen. A scene that has become quite familiar to AWA fans over the past several months. The well-distorted and disguised voice is heard once more.]

"The balance of power has shifted..."

[A laugh is heard. The laugh is quite disturbing considering the heavy distortion.]

"The balance of power in the AWA remains where it has since Day One, Gordon Myers.

With the Wise Men."

[A pause. The breathing of the voice is quite clear.]

"All the king's horses and all the king's men could not put Royalty back together again.

As one King falls, another rises from the depths to stand among the mighty. A new King... a new champion... a new Royalty."

[There's a longer pause this time.]

"Tsk tsk... et tu, Calisto?

Even those we thought we could rely on... those we thought we could trust. Those who have benefited from us before and who would be... wise... to

remember that... even those have drifted to follow the path paved by Dave Cooper, Larry Doyle, Kenny Stanton, and Brad Jacobs.

Langseth? Gone. Petrow? Gone.

Yet the virus of Royalty continues to infect the AWA... and grows stronger with each passing day."

[A ticking sound is heard.]

"Tick, tick, tick, tick... as the forces of wisdom within the AWA stand by and do nothing while your infection grows, we continue to watch. We continue to wait. We continue to bide our time and wait for the moment.

But the moment approaches, Royalty. The moment draws near."

[A pause.]

"As yourselves your empires fall... and every kingdom hath a grave.

Your grave is being dug as we speak, Royalty. All we need..."

[One final soft chuckle.]

"...is the body."

[The chuckle is still ongoing as our shot changes, now showing a television monitor with the same black screen. The camera pans slightly, showing a quite techy looking guy leaning over a computer screen. The television screen goes black and silent as the techy guy types away on the keyboard. A voice is heard from off-camera.]

"Did you get the location?"

[The techy guy nods, looking one more time at the screen before jotting something down on a piece of paper, sliding it over off-camera. The camera pans to the person who spoke, now picking up the piece of paper.

Former EMWC owner Chris Blue.

Blue picks up the paper, looking at it. His eyes go wide before he smiles a disturbing grin, nodding as he sets the paper down on the table.]

CB: Mama, I'm comin' home.

[Blue turns, walking out of view as the cameraman turns back to the table, pointing it down at the slip of paper which very clearly says in nice, big letters: "LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA."

The camera holds on the sheet of paper...

...before slowly fading to black.]