

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

RUSS CHANDLER STADIUM
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
JULY 4TH, 2013

[We fade in from black on a shot of a waving flag of the United States of America. Gordon Myers' voice is heard in voiceover form.]

"A great man once said 'Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and success of liberty.'

On this, our nation's birthday, we will celebrate the very best way we know how - by presenting the greatest professional wrestling action in the world today. But while you are enjoying our birthday gift to America, we ask that you please take a moment and recall the true price of liberty and freedom - the sacrifices being made by our servicemen around the world yesterday, today, and tomorrow as well as their families who selflessly send them off to a foreign land, knowing very well what tomorrow may bring.

To them, we say thank you...

...and God Bless America."

[The shot of the flag fades out and is replaced by a faded shot of the AWA ring. An effect has been put on it to show some aging and film grain as a voiceover starts up.]

"Opportunity does not knock, it presents itself when you beat down the door."

[A similarly-colored shot of Calisto Dufresne, the World Title belt slung over his shoulder appears. He grins at the camera before lifting a closed fist and knocking on the front plate of the title belt.]

"Ability is nothing without opportunity."

[Dufresne fades away to show men like Yuma Weaver, The Ring Workers, The Rave, and Shadoe Rage.]

"One secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes."

[Dave Bryant, Glenn Hudson, Chris Staley, Alphonse Green, RyGunn.]

"The ladder of success is best climbed by stepping on the rungs of opportunity."

[Johnny Detson, Supernova, Rick Marley, Brian Von Braun.]

"America is another name for opportunity."

[Stevie Scott, Juan Vasquez, Nenshou, Supreme Wright, Alex Martinez, Skywalker Jones, Terry Shane III...]

"On a night when opportunity presents itself to the entire AWA, all you have to do is seize the moment."

[Fade to black on the big Opportunity Knocks logo graphic.

As the graphic fades out, we open to the interior of Russ Chandler Stadium and the tremendous roar of the crowd. Instead of Gordon Myers or Bucky Wilde, the first person we see is seated in an unfolded steel chair inside the ring with a microphone in hand...

...Juan Vasquez.

The former two-time National champion is dressed in a black skeleton hoodie and an old school "Ego MAX" t-shirt, not exactly looking ready for a fight. He waits for the cheering from the crowd to die down, before leaning back in his chair and addressing the crowd.]

JV: You know, before the show started, the boys in the back were all pushing and shoving at each other to get to be the first one to come out here and lay down their challenge...

...but guess who was able to get to the front of the line?

[The crowd cheers as a grin forms on Juan's face.]

JV: I was told that we could challenge ANYONE we wanted to and that they'd be forced to accept the challenge. Well, if you guys know your AWA history, then you know that today ain't just about fireworks and barbeques for me.

[Juan's expression turns a bit more serious.]

JV: No, you'd realize that on today of all days, there's only ONE man that I'd wanna' face inside this ring.

[The crowd begins to buzz, starting to realize what Juan's intentions are... and then he says the name. He says it with enough venom and hatred to make you realize that even after all this time, he still and will probably forever hold a grudge against this man.]

JV: Calisto Dufresne...

[As soon as the name leaves his lips, the crowd roars.]

JV: ...consider this my formal challenge to you.

[A smirk.]

JV: I told you that you'd be seein' me soon, didn't I, "champ"?

[Juan closes his eyes.]

JV: Today makes it two years.

Two years to the day when you and every single backjumpin' coward and lowlife with an ax to grind put me in a hospital.

Two years to the day when you tried to put me OUT of wrestling.

Two years to day...

...when you took my National title.

[He's silent for a moment, before slowly opening his eyes and leaning forward in his chair with a devious smirk.]

JV: So wouldn't it just be fitting that today would be the day...

...that I took your World title?

[A deafening cheer comes from the crowd.]

JV: Do you hear that, Calisto? Listen closely...do you hear it?

[Juan gets out of his chair and cups a hand to his ear.]

JV: That ain't opportunity knockin', amigo.

[Suddenly, Juan KICKS the chair across the ring.]

JV: No, that's JUAN VASQUEZ, kickin' down the damn door! That's the sound of Juan Vasquez ripping the title from your waist! That's the sound of Juan Vasquez leaving Atlanta as your NEW AWA World Heavyweight champion!

[Juan's stirred up the crowd into a frenzy now, as parts of the audience are audibly chanting his name. He then looks up at the gathering rain clouds in the Atlanta skies...]

JV: There's a storm comin', Calisto Dufresne.

[...and then straight into the camera.]

JV: You just better hope that you won't get swept away.

[And with that, Juan drops the microphone and runs over to the nearest corner, climbing up to the top and raising his arms high into the air as the crowd roars their approval as we abruptly cut to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated!]

GM: Oh my stars and garters, fans! We've said in the weeks leading up to this night that it promised to be one of the most unpredictable nights in AWA history and I think we just saw exactly that! Juan Vasquez has walked to the ring to open our show and has challenged Calisto Dufresne to a World Title match right here tonight in Atlanta!

BW: That's not fair! He can't do that, can he?!

GM: He absolutely can! On this night - of all nights - he can do exactly that! Now, that match is gonna go down tonight... Juan Vasquez versus Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne MUST answer the challenge... that's how this works, fans. But will it be for the title? That's up to the Championship Committee - who are in the building tonight - to determine. We'll find out the answer to that later tonight but right now, let's go backstage where I'm told the World Champion is in a bit of a... well, I'd say panic but I'm not sure that's a strong enough word! Let's take a look!

[We cut backstage, where a cameraman is following a desperate-looking AWA World Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Clad in a pair of blue jeans and a red and white gingham shirt, he is clearly panicked as he makes his way through the halls of Russ Chandler Stadium.]

CD: O'CONNOR!!! Don't you dare hide from me, you decrepit old man! I didn't sign up for this! I said I'd fight anyone, but not _him!_ Not _today!_

[Dufresne comes to a halt, spinning on his heel and running a hand through his hair. He notices the camera and focuses his frustration towards it.]

CD: Juan Vasquez, I don't care what the name of this show is called. You are _not_ getting a shot at the World Heavyweight Title tonight. You haven't _earned_ a shot! I've beaten you time and time again. WrestleRock. SuperClash. Over and over you've had your chance with me in the ring, and over and over you've _failed!_

NO MORE!

[Dufresne shakes his head emphatically. Suddenly, an idea seems to find its way into the Ladykiller's brain, as he becomes noticeably calmer.]

CD: Actually, Juan... on second thought, I would _love_ to give you another shot. I'm a fighting champion, after all, and am willing to take on all comers.

But unfortunately, my schedule is just chock full tonight. After all, opportunity is knocking. That's why I've been back here, looking for Karl O'Connor for hours! Because I, too, have made a challenge tonight! I saw tonight as an opportunity to vanquish one of my greatest foes. And if I had to risk the World Title to do it, then so be it!

[The crowd buzzes a bit at the idea of Dufresne facing a dangerous opponent.]

CD: And that's why tonight, right here in Atlanta, Georgia, I challenge...

[A smirk.]

CD: ..."THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!!!

[The crowd half groans, half jeers as Dufresne grins at the camera.]

CD: Sorry, Juan. Revenge isn't happening tonight, because I've got a date inside that ring with a man who has forgotten more about wrestling than we could ever hope to know. It's going to take every bit of testicular fortitude on my part to step inside the squared circle with a monster such as Walter Warren, but that's what champions have to do.

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: Not that you'd know anything about that.

[Dufresne strolls confidently past the camera as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne is trying to avoid this World Title match against Juan Vasquez here tonight, fans, but I don't believe that's going to happen. We'll have to find out later but as of now, call your friends and family 'cause Calisto Dufresne and Juan Vasquez will collide right here tonight!

[The shot cuts to a wide panning shot of Russ Chandler Stadium showing fans sitting in the permanent seating usually used in the baseball stadium affectionately known as The Rusty C. Bleacher seating has also been set up on several sides of the ring to expand the capacity of the stadium.]

GM: You are looking at a sold out crowd here in Atlanta, Georgia! A record-setting crowd here at The Rusty C of 9,237 fans jammed into this stadium for what should be a wild night of AWA action!

[The ring has been set up roughly on the pitcher's mound with several rows of steel chairs set up around the ring. A steel barricade surrounds the ring as well to keep the fans at bay. The AWA hasn't bothered to put down mats around the ring, meaning a fall to the floor puts you on the grass or dirt that makes up the field. We can see a red carpet that has been laid down, cutting straight down to home plate where it splits off - one carpet leading to each dugout.]

GM: It has been a dark and stormy day here in Atlanta all day and as we come on the air, we've been granted a slight reprieve but weather forecasts have said we should expect rain throughout the night. Rain or shine, however, we're gonna keep on going and bring you the best professional wrestling action in the world!

[Gordon trails off as, without warning, Metallica's "Bad Seed" starts playing, and on cue, the crowd starts booing.]

GM: I don't have an appearance by our Television champion on the schedule...

BW: Schedule?! What schedule?! This whole night is about flying without a net, Gordo!

GM: An excellent point. Force of habit, I suppose... but even if we had a schedule, I believe the Doctor of Love operates on his own schedule and doesn't give a care about anyone else's.

[Emerging from one of the dugouts is none other than the current reigning AWA World Television Champion, "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant -- and he's not alone. Stepping up onto the red carpet slightly behind the champion is none other than Yuma Weaver, dressed in a slick navy blue suit.]

BW: It looks like Yuma Weaver is learning from the champ already - I don't think I've ever seen him dress that well in my life!

GM: I was hoping he wouldn't really listen to Bryant, but it looks like Yuma-

BW: That's _Mister_ Weaver to you, Gordo.

GM: ..._Mister_ Weaver is all ears.

[Bryant walks along the carpet for awhile, then cuts across the grass, ascending the ring steps and standing on the apron. Yuma Weaver climbs up the ringsteps and sits on the middle rope, opening the way for Bryant, who smirks, steps through, and mockingly raises his arms in the air to the sell-out crowd, who react accordingly. Bryant visibly laughs, then turns and gestures for the microphone, and Phil Watson quickly hands it over. Bryant walks to the center of the ring and unstraps the TV title with his spare hand, putting it up on his shoulder.]

DB: Atlanta, Georgia, YOUR World Television Champion is here!

[BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!]

DB: Oh, come on now, I know you all aren't too fond of me, but you've got nothing but love for Mr. Weaver, right?

[The crowd boos the hell out of Weaver, too, who just looks on impassively, a slight smile on his face.]

DB: Maybe a few weeks ago that would have bothered the man, but one of the first lessons I taught him is one of the most important -- you people don't matter, and despite the fact that you hate us, at the end of the day, your money still goes into our pockets, so all that hate makes you look just a little bit silly.

[They don't like that, but Bryant/Weaver share a laugh at the crowd's expense.]

DB: That said, I am a generous man, but more important, I am a fighting champion...and I will continue to defend this belt on every show that I can until someone figures out a way to pry it off of me, which brings me to tonight! Nobody asked me to come out here and defend this title... a belt that's suddenly in high demand, thanks to the efforts of its current and only holder!

[Bryant hoists the TV title belt up in the air and turns around, showing it to each side of the crowd, who voice their disdain for the current TV Champ.]

DB: Oh, come on, don't be like that! I'm giving you an unscheduled, impromptu title defense! You see, I've been talking to the others in the back... and I've got a pretty good idea of what matches you're going to see during the rest of the night's festivities. I assure you that this bout, whomever it's against, will be the most excitement you people experience all night. Now...that said, I don't particularly care who decides to walk themselves down here to face me for this belt. That's right, tonight, one lucky soul is going to get to fill an open challenge...

[The crowd buzzes at that prospect.]

DB: ...so whoever you are, come on down, test your luck...

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: ...and join the list of those who've tried and failed to take what's mine.

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation now.]

GM: Dave Bryant laying down an open challenge here tonight - ready and willing to defend the title against anyone who steps up to the plate.

BW: What courage! What a fighting champion he is!

GM: It's certainly out of character for the current champion who has started developing a bit of reputation for avoiding the tough title defenses.

BW: Are you saying Alphonse Green wasn't a tough defense?

GM: No, it certainly was. I was referring to his ability to get out of that title rematch with Glenn Hudson and you very well know that. In fact, perhaps it'll be Glenn Huds-

[Suddenly, the PA comes to life once more and the words that come out of it send the crowd into a ROAR!]

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

GM: IT'S SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS! THE MAN FROM HOTLANTA IS COMIN' HOME!

[The crowd is absolutely going nuts as Williams steps through the curtain in a pair of dark blue trunks and a matching windbreaker jacket. He's carrying a mic in hand.]

SDW: Did I hear someone say... open challenge?

[A big grin crosses Williams' face as he continues to walk the aisle, the crowd cheering for him.]

SDW: When the AWA announced they's was comin' to my hometown - comin' to Hotlanta, USA - for this big show, I just knew ol' Sweet Daddy had to be a part of it. But when I looked around the locker room, I just couldn't figure out who I wanted to challenge.

[Williams gestures to the ring.]

SDW: So, imagine my surprise when I was sittin' back there thinkin' and up you came to make this challenge.

Dave Bryant, you may be able to duck Glenn Hudson... you may be able to duck Ryan Martinez...

But tonight... in front of my people... in MY hometown...

[Another big cheer!]

SDW: You ain't... duckin'... me!

[The crowd is on their feet now, screaming and shouting like they're going to see a certain Match Of The Year.]

SDW: Champ? Consider your challenge accepted!

[Williams tosses the mic aside as he pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He pulls off his jacket, tossing it to a ringside attendant as he swings his arms back and forth to loosen up for action.]

GM: We're being told that the Championship Committee has this match request in hand... they're reviewing whether or not the title should be on the line...

BW: It's like instant replay in baseball, Gordo.

GM: I... suppose. But we're hoping to hear in a very short fashion whether or not...

[Suddenly, the voice of ring announcer Phil Watson rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... by decree of the AWA Championship Committee... this match...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...WILL be for the AWA World Television Title!

[Williams gives a pump of the fist as the crowd cheers again. Referee Marty Meekly steps in between the champion and challenger, giving both men some final instructions...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Our first matchup tonight at Opportunity Knocks - one of the most unpredictable shows I've ever heard of - is underway! Remember, these World Television Title matches carry a ten minute time limit so the challenger needs to bring the fire and bring it in a hurry if he wants to win the title in front of his hometown fans here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Williams ain't done a thing fast in his life other than destroy the local All-You-Can-Eat joint's profit margins. I doubt that'll change here tonight against the World Television Champion.

[The two men come together in a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring, jostling for position. The much-larger Williams shoves Bryant back, pushing his back against the turnbuckles...]

GM: The challenger backs him down... the referee's right there, looking for a break...

[The referee starts a count on Williams, ordering him to step back which the challenger does a three count, lifting his hands to give the clean break. The fans cheer for the sportsmanship as Williams claps his hands together, backing up to the center of the ring...]

GM: Williams gives the official a clean break which I'm sure Mr. Meekly appreciates especially after seeing another member of the refereeing crew, Davis Warren, assaulted by MAMMOTH Maximus a couple weeks ago.

BW: Talk about your miscarriage of justice. Maximus got suspended for 30 days and is being forced to MISS this show!

GM: Plus he was slapped with an undisclosed fine that I'm told even made Louis Matsui cringe. They're lucky that's all they got if you ask me. Putting your hands on a non-wrestler is a serious issue.

[As the announcers discuss MAMMOTH Maximus, champion and challenger come together a second time in a collar and elbow and again, Williams forces the smaller man back into the corner...]

GM: Williams backs him down again... the ref again calls for a clean break...

[And for a second time, Williams simply backs away, raising his arms to the cheers of the fans again.]

GM: Another clean break...

[Suddenly, Bryant lashes out with a kick, trying to catch Williams by surprise but the fan favorite catches the leg...

...and swings it to the right, looping it over the middle rope to leave Bryant off-balance as Williams winds up, throwing a series of rights and lefts to the torso!]

GM: Williams is all over him! Rights and lefts to the body in the corner!

[He takes a step back, cocking his arm back and blasting Bryant with an uppercut that knocks the champion off his feet and down to a seated position in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[Yuma Weaver shouts at the official, pointing out that Bryant's being attacked in the corner...]

GM: Bryant's new cornerman is trying to tell Meekly how to do his job. That won't go so well, I'd imagine.

[Williams steps back in, dragging Bryant off the mat and grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Big whip across the ring!

[Bryant slams backfirst into the buckles where he staggers out...

...and gets flattened with a running, leaping shouldertackle!]

GM: Oh my! Williams takes him down hard!

[Bryant promptly rolls out under the bottom rope to the floor where Yuma Weaver walks swiftly to his side, helping him up off the infield grass. The World Television Champion grabs at the back of his head, gesturing at the ring where Williams continues to fire up the crowd, marching back and forth and waving his arms...]

GM: Dave Bryant's looking for a timeout... trying to find a way to recover from this early surge of offense by Sweet Daddy Williams.

[As the referee's count hits five, Williams rushes over, ducking through the ropes...]

GM: Double noggin kno-

[But Bryant sees it coming and throws a right hand, catching Williams solidly on the jaw, sending the challenger staggering backwards into the ring.]

GM: Ohh! Bryant caught him!

[The champion pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring where he rushes across, slamming a big forearm on the back of Williams' head, knocking him flat!]

GM: And Dave Bryant knocks the challenger down to the mat!

[Bryant swiftly gets up, stomping Williams over and over as the crowd jeers his sneak attack. He shouts at them, waving a dismissive arm before dropping an elbow down into the back of the challenger's neck.]

GM: Big elbow out of the champion... and he's looking for his first cover of the match!

[Bryant flips Williams to his back, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: He's got one! He's got two!

[But the challenger slips a shoulder free.]

GM: Two count only for Bryant as he looks to spoil Sweet Daddy Williams' homecoming here tonight. Speaking of Homecoming, the AWA's return to Texas coming up in September has tickets on sale right now and I've been told that they're going fast, fans! Make sure you make your plans to join us in Dallas for what has become one of the best nights of the year as we end the Heat Wave tour and go back home.

[Bryant drags Williams off the mat by the arm, twisting it around and holding a wristlock...]

GM: Bryant wrenches down on the arm...

BW: And this is the Dave Bryant I like seeing. The mean, surly veteran who likes to hurt people. He grabs an arm, a leg, whatever... and just twists and bends and yanks on it until it's practically useless.

GM: Ohh! He slams an elbow down across the tricep!

[Williams winces in pain as Bryant repeats the elbow, smashing it down on the twisted arm before pulling the limb under his armpit into an armbar.]

GM: The champion hooks in that armbar and he's got it in pretty deep, fans.

BW: Considering Williams don't know a wristlock from a wristwatch, he's in a lot of trouble right about now.

[Bryant pushes Williams down to a knee in the center of the ring, cranking on the arm as the referee kneels in, checking for a submission.]

GM: Marty Meekly is looking to see if Williams wants to give up but I don't think that's going to happen - especially not in front of Sweet Daddy Williams' hometown crowd.

[With Williams kneeling on the mat, Bryant winds up and slams an elbow down on the shoulder again... and again... and again...]

GM: Bryant continues this attack on the arm, forcing Williams all the way down to the mat...

[Bryant steps on Williams' right wrist, pinning the limb to the canvas before leaping up and dropping a knee on the tricep!]

GM: Ohh! A brutal move out of the Doctor of Love right there and Sweet Daddy Williams is in a whole lot of pain down on the mat.

[The challenger rolls back and forth, grabbing at his arm as Bryant stands over him, smirking at the jeering crowd. He gestures at his waist with a "I'M THE CHAMP!" shout which gets even more boos sailing at him.]

GM: Williams is trying to get out of the ring, get a breather... get some time to recover...

[But Bryant cuts him off, dragging him off the mat by the arm and shoving him down over the middle rope.]

GM: What's Bryant going for now?

[With the challenger's throat draped over the middle rope, Bryant plants his knee down on the back of Williams' neck, pushing his windpipe down onto the ropes.]

GM: That's a choke, fans! A blatant choke and the referee is right there, trying to back him off...

[The count reaches four before Bryant backs away, raising his arms...

...and throwing a glance at Yuma Weaver who moves swiftly behind the referee's turned back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh my stars! What a chop out of Weaver!

[Williams collapses back down to the mat, a rapidly-reddening welt on his chest from the brutal chop. A grinning Bryant nudges past the angry official, dropping down to his knees for a cover... but only getting a two count as Williams lifts a shoulder.]

GM: The challenger slips a shoulder up at two... but what a shot that was out of Yuma Weaver. A blatantly illegal shot, mind you, but a powerful one nonetheless and-

[Suddenly, the crowd BURSTS into cheers!]

GM: Glenn Hudson! The Australian's coming out here and he doesn't look too happy at what he's seen here so far!

[Hudson looks absolutely fuming as he stalks down the aisle, glaring at the ring where Bryant suddenly has a panicked look on his face, shouting at the official...

...and then shouting at Weaver who makes his way over towards the aisle, blocking Hudson's path.]

GM: This could get interesting in a hurry, fans. Remember, it was Yuma Weaver and his shocking change of attitude who cost Glenn Hudson his shot at the World Television Title about a month ago.

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit and-

[The crowd ROARS as Williams grabs the distracted Bryant, pulling him down in a schoolboy!]

GM: ROLLUP!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The fans deflate as Bryant just BARELY gets a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Whoa! Sweet Daddy Williams almost snatched the World Television Title off of Bryant right there, fans!

BW: It's that idiot Hudson! He distracted Bryant and-

[Hudson slips past the distracted Weaver as well, taking a spot in the challenger's corner where he shouts encouragement to the veteran.]

GM: Glenn Hudson's decided to take on the role of cheerleader here tonight for the hometown hero!

BW: Ugliest cheerleader I've ever seen.

GM: Would you stop?

[With Hudson slapping his arms on the mat, trying to rally the challenger, an annoyed Dave Bryant shouts at Hudson before smashing an elbow over the head of a rising Williams. He grabs the arm, twisting it around again...

...and then SLAMMING the straightened elbow down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Williams staggers away, clutching his arm as Bryant points a threatening finger at Hudson who shouts back at the champion.]

GM: We've got a war of words developing out here between Glenn Hudson and Dave Bryant... these two just do NOT get along, Bucky.

BW: That goes back a long way... almost a year now. It was at Homecoming 2012 when Bryant captured the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship from Hudson. Then, of course, they had that epic ladder match for the same title at SuperClash IV. We're a long ways removed from that but these two still keep circling one another.

GM: Bryant pulls Williams back to the middle of the ring, bending that arm into a hammerlock...

[Williams winces as Bryant shoves up on the arm.]

GM: The champion's got Williams in some trouble, really doing a number on the arm and-

[Desperate to escape, Williams lashes out backwards, catching Bryant solidly on the ear with a back elbow from the free arm!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow out of Williams!

[Williams throws a second, breaking the grip!]

GM: He's out of the hammerlock!

[The fan favorite wheels around, connecting with a right hand that sends Bryant staggering backwards into the ropes...]

GM: What a right hand!

[Williams staggers forward, grabbing Bryant's arm with his left hand, and wincing his way through an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whip shoots him in...

[The fan favorite goes downstairs with a big left hand, doubling him up. Williams grabs a handful of hair, giving a big shout as he SLAMS Bryant facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! FACEFIRST TO THE MAT!!

[Williams flips Bryant to his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Bryant again fires the shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Two count only again! The challenger was a half a count away from winning the World Television Title but Bryant got that shoulder up in time.

[We can hear Glenn Hudson shouting at Williams from the floor, clapping his hands together.]

GM: What a great friend Glenn Hudson is, Bucky. We know how much he wants that World Television Title for himself but he's right here cheering on Sweet Daddy Williams, rooting him on to win the title for himself.

BW: That lasts as long as Hudson needs it to before he sticks the blade in between his shoulders.

GM: Bucky!

[Williams pulls Bryant up, throwing a pair of snapping left hooks that sends Bryant falling back into the turnbuckles...

...where Williams mounts the midbuckle, raising the left hand while trying to keep the right arm still...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Williams hops down, grabbing the wrist with his left hand and flinging him across...]

GM: The challenger has a hard time with that one-handed whip but he manages to get Bryant across...

[The challenger rushes across, slamming a left-handed clothesline into the chest of Bryant!]

GM: OHHH! BIG CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!!

[The crowd is roaring as Williams reaches down, hooking a side headlock with his injured right arm...]

GM: He's going for the Roundup! If he hits this, it's over!

BW: Get out, Dave! Get out!

[Moving swiftly, Yuma Weaver reaches under the ropes, grabbing Williams around the ankle...]

GM: Weaver's blocking the bulldog! He's blocking the Riley Roundup and-

[Suddenly, Glenn Hudson comes tearing into view, leaping up and taking Weaver off his feet with a crossbody, taking the Native American down to the mat where Hudson hammers him with right hands as Williams smiles, nodding to the crowd...]

GM: Weaver's cleared out! Williams has him hooked!

[The challenger rushes out of the corner...]

GM: RILEY ROUN- NO!

[With the injured right arm, Williams can't hang on as Bryant shoves him off...]

GM: Bryant slips free and-

[As Williams turns around, Bryant uncorks the superkick that he's made famous over the years...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!

[The superkick connects solidly on the chin of Williams, snapping him back and down to the mat. The Doctor of Love lunges forward, hooking both legs...]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhh, I can't believe it!

[Bryant promptly rolls out to the floor, snatching his title belt from the timekeeper...]

...and SMASHING the belt down between the shoulderblades of Glenn Hudson who was still working over Yuma Weaver!]

GM: OH, COME ON!!

[The newly-victorious Bryant is stomping and kicking the downed Hudson as Weaver regains his feet, snatching Hudson up and shoving him back into the ring...]

GM: Weaver puts Hudson in... and Bryant's going in as well!

BW: They're gonna teach Hudson to not stick his nose in their business!

[Weaver pulls Hudson up, holding his arms behind him as Bryant rears back with the title belt...

...and SMASHES it over Hudson's head, knocking him down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a shot! Bryant and Weaver are working in tandem to dominate Hudson and Williams!

[Bryant turns his attention to Sweet Daddy Williams, dragging him off the mat and tugging him into a front facelock...

...and SPIKING his skull into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! DDT OUT OF THE CHAMPION!!

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts!]

GM: CHRIS STALEY'S HEADING FOR THE RING!! HE'S HEADING FOR THE RING!!

[Staley slides in, throwing a series of kicks at the incoming Weaver. He runs to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: HIGH KICK!

[...that Weaver avoids, causing Staley to kick Bryant on the chin, knocking the World Television Champion flat!]

GM: OHHH! STALEY FLATTENS THE CHAMP!!

[He spins around, getting blasted across the chest by Weaver!]

GM: Big chop... and another... and another!

[Weaver grabs Staley by the arm, throwing him bodily into the corner. He moves in, winding up again...]

GM: Another chop! Weaver's working Staley over...

[Grabbing Staley by the arm, Weaver fires him across the ring...

...where Staley raises a leg, blocking his own rush into the corner. He spins around as Weaver charges in...]

GM: OHH! Spinning back kick to the gut!

[Staley backs into the ropes, rebounding off and leaping up as he lifts one leg...

...and SNAPS it down on the back of Weaver's neck!]

GM: AXE KICK!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Staley stands in the center of the ring, giving a triumphant roar...

...which covers up the jeers signaling the arrival of Alphonse Green!]

GM: What the-?!

[Green stands behind Staley, wiggling his fingers and crouching in anticipation...]

GM: Staley doesn't know he's there! Behind you, Chris! He's behind-

[As Staley spins around, Green buries a boot in the gut. He hooks a three-quarter nelson. He charges the corner, climbing the turnbuckles...

...and springs off, flipping over the head of Staley in a backflip, dragging Staley down and SLAMMING the back of his head into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HUNGER STRIKE! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

GM: Goodness! What a move out of Alphonse Green and Chris Staley may be out like a light after that!

[Green rises to his feet, gesturing first at the downed Staley... then at the downed Bryant who has rolled out to the floor...

...and gestures at his waist in the "I want the belt" signal!]

GM: Wow! What a way to start off Opportunity Knocks here tonight - the World Television Champion retains the title but with challengers like Staley and Green, you have to wonder for how long, fans! We've got to take our first break of the night but we'll be right back with more action so don't go away!

[The shot holds on a beaming Alphonse Green as we fade to black...

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

We open up to the on-deck interview area where Jason Dane is standing by with two young men familiar to AWA viewers. Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet, the Northern Lights, are here for some rare interview time. Rousseau, the team veteran, is a black-haired, blue eyed man with a dimple on his chin and short ponytail. He's wearing a loose-fitting white jacket buttoned only at the bottom, white wrestling trunks, kneepads, and boots. Alongside him is Choynet, who has short dark-brown hair and a clean-cut look. He wears a white University Of Maine letter jacket, bright blue wrestling trunks with a thin white stripe around the waist, and two parallel thin white stripes down each side, along with white wrestling boots with his initials embossed on the sides, and elbow/knee pads in a blue that matches his trunks. They both look happy to be here, and the fans cheer them.]

JD: Fans, I'm here with Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet, the Northern Lights. Gentlemen, I understand that you've just returned from a stint up in Canada.

RR: That's right, Jason. When Chris and I did not qualify for the Stampede Cup, we were down. But good men don't stay down. We traveled to my home territory, Quebec, and we fought there and in New England for months. Working on the continuity and teamwork that a tag team needs to be successful. And now we're back here in the AWA, and let me tell you. The tag team scene is hotter than ever! But the Northern Lights are going to shine no matter how many stars are in the sky!

CC: We look around, and we see a whole lot of tag teams relying on others to get things done. Our illustrious champions, the Blonde Bombers, don't leave home without their pet snake Larry Doyle... have you ever seen how big a snake's mouth gets when the jaw comes unhinged?

JD: No...

CC: Then look at him the next time you interview him. Then we have the Aces, who hide behind their pet penguin, Percy Childes.

RR: He looks more like a walrus.

CC: Surrounded by buzzards, and they all pitch in so Percy's golden children don't have to soil their hands trying to win on their own. Then you got mobs like the Beale Street Bullies who can't seem to count to two. At least the Bishops finally realized that winning means more when you do it yourselves.

[It's at this point that two more figures enter the interview area, coming up from behind Choynet and Rousseau. One very tall man with reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, and thin-cut goatee and mustache. This is AWA competitor Matt Ginn; he sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline; black-and-white boots and kneepads, and white tape wristbands. He's wearing a black polo shirt with an MIT logo on the right chest. Along with him is Mark Hoefner, an athletic grappler with light brown skin. Short black hair (receding a bit), who is wearing trunks that match Ginn's, only with red instead of white. He's wearing a T-Shirt with a Zombie Identification Chart on it. Both of them flank Choynet, who suddenly turns around to see them both there.]

CC: What do YOU want?

[Choynet and Rousseau ball up their fists, but Ginn and Hoefner are ignoring Rousseau and giving Choynet disapproving glares.]

MH: Oh, I'm glad you remember us, Chris. You DO remember us, right? Because ever since you won that one match on Saturday Night Wrestling, it seems like you think you're too good for the people you used to hang out with.

CC: I never hung out with you two! You're both cheaters and creeps!

MG: A revisionist view, understandable from the perspective of one who has a falsely elevated sense of importance stemming from an anomalous incident.

MH: Yeah, what he said! Anyway, we all used to dress in the same locker room, hang in the same locker room... all of us rookies. We don't get theme music, we don't get nice contracts, we don't get talked up by Myers and Wilde... yeah, we don't all get along, but at least we were in it together.

MG: It appears that anomaly has engendered conceit. Once, we were members in a fraternal unit which toured Alabama, endured common experiences, and routinely suffered verbal beratement from Todd Michaelson, usually for something Kyle Houlder did before he was fired for the incident with the Solenopsis invicta and the automobile battery.

MH: Though the look on Lori's face WAS hilarious.

JD: HEY!

MH: It was!

MG: But now Mr. Shwaznit...

CC: CHOISNET!

MG: ...has determined that his former colleagues are non-entities, and we have determined to expose his hypocrisy to his alleged fans.

MH: Both of them! Mom AND Dad!

RR: Enough of this! If you two are so upset at Chris for allegedly abandoning you after winning, as you say, one match... how many have you won?

MG: Nine.

RR: On television. Against ranked competition.

MG: ...

MH: You know what? Why don't we start at one? Right now. This is a show all about opportunities and accepting challenges, right? Well, me and Matt aren't scheduled to be here. We had to get backstage passes because we weren't booked to be present. We don't GET opportunities.

CC: You get opportunities every week, you crybaby! And if you want one now, you're on! I don't know what persecution complex drove you to come out here, but Rene and I will beat it right out of you!

[The fans cheer as Rousseau and Choynet jog to the ring, and slide in. Ginn and Hoefner follow after them, much more slowly, discussing amongst one another.]

JD: Well, it looks like we have another matchup. Gordon, Bucky, let's go up to you.

GM: Thank you, Jason. We've got a referee here, and it looks like he's instructing Phil Watson to give the match a proper introduction.

[*DING*DING*]

PW: The following special challenge match is set for one fall! Introducing first, about to enter the ring... from Cambridge, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty six pounds... the team of MATT GINN AND MARK HOEFNER!

[The fans boo Ginn and Hoefner, having seen enough attitude from them to form an opinion, rather than booing just because of their opponent.]

PW: Their opponents, to my left... from Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred forty nine pounds... RENE ROUSSEAU AND CHRIS CHOISNET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[The fans cheer. Ginn and Hoefner are now at ringside discussing strategy, ditching their shirts as Rousseau and Choynet (already having ditched their jackets) are angrily waving them into the ring.]

BW: So what are Rousseau and Shwanay so upset about? They get a match here on the Fourth Of July show! A supercard!

GM: Bucky, interview time on AWA television is hard to come by for a young wrestler trying hard to make a name. To have that precious time cut off in a fit of petty jealousy does strike me as something to get angry about.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Jealousy? The way I hear it, this is more about Shwanay's ego-tripping over winning one measly match.

GM: You're only hearing Ginn and Hoefner's side of the story.

BW: Do I need to hear more? Matt Ginn is an MIT graduate who uses really big words while Mark Hoefner is a leader in the zombie apocalypse preparation community. They're both inherently trustworthy.

GM: They're... quite a dichotomy.

BW: I like that. Dichotomy. That's what I just named their team.

[As Gordon and Bucky speak, Ginn and Hoefner slowly make their way up the steps, at which point Rousseau and Choynet march over to them. The referee cuts them off so the match can have a proper start, Ginn and Hoefner retreat, and the crowd boos them for cowardice.]

GM: Oookay. In any case, Ginn and Hoefner are stalling in a match they initiated via challenge.

BW: See? Dichotomy!

GM: I don't think that word means what you think that word means. Finally, Ginn enters the ring.

[The six-seven MIT graduate locks up with Rene Rousseau, who is starting for the Northern Lights. Despite his rather large height advantage, Rousseau expertly twists the lockup into an armwringer. Ginn uses that impressive reach to hook the top rope, forcing a break.]

BW: There's that height advantage.

GM: If Matt Ginn would fill out, he'd be an imposing physical specimen. Now he's back in his corner talking with Hoefner. Come on! These two came out here to issue a challenge, how do they NOT already have a strategy?

BW: They do, and you're looking at it. Look how mad Rousseau is, trying to run into Dichotomy's corner. I mean, they've got a veteran wrestler wanting to run into their corner! Dichotomy's gonna pick up win number ten tonight.

GM: They certainly have the fans outraged. Ginn and Hoefner have indeed won some tag matches together on some of our live arena events, albeit against wrestlers of their own experience level. This is a step up in competition for them. Ginn locks up with Rousseau again, and hooks on a side headlock. Rousseau throws him to the ropes. Drop down in front, Ginn goes over and off the far ropes. Leapfrog of the six-seven Ginn, impressive! And a beautiful dropkick takes Matt Ginn down!

[The crowd cheers the dropkick as finally, the slender Massachusetts native takes a hit. But they again boo loudly as his response is to roll out under the bottom rope, holding his jaw.]

BW: Smart!

GM: This is getting ridiculous!

BW: Ridiculously smart!

GM: Rousseau biting his lip in frustration, as Ginn and Hoefner regroup on the floor. The big man of his team slides back in, and... well, now they're saying they want Choynet in the ring.

BW: That's who they came out here to confront, isn't it? Why didn't Shwanay start the match? Sounds like cowardice to me.

[Both Ginn and Hoefner start pointing at Chris Choynet, who sticks his hand out for the tag. Rousseau still very much wants to go at Ginn, but he decides to go back to his corner and make the tag. The fans cheer as Choynet runs in, ready for action... only to stop as Ginn and Hoefner are back to strategizing in their corner.]

GM: Oh for the love of... the referee can issue a disqualification for refusal to compete!

[Choisnet is having none of it, and he runs into the corner... he grabs Ginn and Hoefner by the head and gives them a double noggin knocker to the cheers of the crowd!]

BW: HEY! He can also disqualify somebody for flagrantly attacking the illegal man!

GM: The Northern Lights and these fans are fed up with Ginn and Hoefner stalling! Choisnet with a hip toss on Ginn, who rolls out of the ring again! But Choisnet is going out after him!

BW: Watch this, Gordo!

GM: Ginn runs around the corner, with Choisnet in pursuit... HOEFNER OFF THE APRON WITH THE AXEHANDLE! CHOISNET SENT INTO THE BARRICADE BY THE IMPACT!

[The crowd boos lustily as Rousseau rushes around the ring. But before he can get there, Ginn and Hoefner grab Choisnet as if for a double Irish-Whip, and ram him back first into the barricade with a loud CLANG!]

BW: Ha ha ha ha! You wanna gripe about Dichotomy stalling now?! They set that up perfectly! These guys aren't rookies anymore, Gordo! They've learned from their early career! All the times they came out here and lost is starting to pay off now. Pretty soon, Shwanay's gonna be sorry he snubbed them when he's looking up the rankings and they're above him and Pepe Le Pew there.

GM: Ginn rolled in the ring as Rousseau arrived, and Hoefner is up in the corner acting like he did nothing. I can't believe this! The referee running Rousseau back to his corner... his back is turned, and Hoefner drops off the apron with a stomp on Choisnet!

BW: Throwing him in the ring. See, he's a kind man. He could have had a doublecount there. Uh, I mean, a countout.

GM: Sure thing, Senator. Ginn with a flagrant boot choke to the windpipe, pulling up on the ropes for leverage. And with his height, he's capable of a lot of leverage. Finally, the referee gets back in there to lay a count on!

BW: After this match, I gotta get with these guys. Tell them what their new team name is, and refer them to a manager. You know, since Louis Matsui is sending the MAMMOTHs in singles competition, he has room for a tag team. Or maybe call up Count Adrian Bathwaite. Or see if Chris Blue sees anything he can work with here. Maybe Buford's looking for a full time tag team to keep SkyHerc focused on singles gold.

GM: Getting a bit ahead of ourselves, Bucky? Tag made, and Hoefner in. The two men pick up Choisnet, off the ropes, double clothesline!

BW: Hm. Bo Allan might be looking for a tag team to get revenge on the Bishops for ditching him, though I don't think these guys are quite ready for a blood feud with the Bishop Boys yet...

GM: And from what I understand, Cousin Bo and the Bishops have managed to work things out and are here together tonight. But I'll say this, Ginn and Hoefner have worked out how to make the fans irate. Rene Rousseau is anxious to get in as Hoefner picks up Choynet, and slams him back down to the mat. Off the ropes, and drops the elbow.

BW: And another tag. You can see that Dichotomy is much more fluent with teamwork than the Northern Lights.

GM: No, you can see that they're better at taking a cheap shot using dirty tricks, and then taking advantage of it.

BW: That already meets my usual definition of teamwork!

GM: Ginn hooks Choynet, hoists him up... vertical suplex! And that is going to HURT from a six foot seven inch man!

BW: Cover only gets one. See, if Shwanay were smart, he'd get that extra second to recover his wind. Never kick out at one unless it's to get out before a guy hooks a leg.

GM: Ginn with a tag. The two men whip Choynet to the ropes...double elbow misses! And Choynet with a tag as he bounces off the far ropes!

[The fans cheer the tag and the Maine native rushes back at Ginn and Hoefner. He slides into Ginn's legs, taking him down with a drop toehold. Hoefner reaches down to grab Choynet... leaving himself wide open to be blasted by Rousseau with a hard kneelift!]

BW: HEY! CHEAP SHOT!

GM: Some Bucky Wilde Teamwork (tm Bucky Wilde) shown by the Northern Lights! Rousseau is now the legal man, and he picks up Ginn by the scruff of the neck and the back of the tights, and throws him out of the ring! Choynet with a parting forearm shot to Hoefner, and Rousseau goes in for the waistlock... picks up Hoefner, and a hard gutwrench suplex dumps him in the middle of the ring!

BW: Rousseau is trying to pick up the pace, but I wonder how much of that decision is because he's still sore about Ginn and Hoefner stalling him out earlier.

GM: The former three-time Quebec regional champion picking up Hoefner, and an atomic drop rocks the spinal column! Hoefner spasming in pain, and Rousseau with an armdrag takedown sends him sprawling into the Northern Lights' corner!

BW: Now let's see just how much the Northern Lights have grown as a team. I wanna see if they have any killer instinct.

GM: Tag made, and Rousseau winds up the arm of Hoefner. Choynet steps over onto the second turnbuckle on the inside, and down with the point of the elbow into Hoefner's upper back!

BW: HA! You're supposed to hit the arm with that move, kid!

GM: Not if you're setting up a Quebec Crab or a fisherman superplex. Rousseau was using the armwringer to control Hoefner so that Choynet could hit him exactly where he wanted.

BW: Oh, uh, I knew that.

GM: Choynet whips Hoefner to the ropes, and a big back body drop! The Pennsylvanian is in big trouble, and the fans are cheering everything that the Northern Lights do!

BW: Well, pandering to the fans all the time is probably why. Look at Rousseau on the apron playing cheerleader. That and their happy friendly clean-cut image. Makes me physically ill.

GM: It's who they are! Tag made, and Choynet with a double leg takedown of Hoefner... holds him down for Rousseau to come in and drop a knee to the lower back! They're definitely targeting the back now.

BW: Yeah, but they could be goin' for the jugular a lot more on the doubleteam. I ain't seein' a killer instinct, Gordo. I bet Dichotomy pulls this out yet.

GM: Rousseau with a snapmare, and a soccer kick to the back. Now stretching Hoefner out with a surfboard! Mark Hoefner is shouting in pain!

BW: He's got his knee down low in the spine, daddy. Not where you normally dig the knee in the surfboard. He's modified it. This is a more veteran move. Rousseau's learned a lot himself since we first saw him.

GM: There's always room to grow as a wrestler and as a human being.

BW: Deep, Gordo. Very deep.

[At this point, Matt Ginn enters the ring. The referee cuts him off before he can get to Rousseau, but that was the idea... as he argues with the ref, the tall lanky grappler reaches around past the ref with his long arms and pokes Rousseau in the eye.]

GM: Oh, come on! How blatant can you be?!

BW: The ref didn't really see it. That's the advantage of long arms. Ginn's kinda skinny, but he knows how to use what he's got.

GM: And Rene Rousseau dropkicks him in the chest! Down goes Ginn!

BW: Ha ha... and when he turns around, Hoefner's not there!

[Boos come down as Hoefner has escaped to the floor, using his partner's distraction. An outraged Rousseau goes out after him.]

GM: Rene Rousseau chasing Mark Hoefner! They're going to do this again?!

[Hoefner turns the corner, where Ginn is waiting to ambush Rousseau with a readied clothesline. But Chris Choynet runs up behind Ginn and dropkicks him into Hoefner as Mark rounds the bend!]

BW: HEY! CHEAP SHOT!

GM: Choynet was not about to let that happen twice!

BW: It's dirty pool, Gordo. Shwanay was the illegal man and he hit the other illegal man from behind on the floor! So much for that clean-cut innocent image.

GM: Context is everything. Rousseau fires Hoefner back into the ring. Hoefner is begging off, but Rousseau fires some open hand chops into him. Backing him into the ropes...

[Rocketing Hoefner off the ropes, Rousseau goes for the scoop powerslam. But Hoefner floats over the top, and runs Rousseau into the ropes for the rolling reverse cradle.]

BW: Great counter by Hoefner and the rollup!

GM: It was a great move, but Rousseau reverses the rollup!

[Unfortunately for Rene, Matt Ginn was waiting for this, and he runs in, grabs Rousseau's head, and drops with a neckbreaker to the canvas, aided by Hoefner kicking out to sweep Rene's legs off the mat!]

BW: HA HA HA! Did they just set that up from the getgo?!

GM: It looks that way! I think Hoefner went for the rolling reverse cradle just to get Rousseau in position for that doubleteam!

BW: Dichotomy is smart! I was getting worried for a minute, but they took control of the match back.

GM: Hoefner with the much needed tag, and Matt Ginn is in. He grabs Rousseau, and hooks in an abdominal stretch!

BW: Oh, man, with his height... look, he's got his leg all the way hooked around Rousseau and he's bending him way back.

GM: An abdominal stretch from a very tall man will be ineffective if he doesn't know what he's doing, but extremely effective if he does. And this may be Ginn's best move. A kneeling variation of this, the Stretch Plum, is what he has gotten the bulk of his singles victories from so far in his career.

BW: Listen to Rousseau! He's in pain, Gordo, he might submit right here!

GM: Part of that is because Hoefner is reaching in and giving him leverage! Look at this!

[Indeed, the crowd angrily shouts as Hoefner has stuck his head and shoulders between the top and middle ropes to reach Ginn's outstretched arm and pull for extra leverage. The referee is out of position to see this. Choynet charges in the ring to point it out, but that does not help as it pulls the ref away from the hold entirely!]

BW: Ha ha, Shwanay is falling for the oldest trick in the book. Well, one of the oldest, anyway.

GM: And that lets Hoefner blatantly enter the ring and unload on Rousseau's ribs with right hands! He got three punches in before darting out of the ring!

BW: And the ref never saw it. Brilliant.

GM: The referee back after running Choynet out of the ring. They're doing it again! Ginn and Hoefner using illegal leverage... finally! The referee sees it and puts on a count.

[Ginn waits until four, then lets go to give Rousseau a double axehandle to the ribs. He tags Hoefner, who enters the ring, runs off the ropes, and plows into Rousseau with a jumping haymaker as Ginn holds him in place.]

BW: Dichotomy is punching the Northern Lights right in the mouth, literally and figuratively.

GM: They definitely have momentum and confidence, as it must be liberating to finally put together a solid performance on AWA television. Hoefner with two hands full of Rene Rousseau's hair, and pounds his face into his corner! And then whips him back to the mat with the hair!

BW: If he didn't want his hair pulled, he shouldn't have so much of it.

GM: The ponytail of Rousseau coming undone there, and Hoefner up to the second rope on the inside... tags Ginn then unloads with a tremendous flying elbow to the face! Hoefner is a burgeoning flyer, with an impressive top rope kneedrop that has gained him some wins in non-televised events.

BW: Ginn is in to follow up with that Stretch Plum... hey!

GM: Choynet with a leaping knee to break up the finisher attempt by Ginn! While we've not seen a great deal of offense from Ginn or Hoefner in

televised matches where they have to date faced much more experienced competition, Choynet IS familiar with them from various tours and Combat Corner training! He's wrestled them both and knows what to watch for!

BW: But that is just gonna let Dichotomy double team Rousseau!

[Ginn gets to a rising Rousseau, and picks him up in a waistlock. Hoefner bounds into the ring over the top rope, runs off the far ropes, and launches himself at Rousseau... only to hit an upside-down Ginn as Rousseau has countered his waistlock with an armdrag! The crowd goes crazy as Ginn hits a fast-moving Hoefner and both men careen to the canvas!]

GM: ROUSSEAU WITH A GREAT COUNTER! He timed that perfectly to take out both men!

BW: They gotta get up before Frenchie tags Shwanay!

GM: Ginn and Hoefner getting up slowly... they both see Rousseau crawling to the corner! They dive!

[Too late! The crowd cheers loudly as the hot tag is made!]

BW: Shwanay is in, and now he's gotta back up his big mouth and his snobbery!

GM: Chris Choynet with a dropkick on Matt Ginn! And one for Mark Hoefner! The fans are giving him the energy, and he is reveling in it!

BW: Just like Shwanay did to the rookie locker room, the fans will always betray you in the end!

GM: Ginn rushes in for a clothesline, and catches a hip toss! Hoefner rushes in and gets the same! Both men up... double noggin knocker takes them both back down!

BW: Adrenaline can do great things for ya, daddy, but it runs out eventually! Shwanay's gotta go for the kill before that happens!

GM: I think he's doing exactly that! He's putting Mark Hoefner on the top turnbuckle! Choynet scaling the ropes! He's going for the fisherman superplex!

BW: But Hoefner's not the legal man! Shwanay lost track!

GM: Ginn from behind! He nails Choynet with a double axehandle, and... a back suplex off the ropes! Ginn with a towering belly-to-back suplex on Choynet, taking him off the second turnbuckle all the way down!

BW: That could be it right there!

GM: It'll take more than one move, and Ginn knows it! He's setting up Choynet... putting him on his shoulders! Hoefner is still on the top rope!

BW: I hope he don't clothesline him from there. That'll set off the Longhorn Riders again.

GM: Hoefner lines up...

[With a loud shout and a leap, Hoefner launches into a flying bodypress. But Choynet pivots to the side and uses a flying headscissors to take Ginn down, causing Hoefner to soar over both of them and crash into the canvas with a loud THUD. The fans go wild!]

GM: ...BUT HE CRASHES AND BURNS AS CHOISNET COUNTERS!

BW: No!

GM: Choynet to the corner, tags Rousseau! Rene in, over to Hoefner... HE'S GOT THE _QUEBEC CRAB_!

BW: But he's not the legal man!

GM: Choynet with a double-leg on Ginn! Holding him down with a half-nelson... HOEFNER TAPS OUT!

BW: BUT HE'S NOT THE LEGAL MAN!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: COME ON! That's terrible refereeing!

GM: The referee seemed to lose track of who was legal, but that's probably because Ginn and Hoefner kept illegally doubleteaming!

[The fans cheer as Choynet and Rousseau celebrate. Phil Watson gives us the official word while Ginn screams at the referee that he was the legal man.]

PW: The winners of the match... by way of submission... RENE ROUSSEAU AND CHRIS CHOISNET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

GM: Controversy reigns, but in the record books it will be a victory for the Northern Lights!

BW: And that's bull! If these guys are the sportsmen they claim to be... if they're so high-minded as they say they are, they would refuse this win. They would restart the match.

GM: I expect that the AWA Championship Committee will indeed declare a rematch. Fans, when the AWA comes to your town on the summer tour, I wouldn't be surprised in the least if we see another chapter in this. Ginn and Hoefner were agonizingly close to their first televised victory, but it was not to be.

BW: The Northern Lights got lucky and next time Dichotomy will have their number. Bank on that, daddy. I can't believe that a couple of supposed goody-two-shoes who are so up in arms about everybody else bein' dishonorable would stoop so low.

GM: They didn't do anything! It was the blatant doubleteaming tactics of Ginn and Hoefner, trying to get a cheap shot behind the referee's back, which caused all of this to happen to them. A karmic downfall. Fans, let's go backstage where I'm told Jason Dane is standing by! Jason?

[We cut to Jason Dane, who is backstage.

Yes, backstage! He's in a hallway right now, with white walls and dark red trim, nice tile floors, and equipment boxes in various places. There's a very tall box right behind him, covered with a dropcloth.]

JD: Fans, as Opportunity Knocks builds steam, I am back here in the locker room area, trying to get a feel for who is going to challenge whom tonight. Now, rumors abound about...

[The tall box behind him starts ringing loudly, startling Jason. He turns and looks at it suspiciously.]

JD: What in the world?

[He starts to peek under the dropcloth, but it is pulled down from the inside to reveal... a telephone booth.

Emerging from the telephone booth are The Rave. Of course. Who else would arrive to a show in a telephone booth? Shizz Dawg OG is the first one out; the light mocha-skinned Raver has an afro partitioned into red and white hemispheres, with a small star-shaped blue hat on top. He's wearing a gold lame vest with green yarn wrapped around the outside, vivid blue jeans with red and white stars stenciled on via spray paint, a dark greensash that ties off to extend to the knees, and shiny gold sneakers. Not to mention white marble-patterned gloves that go from fingers almost to the elbow, and translucent red sunglasses. Jerby Jezz, the pale red-skinned Raver, follows. His shoulder-length hair is dyed a dark green which fades into yellow at the tips, and he wears star-shaped mirrorshades with golden lenses and green frames. His baggy shirt is long-sleeved as has an inverse American flag on it, with a red starfield, blue stars, and blue-and-white stripes. He's wearing bell-bottom white track pants with red spangles and blue streaks of paint, adorned with red/white/blue Zubaz rags tied around his legs every three inches. His footwear is dark green Pumas with gold stripes, and he has armbands with a dollar-bill pattern on them in three places on each arm.]

SDOG: Did we make it? Did we make it? Citizen, what chronocycle is it?!

JD: It's July Four, Shizz Dawg. You know that! How long were you waiting in that telephone booth?

JJ: Negative seventeen years, fourteen days, fifty-two minutes by your ancie chronometers, Dane. We had to timeslide to 2030 so...

SDOG: FNORD! They don't need to flow! All the protosheep need to flow with is what our intellipeeps already flow! The Rave is always working to protect the timeline!

JJ: That means tonight, we timeslid here to regulate, and put the swoosis on the timequake started by the roilspur who has been flutzing the timeflow for relative-moment megacycles... er, what you'd call 'years' from your timeview... none other than Terry Shane The Fourth!

JD: The Third. He's Terry Shane The Third.

SDOG: Dane, you dimscrew, I know you don't flow with the 2032 vocalingo but it can't be that stiffcut to comprecate.

JD: You mean "hard to understand"?

SDOG: YES. Terry Shane The Fourth timeslid from 2032 because his old man, his spawndonor, Terry Shane The Third, willhad gone down in futurehistory as a flutztard. A C-killing flutztard. So he's trying to translitize the timestream so that his unitname isn't a yokeydoke chuckaboo.

JD: No, no, I refuse to believe that "yokeydoke chuckaboo" is an actual phrase in 2032.

JJ: It IS embarrassing. It'll proolly be a fadeword like "ragamuffin" or "scram" or "civil servant". But that's digression. We're here to challenge Terry Shane The Fourth's jacksaw henchdrones, Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong, to a wildstyling challenge! We'll rixx those gyzzrus loafs out of the timeflow once and for all!

JD: Good to know you still use "once and for all" in 2032.

SDOG: Usually we'd say "oncefrall", but we're trying to derp it down for you. Jerb and I slid to July Fourth, because we flow that in 2013, there's still a United States of America, so we're wearing only the colors. Red, white, blue, money-green, and gold! The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior demands respect for the spectrascheme!

JJ: So we're going to slapback all our winhaving intellipeeps in the USA by choosing tonight to...

[Shadoe Rage bursts into the camera frame. The past meets the future as the Canadian Wildman kinda makes the Rave seem normal. He is still in his street clothes which means hot pink leather thong gladiator sandals, yellow canvas shorts that come above his mid-thigh and a Nicki Minaj concert T-shirt with the sleeves ripped off. His dreadlocks are pulled back behind a light pink bandana and his beard is braided into two prongs with dangling gold beads at the end. He blinks at the Rave from behind hot pink nerd glasses.]

SR: Dane, I don't know what these guys are saying but if it's about Opportunity Knocks it doesn't even matter. Because there's only one match at Opportunity Knocks that's going to matter. And that's the yokeydoke chuckaboo, Terry Shane III, versus Shadoe Rage.

JD: Did you just say Yokeydoke Chuckaboo?

SR: (blinking slowly at Dane) Yes, I did. Why?

JD: You might be the inventor of that phrase now.

SR: Is this some kind of time loop thing that you're trying to trap me in? You think that I give a damn what century this is. Shadoe Rage is eternal. I am greater than time. I am the past, the present and the future all in one.

[Rage jerks his thumb at the Rave, who briefly look behind themselves to see what he's pointing at before realizing it's them.]

SR: These guys are already wearing clothes three years out of date.

[Huh?]

SR: There's only one point in history that matters, Dane, and that's tonight. That's when Shadoe Rage takes apart Terry Shane III. Opportunity knocks and I'm going to answer. I'm going to cut off the head of the Shane Gang. Believe that.

JD: With all due respect, you said that at Memorial Day Mayhem and um, Shane eliminated you from the match.

[Rage's head rocks back on his neck and his eyes pop with outrage. He starts snarling.]

JJ: Dane, you jacksaw! Show respect! That jaggo is one of the greatgrandfathers of wildstyling!

SR: Jaggo?

SDOG: Frally! Everybody in 2032 knows about the Prophlaws Of Rool! You and your demicousin Dirk were...

SR: I suggest you two go back and read the holocrons about tonight. You're going to see that you didn't come back from 2032 and conquer Terry Shane. No, the once and future King of Rage Country took him down tonight. All the way under the Earth. Because that was written in the stars at the beginning and the ending of time. Shadoe Rage, the greatest warrior to ever live, was fated to take down Terry Shane III. He thinks he's so hot? He can't duck me tonight. He won't duck me tonight. And Jason Dane, these two violations of the Gallifreyan laws of time, have got something unscrewed in their brain pans if they think they're going to get to him before me.

[Rage reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crumpled wax paper bag. He tosses it to the Rave.]

SR: Here, have a jelly baby and stay the hell out of my way.

SDOG: Gyzzrus! These sucrabits are all licorice!

SR: It'll have to do.

[Just then...]

?: I know a party when I see one...

[... in walks Hannibal Carver. Adorned in black combat boots, camouflage shorts that reach his knees and his usual black hooded sweatshirt. Carver grins, pulling off his hood as he crushes an empty can of Miller High Life and tosses it to the side.]

HC: ... and this is it. Three men with an axe to grind with my personal favorite subject. The Shane Gang.

[Carver turns to the camera.]

HC: Terry, of all the times I tried to teach yeh about respect, about not bitin' off more than yeh can chew... and it comes to this. For someone with as big a mouth as yers, yeh'd think yeh'd keep a smaller profile. But no, it wasn't enough that yeh got my attention. It wasn't enough that yeh tried to end my career and leave me begging for change in the streets... yeh had to go and tick off every man, woman and child that ever set their eyes on an AWA show.

[Carver nods to Shadoe Rage, and then to The Rave.]

HC: This here? This is just the starting lineup. What yeh see here are just the men that are looking to knock yer block off and smack the taste out of yer cronies' mouths because of personal issues. Nevermind all the men that're gunnin' for yeh because yeh got what they want. Yeh get a shot at the big brass ring, the big belt.

[Carver chuckles.]

HC: I say nevermind them... because they're never even gonna get within a mile of yeh. They're never gonna get the chance to knock yeh off yer pedestal.

[Carver smiles.]

HC: Not when us four here end the night by choppin' up that pedestal for kindling.

[Carver cracks open another can as Dane speaks.]

JD: Hannibal, you've met members of Terry Shane III's personal army before and have fallen victim to their cheating ways... what makes you confident tonight will be any different?

SDOG: Dane, you jacksaw! Show respect! That jaggo is one of the ancestors of uberbrawl!

HC: Jaggo?

JJ: Frally! Everybody in 2032 knows your unitname is synonymous with stabbing people legally. That's why (in anciespeak) stabbing with a utensil in a downward motion is called (in futurevocalingo) tehcarvahnation, but only if (in anciespeak) you can't get arrested for it!

[Carver stands there, staring with a bewildered look on his face at The Rave. Finally he grins, finishing off the rest of his brew before speaking into the mic.]

HC: I don't know what the HELL yeh just said, little kid.

[Carver slaps Jerby Jazz on the shoulder.]

HC: But yeh reached in, and touched me oirish heart.

[Carver cackles as The Rave, Shadoe Rage and Jason Dane look at him incredulously.]

HC: And hell... last time when I called these boys out to have my back? Afterwards they went and showed me a sports almanac from 2032. Turns out, all those times those cowards cheated to rob me of the winner's purse? I was meant to win those. So on top of everything else they've done, they're messing with the timeline and probably causing apes to take over the United States of America.

JD: Oh come no--

HC: I ah... I might've had too much to drink.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: But that doesn't change one simple fact. It's the fourth. I've had some burgers and I've had some dogs. I've tied one on. Now there's only one thing left.

[Carver grins as he cracks his knuckles.]

HC: See yeh chumps out there... time to pay the piper.

[The foursome storm out of view, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: I...uhh... I don't even know what to say after that. It's going to be an interesting night here in Atlanta. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more action here at Opportunity Knocks so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action to a panning shot of Russ Chandler Stadium where we can see a pretty steady (but light) rain has started to fall.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to Opportunity Knocks where the rain is coming down but it is doing nothing to dampen the spirit of these fans here in Atlanta who are on hand to see one of the most unpredictable nights in AWA history.

BW: There's no telling who is going to come out here next, Gordo!

GM: This is the chance of a lifetime. Any wrestler in the back... whether they're a former champion, a seasoned veteran, a bright eyed greenhorn on the cusp of breaking into the business...this is a shot at making something of themselves. Tonight about is making a name for yourself and writing your own history books. This is a moment that each and every wrestler in the back has been waiting a lifetime for! The opportunity to knock on the AWA front door, let yourself in, and hang your hat wherever you feel like it!

[Static.]

GM: No. Not them.

BW: You said anyone!

GM: He's already the Number One Contender to the World Title. Who could they possibly NEED to call out?! Half the guys in the locker room already want to stomp a mud print in their faces!

[The lights in the Atlanta arena dim swiftly and the arena plunges into shadow, save an emerald spotlight that backlights the entranceway. An entranceway blocked not by a black curtain, but a single sheet of white paper. This allows five silhouettes to be made out, none overly large by any means. One woman, four men -- do you really need it hammered into your head who they are?]

GM: Here comes...

BW: The Shane Gang!

GM: Yes.

[First through the curtain is the highest flying Atomic Blonde mohawk in the business, Donnie White -- all five foot ten and two hundred and five pounds of sheer aerial insanity. Behind him come out the fastest rising tag team in the industry -- the ying, yang, and whole shebang of Shane Gang muscle -- The Ring Workers. Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. The Ring Leader steps out next, looking as refined and distinguishable as ever. Thronged in his signature emerald robe, his shoulder length black hair twisted and knotted into a small bun across the nape of his neck. Tagging along behind him, arms draped over his shoulders, is none other than woman setting off alarms in wrestling arenas nationwide; the Siren. Miss Sandra Hayes is everything you have ever thought was wrong about women, bottled together in a pretty package. A long fall of tar black hair falls to the middle of her back, the skirt of her deep green, plunging halter dress swishing upward as she spins in a pirouette, breaking away from the back of Terry Shane III.]

BW: Humina-himina... are there words for this woman?

GM: Yes, they're words that I won't use on national television.

[The Siren playfully splits between the rest of the Shane Gang and gallops her way towards the ring while the rest of them methodically march behind her. None of the members even flinch towards the fans who nearly hurl themselves over the railing trying to reach out to them. White goes as far as to shrug a kid's hands off his shoulder without even glaring in his direction. The young boy retreats back into the hands of his father whose screams go unnoticed by any of the members who brush on by.]

GM: One of the most determined young factions I have ever come across in all my years. I may not agree with their ethics or ways, but these four are fearless and forceful, and so far, they've been doing one heck of a job making people take notice.

BW: Was that a compliment?

GM: It was a statement, Bucky. One I had to will myself to even spit out from the deepest parts of my body and I'm already regretting judging by that sheepish little grin on your face.

BW: Feels good to speak the truth, don't it?!

[The cavalry enter and spread themselves throughout the ring. It's Terry Shane III who callously creeps forward, staring down at the single microphone that lays flat in the center of the ring. The Ring Leader positions himself over it, bending at the waist... feints towards it... only to straighten back up and tease the crowd as he shakes his head and steps aside. An exuberant Miss Hayes nearly snatches it right up, coiling it in-between her finely manicured fingertips.]

Miss Sandra Hayes (MSH): Goooooooooooooooooooooood evening, Savannah, Georgia!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: Really? Is she going to intentionally mistake the city names every week?

BW: Some of these people might actually be from Savannah, Georgia. They need love too... I mean.... they're from Savannah.

MSH: I said, "Good evening."

[The boos continue to reign down while there's some scattered cheers and boyish screams from some of the male audience members. Lenny Strong carefully pulls the microphone from his partner-in-crime's lips to his own. His baritone is a hell of a lot more arrogant than hers.]

LS: All the lady said was, "Hello". You don't have to be so rude about it!

[This doesn't sit well...with anyone.]

MSH: My name is Miss Sandra Hayes, as if you didn't already know, and nearly a year ago today I stood before you as some attractive girl-next-door bedroom poster fantasy that you didn't know by name and this man beside me was politely and eloquently explaining to you all that in just a short time... you would not only know who WE are, but you'd be soiling your whitey tighties at the chance to watch him in action.

We promised you wrestling. ReeEEEEEEal southern, grind it out, in your face, wrestling - not that ring-around-the-pony nonsense garbage that guys like Supreme Wright learned at the Combat Carnival!

[This draws some more boos as Aaron Anderson holds his hands out as Miss Hayes just bats him away mouthing, "No not you."]

MSH: Then we promised you results. Quick, life changing, earth shattering, time erasing, miiind blowing results.

Then.

THEN!

We promised you change. Now I'm not talking about Barack Obama kind of change. No I'm talking about Benny "Make it Rain" Franklin kind of change! And at Memorial Day Mayhem...

[Hayes pauses, pursing her lips, fighting the excitement of this ever-so-dramatic pause.]

MSH: We changed the FACE of this company. FOREVER!

Not Juan Vasquez! Not Supernova! Not Sultan Sharif
Azambottomwhateverhisnamewas!

BW: Did she just say Sharif Azam has an awesome...bottom?

GM: You must've mistaken me for someone who cares what this she-devil has to say.

[Hayes continues.]

MSH: In one shining perfect time stopping moment... the very soil this company was built upon was dug up...and replanted! As we all watched a bright, shining star RISE UP above the rest that night right where he belongs... right where we said he would be... right when the AWA needed a new hero more than ever before! So I'm positively certain that you are alllllll asking yourselves the same simple little question; what now?

What could the Shane Gang POSSIBLY want?!

[Miss Hayes leans languorously against Aaron Anderson; she waves indolently to the crowd. Anderson stands with his arms folded, his murky hazel eyes looking for any sort of threat lurking in the distance.]

MSH: Surely, the mighty Shane Gang doesn't need an opportunity...

...because quite frankly, we've already taken it away from everyone else back there whose eyes are glued to the television sets as we speak PRAYING that none of these men call out their name. But fret not my fearful foes... if you are on the AWA roster right now, you are safer than a four year old little girl tucked into bed by Sweet Daddy Williams with a tooth under her pillow and the window cracked four feet wide!

GM: I'm not sure I even know what that means.

MSH: My colleagues have already seen great success in this wrestling community. They are on the verge of claiming championships upon championships and don't need to "call out" worthwhile competitors to prove themselves to you or anyone else! Quite simply, the array of talent gathered

beside me is TRUE professional wrestling royalty. So it cannot be success we are seeking or a chance to prove to you people that we are worthy of your time and effort.

So what IS it exactly, you say?!

What could we possibly want? Why go through all this trouble? Why put on this big charade if it's not success, personalized foam fingers, title shots, groupies, fame, or even late night infomercials that we want? Does every man and woman not yearn for these things? Is that not why young stars in the locker room will lace their sequined wrestling boots with matching arm tassels and underwear in an effort to impress old fossils like Bobby Taylor and Todd Michaelson that they are worthy of their praise? What we want is something grander than those things. What we want is simple, and what we want...

We WILL have.

[She closes her fingers around the top rope, almost like she's choking the thing. Her lips curl slightly, the barest sneer coming to her face. It's the only real emotion she's shown.]

MSH: We.

Want.

Power.

We want to make your heroes suffer, just as we have suffered. We want to make your heroes cry and beg and plead and ACHE for success that they know will never be granted to them. We want the chance to stand here, in the stinking armpit of Georgia and crush the dreams of four-score new faces!

GM: What?

BW: What?!

MSH: We know that there's a handful of young, unsigned, and unproven talent back there just DYING to make a name for themselves. So if you're listening... if you've been waiting all night to get the nerve to come down to the ring. This is YOUR time. This is your CHANCE!

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

[Miss Hayes slams the mic down as Shane, Anderson, Strong, and White all ready themselves in the ring. The crowd begin to stir, leaning over one another, eyes fixated on the entrance way.]

GM: Am I hearing her right? The Shane Gang are challenging ANYONE back there not signed to an AWA contract the chance to come out to the ring and take them on four on four?!

BW: It's the shot of a lifetime!

GM: It's a death sentence! These four are a well oiled machine together! You can't just pluck four guys out of the back and expect them --

[Before Gordon can finish his sentence an individual bursts out of the entrance way, throwing his hands out wide as he poses in the aisle.]

GM: That's Willie Hammer! That's one of our very owns latest discoveries! Sweet Daddy Williams found this kid tossing opponents around like rag dolls at a local show when we were out in Los Angeles for SuperClash last year! He's been training in the Combat Corner ever since, trying to get a window of opportunity to sign an AWA contract!

[Suddenly another wrestler... leaner, lighter, and even younger... comes somersaulting into view. He shoots up to his feet and quickly snaps his entire body around, landing perched on one knee.]

GM: Jumpin' Johnny Skye! I've never seen him in action but I've heard the stories about this one! This kid can soar with the best of them!

BW: He's built like a Q-tip.

[Then two more men step out. Both physical specimens in their own right. Both built like brickhouses. Both stacked from head to toe with muscle after muscle ripping through their shirts.]

GM: Jimmy Oates! And... that's Harris Cotton! Two of the fastest rising students out of Florida State Wrestling! These young guns are no joke!

BW: Geez, don't you have a life outside of here? You could have just called them Tito, Jackie, Marlan, and Jermaine and I wouldn't have known the difference. I don't see a star in the bunch.

GM: These kids are hungry. REAL hungry.

[Just as the four men begin their long awaited trek down to the ring two bedazzled and colorful individuals come BURSTING through the back... ripping their way through them and knocking Johnny Skye over the railing and into the front row of the stands.]

GM: THE RAVE! JERBY JEZZ AND SHIZZ DAWG OG ARE ABSOLUTELY BLAZING A TRAIL TO THE RING!

BW: NO! GUYS, LISTEN TO ME! STOP THIS AT ONCE!

[As Bucky Wilde stands up and tries to scream out to the Rave an even faster individual comes barreling out from the back, hot on their trail.]

GM: IT'S SHADOE RAGE!

[Not to be out done, but trotting noticeable behind Rage, comes the furious freight train known as the Strangler.]

GM: IT'S CARVER! These guys have been DYING to get their hands on the Shane Gang!

[The Rave recklessly launch themselves into the ring, HURLING their contorted and twisting bodies towards Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong...

...who topple over upon impact!]

GM: Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG! They're going right for the jugular!

[Shadoe Rage leaps onto the ring apron, pushes off of it, pushing himself up into the air where he plants his feet into the top rope and SPRINGBOARDS himself into the air...

...and then CRUSHES his clenched fists over the head of the Atomic Blonde, driving him into the canvas!]

BW: No! Not him!

[Hannibal Carver rushes up the ring steps, grabs the top rope...pulls back...sets himself to fly into the air...

...only to watch Terry Shane III drop to the mat and roll out the backside of the ring. Shane yells out to Miss Hayes who stands in the center of the ring, protecting herself as she swings her branding iron around over head with her eyes closed. Carver steps into the ring, moving towards her.]

BW: Get out of their! How will you ever bare my children if you don't get the heck outta the ring, Sandra!

[Carver reaches out, snatching the branding iron...HIS branding iron... mid flight and he flings it to the outside. Suddenly Miss Hayes opens her eyes and as they do, her jaw drops along with them. Hannibal Carver stands before her, his chest pressed inches from her face. She rears back, her fist clenching the mic, and swings forward...

...only to have him catch and tightly clutch her hands in his, forcing her to drop the mic right into his free hand.]

GM: Carver's got the mic!

HC: Heh, I been waitin' a long time fer this. Terry...I'm callin' your arse --

GM: No!

[Just as Carver is about to finish his sentence, Jerby Jezz dashes in front of him and snatches the mic from his hand. He holds it up over his head and begins bouncing ecstatically around the ring...

...only to have Shadoe Rage sneak up behind him and rip it right out of his hand.]

GM: Rage has got the mic! What in the world is --

[Rage turns his body away from Jezz...

...only to bump right into Shizz Dawg OG who wraps his hands around it as well. Then Jezz begins pulling on his own partner, trying desperately to assist him in tugging it away from Shadoe Rage.]

GM: This is pandemonium! These guys are all fighting over that mic! I guess it was bound to happen sooner or later!

BW: I still feel kind of bad for those other guys who got plowed over by them. It's like someone just bought them an ice cream cone and then slapped it out of their hand.

GM: What -- you're nuts! Someone has got too --

BW: Carver!

[Hannibal Carver reaches over Rage with both hands...

...and YANKS it free from the grip of Shadoe Rage and Shizz Dawg OG!]

GM: Yes! Do it! Do it now!

[Carver holds the mic over his right shoulder and back pedals away from the group who are practically salivating in front of him, inching themselves closer like demon possessed gremlins. Carver holds out his left hand and mouths, "Wait. Wait!" Just as he calms the group down a much smaller individual pounces up onto the apron behind him...

...positing her lips right over the open mic that is clutched in the madman's hands.]

MSH [screeching]: THE SHANE GANG CHALLENGE ALL FOUR OF YOU!

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: What is she... she didn't mean it! She takes it back!

[Terry Shane looks shocked at Miss Hayes who is fuming.]

GM: Did that really just happen?! Did she just lay down an eight man tag team challenge for right now?!

BW: I think she did! It's a mistake, Gordo! A slip of the tongue!

GM: Is this where I'm supposed to make a joke about Hayes and her tongue?

BW: Oh, I wish you would.

[The bell sounds... and all hell breaks loose!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[There is fighting all over the ring at the sound of the bell as Jerby Jezz throws himself at Aaron Anderson with a leaping forearm smash. Shizz Dawg OG is the victim of a pair of quick forearms out of Lenny Strong as Donnie White gets jabbed straight back into the ropes by Shadoe Rage...

...who takes him over the top rope with a clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! WHITE'S OUT TO THE FLOOR!!

[Rage quickly points to the corner, scrambling to get to the top rope as Terry Shane throws himself at the buckles, grabbing Rage around the leg.]

GM: Shane's got ahold of Shadoe Rage's leg! He's trying to keep him from diving off the top onto Donnie White but- ohh! Rage kicks him away!

[The big boot to the mush sends Shane staggering backwards into the waiting arms of Hannibal Carver who hooks a side waistlock and DUMPS Shane on the back of his head to a huge cheer!]

GM: CARVER DROPS SHANE!!

[Shane promptly rolls out to the floor where Miss Sandra Hayes rushes to his side as Strong and Anderson attempt a double whip. Jerby Jezz ducks down, running straight as his partner leapfrogs over him, running as well...

...and they leap up in tandem, scoring a double flying forearm smash on both members of the Ring Workers!]

GM: Ohh!

[Jezz grabs Strong by the arm as S-DAWG does the same to Anderson...]

GM: Double whip and... BOOM! They collide in the center of the ring!

[Staggering out, Anderson gets grabbed by the head and HURLED over the top rope by Shadoe Rage!]

GM: ANDERSON GOES TO THE FLOOR AS WELL!!

[With Lenny Strong all alone inside the ring, Jerby Jezz shoves him towards Carver who drops Strong with a right hand.]

GM: Big right hand knocks Strong flat...

[As Strong staggers back up, he catches a left jab out of Rage. A second one follows... a third... a fourth... a fifth... a sixth...

...and then a big windup haymaker that connects solidly, sending Strong spinning away towards The Rave who catch the incoming Strong, sending him sailing with a double backdrop!]

GM: They're handin' it to the Shane Gang to start this one off and-

[Strong staggers up and a double dropkick out of The Rave sends him flipping backwards over the top rope and crashing down on the rapidly-becoming-muddy infield dirt.]

GM: Ohh! Strong goes down hard!

[Aaron Anderson races to his partner's side, dragging a now-muddy Strong off the ground and up to his feet...

...which makes him easy prey as Shizz Dawg OG drops down to all fours, allowing a charging Jerby Jezz to step off his partner's back, throwing himself over the top rope, and crashing down onto both Ring Workers with a crossbody that wipes both men out!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Jezb Jezz climbs to his feet, throwing his arms apart to a roar from the crowd.]

GM: And suddenly, we find The Rave earning the love of these fans here in Atlanta!

[Jezb pulls Strong off the mat, rolling him back under the ropes inside the ring where the rest of his team has vacated out to the ring apron.]

GM: So, it appears as though Jerby Jezb and Lenny Strong are going to be the legal men starting off this eight man tag team affair.

[Strong drags himself to his feet, throwing a forearm to the side of the skull of Jerby Jezb, knocking him down to a knee. He grabs a hand filled with Jezb's hair, winding up his right arm...]

GM: Big forearm comin' up and-

[Jezb ducks down, causing Strong to miss badly, falling off-balance as Jezb reaches up, dragging him down into a schoolboy...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Strong kicks out with power, scrambling up to his feet as Jezb does the same. Jezb lunges forward, throwing a big chop across the chest. He gives a wild yelp, throwing rapid-fire chops to the pectorals!]

GM: Good grief! Jerby Jezz is on fire!

[The sub-200 pound Jezz dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and getting snatched up in the arms of Strong who pivots and DRIVES Jezz into the canvas with a snapping powerslam! Strong pushes up to his knees, flashing a single bicep pose to the jeering crowd...]

GM: Strong scores with the big powerslam and-

[The kneeling Strong gets caught with a running low dropkick to the face from Shizz Dawg OG!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[S-DAWG pops to his feet, giving a shout as Aaron Anderson steps in, charging at him...

...and running right into a drop toehold that takes Anderson down hard, his upper chest slamming into the middle rope!]

GM: Anderson gets taken down... ohh! Hannibal Carver with a running boot to the skull!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Shadoe Rage grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping up, springing off the middle rope, twisting his body...

...and DROPPING a leg across the back of Anderson’s neck to a big cheer!]

GM: OHHH! This is something else, fans! Who would’ve thought that Carver, Rage, and The Rave would be working together so well here tonight in this one?!

BW: Miss Hayes and the Ring Leader need to call a timeout!

GM: There are no timeouts in the world of professional wrestling and you know that as well as I do, Bucky.

[Shizz Dawg comes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air, swinging his legs through the middle rope...

...and SMASHES his shins into the face of Anderson, sending him sprawling back inside the ring!]

GM: Good grief!

[Donnie White quickly scales the top turnbuckle, ignoring the protesting referee before leaping off the top, catching a rising Jerby Jezz in the back with a dropkick.]

GM: Oh my! Dropkick off the top by White!

[The blow sends Jezz sailing towards his partner who lifts him up in an inverted atomic drop position, racing towards a rising White...

...and lets go, allowing Jezz to hook a headscissors, spinning around the shocked White, and snapping him down to the mat where White promptly bails out to the floor!]

GM: The Rave clears out Donnie White as well!

[Shizz Dawg celebrates his partner's big move...

...which allows Lenny Strong to get to his feet, grabbing S-DAWG from behind, dumping him with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Ohh! S-DAWG gets folded up off the suplex... Jerby Jezz comes at Strong...

[Jezz leaps up, looking for another headscissors. Strong swings him around once...

...and then drops to his rear, dropping Jezz down in a big splash on his own partner!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Strong pops up, slapping himself across the chest as he turns towards the opponents' corner...

...where Shadoe Rage comes flying off the top, dropping a double axehandle across the skull!]

BW: The referee ain't got no control of this one, Gordo!

GM: He certainly doesn't!

[Strong rolls out to the floor as Rage stands in the middle of the ring, pointing a finger at Terry Shane and then drawing a "line in the sand" in the middle of the ring, inviting Shane into the squared circle.]

GM: Shadoe Rage wants a piece of Terry Shane!

[Shane slides behind the ringpost, shaking his head as he drops to the floor to kneel down next to a fallen Lenny Strong.]

GM: But Terry Shane wants no part of Shadoe Rage!

BW: That's a bold-faced lie, Gordo. Shane's out there trying to help his partners and you accuse him of cowardice!

GM: There's a big ol' yellow stripe down his back, Bucky. I can see it from here!

[We can hear Miss Hayes close to the announce position shouting, "YOU CALLING HIM A COWARD, OLD MAN!?"]

BW: He was, Sandra! He was!

GM: I call things exactly as I see 'em and right now, I see Terry Shane trying to hide from Shadoe Rage.

[Rage exits the ring, standing next to Hannibal Carver on the apron as Aaron Anderson climbs to his feet, pulling Jerby Jezz up off the canvas...]

GM: Jerby Jezz is still the legal man however, I think Aaron Anderson is NOT!

BW: It don't matter at this point 'cause the referee don't know the difference.

[Reaching down, Anderson yanks Jezz off the mat, tugging him into a gutwrench. He lifts the much-smaller man off the mat, carrying him in gutwrench position out into the middle of the ring...

...where he powers him up, flipping him over...]

GM: What the-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS him down across a bent knee backfirst!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!!

BW: He calls that Tobacco Road and man, is it effective! Jerby Jezz just about got split in two off that one and Anderson may have him finished off.

[Anderson appears to be on the verge of a cover when Terry Shane climbs back up on the apron, slapping the top turnbuckle and shouting at Anderson. The first graduate of the Combat Corner nods before smashing Jezz' head into the same turnbuckles and making the tag.]

GM: Oh, and now Terry Shane wants in there. Now that Jezz is hurting and in trouble, of course he wants in there.

BW: That's smart. Good leadership out of the third generation superstar.

[Shane steps in, burying knee after knee into the midsection of Jerby Jezz to the jeers of the crowd. He pulls the wounded Jezz into a double underhook, dragging him out to the middle of the ring where he lays in knee after knee to the head and face of the Rave member...]

GM: Terry Shane is bringing the pain to Jerby Jezz with those knees to the skull!

[Keeping the double underhook, Shane yanks him around so that the Salience is facing the opposition's corner...

...and rips Jezz up and over with a bone-rattling suplex!]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex out of Shane... and he's right back up, making the tag to Donnie White. He didn't stick around long, Bucky.

BW: Why should he? Hit and move, keep the fresh man in...

GM: White grabs the top rope... slingshot!

[An attempt at a somersault senton goes awry when Jezz brings the knees up, causing pain to shoot down the back of the Atomic Blonde who flails about on the mat as Jezz crawls towards his corner...

...and slaps the hand of Hannibal Carver!]

GM: CARVER'S IN ON THE TAG!!

[Carver comes in quick, pulling a rising Donnie White off the mat, jerking him up to his feet into a head and leg grasp...

...and HURLS him overhead and down to the mat with a T-Bone suplex!]

GM: OHHH! Carver tossed him like he was nothing!

[Lenny Strong reaches in from the floor, grabbing at Carver's ankle...

...and gets his fingers stomped in response!]

GM: Hah! Strong tried to interfere and he paid the price for it!

BW: That's not funny! He could've broken the man's fingers!

GM: If he had, Strong would've had it coming!

BW: Gordo! What the heck's gotten into you?!

[Carver grabs a rising White by the arm, firing him across into the neutral corner. He charges in after him, swinging his forearm at the last minute to PASTE White in the face with it!]

GM: Goodness!

[He reaches up, hooking White by the mohawk...

...and HURLS him out of the corner by the hair, sending him crashing down to the canvas. From outside the ring, Aaron Anderson takes a swing at Carver, earning a haymaker in response that sends him sailing down to the floor.]

GM: Big right hand out of Carver...

[Terry Shane again slinks away, down onto the ringsteps as he watches Carver unleash physical punishment on his entire group. Carver pulls White up to his feet again, lifting him high and doing a full spin with him before slamming him hard to the canvas...]

GM: Carver plants him with a slam... look out!

[Stepping back, Carver throws his arms wide to his side and falls forward, smashing his skull into White's!]

GM: Falling headbutt and a beauty from the man from Boston!

[White lies on the canvas, flailing and kicking his legs as Carver climbs back to his feet, looking out at Terry Shane...

...and then slapping his elbow three times.]

GM: Carver's calling for the Mind Eraser!

BW: He's trying to send a message to Terry Shane!

GM: Shane's looking right at him, Bucky. I think he's receiving the message loud and clear!

[Carver crouches down, waiting and watching as Donnie White rolls to his stomach, trying to push up to his knees as Sandra Hayes screaming a warning from the floor...]

GM: White doesn't seem like he can hear Hayes and- what the-?!

[The crowd jeers as Anderson and Strong each grab a leg on Carver from the floor, jerking him down to the mat and outside the ring where they each grab an arm...

...and HURL him spinefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH!

[Strong ducks down, lifting Carver up over his shoulder...

...and then lets go, allowing Anderson to CREAM him with a European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Carver might be out cold! Get the ref over there 'cause the Shane Gang may have just achieved a superior countout victory!

[The referee steps near the ropes, reprimanding Anderson and Strong who take off just as Jerby Jezz and Shadoe Rage rush into view. He reluctantly starts a ten count...]

GM: The official has started the count and Carver may be in some trouble here. The ref forces Jezz and Shadoe away before they can help their partner and you may be right, Bucky... Carver may be about to get himself counted out here.

[The count reaches three as Shizz Dawg OG shouts "GET UP, FRITZWALLER!" to some cheers.]

GM: What did he just call him?

BW: I honestly have no idea on that one. I left my decoder ring at home.

GM: Can I get one of those?

[Jerby Jezz mounts an adjacent corner, slamming his open hand into the top turnbuckle, trying to rally the fans to support Carver's efforts to get back to his feet as he pushes up off the mat.]

GM: His team's getting the fans behind him as Carver's up to a knee. The count is up to six though... can he make it back in before the ten count?

[Carver struggles up to his knees at seven, looking towards the ring where Donnie White is back up, waving for Carver to get in...]

GM: We're at eight!

BW: Count faster, you idiot! This referee MUST be from Atlanta!

GM: At nine!

[A lunging dive under the ropes gets Carver back in before ten to the cheers of the crowd and the annoyance of Donnie White who lunges onto Carver's back, throwing hammerfists at the back of the head and neck!]

GM: The Atomic Blonde is all over him! Rights and lefts to the back of the skull!

[White yanks Carver up by the arm, moving to the corner where he tags in Lenny Strong.]

GM: The tag is made to Strong who steps in, winds up, and lays into Carver with a big elbow across the cranium!

[Shoving Carver back into the Shane Gang corner, Strong opens fire with a series of brutal forearm shots to the jaw before twisting his body to deliver back elbows repeatedly from the same position...]

GM: Good grief! Strong's tearing into him...

[A headbutt caps off the attack, knocking Carver down to a seated position in the corner as he slaps the hand of Aaron Anderson... who slaps the hand of Terry Shane... who slaps the hand of Donnie White...]

GM: What in the...?

[All four members of the Shane Gang quickly get inside the ring, each spreading out across the squared circle...

...and dashing back in, leaving their feet in unison for a quadruple dropkick on the seated Carver!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Impressive teamwork right there out of the Shane Gang!

BW: They were all legal too!

GM: I suppose that’s a subject for debate but the referee allowed it and he’s pointing at Donnie White, saying White is the current legal man in the match.

BW: Makes sense since he made the final tag.

[White grabs Carver by the ankle, dragging him out of the corner to the middle of the ring...

...and pointing to the top rope!]

BW: Uh oh! Fight Atomic Blonde is about to take off! Clear the runway, daddy!

GM: Donnie White seems quite confident in his aerial skills... I’m not sure he has reason to be though. They seem to backfire more often than not for him, Bucky.

BW: No way! Donnie White’s money from the high rent district!

[White steps to the apron, scaling the buckles as the crowd begins to buzz with anticipation of what’s coming next...]

GM: White’s up top! He’s going to fly!

[The Atomic Blonde leaps from his perch again, hanging in the air for an eternity as he tucks his arms and legs...]

GM: ATOMIC MASH!

[...and LANDS backfirst on the raised knees of Carver!]

GM: OHHHH! DEAR GOD ALMIGHTY!!!

[White slumps off of Carver, reaching around to cradle his back as Hannibal begins to crawl towards his corner where three outstretched hands await him...]

GM: Carver's crawling! Carver's looking for a tag while Donnie White is in an extraordinary amount of pain, fans!

[Carver crawls on his hands and knees towards the corner...

...and makes a dive!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Shadoe Rage slingshots himself in over the top rope, rushing across the ring to lay in a running elbow to the skull on Aaron Anderson, knocking him off the apron. He wheels around, pasting Strong with a right hand that sends him down to the floor as well...

...and with a desperation reach, he grabs Terry Shane by the hair!]

GM: HE GOT SHANE! HE GOT SHANE!!

[Grabbing a second handful of Shane's hair, Rage uses the grip to bring him over the top rope, sending Shane down to the canvas!]

GM: He brings Terry Shane over the top rope the hard way!

[Pulling Shane off the mat, Rage pastes him with a right hand, sending him falling back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Terry Shane is NOT the legal man, fans! Do not mistake that!

[A big whip sends Shane across the ring where he slams backfirst into the turnbuckles. Rage twirls a finger around in the air before sprinting across in pursuit...

...and CONNECTS with a big running Yakuza kick in the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He grabs another handful of hair, walking Shane out to the center of the ring...

...where Shane reaches up, digging his fingers into the eyes of Rage!]

GM: Ohh! Shane goes to the eyes!

BW: He ain't even the legal man! Get him out of there, ref!

[Shane spins around, burying his boot into the abdomen of Rage, knocking him down to his knees...

...and then repeats the same kick, this time smashing his foot into Rage's face before walking out of the ring.]

GM: Shane lays out Rage and then walks out of there...

[Out on the floor, we see Jezz and S-DAWG suddenly yanked off the apron and HURLED spinefirst into the steel by the Ring Workers!]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Rage is all alone! They've taken out everyone else!

[With Rage down, Anderson and Strong roll in, dragging him up. Each man grabs an arm as Donnie White staggers up. They lift Rage up high enough for White to slip underneath, putting Rage's legs up on his shoulders...]

GM: What in the world?

[With all three men holding Rage up, they surge forward and SLAM him down into a powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH! TRIPLE POWERBOMB!!!

[White crawls into a cover as Anderson and Strong exit to the apron.]

GM: Donnie White's got him down for one... he's got two... he's got thr-

[Rage suddenly lifts a shoulder to a big cheer!]

GM: No, no! Out at two! Shadoe Rage is still in this thing!

[White angrily gets up, grabbing at his back in pain as he walks across the ring, tagging in Terry Shane...]

GM: Of course! Now Terry Shane wants a piece of Shadoe Rage... of course he wants him now when Rage is at his weakest after that big triple-team powerbomb!

[Shane steps in, stalking around the downed Rage, glaring at him. He leans down, pulling a wounded Rage off the mat by the hair...]

GM: There's no call for this, Bucky! If you're gonna get in there with him, just finish the man off and be done with it!

[Shane shouts at Rage, laying the badmouth on him to the jeers of the crowd. Holding the hair, he smashes Rage with a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Big forearm out of Shane!

[He does it again, allowing Rage to slump down to his knees afterwards. Shane stands over him, spreading his arms wide to the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: Terry Shane is taunting Shadoe Rage... just mocking him...

[Shane does a little twirl with his fingers, sneering at the booing fans as he leans in close...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and SLAPS Rage across the face!]

GM: OHHH! He slapped him! He slapped Rage and-

[Rage suddenly surges forward off his knees into a double leg takedown, causing the crowd to ERUPT to their feet in cheers as Rage begins hammering Shane with right hands!]

GM: HE'S ON HIM! HE'S ALL OVER HIM!!

[Rage's hammering blows has Shane scrambling to get away, dragging back up to his feet in the corner where a triple shots of overhead elbows has Shane hanging onto the top rope with both arms to stay on his feet.]

GM: Rage is dominating Terry Shane!

[Grabbing the top rope, Rage starts laying in kick after brutal kick to the torso of the Salience. He grabs the arm of Shane, whipping him across into the neutral corner. He rushes in after him...]

GM: Rage charges in hard!

[...and leaps up, looking for a clothesline but gets snatched out of the air by Shane who DRIVES him down across his bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SALIENT NIGHT BREAKER!!

[Rage crumples up into the fetal position, completely prone as Shane moves in again, stomping him in the side of the head repeatedly.]

GM: Shane's stomping on Rage! Turnabout is fair play, I suppose, and after that devastating backbreaker, Shane has completely turned this around on Shadoe Rage!

[Shane's stomps are brutal and precise, landing on the ear of Rage over and over again, leaving him down on the canvas. He spins angrily, looking at Miss Hayes.]

"THIS?! THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED?!"

[A few more stomps land before Shane strides to the corner, reaching out to slap the hand of Donnie White who tags Aaron Anderson who tags Lenny Strong.]

GM: They're doing this again?!

BW: I think they've got other ideas this time than the dropkick, Gordo.

[Showing the unity that has made them one of the toughest groups in the sport, each member of the Shane Gang grabs a limb on Shadoe Rage... Anderson and Strong grabbing the arms as Shane and White grab the legs...]

GM: What are they going for here?

[Shane gives a quick one-two-three count and together, they hoist Rage up into the air...]

...and HURL him a few feet above their heads where he plummets down to the mat, bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!!

[Rage lies motionless on the canvas as the Shane Gang files out of the ring, leaving Lenny Strong in there.]

GM: "Lights Out" Lenny Strong is the last man in there and as the legal man, he can make the cover on Shadoe Rage.

BW: He ain't doin' it though, Gordo... and that may be a mistake.

GM: It's a huge mistake in my book. Whenever you get the chance to put a man like Shadoe Rage down for a three count, you take it and be happy you got it!

[Strong leans down, dragging a limp Rage off the mat with both hands, pulling him straight up and steadying him...]

GM: He wants that elbow!

BW: He concusses with his kicks and he KOs with his elbows, daddy!

[Strong backs into the ropes, going into a full spin...]

GM: ELLLLLB-

[Rage slumps down, causing Strong to overshoot him with the elbow attempt...]

...and Rage blindly reaches back, hooking the arms of the off-balance Strong, and dragging him down into a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE! BACKSLIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Strong slips the shoulder out, breaking the nearfall to the disappointed roar of the crowd!]

GM: My stars, after all the abuse that Shadoc Rage has taken, he STILL almost managed to pull off the victory...

[An annoyed Strong scrambles to his feet, kicking Rage squarely in the face as he tried to get back up. A second kick knocks Rage back down to the mat as Strong stomps to his corner, tagging his partner's hand...]

GM: Strong brings in Anderson and the Ring Workers may be looking for one more of those devastating doubleteams before finishing off Shadoc Rage.

[Anderson slips in as Strong lifts Rage off the mat, pulling him up into a fireman's carry.]

BW: They're setting for the Demolition Driver!

[Strong does a full spin, nodding to the jeering crowd as Anderson spits on his hands, standing at the ready...]

GM: Here it comes, fans!

[Strong crouches and then lifts Rage up, flipping him off his shoulders towards a waiting Anderson who catches him, ready for a powerbomb...

...that Rage somehow turns into a rana!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE ALMOST GOT ANDERSON OUT OF NOWHERE!!

[A fuming Lenny Strong is forced out of the ring by the official as Shadoc Rage starts crawling towards his corner. Aaron Anderson is quick to get back to his feet though, grabbing Rage by the trunks from behind, yanking him to his feet...]

GM: Waistlock!

[Anderson sets for a German Suplex when Rage throws an elbow blindly back... then one to the other side of the head... and back to the original side of the head, breaking Anderson's grip. Rage spins, smashing him with an overhead elbow between the eyes that knocks Anderson to a knee!]

GM: Rage is loose! Rage is loose and-

[He makes a dive towards the corner, slapping the outstretched hands of BOTH members of The Rave!]

GM: DOUBLE TAG!!

BW: Wait! Which one is legal?!

[With a shrug, both members of The Rave rush into the ring, peppering a rising Aaron Anderson with punches and kicks as he gets back to his feet. Each grabs an arm, flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: They fire him in!

[Shizz Dawg OG drops down to the mat as Anderson hurdles over him, running right into a leaping back elbow out of Jerby Jezz to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Jezz floors him with an elbow!

[With Anderson reeling, The Rave pulls him back to his feet, hooking him...
...and taking him down hard with a double suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Nice doubleteam out of the Rave and-

BW: Strong's in!

[They greet an incoming Lenny Strong with a pair of boots to the gut, hooking him...

...and suplexing him right on top of a prone Anderson! BIG CHEER!]

GM: THE RAVE ARE GOIN' TO TOWN ON THE RING WORKERS!!

[With Strong piled up on top of Anderson, Shizz Dawg dashes to the ropes, bouncing off...

...and gets backdropped on top of the pile!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Jerby Jezz swings around, pumping his arms and legs up and down before dashing to the ropes, rushing off of them...

...and then slowly to a walk as he approaches the pile, waiting for Shizz Dawg to roll aside...]

GM: What is he...?

[...and then leaps up, flipping into a somersault senton across the back of Strong!]

GM: OHHH!

[Shizz Dawg rolls his partner aside, pulling Strong off the pile and chucking him through the ropes to the floor. He's busy pulling Anderson back up as Donnie White rushes in...

...and gets hiptossed so that his legs land on the shoulders of Anderson! Shizz Dawg yanks down hard on Anderson's mohawk, causing him to rana Anderson down to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: Haha! I've never seen that before!

[Jerby Jezz gets back into the picture, whipping his own partner into the ropes...

...and then leapfrogging as Shizz Dawg baseball slides under him, catching White flush in the face with a sliding dropkick before he can get back to his feet!]

GM: Good grief! The Rave are a blur of motion inside that ring right now!

[Shizz Dawg hops back to his feet, just in time to aid his partner in a double whip on Anderson, shooting him off the ropes...]

GM: Double boot downstairs!

[Shizz Dawg drops to his back, grabbing Anderson's arms, pulling down on them as he presses his feet up against the side of Anderson's face...]

BW: What in the...?

[Jerby Jezz breaks into a a dash, hitting the ropes behind Anderson who has slumped to a knee. Jezz leaps up, stepping on the back of Anderson and immediately leaping up again...

...and DOUBLE STOMPING the back of Anderson's skull, smashing his face into S-DAWG's raised feet!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Still holding the arms, S-DAWG switches the grip his legs into a headscissors, pulling the arms and rolling Anderson into a pinning predicament...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But a diving save by Terry Shane breaks up the pin attempt! Jerby Jezz quickly grabs Terry Shane by the arm, flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: Backdrop!

[But Shane pulls up short, dropping to a knee and cracking Jezz in the jaw with a right hand...

...and then HURLS him over the top rope with a handful of trunks!]

GM: OHHHH! JEZZ GOES TO THE FLOOR!!

[Terry Shane turns towards the fan favorites' corner, flashing a middle finger at Hannibal Carver who comes storming in...

...only to get cut off by the official!]

BW: Look at Carver! What a moron that guy is!

[With Carver being held back, Terry Shane turns to his corner where Lenny Strong steps back into the ring, catching Shizz Dawg by the hair and throwing him back to the corner. Strong takes a three step dash, leaping into the air to land a big forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh! Strong connects with the forearm...

[Strong grabs a handful of hair, rushing him towards Shane who hooks him around the torso, taking S-DAWG over with a released Northern Lights Suplex, sending S-DAWG bouncing off the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shane pops back to his feet, dusting off his hands as he steps out to the apron, leaving a slowly rising Aaron Anderson to stumble into the corner, tagging Strong in officially...]

GM: The tag is made... the Ring Workers pulling S-DAWG off the mat...

[Anderson pulls Shizz Dawg into a standing headscissors, muscling him up into powerbomb position as Strong rushes towards the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back...

...and CRACKS S-DAWG with an elbow to the jaw, sending him toppling backwards where Anderson POWERBOMBS him to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Strong dives into a cover as Anderson bails out to the apron.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jerby Jezz deadleaps to the top rope from the apron, springing off...

...and throwing his body across the back of Strong to break up the pin!]

GM: Another nearfall broken up by Jerby Jezz!

[An irate Strong gets up, pasting Jezz with a pair of hard forearms to the side of the head. He grabs an arm, flinging him towards the fan favorites'

corner but Jezz drops into a slide, preventing his crash into the buckles as Strong charges him, leaping up as Jezz dives aside!]

GM: OHH! Strong hits the corner!

[Shadoe Rage grabs Strong by the back of the head, dropping off the apron to snap Strong's throat off the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! Shadoe Rage gets involved as well!

[Strong stumbles backwards as Jezz rushes at him, connecting with a quickly-thrown front dropkick, knocking Strong backwards into his own corner where he slaps the hand of Donnie White!]

GM: In comes the Atomic Blonde...

[Into a Jerby Jezz Japanese armdrag, sending White down to the mat!]

GM: Jezz puts White down too!

BW: He's not the legal man!

[A fact that the referee points out as he steps in front of Jezz, preventing him from following up on White. White stumbles to his feet, pulling a rising Shizz Dawg up. He tucks his mohawked-head under S-DAWG's chin...

...and drops down to his rear, sitting out in a jawbreaker!]

GM: Ohh!

[S-DAWG snaps backwards, falling back into the neutral corner. White backs up into the opposite neutral corner, swinging his arms around in a cheesy fake martial arts movement...

....and proceeds to get flattened by Shadoe Rage who ran down the length of the apron to knock him down with a clothesline! The referee throws up his arms in frustration, moving to shout at Rage as White rolls out to the floor...]

GM: Donnie White rolls out! He got knocked flat and-

[The crowd ROARS as Hannibal Carver hops down on the floor, moving over to where the Atomic Blonde is getting back to his feet. Craver grabs an arm, flinging him towards the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[White stumbles off the railing, clutching his back...

...and gets elevated high up into the air, crashing down on the muddy infield dirt!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN IN THE DIRT GOES THE ATOMIC BLONDE!

BW: Carver ain't legal either! This ref is useless, Gordo!

GM: It's gonna take more than one referee to keep control of eight men like this, Bucky.

[Carver pulls White up by the hair, the crowd cheering at the smear of mud across his mohawk as Carver shoots the Atomic Blonde under the ropes into the ring where the recently-tagged in Shadoe Rage pulls White to his feet, drilling him with an overhead elbow between the eyes, knocking him back to the corner...]

GM: Rage puts him in the corner... right hand! Right hand! Big jabs to the mush!

[Grabbing a handful of mohawk, Rage rushes across the ring, slamming him headfirst into the top turnbuckle which sends White sailing through the air, crashing down to the canvas...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is having his way with Donnie White...

[As White gets up, Rage rushes at him, bringing up his elbow at the last second to connect between the eyes again!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Donnie White off the elbow!

[White rolls out to the apron, trying to get away from Rage who catches him there, scooping him up, and slamming him down to the canvas. He leans down, smacking an open palm into the chest before leaping into the air, burying his knee in the sternum of White on a kneedrop!]

GM: Rage scores with the kneedrop!

[Rage pops up to his feet, pointing a finger at Terry Shane who waves him towards him...

...which an angry Rage obliges, rushing the corner to throw a right hand at the Number One Contender to the World Title. Strong and Anderson quickly tie him up, hammering away with forearms and punches in the buckles...]

GM: The Ring Workers caught Rage in the corn-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Hannibal Carver stepping into the ring, lumbering across past a protesting official...

...and DRILLING Strong with a right hand, knocking him off the apron! A second haymaker knocks Anderson to the floor! Carver reaches out, grabbing Shane by the hair as Rage attempts to do the same...]

GM: We've got a fight in the corner and-

[With the brawl raging, Shizz Dawg and Jerby Jezz come tearing across the ring...

...where Rage and Carver turn, dropping down into backdrop position...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE RAVE JUST WIPE OUT THE RING WORKERS!!!

[Carver turns back to Shane, yanking him over the top rope by the hair. Shane rolls to his rear end, backpedaling like crazy as Carver and Rage approach him...]

GM: This is what they wanted! This is what these fans wanted! They all wanted to see Carver and Rage get their hands on Terry Shane here tonight in Atlanta!

[Shane finds himself up against the corner and makes a lunge to escape when Rage grabs him by the back of the trunks, pulling him back into the ring where he drills him with a right hand, sending him spinning towards Carver who hits one of his own...]

GM: They're pinballing Terry Shane back and forth between them!

[An overhead elbow by Rage sends Shane staggering back, spinning around into Carver's waiting arms...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! HE PLANTED HIM!!

[Carver pops up to his feet...

...and is immediately forced out of the ring by the official, leaving Shadoe Rage in there with Terry Shane. Rage promptly hops out to the ring apron, scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: Rage is heading up top! He's gonna come off with that elbow and that'll be all she wrote for Terry Shane!

[Rage poses up top, twirling a finger around in the air as the referee argues with Hannibal Carver...

...which is Sandra Hayes' cue to hop up on the apron, hurling her branding iron into the ring into the waiting hands of Donnie White!]

GM: WHITE'S GOT THE BRANDING IRON!!

[The Atomic Blonde winds up, rushing the corner...

...and SWINGS it full force into the side of Shadoe Rage's knee, forcing him to lurch to one side, losing his balance and falling all the way down to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Donnie White scores with the branding iron but-

BW: But he made a mistake and Rage went to the floor instead of down inside the ring where Donnie could finish him.

GM: The ref is rolling Terry Shane out... White and Rage are the legal men.

[Hayes kneels down, keeping the branding iron out of the official's view as Donnie White exits the ring, pulling Rage up off the wet grass. He uses Rage's lengthy hair to SLAM his skull into the ring apron once... twice... three times before shoving him back under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Anderson and Strong are back in... they've got the Rave down on the floor...

[White stands tall, directing traffic as Strong and Anderson take a seat on the top turnbuckle, joining their arms together...]

GM: What in the world is going on here?

[White climbs the ropes from the outside, watching to make sure Strong and Anderson are ready. Then, with a hand on Strong's shoulder, White steps up onto the joined arms, giving him even more height than the top rope. He straightens up, standing tall with his arms outstretched to try and keep his balance...]

GM: My god... my god almighty... what in the heck is Donnie White thinking here?! What is he-?

[The Atomic Blonde gives a loud whoop before hurling himself off the top, stretching out with his arms out to his side...]

GM: FLYING HEADBUTT OFF THE TOP!

[White sails through the air, plummeting from the crazy height down, down down...]

GM: HE-

[...and DOWN onto the canvas as Rage rolls aside!]

GM: -MISSED! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[White flips over to his back from the impact as Strong and Anderson look down in disbelief...]

...which gives Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG the window to grab the Ring Workers by the leg as Rage crawls across the ring...]

GM: Shadoo Rage has a chance! He needs to make the tag though! He needs to-

[Rage lunges!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Hannibal Carver makes the tag, stepping through the ropes and rampaging across the ring...

...where a big right hand sends Strong down to the floor where Jerby Jezz jumps atop him. A second haymaker knocks Anderson down to Shizz Dawg's feet!]

GM: CARVER TAKES OUT THE RING WORKERS!

[He takes a wild swing at Terry Shane who leans back, ducking out of the way as Carver turns around. He marches out to the middle of the ring, looking down at a prone Donnie White.]

BW: What's he gonna do to Donnie?!

GM: I have no-

[Carver lifts a hand, pointing at a cowering Terry Shane...

...and then points at the downed White.]

GM: Uh oh! He's gonna take out his rage towards Shane on Donnie White!

[The brawler from Boston leaps up, stomping down on the upper thigh of White. A second leap is followed by a stomp on the hip... then the arm... then the opposite arm... then the other leg...

He turns, sneering at Shane, leaping one final time...

...and STOMPS Donnie White on the side of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver turns, ready to make a cover when Terry Shane ducks through the ropes...]

GM: Carver with the Boot Party and Shane's coming in to break it up!

[A charging Shane runs right into Carver who pulls up before attempting the cover, catching Shane as he goes by in a full nelson, lifting him up into the air...

...and then sitting out with him, jamming Shane's tailbone into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! DORCHESTER DROP!!

[Carver climbs to his feet, setting up behind where Shane will rise, slapping his arm in rhythm to the clapping of the crowd...]

GM: He's calling for the Mind Eraser!

[Shane slowly starts to regain his feet, grabbing at his rear end as he climbs off the canvas, turning around...]

GM: BOOM! Forearm upside the head!

[The blow spins Shane around, giving some distance as Carver goes into a full spin, throwing a Rolling Elbow...]

GM: MIND ERAAAAAS-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DONNIE WHITE!! DONNIE WHITE JUST THREW HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THAT ELBOW SHOT!!

[With White down and Carver surprised, Shane dives through the ropes to the floor, leaving White alone as Carver drops down into a cover.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him! After over twenty-five minutes of action, Hannibal Carver pins Donnie White to give his team a big win over the Shane Gang in this eight man tag team battle!

BW: Donnie White saved his Ring Leader though, Gordo. That's the important part.

GM: What? How on Earth is THAT the important part?! It's not that Hannibal Carver has defeated Terry Shane? Or that The Rave have gained a much needed victory? Or that Shadoe Rage continues to climb the rankings of title contention? None of those are the important parts?!

BW: It's all relative, I guess.

GM: I don't think so. Hannibal Carver, Shadoe Rage, and The Rave scored a major upset here tonight in my opinion and in doing so, they've put themselves up into the conversation for every title picture. But when... when will Hannibal Carver and Terry Shane meet one on one to settle their issue once and for all?

[The camera cuts to the floor where a steaming mad Terry Shane is huddled up with Miss Sandra Hayes, staring at the ring where Carver points at Shane with a shout of "YOU'RE NEXT!" as we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action in a somewhat spartan locker room that, tonight, doubles as a dressing room are Dave Bryant and Yuma Weaver. Bryant is wearing his street clothes, while Weaver is still in his suit, minus the jacket.]

DB: So, Mr. Weaver, what, if anything, did you learn from tonight?

[Weaver arches an eyebrow slightly, then chuckles.]

YW: I learned that Glenn Hudson isn't smart enough to leave well enough alone, and I learned that Chris Staley is a man who should learn to mind his own business.

[Bryant nods as he turns to the camera.]

DB: You see? This man pays attention. I already suspected there was far more to Yuma Weaver than he was ever allowed to display -- the fact that, after we had our contest and he lost, he was able to swallow that bitter pill and call the man who had just beaten him helped prove it beyond the shadow of any doubt.

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Now, thanks to your negligence, thanks to your willingness to exploit and humiliate him, he works for me, and holy crap does he ever hate _every single one of you_. But...I digress.

[Bryant reaches down, hoisting the AWA World Television title belt into his lap.]

DB: Hudson, Staley, Williams, do the three of you see this? This is the AWA World Television title. Two of you have had a chance to take it from me, and two of you have failed miserably and been left a beaten heap in the middle of _my_ ring. I suppose, Staley, that you're trying to line yourself up as victim number three...well, maybe you can work it out with Cooper or one of the other wannabes trying to get in line for a shot, but in two weeks, I have a slightly different proposition for you and your two buddies.

[Bryant leans back, patting the TV title.]

DB: After so many successful title defenses, I think I'd like to take a night off of defending the belt, but I'm not so cruel as to deprive the good people of the AWA a chance to watch their Television champion in action, so, Hudson, since I know you won't ever be able to resist a chance to stand opposite me in the ring, why don't you drag Staley and Williams along with you and face myself, Mr. Weaver, and the King of the Battle Royals? I'm sure Alphonse Green would be more than tickled to get a chance to show Chris Staley why the Ground Chuck is HIS signature move, and while I've been impressed with Mr. Weaver's progress, I haven't gotten a chance to see him in action since he entered my employ.

[Weaver cracks his knuckles, and Bryant laughs.]

DB: So, how about it, fellas? Glenn Hudson, Sweet Daddy Williams, and Chris Staley versus Yuma Weaver, Alphonse Green, and the AWA Television Champion? The old, the fat, and the nobody versus the hungry, the vengeful, and the resurgent?

[Bryant grins.]

DB: See, I don't have to ask if you want that match, because the three of you are easier to read than a Dr. Seuss book in extra large print. You'll accept, you'll show up, you'll fight valiantly for the approval of your people, and then Yuma Weaver will stretch one of you out so damned badly that you'll BEG the referee to stop the match.

YW: Heh...it'd be my pleasure.

DB: You see? This man is ready, he is willing, and most unfortunately for the three of you, he is able. You will face a man unafraid to leave everything on the mat in an effort to prove himself -- not to the fickle fans of the AWA, but to his newfound, very generous employee. You will face a man trying to show the world that he belongs in the AWA, a man truly angry that someone else has decided to steal his favorite, unique wrestling maneuver. Worst of all, you face a man determined to rewrite a miserable legacy -- a man who will go to any lengths and sink to any depths in order to ensure victory. The three of you and whatever temporary alliance you cobble together in two weeks stands a snowball's chance in hell of emerging victorious -- hell, it'll be all you can do to survive.

[Bryant pats the AWA Television title.]

DB: Two weeks, and then --

YW: -- you regret ever kicking this particular hornet's nest.

[Bryant looks over at Yuma Weaver, then laughs as the camera cuts out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are sitting.]

GM: Wow! How about that, fans? Not only are challenges flying everywhere for action here tonight but Dave Bryant just issued a challenge for our next Saturday Night Wrestling pitting he, Yuma Weaver, and Alphonse Green against Sweet Daddy Williams, Glenn Hudson, and Chris Staley! What a match that's gonna be!

BW: IF they accept the challenge.

GM: Oh, I have no doubt that they will, Bucky. But right now, I'm being told we should prepare for the arrival of-

[The opening riff to "Bad to the Bone" cranks up over the loud speakers, transitioning into "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead. Fans are almost immediately on their feet, cheering for the duo about to make their appearance.]

BW: My second favorite tag team!

GM: Second favorite?

BW: Yeah, all the others are tied for first!

[First out is Justin Gaines. The young man, having just turned eighteen, is full of energy, bounding to the ringside with large steps, a bundle of youthful energy. He is in his now-customary ringside outfit of a black track jacket with blue trim, blue jeans with a leather belt, and cowboy boots.]

GM: The two men we are about to see formed a very improbable team, but through hard work and guts, they've climbed their way to the top of the tag team division. According to the Championship Committee who rank the teams, there is only one tandem better than these two men, and that would be the World Tag Team Champions, the Blonde Bombers.

[Coming out together are Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines, their appearance causing another loud roar from the crowd.]

BW: Whatever Gordo. We all know the reason these two are together. They each got something the other needs.

GM: You mean that Gunnar Gaines' experience is a perfect match for Ryan Martinez' heart and desire?

[Ryan Martinez. Young, only a few years older than Justin Gaines, is tall and muscular, his dark brown hair cut short, his face clean shaven. He's dressed in a blue hooded sweatshirt, the hood pulled down to reveal his handsome face, a face that recalls his father, though far less scarred and battle tested. He also wears a pair of plain black wrestling trunks and black wrestling boots. The always fan friendly Martinez pauses to slap the outstretched hands of his fans, though his enthusiasm is tempered by the intensity of his facial expressions.]

BW: No Gordo! I mean, Old Man Gaines finally has someone to carry his bags for him, and the kid has someone who can get him into R-rated movies!

[Entering alongside Ryan Martinez is Gunnar Gaines, in his usual ring gear - sleeveless flannel shirt over a thermal undershirt with the sleeves ripped off at the elbows, cutoff jeans, black kneepads including a metal brace on one knee, and black boots. His long hair is tied back and his beard, neatly trimmed. As he enters, he flashes the legendary, full-toothed, squinting Grizzly Grin at the crowd, then glad-hands his way to the ring.]

GM: Fans, as always, I encourage you _not_ to listen to Bucky. These two men. The young lion and the old bull, have taken all that they have, put it together, and made it here, to the very cusp of tag team immortality. A team few thought would last more than a few weeks made it to the finals of the Stampede Cup, defeating teams like the Ring Workers and the Prehistoric Powers. And just a few weeks ago, they defeated the former National Tag Team champion Bishop Boys. Indeed, there is only one team they've yet to overcome. I think tonight, we might see them take their shot at redeeming their sole loss.

[Justin is first in the ring, and after he enters, he looks to his father. The elder Gaines gestures to Justin, who, in a sign of respect, holds the ropes

open, both for his father and for Ryan Martinez. The two tag team partners enter, and Ryan moves to the center of the ring, scooping the microphone up. He looks around at the fans, finally cracking a slight smile as the crowd continues to cheer.]

RM: If you fans don't mind for a moment. I'd like to take a couple of minutes to digress. I've got something to say to one Mr. Sadisuto. Sadisuto, you came out and called me a coward. You said I didn't have the guts to challenge for the Television Title. Well, let me tell you something, Mr. Sadisuto. I got plenty of guts, and anytime you want to get in the ring with me, I'll prove it to you.

Well, any night except tonight. Because tonight, I am -not- challenging you.

[The fans pop in anticipation.]

RM: But before we get to that, I have one more digression. I want to play Jason Dane a moment. And ask the big man next to me a couple of questions.

So, Mr. Gaines...

[Gunnar cocks his head at Ryan's unexpected action, but shrugs as if to say, "What the hell, I'll go along with this.]

RM: A few months back, you said to me that maybe, just maybe, if I worked hard, I'd prove enough to you that you could find your way to calling me a member of the new Baddest Thangs Running. You remember that?

[Ryan doesn't relinquish the microphone, but points it in Gaines' direction for an answer. Gunnar sets his eyes back and tilts his head as if in thought.]

GG: Yeah... go on...

RM: But, while we've been together, I've been hearing a new name. A name these great AWA fans gave us. You know what name I am talking about, right?

[On cue, a "RY-GUNN!" chant breaks out among the crowd.]

RM: So my question is, what team are you in, Grizz? You still a Bad Thang, or are you a part of RyGunn?

GG: Well, that's an odd question to bring up. I realized not too long after that that the last thing in the world that Ryan Martinez would want to be is a Baddest Thang Running. After all, the other former member of the Baddest Thangs Running is a certain guy named - well, I'm not going to mention his name out of respect to -you-. Now you're asking me if I think we're the Baddest Thangs Running? Suffiice it to say though, it's about more than avoiding the mention of anyone. This thing we got going, stands on its own. I proved that to you. You proved that to me. And we proved that to everyone. This team -is- RyGunn, you're damn right I'm a part of it, and I

dare say that on our best days ... we could give the Baddest Thangs Running a -run- for their money!

RM: You're damn right. This is RyGunn, and we're too good to be bad.

[Gunnar casts his eyes downward for just a split second, suppressing the urge to shake his head in amusement.]

RM: All right, I've got two more questions for you. First one. Are you ready for us to be "Tag Team Champions of the World - RyGunn"?

GG: Well, Jason - whoops, I mean Ryan - you really got me going here with this interviewer thing - I been ready to be the tag team champs since last fall. We been kicking tail all over the AWA and only lost the one time, in the Stampede Cup finals, and that was due to cheating. When I proposed this team, I knew it could be good. When you accepted it as a partnership of equals, I knew it could be great. And the first time we fought side by side, that was it. I knew we had chemistry and I knew we were destined for gold. The next step was convincing everyone else. It ain't been easy, but we beat people that some folks thought we had no business beating. Are you people convinced yet?

[The crowd pops in approval - a resolute "yes."]

RM: Me too, Gunnar. I have one more question, and I promise this is my last one. Will you do the honors and make the challenge?

[This time, instead of holding the mic in front of Gunnar, Ryan hands it to him.]

GG: ...

[But before Gunnar Gaines can get the challenge out, he's interrupted by the distinct sounds of "F***in' In The Bushes" by Oasis, and the arrival of the World Tag Team Champions and Mr. Larry Doyle. The champs are ready to compete: dark blue wrestling gear with the Bombers insignia in silver and white, Stanton in long tights and Jacobs in bicycle style tights. Black kneepads and white boots for the champs as well. Meanwhile, Larry Doyle is full on patriot in his attire. Blue pants, white shirt, red tie, American flag tuxedo jacket and a red, white and blue top hat straight out of Rocky 2. The trio makes their way to the ring to the resounding boos of the crowd, although Larry Doyle seems to be loving every minute of it, while the champs are blocking it out.]

BW: Here they are Gordo! The World Tag Team Champs, the Bishop Breakers! The Uniters, not the Dividers! The greatest tag team in all the land, and the greatest wrestling mind in the world today!

GM: I would consider Larry Doyle being the greatest wrestling mind in the world as highly questionable, but you cannot deny the Blonde Bombers place at the top of the tag team world. I don't think I've EVER seen a tag team run roughshod over the competition quite like these two men have.

BW: And it's ALL because of the guidance of Larry Doyle, Gordo. Connect the dots, won'tcha please?

[The Bombers get to the ring and enter, Stanton slingshotting over the top and Jacobs through the ropes. As Larry Doyle enters the ring, he's already got a microphone...]

LD: I'd like to report a crime, gentlemen. Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez are being charged with first degree murder after killing this crowd in cold blood.

Does this look like a shrink's couch to you, Gaines? This ain't the time for self realization and coming to grips with your existential journey from Bad Running Thing to RyGunn. It's the Fourth of July, boys, it's time for fightin'. Opportunity is knocking and you ain't opening the door because you're too busy singing koombaya and holding hands. And, hey, we all need a water boy-

[Doyle points at Justin Gaines.]

LD: So congratulations on that, fellas. Enjoy picking up Ryan's mandarin oranges and storing Dad's suppositories, Justin, you deserve it. If you ever need some advice on how to manage a real team and how to devise a plan to win a match, I'd love to help you but I'm busy that day.

But we all know why you're out here. We know where this is going, it just seems like no one here took their Cialis last night. Your old man just can't seem to work up the nerve to get it out, Justin. Common for men of a certain age, I hear.

Opportunity is knockin', but y'all can't open the door. Surprise, surprise. You wanna challenge us to a World Title match, am I right? You wanna press your luck one more time after we put a beatin' on you two at the Stampede Cup and won these titles standing over your bodies. Well we got three words for ya...

Bring. It. On.

[The crowd explodes in cheer as the champions agree, Stanton nodding confidently and Jacobs pounding his fist into an open hand.]

LD: There ain't nothin', and I mean nothin', that we would like better than to put you two through the ringer, get the one-two-three and kick your two dead bodies off of our path of dominance and greatness.

[Lightbulb! Stanton gets an idea and quickly whispers it to Doyle, who cracks a grin.]

LD: Right, good point Kenny. We'd love nothing more than that, excepting this: we would LOVE to see that little two bit twerp punk momma's boy, Justin Gaines, get his tail kicked...

[Doyle points at Justin.]

LD: ...by yours truly.

[The crowd boos as Justin narrows his eyes into a glare right at Larry Doyle, but Gunnar still has the mic.]

GG: Listen, Doyle, you wanna talk about female action? That get-up you're wearing has to be the best birth control going... along with your personality!

[The crowd pops at Doyle being put in his place.]

GG: Seriously, Doyle. You can talk all the bull you want, but when it comes to delivering in the ring, RyGunn does it legitimately. We don't just talk through a polyester pipsqueak of a mouthpiece and then cheat to win. We kick tail. That's why, tonight, when WE face YOUR BOYS for the World Tag Team-

[Gunnar is stopped by a tap on the shoulder. From his son. Gunnar's mic barely picks up Justin saying, "I want to say something." Ryan leans in to confer with Gunnar, who covers the mic with his hand. This goes on a few seconds. Finally, Gunnar says, "OK?" and Ryan nods.]

GG: Justin? The mic is yours.

[Gunnar hands the microphone to his 6'7", 18-year-old son, who snatches it away and steps towards Larry Doyle, who he towers over.]

BW: Where is this going?

GM: I don't know, but I'm not sure it was smart for Doyle to call out Justin Gaines. The kid may be 18, but he's not exactly little. And not exactly unschooled in wrestling, either.

[Justin raises the mic to speak.]

JG: Now let's get it straight, Doyle. I don't carry my dad's bags, and I don't carry Ryan's bags, either. But I do watch their backs. And what you just offered me is a golden opportunity. An opportunity to watch their backs - proactively. In advance. You get what I'm saying, or do I have to spell it out?

You see, this is an opportunity for ME to make sure that YOU don't muck up their tag team championship match that THEY earned and which YOU'RE trying to dodge. And you know why? Because, bucko ... you can't interfere in a match when you're in the hospital recovering from injuries I'm about to give you!

[The crowd pops!]

JG: You think you challenged some kid. Well, that makes sense. When you look at me, with your limited brain, that's what you see. But deep down,

even you must understand I'm not just some kid. I'm a fourth-generation wrestler. Not to bore you with details about the history of professional wrestling, but my great-grandfather worked in this profession. My grandfather did as well. My mother? She was a successful manager for many years in this business.

And my dad here? You're obviously familiar with him. He's in the Hall of Fame and still going strong. Who else from his generation can say that? Nobody. That's why there's no one in this world that I respect more, and no one better for me to emulate.

[Gunnar reaches over and puts his arm around his son, gripping him on the shoulder.]

JG: So when you talk bull about my dad, and you interfere in his matches, sooner or later you deal with ME. And that's why, tonight, with the blessing of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez - I accept your challenge!

[Crowd pop! And then Justin reaches into a pocket and pulls out a business card. He approaches the Blonde Bombers.]

JG: And boys? If, after tonight, you need another manager named Larry, which you probably will? I know someone.

[He hands them the card as the crowd explodes!]

GM: Justin Gaines, referring to his grandfather, the legendary Larry Gaines, master of the chinlock suicida, who I don't think would really take the job of managing those two. But what an unpredictable evening this has turned out to be so far! We sort of halfway expected Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez against the Blonde Bombers, especially after they all came out here. Instead we get Justin Gaines against Larry Doyle! Your thoughts, Bucky?

BW: Well, honestly, Gordo, I think Larry Doyle just pulled one over. RyGunn could have walked away the tag champs tonight. Even I will say they had a fighter's chance of it. But instead, it's an opportunity for Larry Doyle, and, let's be honest, his tag team, to work over a really green kid in a match that will probably not be without outside interference. And you know how I know that? Because that's what I'd do in this situation. Smart move by Larry Doyle and the Blonde Bombers.

GM: And that may very well be. But Justin has some pretty good backup in his own right. Look... I realize a title shot delayed could be a title shot denied. But I see the logic of what the RyGunn camp is doing here. Justin Gaines knows full well that the only reason RyGunn aren't the tag champs right now is due to Larry Doyle's interference in the final match at Stampede Cup. And he sees an opportunity to pre-empt that from happening again.

BW: Please. You're talking about Justin Gaines here. An 18-year-old kid.

GM: Don't sell him short. Justin Gaines may very well do a lot of things in this business. He's got the pedigree, and he's the whole physical package.

Even a strong amateur background. But professionally? He hasn't done anything yet. Breaking in against a Larry Doyle could be what you call a soft landing in this business.

BW: I just question whether, deep down, Ryan Martinez is OK with this. He's a loyal kid, almost to a fault, but not exactly known for his patience.

GM: I think he's fine with it. Why wouldn't he be? This one could be a fun one to watch. Justin Gaines versus Larry Doyle and we'll see it right after this quick break!

[Doyle is huddled up in the corner with the Blonde Bombers, plotting strategy 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 at Memorial Day Mayhem 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 to show "JULY 6th - RICHMOND ARENA - RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

"The AWA steams into Richmond, Virginia this weekend for a special live arena event which will see Dave Cooper and the Blonde Bombers in six man tag team action! Plus, Dave Bryant meets Manny Imbrogno in a non-title showdown!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JULY 13th - LOUISVILLE GARDENS - LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY."]

"Louisville, Kentucky, look out 'cause the AWA is coming to town for another night of action featuring the World Champion, Calisto Dufresne. In addition, see Supernova meet Nenshou in a one-on-one showdown!"

[Another graphic comes up, "shouting" the words "JUST ADDED!" across it.]

"In an event just added, we'll be storming into Knoxville, Tennessee on Saturday, July 20th, at the Knoxville Coliseum for more professional

wrestling action when Adam Rogers meets James Lynch in one on one action and RyGunn will be in tag team action!"

[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 as we fade back up to live action, we find Larry Doyle hopping back and forth from foot to foot in his corner, his hands balled up in front of his face. Doyle has removed his jacket and tie and is down to his blue pants, white shirt, and for some reason, his red, white, and blue top hat. Across the ring, Justin Gaines has removed his jacket to reveal a white tank top to go with his blue jeans and cowboy boots. Referee Ricky Longfellow stands in the middle of the ring and signals for the bell.]

GM: We're back, fans, and we're underway in this most unusual challenge match pitting "Hollywood" Larry Doyle taking on Justin Gaines in a battle of the managers.

BW: Even when the hype machine was in full effect calling this the most unpredictable night of the year, I didn't think we'd see something like this, Gordo.

GM: I'm right there with you on that, Bucky.

[At the sound of the bell, a seemingly over-confident Doyle strides out to the middle of the ring, sticking his finger into the chest of his young opponent. He pokes hard, running his mouth all the while...]

GM: I suppose no one should be surprised that the first attack out of Doyle after the bell is a verbal one. The man's mouth runs faster than Seabiscuit, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I make the jokes here.

[Doyle jabs his finger into the chest again...

...and gets cuffed upside the head with an open right hand, knocking the hat right off his head! He recoils backwards, grabbing at his ear.]

BW: Timeout! Timeout! I think Larry's eardrum is busted!

GM: It is not!

[Gaines stands at the ready, fists balled up as Doyle backs off, clutching his ear and stomping on the mat. He wobbles back to the corner where Kenny Stanton climbs up on the apron, welcoming his manager into an embrace.]

GM: Oh, come on! Give me a break.

[Stanton rubs the side of Doyle's head a few times, shouting at the jeering fans to "KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT!" as the two men are the beneficiary of some rather homophobic cries. Doyle finally pushes back, turning back towards Gaines with a glare. The eighteen year old waves the manager towards him...]

GM: Justin Gaines looks ready, Bucky. I know this young man has been dreaming of this night for a long time. He's been waiting for his chance to enter the wrestling ring as a grappler but you can't imagine he thought it would be like this.

BW: A major event live on WKIK against top level competition!

GM: Top level competition?!

[Doyle strides out, trash talking all the while...

...and Gaines lunges into him, yanking Doyle's legs out from under him, dumping him down on his back!]

GM: Whoa! Justin explodes out of the gates with a double leg takedown! This kid's showing that he's got some game here, Bucky.

BW: He's got game?! What the heck's gotten into you, Gordo? Justin Gaines is a punk kid with a silver spoon lodged up his-

GM: Bucky!

[Doyle promptly rolls out to the floor, right into Brad Jacobs' waiting arms. Jacobs shouts up at the ring as Justin Gaines approaches the ropes, yelling at Doyle for escaping.]

BW: You want to pick on someone, kid?! Get out there on the floor and try that on Brad Jacobs! They'll be scraping you off the grass here in Atlanta for weeks! You'll be a permanent piece of the infield!

GM: Why are you so hot under the collar at Justin Gaines?

BW: I don't like any kid who ain't paid their dues yet. This kid ain't done it, Gordo. He gets special treatment 'cause he's the Hall of Famer's boy... just like Martinez does except he can actually wrestle. But Justin Gaines? There are two dozen kids sitting in the Combat Corner tonight... heck, some of 'em in the damn locker room right now 'cause they put together the ring that this snot-nosed punk is standing in... all those guys would eat this kid's lunch in that ring but none of 'em are getting the chance because we had to see Justin Gaines wrestle tonight.

[Doyle takes a lengthy walk around the ring, ignoring the catcalls of the crowd, Ryan Martinez, and Gunnar Gaines as the referee continues his

count. As the count hits eight, Doyle grabs the ropes, pulling himself up onto the apron as Justin rushes at him...

...and gets a thumb stuck in his eye!]

GM: Ohh! Doyle with the cheapshot!

BW: Gaines got ahead of himself and ran into Larry's part of the world!

[Doyle grabs Gaines by the back of the head, dropping off the apron and snapping Justin's throat over the top rope, sending him flailing backwards and down to the canvas.]

GM: Larry Doyle just used an eyegouge and a throat snap. I'm guessing he's just exhausted his entire arsenal right there, Bucky.

BW: Maybe he has but Larry's from the streets. He knows how to fight!

GM: Since when?

[Doyle slides back into the ring, his Blonde Bombers shouting encouragement as he dives on top of Justin Gaines, raining down what amount to hammerfists with no style behind them at all.]

GM: Doyle's hammering away and-

[Gaines easily reverses the mount, flipping Doyle onto his back where he lets loose a half dozen haymakers before the official stands him up. Gunnar can be seen shouting instructions to his son, earning a nod in response as Justin backs into the ropes, slapping his arm a few times...]

GM: Justin Gaines is setting up for something here and-

[Suddenly, Brad Jacobs rushes around the corner, shouting at Gunnar Gaines. This sudden confrontation grabs Longfellow's attention...

...which allows Kenny Stanton to leap up on the apron, smashing Justin Gaines in the back of the head with a forearm. He grabs the top rope, swinging his legs up to kick Gaines in the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Stanton attacks him behind the back of the official!

[Doyle crawls back up, moving in on Stanton who has dropped down to a knee. Winding up his right arm, Doyle smashes an overhead elbow down on the crown of the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbowsmash out of Doyle! Surprisingly, that looked pretty good, Bucky.

BW: Why are you so surprised? The man hangs around champions like Stanton, Jacobs, and Dufresne. He associates with one of the finest in-ring technicians in the business in Dave Cooper. With friends like that, he couldn't help but pick up something!

GM: With a friend like Dufresne, I don't even want to know what he might pick up.

[Doyle looks out at Stanton who lifts his arm, swinging it a couple of times. The manager nods as he pulls Gaines up, steadying him as he rushes to the ropes...]

BW: LARIAT!

[Doyle's flying lariat attempt is... well, pathetic. He barely gets off the mat and comes up woefully short as he crashes down to his knees a couple feet short of his opponent...

...who BURIES a stiff kick into the ribcage of his opponent!]

GM: Ohh! "Hollywood" Larry will be feeling that one in the morning.

[A second kick forces Doyle to roll under the ropes to the apron where Justin toe-pushes him down to the grass. Justin steps through the ropes, standing on the apron over a downed Doyle...

...and slowly walks down the length of the apron, leaning back against the ringpost as he raises his right arm...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: He's seriously not thinking about this, is he?

GM: It certainly looks that way! I wouldn't think he'd know how to do something like this but I'm sure he's seen his father do it hundreds of times!

BW: Not a whole lot of technique involved in throwing yourself off the apron elbowfirst, Gordo.

GM: You may be right, Bucky! Here he comes!

[Justin gets a three step run down the apron, leaping off and cocking his elbow...

...and BURYING IT in the sternum of a shocked Doyle!]

GM: OHH! SHADES OF HIS FATHER RIGHT THERE!!

[The camera quick-cuts to Gunnar who flashes a quick Grizzly Grin of pride before rushing around the corner to check on his son who is writhing in pain on the infield grass.]

GM: Justin Gaines did a whole lot of damage to Larry Doyle with that flying elbow off the apron but he may have done a whole lot of damage to himself at the same time.

[Gunnar kneels down next to his son, checking on him. A few feet away, Brad Jacobs muscles his manager up to his feet. Doyle weakly slings an arm over Jacobs' powerful shoulders as the big man drags him away from the Gaines family.]

BW: And Big Brad's doing the smart thing here, get "Hollywood" away from old man Gaines before he tries to attack Larry.

GM: Gunnar seems more concerned with the welfare of his son than he does getting involved in this match. He's right there next to him... I think he's asking him if he wants to continue...

[Letting his father help him to a seated position, Justin grabs at his ribcage with a wince. He nods his head at Gunnar who continues to talk to him.]

GM: I think Gunnar's trying to get him to stop the match but Justin seems determined to keep on going...

[On the other side of the ring, Jacobs rolls Doyle under the ropes, shouting at the referee to count...]

GM: The referee's going to lay his ten count down on Justin Gaines... which means that the 18 year old is going to need to decide what he's doing quickly. If he's going to bow out of this match, he needs to do it soon.

[Gunnar helps his son up off the grass, looking up at the ring where the count is up to three... then four. The Hall of Famer shouts at the official who shrugs, gesturing to Doyle who is leaning against the turnbuckles, clutching at his midsection.]

GM: Justin's up on his feet, leaning against the apron... my stars, he's getting back in the ring, fans! Justin Gaines is going to continue this match!

BW: So is Larry! Larry's showing tremendous heart gettin' back in there and I don't hear ya praisin' him for it!

[Justin Gaines rolls under the ropes, pushing up to his knees as the referee waves off the count. He gets up, still holding his side as he stumbles across the ring towards Doyle, throwing a boot into the midsection of the manager.]

GM: Big kick downstairs... Irish whip comin' up!

[Gaines puts a little heat on it to his own discomfort, sending Doyle across the ring where he slams chestfirst into the turnbuckles before staggering back, collapsing on the canvas. He rolls back and forth, holding his torso as Gaines moves towards him...]

...when suddenly Kenny Stanton hops up on the ring apron, waving his arms back and forth.]

GM: Get him down from there!

[The referee spins towards Stanton, shouting at him to get down...

...when suddenly Ryan Martinez gets involved, yanking Stanton down off the apron by the trunks!]

GM: MARTINEZ PULLS HIM DOWN!!

[The son of the Hall of Famer cracks Stanton with a right hand to which the World Tag Team Champion returns fire. A slugfest ensues, the crowd roaring as the referee tries to get them to knock it off...

...which is Brad Jacobs' cue to slide into the ring!]

GM: JACOBS IS IN!

[But before Jacobs can attack Justin Gaines, Gunnar slides in and takes him down with a flying crossbody! Gunnar opens fire, throwing big right hands at Jacobs...]

GM: We've got a fight breaking loose out here! The champions and the Number One Contenders are going to war here in Atlanta!

[With Gunnar and Jacobs brawling, they roll through the ropes to the floor, still trading blows. Justin Gaines grabs Doyle off the mat...

...but the manager strikes in desperation, slamming his arm up into the groin of Justin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! DOYLE GOES LOW ON-

[Doyle promptly leans down, pulling his cowboy boot off...]

GM: He's got the boot off!

[Doyle rears back with the boot, ready to strike...

...but the referee grabs hold of it!]

GM: The referee stopped him!

[Doyle spins around, arguing with the official. Justin suddenly lunges forward, clubbing Doyle in the back of the head, sending him sprawling into the official which knocks the referee down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! The referee just got knocked flat!

[With all hell breaking loose, the crowd bursts into jeers!]

GM: Dave Cooper's coming down the aisle! He's-

[But as Cooper goes to slide under the bottom rope, Ryan Martinez grabs his leg, yanking him back out. He pastes Cooper with a right hand, trading blows with the Professional as they battle down the aisle!]

GM: Martinez prevented Cooper from interfering and the fight is on between those two!

[Which leaves Kenny Stanton alone to slide back into the ring. He nods at the jeering crowd, slapping at his right arm as he waits for Justin Gaines to turn around...

...but Gunnar has other thoughts, grabbing Stanton's ankle from the floor and tripping him up!]

GM: Oh! Gaines yanks Stanton off his feet!

[Gunnar pulls Stanton out of the ring before drilling him with a right hand. Gaines is hammering away at Stanton to the cheers of the crowd...

...when suddenly Brad Jacobs levels him with a forearm to the back of the head.]

GM: Ohh! Jacobs knocks Gunnar down on the floor!

[Stanton and Jacobs each grab Gunnar by the head...

...and SLAM his skull into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Gunnar down and out on the floor, Stanton slides into the ring. Jacobs rolls in as well. Justin Gaines turns, spotting the incoming Bombers...

...but he's ready for them, throwing haymakers to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: JUSTIN'S FIGHTING FOR IT!! HE'S FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE!!

[But he can't outlast the World Tag Team Champions for long as Stanton slips a knee into the gut and Jacobs smashes a double axehandle down across the back of the head!]

GM: Jacobs grabs Gaines...

[With Jacobs holding a side waistlock, Stanton dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, and connects with a flying lariat that sends Justin toppling backwards as Jacobs lifts, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Stanton grabs Doyle by the arm, dragging him across the ring and throwing him down on top of Justin as Jacobs revives the official, throwing him down by the lateral press.]

GM: No, no! Not like this!

BW: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE!! HE DID IT! LARRY DID IT!

GM: This is terrible! They stole it, Bucky... they literally **STOLE** this victory for Larry Doyle! The Blonde Bombers and... don't forget Dave Cooper's role in this one! He drew Ryan Martinez away from the ring which left the Gaines family completely outnumbered!

BW: The Professional was backin' his boys! Old Man Gaines is just lucky the World Champion didn't decide to show up and do some damage on his punk kid too!

GM: The Blonde Bombers help Doyle up... he can barely stand... and he's the winner?! Unbelievable. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we'll have more Opportunity Knocks!

[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, a nice panning shot of Russ Chandler Stadium where a steady rain is falling over the crowd.]

GM: The rain is falling here in Atlanta, fans, but it has yet to take away from a red hot evening here live on WKIK for Opportunity Knocks! The mic is in the ring...

BW: Who's next, Gordo?

GM: I have no idea. That's the beauty of this nigh-

[Suddenly, the sounds of Metallica's cover of "Turn The Page" starts up to a huge negative reaction from the capacity crowd.

Adam Rogers walks in front, wearing a tight t-shirt with the three-starred emblem of the Tennessee flag on the front. On the back, it reads "BORN TO BE A BULLY" in large red lettering. He also wears jeans instead of wrestling trunks. The big man, Robert Donovan, is trailing not far behind him, wearing black jeans, black boots, and a dark red t-shirt with "WELCOME TO BEALE STREET" on the front in white lettering, and standing with them is Dick Wyatt, sporting a plaster cast on his right arm and wearing a "BEING A BULLY MEANS I'M BETTER THAN YOU" black t shirt.

The trio climbs into the ring, each working a section of the audience and drawing plenty of boos. Rogers steps toward the middle of the ring removes the belt from his jeans and wraps it around his left fist. With his other hand, he raises a microphone as the music dies down.]

AR: So...it seems that we've got us an angry Lynch mob on our hands, huh?

[Donovan and Wyatt feign fear. Rogers chuckles.]

AR: Awakened a sleeping giant, is what I've heard people say. Ticked 'em off real good, and you know how they say you don't mess with Texas.

[The man once known as "The Natural" smirks.]

AR: I may not have heard the same things others did, but the three of us? All we heard out of the Lynch brothers last week was a bunch of cryin' and moanin' over how the Beale Street Bullies kicked their sorry tails and gave 'em the whipping that their old man refused to do for all those years!

What REALLY happened last month was that those three stuck-up, snot-nosed, arrogant, silver-spoon fed punks got a rude awakening to a reality they haven't been used to for a long time.

[Rogers points at the camera.]

AR: See, boys, what you're finding out is that your old man ain't in charge around here, which means you don't get all the protection you were so used to having over there in his dead promotion. There's a REASON it's dead now...actually, there are reasons.

[He holds up a finger.]

AR: Travis Lynch.

[Two fingers.]

AR: James Lynch.

[Three fingers.]

AR: And Jack Lynch.

You said it yourself, Jackie boy. You don't think the three of us are as good as you. Well, slick, that's part of this unpleasant 4:30 AM wake-up call you're gettin' from Beale Street. This ain't PCW. Blackjack Lynch ain't in charge around here. The playing field is level, and now you're finding out that this whole thing we call professional wrestling ain't the walk in the park you had for so many years of your career, is it, you whining little punks?

[Adam scoffs.]

AR: Pride? Dignity? Son, you don't know NOTHIN' about those two words, 'cause you ain't got neither! All you got is a lifetime full of Daddy and Momma Lynch protecting you, keeping you out of trouble with the law, covering up all the things everyone knows you've done, and now?

[The former EMWC World Champion laughs.]

AR: Now, it's all coming home to roost.

[He holds up the belt that has been wrapped around his fist and lets it unwind.]

AR: So, boys, since you like to talk all big and bad, we got a challenge for you tonight. Opportunity, blah, blah, blah, forget what O'Connor named this

thing tonight. There ain't but one name we're concerned about. Ain't that right, Rob?

[Rob Donovan takes the proffered mic.]

RD: Damn right, Adam. See, much as it hurt my feelins to listen to you Lynches whine like pups, I gotta admit I took what you had to say to heart, James.

[Rogers and Wyatt look at Donovan like he's grown a third eye, but Donovan holds up a hand.]

RD: Don't worry boys, I just said I took it to heart. Ain't no sympathy for the little punk...especially after I heard him talk about all that pain he suffered, that dignity he lost, an' all that other crap he talked about while knowin' nothin' about pain, or about what it's really like to lose your dignity in front o' yer family, yer friends, in front o' yer peers.

[Donovan's picking up some steam now.]

RD: See, James, I saw the marks on ya, and I know you went home in a bad way. I know you probably told everybody the truth when ya said you had a hard time sittin', wearin' a shirt didn't feel good, all of that. Lemme tell you somethin' though, boy, if you think that was pain, if you think that was embarrassment...you really don't know a damn thing, an' everything we've said about you an' bein' protected from the nastiest parts o' this business by your daddy are the absolute stone cold truth.

[Donovan turns, showing one ear, one mangled ear, to the camera.]

RD: You see that boy? That ear still don't work right. You yell at me from that side, I got half a chance of hearin' you right an' half a chance of havin' no idea you were ever there.

[Donovan brings up his heavily-braced left arm, quickly divesting himself of the brace, showing a wide surgical scar.]

RD: That arm? It don't straighten anymore, boy. It gets most of the way there, an' then it screams so damn loud it took years for me to learn to keep that agony off my face.

[Donovan drops the brace, then pulls his shirt off over his head, revealing an old road map's worth of scars, some angry-looking, some old and faded.]

RD: Gonna have to forgive me if I don't give half a damn 'bout your lil' red marks hurtin', boy, because my kids an' wife saw all these scars when they were new, helped me keep 'em dressed, yelled at me when I didn't get a bad one stitched an' threw away countless old rags an' t-shirts because they were too damn soaked in blood to be useful for anything ever again.

[Donovan grins.]

RD: See, though, I don't care about sympathy, I ain't lookin' for nobody's damn pity. All these marks, all these scars, I got 'em because I went into the business with no protection. Tony Donovan didn't sugarcoat things for his boy, he told me flat out that despite the fact that I was huge an' still growin' when I first got into the business, ain't no way he was gonna coddle the next generation of Donovans in wrestling. He let me go where I wanted to, an' while he told me every bit o' wisdom he had to offer, never once did I hear, "Don't go work there, son, it's dangerous." "Oh, don't worry, Rob, I can keep you workin' against folks who'll take care of you, folks who will make sure you stay healthy." None of that nonsense you Lynches got fed -- no damned guardian angel for the three Donovan boys. One of us is god knows where doin' god knows what if he ain't dead, the other walks with a cane, an' me?

[Donovan chuckles bitterly.]

RD: I spent the prime o' my career bein' second best. My dad, he was a champion, a man whose name struck terror into hearts all over the south. His sons...well, they ain't quite lived up to the legend.

[Donovan's chuckle ends abruptly.]

RD: That's pain, boy. That's REAL humiliation. Gettin' beat with a leather strap? Hell, you got off light. I could beat you with that same strap for the next ten years, night in an' night out, an' you still ain't gonna know a damn thing about real pain.

[Donovan reaches around to a back pocket, producing a handy leather belt for the camera.]

RD: That said, I ain't got a problem tryin' to educate you three punks.

[Donovan smirks and hands the mic over to Wyatt, who holds up his cast to the camera.]

DW: See this boys? This here's an ACTUAL injury...an injury that y'all caused.

An' now when things get turned around an' you start ta feel what it likes ta get some comeuppance you suddenly turn into buddhists lookin' ta turn the other cheek?

Don't work that way. It'll take more'n you Lynches hidin' behind your mommy's massive skirt ta back us off now.

You say that YOU want blood?

[Wyatt laughs and shakes his head.]

DW: That ain't NOTHIN' compared to the pound o' flesh that we're lookin' to collect offa your hides.

Ya'll can talk about vengeance, and humiliation all ya want. We're comin' for ya.

It's time to end the Lynches here in AWA.

[Rogers takes the mic back from Wyatt, pointing up the entrance aisle.]

AR: It's real simple, boys. We're ready to settle this once and for all, and we're ready to do it TONIGHT!

[Pop for a fight!]

AR: Last month, we took an ounce of your flesh. Tonight, we're gonna take a few pounds. Because the Beale Street Bullies are challenging you...

...to a Country Whipping Match!

[The crowd roars for the challenge... and then roars even louder as The Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers, Dan Auerbach's guitar echoing in the stormy air of the stadium. Onto the red carpet that leads to the ring step two of the three Lynch Brothers. Jack and James. James rushes out towards the ring, a ball of energy, shirtless, the camera careful to zoom in on his red, welted back. In his trunks and boots, ready for action. Jack, the elder Lynch, trails behind him, moving at a far more deliberate pace. Dress in his ring gear, a long black leather duster covering his shirtless chest, his father's black cowboy hat pulled down low, partially concealing his face. James is about to race up the ringsteps, but Jack's hand reaches out, clamping down on his brother's shoulder, stilling him. Jack produces a wireless microphone, and looks up at the Bullies in the ring.]

JACK: You know Donovan, that's a whole lotta words comin' outta the mouth of a guy who probably can't spell his own damn name.

I mean, you talk about my brother Jimmy whinin' and cryin', but then you treat us to a fifteen minute monologue about how daddy just didn't hug you enough. I mean, hell, it is kinda sad, knowin' that, even as a little kid, no one liked you. I even heard your old man had to tie a pork chop around your neck to get the family dog to play with you. But, you know, there is one thing that rang out loud and clear in all of that.

Jimmy, you wanna tell 'em what that was?

[Jack passes the microphone to his brother.]

JAMES: All three of you are losers!

None of you is as good as we are!

[Fans cheer James, and one fan in particular. A young female fan, the same fan who, two weeks ago, was in tears over James' wounds, is now leaning against the guard rail, hands clutched on it so tightly her knuckles are white, as she screams in support of James.]

JAMES: Your daddy didn't help you Donovan because he was trying to make you tough. Your daddy didn't help because he knew you'd never amount to anything. On your own, or with all the help in the world.

You three boys in there? You're nothing, and even less than nothing when you're compared to us!

[Jack's hat is tilted back, to reveal his eyes are narrowed intensely.]

JACK: See, they say that cream rises to the top, and that's true. The converse is also just as true. Because scum does two things. It sinks to the bottom, and it collects together. And that's just what's happened up there in that ring.

All the scum has gathered up in the same place.

Backbiters, losers, goons. Whiskey drinkin' fools who've come together to complain about how much better everyone else is. Three men who need to assure themselves that ain't as terrible as all the evidence suggests they are.

Adam Rogers... the natural. How long has it been since anyone has said that about you? You've accomplished an awful lot in wrestling, I'll give you that. And I'm sure you'd be happy to tell us all about it. But near as I can tell, your defining moments have involved getting set on fire, hiding underneath a mask pretendin' to be someone better than you, and turning on people because your feelings got hurt.

Dick Wyatt. You got your arm broke. You better hope that arm never heals, because next time you get in the ring with a Lynch, you're gettin' your teeth knocked out. And teeth don't reset, and they damn sure don't grow back.

And you, Rob Donovan. Big man. Turn your head to the side, make sure my words get in your good ear, 'cuz I want you to hear this loud and clear. Ain't no man alive ever had as many at bats as you and somehow managed to strike out every single time. You're a man who's too damned stupid to get stitches, and you think it's some sorta badge of honor that you walk around, carryin' all the mementos of your failures.

I've made one serious mistake in life. And no one covered it up. The whole world saw that mistake. It was trustin' you, Donovan. I gave you the chance to be my partner. And just like a rabid dog, you bit me the first chance you got. That was my mistake... but you know? I'm okay with payin' for it.

Since payin' for it involves takin' it outta your hide.

[James, who has been agitatedly pacing back and forth, a ball of energy, reaches for the microphone again.]

JAMES: You can complain about Blackjack all day long. You can say our father helped us out, did this for us, and that for us. You want to know why your father never helped you out? You want to know why he didn't give you advice? Because he was the first, but he wasn't the last, to see what a loser you are. Donovan? No one ever gave you a break because you never deserved one. And all you've managed to do is find two other guys you can drag down with you.

But let's talk about what Blackjack Lynch did for us. Let's talk about how spoiled we are. Because, me and Jack? We're former National Tag Team Champions. We won the Stampede Cup. And when those things happened? You know who was by my side, helping me out?

My brother Jack.

And these great fans.

[James' arm extends behind his body, gesturing to the crowd. The crowd reacts with an enthusiastic pop, including James' number one fan, her top-of-the-lung screams punctuating each of James' words. His point made, James hands the mic back to his brother.]

JACK: The difference between a Bully and a Lynch? Lynches are blood. And yeah, our daddy was a legend. That just means that we got a legend's blood in our veins. But everything we accomplished? We did it on our own. Didn't no one give us that Cup, didn't no one hand us over those belts. And Bullies?

Well, what have you ever managed to accomplish except provin' yourselves to be low down, yellow bellied snakes, bitin' at the ankles of men who're better than you?

Complain all you want. But no Lynch ever had to attack someone from behind. No Lynch ever felt the need to whine to get what he wanted.

Earlier today, a hard rain fell in Atlanta. But that storm was nothin' compared to what's about to happen in that ring.

You boys want a country whippin' match?

[Jack shrugs off his duster, and hands his hat off to a ring attendant.]

JACK: Well, you know what they say about bein' careful what you've wished for...

[There are no more words. Jack drops the mic, and in unison, the Lynches rush the ring.]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO! A COUNTRY WHIPPING MATCH!

[The cast-wearing Dick Wyatt bails out of the ring, gesturing wildly at the action breaking loose. Rogers and Donovan are ready though, winding up

with the leather straps and lashing down on the back of Jack Lynch, making contact a few times. James Lynch is quickly into the fray but he too takes a few shots with the strap across his jacket-covered back.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands here in Atlanta!

[The crowd cheers as the official drops two more leather straps down on the mat, giving James Lynch a fighting chance as he scoops up his belt and opens up with a lash across the chest of Adam Rogers, sending Rogers toppling backwards as Donovan continues to rain down abuse on the back of Jack Lynch!]

GM: Four men are armed with leather straps in this Country Whipping match and the use of those straps are completely legal, fans!

[A few more big lashes across the shoulder of Rogers sends the former World Champion running for cover, throwing himself over the ropes to the safety of the floor as Jack Lynch grabs his strap, lashing it across the ribcage of the seven footer.]

GM: Jack Lynch is firing back now as well! Adam Rogers has hit the bricks, he's runnin' for it!

[Rogers and Wyatt huddle up on the floor as the Lynches turn their focus towards Robert Donovan. They get the big man up against the ropes, taking turns lashing him across the chest!]

GM: The Lynches are takin' it to Robert Donovan! All these months of trashtalking and trading blows are comin' to a head right now in the middle of the ring as the Lynches get their chance to avenge what Donovan did to 'em last year back at SuperClash!

BW: You and the Stenches have selective memories, Gordo, otherwise you'd remember it was the Stenches who betrayed Donovan and robbed him of his chance to be one-half of the National Tag Team Champions!

GM: I think it's you with the selective memory 'cause I don't remember that at all!

[Donovan drops out through the ropes to the floor, rushing over to his partners' sides as Jack Lynch mounts the midbuckle, whipping the leather strap down on the ringpost as James Lynch rips off his jacket, throwing it down to the floor as he shouts at the Bullies!]

GM: The Bullies have bailed out of there and the Lynches are ready to draw blood here tonight in Hotlanta, fans!

[James Lynch stands in the ring, swinging the strap around and around over his head as Donovan paces angrily on the infield dirt. Adam Rogers takes a swing at the rope-standing Jack Lynch who drops back down to the mat, pointing a warning finger at Rogers...]

GM: The Beale Street Bullies have excelled at back-jumping and sneak attacks for months now but tonight, they gotta go head to head with the Lynch Brothers and they don't seem too enthused about that idea if you ask me.

BW: Ain't nobody asked you, Gordo! You think the Lynches are ready for this fight tonight? The Bullies were BORN ready for any fight that comes their way. The sons of Donovan, Rogers, and Wyatt... they got world-class fightin' blood pourin' through their veins, daddy!

[Rogers and Wyatt huddle up once more as Donovan stalks around the ring...

...which is Jack Lynch's cue to climb out to the floor, approaching quickly...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHHH! Big shot across the back of Adam Rogers!

[And a second one for Wyatt sends the smaller man down to the floor!]

BW: Dick Wyatt's got no part in this match, Gordo! Jack Lynch is just bein' a punk out there attacking him like that!

[Jack Lynch pursues a fleeing Rogers who runs right into Donovan...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A second big shot across the back of Rogers has him hobbling away as Donovan rounds the corner and finds James Lynch leaping off the apron, smashing a belt-wrapped fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Even on the floor, the Bullies aren't safe from the Lynches tonight, fans!

[Donovan stumbles, grabbing hold of the ringpost to stay on his feet as James winds up that belt-wrapped right hand, smashing it into the exposed ribcage of Donovan! James' number one fan screams her approval from the front row, leaping up and down with joy as James pursues a fleeing Donovan.]

GM: The Bullies are running for it but the Lynches aren't gonna back down here. They're following them around the ringside area, taking the fight to 'em in a big way!

[Donovan rolls back into the ring, quickly finding himself trapped between the Lynches!]

GM: The leather is flyin' here in the AWA in Atlanta!

[The crowd is roaring as Donovan gets lit up by the Lynches alternating lashes between them!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GETTING THE HIDE TAKEN OFF HIM!

[Donovan takes several more big lashes, big red welts being left behind as he staggers across the ring to his corner, reaching out a hand...

...only to see Adam Rogers take a step back onto the ringsteps, looking less than eager about getting into the ring.]

GM: Haha! The former World Champion is thinking twice about this challenge right now, fans. I think Rogers is looking for the exit to the building right about now.

BW: Get one of them Lynches out of there! They can't both be in there!

GM: That much is true. This is a traditional tag team rules match... except for those leather straps. The referee is informing the Lynches that one of them need to leave... and it's going to be James Lynch stepping out on the apron for now.

[Jack Lynch gestures at the corner, doing a little chicken mimicry before an irate Rogers slaps his partner's hand, climbing into the ring...]

GM: Adam Rogers is in off the tag... he's hot under the collar now!

[Rogers charges Jack Lynch, arms pulled back for a double axehandle when he gets a lash across the midsection...]

GM: Ohh!

[...and then one across the back!]

GM: Good grief! This is a bit hard to watch, fans!

[Jack grabs Rogers by the arm, whipping him towards a waiting James Lynch who comes from right field with a big lash across the upper chest to a roar from the crowd!]

GM: We're likely not going to see a lot of wrestling moves in this one, fans.

[Rogers staggers out of the corner, wheeling around to take a swing at James Lynch...

...but gets another one across the back from Jack!]

GM: Ohh! Those leather straps can do a lot of damage, fans. You can already see the welts starting to form on the bodies of all four men but that leather can cut skin - we've seen that in strap matches in the past as well.

BW: We should point out that this isn't your regular strap match. These men aren't tied together and they can only win by pinfall or submission!

[A few more big lashes with the belt sends Rogers staggering into the ropes where Jack shoots him across with an Irish whip...]

GM: A different kind of whip sends Rogers into the ropes... BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY JACK LYNCH!!

[Rogers wobbles back to his feet, holding his arms up to beg for a timeout...

...which exposes his back to James Lynch!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: ANOTHER BIG SHOT ACROSS THE BACK!!

BW: Illegal man! Illegal man!

GM: When there's whippin' involved, I'm not sure the official cares who the legal man is, Bucky!

[Another lash across the shoulderblades sends Rogers stumbling into his corner where he slaps the hand of Robert Donovan who slowly steps over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Oh yeah! This is what started all of this bad blood between the Lynches and the Bullies, fans! These two men right here!

[But Jack also tags out at his brother's shouts.]

GM: James Lynch wants in there badly, fans. He's the one who got whipped like a mule a few weeks ago and he's the one who wants payback in the worst possible way here tonight!

[James steps in, angrily lashing down on the ropes a few times as Donovan nods his head, the two men circling one another...

...and Lynch simply reaches out, snapping the belt across the cheek of Donovan!]

GM: Lynch just whipped him in the face!

[Donovan grabs at his cheek in shock as Lynch shouts something off-mic at him.]

GM: Wow! James Lynch is fired up here tonight in Atlanta, fans!

[Dick Wyatt suddenly is up on the apron, shouting at James Lynch who spins to confront him...

...and gets a big belt shot across the back by Donovan, knocking him down to his knees!]

GM: Oh, come on! Dick Wyatt just distracted James Lynch and-

[Donovan winds up a second time, delivering a brutal lash across the back of the head, knocking Lynch down to all fours. The seven footer winds up again, smashing the belt down across the small of the back, flipping him over to his stomach!]

GM: Donovan's one of the strongest men in the entire AWA so you know that a leather strap in his hands is a very dangerous weapon. He can do a whole lot of damage with that, Bucky.

[The big man drops down to his knees, grabbing the belt with both hands and pushing it down across the windpipe of Lynch!]

GM: He's choking him! He's strangling the air out of him with that leather strap!

[Donovan breaks the choke at four, climbing to his feet with the belt still stretched out between his hands as James Lynch battles back up...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[Lynch ducks down, causing the seven footer to stumble past him with the belt in hand...

...which allows Lynch to mimic the grip on his own leather strap, leaping off the mat and driving it into the throat of an off-balance Donovan, knocking him down to the mat with it!]

GM: OHHH! LYNCH WITH A CLOTHESLINE OF HIS OWN!!

BW: He just DROVE a leather strap into the throat of the seven footer!

[Donovan rolls around on the mat, grabbing at his throat and gasping for air as Lynch crawls into a lateral press.]

GM: Lynch turns the tables and gets one! He's got two! He's got-

BW: No! Donovan slips out at two... and goes right to the eyes! A smart move to break up the momentum of the Lynches... and Donovan tags Rogers back in!

GM: Donovan blinded James Lynch and now Adam Rogers is going to try and take advantage of that before Lynch can recover. Right in there on top of him, throwing right hands to the skull...

[Lynch pushes up to all fours, trying to battle up to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Good grief! Rogers reached all the way back to Beale Street to deliver that shot across the back!

[Rogers grabs the belt in both hands, stretching it out between them...

...and dives down to the mat, clotheslining James Lynch with the strap and then turning it immediately into a choke with it!]

GM: He's choking him, fans! He's choking James Lynch with the belt!

BW: It's a brilliant tactic, Gordo. Take away the man's oxygen and he ain't gonna be putting up much of a fight at all.

GM: Rogers has got him down on the mat, standing over him now... taunting the man. He shouldn't be taunting him, he should be attacking him if he wants to stand a chance of winning this match.

[Another big shot across the chest of the rising James Lynch forces him to both knees which allows Rogers to step in behind him, looping the belt around his throat...]

GM: He's choking him again! The referee's having a very hard time with a match like this... there's very little he can do to keep control of a match with these types of rules.

[Rogers breaks at the four count, strutting around the gasping James Lynch a bit. He turns towards the corner, swiveling his hips in Jack's direction before wrapping it up with a thrust.]

GM: Disgusting. Adam Rogers used to be a fan favorite... one of the great ring generals in our sport... and now he's turned into this sleazeball thug with the Bullies.

[Rogers gives Donovan a signal which causes the big man to raise his massive boot up as the former Natural pulls James up, smashing his head into the boot before tagging Donovan back in...]

GM: The Bullies make the tag again and they're working together very well against the former National Tag Team Champions.

[Donovan is a bit slow to get into the ring which gives James a window of time as he crawls fast, moving quickly...]

GM: Donovan's in... he's moving too slow!

[...and makes a diving tag to Jack Lynch to a huge cheer!]

GM: The tag is made!

[Lynch comes in ready to go, smashing a belt-wrapped fist between the eyes of Donovan three times, forcing him back into a neutral corner where he mounts the midbuckle, holding the leather-covered haymaker into the air...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Jack Lynch hops down, wheeling around as Adam Rogers comes tearing in on him...

...and knocks him flat with a leaping standing dropkick!]

GM: Oh my! What a dropkick out of Jack Lynch!

[Lynch pops back up, getting a thumb in the eyes out of Donovan!]

GM: Into the eyes again!

[Jack Lynch staggers back as Donovan winds up the right hand, lashing down across the face of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! A brutal shot to the face with the strap! Lynch is down on his knees after that one, covering up his face...

[Donovan reaches down, hooking the gutwrench...]

GM: Donovan's trying to finish him off!

[The seven footer goes to lift Lynch off the canvas but the Texas is ready, straightening up...]

GM: He backdropped Donovan! Lynch wanted no part of the powerbomb and he countered it!

[...and rushes across the ring, knocking Adam Rogers off the apron with a right hand!]

GM: Rogers goes down as well!

[Lynch turns back towards the rising Donovan, rushing across...]

GM: The knee! The high knee connects!

[Jack dives across the chest of Donovan!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHHH! ROGERS BREAKS IT UP WITH THE STRAP!!

[Which is James Lynch's cue to rush in, leaping into the air with a flying forearm to the skull that knocks Rogers down to the mat, sending him rolling from the ring...]

GM: James Lynch clears out Rogers and-

[James grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting himself over the top rope and crashing down on a stunned Adam Rogers!]

GM: OHHH! JAMES LYNCH GOES OVER THE TOP!

[We catch a glimpse of James' fan cheering her heart out as we cut back to the ring where Robert Donovan is being dragged off the mat by James Lynch who smashes a belt-wrapped fist into the skull, sending Donovan falling back into the ropes...]

GM: Donovan's in some trouble as Jack Lynch continues to tee off with that right hand... and Donovan's got a small cut over his eyebrow, fans!

[Gritting his teeth, Lynch grabs hold of Donovan's hair and hammers the cut, opening up a full on stream of blood pouring down the face of the seven footer.]

GM: Donovan's been busted wide open!

[Grabbing the arm, Lynch whips Donovan across the ring, watching him stagger back...

...and wraps the Iron Claw around his bloodied skull!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!

[The crowd is ROARING as Jack Lynch sinks his fingers into the bloody skull of Donovan who is flailing his arms, looking for an escape...]

GM: ROGERS IS ON THE APRON!!

[But he gets yanked back down by James Lynch who opens up on him with a series of right hands! The referee spins around, shouting at Rogers and James...

...which gives Dick Wyatt a chance to climb up on the apron, scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: What's Wyatt doing?! What is he... NO!

[Wyatt leaps off the top, smashing the plaster cast-covered arm down over the top of Jack Lynch's skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE NAILED HIM WITH THE CAST!!

[Wyatt bails out to the floor, clutching his arm as Donovan grabs a stunned Lynch by the throat, lifting him up and driving him down to the mat!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!!

[Donovan dives across Jack Lynch's chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Haha! The Bullies did it! The Bullies knocked off the Lynches after the Lynches got all fired up and-

GM: They're not done, Bucky!

[Sliding back into the ring, Dick Wyatt snatches up a fallen leather strap with his arm-covered cast.]

GM: There's nothing wrong with that arm, Bucky! He hit the man with the cast and now he's gonna use the same arm to put a whipping on someone!

[Donovan slowly gets back to his feet, dragging Jack Lynch up in a front facelock as Wyatt winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Wyatt!

[The smaller Bully cackles with glee as he winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another shot! Dick Wyatt's taking the skin right off the back of Jack Lynch and-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: TRAVIS! TRAVIS IS HEADING TO THE RING!!

[The muscular youngster comes sliding under the bottom rope, swinging his big powerful arm into a big haymaker on the jaw of Wyatt, taking him off his feet. He snatches up the leather belt, turning towards Donovan who smirks, stepping out over the ropes as Travis takes a futile swing at him.]

GM: The Bullies have struck but Travis Lynch has saved his big brother from them doing any further damage, fans.

BW: Travis Lynch is shouting at Dick Wyatt. Figures that the runt of the Lynch litter would want a piece of a crippled guy, don't it?

GM: There's nothing wrong with Dick Wyatt... well, nothing physically at least.

BW: Says you. You a doctor, Gordo?

GM: Of course I'm not... you know I'm not!

BW: Then I think you should shut your mouth about the situation. Dick Wyatt's an injured man and until his doctors say otherwise, that cast stays on his arm.

GM: The Bullies are out of here... the Lynch boys stand united inside the ring. On this night, the Lynches may have lost this battle but I'm guessing they're not about to lose this war. Fans, this summer has seen the AWA go out and bring in some of the most interesting new talent that I can recall. Men like The Hangman are coming to the AWA... men like Porter Crowley have already arrived. But when you talk about the AWA... when you talk about the tradition of professional wrestling that the AWA has embraced over the years... there may be no pair of wrestlers better suited for the American Wrestling Alliance than these men... take a look at the Young Guns!

[Black and white, grainy footage, trundles across the screen. Karl O'Connor, much younger then today, applies a deep hammerlock, lifting his faceless opponent up, depositing him to the mat with technical ease. He smothers the downed opponent, wrenching their arm behind their back as a scream is drawn out by the adoration of the thousands of fans heralding "The Strangler.]

"I remember one night in Biloxi. Dutch Hutchins' arm got bent so far behind his back that he popped his shoulder right out of the socket. He was relentless."

[The reel cuts to "Battlin" Bart Wallace on the outside of the ring, smashing thick forearm after thick forearm into a hapless victim's chest, painting it beet red with each and every shot.]

"He just never quit. Battlin' didn't just fight you tooth and nail, he'd literally hammer the nail right through your heart and he kept on hitting you until that nail shot out the other side. No mercy."

[The Strangler coils his arms around a Japanese man's throat. The man's hands swing wildly as O'Connor inches his bicep underneath their neck. The Japanese man's face turns pale as he slips in and out of consciousness.]

"That sleeperhold was deadly. Once PopPop sunk that in it was over. Didn't matter who was on the other side."

[Burt Wallace rushes forward, smashing his forearm across the skull of Hamilton Graham. The screen jump cuts to a shot of Johnny Most whose face is met with the same fate. The "Gorgeous" one collapses to the mat, his hands covering his bloodied and broken nose.]

"My old man didn't care who stood in front of him. They all fell the same way when he hit them with the hammer."

[The footage dissolves. Color is restored. A face encompasses the screen. Rough and tumbled look, early twenties, short brown hair trimmed tight around his ears. The figure lays into Joe Flint with blood laced headbutts with fans banging on the railing in the background with cowbells with each blow.]

B'OC: I'm Bobby O'Connor.

[The next cut reveals the a young man walking towards the ring, confidence swathed across his handsome face. He walks with purpose, swagger even, his face is beaming with confidence.]

LW: And I'm Larry Wallace.

[And then back to alternating footage of their fathers in action around the nation. Famous battles they fought encapsulated on film, recognizable figures like Jack Stein, a masked Mauler, and even the Giant Khan. The voice overs of the younger generation carrying on top of the video.]

B'OC: Like my grandfather and our fathers before us..

LW: We're going to unleash a fury that will set the wrestling world on fire.

[A flash of the young men in action. Larry Wallace locks his arms around the waist of a hillbilly looking opponent. Bobby O'Connor barrels forward, wrapping his arm across the neck of the same individual who is then simultaneously thrown up and over Wallace and dropped on the back of his neck.]

BO'C: Intensity. Fearlessness. God-Willing.

[O'Connor lowers his head and a Mexican wrestler leap frogs over him, only to be met with a flying drop-kick by Wallace who catapulted himself into the ring and nearly beheaded the helpless wrestler.]

LW: Style. Technique. Perfection.

BO'C: Our fathers bled for this business. We will champion these values like a badge of honor. This is our code. We are the Young Bloods...

[Wallace and O'Connor stand side by side in the ring. Chests pounding. Wrapped fists shredded, bloodied, raising towards the camera.]

LW: ...'til the day we die.

[The footage fixates as their pistol drawn hands point towards the screen. Slowly the camera pans out. Fans are on their feet. Shouting. Cheering. Adoring. The scene finally dissolves, leaving behind two simple words.]

"COMING SOON"

[Fade to black.]

As we return from the pre-taped vignette, we're down at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: The Young Guns are coming and I, for one, can't wait to see what those two young men bring to the AWA tag team division. It's been a wild night here in Atlanta, fans. An unpredictable night where as Bucky and I sit here at ringside, we just have no idea what's coming next. There are a lot of top AWA competitors who we HAVEN'T seen yet tonight and-

[Suddenly, there's a blur of motion behind the announce table as someone comes over the railing from the front row, dashing past a couple of stunned security guards and rolling into the ring.]

GM: What in the... who is that? We've got a fan in the ring here and- don't put the camera on him, please. We do NOT want to encourage any fans who would try to disrupt a live televis-

[A voice rings out.]

"I ain't an unruly fan, Myers!"

[Gordon turns towards the voice.]

BW: I think he's talking to you.

GM: Obviously. Where the heck did he get a mic?

BW: It's in the ring. Remember? The mic sits in the ring and waits for someone to pick it up?

GM: Good point. If this guy isn't a fan, then who is he?

BW: I don't recognize him.

GM: We've got two of our officials out here now talking to him... trying to get him to leave the ring. I'm being told by the truck that... well, they're going to show this gentlemen because they believe they know who he is. Let's...

[The camera shot cuts to show the man in the ring. He is dressed in a white tracksuit and sneakers. Referees Marty Meekly and Davis Warren are talking to him, gesturing emphatically to the back. He waves them off with his free hand, while bringing the mic to his mouth with the other.]

M: Is this the best you've got, AWA? [To the referees.] Seriously, one of yer's gonna want to stick around for this. [To the jeering crowd in the Russ Chandler Stadium.] Is this the best you've got? I was promised that

anything can happen at Opportunity Knocks! I bought a ticket to the show, expecting some proper fights! Instead, I got bored out of me seat! So...

[The boos grow louder. The man pauses, one hand on his hip, waiting for the jeering to subside.]

M: So, I decided to take matters into me own hands... Here's what I'm gonna do... My name is Callum Mahoney and I challenge any of the lads in the back to a proper fight! A real fight! Five minutes! Let's see if any of yer back there's got what it takes to last five minutes in the ring with me!

[There is a mix of cheers and jeers now, as some of the fans begin chanting for their favorite wrestlers' names.]

CM: In fact...

[He reaches into his pocket and pulls out some folded bills; the one on the outside is clearly a hundred dollar bill.]

CM: I've got about five hundred dollars here... Easy beer money for anyone back there who can last five minutes in the ring with me!

[Mahoney hands the money to Marty Meekly. He reaches into another pocket and pulls out more bills, at least one of which features Benjamin Franklin. He hands the money over to Davis Warren.]

CM: If any of yer's lucky to pin me or make me submit during that time, I'll throw in another five hundred dollars or so of me own hard earned money! So, get someone out here and let's fight!

[The fans begin chanting "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" Mahoney drops the mic, removes his tracksuit jacket to reveal a white tank top. He drapes the jacket over the ring post and paces the ring.]

GM: Callum Mahoney... does that ring any bells to you, Bucky?

BW: Can't say that it does really.

GM: Well, he obviously thinks very highly of his abilities. He's putting five hundred dollars on the line for anyone who can last five minutes with him... another five hundred if they can pin him or make him submit during that time.

BW: A grand ain't a bad pull for a night's work, Gordo... ask the girls down the street at the Peach Pit After Dark.

GM: The... huh?

BW: Tell 'em Bucky sent ya and the first dance is on the house.

GM: Bucky! You can't advertise a... a...

[Mahoney is pacing back and forth, angrily glaring down the aisle as Gordon searches for a word that won't send WKIK's Standards And Practices into a conniption...]

...when suddenly we hear a voice ring out over the PA system.]

"I think I heard enough out of ya!"

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of the man walking through the curtain.]

GM: Hey! That's Tommy Fierro! A former World Heavyweight Champion and a man born and raised right here in Atlanta, Georgia!

BW: A World Champion at 19 years old and the rest of his life spent chasing that lost glory.

GM: Perhaps that's true but these people love him in here in Hotlanta!

[Fierro is dressed in street clothes of blue jeans, an AWA t-shirt, and a FIERRO windbreaker. He's got a mic in hand.]

TF: I don't know who ya are, Mahoney... and I don't quite care neither.

[Big cheer!]

TF: But what I know is that you came out here... in front of all these wonderful people in my hometown in Atlanta...

[Another big cheer!]

TF: In front of all these people that I can't thank enough for comin' out and showin' support for the company who took me in when my grapplin' days were long done!

[Keep those cheers a-comin'!]

TF: You come out here and you trashtalk the AWA and all these great superstars who come out here tonight and put on one heck of a show?

[Fierro shakes his head as he gets closer to the ring.]

TF: Now, that just don't quite sit right with me. So, if you're sayin' that you're gonna cough up a thousand dollars to anyone who come out here tonight and pins yer shoulders to the mat...

[Fierro cracks a grin as he pulls off his windbreaker, tossing it over the railing to a ringside fan who is ecstatic!]

TF: That sounds right down my alley.

[Fierro pulls himself up on the ring apron with the ropes, looking at Mahoney who simply nods, throwing his mic aside.]

GM: I suppose that means that Callum Mahoney accepts the challenge!

BW: I suppose it does... and why wouldn't he? Fierro's an old man who is essentially retired these days!

GM: Don't have to be an active wrestler to accept a challenge, Bucky.

[Fierro steps into the ring, tugging his t-shirt over his head, revealing a less-than-in-shape torso as he swings his arms back and forth across his torso.]

GM: Fierro doesn't look like he's in the best of shape which apparently doesn't sit well with Mahoney who is complaining to official Davis Warren, pointing at Fierro's... uhh...

BW: His flabby gut? I guess there's no gyms on the road where Fierro is doing promotional work for the AWA, huh?

GM: Tommy Fierro has been working in the AWA front office for quite some time now - ever since hanging up his boots from a full-time wrestling career. He does promotional work... he does scouting... he does venue searches. Lots of different roles for Fierro.

[The referee looks out at the timekeeper, ordering him to start a five minute count. A time clock appears in the bottom corner of the screen as well.]

GM: Five minutes on the clock and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...here we go!

[A gleeful Fierro comes charging out of the corner as Mahoney stands still, almost stoic as he awaits Fierro.]

GM: Fierro's coming in fast...

[The former World Champion balls up his fist, reaching back to throw one of his trademark haymakers...]

GM: Big righ- no, Mahoney slaps it away!

[Fierro throws a second and a third but Mahoney sidesteps the second and swats away the third...]

GM: Fierro can't seem to make any contact with Mahoney...

[Mahoney lunges in, tying his hands together behind the head and neck of Fierro, using the powerful grip to throw Fierro down to the mat.]

GM: Nice throw out of Mahoney...

[Fierro springs back up, ready to fire again but Mahoney goes downstairs, throwing a quick one-two at the ample midsection of Fierro, sending him falling back into the ropes as the clock reads "4:35"]

GM: Time is ticking down here in this one. Remember, if Fierro lasts five minutes, he gets five hundred dollars. If he wins during the five minutes, he gets a thousand.

[Bouncing off the ropes, Fierro swings his arms up in front of his face, looking like a boxer as Mahoney lunges in, lifting Fierro up over his shoulder, swinging him around and throwing him down to the mat...]

GM: Nice throw by Mahoney and- ohh! Hard kick to the ribs!

[A second boot to the ribs has Fierro clutching his torso as Mahoney drops down, burying a knee into the ribs as well. Mahoney grabs Fierro by the legs, dragging him away from the ropes...

...and leaping high into the air, burying a stomp into the sternum of Fierro!]

GM: Oh! He got a lot of elevation on that leaping stomp and that'll knock the wind right out of your sails!

[Mahoney drops to a knee, grabbing Fierro by the thinning hair and smashing his bare knuckles into the eye over and over.]

BW: Ow! He's punching him RIGHT in the eye, Gordo!

GM: That's just brutal!

[Leaning over, Mahoney presses his forearm bone against the bridge of Fierro's nose and rubs it back and forth, pressing down hard.]

GM: He's trying to crush the man's nose!

[Mahoney pushes even hard, drawing a scream of pain from Fierro as the clock reads "3:38"]

GM: About ninety seconds gone in this one and while Fierro's in a lot of pain, he certainly doesn't appear to be in any real danger of losing the match at the moment.

[Mahoney climbs to his feet, delivering a kidney punch to a rising Fierro that knocks him into the ropes. The brawler moves quickly, grabbing Fierro's left arm and looping it over the top rope, pulling back on the wrist to completely tie up the arm...

...and SLAMS the edge of his forearm into the kidneys several times before the referee's count hits four. He releases his grip on the wrist...]

GM: Mahoney gives the break there and-

[He slams his knee up into the kidneys as well, forcing Fierro to fall down to his knees on the mat. Mahoney grabs him by the chin, pulling his head back hard...

...and SMASHES the point of his elbow down into the eyesocket once... twice... three times...]

GM: Mahoney hits hard and hits in very unique places. Lots of shots to the eye, to the kidneys, to the bridge of the nose. This guy's out to hurt people, Bucky.

[Mahoney aggressively shoves Fierro's head, throwing him down to the mat. The referee reprimands him as Mahoney stands over Fierro, shaking his head as the clock hits "2:53"]

GM: The clock continues to count down and for someone with money on the line, Mahoney doesn't seem in any real hurry to finish off his opponent, Bucky.

BW: He's taking his time, making Fierro earn that money.

GM: I suppose that's one way to look at it.

[Mahoney can be heard arguing with the official for a bit as Fierro tries to drag himself up off the mat.]

GM: Mahoney's telling the official that he broke that hold on the ropes.

BW: He did!

GM: Yes but he attacked the man right after the break.

BW: Was that wrong?

[Fierro reaches his feet, eating a boot to the gut from Mahoney that knocks him back to the ropes. A grinning Mahoney smashes a forearm into the ear that sends Fierro falling into the corner. He walks in on him...

...and Fierro suddenly leans back, swinging up his legs to kick Mahoney in the chest, knocking him backwards! The crowd cheers the flurry of offense!]

GM: Fierro's fighting back!

[Fierro hops up to the middle rope, leaping off with an elbow to the crown of Mahoney's skull, putting him down to a knee.]

GM: Fierro's trying to build some momentum here. Big right hand between the eyes! And another!

[Fierro pulls Mahoney up, grabbing the wrist...]

GM: Irish whi-

[But as Fierro attempts the whip, Mahoney hangs on, refusing to go along with it before he leaps up in the air, scissoring the limb between his legs and dragging Fierro down to the mat!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!!

[Fierro is in the hold for just a handful of seconds before he frantically slaps his hand on the canvas!]

GM: He gave up!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Mahoney instantly releases the hold, climbing up to his feet with a smile on his face.]

GM: That armbar came quick as can be. When he decided to lock it in, he locked it in DEEP, fans. There was no escaping that hold.

BW: And Fierro did the right thing, Gordo. He did the ONLY thing he could've done. If he hadn't tapped out, he'd have a broken arm right now. That was in deep and it was executed to perfection.

[Mahoney allows the referee to raise his arm.]

GM: It took a hair over three minutes for him to get the victory but Callum Mahoney scores a victory and he does it over a former World Champion in fairly impressive fashion, fans.

BW: I hope the front office was watching. Ink this guy to a deal now. I want to see what he does in that ring against the AWA's elite... the today and tomorrow of professional wrestling... not the past like Fierro.

GM: The fans are giving Tommy Fierro a nice ovation as he gets back to his feet and Callum Mahoney's walking out of here...

[Mahoney hops over the ringside barricade...

...and retakes his seat in the front row, grinning as a nearby fan hands him a beer.]

GM: Well, apparently someone down here at ringside appreciated what they just saw out of Callum Mahoney as they brought him an ice cold beverage.

BW: Beer during a rain storm? Yeah, this guy's as Irish as they come.

GM: That seems completely inappropriate to say... fans, we'll be right back with more action live from Atlanta here at Opportunity Knocks!

[Mahoney winks at the camera, lifting the beer to it before settling back in his chair as we fade to black.

The commercial opens to what looks like the inside of some old industrial warehouse. Boxes and rows of computer technology line the walls, as do psychedelic multi-colored lighting.

In front of this is The Rave. Jerby Jezz, a pale red-skinned fellow, is wearing what looks like a Lycra suit jacket in banana yellow and neon green, with a bright red undershirt and an LED-covered tie which changes color every few seconds. He's wearing emerald green safety glasses with a purple frame, and white pants with orange jagged vertical stripes. Jerby's hair is done in three small ponytails... one red, one yellow, and one blue, which lead to orange, purple, and green patches of hair. Next to him is Shizz Dawg OG, the very pale brown-skinned member of the Rave. The Dawg is wearing a violet leisure suit top with forest-green trim, open to expose his chest which sports a flamingo pink cutoff tee with aqua tiger-stripping. He's wearing brown and red pants, blue fingerless gloves, and orange-and-grey goggles. His hair is a poofy afro which is half-red and half-white.

When they speak, they are subtitled.]

JJ: Greetings, protosheep! The Rave are in the flippety floppety floo, so satellate your earlobes while we distribute the upload!

SUBTITLE: "Greetings, primitive person with little knowledge! The Rave are here, so listen while we explain things to you!"

SDOG: Our mission from 2032 to defend the timestream from translitization by a gyzzrus roilspur needs your slapback! Wildstyling is only one of the niques we use to regulate the timeflow; we also have to make sure timegularities flow the way they were in the history holovids.

SUBTITLE: "Our mission from 2032 to protect history from being changed by an evil time traveller needs your help! Wrestling is only one way we keep history safe; we also have to make sure specific historic events happen the way our history books say."

JJ: And that takes creds, jaggos! We can't snarf 2032 megatech and scoopit to the futurepast, because we'd flutz the timeflow! We gotta possback, and we can only shill with our futurefax so much without vascabrating the credservers.

SUBTITLE: "That takes money, good people. We can't bring much future technology to the present because that would damage the timeline. We must procure on site, and we can only use our future knowledge for gambling so much without destabilizing the economy."

SDOG: But The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior makes the demandment that all credflips must be a rawkus deal! So we're hayesing out the most winhaving hempshreds that the teens ever plotted!

SUBTITLE: "Our belief system requires that all money transfers be fair deals. So we are selling the best clothing this decade has ever seen."

[Jerby pulls open a crate, and multicolor shirts can be seen inside. They all read RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT in various glow-in-the-dark colors.]

JJ: Frally! Each bodsheath is rainbowlderized with a codecation of no less than eight distinct shades! In 2032 that is sircebezz!

SUBTITLE: "Really! Each shirt is randomly colorized with a guarantee of having at least eight distinct colors. In 2032, that is SERIOUS BUSINESS."

SDOG: We have them in every fit from shrump to quintuple-gyzzrus fatbody! Because we flow that this era has a lot of shrumps and a lot of fatbodies.

SUBTITLE: "We have them in every size from extra small to 5XL! Because we know that this era has a lot of midgets and a lot of obese people."

JJ: And if that wasn't buhdass enough for everyhumie, we also satellated to the primitates' teargriefing about your scrap inability to flow with our winhaving vocalingo. So we amadably decided to use frackish 2D media, just for you, and producted an official Rave 2032 vocalinganary!

SUBTITLE: "And if that wasn't awesome enough for everybody, we also heard the primitive people whining about their inability to understand our great 2032 language. So we kindly decided to use outdated 2D media, just for you, and created an official Rave 2032 language dictionary!"

[Shizz reaches into another box with a pair of tongs, and pulls out a softcover book. It reads "OFFICIAL RAVE 2032 VOCALINGANARY" in multi-colored print.]

SDOG: Snarf these rawkus deals now from the Intersquib at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, and give the slapback so we can RAVE!

SUBTITLE: Get these great deals now from the Internet at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to our belief system, and help us so we can...

RAVE: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

SUBTITLE: ...we're still not sure what that's supposed to mean.

[And we cut to black.

We fade back up from black to a panning shot of the baseball stadium where the rain has started to let up a bit.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. Opportunity has been knocking all night long and we can now make it official - tonight, the World Heavyweight Championship WILL be on the line with Calisto Dufresne defending against the former two-time National Champion Juan Vasquez! But that's still to come later tonight. Right now, we've got-

["Kazmir" by Led Zepplin begins to play and out from the back comes Johnny Detson followed by the portly "Collector of Oddities" Percy Childes. The duo stop at the curtain as Childes whispers something to Detson. Detson smirks and nods and the two make their way to the ring.]

GM: Johnny Detson is here and he is dressed to wrestle.

BW: That can't be good news for anyone he's about to challenge!

[Detson rolls into the ring and grabs the mic. Waiting as his manager slowly climbs the ring steps, yelling at the crowd as he does. Once Childes enters and stands by his side, Detson begins to speak.]

JD: Opportunity. That's what tonight is all about right? Opportunity.

[Shaking his head in disbelief he looks throughout the crowd. He then points at Percy Childes.]

JD: Well this here is the ONLY person willing to give me ANY opportunity in this place.

[Boos. Mainly because crediting Percy Childes for anything goes against their moral code.]

JD: But now the AWA wants to give everybody an opportunity... at our nation's birth day. So finally the AWA is going to give me an opportunity; well I sure am going to take it. Not for one of your titles so I can see if the Championship Committee considers me worthy; or not some ploy to move up the ranks, that I don't need.

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: What I need is for Stevie Scott to get into this ring... RIGHT... NOW!

GM: Oh my! Detson challenging Stevie Scott.

BW: Smart move, continue to chop away at the resistance to the Unholy Alliance!

JD: You see, I may not be from around here, but I know my history. And it may seem like a lifetime ago, but one of the greatest nights in the history of Stevie Scott was when he became National Champion for the first time and tonight is the anniversary of that accomplishment. July Fourth is the start of what made Stevie Scott into an "AWA living legend!"

[Smirking, Detson throws a glance at Childes and the two laugh.]

JD: Well, why not pair Stevie's biggest achievement with one of his biggest failures when I beat him here tonight on that anniversary. Why not show him what great really is on a night he thinks he became it? In fact, I bet you right now he's back—

[Detson doesn't get to finish that thought, though, as the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel of a Gun" cranks up over the speakers, drawing a HUGE pop from the crowd!]

GM: Looks like Johnny Detson is about to get what he asked for!

BW: Of course he is, Gordo. The deal tonight is that no one can turn down a challenge. Keeps cowards like Stevie Scott from running away.

[Stevie's certainly not running right now. He emerges into the aisle, foregoing his usual showboating and theatrics to power-walk straight to the ring. Like Detson, he is in his wrestling attire, the black full-length tights with orange flames running down each leg. He steps into the ring, glares at Detson and ascends to the middle turnbuckle nearest him, raising his arms in the air to another gigantic pop. He quickly hops right back down and grabs a microphone away from a ringside attendant on the apron there to hand him the stick.

The music dies down and for a moment, Stevie stands there a few steps away from Detson, hands on his hips staring at his challenger. The pause in noise means the crowd, naturally, needs to fill that void and they do with a chant that grows in volume with each time it's said.

"STE-VIE SCOTT! STE-VIE SCOTT! STE-VIE SCOTT!"]

GM: Listen to this crowd, Bucky Wilde! It's reminiscent of how the crowd sounded three years ago on the night Stevie Scott won his first AWA National Title!

BW: Yeah, until he joined up with Ben Waterson that night. Which, incidentally, is the Stevie Scott I miss.

[After letting the chant linger, Stevie finally raises the mic to speak as the chant dies down. He shifts his attention from Detson to Childes first.]

HSS: Chubbs, if I were you, I'd just take my lard ass over to that corner and shut your mouth before I give the doctors another reason to wire your jaw shut again.

[BIG POP! Childes turns red with rage, but Detson turns to him and motions for him to go to that corner, patting him on the shoulder and assuring him it will be fine.]

BW: There's no need for that! Percy Childes hasn't done anything!

GM: I'd say he's done plenty, Bucky.

[The Hotshot, satisfied with Percy's positioning, turns his attention to Detson.]

HSS: Johnny Detson. Good old Johnny Detson. Looking for his opportunity to make a name for himself in the AWA, and at the expense of yours truly.

[Stevie pauses, hands on his hips and laughing.]

HSS: Oh, It's your opportunity, alright.

Your opportunity to learn why you don't belong in the same ring as Stevie Scott.

[Pop!]

HSS: Now I appreciate the fact that you know your history. I appreciate that you've done your homework, and you know that July 4th was the date of one of my crowning achievements. Well, Stevie Scott knows his history, too. I know you spent time in Phoenix and Canada and as far as I could tell, in either place you went, you didn't win one...damned...thing.

[He takes a step closer to Detson.]

HSS: So naturally, I get why you want to call me out. Because in the unlikely event that you beat the one in a million odds and beat me? That's quite a feather in your cap, ain't it?

Well, here's the problem with that plan, Johnny Detson.

[And another step closer.]

HSS: Stevie Scott ain't anyone's stepping stone. Stevie Scott ain't anyone's rung on a ladder, and he sure as hell ain't someone that a punk like you gets to make a name off of beating.

I've played around long enough with you people. I've played around long enough with the Unholy Alliance and with God above as my witness, all that changes TONIGHT.

[Annnnd another step closer, leaving him nearly nose-to-nose with Detson.]

HSS: So with that in mind...your best bet right now? Your best bet is to withdraw your challenge, and march your sorry tail back up that aisle and out of sight before I decide to make an example of you and help you...

[He points to Percy in the corner.]

HSS: ...Fatty McGee over there, those Magic Mike wannabes, and anyone else who forgot who Stevie Scott is...

[Stevie lowers his voice.]

HSS: ...to remember just...who...I...am.

[The two wrestlers stare hard at each other for a few tense seconds before Stevie slowly backs away to the ropes, sitting on the middle and pushing up the top one in an invitation for Detson to accept his offer. Detson glares at Scott as his face gets flush with anger. Detson points a finger right at Scott.]

JD: You–

[Suddenly, Detson stops. Lowering his finger, he simply smiles.]

JD: Nice try. You know I find it funny that one of the innovator of gang warfare in the AWA is so against it now. And also you are not in any position to negotiate...

[Detson shakes his head as a rather sadistic looking smirk crosses his face.]

JD: You see, Stevie, you can think what you want of me but I'm not the one standing next to a guy I couldn't get the better of... THAT'S YOU. I'm not the one who's come up short on everything else he's done since that fateful night on July Fourth... THAT'S YOU. And I'm also not the one hiding in the shadow of a wrestler everyone knows you can't beat... THAT'S YOU!

[With that final insult, Detson again points at Scott. His finger never lowering as he continues to speak.]

JD: So really, it's your opportunity here tonight. An opportunity to prove you're not just some Juan Vasquez pawn being used. To prove you are that living legend that you claim to be. And an opportunity to prove that that July Fourth meant something to anybody but you, because the way I see it... all you managed to become was an AVERAGE sized fish in a real tiny pond until a bigger fish came and took it all away.

[Detson turns his back to Scott, throwing a wink and a smirk over at Childes, before turning back towards Scott.]

JD: So how 'bout it Hotshot? Still want me to walk awa-

[A big right hand flashes out, cracking Detson on the jaw, knocking him down to the canvas as Percy Childes quickly bails out of the ring.]

GM: The fight is on and here! We! GO!

[The crowd is roaring as Detson gets back to his feet, eating another right hand... and a third one connects solidly, sending Detson falling back into the corner.]

GM: The Hotshot is all over him from the outset!

[Grabbing Detson under the armpit, Scott LAUNCHES him out of the corner, dumping him down on his back in the middle of the ring!]

GM: Detson goes down hard off the hiptoss... but he's right back up and-
BOOM! Right back down thanks to a running clothesline out of the Hotshot!

[Detson pops up again, fists at the ready as Scott lashes out with a jab to the jaw... and another... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Scott's sticking him in the jaw like a world class boxer in there...

[With Detson dazed, Scott spins his right arm around and around...

...and then reaches out with his left to stick a finger in Detson's eye!]

BW: Cheap shot! Ring the bell! DQ the man!

[Detson wobbles away, shouting as he rubs at his eyes, staggering over into the ropes...

...where another running clothesline connects, taking him over the top rope and down to the mud-filled infield!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE SLOP GOES JOHNNY DETSON!!

BW: That's not right, Gordo! He's from Hollywood! He's a good looking man who could be in the movies and now he's covered in mud!

GM: Are you kidding me?

BW: Ugh! He even got it in his hair!

[Detson angrily gets up, rubbing his blonde hair which only serves to get more mud in there. Percy Childes waves him over, looking to huddle up with his charge. Stevie Scott paces back and forth inside the ring, shouting for Detson to get back inside the squared circle...]

GM: Stevie Scott wants him back in but it looks like Detson wants a timeout. He needs some time to recover as Percy tries to help him regroup. This one's yet another battle in the ongoing war between the Unholy Alliance and Juan Vasquez and his Immortals.

BW: A war that got just a little bit more personal for Percy Childes two weeks ago when Vasquez brought Anton Layton back to the AWA... against Percy! I can't believe Layton would do that after everything Percy did for him.

GM: You realize that the last time we saw Layton in the AWA, Childes had his men severely injure him, right?

BW: Well, yes... but Layton brought that on himself.

GM: I see.

[At the count of eight, Johnny Detson climbs up on the apron, barking at the Hotshot before stepping through the ropes.]

GM: Detson's back in and the referee waves for the match to continue.

[The two men come together in a collar and elbow tieup, jockeying for position when Detson slips a knee into the gut. An elbow down across the back of the neck puts Scott on a knee...]

GM: Hard shot to the back of the neck...

[Detson breaks to the ropes, rebounding off, and smashing his knee into the jaw of Stevie Scott, snapping his head back and dropping him down to the mat.]

GM: Detson connects with the knee to the skull...

[The Hotshot grabs at the back of his neck, rolling under the ropes to the infield grass...

...which allows Detson to dash across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide, driving his feet into the face of the former two-time National Champion!]

GM: Ohh! Johnny Detson is trying to stay on top of Scott, sliding out to the floor...

[Detson stomps the back of Scott's neck repeatedly, ignoring the referee's count.]

GM: Detson is going right after the neck of the Hotshot, kicking and stomping the neck.

BW: And you better believe that if Detson didn't already know about Stevie Scott's neck history, Percy Childe told him all about it.

GM: Stevie Scott had two vertebrae fused a couple years back.

BW: At the hands of his new best friend, Juan Vasquez.

GM: That was a different time, Bucky... and a different Stevie Scott.

BW: I'm a firm believer that people never change, Gordo... they just change who they focus their attention on. Stevie Scott is still the same man I cheered inside the ring but he's just focused the wrong way. He's aiming his skills at the Unholy Alliance instead of burying the knife in the back of Vasquez.

[Detson drags Scott up by the hair, slamming the Hotshot's head into the ring apron before shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: Scott gets rolled back in at the count of six and Detson's coming back in as well.

[Back inside the ring, the Hollywood native measures the downed Hotshot, dropping an elbow on the back of the neck. A second one follows, causing Scott to roll under the ropes again...]

GM: Detson's going after the neck, over and over again...

[At Childes' shouted instruction, Detson reaches over the ropes, dragging Scott to his feet. He turns him over, setting for a neckbreaker...]

...and then drops to his rear, snapping the back of Scott's neck down on the top rope, sending him sprawling back out on the ground.]

GM: Innovative offense, still targeting the neck, by Johnny Detson as he snaps the neck off the ropes and leaves the Hotshot facedown in the muck here in Atlanta.

[Detson steps through the ropes onto the apron, leaning against the ring ropes as he waits for Stevie Scott to get off the ground.]

GM: The Hotshot's trying to get back up. The rain has turned this ringside grass and dirt into a muddy mess but these men continue to come out here and fight through some real nasty weather.

[Scott gets up off the ground, turning slowly around as Detson leaps off the apron...]

...and gets caught with a right hand to the midsection, a blow that flips Detson over onto his back in the mud!]

GM: Ohh! Detson was going for a double axehandle off the apron but Stevie caught him downstairs!

[Stevie looks around at the cheering crowd, dropping down to his knees to grab Detson by his long blonde hair, pulling his head up...]

...and SLAMMING it down into the mud!]

GM: OHHH! Facefirst into the muck!

[A smirking Hotshot pulls Detson up by the hair again, revealing a mud-covered face...]

...and SMASHES his face into the mud a second time!]

BW: This ain't right, Gordo! They should stop the match with all this slop around the ring!

GM: The AWA delivers through rain or shine!

[Scott gets back to his feet, planting a foot on the back of Detson's head, looking out to the crowd as Detson flails his arms and legs, drowning in the mud.]

BW: He's trying to drown him!

GM: In a few inches of mud?! Give me a break!

[As the referee's count hits six, Scott lets up off of Detson, pulling him off the ground. He cracks a grin at the mud-covered face of Detson before rolling him under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: Detson shoved back in... and Stevie's back in as well...

[Back inside the ring, Stevie drags Detson off the mat, smashing an elbow down between the eyes. The Hotshot rubs the mud off his elbow with disgust...

...and then shoves it into the face of Detson with a pieface that brings another big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Stevie Scott's just trying to humiliate Detson here tonight. Johnny Detson, all of 39 years old out of Hollywood, California, finally achieved singles title glory out in Phoenix by winning their version of the World Title but when they went under earlier this year, he found himself alone in the business that he's spent his whole life.

BW: The way I hear it, the front office here wanted no part of Detson before Percy Childes signed him to a deal. That kind of snub gives a man a whole lot of motivation to prove some people wrong, Gordo.

[With Detson in the corner, Stevie approaches, grabbing two hands filled with hair and SLAMS his skull into the top turnbuckle, causing Detson to lean over the turnbuckles...]

GM: Stevie Scott continues to remain in control of this one...

[Scott grabs Detson by the arm, spinning him around...]

GM: Big whip sends him across...

[The Hotshot dashes across the ring, turning his back to deliver an elbow to the jaw...

...but Detson raises both knees, causing Scott to jolt his spine by slamming into them at top speed!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter out of the former World Champion!

[Detson slips from the corner, tying up the Hotshot and SNAPPING him back into the buckles with a side Russian legsweep, creating a whiplash style effect when the two-time National Champion slams into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OH!

BW: Now THAT'S a former World Champion in action, Gordo! And if Stevie Scott was taking Johnny Detson lightly, he sure ain't makin' that mistake right now, daddy!

[The Hollywood native climbs to his feet, rubbing his muddy face with both hands...

...and then shoves those hands into Stevie Scott's face, rubbing the mud into his eyes!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: What?! You had no problem at all when Scott was doin' the same thing to Detson!

[Detson rips Scott's mouth open, shoving mud-covered fingers into his mouth.]

GM: Uggh!

[Scott rolls to the side, coughing and spitting up mud as Detson gets back to his feet, a broad smirk on his face. The former World Champion delivers a few hard kicks to the ribs, forcing the Hotshot to roll towards the corner. Detson follows right in, stomping the ribs repeatedly...]

GM: The referee's ordering Detson back... ordering him get out of the corner...

[But as Detson argues with the official, Percy Childes slips in, driving the edge of his crystal-topped cane into the base of Scott's neck. He jams it in a few more times to the jeers of the crowd before backing away, leaving Detson to move back in, dragging Scott out of the corner to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Detson pulls him back to the middle... hits the ropes...

[And drops a knee down on the back of the neck!]

GM: Ohh! Johnny Detson is wasting no time in repeatedly going after the neck of Stevie Scott and that can't be good news for the Hotshot.

BW: It might be good news for his surgeon.

[Detson continues to kneel on the neck, pulling back on Scott's hair to increase the torque on it.]

GM: Get in there, referee!

[The referee again starts a count, forcing a break at the count of four. Detson looks out at the jeering crowd with a smirk as he rises to his feet, throwing out his arms to his side.]

GM: Boy, this guy truly is full of himself, Bucky.

BW: Why shouldn't he be? He was the last man to hold the World Title for a company who, by all accounts, with the top competition for this company! That means he's one of the best wrestlers in the world and now he's going to get a chance to prove that he is THE best.

[Detson drags Scott off the mat by the hair, standing him straight up before dashing to the ropes behind the Hotshot...]

...and **THROWS HIMSELF** into a high impact clothesline aimed at the back of the neck!]

GM: OHH! What a clothesline!

BW: Did you see Stevie Scott's head snap forward?!

GM: I certainly did... and Detson's going for a cover...

[The referee drops down, counting once... twice... but that's all as the Hotshot gets a shoulder up.]

GM: Two count only right there.

[Detson swings a leg over the downed Hotshot, grabbing a handful of hair and hammering away with clenched fists to the temple! Again, the referee starts a count, forcing Detson to get back to his feet at the count of four, raising his opened hands to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Percy Chiles is shouting instructions from the floor and as good as Detson was out in Phoenix, you have to believe that the twisted and evil guidance of Percy Chiles can only make him better here in the American Wrestling Alliance.

[With the toe of his boot, Detson rolls Scott to his stomach before dropping a quick knee... and another... and another... and another... and another, all aimed at the base of the neck, causing Scott to grab at the back of his neck, rolling under the ropes to the floor where he drops to a knee.]

GM: Detson sends Scott rolling out. There's been a whole lot of punishment put on that surgically-repaired neck in a very short period of time, fans.

[The referee steps in, shouting at Detson who engages him in a conversation...]

...which allows Percy Chiles to step up behind Scott, raising the cane high overhead...]

GM: NO!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SLAM the cane down on the back of the neck! Scott immediately collapses to his knees on the floor, his spine arching in pain.]

GM: Childes and Detson are working together very well out here. He's become an effective member of the Unholy Alliance in a very short period of time, Bucky.

BW: Detson is 39 years old, Gordo. He knows that he's on the backside of his career rather than the climbing side... and he knows that if he wants to be in the Hall of Fame, if he wants to be in those history books as one of the greatest of all time, he needs to put that AWA World Heavyweight Title around his waist.

GM: And?

BW: And with the possible exception of Royalty, there ain't no one better equipped to deliver you to that World Title than the Unholy Alliance.

GM: Tell that to Nenshou.

[With the referee counting, Stevie Scott uses the apron to drag himself back to his feet...

...and promptly EATS two feet in the face courtesy of a Johnny Detson baseball slide!]

GM: Down goes the Hotshot again!

[Detson sits on the apron, leaning against the ropes with a confident smile on his face. Percy Childes is a few feet away, gesturing wildly and angrily at Scott with his cane. Detson gives a nod as he hops off the apron, dragging Scott up by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE GOES THE HOTSHOT!!

[Scott leans back, his arms draped over the railing. His head is slumped down, his neck fully exposed.]

BW: Did you see the way Scott's head snapped back when he hit the railing? His neck is being put through the wringer here tonight in Atlanta!

[Detson approaches slowly, grabbing Scott by the hair...

...and SNAPPING his head back with a European uppercut!]

GM: Goodness!

[He pulls Scott's head down again before snapping it back with the uppercut... again... and again... and again...]

GM: The Hotshot's in some trouble out here on the floor, fans. He's taking a tremendous amount of punishment from the former World Champion.

BW: He's still a current World Champion in my book.

GM: We went over this with Rex Summers. You can't be the World Champion of a dead promotion.

BW: Tell that to Joe Petrow.

[Detson pulls Scott off the railing, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring. The Hollywood native drags himself up onto the apron...

...and points to the turnbuckles.]

GM: What's this all about? From what I know about Johnny Detson, he seldom - if ever - goes to the top rope but that's apparently what he intends to do right here and now, Bucky.

BW: Detson's got one big top rope move in the playbook and I think that's what we're about to see. He pulls this one out for big occasions and when opportunity is knockin', that sounds like a big occasion to me!

[Detson grabs the ropes, slowly making his way up the turnbuckles. He steadies himself before stepping up to the top rope. He looks out at the crowd, nodding his head...]

GM: Detson's up top!

[He leaps up, turning a full 180 to face the ring and his downed opponent before leaping into the air, tucking his arms and legs...]

GM: BACKSPLASH!

[...and coming up empty as Stevie Scott rolls aside!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! THE HOTSHOT AVOIDED THE BACKSPLASH OFF THE TOP!

[Detson instantly rolls to his stomach, reaching around to cradle his back as the Hotshot crawls across the ring, using the ropes to pull himself back to his feet.]

GM: Stevie Scott's trying to get up... trying to get back into this one after taking a whole lot of punishment.

[Scott gets up, stumbling over into the corner as Percy Childes shouts encouragement to his man who manages to get off the mat, also in a corner...]

...right across the ring from the Hotshot who comes tearing across, leaping up into the air to DRIVE his knee into the jaw of a stunned Detson!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: RUNNING HIGH KNEE IN THE CORNER!

[Scott spins around, hooking a side headlock and giving a swing of his arm...]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP OUT OF THE CORNER...

[...and charges out, leaping into the air to DRIVE Detson’s face into the mat!]

GM: ...YES! HE GOT IT!!

[Scott flips Detson to his back, diving across him in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[But Detson slips the shoulder up at two.]

GM: Just a two! Two count only, fans!

[Scott pops up to his knees, wincing as he grabs at the back of his neck. He claps his hands together as he gets back up, pulling Detson up by the arm and burying a boot into the gut...]

GM: Scott goes downstairs and-

[The Hotshot leans down, hooking his hands between the legs of Detson, hoisting him into the air and dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: Suplex! Nicely done!

[Scott rolls into another cover but again only gets a two count before the shoulder pops up.]

GM: Again just a two count for the man from St. Louis, Missouri. Remember, fans, we’ll be back in St. Louis, one of the sites of SuperClash III coming up on Labor Day for another major event and you can bet the fans in that great wrestling city will be overjoyed to welcome Stevie Scott home that holiday weekend.

[The Hotshot gets back to his feet, dragging Detson up before cracking him upside the jaw with a right hand that sends Detson falling backward,

spinning to land chestfirst over the ropes. A smirking Scott approaches from behind, grabbing both of Detson's legs and lifting them to waist height...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: No, no! If he kicks him low, ring the bell, ref!

GM: Stevie Scott's got Johnny Detson trapped in no man's land and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The kick lashes up, catching Detson somewhere approximating the belt line but it certainly looks low to many in attendance who groan in sympathy as Scott pushes the legs up, spinning around to catch the legs over his shoulders...]

GM: Scott's got him- OHHHHHH! WHAT A SLAM!!

[The double-legged overhead slam causes Detson to BOUNCE off the canvas before settling back down. Still holding the legs, Scott flips through into a double leg cradle as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH- ohh! Out at two again!

BW: Johnny Detson's showing that he ain't goin' down without one heck of a fight here tonight, Gordo. He kicked out of a slam that saw the back of his head BOUNCE off the mat! Absolutely devastating!

[Scott pulls Detson up with two hands full of hair, throwing him back into the corner where he squares up, throwing a series of rights and lefts to the midsection of Detson!]

GM: The Hotshot is teeing off and listen to these fans here in Atlanta cheering him on!

[At the referee's four count, Scott tears in, smashing an elbow back into the jaw. He quickly grabs an arm, winging Detson across into the far turnbuckles where the former World Champion hits hard, staggering out...]

GM: Boot to the gut... HERE COMES THE HAMMER!

[The Hotshot spins around, grabbing Detson around the head and neck in a snap mare position, tucking Detson's jaw down into his shoulder...

...but Detson feels it coming, shoving Scott out to the middle of the ring!]

GM: Detson had it well-scouted! He shoves Scott off!

[Scott spins around, charging back in but Detson sidesteps, hurling Scott chestfirst into the buckles where he stumbles back, dragged down in a schoolboy...

...complete with a handful of tights!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Scott just BARELY gets a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin. Both men go scrambling off the mat, each trying to beat the other one to his feet to gain an edge as the crowd buzzes at the nearfall...]

GM: Both men back to their feet- Detson with a kick to the gut!

[The Hollywood native steps forward, hooking one arm in an underhook...]

BW: He's looking for the Hoyle Driver!

[But Scott too has his opponent well-scouted, standing straight up and backdropping him down to the mat...]

...but Detson counters into a sunset flip attempt!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!!! HE'S TRYING TO DRAG HIM DOWN!!!

[Scott struggles, trying to stay on his feet...]

...and suddenly kneels down on the arms, pinning the shoulders. As Detson swings his legs up to try and escape, Scott hooks those as well.]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Detson frantically kicks out, breaking up the tight cradle!]

GM: Ohh! I thought he had him there, fans!

BW: So did the fans. You can hear the buzzing all over the arena and as far as I know, The Hive has the night off!

[Both men scramble up to their feet again, trying to get an advantage. Detson comes up swinging with a right hand that Scott ducks under, hooking the off-balance Detson in a sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPER! SCOTT HOOKS IT DEEP!

[Detson's arms are frantically pumping, flailing about as he searches for an escape from the rapidly-effective hold.]

GM: Detson's trying to find a way out and-

[The crowd jeers as Percy Childes climbs up on the apron, waving his cane back and forth as the referee turns to confront him!]

GM: Get him down from there!

[Scott releases the sleeperhold, also turning his attention to the Collector of Oddities. He approaches quickly, grabbing Percy by the collar to the cheers of the crowd. Percy grabs at his neck with one hand...

...and throws his crystal-topped cane into the ring with the other!]

GM: The cane's in the ring, ref! Turn around!

BW: Detson's got it!

[Detson climbs to his feet, cane in hand as the referee forces Scott away...]

GM: Stevie doesn't know that Detson's got the cane! He's not aware that-

[But as Scott turns around, he instantly is throwing a boot to the gut!]

GM: Or is he?! Maybe he knew all along!

[Scott picks up the cane that Detson dropped, rearing back with it...

...and suddenly has his swing stopped!]

BW: Hah! The referee saw it! The referee stopped him from using the cane!

[An angry Stevie Scott wheels around, shouting at the official who returns fire by shouting right back at him when suddenly...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEVIE SCOTT JUST HEATSEEKED THE REFEREE!

BW: That's gonna cost him, Gordo!

GM: It certainly will! Stevie Scott just lost his temper and delivered that devastating superkick onto referee Marty Meekly! You have to imagine that Stevie Scott is facing a fine and a suspension just like MAMMOTH Maxmius got for rough-housing an official recently.

[Scott looks angry - although you couldn't quite tell if he's more angry at the referee, Percy Childes, Johnny Detson, or himself - as he stands, hands on hips, looking down at the referee...

...while Johnny Detson retrieves the cane again!]

GM: Detson's got the cane again! He's up... right behind Stevie!

[But a sliding Davis Warren pops up to his feet, snatching the cane as well...

...which causes an annoyed Detson to swing around, burying a kick into the gut. He quickly double underhooks the arms...]

GM: NO!

[...and DRIVES Warren facefirst into the canvas!]

BW: HOYLE DRIVER ON DAVIS WARREN!

GM: We've got two referees laid out in here! Total chaos is breaking loose here in Russ Chandler Stadium and-

[The crowd ROARS as Stevie Scott lunges at Detson, taking him down with a double leg as they begin brawling on the canvas!]

GM: This fight is not over, fans! The match may be over but this fight is not over between Johnny Detson and Stevie Scott as they're tearing into one another in the middle of the ring!

[Scott stays on top for a few moments, hammering away, until Detson rolls him to his back and returns fire.]

GM: This is a fight! This is a war! We've got AWA officials pouring down the aisle!

[The bell starts ringing repeatedly as the ring quickly fills with AWA "suits", trying to get these two men to break it up...]

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break! My oh my, this night is just getting good!

[Fade to black. We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Stevie Scott running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down

the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynchs and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[RyGunn does a double throw to send The Rave over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the RyGunn and Rave action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[And cut. We open inside a dive bar a stone's throw from the Crockett Coliseum. This is the Rusty Spur, home of the 72-ounce steak and the go-to spot for AWA wrestlers whenever they're in town. There's peanut shells on the floor, Buck Hunter in the corner, and classic rock playing in the background.]

CS: Beautiful, ain't she?

[The camera follows the voice to find CURT SAWYER behind the bar. Curt, 35, owns this fine establishment and his pride shows. He has short but shaggy brown hair, blue eyes, and a trimmed beard. The creases around his eyes and forehead show his hard living. Curt dresses plainly in tattered blue jeans and an ill-fitting red Polo shirt. His husky frame look ready to burst through it.]

CS: This is the Rusty Spur, the best damn bar in all of Dallas. My name is Curt Sawyer, and for the last four years, I've called this place home. Old Rusty himself handed the keys over to me and my wife, June. So what could possibly draw me out from behind this bar?

[He points to a small TV suspended over the bar. An old edition of SNW plays.]

CS: A shot at _that_. The AWA.

[Curt stops to tug at his shirt collar. He mutters under his breath.]

CS: Dammit, Junie...

[Curt grunts to himself, but moves on. He puts both hands down on the bar and leans in.]

CS: I know some of you tough guys think I'm too old to get started. Well, I've never backed down from a challenge in my life. Not when I played linebacker for the University of Missouri. Not when I served my country proudly as an Army Ranger. And not now.

Besides, I've seen how these AWA superstars hold their liquor. I'm not too worried.

[He chuckles to himself.]

CS: I got four fat, loud, hungry kids running around that apartment over this bar. And I got a fat, barefoot, and pregnant June stomping around, telling me I got to earn another paycheck. What's a guy to do? Lucky for me, the answer walked right into my bar.

Consider your tab paid, Todd.

[Meanwhile, while Curt's been talking to the camera, two of the regulars have been quietly jawing at each other in the background. Their argument escalates to a shoving match. A beer bottle tips off the bar and SHATTERS on the floor. Curt's attention is pulled.]

CS: Hey! Knuckleheads!

[He reaches under the bar and produces a cherry-red WOODEN AXEHANDLE with the blade removed.]

CS: Squash it or I squash you.

[He points the axe handle toward the camera.]

CS: And that goes double for you, too... I got mouths to feed and butts to kick. Curt Sawyer's coming, AWA... and whoever gets in the way is asking for a thumping.

[Curt slaps the axe handle into his palm and smiles.]

CS: I guarantee.

[Fade out. We cut back to ringside.]

GM: Curt Sawyer is coming to the AWA, joining that ever-growing list of new grapplers coming to the American Wrestling Alliance in the weeks to come. Our front office has really been working overtime as of late to bring you, the fans of the AWA, the best professional wrestlers in the world.

[We crossfade to the ring, showing a mic laying on the canvas.]

GM: There you see the house mic, fans... just waiting to see who will be the next man to walk down the aisle, pick that mic up, and tell the world who they're calling out.

[Just as quickly as Gordon has finished his last words, "Nothin' To Lose" by Rebel Meets Rebel blares over the loudspeaker to a wide chorus of boos. Cousin Bo immediately comes tearing through the curtain, and he does not look happy.]

GM: Wow, I would think most people throwing out challenges tonight would be happy to be on the show.

BW: Well, Gordo, we all know Bo's not happy with how recent events have gone for The Bishop Boys. Ever since losing the chance to become World Tag Team Champions, I think they've lost a little bit of their killer instinct.

GM: Am I hearing things right? Bucky Wilde is down on the Bishops?

BW: Hey, I don't like it, but the truth's the truth.

[After standing out front of the entryway for what seems like a long time, Bo gestures backstage. Finally, The Bishop Boys make their appearance to even heavier boos. Neither one seems to really care what the fans think tonight, as they simply follow Bo down to the ring. Duane Henry elbows Cletus Lee in the gut and gestures towards Bo. Cletus Lee just looks straight forward and nods.]

GM: What was that all about?

BW: I just don't know anymore.

[Bo steps up onto the apron, and quickly enters through the ropes. He wastes no time in grabbing the microphone.]

CB: Alright, let's make this quick.

[Bo turns to the entering Bishops.]

CB: Hurry up, would you?!

[Neither Bishop looks happy to be bossed around as they make their way into the ring.]

CB: Now, since we finally got that out of the way, I'm gonna damn sure make it so that opportunity doesn't just knock, it busts the whole freakin' door in. I know how this show has worked. Got a problem? Call your enemy out. Simple.

[Bo shakes his head.]

CB: But we don't have any specific team we want to take out.

[The crowd murmurs.]

GM: I must say, this is unusual.

BW: Sure is.

CB: So I say this: Anybody back in that locker room, ANYBODY, whether they be a regular tag team or two singles guys looking for a reason to team up, why don't you get it together and walk on down to this ring, and experience the rebirth of the Bishop Boys.

[The crowd starts to buzz a bit at what they're hearing.]

GM: He's not challenging anybody specific?

BW: I think he's-

[Bo shouts out again.]

CB: What I'm trying to say is this...

[Bo clears his throat.]

CB: ...tonight is Mr. Bo Allan's Open Challenge!

[The crowd is shocked by this proclamation.]

CB: Now, let's go. I don't have all day for this.

[Bo places the microphone back and gestures towards the locker room. The Bishops still stand behind him and nod at each other. Together, they wait to see who will answer. They don't wait long...]

#I'M OVER IT!!!#

["Forsaken" by David Draiman hammers the PA as a familiar green gorilla stalks out, shark-tooth grin stretching from ear to ear. William Craven drags his bo'ken, breathing heavily into a microphone and restraining a joyous chuckle.]

WC: Heh ... eh, I, did I just hear an "open challenge"? Oh, oh Bo, is it? Such arrogance, such GREAT arrogance as yours could serve as feast fit to feed all the Furies and I am but one Dragon. Oh, oh-ho, I must take a moment to breathe it all in.

[Straightening up to his full height (6'5") the bulky Craven waves both his microphone and sword hands in towards his face as if to savor a scent. Cut up to Bo who, having perhaps not interacted with Craven before, curls his lip in confused apprehension.]

WC: Ahhh ... intoxicating. As if Emeril Lagasse himself had cooked your hubris! Aha, now, now you see I have recently been tasked with making an

impact. As such I've been looking for the most appropriate, public place possible to leave a crater. Your face seems the most obvious spot I've seen so far. Oh, but yes, of course, you've got numbers on your side don't you? Oh, that simply won't do...

...Luckily I don't come alone...

[Eric Preston walks out and stands next to Craven, bemused look on his face. He grabs the microphone out of Craven's hand, perhaps without William expecting it, and addresses the Bishops.]

EP: You're writing checks that your team can't cash, Bo. Right now, you three need to know your limits and maybe challenge Melissa Cannon or Holly Hotbody. What you DON'T want to do is open up the gates to anyone in the AWA.

Because ANYONE might answer the call.

[Preston looks at Craven, gives him a glance, and the two begin to walk to ringside, Preston splitting off to the right side of the ringside area, Craven going to the left.]

EP: You MIGHT have been a formidable team not too long ago, but I've got a thing about former champions who don't know when to shut their trap... I cripple them. I would allow you to take your challenge back and not be carted out of here, but you don't deserve that. So we accept your challenge, and we'll give you what you deserve... and then we'll send you a card in the hospital afterward.

[Preston throws the mic aside as he pulls himself up on the ring apron. Ricky Longfellow comes sliding into the ring as Duane Henry Bishop makes a beeline for William Craven, throwing himself through the ropes in a suicide dive, sending Craven sprawling in the muddy infield grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[A surprised Preston goes to step through the ropes when Cletus Lee Bishop comes to greet him, catching him with a massive forearm across the back as Preston was stepping through. He lands a second big forearm across the neck, knocking Preston down to a knee...]

GM: Cletus Lee Bishop, six foot nine and 328 pounds of him, is raining down thunder on Eric Preston!

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine from Kingsland, Arkansas grabs Preston by the throat with both hands...

...and deadlifts him straight up into a lifting choke!]

GM: He's choking him, fans! Referee Ricky Longfellow-

BW: One of only two referees left standing in the building!

GM: -is laying a count on Cletus Lee... three... four...

[Cletus Lee swings to the side, throwing Preston bodily into the corner. He rushes in after him...

...and runs right into a raised boot from the former Combat Corner student!]

GM: Ohh!

[Preston hops up to the middle rope, ready to leap off...

...when Cletus Lee throws himself at Preston, surging forward with a straight right hand that cracks Preston upside the jaw, sending him falling over the ropes and down to the muddy slop of an infield!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: When we call Cletus Lee Bishop the Redneck Wrecking Machine, it's not a clever nickname to sell tickets and raise the ratings - it's a fact, daddy! He is, without a doubt, one of the toughest, strongest, and meanest men to ever lace a set of boots!

[Cletus Lee lets out a roar as Cousin Bo nods with approval. The big man steps through the ropes to the apron, ready to pursue Preston when Cousin Bo steps in, waving his arms and shaking his head. He gestures back at the ring.]

GM: Cousin Bo doesn't appear to want Cletus Lee going out there after Preston. I can't understand that one, fans. He had established control of this match for his team but Cousin Bo doesn't want him to continue that?

BW: It's all part of the plan, Gordo. And that's MISTER Allan to you!

GM: How could I forget?

[Out on the floor, Duane Henry pulls Preston out of the slop, shoving him under the ropes to a waiting Cletus Lee who drags Preston up by the arm, flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: Preston off the far side...

[He runs right into a big scoop from Bishop who holds him up across his chest, turning a full 360 spin to show off a trapped Preston to the crowd...

...but Preston uses the momentum of the spin against the big man, dragging him down in an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Cletus Lee kicks out with authority, flinging Preston a few feet away where the former fan favorite lands on his feet, throwing a dropkick to the face of a rising Cletus Lee, knocking him back down to the canvas...]

GM: Preston's a flurry of motion in there, trying to keep Cletus Lee off-balance and off his feet for as much as he can. He quickly hops up to the middle rope, measuring Cletus Lee as he climbs back to his feet...

[Preston leaps off, clutching his hands together...]

GM: Double axehand-

[...but the mighty Cletus Lee reaches up, swatting Preston's arms apart. He quickly hooks the arms under his armpits...]

GM: Headbutts!

[The crowd comes to life as Cletus Lee slams his skull into Preston's once...twice... three times... four times... and so on until the crowd is roaring and Preston is reeling.]

GM: About a dozen headbutts there by the Redneck Wrecking Machine and Preston may be out on his feet after that, fans!

[As Preston falls back into the ropes, clutching his forehead, Cletus Lee races to the opposite ropes, springing off...]

GM: Off the far side and- OHHH MY!! WHAT A DROPKICK OUT OF PRESTON!

[Preston pops up to his feet, throwing his arms apart to soak up cheers from the crowd for the athletic standing dropkick... but he hears no cheers, only boos from the Atlanta crowd who remembers quite well what he did to James Monosso just weeks ago.]

GM: Eric Preston looks like he expected a standing ovation for that dropkick - which while impressive, it will earn him no cheers after what he's done as of late.

BW: We knew Preston was a changed man when he came back to the AWA last fall, right before SuperClash IV... but I don't think any of us realized how changed he was until he went after Monosso about a month ago.

[Preston turns to pursue Cletus Lee who had staggered into a neutral corner after the dropkick. The former Combat Corner student rears back and fires, throwing a pair of hard right hands to the jaw before grabbing Cletus Lee by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi-

[But Cletus Lee hangs on to the top rope, refusing to budge.]

GM: Preston's trying to shoot him across but he can't get him out of the corner...

[Preston takes another swing at it but still can't get the big man to move...

...until Cletus Lee yanks his opponent back towards him, catching him with a straight right hand that knocks Preston back out to the middle of the ring. Cletus Lee is about to pursue when suddenly William Craven is up on the apron, grabbing Cletus Lee by the long greasy hair...]

GM: CRAVEN!

[Covered in mud and dripping with rage, Craven pulls Cletus Lee's head towards him...

...and sinks his sharpened teeth into the forehead of the big man!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting him, fans!

[Cletus Lee lets out a howl of pain - rare for him - as Craven digs his teeth into the flesh. Seeing his brother in trouble, Duane Henry rounds the ringpost, running down the length of the ring apron, leaping into the air, and smashing a forearm on the ear of a surprised Craven!]

GM: Ohh! Duane Henry with a shot from the apron!

[Craven swings an elbow to the side, catching Duane Henry right on the bridge of the nose. He spins, grabbing the smaller Bishop by the hair with both hands, and SLAMS his head down towards him, bashing it into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Oh!

[Craven keeps his grip on the hair, lifting Duane Henry's head off the buckle, and yanking it down a second time...

...until Cletus Lee intervenes with a straight right hand to the side of Craven's skull, knocking him back down off the apron.]

GM: Craven gets knocked to the floor!

[Preston charges back in, catching a distracted Cletus Lee with a leaping forearm to the back of the head, knocking him into the turnbuckles.]

GM: A wild start to this one. Both sides intervening illegally in the early moments. Preston's got Cletus Lee in the corner, firing right hands to the ribcage.

[The former Combat Corner student gives a shout with each blow landed.]

GM: This is the first time we're seeing Eric Preston and William Craven work as a tag team which puts them at a serious disadvantage against one of the best tag teams in the history of our sport, Bucky.

BW: I've gotta wonder at this point - where is the guy who brings these two together? Where is Chris Blue?

GM: That's a great question. On our last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, we saw Blue get into a confrontation with Cousin Bo... which has to be why Preston and Craven decided to accept this challenge - to earn some brownie points with their boss. But we also know Blue's involved with this ongoing attempt to "out" the Wise Men. Perhaps he had other things to attend to here tonight in Atlanta.

[Turning Cletus Lee around in the corner, Preston drags him out to the middle of the ring by the arm, tugging him a front facelock where he buries a barrage of knees into the torso of his much-larger opponent before breaking the hold.]

GM: Preston's going to need to fight a smart match to compete with someone the size of Cletus Lee Bishop. He's gotta stick and move, use his speed and agility like we saw with those dropkicks.

[With Cletus Lee straightening up off the knees, Preston uncorks a pair of big right hands, sending Cletus Lee staggering backwards, falling into the corner where his younger brother tags in.]

GM: Duane Henry makes the tag... right in there...

[Duane Henry comes in fast, leaping into the air with a Thesz Press that knocks Preston off his feet. The smaller Bishop rains down blows as fast as he can throw them, getting in a half dozen before the referee forces him to get back to his feet...]

GM: The Bishops held the National Tag Team Titles on two occasions, fans, and were very close to becoming the World Tag Team Champions a couple months ago at Memorial Day Mayhem in that unification match before ultimately falling in defeat to the Blonde Bombers.

BW: Let's face it, Gordo - the Bishops have been on a bad streak for pretty much all of 2013. They got eliminated early at the Stampede Cup, lost the unification match at Mayhem, lost to RyGunn a few weeks ago. They're in bad shape and they need a win in the worst possible way right now.

[Duane Henry scrambles to his feet, rushing to the ropes as Preston tries to get off the mat...

...and Preston sidesteps, allowing Duane Henry to rush past him, hitting the far ropes as he rebounds back...]

GM: Preston sets!

[Eric Preston leans over, looking for a backdrop but Duane Henry turns, using Preston's own back to backflip out of the backdrop, landing on his feet behind him.]

GM: Whoa! Nice counter by Duane Henry-

[Preston swings around in time to duck a backhand chop attempt from Duane Henry. He reaches forward, hooking Duane Henry around the torso...]

GM: Preston's got him hooked!

[He elevates Duane Henry, tossing him over in a Northern Lights Suplex that Preston rolls through to his feet, pulling Duane Henry back up, lifting him up for another one...]

GM: What in the...?

[...and then SITS OUT, DRIVING Duane Henry's spine into the canvas with a slam!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Preston stays down on the mat, gesturing at the official.]

GM: Longfellow down to count - he's got one! He's got two!

[But Duane Henry lifts the shoulder off the mat at two. Preston grabs him by the hair, hauling him to the corner...

...and slaps the hand of a pacing William Craven.]

GM: Oh dear god.

BW: Craven's in! The Dragon's in!

GM: The Dragon, the One Man Revolution - call him what you will... but William Craven is six foot five and 320 pounds of sheer violence and destruction!

BW: The Motor City Madman is one of my favorites, Gordo.

GM: Not too many people in Detroit wanting to claim this guy as one of their citizens, I'm guessing.

[Craven steps into the ring, taking the handful of hair from Preston as he bullies Duane Henry back into the corner, slamming an open palm into the heart of the smaller man.]

GM: Vicious palm strike out of Craven!

[Craven simply wraps his hands around the throat, pressing his thumbs into the windpipe to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: The second move of the match for Craven is a choke. I suppose I shouldn't act surprised at that.

[As the referee hits the four count, Craven switches his grip to something resembling a Muay Thai clinch, dragging Duane Henry from the corner where he promptly slams his knee into the skull once... twice... three times... four times...

...and then uses the same neck clinch to throw Duane Henry down to the canvas.]

GM: So much power and strength. It's just scary.

[The Dragon goes to pick up Duane Henry off the mat and then stops short, lifting his head to look across the ring at Cletus Lee Bishop...

...and then cocks his head to the side, appraising the Redneck Wrecking Machine who slaps the top turnbuckle, shooting his hand out to call for the tag.]

GM: Cletus Lee actually WANTS inside that ring with Craven!

BW: Of course he does. Cletus Lee believes he's indestructible and Craven believes that anyone can be destroyed. He should know - he rid the AWA of Alex Martinez for ages!

GM: No one will likely ever forget that horrific barbed wire match between Alex Martinez and William Craven at SuperClash IV last year in Los Angeles and as we stand a mere four months or so from SuperClash V, you have to wonder what Craven will bring to the table on that night.

BW: It's hard to imagine we're already up to Number Five, Gordo.

GM: It's hard to imagine we're almost to the 100th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling as well, Bucky, but that one's coming up fast. Fans, don't forget to keep on voting for your favorite matches in Saturday Night Wrestling history as we count down to the biggest Saturday Night Wrestling of all time.

[Craven stands in the middle of the ring, still staring at Cletus Lee as Duane Henry manages to regain his feet, standing behind Craven as the One Man Revolution turns...]

GM: Ohh! Duane Henry with a stiff kick to the ribcage!

[A series of kicks follow before Duane Henry leaves his feet, twisting around to catch Craven on the tip of the chin with a jumping back kick, sending him falling back into the Bishops' corner where Cletus Lee slips an arm around the throat of Craven, keeping him in place...]

GM: Cletus Lee's got ahold of Craven!

[Duane Henry rushes in, leaving his feet with a spinning leg lariat that smashes Craven across the face and causes the Bishop to float over the ropes, landing on the ring apron...]

GM: Duane Henry's out on the apron!

[Cletus Lee delivers a shove to the back of Craven, sending him stumbling out of the corner as Duane Henry quickly scales the ropes, leaping off to drive both feet squarely between the shoulderblades of Craven, pitching him forward and down to the mat...]

GM: Big dropkick off the top and down goes Craven off of that...

[Reaching over the ropes, an angry Preston slaps the arm of a downed Craven, tagging his shoulder.]

GM: Preston's back in, tagging himself into the match...

[Preston comes in hot, catching a rising Duane Henry with a pair of right hands to the jaw. He grabs an arm, flinging Duane Henry into the ropes...]

GM: Duane Henry off the far side... Preston with right hand, no, Duane Henry slides between the legs!

[Springing back to his feet, Duane Henry throws an uppercut, catching Preston solidly on the chin. He dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

...and gets scooped up off the mat, pivoting and driving him down to the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! PRESTON PLANTS HIM!!

[Preston hooks a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Duane Henry slips a shoulder out, causing Preston to grab a handful of hair and hammer away at the skull of the smaller Bishop. At the count of four, Preston climbs back to his feet, firing Duane Henry off into the ropes...]

GM: Preston sets...

[The former Combat Corner student squats down...]

...and EXPLODES into a lunging clothesline, flipping Duane Henry all the way over and dumping him down to the mat!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!!

[Preston springs back to his feet, turning to gesture at Cousin Bo who shouts at Preston in response.]

GM: Preston's sending Cousin Bo a message - presumably from his advisor, Chris Blue.

[Pulling Duane Henry back to his feet, Preston buries a knee into the midsection to double him up. With a slap of his knees, Preston heads towards the ropes...]

GM: Dream Machine comin' up!

[But as he hits the ropes, Cousin Bo reaches up, yanking the top rope down and bringing Eric Preston over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor...]

GM: Cousin Bo pulled down the ropes! He pulled down-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What?

BW: The ref saw it! The referee saw Cousin Bo pull down the ropes!

[Cousin Bo lifts his hands, trying to plead his innocence but the referee shakes his head, gesturing at the ring announcer who makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... due to outside interference from Bo Allan, the Bishop Boys have been DISQUALIFIED!

[The crowd jeers the decision that cut the competitive match short.]

PW: Your winner of the match... the team of Eric Preston and William Craven!

[The boos grow even louder at the announcement of Preston and Craven as the winners.]

GM: Craven and Preston are your winners thanks to Cousin Bo and... well, I can't imagine that's the result the Bishop Boys were looking for tonight.

BW: I can't imagine ANYONE'S too pleased with that. Craven wanted to make an impact. Preston wanted to take out another superstar. No one got what they wanted here tonight.

[Out on the floor, Cousin Bo snatches the mic away from Phil Watson.]

CB: You think we're done with you?! We ain't nowhere near done with you! Preston... Craven... you go find the guy who holds your leash and tell him that we want a rematch!

[The crowd buzzes at that news.]

CB: On the next Saturday Night Wrestling, it's gonna be the best tag team walking the face of God's green Earth, the Bishop Boys taking on the two of you... and if your boss ain't too busy, tell him to drag his tail down to ringside 'cause I'd like a piece of him too!

[Back on his feet and holding the back of his head, Preston slowly nods.]

CB: And just to make sure this doesn't happen again...

[Bo smirks.]

CB: We want NO... DISQUALIFICATION!

[BIG CHEER! Preston hesitates for a moment and then nods again before walking back down the aisle alongside William Craven.]

GM: How about that news, fans?! Cousin Bo makes the challenge and the challenge - apparently - has been accepted! It'll be The Bishop Boys taking on William Craven and Eric Preston at the next Saturday Night Wrestling... in a No Disqualification Match! That's gonna be something else!

BW: Tupelo, Mississippi is in for a heck of a night on July 27th for the next Saturday Night Wrestling with that match AND the six man tag we announced earlier tonight!

GM: That's right. Remember, fans, we will NOT be on the air on July 13th for Saturday Night Wrestling as WKIK will be presenting a special telethon. We will NOT be on that night however they will be showing some of the greatest matches in AWA history as part of the telethon, raising money for some very worthy causes. Our next broadcast after tonight will be on July 27th from Tupelo, Mississippi. Fans, we're going to take another quick break but don't you go away because opportunity is still knocking tonight here in Atlanta!

[Fade to black as the Bishop Boys confront their cousin about what just happened.]

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 at Memorial Day Mayhem 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 to show "JULY 6th - RICHMOND ARENA - RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

"The AWA steams into Richmond, Virginia this weekend for a special live arena event which will see Dave Cooper and the Blonde Bombers in six man tag team action! Plus, Dave Bryant meets Manny Imbrogno in a non-title showdown!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JULY 13th - LOUISVILLE GARDENS - LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY."]

"Louisville, Kentucky, look out 'cause the AWA is coming to town for another night of action featuring the World Champion, Calisto Dufresne. In addition, see Supernova meet Nenshou in a one-on-one showdown!"

[Another graphic comes up, "shouting" the words "JUST ADDED!" across it.]

"In an event just added, we'll be storming into Knoxville, Tennessee on Saturday, July 20th, at the Knoxville Coliseum for more professional wrestling action when Adam Rogers meets James Lynch in one on one action and RyGunn will be in tag team action!"

[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 as we fade back up to live action - a panning shot of Russ Chandler Stadium where we can see several fans huddling under umbrellas as the rain has really started to come down now.]

Step into a world #
Where there's no one left #
But the very best #
No MC can test

["Step into a World(Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play over the PA system, as the Atlanta crowd immediately stands to their feet and cheers for the man emerging from the dugout and onto the red carpet...Supreme Wright.]

GM: Welcome back to Opportunity Knocks, fans, and as you can see, Supreme Wright is on his way down the aisle, heading to the ring to be the next person to make a challenge.

BW: Wright's had a heck of a year, hasn't he?

GM: He certainly has. One year ago tonight, Supreme Wright was sitting at home, waiting for his first round match in the World Title tournament to begin - a tournament that would take him all the way to the Semifinals before falling in defeat to Stevie Scott. But on that same night that he lost in the Semis, he also won the annual Rumble - earning himself a World Title match at SuperClash IV against James Monosso in the process.

BW: He lost that night but he's stayed in the hunt ever since.

GM: And a lot of people have been asking, sending tweets, sending e-mails to the front office... asking "When will Supreme Wright get another shot at the World Heavyweight Title?" And I suspect whenever that does happen, we will have a new World Champion.

[Wright is wearing his usual ankle-length, black longcoat and a familiar look of intense focus is etched on the Combat Corner alum's face, his eyes staring straight ahead towards the wrestling ring. Underneath his longcoat, we can see he is wearing white MMA-style shorts w/ gold trim, amateur-style wrestling shoes, and MMA fight gloves on both hands. He enters the ring and picks up the microphone off the canvas, turning his attention towards the crowd. He doesn't bother with any greetings or exposition...he just gets straight to the point.]

SW: Alex Martinez, I think it's about time we settled our differences inside this ring.

[And the crowd goes wild.]

SW: The skies are cloudy, the rain is falling, and the area around the ring is a mess, Mr. Martinez, but I think today's a beautiful day...to have a wrestling match.

[A smirk.]

SW: Maybe I shouldn't have been so arrogant and just accepted your challenge the first time around, Mr. Martinez, but I was too blinded by ambition and the World Title. It made me lose sight of why I'm a professional wrestler in the first place.

To prove that I'm the very best to EVER step inside a ring.

[Supreme wipes away the raindrops from his eyes as a slight drizzle has begun to fall.]

SW: So forgive this stupid young pup for making a bonafide legend and Hall Of Famer, jump through hoops just to get him face-to-face inside a ring. I disrespected you. But I'm rectifyin' my mistake now, Mr. Martinez. I'm gonna' do what I should've done in the first place.

Right here, right now...

...I'm callin' you out.

[Pause.]

SW: And then I'm gonna' TAP you out.

[The crowd roars at that proclamation, as Supreme removes his longcoat and holds his arms out, awaiting an answer to his challenge. And then...]

#It's alright#

[The audience gets up on their feet.]

#It's alright#

[Black leather biker boots hit the red carpet, and the camera pans up, showing the overhead lights reflecting off a pair of mirrored lenses.]

#It's alright#

#I'm just...#

[And the audience gets...]

#A LITTLE CRAZY#

[And as Fight's "Little Crazy" kicks in fully, Alex Martinez makes his way down to the ring. His black leather jacket over a bare chest, Martinez is already in his ring gear. As the cheers of the fans rain down on him, Martinez walks at a deliberate pace, a stoic, intense presence amidst the sea of wildness in the stands. One long leg, and then another is put over the top rope, and Martinez steps to the center of the ring. His hand extends, fingers flexing, as he motions for the microphone. After a tense, pregnant pause, Wright hands the mic over.]

AM: Supreme Wright...

It's _long_ past time we settle our differences.

[A pause, and the fan's cheers fill that pause, the crowd growing raucous with anticipation.]

AM: I want ya to understand somethin' Wright. While there ain't nothin' more I want than to fight ya, I want to make this clear. You and me? We're a lot alike.

See, I've been where you are now. You've had a lot of success early on, and now you're here, on the main stage, in the big time, and you're lookin' to get your shot. Ya want that World Title? I understand that.

I know it seems like forever ago to a young lion like you, but it wasn't that long ago that there was a hungry young kid in L.A. lookin' to make a name for himself, wantin' a World Title. So I get it. But what you don't get, what you've been missin' all along is this. 'Cuz ya keep thinkin' that I'm a distraction, a detour along the way. But that's what you've been wrong about.

Your road to the World Title only goes in one direction: straight through me.

When I was in L.A. I took my finger, and I put it in the chest of all the other so-called legends that filled that place. I took out Steve Kowalski. I put Deathbringer's head through a wall. One by one, I destroyed every man who'd ever made a name for himself before my time. Because that's how ya get to be the best, Supreme Wright. By beatin' the best.

And I'm tellin' ya right now, ya won't ever be the best until you've beaten me.

I'll give ya your due. There is a World Title in your future. I can see it. Same way I've seen it in the future of a lotta guys that came before ya. What's to be determined is this – you gonna be the AWA World Champion before me?

Or after me?

[Martinez reaches up, pulling off his sunglasses. Both men stare at each other, eyes narrowed. Neither budes, young lion and old bull refusing to give ground to the other. They seem ready to come to blows, but after several long seconds, Martinez raises the microphone again.]

AM: You popped me in the face a couple weeks ago. And I'm glad ya did. 'Cuz that's just the sorta fire that reminds me of myself when I was where you are now. Ya came out here, and ya challenged me, like a man. And I respect that too.

So here's what I'm gonna do.

When it's over, win lose or draw, I'm gonna take my right hand.

[Martinez puts his hand out.]

AM: And you and I? We're gonna shake hands. Because I do respect ya. And because I know, with complete certainty that you're gonna give me the fight of a lifetime. But between this minute and that handshake?

We ain't friends.

When that bell rings? This hand is gonna close into a fist.

[To make his point, Martinez' fingers curl together, forming a fist.]

AM: And I'm gonna batter ya with it. Your face, your stomach, your throat. I'm gonna punch ya until your eyes swell shut, and your lips are bleedin'.

Because that's how ya become the best. Ya fight. Fight until ya got nothin' left, then for ten minutes after that.

And when I've broken my knuckles on your face, then this hand is openin' again.

[Martinez' hand opens, fingers curved inward, in a familiar gesture.]

AM: And its goin' around your throat.

Because, ya might _think_ you're gonna make me tap. But Wright? I know that you're gonna get...

[Martinez smirks.]

AM: Firebombed.

[Martinez shrugs off his leather jacket, tossing it over the top rope.]

AM: Now, someone ring that bell.

[And ring the bell does as Martinez turns around, fist balled up, and lets it fly, connecting solidly on the jaw of Supreme Wright, a blow that sends Wright sprawling backwards and down to the mat.]

GM: Oh, what a right hand!

[Martinez grins at the downed Wright, lightly tapping his clenched fist. Wright slides backwards on his rear, moving away from Martinez until his back hits buckles. Then, never turning from his opponent, he drags himself up to his feet. With a nod, he claps his hands together and moves from the corner to his right, trying to circle Martinez who moves laterally to match.]

GM: And now we're really underway in this one... this match that you almost have to consider a de facto Number One Contender match, Bucky.

BW: I suppose so but Dufresne's already got Terry Shane sitting in the locker room with a guaranteed World Title shot. He's got Skywalker Jones holding the Steal The Spotlight contract so that could be cashed in for a World Title shot. Plus, he's got Juan Vasquez facing him for the title right here tonight! Calisto Dufresne's got the entire world chasing the biggest prize in our sport and when you add the winner of this match to the mix? Whew boy.

[The crowd starts clapping in rhythm, cheering on the two fan favorites as the rain continues to come down upon them.]

GM: The rain is falling harder here in Atlanta than it has all night yet the enthusiasm of these fans here in Russ Chandler Stadium continues to stay high!

[Wright and Martinez continue to circle, Wright moving a lot quicker than Martinez but the seven footer covering more ground with his steps. Finally, they come together in a collar and elbow...]

GM: Into the tieup they go... Martinez has about a hundred pound advantage on Wright plus a whole lot of height as well...

[Martinez easily uses his power advantage to force Wright back up against the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break...]

GM: The ref wants a break... counting him off...

[The Hall of Famer steps away at the four count, raising his hands to show the clean break. Wright nods in respect, rubbing his hands together for a moment as he eyes Martinez up and down.]

BW: You can almost see the gears turning in Wright's head. What's he going to do? What approach can you take against a beast like Martinez? Seven feet tall, 350 pounds... a former multi-time World Champion... a Hall of Famer... an out-and-out legend in our sport. Wright has never faced anyone quite like Martinez inside the ring before.

GM: Not even Monosso. Monosso was a completely different monster.

[Wright steps away from the ropes, fingers wiggling as he edges out towards the center of the ring where Martinez is standing...

...and makes a lunge, diving at the legs of the big man!]

GM: He's going for the legs! Trying to get a takedown...

[Martinez hammers down with a double axehandle across the lower back, knocking Wright to his knees. Wright dives forward, grabbing the legs but Martinez slams another double axehandle down between the shoulderblades, putting him on the mat.]

BW: So much for that attack plan, Gordo.

GM: I suppose so. Wright's specialty is down on the mat, working the submissions... but with Martinez' power and height, I'm not sure that's going to work, Bucky.

[Martinez backs off, staring down at Wright who pushes up to his knees, staring up... a long ways up... at the seven footer who is staring down at him. The Last American Badboy gives a wave, calling Wright to get up to his feet.]

GM: Martinez doesn't stay on him... he doesn't follow up. He just steps back and invites Wright to get back to his feet.

BW: There's a fine line between confidence and arrogance. You've said that before, right?

GM: I certainly have... and Alex Martinez would do well to remember that right about now...

[Wright gets up, arching his back a couple of times as he nods at Martinez again...

...and then steps right up into his face.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Wright may be done with the scientific side of this.

[Martinez engages in the staredown for a few moments and then shoves Wright back. The Combat Corner alumni freezes for a moment...

...and then springs forward, smashing a forearm into the side of the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot to the skull!

[Wright keeps on firin', throwing forearm after forearm to the head of Martinez, battering him back across the ring to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: Wright's hammering him back! He's got him reeling!

[Martinez falls back against the ropes as Wright grabs an arm, going for a whip...]

GM: Irish whip... no, reversal!

[Wright hits the far ropes, rebounding off...

...and leaps into the air, smashing the forearm into the skull again! Big cheer!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot!

[With Martinez reeling, Wright ducks in, trying to get Martinez up on his shoulders in the fireman's carry...]

GM: He's going for Fat Tuesday! He's trying to get him up!

[But Martinez swings his elbow down, catching Wright on the ear twice before breaking the grip...

...and FLIPPING Wright inside out with a standing lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE TAKES WRIGHT OUT WITH A CLOTHESLINE!!

[Martinez throws his 350 pounds down across the chest of Wright in a lateral press.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two!

[But Wright slips a shoulder out, breaking the pin.]

GM: A two count only for Martinez off that massive clothesline.

BW: He couldn't get him up for Fat Tuesday, Gordo... and if he can't get him up for that, then you better believe he ain't gonna be able to hit any of those suplexes he likes to throw!

GM: No suplexes, no Fat Tuesday, maybe no mat wrestling or submissions. What the heck can Wright do to him?

BW: Well, we just saw him beat the heck out of him with those forearms. Wright may need to go to the striking to win this one.

GM: Striking with the seven foot Last American Badboy?!

[Martinez climbs to his feet off the mat, dragging Wright up by the arm and firing him into the buckles. He charges in after him, connecting with a big running clothesline in the corner...]

GM: Another big clothesline connects!

[Wright staggers from the corner, wobbling right into the grip of a waiting Martinez who hooks the double choke to an ENORMOUS reaction!]

GM: Listen to these fans! They're going crazy in Hotlanta!

[Martinez powers Wright up off the mat...]

GM: He's going for the Firebomb!

[But Wright swings his legs up, scissoring Martinez' head between them, and snapping him over to the canvas with a rana!]

GM: Whoa! What a counter out of Wright!

[Wright scrambles to his feet, greeting a kneeling Martinez with a series of stiff forearms to the ear. He grabs a handful of hair, crashing his skull together with the giant's.]

GM: Oh! Headbutt connects!

[With Martinez stunned, Wright grabs the left arm, tucking it underneath his armpit...]

GM: He's going for an armbar!

[Wright struggles against the power of Martinez, trying to drag the big man down into a Fujiwara armbar...]

...but Martinez isn't going for it, fighting the takedown!]

GM: Wright's got the arm, trying to get the armbar locked in!

[Suddenly, Martinez rises up off the mat, lifting Wright up under his arm, and then DROPS down to the canvas with a spine-rattling side slam!]

GM: OHH! What a counter... and Supreme Wright is getting the heck out of there after that.

[Wright rolls out to the floor, standing in the muck as he looks up with surprise as Martinez.]

GM: Supreme Wright looks stunned! I'm not sure he can believe what just happened. He wanted that armbar... he wanted to lock in that submission hold but Martinez was having none of it. Martinez reversed that hold into the side slam...

BW: With ease, Gordo!

GM: It didn't take a lot of effort, that's for sure.

[Wright paces back and forth on the muddy infield, pondering his next move as Martinez rises back to his feet, again waving for Wright to get back inside the ring with him.]

GM: Martinez wants him back in there... he wants this thing back in the ring. That's the kind of guy Martinez is, Bucky. He doesn't want a countout. He doesn't want a disqualification. He wants to prove he's the better man by pinning Supreme Wright in the center of the ring.

[Wright stops pacing, standing with his hands on his hips as he looks up in the ring at Martinez. He seems to curse at himself before climbing back up on the apron, shouting something at Martinez. The words draw the big man's ire as he marches towards the ropes, arm outstretched...]

...which is Wright's opening to grab the wrist, dropping off the apron to snap the arm down across the top rope!]

GM: Oh! Wright caught him!

BW: He suckered him, you mean!

GM: In a way, I suppose and he's right back in the ring, going after the arm.

[Wright grabs the arm of Martinez, twisting it around and yanking it into a hammerlock...]

GM: Wright wrenches up on the arm, trying to get some kind of an opening here to put some hurting on Martinez.

[Martinez moves out to the middle of the ring, grabbing at his shoulder, looking for an escape route as Wright tucks his chin, trying to stay in the middle of Martinez' back, out of reach of the seven footer.]

GM: I love watching Supreme Wright inside that ring. He just moves around so well with such crisp and smart execution. You can really see the fingerprints of Todd Michaelson in everything he does. He learned so much in the Combat Corner and then in his time away from the AWA, he learned even more.

[The big man backpedals, backing Wright into the corner. The referee steps in, ordering Wright to release the hammerlock. Wright quickly does, raising his arms...

...and getting a hard elbow back into the side of the head for his efforts!]

GM: Oh! Martinez caught him on the break!

[Wheeling around, the big man lays a big knee into the gut... and a second... and a third...]

GM: Martinez tries to knock some of the wind out of Wright. He knows that could be a trouble spot for him. Martinez is a tall, big, powerful man but he knows that means he'll tire quickly where as Wright seemingly could go all night inside that squared circle.

[Grabbing an arm, Martinez flings Wright from corner to corner, rushing behind him...]

GM: BIG BOOT!

[But Wright drops down to his rear, allowing the boot to hit the top turnbuckle, jamming Martinez' knee back. Wright lashes out with a kick aimed at the other kneecap, staggering the big man...

...and then lunges at the legs, wrapping his arms around them and hanging on tight as Martinez tries to step, teetering over and falling to the canvas.]

GM: He got him down!

[Wright quickly scrambles, grabbing the right leg that missed the big boot. He pops up, twisting it around his own leg...]

GM: Spinning toehold applied by Wright!

[Martinez cries out as Wright leans in, pushing hard on the ankle. Wright releases, looking to reapply...

...but the powerful big man kicks him off using a boot on the rear, sending Wright sprawling chestfirst into the ropes.]

GM: A powerful escape by Martinez, trying to get back to his feet...

[Wright charges back in, hooking the seven footer's arms in a double underhook, leaping up to scissor the body.]

GM: Wow! A butterfly lock out of Wright... you don't see this too often anymore.

[Wright throws his head back, clenching his teeth together as he tries to stretch out the neck of Martinez...

...but the seven footer quickly rises, his powerful arms around Wright's torso...]

GM: He's up! The big man is still in that hold and he's still on his feet!

[He lunges forward, smashing Wright's back into the turnbuckles to break the hold. Winding up, he throws a heavy right hand to the skull... and a second one that has Wright grabbing hold of the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Wright's trying to stay standing after those big haymakers.

[Martinez grabs an arm, whipping Wright across the ring again.]

GM: Into the corner... no charge out of Martinez this time. He simply walks across the ring...

[And walks right into a kick from Wright who swings his legs up, lashing out with a boot to the chest. Martinez takes a step back which allows Wright to step out of the corner, lashing out with a low kick to the side of Martinez' oft-injured knee...]

GM: Ohh! Hard leg kick out of Wright!

[Wright measures his opponent, hitting another kick... and another... and another. Martinez hobbles away, trying to avoid putting weight on the leg that Wright is going after.]

GM: We all know that Alex Martinez carries a history of injuries to his knees... he's had a broken hand as well among other things. And if we know it, you know Supreme Wright knows it and knows how to exploit it.

[The Combat Corner corner alumni grabs Martinez by the arm, holding the wrist tight before twisting hard into an armwringer, tugging the arm down hard and forcing Martinez down to the mat...

...where he promptly drops a leg across the tricep!]

GM: Switching from the leg to the arm so fluidly inside that ring.

[With his leg on top of the tricep, Wright grabs the wrist with both hands, pulling up on the limb. The seven footer slips his free arm underneath his chest, trying to push up.]

GM: Martinez looking for an escape...

[Showing off his power, Martinez extends his arm fully in a pushup, getting up to his knee...

...and HAMMERS down with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[Taking a mount, Martinez rains down blows from the top on Wright, hammering him repeatedly with heavy fists...

...when Wright suddenly swings his legs up, pushing off the mat to sweep Martinez over onto his back.]

GM: Whoa! Wright reverses the mount and-

[The crowd "ohhhhs" at a heavy elbow shot from the mount on Martinez which stuns the big man enough for Wright to transition into side control, hooking the arm and head with his own arms.]

BW: Wright's going for a head and arm choke!

[He pulls up on the head, trying to pull Martinez' head closer but the big man lashes out with a pair of headbutts, breaking the hold.]

GM: What a fascinating match to watch so far, Bucky.

BW: Hold and counter. Wright keeps looking to lock in a instruction manual worth of submissions but Martinez keeps finding ways to just power out with his brute strength.

[Both men attempt to scramble to their feet, hoping to beat the other man up. Wright gets there first, teeing off with a series of short forearms to the skull, knocking Martinez back into the corner...]

GM: Back into the corner they go again...

[Wright tees off with a pair of short forearms in the corner before grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- Martinez reverses!

[The Combat Corner alumni slams into the corner, leaving him exposed as the big man lumbers across the ring...]

GM: Big charge to the corn- OHHH! WRIGHT MOVES OUT OF THE WAY!!

[Martinez slams chestfirst into the corner, staggering backwards as Wright leaps into the air, smashing his knee into the jaw of the seven footer!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Imagine the elevation you need to deliver a leaping knee to the face of a seven footer!

[A blur of motion, Wright dashes to the ropes, actually slipping on the moisture in the ring as he hits the ropes awkwardly, rebounding off slower than he wanted but still throwing himself at the back of Martinez' left knee, slamming his shoulder into it.]

GM: Chopblock! He clipped the left knee and Martinez goes down right on that knee. He's clutching at it. Who knows how much damage Wright did right there when he threw his weight at the leg?

[Wright leans down, slamming both hands into the canvas and giving a shout before snapping off a roundhouse kick to the skull!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A ROUNDHOUSE!!!

[Wright spins back, looking to make a cover...

...but finds Martinez still on a knee, looking back up at him!]

GM: What the...?! Wright kicked him flush in the skull and Martinez somehow manages to stay on his knee!

[Wright approaches, looking to shove Martinez down to the mat when the Last American Badboy straightens up, grabbing Wright by the throat!]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM!

[The giant is still on a knee, clutching his smaller opponent by the throat to the roar of the crowd...

...but Wright fires back, grabbing a handful of hair and throwing a forearm to the skull!]

GM: Wright's trying to break the hold!

[One forearm doesn't break him free so he switches up his approach.]

GM: ELBOW! ANOTHER! ANOTHER!

[A half dozen short elbows to the skull of Martinez breaks his grip, allowing Wright to dash to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and BOOTING a kneeling Martinez right in the face, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: A running boot to the mush and down goes the former World Champion!

[Wright makes a diving cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The shoulder comes up at the count of two, breaking the pin. Wright quickly transitions out of the lateral press, grabbing the wrist and slipping an arm around the neck...]

BW: Anaconda choke!

GM: Wright's trying to get the choke locked in but Martinez is fighting it! He's just powering right out of it!

[Shoving Wright aside, the former Combat Corner student rolls to the side as Martinez pushes up to a knee. Wright charges him...

...but Martinez HURLS himself into a spear tackle, crushing Wright with it!]

GM: A THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUND SPEAR!! GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: Wright might've been snapped clear in half with that! He may have busted up ribs after that!

[Martinez crawls into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright's shoulder comes flying up off the mat!]

GM: Two count only - these two men just exchanged two counts in a short amount of time, Bucky.

BW: The match just keeps going back and forth. Neither one of them can get a clear advantage at this point in the match. Neither one has put their opponent in that big move that cements them in the driver seat.

[Martinez quickly gets to his feet, wincing a bit as he puts weight on his left knee. He grabs Wright by the head, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going for a powerbomb!

[The seven footer lifts Wright up, holding him high. At the peak of the lift, Wright opens up with a series of forearms, trying to free himself. He

switches to overhead elbows, smashing them down on the skull of the former World Champion who spins around from the impact...

...and DRIVES Wright into the corner with a powerbomb into the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: POWERBOMB TO THE CORNER!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Wright slumps down to his rear from the impact, sitting with his back against the buckles as Martinez shoves up from a knee, staggering towards the corner...]

GM: Martinez is having a hard time moving around on that knee after the work that Wright has put in on it so far but he’s trying, Bucky.

BW: The leg’s given him a ton of problems over the years and tonight’s no different.

[Grabbing the top rope, Martinez plants his boot on the face of the seated Wright, raking the boot across the face...]

GM: Ohh!

[Martinez repeats the bootscape, driving his boot across the face twice... three times... four times... before breaking away, hitting the ropes. He lumbers across slowly...]

...and DRIVES a big running kick into the side of the skull, a kick that sends Wright sprawling through the ropes and down to the muddy infield!]

GM: Martinez sent him clear out of the ring but you can see that it took a lot out of the big man. He’s leaning against the turnbuckles there, trying to keep the weight off the knee. If Supreme Wright could get back in this thing, that knee might be the perfect opening for him to walk out of here the winner - AND the Number One Contender in my book.

[Martinez is leaning on the ropes, wincing in pain as the referee starts a ten count on the hurting Supreme Wright who is out on the muddy ground, the fans cheering him on.]

GM: Wright’s in serious jeopardy of getting counted out here after being driven into the turnbuckles with the powerbomb by Martinez and then being booted right in the face!

BW: Martinez is in there, shaking his leg, trying to keep his knee loose.

[The seven footer is still trying to recover as the count hits three... then four.]

GM: Wright's trying to get off the ground out there... he can hear the count as well...

[The count goes to five... to six... the fans starting a "WRIGHT! WRIGHT! WRIGHT!" chant at ringside...]

GM: Come on, kid. Get in there and keep this fight going!

[At the count of seven, Wright drags himself up off the muddy ground, stumbling towards the ring apron. Martinez leans over, ducking his head through the ropes. He grabs Wright by the hair, hauling him up onto the ring apron...]

GM: Martinez has got him up on the apron!

[The seven footer reaches out, grabbing Wright by the throat!]

GM: Uh oh! He's got him hooked!

BW: If he chokeslams him off the apron to the floor, he WILL be counted out, Gordo!

[Wright grabs the wrist with both hands, hanging on tight as he drops down to his rear, snapping the arm down on the ropes!]

GM: He did it again! Going after the arm by snapping it down and... where is he going?!

BW: He's going up top! Supreme Wright is going up top!

GM: I'm not sure we've ever seen this out of him before!

[Wright is very slow in his climb to the top, trying to steady himself on the wet ropes as he straightens up...]

GM: Wright's up top! What in the world is he doing?!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of the mat grappler standing atop the turnbuckles...]

...and then goes nuts as Wright leaps off the top, legs extended!]

GM: Off the top!

[Wright DRIVES his feet into the left knee of Martinez, a flying move that causes Martinez to pitch forward, slamming down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT! I CAN'T BELIEVE-

[Wright scrambles back to his feet, grabbing the leg.]

GM: Wright's back up! Martinez is in trouble here!

[He quickly spins the leg around, leaning down to pick up the other leg...

...and drops back, hooking in a textbook figure four leglock!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR! HE'S GOT IT ON!!!

[Martinez cries out in pain once...

...and then promptly grabs Wright's foot, pushing it off and easily breaking out of the hold!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: This guy's amazing, Gordo! It's no wonder he's a former multi-time World Champion and a Hall of Famer. He truly is a machine in there. One of the best I've ever seen.

[Wright scampers up to his feet, crouching down as he waves for Martinez to get up off the mat.]

GM: Wright's waiting for him - ready and waiting!

[Martinez pushes up off the canvas, leaning down to grab his leg as he slowly turns...

...and Wright ducks down, slipping an arm between the legs to attempt Fat Tuesday again...]

GM: He's trying to get him up for the fireman's carry!

[But Martinez slips out, leaning down to muscle Wright up into a fireman's carry of his own...]

GM: The seven footer's got him up! He reversed the fireman's carry into one of his own and-

[Martinez stands tall, giving a big shout...

...and drops to his side, DRIVING Wright's skull into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEATH! VALLEY! DRIVER!

[Martinez rolls over, looking for a cover...

...but finds that Supreme Wright has rolled straight from the ring, dropping off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Wright rolled out! He knew he was in serious trouble after that Death Valley Driver and he knew that he needed to get out of there to avoid a pinfall. Martinez would've won the match right there, fans.

[An irate Martinez balls up his fists, slamming them into the canvas.]

GM: Signs of frustration there for the Hall of Famer because he's thinking exactly what we just said. He knows he had this match won and Supreme Wright, ever the thinking man's wrestler, escaped the ring before he had a chance to make the cover.

[The seven footer climbs to his feet, visibly wincing as he goes to step on the left leg. He slowly makes his way to the ropes, leaning down and shouting at Wright who has yet to move from his spot sprawled in the mud at ringside...]

GM: Martinez is shouting at Wright to get back in the ring.

BW: It's going to take more than shouting if you ask me. I think if Martinez wants Wright back in the ring, he's going to need to go out there and get him.

GM: We've passed the fifteen minute mark in this one and these two have really taken a lot out of each other so far.

[An angry Martinez waits, watching his opponent who stays unmoving in the muck. The referee's count hits five before Martinez shoves him aside, stepping over the ropes to the ring apron...]

GM: He's coming out after him!

BW: That's a mistake, Gordo. He should stay in the ring and take the countout win. I don't care how much he wants to pin Wright. Winning the match is the most important thing. Just ask Calisto Dufresne. He put together a series of wins without pins or submissions, got a lot of criticism for it, but he ran that series of wins into a World Title shot, and now he's the champion of the World.

GM: Martinez is not Calisto Dufresne, Bucky.

BW: That's for sure. How long has it been now since the Last American Boy Scout wore a World Championship around his waist?

[Martinez takes the ringsteps down to the ground. He pulls Wright off the ground, shoving him back into the ring. The big man pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...where Wright reaches up, grabbing the head and pulling him into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE ALMOST GOT HIM THERE!

BW: What the heck, Gordo?! Was he playing possum out there on the floor?! Did he know that Martinez would come after him?

GM: I think he just tried to take advantage of a situation there. He was a half count away from winning this match... and now Martinez is REALLY hot!

[A steaming mad Martinez gets to his feet, grabbing a rising Wright by the throat with both hands...]

GM: Firebomb perhaps!

[A desperate Wright throws himself backwards, slipping from Martinez' grip and wrapping his arms around the top rope. Martinez surges forward, swinging a leg up for a big kick but Wright hooks it under his armpit...

...and falls back, jerking the knee as he essentially DDTs Martinez' foot!]

GM: OH!

[Martinez cries out in pain, rolling back and forth on the mat, clutching his kneecap as Wright pulls up to his feet, looking down at the former World Champion. He grabs the injured leg, wrapping it around the back of his neck...

...and then reaches up with his arms, essentially torture racking the leg over his neck!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: They call this move the Stretch Muffler! That's a whole lot of pressure on the injured knee, Gordo! Martinez might have to give up in this.

GM: Over his dead body.

BW: Well, I doubt he'll kill him but he might make him pass out from the pain. Martinez is screaming... crying like a baby.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Fearing that Bucky's right - about the passing out part anyways - Martinez uses his lengthy body to make a lunge, grabbing the bottom rope with his outstretched hand!]

GM: He got to the ropes! Martinez got to the ropes!

[Wright immediately lets go of the leg, turning to stare at Martinez. He gives the slightest of head shakes.]

GM: Alex Martinez is impressing Supreme Wright in a major fashion tonight, I do believe. You can slowly see a whole new level of respect washing over the Combat Corner alumni as Martinez survives hold after hold, kicks out of pin after pin...

[The Louisiana native drags Martinez up, shoving him back into the turnbuckles. He grabs the arm, whipping the seven footer across and sending him into the corner. Wright drops back against the buckles, closing his eyes for a few moments...

...and then dashes across the ring, leaping up to BLAST the Last American Badboy with a European uppercut!]

GM: OHHH!

[Wright sprints across the ring, slamming on the brakes before charging in a second time...]

GM: WHAAAM! Another big shot on Martinez!

[The former Combat Corner student rushes to the far corner again, pushing off the buckles to sprint across...

...and SLAMS his arm up into the jaw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wright falls back out of the corner, looking in at Martinez who appears to be out on his feet...

...and then throws himself into a front flip, slamming the heel of his boot into the big man’s face!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: What a kick!

[Martinez, still on his feet after all that, staggers from the corner as Wright heads to the corner, leaping up to the middle rope...

...and then leaps off, snaring the head on the way down, and driving him facefirst into the mat!]

GM: BULLDOG OFF THE SECOND ROPE!!

[Wright flips Martinez over, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!!

[The crowd goes silent - a burst of noise and then a hush as Martinez powers out of the pin attempt at one!]

GM: Are you... did he...?

BW: He did! The son of a bitch kicked out at one!

[A stunned Wright scoots back into the corner, a hand over his mouth as he stares at Martinez who has rolled over to his side. Wright's head shakes back and forth just slightly, staring in disbelief at what he just saw.]

GM: Unbelievable! Absolutely unbelievable!

BW: This is the moment, Gordo... this is the moment when the thought crosses your mind for the first time and it terrifies you.

GM: The thought?

BW: "How can I possibly beat this man?"

[Still shocked, Wright pulls himself to his feet using the ropes for aid. He leans against the buckles, running his hands over his face as he tries to wipe away his feeling of doubt.]

GM: What's he got left, Bucky? What does Supreme Wright have left to pull out of his arsenal to try and finish Martinez off? We know he can't get him up for Fat Tuesday. All his suplexes are dead in the water. He hasn't been able to hang on to a submission hold for more than a few seconds for the whole match.

[Wright slowly moves back in, showing a bit of hesitation as he pulls a kneeling Martinez up to his feet...

...and has his hand swatted away as Martinez hooks him by the throat!]

GM: MARTINEZ!

[The seven footer power him up into the air, looking for a potential match-ending chokeslam...

...but Wright scissors the arm, dragging Martinez back down to the mat with him. With his left leg looped over the arm, Wright grabs Martinez by the back of the head, pulling his throat down on the shin!]

BW: He hooks a gogoplata!

GM: A what?!

BW: It's a choke! Right out of the Mixed Martial Arts world and brought here to the AWA for Supreme Wright to try and topple one of the biggest names in the history of our sport!

GM: Whatever you call it, it's in tight, fans! Wright's pulling down on his head and neck with everything he's got, trying to put Martinez to sleep and win this whole thing!

BW: Martinez is locked in it... he's trapped in it... he's got nowhere to go!

GM: And he appears to be fading fast!

[Martinez' arms which were rapidly flailing moments ago seem like they're starting to slow...

...but his eyes go wide!]

GM: Oh my god!

[The Last American Badboy, slipping into unconsciousness, straightens up, using his significant power to lift Wright straight up off the mat, hoisting him over his head...

...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! HE PLANTED HIM!!

[Martinez slumps forward, throwing an arm across the chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The shoulder flies up off the canvas at the last possible second!]

GM: My stars... how close was that?

BW: It don't get any closer, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does. We've just crossed the twenty minute mark of this match and both of these men are running on fumes at this point. It may come down to who has enough left to hit something... anything. That powerbomb could've been that something but it just wasn't enough. It was close but...

BW: But a wise man once said that close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, daddy.

GM: You got that right.

[Pushing up off the mat to his knee, Martinez breathes hard, staring down at Wright whose chest is heaving, pulling air into his desperate lungs. Martinez struggles to rise, getting up on his feet. He leans down, grabbing Wright by the arm and dragging him off the mat...]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKE!

[Martinez pauses, holding his hands around the throat, knowing he could be an instant away from victory...]

BW: He's gonna Firebomb Wright straight to hell!

[With a bellow, Martinez powers Wright up off the canvas, looking to drive him back down...

...but on the way down, Wright snares the head and neck of the seven footer, hooking a guillotine choke!]

GM: Wright counters the Firebomb! He hooked a front choke!

[Martinez' arms are swinging wildly as Wright tightens his grip, gritting his teeth together...]

BW: That hold's in deep, Gordo! Martinez is in serious trouble!

[A surprised Martinez wraps his arms around Wright's torso, turning towards the corner...

...and SLAMS Wright's spine into the turnbuckle, breaking the hold!]

GM: OHHH!

[Martinez pushes Wright up, slinging him over his shoulder as he wobbles out of the corner...

...where Wright slides down the back of the seven footer, scissoring his legs around the neck of the big man, hooking an arm in there as well!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: INVERTED TRIANGLE CHOKE!! HE'S HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!!

[Wright slips his arms through the legs, gripping his wrist with the other hand as his right leg comes down on the ankle of his left foot, pushing hard...]

GM: Wright's hanging on! He's choking the life out of Martinez!

[Martinez stumbles out to the middle of the ring, swinging his arms around, trying to find an escape...]

GM: Martinez needs a way out and he needs it right now!

BW: He's fading, Gordo!

[The arms slow again, one barely moving as the other falls to his side. The seven footer stands for a few more moments...

...and then slumps down to the canvas, Wright still hanging on to the hold, shouting "CHECK HIM! CHECK HIM!"]

GM: The referee's right there and-

[Ricky Longfellow abruptly swings around, waving to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE CHOKED OUT THE HALL OF FAMER!

[Wright immediately releases the hold at the sound of the bell, falling to his hands and knees on the mat. He stays in that position for several moments, his head bowed as the crowd rises to their feet, paying tribute to the battle they just witnessed.]

GM: That young man accomplished something that few in this sport ever have, Bucky... he made the Last American Badboy, a former multi-time World Champion, a Hall of Famer, and one of the last great icons in our sport pass out. He beat him clean as can be in the center of the ring.

BW: Not many men can claim that on their resume but this kid certainly can after tonight.

GM: And after tonight, can there be any doubt that Supreme Wright is the Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Championship? Terry Shane may have won the Rumble... Skywalker Jones may have stolen the spotlight... but Supreme Wright is the man on this night in Atlanta.

BW: When opportunity knocked for him, Wright answered the door like only he can with a blend of striking and submissions and thinking outside the box to put down one of the all-time greats. You gotta hand it to him, Gordo.

[Wright switches to sitting on his rear, his head still bowed. He has a hand on his forehead, shielding his eyes...

...and then slowly rises to his feet, looking out at the roaring Atlanta crowd.]

GM: These fans are on their feet. He gave them exactly what they came here tonight, sitting through the rain for hours, to see.

[Wright looks across the ring where Alex Martinez has been helped to the corner by the official. A groggy Martinez shoves the official aside as he uses the ropes to pull himself up, leaning against the buckles. He rubs a hand over his face, looking weary as he does so.]

BW: This might not be over, Gordo. From the look on Martinez' face, this might not be over at all.

GM: Don't do anything you'd regret here, Alex.

[Martinez slowly walks from the corner, moving very gingerly on the pain-filled knee and pulls up a stop a couple feet from Wright, staring down at the man who just defeated him in the middle of the ring...

...and then extends his hand!]

GM: Oh yeah! He's a man of his word, Bucky! He said that once this was over, he was going to shake Supreme Wright's hand and that's exactly what he's doing!

BW: I think I'm gonna be sick. Waffle 'im! Hit him with the Firebomb!

[Wright happily accepts the handshake from Martinez, a smile sprouting on his usually stoic face as the seven footer raises his arm to the crowd, gesturing to him to a big reaction...]

GM: What a moment in the career of Supreme Wright! And what a year he's had here in the AWA. Rumble winner, World Title Tournament Cinderella story that went to the Semifinals, SuperClash IV Main Eventer, and now a clean victory over Alex Martinez.

BW: Seems like there may be only one thing left for him, Gordo.

GM: It certainly seems that way. Fans, it's been an incredible night here in Atlanta and coming up next, it's Main Event time here at Opportunity Knocks! We've known about this one all night long as when we come back from the break, it will be the World Heavyweight Champion Calisto Dufresne putting the gold on the line against Juan Vasquez! You do NOT want to miss that!

[With Martinez still holding Wright's arm up, 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 as we fade up to Russ Chandler Stadium where the rain is flat out pouring down at this point, we see Phil Watson standing in the center of the ring, getting doused in rainfall. Trickles of rain are streaming down his face as he speaks.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!

[HUGE CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The sounds of Pete Rock and CL Smooth's "They Reminisce Over You" kicks in to an even louder cheer from the soaked Atlanta crowd.]

GM: These fans have sat through one of the nastiest nights of weather that I can recall... all for this moment. All to see if Juan Vasquez will be able to tear down the demons that this night created for him two years ago and walk out of here as the World Heavyweight Champion.

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds...

JUAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAAASQUEZ!

[The hero of the AWA faithful, Juan Vasquez, walks up the dugout steps clad in his usual tracksuit. The crowd goes nuts upon seeing him, rising out of their chairs to pay tribute to the man they plan to cheer on to victory on this night when opportunity has knocked for him yet again.]

GM: It was two years ago to the day at WrestleRock when Juan Vasquez was the victim of one of the most horrific assaults we've ever seen inside of a

wrestling ring and had the National Title stolen from him by the very man he'll be facing tonight, Calisto Dufresne.

BW: It's been a long road back for him, Gordo.

GM: It certainly has. A long, hard road filled with anger, with vengeance, with mistakes. We all know about the time he spent as part of the Unholy Alliance trying to get that vengeance he craved so badly and we all know what happened when Stevie Scott talked him out of that path. That very decision to abandon the Unholy Alliance is what has led Juan Vasquez into the most bitter of wars against Percy Childes' army and really took him off course in becoming the AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: Vasquez didn't even want in the World Title tournament originally since he was so focused on getting payback instead, remember?

GM: I certainly do. But that thirst for payback is gone... almost. You better believe that Juan Vasquez would like nothing more on this night in Atlanta than to vanquish that final demon... Calisto Dufresne... and put that World Heavyweight Title around his waist.

[Vasquez pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the squared circle. He pulls off his tracksuit, throwing it aside as he begins to pace back and forth, waiting for the World Champion to emerge from the locker room.]

PW: And his opponent...

[ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" blasts over the stadium's PA system to a very negative reaction.]

PW: From Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in at 245 pounds... he represents Royalty... he is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

The Ladykiller... CAAAAAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUFRESNNNNNNE!

[Dufresne climbs the dugout steps, standing in the aisleway. He's clad in a special glittering red, white, and blue robe for this big night. The bulk of the robe is red with blue sleeves and "ROYALTY" scrawled across the back in white script. He undoes the belt of the robe, revealing the gleaming AWA World Heavyweight Title secured around his waist.]

GM: That's a man who does NOT look happy, Bucky.

BW: He's been bamboozled!

GM: Huh?

BW: Flim-flammed!

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: I'm talking about that sneaky Vasquez coming out here at the start of the show and challenging Calisto before Calisto could make his challenge to Walter Warren! Warren versus Dufresne would be a Main Event anywhere in... well, where is Warren from again?

GM: Very funny. But you know as well as I do that Vasquez made the challenge first. You know that he deserves this shot tonight.

BW: I know no such thing! Last time I checked, Vasquez ain't listed in the Top 5 contenders list for the World Title!

GM: That may be true but very few could possibly deny that Vasquez deserves a shot at that title... and tonight, he's gonna get it!

[Ranting and raving as he storms down the aisle, Dufresne pauses to threaten a few fans with a backhand before continuing down the pathway. Upon reaching the ring, Dufresne slowly climbs the ringsteps, keeping an eye on Vasquez who continues to pace back and forth in anticipation.]

GM: Dufresne doesn't look especially eager to get in there, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? He was in the ring with Vasquez last year at SuperClash and barely escaped with his career... and the win, I might add!

[Dufresne peels off his robe, handing it off to a ringside attendant before stepping into the ring. He unclasps the World Title belt, holding it above his head as he barks at Vasquez who stops in his tracks, turning to glare at Dufresne...]

GM: That's what it's all about, fans. The World Heavyweight Title.

[Referee Johnny Jagger takes the title belt from Dufresne, holding it high over his head to a big cheer from the crowd. He goes to hand it off as Dufresne backs into the corner where he just entered...

...and then turns towards the entranceway, waving his arm, gesturing towards the ring.]

GM: What is all this about?

BW: I think you know.

GM: I'm afraid I do... and... yes, here they come, fans. Dave Cooper, the Blonde Bombers with Larry Doyle. This is the group known as Royalty.

[The jeers pour down on Royalty as hard as the rain as they start to make their way towards the ring - a big grin on the face of Dave Cooper as he looks at a concerned Juan Vasquez...

...when suddenly a voice rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, I have just been informed by the AWA Championship Committee that for the duration of this match...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...Royalty has been BANNED from ringside!

[HUGE CHEER! Dave Cooper and Larry Doyle throw a tantrum in tandem, screaming and shouting at the sea of officials that came flooding from the locker room area to stand between them and the ring.]

GM: Alright! Royalty's banned from ringside for this match which puts Juan Vasquez exactly where he wants to be...

[Cut to Vasquez who is grinning at the announcement. Cut to Calisto Dufresne who looks fit to be tied as he watches his partners-in-crime being forced back down the aisle to the locker room...

...and he strides across the ring to where his challenger is standing, running his mouth all the while.]

BW: Dufresne is hot, Gordo!

GM: You have to imagine that Calisto Dufresne had a plan he developed throughout this night on how to keep that World Title belt around his waist and the Championship Committee may have just thrown a huge monkeywrench into that plan.

[Dufresne stands in front of Vasquez, jabbing his finger into the challenger's chest...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SLAPPED HIM! HE SLAPPED THE TASTE RIGHT OUT OF VASQUEZ' MOUTH!

[The referee recoils in shock at the blatant show of disrespect, quickly waving for the bell to start the match. Vasquez reaches up, rubbing the back of his hand across his mouth...

...and smiles.]

GM: What the...?

[Suddenly, Vasquez surges forward, throwing himself into a double leg takedown, ripping Dufresne's legs out from under him as they crash down to the canvas!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Vasquez rains down a series of brutal haymakers to the skull as the referee leaps in, laying a count on him...]

BW: Those are closed fists, Gordo!

GM: They certainly are and that's why the AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, is laying a count on both men. He's up to three... now to four... whoa! That was close, fans.

[Back on his feet after breaking at four, Vasquez glares at the official, pointing to his rapidly-reddening cheek to which the referee waves him off, pointing to an open hand.]

GM: The ref's telling him he needs to throw an open hand in there if he-

[Vasquez starts to take the mount again when a panicked World Champion lifts his arms up to cover his head. With a shake of the head, Vasquez grabs the hands, locking fingers with his opponent...]

GM: Oh no.

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez yanks the arms apart, exposing Dufresne's face as he SLAMS his foot down into the face. He uses his grip to pull Dufresne up and into a hard stomp to the skull over and over and over with the referee right in there counting again...]

BW: We've seen this before out of Vasquez! During that period of time we can only call the Dark Cholo Saga!

GM: The.. what?

BW: I don't know. Dane suggested the name to me.

[The referee's count again gets real close to five before Vasquez lets go, allowing Dufresne to slump down to the canvas. The former two-time National Champion turns towards the referee, absorbing the warning from Jagger...]

...and then physically shoving him aside as he moves in on Dufresne, drawing an "oooooh" from the crowd.]

GM: Vasquez needs to be careful in there, fans.

BW: That could've earned him a disqualification REAL quick. We've already seen two officials taken out by competitors here tonight after we saw the same thing happen a couple of weeks ago. You can bet that Jagger's gonna have a quick trigger to avoid another case of official abuse after all of that.

GM: Juan Vasquez, you may recall, allowed his anger towards Dufresne to get the best of him back at SuperClash IV last fall and ended up losing that match by disqualification. Could the same thing happen here tonight in Atlanta?

[The challenger drags Dufresne up by the arm, rocketing him into the nearest corner where the Ladykiller hits hard, staggering out...

...and getting launched high into the air, dumping him down on the canvas with a backdrop.]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY THE CHALLENGER!

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Vasquez clenches his right hand, holding the fist high in the rain-filled sky...]

GM: He's calling for the Right Cross!

BW: Jeez, if he hits it, he might win the World Title in record time!

[Vasquez nods, the crowd swelling with anticipation behind him as he stands, waiting for Dufresne to rise up off the mat.]

GM: He's ready... he's set...

BW: Stay down, Calisto! Don't get up! Don't turn around!

[Dufresne pulls himself to his feet, the crowd absolutely roaring now as he staggers in a circle...

...and then dives to the canvas, causing Vasquez to whiff on the big Right Cross. The crowd deflates with disappointment as Dufresne rolls out to the infield grass to save himself.]

GM: Ohh... so close right there.

BW: No chance, Gordo. Dufresne's too smart for that. He's too good for that. He ain't gonna get caught by Vasquez' home run shot in the opening minutes of the match.

[Out on the floor, Dufresne is pointing to his head, implying the same thing to a fuming Vasquez. The World Champion hears a catcall that gets on his nerves, drawing his attention in that direction...]

GM: HERE COMES VASQUEZ!

[The Los Angeles native breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes and springing back off. He's a blur of motion as he tears across the ring...

...and HURLS himself between the top and middle ropes in a torpedo dive, flipping in mid-dive, and WIPING out a stunned Dufresne as he turns back to the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHATTA MANEUVER!! HOLY TOLEDO, WHAT A DIVE OUT OF THE CHALLENGER!

[Vasquez pops up to his feet, throwing up his arms with a "COME ON!" to the fans who roar in response.]

GM: Juan Vasquez certainly has this capacity crowd behind him which is no surprise to anyone, I'm sure.

BW: It's a surprise to me... it's a surprise to me how anyone could support this cheater. He attacks before the bell, tries to use that big knockout punch, dives on the World Champion when he ain't lookin'! Vasquez is as big of a cheat as those stinkin' Stench boys.

GM: That's quite the analysis of the situation... and one I don't think many others would agree with.

[Vasquez pulls Dufresne out of the sloppy infield grass, chucking him under the ropes into the ring before climbing back up on the ring apron.]

GM: The champion's back in while the challenger is on the apron. He might have another big move up his sleeve right here...

[As Dufresne stumbles back to his feet, Vasquez takes flight by springing off the top rope, tucking his legs...

...and DRIVING his feet squarely into the chest of the World Champion, sending him sprawling back down to the canvas!]

GM: SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK OFF THE TOP!!

[Vasquez crawls across the ring, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Dufresne's nowhere near done quite yet, lifting a shoulder off the canvas to break the count.]

GM: Two count only!

[Climbing back to his feet, Vasquez throws a glare at the official, miming a quicker count.]

GM: The challenger seems like he didn't care for the speed of that count.

BW: Looked good to me.

GM: I have to agree. I think Vasquez might be allowing his temper to get the better of him in this one. He needs to be careful with that because wrestling with a temper is a good way to make a big mistake.

[Dragging Dufresne up by the long blonde hair, Vasquez scoops him up off the mat, slamming him down to the canvas with a scoop slam...

...and then drops a big elbow to the chest... and another... and another...]

GM: Juan Vasquez is an elbow droppin' machine!

[Vasquez drops a half dozen before rolling into another pin.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! But again, the World Champion is out at two.

BW: Normally, I would say that Vasquez is using the pin attempts to try and wear down Dufresne but who knows when he's as hot under the collar as he seems to be.

[Back on his feet again, Vasquez is stalking Dufresne who is crawling towards the corner, looking for a respite from the early match assault he's taking. The Ladykiller gets to his feet, lashing out with a boot to the gut.]

GM: Dufresne's fighting back... handful of hair!

[And SLAMS Vasquez' head into the top turnbuckle...

...but Vasquez simply smirks at the champion, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: Well, that's not likely to do much. Vasquez has one of the hardest heads in all of wrestling. We've seen him match headbutts with men like Raphael Rhodes and MAMMOTH Mizusawa, fans.

[A right hand to the midsection doubles up Dufresne and allows Vasquez to grab TWO hands filled with hair before slamming the champion's head into the top turnbuckle in response.]

GM: Down goes Dufresne again!

[Vasquez grabs the legs of the champion as he attempts to scoot backwards in an escape...

...but the Los Angeles native is having none of it as he falls back, catapulting Dufresne into the air where he SLAMS chestfirst into the turnbuckles before staggering backwards into the waiting arms of the challenger who drags him down in a sunset flip-style pin!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, Dufresne is out at two with relative ease.]

GM: Juan Vasquez continues to bring the attack - and continues to try to get that elusive pinfall that would bring the World Title around his waist but Dufresne just keeps on finding a way out of it.

[Vasquez grabs Dufresne by the arm, dragging him up and whipping him across into the turnbuckles. Juan backs up to the opposite corner, giving a whoop before dashing across the ring...

...and leaving his feet, driving both of his knees squarely into the chest of the World Champion!]

GM: DOUBLE KNEES IN THE CORNER!

[Dufresne starts to stagger out but Vasquez shoves him back into the corner, following up with a series of big right hands to the skull before trading off between rights and lefts to the ribcage...

...and then smashes a headbutt between the eyes, knocking Dufresne down to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: He's got Dufresne down in the corner - the referee's trying to get him to back off...

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Vasquez LUNGES forward, throwing a knee into the face... and again... and again...]

GM: Big knees to the face - over and over in the corner!

[Vasquez backs off to the middle of the ring before wheeling back around, charging in hard...

...and DRIVING his knee into the face of his seated opponent!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Dufresne slumps back against the turnbuckles, arms flailed out over the bottom rope, barely able to move as Vasquez grabs him by the foot, hauling him out of the corner a few feet and applying another lateral press.]

GM: He's got him down again for one! For two! For-

[The World Champion fires a shoulder off the canvas to break the pin again.]

GM: A little bit closer that time and I think Vasquez knows it.

BW: We're a hair over five minutes into this match and I'm not sure Dufresne's gotten in a single bit of offense other than that slap to open up the match, Gordo.

GM: It's a disheartening performance for the World Champion so far in this one. You have to wonder how much the banning of Royalty from ringside upset his gameplan here tonight. He has yet to recover since that happened.

[Vasquez again brings the World Champion up to his feet, ducking down to hoist him up on his shoulder, slinging Dufresne across his back...]

GM: Oh my! He's going for the City of Angels already!

[But the Ladykiller has this one scouted and immediately begins flailing his arms and legs, driving a few hard knees into Vasquez's face. The challenger suddenly switches his grip and lunges forward, smashing Dufresne's back into the buckles. Still doubled up, Vasquez lifts Dufresne in the air, setting him down on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Vasquez puts him up top and you've gotta wonder what he's got in mind right here.

BW: Whatever it is, it can't be good news for the World Champion.

[Vasquez straightens up, landing a pair of right hands before stepping up to the middle rope. He pauses a moment before stepping to the top, looking out on the crowd as he places his hands on the shoulders of the Ladykiller...]

...and leaps up, scissoring the head between his legs... sorta.]

BW: I think he slipped! Vasquez slipped on the wet ropes from all the rain!

[The challenger hits hard on the canvas, landing on the back of his head.]

GM: I believe you're right, Bucky. That headscissor attempt off the top rope did NOT go as Vasquez planned. He got up in the air but he didn't have the height he needed and just fell backwards to the mat. What a break for the World Heavyweight Champion!

[Dufresne shakes the cobwebs, stepping up on the middle rope as Vasquez pushes up to a knee, grabbing at the back of his head...]

...and leaps off, landing in a front facelock on the challenger!]

GM: WHOA! HE HOOKS HIM!

[But before the World Champion can attempt his devastating lifting DDT, Vasquez pushes off, driving Dufresne backfirst into the turnbuckles he just leapt off of...]

GM: Vasquez puts him back into the buckles!

[Holding the middle rope, Vasquez slams his shoulder into the gut a few times before straightening up. Again, he grabs at the back of his head, shaking it back and forth before grasping the wrist of his opponent.]

GM: Vasquez looks a little dazed still, Bucky.

BW: He needs to find a hold of some kind to lock on and give him some time to clear the cobwebs and recover from that fall from the top. This is typical Vasquez' stubbornness by trying to keep the fight going when he's probably seeing double.

[The challenger sends the champion smashing into the turnbuckles with another Irish whip. Dufresne stays back in the corner as Vasquez backs into the corner, shaking his head back and forth again before breaking into a dash...

...but stumbles in mid-run, falling towards the corner where Dufresne steps out, lifts him around the torso...]

GM: DUFRESNE!

[...and DROPS down, smashing Vasquez' head into the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[Vasquez snaps backwards from the impact, collapsing to the canvas as Dufresne dives across him for his first pin attempt of the match.]

GM: The champion's got him down for one! For two! But that's all!

[Dufresne instantly gets to his knees, grabbing a handful of hair and smashing his fist into the skull repeatedly, earning a warning from the referee as he gets dangerously close to the five count...]

GM: And now it's Dufresne getting close to a disqualification.

[Shaking his head, the Ladykiller grabs two hands full of Vasquez' hair, lifting his torso off the mat...

...and SLAMMING the back of Vasquez' skull into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

[Dufresne repeats the act, driving his head into the mat again and again to the jeers of the crowd and the protests of the official, again just breaking off the attack before the count of five.]

GM: A brutal assault, all aimed at the head of Vasquez! Dufresne knows that Vasquez is a bit wobbly after landing on the back of his head and he's going for it all right now.

BW: It's a good move. Vasquez could have a concussion or something the way he looked on that charge to the corner. He's definitely out of sorts right about now.

[The Ladykiller hauls Vasquez off the canvas to his feet, pasting him with a pair of right hands that sends the challenger falling back into the nearest set of turnbuckles...]

GM: Hard back elbow to the jaw! Dufresne continues to go after the head of the challenger.

[Snaring a side headlock, Dufresne smashes his fist into the head over and over and over, earning another count from the referee.]

GM: Dufresne breaks it off at four... he's really pushing Johnny Jagger's patience here in this one.

BW: What's Jagger going to do? Disqualify him?

GM: He certainly could!

BW: But then Dufresne walks out with the World Title still around his waist. I'm not Calisto Dufresne but after watching him compete in these rings for over five years now, I'm betting he'd take that trade, Gordo.

GM: Despicable. That's no way for a champion - especially the AWA World Heavyweight Champion - to act!

BW: Cry me a river.

[The Ladykiller holds that side headlock, twisting his arm around in the air to the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: Oh, come on.

BW: Heheh... the champ sure does know how to make friends and influence people.

GM: Calisto Dufresne's calling for the Riley Roundup - of course, the signature move these days of Sweet Daddy Williams, the hometown hero here in Atlanta who went down in defeat to Dave Bryant earlier tonight.

[Dufresne barrels out of the corner, leaping into the air, and SMASHES Vasquez' face into the mat. He flips him to his back, diving across in a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Vasquez lifts the shoulder at two, breaking the pin count as the crowd pours down boos on the World Champion.]

GM: As we pass the ten minute mark in this one, that freak accident on the wet ropes has really turned the tide in the favor of the World Champion who again goes after Vasquez' head, hammering him with those right hands to the skull.

[The referee forces Dufresne to break off the attack again, promptly kneeling down to check on Vasquez who shoves him away, waving Dufresne towards him.]

GM: Vasquez isn't done! Not by a longshot!

[Dufresne nods, pulling Vasquez up by the hair...

...and getting a hard right hand to the gut for his efforts! A second one backs him off a couple steps.]

GM: Vasquez is fighting back and listen to these fans here in Atlanta!

[With the roaring crowd behind him, Vasquez shoves Dufresne back into the corner. He steps in, wailing away with a blistering knife-edge chop across the chest!]

"WOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: Ohh! What a shot out of Vasquez!

BW: What the heck did these idiot fans in Atlanta just do after that chop? "Wooo"?!

GM: I have no idea but it's catchy, isn't it?

[Vasquez lands two more big chops before grabbing the arm, whipping Dufresne across the ring.]

GM: Dufresne slams HARD into the turnbuckles, stumbling out of the corner... backdrop!

[But the challenger sets too early, earning a hard overhead elbow smash down across the back of the skull that stuns him, knocking him to a knee. The Ladykiller promptly laces his leg across the back of Vasquez' neck as he hangs on to the left arm, leaping up...

...and DRIVING the weight of his leg down onto the back of Vasquez' head and neck, smashing his face into the canvas again!]

GM: Good grief! What the heck do you call that?

BW: It certainly rocked the challenger! He ain't gettin' up after that!

[Dufresne flips the challenger to his back, diving across into a lateral press but only earns a two count before Vasquez slips out from under him.]

GM: Two count... just a two!

[The champion gets to his feet, repeatedly stomping Vasquez into the canvas. He leaps up, burying a stomp between the eyes of the challenger!]

GM: Ohh! Vicious stomps out of the champion and Vasquez is seeing stars after that one you can be sure.

[The Ladykiller straightens up, standing over Vasquez before hitting the ropes, slowly walking back towards the downed challenger...

...and DROPS a knee down on the forehead, rolling through it to his knees where he spreads his arms, gesturing for cheers but getting only more boos for his efforts.]

BW: Yeah! Cheer for this guy! What an athlete he is! The best professional athlete in the world today!

GM: That's a tough sell... even for you.

BW: He's the World Heavyweight Champion of the toughest place to compete in the greatest sport on the planet. You keep your Kobe Bryants, your LeBron James, your football thugs and brainless wonders, your MMA darlings, your Matt Kemps and Alex Rodriguez and...

GM: I think we get it.

BW: No, I don't think you do, Gordo! Calisto Dufresne IS the greatest professional athlete in the world today until someone knocks him off that perch, daddy!

[Dufresne climbs back to his feet, showing a little more swagger now as he approaches the downed Vasquez, not bothering with a pin attempt following the kneedrop.]

GM: The World Champion seems to believe he's got this match well in hand at this point.

[As Vasquez crawls to a knee, Dufresne pulls him the rest of the way up, smashing an overhead elbow across the crown of the skull. A second one follows, knocking Vasquez back down to a knee where Dufresne grabs him by the hair...

...and SLAMS his head into the mat!]

GM: Ahhh... and with all of these shots to the head, we have to start growing concerned with the physical and medical welfare of Juan Vasquez, fans. We here at the AWA are as concerned with the ongoing concussion problems in professional sports as anyone. Johnny Jagger looks like he wants to take a look here, fans. He's trying to get Dufresne back so he can check on Vasquez' condition.

BW: Man, how much would Dufresne be loving life to be able to put Juan Vasquez back in the hospital on the two year anniversary of when he did it at Wrestlerock? We might get an impromptu performance of the Wrestlerock rap song.

GM: I don't know which part of that statement disturbs me more.

[Dufresne takes a few steps back as the referee leans in on Vasquez who has pushed up to his knees.]

GM: Johnny Jagger is right there, trying to take a look at the eyes of Vasquez who-

[The challenger suddenly shoves the official away...]

GM: No! Vasquez wants no part of the official trying to stop this ma-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK TO THE HEAD OF A KNEELING VASQUEZ!

[Dufresne dives across the challenger's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[But Vasquez FIRES a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! I THOUGHT THAT WAS IT, FANS! I truly thought that was all she wrote for the challenger! Calisto Dufresne nearly kicked his head right off his shoulders! Incredible to kick out of that.

BW: And if Vasquez wasn't concussed before, he certainly might be right about now.

[Dufresne again takes the mount, slamming his closed fist into the temple of Vasquez relentlessly!]

GM: The count's to three... four... fi-

[The World Champion gets up, hands raised to show the break as the referee warns him how close he came to a disqualification. Jagger holds his two hands just inches apart.]

GM: The referee says he was that close to calling for the bell to disqualify the World Champion.

[Dufresne smirks at the jeering crowd as he hauls a limp Vasquez off the mat by the hair. He steps to the side, slipping his leg through the legs of the challenger as he still holds the hair...]

GM: Russian legsweep coming up...

[...but the World Champion pitches forward and SLAMS Vasquez' forehead into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's gotta be it! A reverse Russian legsweep and that's GOTTA be it, fans! Juan Vasquez put up a heck of an effort after slipping off those ropes earlier tonight and hitting the back of his head but even Vasquez - who has overcome so much in so many matches over the past five years we've been seeing him compete here in the AWA - can't recover from that.

[Dufresne throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he flips Vasquez onto his back.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[But the shoulder DOES come up again, sparking a big cheer from the rain-soaked crowd!]

GM: He kicked out! My word, the challenger kicked out!

[Again, the official tries to check on Vasquez' condition but the challenger rolls over to his stomach, trying to avoid that very situation. An exasperated Jagger gets shoved back by Dufresne who stomps the ear of Vasquez a few times, forcing him to roll back onto his shoulders.]

GM: The Ladykiller puts his challenger back down...

[Dufresne backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope. He stands up, standing tall with his arms high as the crowd jeers him relentlessly...]

GM: What's Dufresne looking for here?

[The Ladykiller reaches down, tugging a blue kneepad that nicely matches his trunks and boots down to expose his bare kneecap...]

GM: He's exposing the knee! Maybe another kneedrop?

[Dufresne leaps off, his knee aimed at the forehead of Vasquez...

...who just BARELY rolls aside, causing Dufresne's exposed knee to SLAM into the canvas!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Dufresne rolls to his back, cradling his knee in pain. Vasquez pushes up to all fours, eyes closed tightly as he shakes his head back and forth.]

GM: Vasquez has an open window here. One of those moments where you can quite literally hear opportunity knocking for a challenger and that's what this night is all about! Opportunity is knocking for Juan Vasquez and it's up to him to fight through the punishment he's taken so far in this match and answer the door!

[Vasquez gets to his knees, again shoving aside the official who steps in to check his condition, and climbs to his feet!]

GM: He's up! The challenger is on his feet and he's got a wounded World Champion at his feet!

[The challenger dashes to the adjacent ropes, rebounding off and leaping into the air, tucking his legs up and lashing out with a double stomp to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Anton Layton's influence shines through right there!

[The blow causes Dufresne to straighten up, sitting up on the mat as Vasquez hits the ropes again, rebounding towards the World Champion...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: LOW DROPKICK ON THE BUTTON!

[Dufresne collapses backwards as Vasquez crawls over him, diving into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The World Champion again lifts the shoulder though!]

GM: Kickout at two! The challenger's going to need to dig a little deeper. Maybe throw that Right Cross. Maybe go for the City of Angels again. Something big is going to be needed to wrest the World Championship away from the Ladykiller on this 4th of July in Atlanta!

[Vasquez pushes up off the mat, giving a shout to the crowd who roars in response, watching with anticipation as Vasquez pulls Dufresne off the mat by the hair, driving a pair of forearms to the ear as he pushes the champion back into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip comin' up...

[As Dufresne bounces off the far ropes, Vasquez buries a rolling sole butt into the midsection, doubling him up as he races to the adjacent ropes...]

GM: BOOM! A big kneelift finds the mark!

[Dufresne's head and torso snap back from the impact, leaving him staggering towards the corner...]

...which is Vasquez' cue to rush him from behind, hooking a waistlock!]

GM: Vasquez hooks him! He's looking for the suplex!

[The Ladykiller clings to the ropes, trying desperately to avoid being thrown down onto the back of his head with a German Suplex!]

GM: Dufresne's trying to fight it! He's trying to hang on to those ropes in the corner... ohh!

[Vasquez breaks the waistlock, hammering down on the back of Dufresne's head with a trio of forearms. The Ladykiller releases the ropes, slumping forward into the corner...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[The challenger hooks the rear waistlock, sets his feet...

...and LAUNCHES Dufresne into the air, sending him sailing overhead and CRASHING down to the canvas in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HE HIT THE GERMAN!! THAT MIGHT DO IT, GORDO!

GM: It certainly might! Can Juan Vasquez take advantage of this situation? He's taken a lot of punishment as well and I'm not sure he can get a cover in time to capitalize on the big suplex that he just connected with!

[Vasquez crawls on his hands and knees across the ring, moving slower than his fans would hope but perhaps faster than a man who has taken the punishment that he has so far should move...]

BW: He's almost there... but will it be enough? Will it be-

GM: COVER!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DUFRESNE KICKS OUT AT TWO! MY STARS IN HEAVEN!!! We were a half a count away... maybe less... of seeing a new World Champion crowned right here tonight, fans!

BW: Close don't matter, Gordo! The champ is still the champ!

GM: For now, Bucky. But this one's not over just yet.

[A disappointed Vasquez rolls to a seated position, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: It looks like Juan Vasquez thought that the German Suplex would be enough. He thought that's what he needed to do to put the World Title around his waist and exorcise those demons from two years ago.

[Vasquez pushes off the mat, climbing to his feet. He looks out at the cheering crowd...

...and raises a finger.]

"ONE MORE?!"

[The crowd ROARS!]

"ONE MORE?!"

[Another huge cheer! A "ONE! MORE!" chant breaks out all over the building in Atlanta as Vasquez nods to his adoring fans...

...and leaps up, stomping both feet at the same time as he turns towards a recovering Dufresne...]

GM: Oh my stars, he's gonna go for it again!

BW: I don't know if Dufresne can survive two of 'em, Gordo!

GM: I'm almost certain that he cannot!

[Dufresne gets to a knee when Vasquez comes in from behind, hooking a handful of trunks and pulling the Ladykiller up to his feet and directly into a rear waistlock...]

GM: HOOKED!

[Dufresne collapses forward, grabbing the ropes with both arms.]

GM: He's trying to hang on again! Still trying to find a way to get out of this thing!

[Vasquez again breaks his grip, rearing back and firing.]

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: BIG SHOTS TO THE BACK OF THE NECK!! These fans in Atlanta are on their feet! They may be on the verge of seeing history right here tonight at Opportunity Knocks!

[But the blows to the head and neck don't break the hold this time as a desperate Dufresne knows he can't let go if he wants to keep the World Title around his waist. An angry Vasquez SLAMS a hooking right hand into the ribcage that spins Dufresne around.]

GM: He got him off the ropes but now he's out of position for the suplex.

BW: Brilliant ring generalship out of Dufresne!

[Grabbing the arm, Vasquez shoots him in to the ropes...]

GM: Dufresne off the far side... HIPTOSS!

[The crowd EXPLODES like they've seen a twisting top rope dive, cheering wildly as Dufresne slams backfirst to the canvas while Vasquez dashes to the ropes, leaping into the air with his arms and legs tucked...]

...and SMASHES backfirst down onto a prone Dufresne!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[Vasquez flips over into another lateral press, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN, DUFRESNE KICKS OUT!! And at this point, you really have to start to give Calisto Dufresne a heckuva lot of credit for his resiliency. He has taken a lot of punishment in this match but absolutely refuses to stay down for that three count. He wants to remain the World Champion in the worst possible way!

[Vasquez claps his hands together in frustration as he gets back to his feet, looking out at the buzzing crowd...]

...and points to the corner!]

GM: Oh dear god, no!

BW: Why?! Why the heck would you even DREAM of going to the top rope after you fell right on your damn head earlier in the match trying to do something like this?

GM: I have no idea but Vasquez seems to think this is the way to do it. This is the way to demolish those demons from Wrestlerock and win the World Heavyweight Title tonight!

[Vasquez marches to the corner where he proceeds to run his hand down both sides of the top rope, sending a splatter of water down to the mat. He nods, stepping up to the middle rope...]

GM: I can't believe he's doing this. I simply can't believe he's...

[The former two-time National Champion steps up to the top rope, facing his fans and completely blind to the mat who bested him for the National Title exactly two years ago...]

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

[Taking a long, deep breath, the Los Angeles native steadies himself...

...and blindly leaps backwards from his perch, flipping through the air, plummeting through a sea of flashbulbs.. a streak of light on a stormy night...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and CRASHES down on a prone World Champion!]

GM: HE HITS IT!! HE GOT IT!!

[Vasquez stays down on Dufresne, unable to hook a leg after impact as the official dives to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! MY GOD, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Vasquez rolls off Dufresne, staring up at the lights with his chest heaving from exertion. The fans in Atlanta are buzzing at what they just saw - the moonsault, the nearfall, the kickout.]

GM: I thought that was all she wrote, Bucky. I thought it was all over but the shouting after that moonsault from the top rope!

BW: Everybody did, Gordo! Even I did! But Calisto Dufresne is showing the world exactly WHY he's the World Heavyweight Champion right now. He gets a lot of flak from people over how he won the National Title two years ago or even how he won the World Title from Monosso but the fact of the matter is, Calisto Dufresne is the greatest professional athlete in the world today and he's proving it tonight!

[Vasquez sits up on the mat, shaking his head in disbelief at the kickout.]

GM: We've passed the twenty minute mark in the time limit - plenty of time left for these two men to battle but you've got to wonder how much is left in the tank for either of these competitors. They've been through a lot already and- Vasquez is up!

[The challenger swings around, doing a full circle as he looks out at the Atlanta crowd...

...and lifts his right hand into the air, slowly closing his fingers to clench the fist to a TREMENDOUS roar from the crowd!]

GM: He's calling for the Right Cross!

BW: Oh my god.

GM: If he hits this, you KNOW it's over!

[Vasquez stands at the ready, watching and waiting for Dufresne who is starting to stir, pushing up to a knee...]

GM: The World Champion's trying to get up but I don't think he knows what's waiting for him!

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts into jeers!]

GM: What the... NO!

BW: Uh oh! Vasquez' night just got REAL bad!

[The camera quick-cuts to the aisleway where we see Percy Childes heading down the aisle with Tully Brawn right behind him.]

GM: It's Childes and Brawn!

[Brawn gets there first, hopping up on the apron...

...and EATING the Right Cross to a DEAFENING CHEER!]

GM: VASQUEZ KNOCKED BRAWN FLAT! OH MY!!

[Vasquez' glare locks on Percy Childes who is shouting at him, waving the crystal-topped cane back and forth...

...which gives Dufresne an opening to rush Vasquez from behind, connecting with a forearm smash that knocks Vasquez forward, draping his torso over the middle rope. Dufresne puts a knee on the back of the neck, choking him on the ropes...]

GM: The Ladykiller is choking Vasquez on the ropes! Get him off the man, ref!

[The official obliges, pushing Dufresne back...

...which is Percy Childes' chance to rear back and swing his crystal-topped cane, shattering the glass over the skull of the challenger!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE CANE! HE BROKE THE CANE OVER JUAN'S HEAD!!

[Vasquez slumps over motionless on the mat...

...but that's not enough for the World Champion who hauls Vasquez' limp form off the canvas...]

GM: No, no! Not like this! Not like-

[Holding Vasquez in the front facelock, Dufresne lifts him off the mat...

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

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

GM: I can't believe what I'm seeing. He was so close, fans. So close to winning the World Title... and now, thanks to Percy Childes and the Unholy Alliance, Juan Vasquez is-

BW: Cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, oblivious to all that went down as he slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: Please. Please kick out, Juan!

[...but it's not to be as the referee hits the mat for the final time!]

BW: YES! THE CHAMP RETAINS!

[Dufresne rolls off of Vasquez to his knees, throwing both arms up into the air in triumph as Percy Childes spins around, waving the remnants of his cane at the locker room...]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Here comes the Alliance!

[The crowd jeers madly as Rick Marley, a banged-up Johnny Detson, The Aces, and Nenshou come jogging into view, charging down the aisle towards the ring as Childes helps Tully Brawn back to his feet at ringside.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is coming out here in full force!

[Detson and Marley are the first ones in, immediately stomping the heck out of the downed and motionless Vasquez. The Aces are in next - Daniel Tyler snatching up a steel chair from ringside before Brawn and Nenshou bring up the rear.]

GM: This is a six on one beating! Seven if you count Childes who started this whole thing by breaking that crystal orb on his cane over Vasquez' head, splitting his head open!

[With Marley holding Vasquez' arms behind him, Detson tees off with a series of right hands to the cut forehead, opening up a steady stream of blood down the face of the fan favorite. The boos are pouring down as hard as the rain at this point.]

GM: The Aces... Tyler's telling them to hold him up!

[Vasquez gets propped up by Marley and Detson as Tyler drops into a legsweep. Childes leaps up with a spinning leg lariat, flipping Vasquez backwards onto his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: TOTAL INNOVATION!

[A pissed-off Tully Brawn jumps on the downed Vasquez, battering the cut forehead with right hands as Percy Childes gleefully cackles. The Unholy Alliance is standing tall over the battered and bloodied Vasquez.]

GM: This is turning into Wrestlerock all over again and- hey, wait a second...

BW: What?

GM: Look at Nenshou... look at what he's doing...

[Or NOT doing might be more precise as the Asian Assassin has yet to jump into the fray to assault the downed Vasquez. Instead, he has pulled up on the apron next to Percy Childes, gesturing to another part of the ring...

...where the World Heavyweight Champion is sitting with the title belt over his shoulder, watching the action unfold...]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: I think...

[Gordon doesn't even get a chance to finish that thought as Nenshou dives under the ropes into the ring...

...and steps right in front of the World Champion.]

GM: Nenshou's not interested in Vasquez - not right now! He's interested in that big piece of gold hanging over the shoulder of Calisto Dufresne!

BW: Nenshou's always been about that title and he may have just seen a chance to put himself in the title picture again after losing to Monosso on New Year's Eve!

[Dufresne suddenly gets up, looking a bit nervous as Percy Childes barks out instructions which gets Daniel Tyler and Steven Childes staring at the World Champion as well.]

GM: I don't think this was the plan when they came out here but Nenshou may have just altered the plan!

BW: Let's pray he doesn't alter it any further! Forget the champ, take out Vasquez!

[With half of the Unholy Alliance creeping towards the World Champion, Dufresne looks on in a panic...

...but help is on the way!]

GM: ROYALTY!

[Cooper and the Bombers waste no time in getting to the ring, sliding in to cut off the incoming Nenshou and Aces...]

GM: Royalty has arrived to bail out their champion and... look at this!

[At the arrival of Royalty, the attention of Marley, Detson, and Brawn turn towards the interlopers as well...]

GM: We've got ourselves a standoff!

BW: Yeah, but Royalty is WAY outnumbered here, Gordo! It's still a seven on four for them!

[As the crowd buzzes with anticipation to see what happens when Royalty and the Unholy Alliance collide...

...suddenly, they ERUPT into cheers!]

GM: HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

[Supernova. Luke Kinsey. Brian Von Braun. Anton Layton. And of course, Stevie Scott.]

GM: This is getting REAL interesting now!

[Ever the spark in the powder keg, Luke Kinsey dives headfirst under the bottom rope, pops up to his feet...

...and SMASHES his fist between the eyes of Rick Marley!]

GM: HERE WE GO!! HERE WE GO!!

[As the rest of the fan favorites hit the ring, we quickly see people pairing off into fights. Tully Brawn throws himself into a full-on tackle of his big brother as BVB enters the ring. Anton Layton jams a stiff-fingered blow into the throat of Nenshou. Stevie Scott picks up where he left off with Johnny Detson from earlier in the night, tangling up and tussling. Supernova whips the crowd into a frenzy as he slams two fists into the head of Rick Marley before throwing a pair of backhands to keep The Aces at bay...

...and in the middle of chaos, Royalty slinks out of the ring and makes their exit up the aisle.]

GM: Royalty wanted no part of this!

BW: Can you blame 'em?!

GM: No, I can't say that I do because once again, these men get inside the same building and all hell breaks loose!

[A well-timed double clothesline from Supernova takes both Aces over the top rope before Rick Marley cracks him on the jaw with a superkick that takes him over the top rope as well!]

GM: Good grief!

[With the Von Braun family brawling on the mat, Stevie Scott sinks his teeth into the forehead of Johnny Detson. Layton and Nenshou spill out to the floor, trading angry blows all over ringside before Nenshou smashes Layton's head into the ringpost.]

GM: We've got fighting all over ringside!

[Marley grabs the top rope, catapulting himself over the top onto a shocked Supernova as Kinsey snatches up the fallen chair, standing over a downed Vasquez.]

GM: Fans, we've got to take a final break! We'll be right back and see if we can... oh my!

[A "CLUNK!" is heard as Rick Marley's head is slammed into the wooden announce table by Anton Layton! The camera shot holds on the brawling for a few more moments before fading 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 at Memorial Day Mayhem 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 to show "JULY 6th - RICHMOND ARENA - RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

"The AWA steams into Richmond, Virginia this weekend for a special live arena event which will see Dave Cooper and the Blonde Bombers in six man tag team action! Plus, Dave Bryant meets Manny Imbrogno in a non-title showdown!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JULY 13th - LOUISVILLE GARDENS - LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY."]

"Louisville, Kentucky, look out 'cause the AWA is coming to town for another night of action featuring the World Champion, Calisto Dufresne. In addition, see Supernova meet Nenshou in a one-on-one showdown!"

[Another graphic comes up, "shouting" the words "JUST ADDED!" across it.]

"In an event just added, we'll be storming into Knoxville, Tennessee on Saturday, July 20th, at the Knoxville Coliseum for more professional wrestling action when Adam Rogers meets James Lynch in one on one action and RyGunn will be in tag team action!"

[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...

...as we fade back up, we come right back to the ring where the chaos has been hammered down a bit. The Unholy Alliance and Royalty are nowhere to be seen but the forces of good are standing strong. Even Juan Vasquez, his face a bloody mask of anger and rage, has been helped back to his feet by Luke Kinsey and Supernova. He stumbles over to the ropes and takes the house mic from Phil Watson, screaming in the direction of the backtracking Unholy Alliance who we see in the aisleway.]

JV: Childes!

[He places his hand down on the rain soaked canvas and scoops up a handful of water, attempting to wipe the gore from his face, before shouting once more,]

JV: CHILDES!!!

[The wild, almost primal scream stops the rotund manager dead in his tracks and he turns around to face a seething Vasquez.]

JV: I thought you said you were going to end this! You bastards might've cost me the title, but...

I'M.

STILL.

STANDING.

[HUGE POP! Juan takes a look over his shoulder, at his allies...and then back towards Childes and The Unholy Alliance.]

JV: Every single last one of us are, Percy! You have to be wondering, "What will it take? What will it take to end this?"

[Juan laughs bitterly to himself.]

JV: Amigo, you ain't gotta' be a Wise Man to know how this is gonna' end.

[He points a finger at The Unholy Alliance.]

JV: You've got your got your army...

[He jerks his thumb over his shoulder.]

JV: ...we've got ours.

[The crowd begins to buzz, some catching on to what Juan's trying to imply.]

JV: And on Labor Day, in St. Louis...we finish this! We march our armies through the gates of Hell and we fight on the ONLY battlefield capable of putting an end to all of this!

[Juan leans forward, staring Childes dead in the eyes, before saying the one word that the head of The Unholy Alliance was dreading and the entire audience was dying to hear...]

JV: WAAAAARGAAAAAAMES!

[The crowd EXPLODES in the biggest reaction of the night as Vasquez SPIKES the mic down to the canvas.]

GM: Oh my god! Oh my god! Juan Vasquez has issued the challenge for Labor Day in St. Louis! He wants the Unholy Alliance inside that double caged hell known as WarGames!

[A twisted grin crosses the face of the Collector of Oddities as he slowly nods his head.]

GM: My stars in heaven...

BW: You talk about Sunday Bloody Sunday... if this match goes down on Labor Day in St. Louis, it's gonna be Monday Bloody Monday!

GM: Two armies going to war on the damndest battle ground of them all! It's going to be-

[Abruptly, Gordon's voice and the image on the screen bursts into static. A few moments pass before we come up on a still image of what we just saw. As the camera pulls back a bit further, we realize that image is flickering on a screen. A heavily digitally altered voice is heard... a sigh?]

"Oh so close yet oh so far."

[A pause.]

"For half a year, I'VE told the world that Royalty is the true enemy. I'VE showed those who couldn't see it. I'VE told those who couldn't hear it. Yet... nothing."

[Another pause.]

"Juan Vasquez... the hero of the masses. The more things change, the more they stay the same. You went through your own personal hell and back again to end up right where you were. There was a reason for Wrestlerock. A reason for what happened. A reason WE made it happen.

This is not the Juan Vasquez show. The world does not revolve around you no matter how much you believe otherwise.

We thought you learned your lesson."

[A soft hiss escapes the speaker's mouth.]

"We were wrong. You stand there, bloodied and battered yet never broken, and you declare war... on the wrong people.

War with the Unholy Alliance is selfish... it is self-centered and self-serving. It is Juan Vasquez at his finest."

[A laugh.]

"Percy Childes... my old friend. You do not escape the blame in this and our history can not be ignored.

The more you ignore me, Percy... the closer I get."

[The TV clicks off, leaving a black room with only the voice.]

"War is declared. The people cheer. But they're as blind as the warriors. The truth is coming. With every second that ticks by, we get closer to the reality of the situation.

A reality that no one is ready for.

WarGames is coming..."

[Dramatic pause.]

"...and I'll be there."

[There's silence for several moments before another burst of static leads to a final fade to black.]

Tentative Heat Wave schedule

July 6 - Non-Televised Event - Richmond Arena - Richmond, Virginia
July 13 - Non-Televised Event - Louisville Gardens - Louisville, Kentucky
July 20 - Non-Televised Event - Knoxville Coliseum - Knoxville, Tennessee
July 27 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Tupelo, Mississippi
August 3 - Non-Televised Event - Nashville, Tennessee
August 10 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Memphis, Tennessee
August 24 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Kansas City, Missouri
September 2 - WKIK Special Event - St. Louis, Missouri
September 14 - AWA Homecoming - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas