

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS
JANUARY 12TH, 2013

[As the closing notes to the "Sanford And Son" theme fade into nothing, the viewing audience is greeted by the sounds of "Saturday Night Special" by Lynyrd Skynyrd.

A large white map of the United States fills the screen as the music plays. The shot zooms through the map, different states "popping up" into view as we race past them. As we pull back from the map, it no longer is white but rather made up of the Stars and Stripes.

The map goes into a spin, spinning round and round as we zoom all the way into it, dissolving into a few slow motion shots of animated men battling in a red, white, and blue ring. The animation runs through various wrestling moves from an atomic drop to a bodyslam to a piledriver.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to a shot of the cheering Crockett Coliseum crowd. The fans are jammed into the bleachers, screaming their heads off as the show comes on the air. Very little has changed since our last visit to the Coliseum - we still have the elevated entryway leading from the entrance to the ring. There are raised interview platforms on either side of the ramp - one for your standard interviews and one that was formerly the home of the Money Pit and the Mirror Ball but now sits abandoned.

The rampway cuts through the crowd to the ring - a standard white canvas surrounded by red, white, and blue ropes. There are thin blue mats covering the hard concrete floor before you reach the steel barricades that have been erected at ringside around the ring, finally replacing the rope "railings" that once stood there.

Two small tables are at ringside - one for the ring announcer and timekeeper, both waving as our camera pans past them. The other seats our announce team.

Gordon Myers, the dean of professional wrestling broadcasting wears a salt and pepper jacket that matches his similar-colored hair, a navy blue dress shirt and red tie. He is all grins as he looks to the camera through his black-framed eyeglasses. By his side is Buckthorn "Big Bucks" Wilde, a former legendary manager in the South turned successful color commentator, dressed in an eye-scorching hot pink jacket coupled with a Starburst orange dress shirt and rainbow-colored tie. He smiles a freshly-whitened smile as the camera rests on him.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where you will see all the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. By my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde and a Happy New Year to all of our fans out there as the AWA prepares to welcome in 2013 as only we can do it.

BW: It's been over six weeks since we've been on the air at SuperClash IV and as much as I love spending the holidays at home with Mama, I gotta say... it's even good to see you again, Gordo.

GM: What a nice sentiment to start off our first broadcast of 2013.

BW: Well, let's not get all mushy.

GM: And it's over already. Fans, SuperClash IV was one for the ages and while all of the AWA's champions somehow managed to retain their titles on Thanksgiving Night in Los Angeles, we still had a ton of news coming out of the biggest show of the year.

BW: People got betrayed. People got retired. People made big ol' comebacks to show they rule the roost. It's gonna be a heck of a year, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is... but before we get into 2013, we've got one last piece of business from 2012 to take care of. As many of you know, Percy Childes' managerial contract with James Monosso was set to expire as 2013 arrived. Never one to miss an opportunity to strike, the Collector of Oddities was in attendance at a special New Year's Eve live event for the AWA down in San Antonio and... well, take a look at this footage...

[Crossfade to footage marked "DECEMBER 31st, 2012 - SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS." We open to the interview stage, where Jason Dane is standing by with "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. Childes is wearing a navy blue suit with white undershirt and dark red power tie, matching navy slacks, and grips his crystal-tipped cane in one hand. The bald, rotund, goateed manager has a small smirk on his face as Dane prepares to interview him. Needless to say, Childes is booed roundly.]

JD: Percy Childes, we're a month removed from SuperClash, and it is safe to say that the biggest night in the AWA was not your night.

[Percy chuckles darkly.]

PC: Wasn't it? Oh, it could have gone better, but I'd hardly say it was a failure.

JD: Your golden boy, Nenshou, failed to win the Steal The Spotlight match to insure himself the championship match that you've promised him.

[Percy chuckles again. This time, though, the chuckle slowly morphs into a full-on genuine laugh. A mocking laugh of amusement that sets the crowd on edge. Dane seems confused.]

JD: ...okay. What am I missing?

PC: At least you've learned that much, Dane. Yes, you have completely forgotten an important fact, but allow me to review. My nephew Stephen Childes, and the man who is like blood to me Daniel Tyler, earned yet another impressive victory as The Aces have again proven that they are just what their name entails: the aces of the tag team division. We're ready to collect those championship matches that the AWA owes us from early in the year. Oh, but let us not downplay the fact that, yet again, the Von Braun family has been embarrassed and humiliated. By one of their own!

No, wait. By one who has transcended them. By a man who has proven that he is greater than his heritage! But I suspect you will see that play out in it's own due time. For now, you only need to know that The Aces are the best tag team in wrestling today, and they will prove this at the Stampede Cup.

JD: That's a tall order.

PC: Oh, yes. The Bishops are not paper champions; they are brutal fighters who have earned their take. If only the AWA allowed The Aces to earn theirs. Ah, yes, and the Samoans are true to their heritage; bloodthirsty animals. I appreciate that sort of thing. And the Antons show much potential, once they learn pragmatism. The Longhorn Riders show their father's caliber, albeit in an inexperienced rough form. Even Violence Unlimited may yet remember how to win matches.

But The Aces are simply more talented than all of them.

[Dane rolls his eyes before interrupting.]

JD: So, back to the original subject.

PC: Yes. Nenshou. Grant Stone's contract with me has expired, but he played his part. And Brian Von Braun and Supreme Wright unwittingly played theirs. As I have foreseen.

JD: Wait... what?

PC: Don't you remember, Dane? I still hold Monosso's contract. Until January First.

And now, thanks to Joe Petrow, Jim Watkins is no longer in a position to protect him. And so it is that James Monosso WILL defend his title against Nenshou.

Tonight.

[The crowd roars! World Title match! And they boo, because they know what this means.]

PC: It will, of course, be held under very special rules. That being... the title WILL change hands on a countout or disqualification!

[BOOOOOOO!]

PC: Ah, yes, the people are booing fair play. Typical.

JD: They can see right through this! You're going to try to get Monosso disqualified!

PC: Wrong. Nenshou's backers are adamant individuals, Dane. VERY adamant. He will earn his title in the ring. If Monosso gets HIMSELF disqualified... he has admitted openly that he would do that... he loses his title. We will not stoop to that. I... have no choice but to make that happen. You see, Nenshou's backers are such that even the... wise... do not cross them.

Anyway, you have your scoop. The mad Monosso faces my Nenshou tonight, indeed, the very last night that he is under my contractual management! And soon you will see how it all must end.

[Percy starts to walk away, but Dane suddenly turns towards him with another question.]

JD: Who was that at the end of SuperClash?

[Childes laughs, but he keeps walking.]

JD: I know that you know who it was! Was it you?

[Too late. Percy is gone. Dane has a frustrated expression as he turns back to the camera...

...and we crossfade back to live action where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside.]

GM: So it comes to pass that on New Year's Eve, James Monosso was put into a position where he would be FORCED to defend the AWA World Title against his former ally in Nenshou. A match where the title could change hands as a result of a countout or a disqualification.

BW: Talk about stacking the deck.

GM: Indeed. You're going to see that match in just a little while but before we get to that, I'm being told that one of the owners of this company, Bobby Taylor, is standing by backstage with our own Mark Stegglet to make a very special announcement. Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is very much standing alongside Bobby Taylor who is in a black sportscoat, white dress shirt, and sporting his black Stetson hat.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon, and a Happy New Year to all the AWA fans watching tonight. Mr. Taylor, SuperClash IV HAD to have exceeded even your expectations.

[Taylor grins.]

BT: It was a helluva night, Mark. The building was packed, the sales numbers on the Internet Pay Per View were higher than we expected, and all the fans saw one of the best nights of action that the AWA has ever managed to put on. Yeah, you can say it exceeded my expectations.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: But there was a lot of controversy coming out of the show as well, sir. I understand that you're here to address some of that controversy.

[Taylor nods in reply.]

BT: That's right. I think the first thing that should be addressed is the situation with Jim Watkins. Before SuperClash, we had announced that Jim was going to be indefinitely suspended due to his actions prior to the event. I can assure you that nothing that happened at SuperClash has done him any favors in changing that status. In fact, Jim was in our offices earlier today for a long chat about his future with the AWA. He will be out here later tonight to address that situation himself.

MS: But if he's out, then who is in as the Chairman of the Championship Committee?

BT: As of this morning, the position of Chairman has been dissolved. The Championship Committee will continue to exist to provide guidance and advice to the front office but moving forward, all official decisions will be made by a new position here in the AWA - the role of AWA President.

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

MS: An AWA President? Do we know-

[Taylor interrupts.]

BT: We do. Also earlier today, I personally telephoned the person we have chosen to serve as the first AWA President to make our offer. They have accepted and will appear here on the next Saturday Night Wrestling to make an official "State Of The AWA" Address.

MS: I have to ask - why not leave the power in the hands of the front office?

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: It was never our intention to have the ownership of the AWA on television on a regular basis. Myself, Jon, and Todd feel that we've all been doing that far too often. It was also never the intention of the AWA to have an authority figure out here on TV every week. We were very clear that we'd come from that world and had no desire to go back to it.

MS: I'm not sure I understand.

BT: The new AWA President's role will be THE authority here in the AWA. However, our hope is that they can serve that role from the AWA offices and not be out here every week as Jim Watkins was.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Okay... well, can I ask who it is?

[Taylor chuckles.]

BT: You can ask but we're going to leave that as a surprise for two weeks from now. But believe me, when the announcement is made, there will be no doubt that this person has the background, the experience, and the knowledge to serve in this position to the highest possible level.

[Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: I was hoping for a name but I guess that'll do. One more question before I let you go though... considering the result of the World Title match from New Year's Eve-

[Taylor interrupts.]

BT: We're not going to talk about that until the folks at home have had a chance to see it. Sorry, Mark.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Alright. Can I invite you back after the match has aired so we can discuss what happens next?

BT: You got it.

MS: Thank you, Mr. Taylor. There you have it, fans. A brand new AWA President will be announced right here in two weeks' time when that person delivers a State Of The AWA address! Huge news to kick off 2013 here on Saturday Night Wrestling... and now, let's head down to the ring for our first match of 2013!

[We pan up to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing alongside two very different looking men. One is a tall well-built black man, clean-shaven with a flattop afro, wearing full-length black tights with thick red stripes running down each side, black boots, and black athletic gloves that go almost to the

elbow. The other is a short balding white man with a very big nose. He has stringy black hair and wears plain white trunks, orange kneepads, and blue boots.]

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

Introducing first, from Arlington Virginia, weighing two-hundred sixty-one pounds... RASHAN HILL!

[Hill (the black man) confidently raises his right hand, index finger extended with a smirk on his face.]

PW: His partner, from Brooklyn New York, weighing two-hundred thirty pounds... JACKIE WILPON!

[Wilpon (the white man) rubs his nose vigorously when his name is announced. No, I don't know why either.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The fans react as the opening organ piece to "So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys begins to play, heralding incoming time-travellers!]

PW: Claiming to be from New Seattle in the year 2032... at a total combined weight of three-hundred-ninety-four pounds...

...Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG... THE RAAAAAAVE!

[As Phil Watson calls them out, The RAAA... er, The Rave march out through the curtain, wearing typically nausea-inducing ring attire. Jerby Jezz, who seems to have attempted to dye his hair in a swirl of mahogany and lime green, is a pale reddish-skinned fellow of indeterminate mixed ancestry. He's wearing a 'jacket' made of pieces of brightly colored plastic (like from Playskool toys) attached to leather strips and hanging over his torso, connected to a red metal loop around his neck. Jezz is wearing neon purple tights cut off at the thigh to reveal plaid denim pants, which are cut off at the calf to reveal blue/orange tie-dyed cargo pants. His footwear appears to be an old pair of Zips colored in yellow and silver, and he's wearing hunter-green bicep-ties.

Shizz Dawg OG has his hair done in Neapolitan colors (brown, white, pink sections), contrasting with his light mocha-colored skin. He's wearing what looks like a yellow rubber raincoat with cut off sleeves that has had multi-colored strips of fabric weaved into it like a basket. His pants are tight white jeans with red, green, and blue stripes longways down the pantlegs, and a bright purple sunburst pattern stamped on the hips. He's wearing furry "barbarian-style" boots; with pink and orange fur. Both Ravers wear their brass wrist launchers as normal. The fans mostly boo them, though some cheer because they're so goofy.]

GM: Don't adjust your set, fans. They really are wearing that. Actually, you'll probably need to adjust your set after this. I can't imagine this not damaging your screens.

BW: My favorite part about The Rave might be that every time, Gordo opens up when he sees what they wear. You oughta do that more often.

GM: I channel what little has rubbed off from you on them to get it out of my system, Bucky.

[Jezz and Shizz strut down the aisle with an annoying jerky gait which is apparently popular in 2032. They both step into the ring upon reaching ringside, march to center ring, and spread their arms out at 45-degree angles. With a loud POP, Jerby Jezz' wrist units launch multi-colored streamers at two of the corners, and Shizz' left arm launcher fires off at a third. Shizz' right wrist launcher does not launch, though. The Rave seems confused, and they examine Shizz's wrist launcher.]

GM: Problems with their special effects. See, this is what I mean about a lack of focus with these two. They're so caught up about keeping their illusion and maintaining their...

[*POP*]

GM: ...HEY!

[Rashan Hill had walked up out of curiosity to see what The Rave were doing... and Shizz' launcher goes off right in his face! Hill falls, clutching his eyes, and The Rave ditch their launchers and descend on their streamer-draped adversary, punching and stomping away to the boos of the crowd!]

GM: THAT WAS DELIBERATE!

BW: That was genius! Ha ha ha ha!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: I'm not at all sure that this match shouldn't be thrown out! The Rave again using their fiction to their advantage, as we saw them do at SuperClash! Jackie Wilpon hammers Jerby Jezz across the back with a clubbing blow to break up the double team on Hill, but the damage is done!

BW: It was before the bell, and you can't disqualify someone for hitting a guy with STREAMERS. Come on, Gordo!

GM: It was the propulsive material that did the damage, Bucky! To launch streamers, you need a chemical expulsion. There's always a release, not unlike gunpower burns from a bullet discharge. Obviously, this wouldn't be that severe, but getting that in the eyes along with the shock of it has given The Rave a clear edge!

[As Gordon explains why that was worse than it looked, The Rave turn their attentions to Wilpon. The Brooklyn native gets in a big slow-but-hard punch to Jezz' ribs before Shizz knees him in the ear with a jumping kneestrike. Jezz and Dawg then hook Wilpon's arms, and double hiptoss him across the ring. Shizz hands his ring jacket to the referee and tells him to put it away, which sparks an argument that lets Jezz use HIS ring jacket to whip Wilpon... the jacket is made of hard plastic pieces, so that hurts.]

BW: You're just makin' that up. What would you know about 2032 tech?

GM: Bucky, as I have mentioned before... these two are much more cunning than they seem. Everything they do is calculated to look like a farce. And it gives them an edge. Those wrist launchers don't seem dangerous, but I know something about them from working alongside some great production crews over the years, including working on some before I broke into announcing.

BW: Back before wrestlers had theme music! Ha!

GM: But not before confetti or streamers or other such things were around. That was much worse than it looked, and The Rave know it. They knew they wouldn't get disciplined for that! These are two very deceptive and devious men... not the goofballs they appear to be.

BW: That's just your theory.

GM: True. But I believe it.

[So, what is going on in the ring while Gordon expositis about the possible true nature of The Rave? Glad you asked! Jezz (having ditched the jacket) has atomic dropped his partner onto Wilpon's midsection (instead of his knee) for an assisted buttdrop, then left the ring at the referee's behest. Hill is rolling around on the mat clutching his eyes. Shizz picks up Jackie Wilpon, nails him right in the throat with a cross chop to back him up into the corner, and tags Jezz. The Rave proceed to jog to the opposite corner, strutting and showboating... and then sprint right at Wilpon to hit a thunderous double dropkick in the corner! With nowhere to fall to, Jackie Wilpon collapses into a heap in the corner.]

BW: Look, Gordo, I understand the theory that they're makin' this up to give them an edge. I considered it at first. But some things don't add up. They've lost matches because they're obsessed with countouts. They do outright stupid things that don't make sense in 2012 because it's what you'd do in 2032, allegedly. Who would do that just to keep up appearances? You'd have to be crazy.

GM: Or thinking long-term.

BW: And they've picked the last couple Super Bowls, World Series', NCAA titles... I mean, they must have some magic sports almanac or somethin'. And then the second DeLorean at SuperClash? They're from the future!

GM: Oh, brother. I was about to give weight to a claim that they're just crazy, or they just don't care, but that theory is impossible.

[Jezz snapmares Wilpon, knees him in the back of the head, and then does a robot-like dance while standing on him that draws the ire of the crowd. He finishes the dance with a falling karate chop to the head, and goes for the cover. However, he barely gets a one count. Jerby then pulls up Wilpon, tags in Shizz, and slingshots his partner over the top into a spectacular flipping clothesline!]

BW: Well, while we've been theorizin', The Rave have been dominatin' this match.

GM: It helps that one of their opponents has chemical burns in the face.

BW: I see no problem with a divide-and-conquer approach.

GM: *sigh*

[Shizz runs off the ropes... does a bootsrape on Rashan Hill who is laying near the ropes getting looked at by a staff doctor... and then jumps down on Wilpon with a legdrop! The fans violently boo that dick move.]

GM: THERE'S NO CALL FOR THAT! Hill could have severe eye damage already! Why go after him?!

BW: He was in the way. He should roll out of the ring. You can do that while blinded. I've done it. It's a go-to move when ya get eyepoked.

GM: These fans are irate, and who can blame them? There's the true colors of The Rave, right there!

BW: Another tag. Real quick tags from these guys, as always.

GM: When they bother to tag at all. Irish-whip by the Dawg OG, ducks down... WHAT AN ELBOW SHOT! Jerby Jezz hammered Wilpon as he was jumping over the Dawg with a powerful leaping front elbow smash! They could pin the man right now.

BW: Superior Countout Victory only.

GM: The Rave have battered Wilpon the entire match. They're going to go for their precious victory... Wilpon is pulled up to the ropes, and here comes The Rave!

[Both Jezz and Shizz set Wilpon up against the ropes, run off the far ropes... and tumble over the top as Rashan Hill pulls the top rope down! The fans cheer!]

BW: Hey! I thought you said his face was burned off!

GM: It looks like Rashan Hill has recovered! Hill calling Wilpon over... The Rave getting up and pull him down off the apron... but the tag is made first! Rashan Hill is enraged, and taking it to The Rave!

[The crowd is loudly cheering as Hill uses his significant size and strength edge to pummel both Ravers, flooring each in turn out on the padded floor with big punches!]

BW: Well, he's six-five two-sixty and they're both six-threeish one-ninety something. Rashan Hill has a LOT more muscle mass, so this don't impress me.

GM: Hill hurling Jerby Jezz under the bottom rope and rolling in after him. Rashan Hill is a tremendous athlete, and is very fast for his size; he's all over Jerby Jezz!

BW: But he ain't nowhere close to as tough as The Rave. They can take this punishment.

GM: Considering how long they took the attacks of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez before barely losing out at SuperClash, no argument there! Hill needs to use much more damaging offense. Whips Jezz to the ropes... BIIIIIG back body drop! He sent Jezz into the lights, and the very small size of The Rave is a massive drawback in this situation; against an athletic big man with an adrenaline rush!

[Behind Hill, Shizz Dawg OG climbs up to the top rope. He leaps... and Hill turns around and explodes into a jumping clothesline that nearly decapitates the flying Raver! The fans are going crazy for the possible upset!]

BW: NO WAY!

GM: WE COULD HAVE A MAJOR UPSET! THERE IS A COVER!

BW: Ha ha! He's coverin' the wrong guy! Jerby Jezz is the legal man.

GM: The referee informing Rashan Hill of his mistake, but Hill can't pull away. The Dawg OG is holding Hill on top of him... Jezz off the ropes, and down with an axe kick across the back of the neck!

BW: Well, adrenaline only lasts so long.

GM: The Rave stands up, hooking Hill... and a double vertical suplex! Come on, referee, how long can you let these men double-team?!

BW: You can't count an illegal man when somebody's tryin' ta pin him, Gordo!

GM: The alleged time-travellers are back in control. The Dawg steps out, and immediately Jerby Jezz tags him back in. The Rave lifting Hill for a double body slam...

[The two men get Hill up at chest level between them, and suddenly Jezz drops to his back, pulling his knees up. Shizz grips Hill and falls forward, driving him chest-first into Jerby's knees. One knee connects with the chest and one with the side of the head!]

BW: Innovative double-team there! That's how you get around a size disadvantage.

GM: The Dawg OG setting up behind a rising Hill. Jumps on his shoulders... Hill dives forward! And tags out... the Dawg may have been going for that odd submission hold we've seen them use before, but Hill tagged out to avoid it!

BW: Wilpon kicks Shizz in the chest! He's got an opening because Shizz had to disentangle himself from Hill.

GM: A scoop and a body slam from Jackie Wilpon. Off the ropes... Jerby Jezz with a knee to the kidneys!

[As Wilpon stops cold, clutching his back, Shizz Dawg kips up and rushes him, clotheslining him over the top rope and flipping over the top with him! The fans grow loud as the action spills outside.]

BW: There's that cactus clothesline. They invented that in the Southwest, which is where it got the name. There's your Gordon Myers Useless Fact Of The Week. Doin' your job AND mine, Gordo!

GM: I'd applaud, but I've got my hands full keeping your ego in check as it is. Jerby Jezz dives off the apron onto Wilpon with a flying elbow! Come on, referee! Just because the action is outside doesn't give The Rave the right to double-team with impunity!

BW: It ain't a double-team. Hill's there!

GM: Rashan Hill kicks Jerby Jezz... DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: No, I missed that. *pfft*

GM: The Dawg OG dove from the ring into Hill, connecting squarely and driving him to the floor! The fans erupting there! All four men outside the ring!

[Jezz picks up Wilpon, rams his head into the apron, and then drapes him over the guard rail. Both Ravers then dash up the apron... and up to adjacent top ropes! The crowd stands on edge...]

BW: We haven't seen this in forever! It's _THE RAVE_!

[The move with the same name as the team is unleashed, as Jezz and Shizz leap off the top and crash across the back of Wilpon, who helplessly flops off the guardrail into an unmoving heap on the floor! The fans flip out over the spectacular collision!]

GM: That is disgusting! There's no need for that overkill! Wilpon could have been taken inside and pinned... possibly just left out there for the countout if they wanted it so badly! One man coming off onto an opponent laying over the rail is bad enough... but two? That is a bald-faced effort to permanently injure someone!

BW: Ha! Hill will be lucky if he don't get the same!

GM: A double suplex on the floor! And the Rave slides back in the ring... they didn't have time to set that up again, or they would have!

BW: True enough. Superior Countout Victory is imminent!

GM: There's the ten, and it's over.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[At the bell, The Rave jump around the ring with the kind of joy usually reserved for championship celebrations in major team sports. The fans boo the exuberance over such a routine match.]

BW: They love them some Superior Countout Victory in 2032, daddy.

GM: Oh, brother. Let's go up and get the official word.

PW: The winners of the match, as the result of a countout...

[And then Phil stops, because Jezz grabs his lapel and explains something to him, with Shizz standing right up in his face as well.]

PW: The winners of the match, by SUPERIOR COUNTOUT VICTORY...

[Now they turn and go back to celebrating, as the fans boo.]

PW: Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG... THE RAAAAAAVE!

["So What'Cha Want" starts back up as The Rave talk trash to the jeering fans and their fallen opponents.]

GM: Well, they had a scare or two, but The Rave was mostly dominant here due to their disregard for the welfare of everyone around them. You never know what you're going to get from them, that's for sure, but they always do go for the jugular.

BW: As well they should. As well everyone should.

GM: Let's take another look at the replay.

[We get a replay of Jezz and Shizz jumping off the top rope to the floor with The Rave (the move). Wilpon is sort of hanging off the barricade, his lower abdomen on the steel with his upper body hung over into the crowd and his

feet a couple inches off the floor. Jezz comes down with his elbows and upper body across the upper back; which exposes his own abdomen to some contact with the barricade, but it's an example of hurting himself to hurt the other guy more. Shizz gets almost a full-on splash on the lower back and rear end of Wilpon, connecting just an instant after Jezz. Wilpon's body flops backward, tumbling over Shizz (who falls off of Wilpon immediately after impact) and landing on the floor at ringside in a pile of limbs.]

BW: Here ya see just how coordinated the Rave is. There ain't much exposed space to hit, and they want to hit as much as they can. Jezz goes high, Shizz goes low, and they manage not to kill each other doin' it. Wilpon? Not so lucky. He's gonna be pukin' bile for a week. Your winners are The Rave, and they're up with Dane at the interview spot. He better throw it back to me when he's done.

[Up at the interview position, The Rave are showboating to the jeering crowd. Jezz is making some strange symbol with both hands while mouthing off, and Shizz is standing right on the edge of the platform, pointing down and mocking the fans who are there. Jason Dane already has a resigned look on his face as he begins.]

JD: Gentlemen, please.

[Shizz storms back to Dane and gets in his face.]

SDOG: Filbritz it! Me and Jerby Jezz timeslid all the way back from the utopic madlands of 2032 to save our present to be your future, and you protosheep are siding with the roilspur! Everywhere we flow, all these jacksaws boo us. They should be cobbling at our feet for defending their future from your past here in your present! We're gonna riff out that roilspur one of these timecycles, Jason Dimscrew.

[Jezz has finally finished making signs that may or may not be obscenities in 2032, but are just odd in 2013. He walks over and lends his piece.]

JJ: At SuperClash, those gyzzrus fatbodies almost flutzed the whole timeflow! Don't they flow with what happens when you damage a flux capacitor?! After they scrunked our timeride, we almost had a chronoclysmic event! Total induction paradox! Complete rocknihilation of spime and tace! All because those primitates were ignorealous. As it is, they caused a siplit in the fractal timesequence and made us lose a match we won in every other timeline! And we can't even timeslide back to make history right for reasons even these protosheep have to be able to comprehendize.

SDOG: But we did the calculations! We can recalibrate the timeline by winning the... what's the anciespeak for it?

JJ: The Stampede Cup!

SDOG: The Stam... frally?

JJ: Frally. These scrumunders have no class.

SDOG: You primitates make me want to outspurt. The... Stampede Cup. You don't even flow with why that name is gyzzrus, do you?

JD: No?

JJ: You'll know in 2028. And I hope you never sleep again when you do.

JD: Alright, look. You haven't qualified for the Stampede Cup because you lost at SuperClash. And this act of yours is getting very stale.

SDOG: "Act"? Is that anciespeak for "saving spime and tace"?

JJ: I think he thinks that we don't think that they don't know that we're from 2032.

SDOG: But he don't know that we know that he thinks that we don't think that he knows we're from 2032.

JD: What.

JJ: In other words, dimscrew, you don't know that we think that you know...

JD: ENOUGH! You're just trying to fast talk me!

SDOG: You keep lipping your redonkulous untruth, we'll stop "fast talk"ing and start rixxing you out of the timeflow! We're here to distribute the upload: The Rave is going to win the Wildstyling Hyper Acclamation Tournament, and rename it to the Wildstyling Hyper Acclamation Tournament, just like we already willdid like our history books willhave say! We will not be stopped by the roilspur because we are wildstyling for justice, 2032 style! The borscht will flow and world peace will be abscained! Senator Wilde! We willam already havegoing to won!

JJ: RAVE!

Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[And with that absolute lunacy, The Rave shuffle off with what looks like a bizarre cross between walking, dancing, strutting, and involuntary bowel movement. Jason Dane is fighting off a psychotic break as he passes it back.]

JD: There is nothing that any sane person could add to that. Back to you, Senator Wi... Bucky.

[The camera cuts back to ringside where Bucky looks shocked.]

BW: Hey! He threw it back to me! To ME! Not to you AND me, Gordo... to ME!

GM: I heard.

BW: I'm not sure you understand.

GM: Oh, I understand. Fans, The Rave have made it clear - they want in the Stampede Cup. They want one of the fourteen spots remaining in the tournament field so that they can battle it out for the Stampede Cup, the right to call themselves the best tag team in the world, and one MILLION dollars!

BW: The Cup is comin' up fast, Gordo. I can't wait.

GM: It's one of my favorite times of the year. Later tonight, I'm told we're going to find out another tag team that will be a part of the Cup field when the Anton brothers take on the Samoan Hit Squad to see who will join the National Tag Team Champions, The Bishop Boys, and the new team of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez in that field of sixteen. But right now, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

And then back up on a shot of Travis Lynch, standing in a black t-shirt that says "TRAVIS" across the front in gold script.]

TL: It's one of the hottest summers on record...

[Lynch wipes his sweaty brow with the back of his hand, showing off his muscular bicep in the process.]

TL: The perfect weather for hitting the beach... the ballpark... the pool... or even the gym...

[We cut to a shot of Travis lifting weights. Impressive, no? His voiceover continues.]

TL: So, when you're digging through your closet and trying to find the perfect outfit when you're looking to dress to impress...

[We cut back to the first shot of Travis who jerks a thumb at his chest.]

TL: Look no further than the brand new Travis Lynch t-shirt. Available in all sizes, shapes, and colors... we've even got a tanktop version of it.

[Yep. We cut to a shot of Travis in the tanktop, delivering the gun show.]

TL: The new Travis Lynch t-shirt - available at all AWA events all summer long and at AWA.com!

[Cut to a graphic telling where you can buy said t-shirt before fading to black...

And then backstage to Jason Dane, who is standing next to the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound, B.C. Da Mastah MC. BC is standing with his arms folded, looking rather pensive.]

JD: I'm backstage with B.C. Da Mastah MC, and B.C., I know a few weeks back you had an idea to find your soul and join up with Sweet Daddy Williams for the Stampede Cup, thinking that teaming with him would be one way to get your soul back.

[B.C. nods his head.]

JD: However, you, along with the rest of the world saw Sweet Daddy Williams team up with Brian Von Braun at SuperClash, and they did form a very impressive team.

BC: Yeah, man. I've followed Sweet Daddy's career since before I busted my first rhymes! He's always been one to bring out the best in all of his partners, and he sure did bring out the best in BVB. If there was any wonder why I sought him out, there's yer answer. But, man.. they looked good, they looked all in sync keepin' up with one of the best tag teams in the world. I ain't gonna get in the way of a team that was in such a groove. I was diggin' it the most, for sure.

JD: Well, you don't know if they're an official Stampede Cup team yet. It doesn't hurt to go up to Sweet Daddy and ask.

BC: That's true, just gotta hope I can come up wit' a plan B that will...

[Suddenly Manny Imbrogno appears cutting across the background behind Jason and BC, completely oblivious to them both while muttering to himself...]

MI: ...three hundred eighty barbell squats will get the quads in tone, along with just a touch of tetrahydrogestrinone...

[...and he's gone just as suddenly as he appeared.]

BC: ...get me a partner that I can groove with on the same...wave...

[The wheels start turning in BC's head...and in a few seconds his mouth is wide open as he claps his hands in glee!]

BC: I'M A GENIUS! I mean, *he's* a genius, but I'm a genius too! Excuse me JD, I gotta run!

[Before Jason Dane can get a word in edgewise, B.C. Da Mastah MC exits the shot in the direction that Manny was heading, his shouts of "YO MANNY! YO MANNY, YO!" fading into the background.]

JD: Um...I think we've just seen something happen here, but I'm not exactly sure what it was! Let's head back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... weighing in at 265 pounds and hailing from Hollywood, California... TROY DEMANG!

[The crowd boos DeMang as the smug wannabe Californian stereotype saunters around the ring, arrogantly looking down his nose at the ringside fans. Watson allows him a few seconds of soaking in the boos before he makes the second introduction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sound system plays some classic 80s synth pop as the bassline to Irene Cara's "Fame" takes the crowd back in time... not like The Rave mind you but... yeah.]

PW: Making his return to the AWA... weighing in at 244 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada...

He is SHAAAAADOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[There's a slight reaction to the announcement.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is making a return to the AWA! This should be very interesting indeed.

BW: Really? Well, maybe this match will last longer than his last run here. Calling it a cup of coffee would be an insult to cups of coffee, I think.

GM: If memory serves, Shadoe Rage's last stay in the AWA ended in the fall of 2008 so it has been quite some time since his last appearance in the squared circle for the American Wrestling Alliance.

[The patter between the announcers doesn't mask the fact that the crowd is squarely sitting on its hands as the curtains part and Shadoe Rage makes his return. There is no hero's welcome, no booing or hissing. Shadoe Rage makes his way to the ring. He is garbed in a sparkling burgundy sequined robe. He walks down the aisle, steepling his hands together and bowing and nodding to the ringside fans.]

BW: Lot more subdued than I remember. Has he finally taken his medication?

GM: The time away might have given him some perspective.

[Rage reaches the end of the elevated ramp before grasping hold of the top rope and vaulting over it to land in the middle of the ring. He rushes to a ringpost and springs up onto the second rope, raising one finger in the air as he glares down at Troy DeMang. He shrugs off his ringrobes, tossing them to the side before he nimbly hops down to the mat, slapping his biceps, shadowboxing and yanking on the ropes to get loose.]

GM: As I understand it, Shadoc Rage has spent the last few years journeying around the United States wrestling scene, trying to find a permanent home like he once had in Portland - the site of his greatest successes.

BW: The way I hear it, he was last seen in the Tri-State area but apparently he thinks he's ready to come back to the bright lights of the big leagues, Gordo.

GM: He's a former champion in his own right - several time holding the gold as one-half of the Prophets Of Rage.

BW: Maybe he should've brought his big brother with him. He might've stood a better shot, Gordo... this is a tag team guy trying hard to make the switch to the singles world and outside of a couple short runs, he's never had the most success at it. Plus, he's just plain weird.

GM: Why do you say that?

BW: Look at those crazy dreadlocks. That crazy braided beard. Is he wearing guyliner?

GM: He certainly can be described as eccentric.

BW: And what kind of man wears pink and yellow together like that? I mean pink and orange, sure, but pink and yellow.

GM: I'm not sure that you of all people should be critiquing someone's fashion style.

[A new referee can be seen speaking to both men.]

GM: You can see the newest AWA official - Davis Warren - checking in with both men. There's been some changeover in the refereeing corps since the New Year as promised a few months ago. The AWA's Senior Official Johnny Jagger is still here. Marty Meekly is still here. And now Davis Warren has been added to the team.

BW: They finally kicked the other Meeklys to the curb? About time.

GM: Michael Meekly and his son, Marty's brother Mickey, have been reassigned to Florida where we understand that they will be taking part in Sunshine State Wrestling - the AWA's new partner promotion. We wish both of them the very best of luck in their future endeavors and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're underway here ... Troy DeMang and Shadoc Rage circling each other. Shadoc Rage slightly taller but much leaner than Troy. And they go to lock up ... no!

BW: Shadoo Rage starting with the psych job already.

[Rage fakes the lockup and drops down, making a lunge at DeMang's knees. The Californian is forced to back into the corner to avoid the double leg takedown, looking to defend himself as the quick as a cat Rage is back up to his feet, squaring up with his fists clenched!]

GM: Rage is ready for a fight if that's what it takes. So unpredictable, so unconventional. Rage can take the fight to you in so many different ways, fans.

[Rage gestures to the crowd, trying to rally some support behind him. Some fans cheer. Most still wait.]

GM: Shadoo Rage is trying to get these fans to cheer for him. He's never been a favorite amongst the people though, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame them? The guy's a lunatic, Gordo.

[DeMang gestures for Rage to back up and then walks to the center of the ring, striking a double bicep pose straight off of Venice Beach. He kisses each bicep in turn...

...and then throws himself down for a takedown attempt of his own that Rage sidesteps, scampering to the side to allow DeMang to miss badly, ending up on his knees.]

GM: DeMang with a swing and a miss on the takedown... oh, look at that!

[Rage clasps his hands together again, doing a little bow before flexing his right arm...

...and then covering his mouth with the right hand, stifling a yawn that draws a few cheers.]

GM: Shadoo Rage is trying to bait Troy DeMang into coming after him and-

[DeMang takes said bait, charging Rage!]

BW: Here comes DeMang and- whoa! Shadoo Rage is FAST!

[Rage ducks out of the way, reaching behind DeMang to shove him off into the ropes where his chest slams into the top rope, staggering back...

...where Rage drops him with a running clothesline to the back of the skull, knocking DeMang flat!]

GM: Rage showing some very good footwork along with some tremendous speed in the early moments of this battle with Troy DeMang.

[Showing more speed and agility, Rage is to the top rope in two steps...]

GM: Shadoe Rage quickly to the top!

[As DeMang struggles to his feet, Rage takes flight, driving a double-axehandle down across the bridge of DeMang's nose. DeMang goes down in a heap.]

GM: Woaaaa my! Bombs away by Rage!

[Rage pops back to his feet, looking around at the crowd who is starting to grow a bit in their support for him...

...and then leaps up, burying a kneedrop into the sternum of DeMang!]

GM: Oh my! High leaping kneedrop by Rage!

BW: I gotta say - I'm pretty impressed so far, Gordo.

GM: As am I. Shadoe Rage looks like he's come to compete this time around!

[Rage pops back up, going into a spin as he points to the crowd - some of which are applauding the feats of Rage thusfar. It's a small group that are cheering but a vocal group.]

GM: Troy DeMang is no small man, but Rage's high impact assault has put him down.

BW: Not for long, Gordo, 'cause Rage is bringing him back up.

GM: Rage drags DeMang off the mat by the hair... look at this!

[Rage shows off some power as he wraps his well-toned arms around the torso of DeMang, flipping him over and down to the canvas with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex by Shadoe Rage... again, quickly back to his feet...

[With a lunge, Rage drops down to his knees, burying the point of his elbow into the throat of DeMang!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[DeMang flails about on the mat, kicking his feet, and gasping for air as he clutches at his throat. Rage is right back up again, twirling his finger in the air to slightly more cheers this time.]

GM: The fans are starting to rally behind Shadoe Rage. They like what they're seeing so far in this one, Bucky.

BW: Can't blame 'em for that either. The veteran looks like he knows he needs to bring a higher level of his game if he wants to make it here in the AWA this time around.

GM: I believe this match could've been over a while ago now as Troy DeMang was never really able to get out of the blocks against Shadoe Rage's speed and high-impact offense.

BW: I think he's trying to make a statement, Gordo. A statement to all of these fans as well as the entire locker room.

GM: Probably the front office as well.

[Rage stands back, measuring his opponent as he waves for a staggered DeMang to rise to his feet...

...at which point he dashes to the ropes, leaping up into the air, springing back while twisting his body...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[...and UNLEASHES a devastating roundhouse right-footed kick to the jaw!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Good grief!

[The crowd ROARS for the high-impact blow as Rage climbs off the mat, pointing skyward!]

GM: Shadoe Rage may have knocked Troy DeMang into the middle of next week...

BW: And he ain't done, Gordo.

GM: He certainly isn't. Shadoe Rage grabs him by the ankle, dragging him towards the corner... and the veteran's heading up top!

[Rage again quickly reaches the top, ignoring the official's demands to get down from the buckles. He looks out at the crowd with a nod, balancing himself on the top turnbuckle...

...and then leaps backwards, twisting his body around while curling his right arm...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and DRIVES the point of his elbow straight across DeMang's throat, causing DeMang's entire body to contort from the impact. Rage rolls into a lateral press, hooking the far leg.]

GM: Oh my! What a move... and this count is academic from here.

BW: If you mean “useless”, then I agree.

[The referee drops to the mat, slapping the canvas three times before waving to the timekeeper.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Phil Watson makes it official as Rage gets to his feet.]

PW: Here is your winner... SHAAAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Most of the crowd politely applauds Rage’s victory as he dusts himself off, watching DeMang be rolled from the ring by the referee as Rage stands in the middle, gesturing to Phil Watson.]

GM: It looks like Shadoe Rage has something to say, fans. He’s waving for the mic and- well, let’s hear what’s on his mind.

[Rage takes the microphone, pushing his dreadlocks away from his face as he looks into the hard camera. He is a striking picture: caramel brown skin, wild dreadlocks fitted with little beads and coloured bits of leather twine, a beard sectioned into two four inch braids and crazy hazel eyes outlined in black guylane. He draws a slow breath before he speaks with that signature voice that sounds like Jimmy Durante on Quaaludes.]

SR: AWA ... it’s good to be back.

[There’s some Pavlovian cheering.]

SR: Last time I was here ... [He pauses, seemingly aggrieved.] Last time I was here ... things didn’t go very well. I didn’t want to wait my turn. I was the King of Rage Country and I would not be denied. That led me on a path to disaster. A lot of small time gigs against the rest of the wrestling retreads while the AWA was becoming something absolutely amazing. SuperClash IV in Los Angeles was one of the greatest shows I have ever watched and I’ve seen a lot of them and I had to be a part of it.

[The crowd cheers the praise for the AWA’s signature event.]

BW: Don’t suck up.

GM: I think he’s being sincere. Look at him, this is not the quivering, slaving, ranting and raving Shadoe Rage we’ve known in the past.

BW: Great, we got the boring version. Hey, where’s his chick?

GM: What?

BW: He’s always got a fine woman with him. It’s the secret to his success.

[Rage continues.]

SR: Things will be different this time, I promise. The King of Rage Country is going to earn that title. I will earn your cheers and I will convert you one match at a time to Rageoholism, yes I will. Yes I will. Yes I will. I thank you for having me back. I am deeply deeply moved.

[With that he sets down the microphone and again humbly bows to each section of the arena with that odd steeple fingered bow quarter bow. Rage twirls his finger in the air once more before he leaps over the top rope and heads to the back, bowing to the fans as he goes.]

BW: I was a fan until all that bootlicking started.

GM: Well, I'm impressed by his athleticism, aggression and ability in the ring. I think this attitude will only help him achieve his goals here in AWA. We've got enough jerks running around here.

BW: Got anyone in mind when you say that?

GM: Oh, I can think of several off-hand... in fact, I think one of them is standing by backstage right now.

BW: Dane?

GM: Would you stop? Let's go backstage right now to Mark Stegglet who has a special guest with him. Mark?

[A jump to the back reveals Marc Stegglet and the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Dave Bryant. Stegglet looks pretty normal, but Bryant looks like someone recently beat the hell out of him with something heavy built out of metal. He does, however, still carry the pair of bags -- one velvet and one canvas, which presumably carry a belt and pieces of a belt respectively. Bryant's nose is taped, his eyes are still blackened, and from the way he's moving it seems fairly obvious that his ribs are taped. He does, however, manage to look smug through his obvious injuries.]

MS: Hello folks! The Longhorn Heritage champion, Dave Bryant, has asked for this time, so I'm back here to find out just what he wants to say.

[Bryant looks at Stegglet, sighs, then nods.]

DB: While I appreciate the elaborate introduction, Mark, I don't have it in me to be too snarky right now, so please, just go ahead and ask the question I'm sure you've been paid to ask so we can all move on.

MS: Um...okay. How are you feeling after the match between you and Glenn Hudson at Showtime?

DB: Little Steggy, I want you to take a step back...

[Bryant looks at Stegglet until he actually takes half a step back.]

DB: ...and look good and hard at my face. My nose is broken, I have a pair of black eyes, and until a day or so ago I still had stitches in my forehead. Now, ask me again!

[Stegglet steps back in and, hesitantly, asks.]

MS: How are you feeling?

[Bryant suddenly laughs, then stops, wincing.]

DB: I feel glorious, Mark! I feel fantastic, superb, stupendous, I feel like I threw a massive weight off my shoulders, weight that's lain on them for over ten years, and I did it in a SINGLE night! One match, one opportunity, one chance to make history and erase my history, and I took the opportunity, just like I took these championships off that hook!

[Bryant gingerly holds up both bags.]

DB: But, Mark, it gave me a hell of a weird feeling. When I asked for this interview time, I thought I'd be all fire and brimstone, cursing the names of everybody who doubted me in the past, spitting in the eyes of everybody who told me how much talent I had while bitching about me behind my back. I thought I'd feel angry just thinking of all those years of lost potential, but instead, standing here with these titles, having just won what could arguably be considered the hardest-hitting match in the history of the AWA, all I feel is...relief.

MS: Relief?

DB: Yes, Mark, relief. Relieved that everybody who said all those years ago that I could never make it were wrong. Relieved that I finally found a place WORTHY of my talent, and while I'm sure there are people rolling their eyes because they don't want to hear that, every single one of them has to admit today that I am among the very best to ever set foot in that squared circle! They have to admit that I...and Glenn Hudson...that WE went out there and made history, that WE competed in the very first ladder match in the history of this storied federation, and that WE tore the damned house down at SuperClash!

[Stegglet looks a little surprised.]

MS: ..."We?"

DB: Yes, Mark, I said we. I really want to stand here and take all the credit, I want to pretend I was the only man out there busting his tail to make sure that the first match of its kind in the history of the AWA was memorable, but I didn't do it alone. Hudson sweat, fought, and bled the same as I did, and for once in my life I will not stand here and belittle a man who left it all on the canvas, the same as I did. I still don't LIKE him, but at the same time I don't know if anybody else in this place could've gone out there and accomplished what he did...but I'm getting away from the point.

[Bryant holds up the canvas bag.]

DB: What's in this does not belong to me. Hudson, if you're watching this, and I haven't got any reason to believe you aren't, in two weeks I'm gonna be standing in that ring, holding what's left of your Longhorn Heritage championship belt. I want you to take it back, but there's a price -- you come out and you face me, and you hear what I have to say right to your face.

[Bryant lowers the bag.]

DB: That's not negotiable, Hudson. Either you show up in two weeks or I toss what's left of your dead title into the nearest incinerator.

[Bryant smirks, but Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: Dead title?

[Bryant looks at Stegglet, and nods.]

DB: Dead as a doornail, little Steggy. You want the scoop on that, you tune in in two weeks, like everybody else. Two weeks, Hudson, and don't worry...

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: This time, the bag won't be hanging from a hook ten feet above the ring.

[With that, Bryant gingerly walks off-screen, and Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Um...back to you, Gordon!

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where the announcers are seated.]

GM: Did he say "dead title"?

BW: He certainly did, Gordo.

GM: What's that all about? The title belt is in ruins but I assure you, the Longhorn Heritage Title is alive and kicking.

BW: I guess we'll all find out from Bryant in two weeks' time.

GM: I've been told that Glenn Hudson is under doctors' orders to NOT be here tonight. His injuries are still going to keep him out of action for a couple more weeks but hopefully he'll be cleared to be in the building in two weeks so he can confront Dave Bryant face-to-face.

BW: Their issue may not be over yet.

GM: It may not... it certainly may not. Fans, coming up next, we've got a youngster we saw some time ago try his luck against Hannibal Carver.

BW: Yeah, apparently this Brit can't get enough of getting kicked in the face... because he asked for another shot at the maniac! Carver may be crazy, but wanting another piece of the guy that choked you out is something else, Gordo.

GM: Colin Harris has to be lauded for his desire to do all he can to show off his talents here... but I have to agree that it may be foolhardy at best. Especially since the events at SuperClash, Carver has to be in anything but a good mood.

[And with that we head to the ring, as Phil Watson is standing by.]

PW: Tonight's contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Leicestershire, England... weighing in at 155 pounds... Colin "Bomber" Harris!

[Colin climbs to the second rope and raises his arms in the air, to a slight reaction as by now people at least recognize him... and at least respect his ability to take a beating and to get up for more.]

GM: He may not be covered in muscles, but you have to like the heart he brings to the ring.

BW: If he doesn't start thinking, Carver's going to tear that heart out and leave here with it.

GM: Lovely.

["Milk Of Human Kindness" by Clutch begins to play as the crowd gets more lively, aware of who is about to walk down to the ring.]

PW: And his opponent... hailing from South Boston, Massachusetts and weighing in at 260 pounds...

HANNIBAL CARVER!!

Oh, I could kill you if I wanted #
Kill you with my own two hands #
Oh, I'm so happy I could kill you #
Kill you like a sacrificial lamb

BW: I guess I never paid much attention before... but this song is dark.

GM: Much like the man walking down the aisle as we speak.

[Carver walks out, a less pleasant look on his face than usual... as if such a thing was even possible. Also different this time around is that he's dressed even less like a wrestler than usual. Clad in black and gray camouflage pants tucked into a pair of black combat boots and a black Boston Bruins hockey jersey with the name "LUCIC" and the number "17" across the back, he looks more like a hooligan than ever.]

BW: They're not gonna let him wrestle in that getup, are they?

GM: It is a bit unorthodox, I'll give you that. But after some of the sights we saw at SuperClash, hardly anything would surprise me at this point!

[Carver stops at ringside, climbing down the wooden steps off the elevated platform, and grabs a steel chair before rolling into the ring. He stares at Colin with a sneer, pointing at him and then pointing at the exit.]

GM: What is this now?

BW: He's telling the limey to take a hike!

[Phil Watson looks on with trepidation as Colin turns around to complain to the ref. Carver shrugs and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!"

[... clobbers Colin in the back with the chair to the shock of all in attendance!]

BW: What is going on in that lunatic's head?! Harris just fell to the mat like a ton of bricks!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: As you might expect, the bell has been called for. An obvious disqualification or no contest here... and a puzzling one at that.

[Phil Watson lifts the microphone to his lips to make the official call, when it's taken from his hands by Carver. Watson wisely makes a quick exit out of the ring as the ref tries in vain to revive Colin Harris.]

BW: Looks like the mental patient's gonna solve that particular puzzle for you, Gordo.

[Carver unfolds the steel chair, placing it in the middle of the ring. He takes a seat, taking a cigar out of his pocket. He bites off the end, spitting it out onto the mat and lights up. He takes a few puffs before beginning to speak.]

HC: Well, I trust I have yer attention now.

[Carver looks off to the side, chuckling as several ring crew members are now helping the ref roll "Bomber" out of the ring.]

HC: A second lease on life. It ain't guaranteed. But, when it comes along... yeh grab that bull by the horns. That's what this has all been. A second chance. A chance to prove I'm something other than just some demon that stabs people and breaks tables. Yeh even heard it from Wilde over there on yer idiot box. I got signed on under the condition I do what it says on the marquee.

Wrestle.

[He takes another puff off the cigar.]

HC: No barbed wire. No thumbtacks. No tables. No slicing every man that crosses me open and staining every corner of this ring with their blood. And the God's honest truth?

[Nods.]

HC: I relished it. It was something no man had ever extended me. Promoters all over this country have fallen over themselves to let me come in and send their best talent out on a stretcher with skin tainted with blood and a body full of broken bones... but never to prove the only weapons I ever really need... are these two mitts.

But then, there's SuperClash.

[Carver fumes, taking a moment to compose himself.]

HC: A chance to show the world that I ain't just some monster. I'm an athlete. A man. But more than that... to finally end this thing with Terry Shane.

Instead?

We get a good man like Jim Watkins forced to lay a beating on Petrow so savage the cameras have to turn away. We get William Craven finally getting what he wants, to roll around in barbed wire and disfigure his ugly mug even more than before. Hell, we have Chris Blue in the middle of a ring, ready to crush that circus freak's skull with a wooden sword. And then--

[Carver leaps to his feet, face red with rage.]

HC: Some skirt stops me from doing what I do best, lay chumps out... with MY branding iron! I finally had my hands on this punk, and with everything this company stands against... THAT'S what stops me!

[Carver puts the cigar out on his boot, tossing it out of the ring with disgust.]

HC: When time after time, all that happens is more playground games. When I make a promise to keep it between the ropes only to see the barbarians at the gate and some skirt bashing my knee in. That's when I see a cold front is coming. And the only thing I can think of that's warm enough...

[Carver reaches into his pocket, eliciting a loud reaction from the hardcore fans in the crowd as he takes out his signature can opener... the weapon he's used time and again to slice opponents open.]

HC: ... is blood. And the hell of it... is that's just what yeh seem to want, Terry. Yeh want to wake the sleeping dragon. Yeh want the bear to come out of his cage. All to make a name for yerself.

[Carver shakes his head, as he puts the can opener back in his pants pocket.]

HC: But yeh see... I just ain't gonna give yeh the satisfaction. True enough, I see all this garbage and all I can think is to send every last mother's son to an early grave. But yeh haven't earned it. Yeh don't deserve it. Yer not gonna be the latest skeleton in my closet. Not the latest story of did yeh see what that Carver animal did to that poor young man.

I'm just gonna beat yeh, Terry.

These two fists smashing yer face in.

Because yeh ain't the next generation of a proud wrestling family.

[Carver spits, as if the very idea of Terry Shane III being on the level of his father makes him physically ill.]

HC: Just another chump that didn't have the stones to make it. Just another--

[A burst of static.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Ask and ye shall receive!

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

GM: It looks like Hannibal Carver is getting what he's asking for.

[A feminine silhouette appears first in the entranceway, hip cocked, hand placed on her skirt. Miss Sandra Hayes raises her other hand which tightly grips Hannibal Carver's branding iron. A branding iron that begins to signal the arrival of her Gang, and one by one they enter.]

GM: Donnie White. Harry Hyatt. Aaron Anderson.

BW: And Lenny Strong.

GM: The group that we've come to know as The Shane Gang is on their way out closely followed by the Ring Leader himself... Terry Shane III.

[Sure enough, the Shane Gang step into the aisle. Miss Sandra Hayes stands center stage with Terry Shane III at her side. They are flanked by White and Hyatt to their left.. Strong and Anderson to their right.]

Terry Shane III (TS3): Just another... cry for help? Is that where this was headed? This is a really, really sad story, Hannibal... I will give you that. A ruthless thug from the mean suburbs of Boston raised in a nice house with food on his table every night... unleashed on the wrestling world and for years choosing to rip flesh from his opponents bodies, flesh from himself... and then mercifully chained and caged by the front office and forced to... what did you say it was?

[Snickers.]

TS3: Wrestle? Wrestle. Are you sure it was them who wanted you to clean up your act? Are you sure it was the front office who wanted Hannibal Carver to water it down and produce a G-Rated version of himself? You said it yourself.. everything and anything is happening right around us... barbed wire, ladders, guys getting carted off on stretchers.. and you are still committed to this charade of being held back?

Because the way I see it, you, Hannibal Carver.. YOU were tired of being cast in this role as the murderous villain who blasted people with chairs and threw them from balconies. YOU were tired of being shredded in barbed wire cage matches and having your flesh licked clean from your bones. YOU were not satisfied, Hannibal. YOU wanted a way out.

YOU came to the AWA and asked for a chance, BEGGED for an opportunity. "Let me wrestle, Bobby Taylor." "Please save me from myself, Todd Michaelson". You knew the only way your career would last another year was if you put that all behind you and tried to start anew. But then something happened...

[Shane's stare turns towards Miss Sandra Hayes, she nods.]

TS3: You realized... for guys like you.. for monsters and savages... there is NO other way. You proved it out here tonight when you smashed Bomber Harris across the back with a chair.. you proved it the moment you stepped foot into MY spotlight and called me out, Hannibal. There is no other path for men like you to walk.

So tonight, I am going to do you a favor.

Because deep down, maybe I feel bad about you getting your knee caved in by Miss Sandra Hayes at SuperClash in front of the entire world.

[He shrugs.]

TS3: But maybe, it is because I know it is the only real way I will ever get rid of you. I could sick my Gang on you like a pack of blood thirsty hounds but that would be too easy, and too quick. So tonight, Hannibal... in front of everyone...in front of your family watching on at home in front of the big

screen television you provided them...in front of everyone you are trying to prove too that you are more than baseball bats and singapore canes...

I will GIVE you that chance.

Tonight I am going to march out to that ring.. I am going to get on that mic.. and I am going to grant ANYONE listening the chance to come out and wrestle me. And if you --

[He points down to Carver.]

TS3: If YOU are half the wrestler and man you claim to be.. Well then you should be the first one in line.

["Dance of Knights" ignites once again as the Salience drops the mic to the ground. The Shane Gang stare down at Carver who returns the stare and begins mouthing some profanities in Shane's direction as the camera quickly snaps away.]

GM: Terry Shane III has just issued an open challenge for later tonight... and you gotta believe that Hannibal Carver is going to be MORE than happy to take him up on that offer, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure I understand Shane's logic behind this one. I may not be a Hannibal Carver fan but I know he'll be able to beat the heck out of someone if given a chance.

GM: I smell a trap, Bucky.

BW: That might be last night's shrimp dinner that you had. Try brushing your teeth now and again, Gordo.

GM: Very funny. Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be back after that with more AWA action so don't you dare go away!

[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 cut backstage to where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to Supernova, who has his face painted and wears blue jeans and a white T-shirt.]

MS: Supernova, we all know what went down at SuperClash... you and Sultan Azam Sharif found Rick Marley to be your partner, only for Marley to suddenly strike you with the Casting Call. The world wants to know... where do you go from here?

[Supernova sighs deeply.]

S: Mark... what the world really needs to know... what I really need to know... is where is Rick Marley going to go from here?

[He turns to the camera.]

S: Rick Marley... you said you planned to make an impact. Well, I had no idea that the impact you wanted to make was going to come at my expense. When you came out, Sharif and I figured that you wanted to establish yourself as somebody the AWA could count on to ensure that Royalty was put into their places once and for all.

Instead...

[He grunts.]

S: I can't figure out what in the world is wrong with you.

You know very well all the trouble that Royalty caused and what went down in Westwego many months ago. I have a hard time wrapping my head around the idea that you felt the time for you to make an impact, at my expense, was going to come at a time when Royalty needed to be taught a lesson.

MS: Yet that's exactly what Marley did, attacking you when it appeared he was all in with you and Sharif.

S: Well, that's why I want to know exactly what is going on with Marley... hey, I can understand a guy being frustrated because things aren't going exactly the way he would hope they would. I know the feeling... I came up short in my first AWA National title opportunity, I didn't get as far in the World Title tournament as I would have liked, and I fell just short of a victory in the Rumble.

But the one thing I wasn't going to do was do anything that would allow Royalty to keep getting away with all the damage they caused to the AWA. As I said before SuperClash, Sharif and I didn't always see eye to eye, but we've always been straight up with everyone and made it clear we weren't going to tolerate what Royalty did to this company.

Yet Marley seems to think that the way to make an impact is to do the equivalent of extending a certain finger in the AWA's direction, if you get my drift!

[He shakes his head.]

S: So, Rick Marley, I'm calling you out, pal. I want to meet with you, next Saturday Night Wrestling, and get a straight answer from you as to why you decided to thumb your nose at me and Sharif and do it the same night we're trying to teach some troublemakers a lesson.

You want to make an impact, Marley? You want to make a statement?

Then let's see if you are willing to do, face to face, in front of me, and let me know exactly where you stand.

I'll be waiting to find out how much of a man you are.

[With that, Supernova walks off camera... no signature phrase, no howling.]

MS: Wow... Supernova sounds like he means business. Will Rick Marley be willing to confront this man? We'll find out in two weeks. Right now, let's go back down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky! Gentlemen?

[We crossfade back to the ringside area.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Supernova, of course, referring to the shocking and disheartening betrayal of the entire AWA by "Showtime" Rick Marley. Marley buried the blade right behind the shoulderblades of Supernova... but in doing so, he also buried the blade in all of our backs, Bucky.

BW: And no one knows why. No one has the slightest clue as to why Marley thought he should betray Sharif and Supernova while they were tangling with Royalty... but it looked premeditated to me, Gordo. That was no heat of the moment thing... Marley had a plan.

GM: I understand that Rick Marley is here tonight so hopefully we can get some comments from him later here... but if not, Supernova has made it clear that he wants to confront Marley in two weeks' time on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. Earlier tonight, we mentioned that on New Year's Eve, James Monosso was FORCED to put the World Title on the line against Percy Childes' crown jewel, Nenshou. Would Nenshou be able to achieve his greatest goal and become the World Champion? Or would James Monosso somehow manage to keep his unlikely title reign alive? Let's go down to San Antonio, Texas from New Year's Eve and find out!

[Crossfade to footage marked "NEW YEAR'S EVE - SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS" along with a subtitle that reads, "EARLIER IN THE EVENING."

We cut again to the interview set, where Jason Dane stands next to the tall, broad-shouldered form of the World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso. The crowd cheers the stringy-haired madman, who clutches the World Heavyweight Championship close to his chest.

Monosso is geared for battle with his single-strap black thigh-length singlet with chrome trim, matching boots, and electric tape wristbands. The flat-faced wild-eyed greying veteran has an expression of hateful simmering rage as Dane begins the interview.]

JD: James Monosso, tonight is the last night in which you are under contract to Percy Childes. If you can get through tonight, you're a free man. You'll be able to retire without that injury which can come at any time. But in your way is the golden child. The man whom you were brought to the AWA to protect and to lead to the championship... Nenshou. What are your thoughts?

JM: My thoughts?

No. You don't want my thoughts. My thoughts are red. Red like the paint that little [BLEEP] wears.

JD: That's an offensive term and you can NOT use it on-

JM: YOU WANTED MY THOUGHTS. Now shut up and take them! My thoughts smell like copper. My thoughts taste like an alkaline battery. My thoughts sound like Chinese water torture. My thoughts feel warm on the outside and cold on the inside. Those are my thoughts!

Childes, you dumb sack of fat! You could have let me walk away months ago. But you strung this out, sent all these people after me. You used Von Braun, you bought Stone, and you sat back and let Wright do what you needed to have done. I wouldn't be surprised if you're the one who talked Preston into getting back here to take his shots.

And you seen the medical records. You didn't even let Stone know, because you didn't want it to happen then. No, you know exactly why I got to retire, and you saved that for precious little Noboru. But you made a mistake, fat man. You let me stew. You let me hate. You let me build up and build up, when you thought you were breaking me down.

You think I care if I get disqualified? You forgot one thing, Childes... I don't got no tomorrow. I have no reason to keep my title! I don't care! This is it! There's nothing after this, and I either walk out of here or I get wheeled out as a quadriplegic. WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DO, LITTLE MAN?!

Nenshou isn't coming out here to cripple me. I CAME OUT HERE TO CRIPPLE HIM.

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

[Monosso starts to the back to the cheers of the fans, but Jason stops him.]

JD: Mr. Monosso! One question. You said a name.

JM: Oh, I did? Ha, silly me. I forgot that little g-

[Monosso glares at Dane who is about to interrupt him.]

GM: Fine. I forgot that he has all his secrets. He never even knew I found them out. He never knew that I recognized him the minute I laid eyes on him... that I knew what his real name was before I knew he was callin' himself Nenshou. Because I...

[Suddenly, a blur of red cloth leaps onto the platform, and with a loud THWACK a heavy kendo stick is brought down upon Monosso's shoulders and back. The World Champion falls off the platform, and Nenshou throws his entrance robe down over Monosso's head. The Japanese superstar is clad in baggy red pants, black boots, and white wristbands and finger tape. His face is covered in red, black, and gold paint, and his hair is a short brush-cut... it looks like the kanji that had formerly been shaved into it is being grown out, as it is no longer really visible.]

GM: Whoa! A blindside attack out of nowhere by Nenshou and he's all over the World Champion! He may be trying to soften him up for later tonight when he challenges for the World Cham-

[Dane stumbles backwards, and Nenshou turns to give him an example of his displeasure. The crowd is going crazy as Nenshou blasts Jason Dane across the face with the red mist!]

GM: NO!

BW: That's what you get for never throwin' back ta me, Dane!

GM: GET MEDICAL ATTENTION! JASON DANE WAS ASSAULTED!

[Monosso bolts to his feet, and Nenshou turns for a moment to do... something on the interview stage floor. It is hard to tell what from this angle. The champion slides back up on the platform, and Nenshou diverolls away, keeping his kendo stick parallel to the ground. Having established a distance between himself and Monosso, the agile Asian Assassin quickly takes his feet, holding the kendo stick out to keep Monosso at bay.

Only the champion doesn't care. Monosso storms right towards Nenshou, and is thus easy prey for another WHACK from the kendo stick.]

BW: What an idiot! Nenshou was willing to just back away and save it for the match, but Monosso charged right into kendo stick range!

GM: That weapon has no business here! Nenshou with a vile assault! He spewed the burning red mist into Jason Dane's eyes for no reason, and now he is using a kendo stick to debilitate the champion!

[WHACK! Another shot... this one very measured to a specific location on the back of Monosso's neck. The champion drops like a rock, collapsing to the aisleway floor!]

BW: There was a reason! Dane started digging into Nenshou's history, and he paid for it! Look at Monosso now! He ran his mouth and now he's finished!

GM: ANOTHER VILE BLOW! Nenshou is being very deliberate... Bucky, he's targeting a specific spot! A specific disk in the neck!

[Monosso rolls around in agony, taking to his back to prevent Nenshou from hitting the exposed vertebrae any more. Security swarms out, and Nenshou quickly leaps from the elevated aisleway to the floor, and hustles away before he can be accosted.]

GM: Thank goodness this was broken up!

BW: Thank goodness Monosso's neck was broken up! Now we'll have a fresh new World Title change to ring in the new year!

GM: Sickening! Nenshou should be stripped of his title match for assaulting an interviewer! That cannot be tolerated! If Jim Watkins were here...

BW: Jim Watkins ain't here! And we're gonna have a title match... for however long it lasts. If Monosso don't have to forfeit!

[Slowly, James Monosso rolls off the elevated ramp, taking his feet on the floor. Immediately, he keels forward, gripping his head in both of his meaty arms. The fans are in shock at what has transpired.]

The footage fades to a bright white for an instant and then flashes back up to the same pre-taped footage but obviously later in the night.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: The following contest, scheduled for one fall and a one hour time limit... is for the American Wrestling Association World Heavyweight Championship!

[The fans cheer for the imminent title match! And then the sound of lightning over the PA sends them back to boos, as "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis begins to play.]

GM: I really don't know why this man should still have a title match, Bucky. He spewed that red mist in Jason Dane's face! Attacking an announcer is an automatic suspension in the AWA.

BW: Maybe. But remember, right now there's no commissioner that can make a spot call. The Committee has to meet on that. And if Nenshou's the World Champion when they meet, they can't strip him of the title for somethin' he did when he wasn't the champion. They can suspend him, but he'll still have the gold.

GM: And they know it.

[Percy Childes is the first one through the curtain; the bald manager is wearing his navy blue suit, white undershirt, crimson tie, and is carrying his crystal-tipped cane. The bald, round-bellied manager waddles ahead of his charge; Nenshou's ring entrance robe was just thrown at Monosso moments ago, so he's still in his red ring attire. Nenshou is maintaining a stoic demeanor, keeping his focus on the ring. And following some feet behind him is Juan Vasquez. Juan, wearing street clothes (a black hoodie and dark pants) is frowning, but his eyes are scanning the area for threats.]

BW: And you know that Juan Vasquez wants to live up to his end of the deal with Percy. He said he'd make sure that Nenshou won the title in exchange for Dufresne!

GM: And Percy followed through. If Vasquez can aid Nenshou in winning the championship tonight, he may be off the hook. I do not know how that contract works.

[Nenshou leaps into the ring, and assumes his meditative stance, staring at the two extended fingers of his right hand while his left hand clutches his wrist. Childes and Vasquez head to the corner as "Raijin's Drums" fade out, replaced by the shrill piano of "The Theme From Halloween". The fans roar!]

BW: If he even makes it to the ring!

GM: There's your answer!

[The cheers intensify as James Monosso lumbers from the back, slowly walking to the ring, his back straight and his head held high in an inversion of the usual slouch he would affect on the way to the ring. The belt is now strapped around his waist, and his wild eyes glare hatefully at Nenshou.]

BW: He's movin' like a zombie, Gordo! This is the end for him!

GM: James Monosso frankly has moved that slowly for his whole AWA tenure. Remember, fans: doctors have ordered Monosso to retire immediately. Every match he wrestles, he is risking permanent debilitating injury. But he cannot retire while Percy Childes holds his contract.

BW: Which means this is it for him! One way or another, this is James Monosso's last match.

GM: It certainly could be. He arrives at the ring... AND ATTACKS!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Phil Watson bails out as Monosso suddenly rushes Nenshou... whose speed easily enables him to catch Monosso coming in with the jumping spin kick. The blow, which levels most people, just staggers Monosso back a few feet. The madman from New Mexico lurches forward, and hammers the challenger in the eardrum with a meaty forearm blow!]

GM: We'll have no introductions here, but none are needed between these two men! Monosso with a headbutt and Nenshou is reeling! The champion boots Nenshou in the head, and the Asian Assassin bails out of the ring!

BW: Monosso's out after him!

GM: James Monosso with a clubbing blow to the head and shoulders! Nenshou using rapid strikes to the body to try and disengage, but those are not effective.

[The crowd is cheering happily as Monosso whips Nenshou towards the ringpost. The Japanese star hits the post and goes sprawling out of control to the floor.]

BW: Percy! Keep away from him!

GM: You can see the hate etched on the face of the champion. Vasquez will not be a deterrent to Monosso if he gets within range of Childes.

BW: Exactly. If Vasquez protects Percy, he'll probably get Nenshou disqualified. Don't think Monosso don't know it.

GM: Speaking of disqualifications, remember that the title WILL change hands if Monosso is disqualified so the World Champion needs to be very careful when he's... DOING THINGS LIKE THIS!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Monosso lifts up Nenshou, pressing him high overhead...

...and THROWS him down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: My word, what a slam by the champion!

BW: That padding is the only reason Nenshou might get up from that.

GM: Monosso ripping up the padding! He peeled a section of padding off the bare concrete! This is going too far!

BW: By his standards?! Are you kidding?

GM: Monosso wants to... OH NO!

[Nenshou rolls to his feet as Monosso reaches down for him, grabs the stringy hair of the champion, and hurls himself outwards, bringing Monosso's head down into the now-exposed concrete with a one-arm bulldog! The crowd boos vehemently!]

BW: HA HA! Nenshou used Monosso's bloodlust against him!

GM: It looks like Monosso was able to get his arms down and block some of the impact, Bucky.

BW: Of course. That's why people don't just go out and blow their big moves this early in a match... he wasn't worn down. But that wasn't the objective. Monosso is stunned.

GM: And Nenshou rolls in the ring. A countout is technically a form of disqualification; James Monosso will lose the title if he's counted out here!

BW: That idiot referee broke the count for no reason when Nenshou got in the ring!

GM: That's what a referee is supposed to do, although the rule is very inconsistently enforced. Monosso crawling to his feet... OH!

[The crowd lets out an "OHHHHHHH!" as Nenshou slingshots himself over the top rope with a graceful tope onto Monosso, hammering him back down to the floor!]

BW: Beautiful, daddy!

GM: When Nenshou flies, it combines both velocity and height. He is a weapon in the air.

BW: He's a weapon every place! And he's not gonna let that loony take the easy way out.

GM: What? He just tried to sneak in the ring late in the referee's count for a quick countout!

BW: To the untrained eye it might look that way, but I know he was just testin' Monosso to see if he had any guts.

GM: Ridiculous. Nenshou has rolled Monosso back into the ring, and he ascends the turnbuckles! A vicious flying chop to the base of the neck floors the heavyweight champion of the world! I think he's targeting that injured vertebrae, Bucky Wilde!

BW: Of course he is! I don't know how a guy can target one specific disc in the neck or back, but if anyone's THAT precise, it would have to be Nenshou, wouldn't it?

GM: Indeed, and even if not, any given blow may land in the correct area. Nenshou crossing the legs of Monosso... and we have seen this before! NENSHOULOCK IS APPLIED!

[The fans are on edge as Nenshou applies the bridging deathlock. Because Monosso is so tall, he really has to reach his arms further out than normal on the chinlock portion of the hold. However, he does obtain a solid grip, and Monosso's wild eyes convey an expression of pain and desperation.]

BW: He's crankin' that neck back. This hold breaks down the whole body!

GM: For months on end, Monosso has endured one ungodly beating after another. Percy Childes has banked everything on this being the night that the punishment catches up to Monosso! And it very well could! We've never seen James Monosso submit to ANY hold but we have seen him knocked unconscious by one - the Cobra Clutch Crossface - could this be the second time it happens?

BW: This hold is perfect to use against him, too! He can't wrestle very well; he's a fighter. And the bridge there puts Nenshou in a spot where Monosso can't hit him with anything. He can't fight his way out!

GM: But he may be able to power out! Monosso grasping the hands of Nenshou and pulling! He's trying to physically dislodge his adversary!

BW: He's startin' to make headway! But even this is gonna wear him down, Gordo.

GM: There's nothing for it, Bucky, he has to. And he escapes the hold!

[Truthfully, Nenshou pops up from his bridge to a standing position as soon as his chinlock is pulled all the way off, and then throws himself backwards to damage the knee of Monosso, breaking the deathlock part of the hold with a violent motion.]

BW: No wasted movement there.

GM: Indeed not. Nenshou up, and kicking at the back of Monosso's neck. The champion trying to get to standing.

[As he does, Nenshou sticks his fingers in his mouth for a second, then swings an extended-finger thrust chop into Monosso's throat! The referee admonishes the challenger as Monosso staggers back into a corner, pulling himself up with the ropes.]

GM: And there's that blatant illegal strike again!

BW: What do you mean 'again'? That's the first time he's done it tonight.

GM: And possibly the thousandth time he's done it in the AWA.

BW: With zero disqualifications. Must not be all that illegal.

[As Myers complains, Nenshou advances on Monosso, and launches a hard kick across the side of his head. He then plants his boot under the chin of Monosso and starts choking him, bending his head backwards sharply as the count is applied. At the count of four, he breaks, and then does it again.]

GM: Nenshou abusing the rules as much as he's able.

BW: And bending Monosso's neck as much as he's able.

GM: Monosso fighting back! Headbutt! That may not have been wise.

BW: He hurt his neck, of course it's not wise! But he's fighting anyway.

GM: The two men trading blows in the corner, and Nenshou is never going to be able to come out on top of that kind of exchange!

[Monosso suddenly rears back, hammering a double axehandle to the sternum that knocks Nenshou down to the mat where he quickly scampers back to his feet!]

BW: He's back up already!

GM: Catlike quickness, but this time Monosso grabs him by the face! Punch to the stomach by the champion! Irish-Whip to the opposite corner... reversed... DID YOU SEE THAT?

[What Gordon (and everyone else) saw was Nenshou reverse the Irish-Whip to the corner, and go right into the handspring elbow. As Monosso hit the corner, Nenshou's follow-up with the elbow was immediate, causing a whiplash action and sending the big man collapsing to the mat! The crowd boos as they know the risk Monosso is taking.]

BW: THAT COULD HAVE BEEN IT, DADDY! That "last straw" the doctors were talkin' about!

GM: It... could have. Nenshou's timing was perfect! He hit an instant after Monosso hit the corner, creating a whiplash effect! Nenshou is not relenting!

[Immediately, Nenshou sits Monosso up. He then ascends to the second rope, and flips forward with a rolling neck snap off the second rope!]

BW: Why should he? After all we've seen from this guy? You better bring overkill!

GM: A fairer point than I expected. Nenshou lifts up Monosso... scoops him up! That's nearly three hundred pounds! And the backbreaker!

BW: Everybody in San Antonio knows what's next!

GM: That they do... NENSHOU IS GOING UP!

[The fans rise to their feet as the challenger plants one foot on the top rope, one on the second, makes a quick throat-slit motion, and explodes backwards into his most famous move.]

GM: __MOONSAULT__! HE GOT ALL OF IT!

BW: NEW CHAMPION!

GM: ONE... TWO... AND NO!

BW: THAT WAS THREE!

[At the last instant, Monosso pushes his left shoulder up. The crowd erupts into cheers!]

GM: YOU CAN COUNT THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE KICKED OUT OF THAT ON ONE HAND!

BW: But remember! We're barely five minutes in, if that! I bet even Nenshou thought he might kick out this early. But now he's in total control, and Monosso's had all his wind knocked right out.

[Nenshou gets back up, not showing the slightest hesitation as he rolls the champion to his stomach and aggressively stomps the back of his head!]

GM: You're right! He's targeting the neck, and the champion may be in no condition to resist!

BW: What's he doin' now?

[Nenshou drags Monosso towards the ropes, and starts choking him on the bottom rope. The referee counts, but Nenshou breaks at four before resuming.]

GM: Nenshou using the bottom rope to do further damage to Monosso.

[After the second four-count, Nenshou flips Monosso over onto his back... with his neck still on the bottom rope. He then steps through the ropes to the apron, and steps right on Monosso's forehead. The back of the champion's neck, which is stuck on the bottom rope, is bent precipitously!]

BW: No... NOW he's usin' the bottom rope to do further damage! Look at that! Ha ha ha!

GM: Apply the count, referee!

BW: Why? This ain't a choke!

GM: It's still illegal to use the ropes this way, not to mention Nenshou's on the apron!

BW: Okay, count for a countout, sure. But I don't see why this move is illegal otherwise.

[As the referee forces a break, Nenshou steps down the apron. Percy Childes takes to the apron to argue the point Bucky just made with the referee. Of course, this is a ploy, as Juan Vasquez moves in and bends Monosso's neck back over the bottom rope in Nenshou's stead using two handfuls of hair.]

GM: And now we see the real reason Percy Childes brought Juan Vasquez out here!

BW: Duh.

GM: Childes distracting the referee... Nenshou back in the ring and circling around! Vasquez still using the rope to injure Monosso! Come on!

BW: Ha! The ref stops and turns to make sure Nenshou isn't cheatin'! He's on the opposite side of Vasquez! Brilliant.

GM: Finally, the referee turns around, but Vasquez is already back up against the barricade. He missed all of that!

BW: Nenshou is draggin' Monosso back in. What does he have in store now?

[Nenshou pulls up Monosso, snapmares him to a seated position, and clamps his arm around the champion's head to bend his head backwards. The fans loudly implore Monosso to escape.]

GM: Some kind of an inverted facelock here...

BW: It's a dragon sleeper, daddy! This move is perfect! Eric Preston proved long ago you can choke Monosso out, and this hold does it while bending the head back! It's win-win!

GM: That may be the case! James Monosso is fading, and we could be moments from the coronation that Percy Childes, and the mysterious

"backers" he has referred to regarding Nenshou, have been craving. Childes is celebrating already!

BW: He's tryin' ta get the World Title belt from the timekeeper, but he's gotta wait for the match to end.

GM: Monosso is fading! The referee is checking the arm... it drops!

BW: Two more drops and it is over.

GM: We've seen it happen to him before! The arm is raised again... drops a second time!

BW: Percy's got the belt! Let the party begin, daddy!

GM: The arm up... drops... only halfway! He's still in it!

[The crowd noise starts to swell, and Monosso's hand forms a fist, which shakes as he begins the process of rising to his feet. Nenshou keeps his concentration, but Percy is yelling angrily at ringside.]

GM: Childes is going to have to put that belt back!

BW: No, he doesn't. He's the manager of the World Heavyweight Champion, remember?

GM: Only for a couple more hours! Monosso is up to his feet... and he's pulled Nenshou up over his shoulder!

[In his zeal to keep the Dragon Sleeper applied, Nenshou has leaned over Monosso's shoulder to try and apply the pressure to get him back down... only to be bodily lifted when Monosso made it all the way to his feet! Monosso walks around the ring one time, as the crowd roars... and then PLANTS Nenshou in the middle of the ring with a powerslam that shakes the squared circle!]

GM: HUGE POWERSLAM! Monosso is back in the match!

BW: I don't know about that! He broke the hold, but he needs air! And his neck has to be held together by strings at this point.

GM: And yet, the champion rises! He rises again! I do not know what it will take to put him down for good, but it has not been found! Nenshou up... and Monosso grabs the throat!

[*THUD*]

BW: HE BOUNCED HIM, GORDO! He bounced Nenshou off the mat with that chokeslam!

GM: Monosso's chokeslam does not lift high, but it drives the man down with all his strength! The champion fell to his knees with the move, and he is summoning the energy to go on! Nenshou is hurt! He is vulnerable!

BW: But it'll take a lot more. Those were two big moves, but that's not enough for a man like Nenshou.

GM: James Monosso is up, and he has to somehow end this against a man who still has plenty left!

[As Nenshou rises, he gets a boot into the ribs before Monosso flings him into the ropes. The whip sends Nenshou hurtling back towards his opponent who attempts a clothesline...]

GM: Nenshou ducks the clothesline! Both men off the ropes...

BW: Nenshou got him with the spinning heel kick! So much for... uh, well, never mind.

GM: NO EFFECT! James Monosso's momentum does not even stop with the flying kick by the challenger! Nenshou springs back to his feet... AND MONOSSO RUNS HIM OVER WITH A CLOTHESLINE! The crowd is on their feet!

BW: Nenshou is rollin' out of the ring to regroup! Good move. He's got all night; Monosso's the one on borrowed time here.

GM: But the champion is giving chase! James Monosso stepping out to the apron! I don't think Nenshou realizes it!

[This seems to be true, as the challenger turns around to catch a size sixteen on the top of his head as Monosso hits the running stomp/kick down the apron, driving Nenshou to the floor like a carpenter hammering a loose nail in!]

BW: Well, he does now!

GM: And Monosso jumps down off the apron... double stomping Nenshou in the abdomen! Shades of Anton Layton! Two-hundred eighty-eight pounds right in the breadbasket!

BW: He's startin' to get back into the way he used to be! Percy better do somethin'!

GM: James Monosso going straight to the heavy artillery! One way or another, I do not think this will be a long match!

BW: Nope. Both guys goin' straight for the jugular. This is like a knife fight in an elevator, daddy.

GM: Sickeningly apt as that is, Monosso lifts up Nenshou... and hooks his waist. He... HE'S TRYING TO USE THE __DESCENT INTO MADNESS__! ON THE FLOOR!

BW: Nenshou grabbed the bottom rope! Good thing, too, because remember what Monosso said? He was gonna try to cripple Nenshou, and that would do it!

[A shout from Percy draws the referee's attention...

...right as Nenshou throws his leg back into the groin!]

GM: Nenshou with a back kick right to the groin! Blatant as sin! But in this case, I can't blame him! That may have saved his career... a backdrop driver onto the floor, even the padded floor, would be a major concussion at the very least!

BW: Oh, and he's mad now! Look at this!

GM: Nenshou... LOOK AT HIM!

[The fans are loud, with both cheers and boos, as they're seeing something totally new: Nenshou just snapped. His typical cold expression just shifted into rage, and he's repeatedly striking Monosso with rapid punches, thrust chops, and kicks. One of his punches connects with the windpipe of Monosso, and the champion falls to the floor!]

GM: HE PUNCHED HIM RIGHT IN THE THROAT!

BW: Considering what Monosso tried to do? Look, at this point, I don't think there's any more moral high ground to complain about what either one of them do, Gordo. They're out to end each other now.

GM: What on Earth could have caused Nenshou to lose his composure?! He's NEVER been like this!

BW: Percy's tryin' to calm him down. Nenshou's got a chair, and he ain't botherin' to hide it!

[Childes interjects himself, standing in front of Nenshou. We can hear him say "Don't throw this away now." Nenshou grudgingly drops the chair, rolls back into the ring, and extends his fingers in front of him as the crowd boos him.]

GM: It looks like Childes got through to him. Nenshou trying to re-start that meditative state, or whatever you call it, as Monosso recovers on the floor.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HA HA!

GM: VASQUEZ! As the referee admonished Nenshou for his actions outside the ring, Vasquez ran up and hit Monosso across the back with that steel chair that Nenshou threw down but-

BW: He didn't floor him! Look at that!

[Monosso was staggered by the blow, backing up about seven feet but then he straightens up and glares at Vasquez. Juan just stares at him, shrugging. We can even hear him say, "Whatever I got to do, amigo."]

GM: That's still a devastating blow to take, and it takes Monosso's focus off of Nenshou.

BW: And whatever psychological weakness Monosso found in Nenshou, we all KNOW Monosso's psychological weakness! He has no focus!

GM: James Monosso is going after Vasquez now! Vasquez backpedalling. And we know he's not backpedalling out of fear, Bucky, he's setting him up!

BW: That and he can't afford to get Nenshou disqualified now! But you're absolutely right! Monosso grabs him by the shirt... and look who is out on the apron!

GM: NENSHOU FROM BEHIND! Another one of those flying chops to the base of the neck! Again, Monosso falls! Vasquez backs away as if he had done nothing, and Nenshou kicking the World Champion!

BW: Throwing him back in the ring! Time to finish it!

[He's not merely throwing him in; Nenshou rolls Monosso in and then pulls his head out over the edge of the apron. He measures Monosso, and elbows him in the neck like an executioner bringing down an axe! The crowd boos!]

GM: Again targeting the neck!

BW: With his head draped over the apron edge, you could break the neck of a healthy guy with a hard enough shot. Let alone somebody with cardboard vertebrae!

GM: Nenshou up on the apron... scaling the turnbuckles! A MOVE OFF THE TOP FROM THERE COULD DO IT!

BW: With his neck where it is?! Heck, yeah! We goin' Sizzlah if he hits this!

[The fans are on their feet as Nenshou measures and leaps!]

GM: OFF THE TOP... MISSES! FLYING LEGDROP TO THE APRON MISSES, AND NENSHOU BOUNCES OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR!

BW: NO!

GM: The crowd is on their feet! The high risk assault of Nenshou just failed him at the worst time! James Monosso rolls outside; I don't know why he didn't rest and hope for a countout there! That would be a great chance at keeping his title!

BW: Because he'd have to be insane to think otherwise. And he does!

GM: Monosso throws Nenshou in the ring, and follows in. What is he doing now?

[Grasping Nenshou by the back of the head and the seat of the pants, he throws the Asian Assassin into the ringpost, between the top and middle ropes! The crowd cheers loudly as Nenshou's shoulder hits the steel... and moreso because they know why he did this.]

BW: OH NO! Gordo, he's settin' up the Concussionizer!

GM: Obviously! But Percy Childes just shoved Nenshou away from the ringpost, back into the ring!

[Disappointed boos ring out as Monosso stops in the middle of climbing outside the ring and points at Childes. The referee runs over to Childes and makes the "ejection" sign.]

GM: PERCY CHILDES HAS BEEN EJECTED!

BW: FOR WHAT?!

GM: For what?! He can't put his hands on a wrestler!

BW: He manages him! Heck, he manages both of them! He should be the referee!

GM: Childes is angrily protesting! And... VASQUEZ!

[As Percy distracts the ref, Vasquez jumps on the apron, grabs Monosso's hair, and drops off the apron to snap James' neck on the top rope! The madman from New Mexico falls to his knees as the fans boo!]

GM: More blatant interference!

BW: It's not really blatant. The ref is distracted!

GM: And now Vasquez turns Monosso inwards! He's got his arms hooked! Nenshou... grabs at his throat! You know what he's doing!

BW: Maybe he's just got an itchy throat? It's that season.

[The fans reach a frenzy as Nenshou rushes Monosso... who makes a sudden move to rip out of Vasquez' grasp, practically pulling Juan halfway over the top rope! Nenshou, in mid motion, puts his hand over his mouth quickly to avoid misting Vasquez!]

GM: MONOSSO ESCAPES!

BW: NO!

[As Nenshou puts the brakes on, Monosso extends the thumb of his right hand, and spins into a roundhouse thumbstrike to the throat of Nenshou! Black mist spills out as Nenshou collapses to the mat choking!]

GM: HE'S CHOKING ON THAT DAMN MIST!

BW: NOT THE BLACK MIST!

GM: The referee turns around as Monosso levels Vasquez with a punch! And he drops down... hooking the leg and the head!

[Monosso links his hands in the amateur-style pin, and uses one of his legs to immobilize Nenshou's free leg. Choking on his own mist, Nenshou flounders... and cannot escape!]

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT THE PIN!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The fans erupt as Percy Childes drops his cane and his jaw, in horrified shock. Vasquez gets up... and then kneels back down, his right hand pressed against his forehead in a pained expression. Monosso rolls off of Nenshou and out of the ring as the referee follows him out to raise his hand.]

BW: NO! THIS CAN'T HAVE HAPPENED! NOT LIKE THIS!

GM: PERCY CHILDES' MASTER PLAN HAS JUST CRUMBLED TO DUST! JAMES MONOSSO HAS RETAINED THE TITLE! THE GOLDEN CHILD HAS BEEN TARNISHED! Let's get the official word!

PW: The winner of the contest... AND STILL THE AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

...JAMES MONOSSO!

GM: Happy New Year, Percy Childes!

BW: This is a travesty! Vasquez botched it!

GM: If he hadn't have interfered, he wouldn't have been in a position to botch it! If it was left down to one on one, maybe this wouldn't have happened! But it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy! Percy Childes overplayed his hand, and he's heading into 2013 without the World Heavyweight Title around the waist of Nenshou!

BW: Uh, oh! Percy, run!

GM: Monosso's coming for his belt! Childes is still holding the World Heavyweight Title belt!

BW: Believe me, if Monosso gets within range of Childes, the belt ain't gonna be the first thing on his mind, unless he decides that'll be the first thing to hit Percy with!

GM: Childes throws the belt in Monosso's face and flees for his life! Vasquez is covering his escape!

[The Heavyweight Champion of the World glares at his soon-to-be-ex-manager as he waddles down the narrow path that runs alongside the elevated aisle. Juan Vasquez stands ready with a chair in hand if Monosso pursues him. James thinks about it for a moment... and then picks his belt up as "The Theme From Halloween" begins to play.]

BW: I can't wait for 2012 to be over, daddy. Oh... 2013 has GOT to be better than THIS!

GM: James Monosso retakes the ring, and Nenshou is still heaving. That noxious black mist is said to be the most toxic of all of those concoctions, and that cost him the championship tonight! And... we may not be done here.

BW: Somebody get Nenshou out of there! He's a poisoning victim!

[The fans are on their feet, and Monosso turns around to give them a wild-eyed stare... while pointing at the unaware Nenshou. They respond by chanting.]

"THROW! HIM! OUT! THROW! HIM! OUT! THROW! HIM! OUT! THROW! HIM! OUT!"

GM: I believe Nenshou's about to become a spectator. And a frequent Flyer. At the same time.

[Monosso goes to each side of the ring, gauging the crowd noise of the chant. When he decides a winner, he makes a motion for the front row fans to evacuate... and they do!]

BW: You can't be serious! Don't let him do this!

GM: MONOSSO PRESSES NENSHOU OVER HIS HEAD! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE THING NENSHOU CAN DO FROM UP THERE!

JM and Crowd: "GET OUT OF HERE!"

[With the eponymous shout, Monosso dashes to the ropes and hurls Nenshou over the top rope, over the barricade, and into the now-evacuated second row!]

BW: That fall could kill a man!

GM: As you said earlier, Bucky Wilde, and I quote: "I don't think there's any more moral high ground to complain about what either one of them do". End quote.

BW: No fair usin' my words against me!

[And now, a new look comes over James Monosso's face. It's an expression of... relief. Infinite relief. We can see him mouthing "It's over." and "It's finally over." He goes slowly to each corner, displaying the championship belt for the cheering crowd.]

GM: James Monosso retains, and 2012 ends on a high note!

BW: A high note? Don't you realize what this means?

GM: Yes. Percy Childes' manipulations were all for nothing.

BW: And so was the year 2012! Gordo... he's gonna vacate the title! The huge tournament, all that build? Wasted! All the sacrifice everyone made? Wasted! We're gonna have to go through it all over again!

GM: That's... a good point. But it is better to do that than have a man crippled for life.

BW: Then he should have let Nenshou pin him! How selfish!

GM: I'm sure THAT wouldn't tarnish the World Title at all, Bucky.

BW: Glad you finally see it my way.

[During this, the camera follows Monosso as he takes his last walk up the aisle, the World Title over his shoulder.]

BW: And there he goes. Doin' exactly what Mark Langseth did, but gettin' cheered for it.

GM: What?! The two situations aren't remotely alike!

BW: Wrong. He's leavin' the company with our title. Period.

GM: Langseth did it to spite us all! To deliberately destroy the AWA's credibility!

BW: At the end of the day, anybody that shoots a man in the head is a killer. No matter whether they wanted his wallet, or they were defendin' their home. Point blank, they killed a man and they can't take it back. James Monosso is killin' our title like Langseth did. But they cheer him. I'm about sick of the hypocrisy these people show.

[At the top of the aisle, James turns around. He lifts the belt up high, one last time.]

GM: Maybe, maybe not. All I know is that 2012 is officially over. And we know for sure that things will be wild in 2013!

[And as Monosso disappears through the curtain...

We crossfade from the previously-recorded footage to show Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: So, James Monosso retains the World Heavyweight Title thanks to Juan Vasquez!

BW: That's not what happened!

GM: It was from where I'm sitting. Juan Vasquez tried to interfere in that match... he tried to make sure Nenshou walked out with the World Title... but he made a mistake that keeps the title around Monosso's waist.

BW: But the question is now... for how long?

GM: You're referring to-

BW: I'm referring to what we heard Monosso himself say back at Homecoming in July. He said he'd keep defending the title as long as Percy Childes had control over him. But if the Collector of Oddities doesn't have contractual control over him any longer... what happens now?

GM: That's a question a whole lot of people want the answer to. But I'm not sure if anyone-

[Suddenly, the opening riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kick in over the loudspeakers and the crowd jumps to their feet to voice their displeasure. From the entryway emerges former National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Clad in a gray cardigan sweater with an Army green Henley t-shirt underneath it and a pair of dark blue jeans, Dufresne's long blond hair falls down past his shoulders. Any shades of the beating received at the hands of Juan Vasquez have faded in the six weeks since SuperClash. The Ladykiller struts confidently over towards Jason Dane in the interview area, waiting for the boos to die down.]

JD: Calisto Dufresne, welcome back to Crockett Coliseum. The first question has to be simply: how are you holding up after the brutal beatdown you received at the hands of Juan Vasquez?

[Dufresne cocks an eyebrow at Dane.]

CD: I'm sorry, what?

JD: The horrific amount of damage inflicted upon you at SuperClash...

CD: SuperClash IV?

JD: Well, obvi-

[Dane is cut off.]

CD: I'm just not sure what you're referring to is all, Dane. Because the only headline that was coming out of SuperClash was pretty clear I thought...

[Dufresne spreads his hands and looks out on the horizon, imagining a large billboard sign.]

CD: ...DUFRESNE DEFEATS VASQUEZ!

[The crowd immediately responds to that with boos.]

JD: Well, I mean technically, yes, you won, but-

[Dufresne interrupts again.]

CD: But nothing. It's as simple as that. Every pundit, every so-called expert, even you Buckthorne...

[Dufresne scowls at Bucky from the interview area.]

CD: ..._All_ of you said I was done. Signed my own death warrant by even showing my face back in the AWA again to stare down your crazed hero.

[A laugh.]

CD: Please. The AWA is _my_ organization. I've been here since the beginning. _I_ am the cornerstone upon which this company has risen from nothing to selling out arenas in Los Angeles. You think that I was going to be scared out of _my_ company by Juan Vasquez? I think not.

The legends in any sport show up when it matters most. Jordan, Jeter, Montana, Kobe, Mayweather. When the spotlight is on them, they rise to the occasion. And there's no bigger day in our sport than at SuperClash. Juan Vasquez and his revenge be damned. At the end of the day, there's still only one man who has shown up to _every_ SuperClash and won...

Every. Single. Time.

[Dufresne jerks a thumb at himself.]

CD: And that's Calisto Dufresne.

[Dane rolls his eyes a bit, but continues on.]

JD: So, now that you have this... victory... over Juan Vasquez, what happens?

CD: Isn't it obvious, Dane? I walked into the locker room tonight and saw the men who are supposedly the top contenders for the World Title - _my_ title, with a different name slapped on the front of it. Supreme Wright... lost at SuperClash. Glenn Hudson... lost at SuperClash. Sharif... lost at SuperClash. Nenshou... lost on New Year's Eve. _These guys_ are next in line for a shot at James Monosso?

[Dufresne scoffs at the notion.]

CD: The brass must be protecting him. That's all I can think of. Because when the lights are brightest, these clowns don't show up for the moment.

On the other hand, you've got a guy who is the only man to hold tag team gold and singles gold. Stampede Cup winner. He's lost one _very_ disputed match in the past two years. He's the longest reigning National Champion in this company's history.

And he never got a rematch.

[The crowd voices its displeasure again as they begin to see where this is going.]

CD: So, I don't particularly care what some band of geeks hidden down in the basement of the AWA offices who are responsible for these so-called rankings have to say about the matter. As far as I'm concerned, James Monosso, you're looking at your number one contender.

So look real hard, pal. Because while you may walk around with that wild and crazy look on your face all day...

[Dufresne points at his own eyes.]

CD: These are the eyes of a champion...

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: ...and you ain't got 'em.

See you soon, champ.

[With that, "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in once again as Dufresne turns on his heel and heads back through the entryway, chased by jeers from the Dallas faithful as we fade to black.]

Grainy sounds cross over even grainier black and white video footage. It's a classic brawl between what appears to be Vernon Riley and Anton Layton, the cheering crowd dressed in old clothing.]

Legendary battles.

["High Chief" Yuma Weaver lays a chop into the head of some unknown wrestler.]

Legendary wrestlers.

[More black and white footage, though without sound, of an angered Vernon Riley yelling into a microphone.]

And it all returns very soon.

[The black and white cuts to a more modern, crisp and clear view of a drive down a beach front street, palm trees overhead, bikini clad beauties walking by, families enjoying the wonderful weather. Then in graphics over top...]

SUNSHINE STATE WRESTLING

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

Woman #1: Magnifika....

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

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

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

Woman #2: Magnifika....

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

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

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

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

[Yet another lovely young lady, who appears to have been his playing partner, runs up to him and gives him a hug. After running her hands through his hair and getting a good sniff, she grins and turns towards the camera, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of hair gel.]

Woman #3: Magnifika....

[Fade to black.]

And then back up to the backstage area where, once again, Mark Stegglet is standing next to one of the AWA's co-owners, Bobby Taylor.]

MS: Mr. Taylor, the world has now seen exactly what happened in Nenshou's failed bid to win the World Heavyweight Title. The question on all of our minds is - will James Monosso retire and vacate the World Title right here tonight in Dallas?

[Taylor looks at Stegglet for a few silent moments.]

MS: Mr. Taylor?

BT: I heard ya, kid. Just trying to figure out how to answer you.

[Taylor pauses, stroking his chin.]

BT: The truth of it all is that I simply don't know.

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

MS: What... what do you mean?

[Taylor shrugs.]

BT: I mean I don't know, Mark. Monosso ain't talkin'. Not to me... not to anyone in the office. If he intends to walk out here tonight and hand over the World Title and hang up his boots, he hasn't said a word about to me. I'll be as surprised as the rest of you.

MS: But... what if he does?

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: Then our new President will certainly have their hands full, won't they?

[Taylor cracks a grin before walking out of view.]

MS: A dark cloud of mystery hangs over the proceedings here tonight. Will James Monosso retire and vacate the World Title? Perhaps we'll find out later tonight.

[The shot slowly fades to one of Jason Dane seated behind a desk, an AWA backdrop hanging behind him. The words "EARLIER TONIGHT" appear under his image.]

JD: Good evening.

[Dane looks down at a stack of note cards in front of him.]

JD: As you saw earlier tonight, I was the victim of a violent assault by the man known to AWA fans as Nenshou. This man felt threatened by my inquiries into his history... by my investigative reporting into his background that - until now - has been a mystery.

On New Year's Eve, this man chose to spew his red mist into my eyes... directly into my eyes.

[Dane looks down, silent for a moment.]

JD: I can assure you that nothing... NOTHING... that I have ever felt in my life was as painful as that moment and the days that followed. My eyes suffered severe irritation in the days and weeks since - even affecting my vision in the immediate period of time after the assault.

For a period of time, I was blind.

[Dane takes a deep breath.]

JD: I have been assured by the front office that Nenshou has been hit with a suspension from in-ring activity - a thirty day suspension - with the threat of further punishment if he ever chooses to come after me again.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Thirty days.

[A deep sigh follows.]

JD: The front office thinks that Nenshou being suspended from wrestling for thirty days - not a full suspension preventing him from attending any AWA shows mind you - but merely an in-ring suspension is a fair punishment for an unwarranted and brutal attack on yours truly.

[Dane shakes his head again.]

JD: And this... THIS...

[Dane gestures at the desk and the surrounding backdrop.]

JD: This is supposed to be what _I_ get for this incident. This... is supposed to repay me for my anguish and suffering. I get a segment every week to speak my mind... to tell the wrestling world the truths that they long to hear.

But the AWA can not repay me for what Nenshou did to me. Even Nenshou can not repay me for what he did.

[Dane gestures angrily at the camera.]

JD: But now that I know your weakness, Nenshou. Now that I know what sets you off... I know how to hurt you like you hurt me.

I sit here right now not as an unbiased journalist. I sit here not under the protective umbrella of the American Wrestling Alliance.

I sit here to make you a promise, Nenshou.

If it is the last thing I ever do in this business...

[Dramatic pause.]

JD: ...I WILL... hurt... you.

[Dane voice trails off, his arm shaking with intensity as he glares into the camera and we fade to black.]

We slowly fade back up to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Wow.

BW: You can say that again.

GM: It's never a good thing when a member of the AWA staff has to fear for their safety because of a wrestler's actions. Nenshou crossed a line that few have dared to cross because of the severe repercussions they face... but he crossed it nonetheless. As Jason Dane said, Nenshou HAS been suspended from competing in the ring for thirty days and hopefully that'll be enough to dissuade him from any similar actions in the future, Bucky.

BW: Against say... you?

GM: Or you.

BW: Percy would never let that happen.

GM: I'm not entirely sure Percy Childes had ANY control over what happened in San Antonio on New Year's Eve. I believe Nenshou was acting alone in his attack on Jason, Bucky.

BW: You may be right about that... but what about what Bobby Taylor had to say about James Monosso? Monosso retains the title against Nenshou but not even the owners know if he's hanging 'em up?! If that's how they run things, this new President is gonna have a heck of a time.

GM: I think that if James Monosso wants us to know his plans, he'll let us all know together, Bucky. That may happen tonight... it may happen tomorrow night... it may happen two weeks from now. But when the World Champion wants to reveal his future, he will. Right now though, let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first, to my left, from Cape Town, South Africa, and weighing 271 pounds... COLONEL P.W. de KLERK!

[de Klerk gives a military salute as the fans boo in response just before "White and Nerdy" by Weird Al Yankovic then plays over the PA system.]

PW: His opponent hails from Silicon Valley, California, and weighs 235 pounds... this is "THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[Walter comes to the ring, wearing red wrestling trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, along with a T-shirt and thick-rimmed glasses. As he comes down the aisle, he stops at the end, where he turns to look at the fans and raises his right hands, separates his fingers and gives the "live long and prosper" Vulcan sign to the fans. He ducks between the ropes, then removes his T-shirt and glasses and hands them over to a ringside attendant.]

GM: And the AWA's resident trivia whiz is set to take on the man from South Africa in this one.

BW: de Klerk isn't going to have any time for trivia contests tonight... if Walter Warren really knows his trivia, he'll know all about the many men de Klerk has made an example out of!

[Warren extends his hand for a handshake but de Klerk just slaps it away.]

GM: Warren wanting to show some sportsmanship.

BW: That's a foreign word in South Africa, Gordo.

GM: More like a foreign word to de Klerk... a lockup but de Klerk shoves Warren into the corner.

[As the referee tries to break the two men up, de Klerk lashes out with a forearm upside Warren's head.]

GM: As I was saying, fans.

BW: Why should he worry about sportsmanship? The wrestling geek should have known this coming along... obviously, he doesn't really know his trivia!

[de Klerk drags Warren from the corner in a front facelock, slamming a clubbing blow down across the back that puts Warren down on the mat. The South African turns to the crowd, jawing at them as boos pour down all around him.]

GM: The Colonel is getting into a verbal sparring match with the crowd here, turning his back on his opponent in the process as Walter Warren pushes up to his knees...

BW: Begging for mercy like he should be.

GM: He is NOT begging!

[Spinning around, de Klerk cracks Warren in the jaw with a stiff left hook, sending Warren stumbling back into the ropes where de Klerk grabs him by the wrist...]

GM: de Klerk shoots him in...

[The lanky South African goes for a clothesline but Warren ducks under it, hitting the far ropes where he rebounds off...]

GM: Ohh! Big running dropkick by Warren! He caught him right in the chest!

[The fans cheer as Warren gets back up, pumping a fist to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: Alright, so maybe the geek can wrestle a bit but that don't mean he's gonna beat the Colonel!

[Still on the attack, Warren drags de Klerk off the mat, tossing him into the ropes...

...where he hooks in an abdominal stretch on the rebound!]

GM: Warren hooks in a submission hold and-

BW: We've got company!

GM: What the... get them out of here!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of the members of Royalty tearing down the ramp on their way to the ring. "The Professional" Dave Cooper is the first one through with Brad Jacobs and Kendall Stanton right behind him as a grinning Larry Doyle comes strolling down the aisle.]

GM: Royalty's hit the ring and- ohh! Cooper nails Warren from behind!

[The bell suddenly rings, calling a halt to the match as Jacobs and Stanton come through the ropes as well right as Cooper hits Warren with a forearm across the back of the head a second time.]

BW: Looks like Walter Warren is going to be part of AWA trivia himself... as in, the latest to be taken down at the hands of Royalty!

[Warren swings around, throwing right hands to the skull of the Professional, rallying the crowd behind him...

...until Cooper slips a thumb into the eye!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Cooper... into the ropes...

[As Warren bounces back, Cooper lifts him up by the upper thighs, rotating...

...and DRIVES Warren into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

[Cooper sneers as he rises to his feet, stepping back to allow the Bombers to take over.]

GM: Walter Warren, my goodness, flattened by that spinebuster from Dave Cooper! And now Larry Doyle is shouting out orders!

BW: It's good to hear his voice again, Gordo, you have to admit!

GM: I do?

[Larry shouts for his charges to put Walter Warren in the corner, and the jacked up Jacobs does so as Kenny Stanton takes off from the opposite side of the ring and SKIES into the corner with an avalanche!]

GM: Warren gets splattered in the corner and what height from Stanton!

BW: Eat your heart out, Supernova! Here comes Jacobs, baby, here comes the big train!

[And whereas Stanton flew through the air, Brad Jacobs charges right through Walter Warren, flattening him against the corner as Larry Doyle claps and cackles.]

"BEAUTIFUL, BABY, BEAUTIFUL! NOW GET HIM UP!"

GM: Larry Doyle has a wrecking machine on his hands, Bucky! These new Blonde Bombers, my gosh, they come at you from every side!

[The seething, grinning, possibly mad Jacobs picks up the Wrestling Wiki in a bearhug as Stanton bounds off the ropes, leaps high into the air and curls his right arm around the throat of Warren on the way down...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: My oh my, what a double team neckbreaker from these two! Kendall Stanton and Brad Jacobs-

BW: He goes by Kenny now, Gordo, mind your P's and Q's!

GM: Whatever he calls himself, these New Blonde Bombers have made a mess out of Walter Warren!

[Jacobs flexes to the crowd and growls as Stanton laughs and slaps his partner on the back, as Larry Doyle cackles into the camera.]

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, BABY, LARRY DOYLE CLAUSE GAVE YA THE NEW BOMBERS! TAKE A LOOK AT 'EM!"

[Meanwhile, de Klerk has stayed in the corner, watching what was happening, as now Cooper turns and extends a hand to the man from South Africa.]

GM: What is this... don't tell me de Klerk is part of Royalty!

BW: I don't know, Gordo... but maybe Royalty has some respect for one of South Africa's finest!

[de Klerk slowly takes Cooper's hand and smiles, as Cooper smiles back...

...only for Cooper to unleash a quick boot to the midsection.]

BW: Then again, maybe not.

GM: Now Cooper is assaulting de Klerk. This is ridiculous... oh no... Cooper has de Klerk set up...

[Cooper hoists de Klerk up into the air, horizontally to the canvas...]

GM: GOURDBUSTER!

[...and brings him down HARD on his face and chest! Cooper steps away as de Klerk bounces up to his knees involuntarily, clutching his abdomen... totally unprepared for a charging Brad Jacobs, who lariats him back down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Jacobs flattened him, daddy! Even de Klerk can't stand up to Royalty!

[Jacobs grabs de Klerk by the arm, laying in right hands to bully de Klerk back into the turnbuckles as Stanton climbs to the top rope adjacent to where they are. Jacobs muscles de Klerk up to a seated spot on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Stanton's at the top on one, Jacobs has the Colonel on the top rope on the other...

[And as Larry Doyle continues to shout orders, Jacobs suplexes de Klerk from one corner... as Stanton flies off the top of the other corner, landing with a HUGE splash an instant after de Klerk hits the canvas!]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[And a giddy Larry Doyle can't help but crow into the camera...]

"BLONDE BOMBSHELL! THERE IT IS BABY, A BLONDE BOMBSHELL! A PERFECT TEN!"

[The fans are booing loudly as Stanton pops to his feet and leaps into a high five with Jacobs, and both guys hold up both hands, showing a perfect ten to the crowd as Cooper pushes Warren out of the ring with his boot. An instant later the Bombers do the same to de Klerk, Doyle beaming at his charges' work.

And now, perhaps bravely, Jason Dane has made his way to the ring. He steps between the ropes and first approaches Cooper, who has a smug look on his face.]

JD: Dave Cooper, I think everyone in the AWA has had just about enough of your shenanigans... now, you and these men with you want to disrupt a match that just barely gets underway? I have to say, Dave... after all the things you once stood for, in my opinion, you have really fallen from grace.

DC: [mockingly] Well, you know something, Jason Dane...

[A pause, after which he, Doyle and the Bombers just laugh.]

DC: [normal tone] Check that, Dane... you don't know jack about anything! I have come out here for months, letting it be known that Royalty was going to make its presence known, and at SuperClash, that's exactly what we did! Everyone who's been calling us out and daring us to step forward... you got your wish and you're gonna regret you ever made such a wish, I don't care who it is!

JD: What I want to know is what made you decide to join up with this man.

[Motions to Doyle.] This man came after you in your days in Rough N Ready, making it clear he and his men at the time wanted the National Tag Team Titles!

[Cooper waves Dane off like he's a madman.]

DC: First of all, Jason, while I certainly took a lot of pleasure in seeing Jim Watkins getting his true colors exposed for all the world to see, there was an issue as it concerned Joe Petrow. When he came back to the AWA on Labor Day weekend, he told me and Mark Langseth he was gonna ensure that Royalty was put back on the map... but all he did was spend his time concerning himself with his own agenda.

Eventually, it became clear to Mark Langseth and myself that we could no longer count on Petrow, given how obsessed he was with taking care of his own agenda and that we needed somebody who would be far more focused on the task at hand. And yeah, Larry Doyle sent a couple of guys after me, but the one thing I noticed was that, when he had his mind set on accomplishing something, he stayed focused on the matter at hand.

And so, knowing that he had been given the short end of the stick by the AWA front office on a couple of occasions, Mark and I took it upon ourselves to reach out to Doyle and let him know that Royalty needed an upgrade at manager... and that's exactly what we got!

[Larry Doyle cackles as Cooper and the Bombers politely applaud.]

LD: Jason Dane, I wish I could say it was good to see you again, but it's not! These men here gave ol' Larry Doyle a call because Joe Petrow took a wrong turn off a short cliff, and they needed someone to help them get to the top of the mountain.

Well brother, Larry Doyle lives on top of the mountain, Larry Doyle has a summer residence and a five car garage on top of the mountain. I am the mayor of the mountain. Royalty needed someone who knew what it meant to organize and exceed, to divide and conquer. There's plenty of muscle in Royalty, but what they needed was someone to direct the ship. They needed a maestro behind the mayhem. Joe Petrow stood by and rode his tricycle while the Titanic damn near hit the iceburg, but you can be sure that Larry Doyle's got 20/20 vision, babydolls. The whole world knows that Larry Doyle is a lover, not a fighter, although, tell you what Jason Dane, I was pretty damn good at SuperClash. Am I right, Dave Cooper?

[Doyle looks to Cooper, who claps him on the back in approval.]

LD: Yes it's true, Dave Cooper and Mark Langseth showed me a few things about modern wrestling, they taught me enough to kick around that painted up retread Supernova and that Rosetta Stone reject Sharif. And yeah, maybe Kenny Stanton and Big Bad Brad back here, they showed me all about high fiber, low carb diet, they got me shredded up and my body fat down. But I'm just here to look good in a suit folks, these guys are here to throw the fists.

I'm just gonna make sure they hit the right people. Watch and learn, Joe Petrow, watch and learn!

[Cooper grins as he takes the mic back.]

DC: Joe Petrow, all I heard you saying after that match with Watkins was "I quit!"

Well, Petrow, Royalty has no place for quitters, and Royalty is certainly not quitting after the job we started at SuperClash. We're not quitting at just beating the daylights out of a face-painted goof and a camel salesman... we're not quitting after taking the mental asylum escapee and delivering a message he's too stupid to understand because he's too busy listening to the voices inside his head... and we're certainly not quitting after we polished off a pair of never weres just moments ago.

We're not quitting until we have made each and every member of the AWA roster bow down and recognize our superiority in the wrestling world and until every title in the AWA is in our possession... and then, we'll beat the daylights out of all of them just for added fun!

In other words, Jason, there is no quit in Royalty... but don't let me be the only one to tell you that.

[Doyle leans into the mic again.]

LD: Ya wanna know about quitters, let me TELL you about quitters, Dave Cooper. For how many years, I dragged around them two never will be's like an albatross around my neck.

Like an anchor on my cowboy boot. It was like bein' the chief at the looney bin. God dang Nova decided he wanted to change his name to some Swedish name he read in a book, suddenly Baldwin wants to be taken seriously and stop goin' by the name even his own fat, blind and dumb mama called him by, and they wanted Larry Doyle to stop bein' Larry Doyle.

Stop bein' Larry Doyle.

[Doyle looks around with his mouth agape.]

LD: Can you believe THAT?

I wasn't serious enough for them, I didn't meet their needs enough. Didn't get them their place on the card like I was supposed to do. And it came time for Larry Doyle to do some real soul searchin'. You would have needed a crane and fifty sticks of dynamite to blast those lazy slackers to where they thought they shoulda been. I can turn water into wine and still be home in time for lunch, but even Larry Doyle couldn't work THAT miracle.

Those Blonde Bombers _bombed_. They quit on themselves, and more importantly they quit on ME. So I cut bait and let 'em sink to the bottom of water scum infested pond they were last seen in.

Now these two?

[Doyle hooks a thumb over his shoulder to Stanton and Jacobs behind him, leaning against the ropes and taking it in.]

LD: I got me a call on the batphone that two Americans were over in Japan causin' the most havoc they'd seen since Godzilla. One was tall and lanky, tanned and toned, with long blonde hair and flew threw the air like a F-15 bomber. He twisted men into pieces in the ring and he bent wom-

[There's a prolonged moment of silence, Doyle's mouth moving all the while. When the sound returns, he's getting the bejeezus booed out of him by the Dallas crowd.]

LD: Was it something I said?

[Doyle chuckles to himself.]

LD: The other was a mountain of muscle, his lats bench pressed more than most of the men over there. He cleared out more barrooms than the Liquor Control Board and sent more men to the hospital than Type II diabetes. He hits like a mule and bit like a crocodile, and when you'd look in the eyes of them little men over there in the Far East and say the name "Brad Jacobs", they ain't said but one word back in reply.

Demon.

[Doyle slaps the muscular Jacobs across the back and continues.]

LD: Was I interested?

I got on that bird, flew me to Japan, took one look at 'em, and I knew right away I had me some NEW Blonde Bombers. They don't know the meaning of the word quit, they don't know the meaning of the word surrender. They attack, they attack, and they attack some more, and the only man who knows how to pull these two Stallions off is yours truly,

Larry Doyle.

The REAL Larry Doyle. The manager of champions, and the manager of Royalty!

[Cooper then pulls the mic in his direction, catching Jason off guard.]

DC: And mark my words, the AWA had better be getting Mark Langseth reinstated real soon, because until he is, Royalty is going to see to it that every member of the AWA roster ends up in a hospital bed for so long, it'll make Juan Vasquez's stay so many months ago look like he was just there for day surgery... and Jason, THAT is the END of the discussion!

[Jason pulls away from Cooper.]

JD: Get your hands off me! [Shaking his head.] Gordon, Bucky... I've had more than my fill of these guys... back to you two.

[We cut back down to ringside where Gordon is shaking his head.]

GM: Fans, we at the AWA apologize for the words used by Larry Doyle. Hopefully, you at home were spared what we in the arena were not. To make that type of statement about our fighting men and women is absolutely despicable and Larry Doyle should be forced to apologize for his words here tonight.

[Gordon looks up off-camera, again shaking his head as Larry Doyle's voice is heard off-mic.]

BW: Sounds like Larry's got some words for you too, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure he does. We're going to need some AWA officials out here to get these guys cleared out, I'd imagine, so while we do that, let's take a look at yet another piece of footage from one of our recent live events - earlier this week actually. Colt Patterson and Jason Dane are on the call so let's take a look!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK - HOUSTON, TEXAS" where Phil Watson is standing in the middle of the ring.]

PW: This next match is scheduled for ONE FALL! Already in the ring, weighing in at 248lbs from Philadelphia... Donny Kind!

[A fairly normal looking wrestler... in decent shape, short dark hair, wearing black trunks... pumps his fist. The crowd doesn't care.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Harsh guitars ring out across the speakers, drums and clanging cymbals right after as "Just Another Victim" from House of Pain and Helmet hits. Coming straight from the entrance area, without pause at all is a massive mound of a man. He strikes an absolutely frightening visage as though not very tall, he's wide and thick as they come. A pause in the middle of the aisle where he starts pumping himself up, his head bouncing to the beat, hands flexing, snarling the whole time. Spittle flying, the beast of a human being roars and stalks right to the ring.]

JD: He's had a short career so far in the AWA but no doubt, this man is starting to open eyes.

[The man is a specimen with a double wide back, tree trunk legs and veins coming out of veins. His head is shaven and he wears all red singlet. with black knee pads and wrestling boots.]

PW: ...weighing in at 285lbs... BRODY!

[Stalking into the ring he looks right at Kind, yelling at him with a pointed finger "MEAT!" The bell rings signaling the start of the match, but Kind, knowing what Brody can do does not charge out, instead circling the monster, looking for an opening.]

CP: Ain't no one broke the code against Brody yet. Does this guy somehow think he's going to be the one?

JD: Kind just doesn't know what to do at all... and slaps on a side headlock!

CP: When in doubt, stick to the wrestling. Brody hasn't shown any real mat skills. He might be THE strongest guy on the roster, but he hasn't shown anything else.

[Kind wrenched in the headlock but Brody doesn't seem to really care, shaking his head and snarling in disdain. With barely an effort he throws Kind off against the ropes, completely ignoring the returning shoulder tackle. Instead it's Kind who falls on his butt.]

JD: Not even an inch! He didn't even budge Brody!

CP: Is this kid going to try another? Come on, who does that?! Who fails so horribly the first time that they try again?

[And again he tries... and again he bounces off.]

JD: He's hurting himself doing this!

[Brody laughs at Kind, telling him to try one more time.]

CP: Apparently in some minds, the third time is a charm?

JD: Donny Kind hits the ropes... OH DEAR...

[No shoulder tackle even hits. Instead Brody ducks a bit, puts his hands under and throws Kind into the air...]

...LOOOORRRRRD!

[BIG POP!]

CP: HOLY-

[Flying about as high as a man can, Kind goes straight up horizontal and back into the arms of Brody who simply throws him over a shoulder and slams him down in impressive fashion!]

JD: THIS IS OVER!

[And with an easy three count, the referee calls for the bell...

...but is stopped by Brody before he can, instead shaking a finger with a "NOT YET!"

CP: That slam wasn't enough?! He turned the kid's guts into mush!

JD: He's picking Kind up and... ANOTHER HUGE POWERSLAM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

BRODY: COUNT!

[The referee, scared straight into obeying, counts again and when he gets to three, Brody looks at him... and tells him to keep going.

JD: Four count... Five count!

BRODY: NOW CALL FOR THE BELL!

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: I think he won... twice... and one of them a five count. Wait... what are you doing, Jason?

[The headphones sound like they are being dropped and we see Jason Dane, interviewer as well as play by play man, heads into the ring. Brody turns on the spot, staring right at a nearly backpedalling Dane.]

CP: Oh man... why?

JD: Uhhh... Brody, we have to know. What is next for you? What do you think about the competition in the AWA and who you might face next?

[Brody stares at him, jaw shaking with intensity, eyes bulging. He slowwwwwly bends to the microphone and in his harsh, predatorial voice:}

BRODY: JUST... ANOTHER... VICTIM!

[And the same named song hits again as Brody backs away and heads out of the ring, leaving Jason alone as we fade to black.

V/O: The following has been paid for by the Aces.

[We open to the Aces standing against a white backdrop that reads "Boycott the Stampede Cup" in bold, black letters. "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler are decked out in their wrestling attire.]

SC: For the past year, the AWA has seen fit to deny the Aces their rightful shot at the National Tag Team Titles.

DT: So this year, the greatest tag team in the world... past, present, and future... a sure-fire inductee team into the 2013 Hall of Fame... "Sweet" Steven and "Delicious" Daniel... the Aces, are asking ALL of the tag teams in wrestling to join us in our endeavor to boycott the Stampede Cup.

SC: We know not every team agrees with our disposition. We know not every team can be as great as the Aces. Tag teams are a unique breed in the sport of professional wrestling. With the Championship Committee continuing to deny us our rightful shot. This INJUSTICE against the Aces is an injustice against ALL of the tag teams the world over!

DT: We've petitioned the Championship Committee, but they've refused to even acknowledge their wrong doing. They've cited our "leaving for Japan" as the Aces giving up our rightful shot. We were FORCED to prove a point after Jim Watkins continually overlooked what the Aces were rightfully owed. This slight against the Aces is a slight against ALL tag teams and tag team wrestling in general.

SC: Tag teams of the world, join the Aces in boycotting the Stampede Cup. Join the Aces as we force the Championship Committee in admitting their wrong-doing in this. UNITE your voice with ours, and let's show that the voice of tag teams can be heard in the sport of professional wrestling.

DT: Thank you.

[Fade out.

We fade back up to live action where we are backstage in one of those miscellaneous, indefinable areas full of totally redundant objects; a table full of half eaten donuts, electrical wiring, stage lights, boxes full of shirts and wrestling paraphernalia, and so forth. Terry Shane III, wearing his ring entrance ensemble -- an emerald robe, white trunks, white wrestling boots, is standing in a state of contemplation. His raven black hair hangs over his face in wet strands, and as he realizes the cameraman beside Jason Dane has begun filming, he jerks his head somewhat violently, whipping the locks of hair from his sullen eyes.]

JD: Terry, in your time in AWA, I have never once heard you address someone verbally like you did with Hannibal Carver earlier tonight. It felt deeper and more personal than just two wrestlers readying themselves for a wrestling match, it felt --

[Shane interrupts.]

TS3: Listen to me, Dane. Listen closely. What I saw out there this evening disappointed me. Tonight I saw Hannibal Carver revert back to the only thing he knows how to do, brawl. Perhaps I overestimated his will to succeed at this level, at MY level... or perhaps I underestimated myself and the depths I could force a man such as him to sink back into. Or perhaps... maybe Hannibal Carver just has no honor?

[Shane lets that sink in. Dane lifts the mic back to his lips but Shane pushes it aside with his fingers.]

TS3: It's true, that my actions may have conceived this... this rivalry... that we find ourselves locked in. But answer me this, do you see a conclusive ending to our differences?

JD: Well, to be honest...

TS3: The answer is, emphatically, no. And do you know why, Jason Dane? Do you know why that even me granting Hannibal Carver an opportunity to face me one on one tonight will NOT be enough?

[The anger is rising in Shane. Dane hesitates, unsure if this lingering question is metaphorical or not.]

TS3: Because through my victory, and I promise you, he will NOT beat me this evening, it will further expose Hannibal Carver as the fraudulent [miming quotes] wrestler... that he is. Do you think that for one second when I am through whipping that animal, that madman, that BUTCHER... around the ring like a rag doll and reveal that he in fact, is NO wrestler at all, that he is going to graciously stand on his two feet and extend his hand out to me out of respect? Out of honor?!

[His stare hardens into the eyes of Jason Dane.]

TS3: NO! No, Jason Dane he will not.

JD: Then why the challenge? Why give him a chance at all?

TS3: Do you, for even one semblance of a second, expect me to justify myself and my actions to you? Do you think that, for one second, I must reason with you and explain why I would exhibit myself in the ring tonight and open myself up for Hannibal Carver to extract physical vengeance on me like the thug that he is?

[Shane snarls, seething with aggression.]

TS3: I ask of you, Jason Dane. YOU!

[Shane jabs a finger at Dane.]

TS3: Would Terry Shane III place himself in such danger? Would the man Hannibal Carver deems a coward hiding behind his pack of wild dogs set himself up defenseless, at the mercy of such a man who wants to destroy him?

The answer again, Jason Dane, is....no.

I HATE Hannibal Carver. I hate looking at his stupid smug face. I hate what he stands for. I hate that he sold out to his surroundings. But most of all, Jason Dane. Most of all... I hate that he THINKS he belongs in the same wrestling ring as me or the same breath of air as my family name.

[Shane's pointed finger contracts into a fist, a fist he flexes with a dangerous, almost maniacal effect.]

TS3: Hannibal Carver will NEVER have the privilege of wrestling me, Jason Dane. Look at me, look in my eyes.

[Shane reaches out to the camera, grabbing it by the sides, pulling it towards his face. Shane smiles a sickening, final leer.]

TS3: Tonight, with the world watching, I will expose Hannibal Carver as the COWARD that he is...

[He shoves the camera away.]

TS3: I just hope he's there to see it.

[Cut to ringside.]

GM: I always thought this kid had a couple of screws loose but that was just flat out weird. Terry Shane III, alone for the first time since he stepped foot into the AWA. Are his true colors and twisted mind starting to show?

BW: I feel cheated. Where is Miss Sandra Hayes?!

GM: And where is the Shane Gang?

BW: To each their own, Gordo.

GM: Hardly. Terry Shane III with some strong words towards Hannibal Carver and an interesting final thought about whether Carver will be there to see it. I guess we won't know till later this evening. Right now though, let's go up to the ring for more tag team action!

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

PW: This next contest is scheduled for one fall. In the ring at this time, weighing in a total combined weight of 359 pounds, Andy and Will, THE BLUUUUUE BROTHERS!!!

[The pasty white dumplings of the AWA each raise an arm into the air, receiving not even a smattering of applause.]

PW: And their opponents...

???: Yeah, gimme a beat boy!

[Some "boy" in the back obliges.]

BW: Oh no!

???: BCIQ in da HAAAAAAUSE!

BW: NOOO!!!!

PW: At a total combined weight of 611 pounds, the team of MANNY IMBROGNO and BC DA MASTAAAAA MC!!

[Emerging from the back in a dark red track suit, a big gold clock on a chain around his neck, and a cordless mic in hand, is everyone's favorite rapper, BC Da Master MC, swaying almost in tune with his requested beat. Following a step behind in his tweed Mensa blazer is Manny Imbrogno, who already looks to be having second thoughts about this arrangement. BC pays this no attention, as he's about to rock the mic like a vandal.]

BC: A to the B, to the C, that's *me*
Teamin' with my brainy homeboy Manny!
He's got the brains, I got the brawn,
And we got checkmate on yo' king and pawn!

[This last line seems to stop Mr. Mensa dead in his tracks for a second as he takes a good hard look at his partner, but he does shake it off and continue on to the ring.]

BC: I see the Blue Brothers, are in the house!
We're like an elephant looking down on a mouse!
If yo' smarter than you look, then you know what's up,
And you ain't keeping us from the Stampede Cup!

YO YO YO! YO YO YO! [Crowd response: YO YO YO! YO YO YO!]
GO GO GO! GO GO GO! [Crowd response: GO GO GO! GO GO GO!]

GM: Well fans, in addition to established AWA tag teams, as well as teams like the West Coast tag team champions The Dragon Slayers and others all over the country and the world, you're also going to see singles wrestlers try to find someone who compliments their skills to compete in the Stampede Cup as well, and it looks like that's what we're seeing here with Manny Imbrogno and BC Da Masta MC!

BW: You actually went along with this Imbrogno!? Turn in your Mensa card immediately, because we all got 30 IQ points dumber by listening to that!

[Having entered the squared circle, Manny makes his way over for a brief word with the departing Phil Watson, who then returns to the center of the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Imbrogno has a poem for us all.

BW: You mean we have to go through this again!?

[Paying no attention to the heathen on commentary, a smiling Imbrogno takes the microphone to address the crowd.]

MI: My name is Manny Imbrogno, I'm the World's Smartest Man!
But even *I'm* not quite sure how we came upon this plan!

While *I* can recite the square root of pi to the thousandth place,
My partner has sequestered a thousand pies down *his* face!

[The crowd lets out an "OHHHHH!" at this burn, and BC Da Mastah MC puts his hands on his hips and yells "AWWWW!!!" in annoyance...but nods and follows up quietly with "...but it's true..." as Manny continues.]

MI: But be it my exquisite sonnets, or his street words said in time,
The bond that brings us together, is our love for a good rhyme!
And if we happen to wrestle as well as we speak prose,
Then to *us*, it seems, it's obvious, the Stampede Cup prize goes!

[Manny folds his hand over his stomach and leans into a graceful bow to all four sides of the ring to a good amount of applause, even from the butt of the joke himself. Andy and Will Blue, alternating between holding their noses and waiving their arms at the duo, appear to be the only two people who didn't enjoy the poem. Oh, and one other guy on the microphone.]

BW: You know the one thing worse than a rhyming fool, Gordo?

GM: No, but I'm sure you're going to tell me.

BW: *TWO* rhyming fools!

GM: By that logic, wouldn't *three* rhyming fools be even worse?

BW: Oh, ha ha. Now you're the world's smartest commentator?

GM: I don't know about that, but, apparently, I'm the best.

BW: DON'T make me bop you on that pointy little nose of yours, Gordo!

[DING! DING! DING!]

GM: Alright, BC in there to start things off with Andy Blue.

BW: This guy outweighs *both* of the Blues by himself!

GM: Collar and elbow tie up...and WHOA, BC shoves Andy head over heels half way across the ring!

[The crowd approves of the power display, as BC motions to Andy to bring it on. In an unusual show of bravado, Andy Blue rushes at BC, pushing him into the ropes.]

GM: Andy Blue trying to whip BC off of the ropes...a second try...a third try gets him moving, but BC reverses...here comes Blue...oh my *GOODNESS*!

[As Andy Blue runs toward him, BC simply puts his head down and leans forward, jarring Blue with a Zidane head butt to the sternum that sends him crashing to the ground!

The camera cuts to a shot of Manny Imbrogno, who shakes his head and says "When I told you that you need to use your head in this match, that is *not* what I meant!"]

BW: That's about the only way that BC's brains will play a part in this match!

GM: BC wasting no time going back on the attack.

[Picking Andy Blue off of the floor, BC briefly locks in a bearhug before shouting out "Suplex baby!", falling backwards while throwing Blue over his head clear over the otherside of the ring!]

GM: WHAT an overhead suplex!

BW: Yeah, but he threw Andy right into his own corner! This big oaf doesn't know the first thing about tag team wrestling Gordo, letting Will get in the ring like that!

GM: He does know enough to be able to tag out himself. In comes Manny... whom I believe has bulked up significantly in the shoulders and legs since we've last seen him.

BW: Now that you mention it, he is looking a lot more cut! He must have lived in a gym during our extended break, I can't think of any other way he could get such muscle definition so quickly!

GM: And we start again with Manny and Will, collar and NO, Manny faked him out with a quick kick to the midsection! Manny backs up, and...running knee to the neck puts Will down! And Imbrogno flips on top on him! One...two...and Will Blue gets out around two and a half.

BW: Standing senton by Imbrogno! He may have bulked up a bit, but he's showing us that he can still fly when he wants to!

[After the kickout, Manny catches Will Blue on the rise with an armbar to keep him down on the mat, as BC stomps, claps, and shouts encouragement to his partner from the apron.]

GM: Manny said that it was their shared loved of, well, loosely related forms of poetry that brought them together, Bucky. Do you think that's enough to form the basis of a tag team that can compete for the Stampede Cup?

BW: Like I said at SuperClash, a thrown together team like Lynch and Donovan shouldn't normally stand a chance against a strong, established team like the Bishop Boys. But tag teams are a funny thing, and you never know when you might find that right mix of chemistry, like the first Cup holders Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman, that lets you catch lightning in a bottle to make a serious run.

Except for these two goofs. Not gonna happen, Gordo!

[Meanwhile, Will Blue finally makes it to his feet and backs Imbrogno into the ropes. Referee Mickey Meekly asks for a clean break, but Will makes his own break by using the momentum of the ropes to fire Imbrogno to the far side.]

GM: Will Blue trying to get something going here...kick to the, NO!

[Will Blue's attempted kick to the gut on a rebounding Imbrogno was sidestepped by a majestic cartwheel that gathers some "Oooh"s from the crowd.]

GM: What a graceful way to avoid that kick! Now Imbrogno catches Will and sends him off the ropes...Manny drops down...this time he leapfrogs over... coming back for the third time...Imbrogno catches Will on his shoulders in a fireman's carry.

BW: Uh oh, I think we know what's coming here!

[The crowd knows as well, and roars in anticipation.]

GM: This could be that patented airplane spin like only Manny does it... and there he goes!

BW: Too bad it's a tag team match. Here comes Andy to cut him...ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?

GM: OH MY STARS!

[About to be Pearl Harbored by Will's brother on the fifth revolution, Manny Imbragno stops in his tracks and ducks down, causing a running Andy Blue to fall on top of his brother facing the opposite way! The crowd doubles its roar as Manny powers his way back to a standing position with BOTH brothers on his back!]

GM: I can't believe this! He's not going to actually...he is!

BW: Manny Imbrogno is spinning around with TWO men on his shoulders, Gordo!

[He's not going nearly as fast as he was with just Will, but Manny is nonetheless actually spinning around with both Blues on his shoulders, every half revolution showing the other Blue's look of terror as the spin continues, and the delirious crowd counts along...]

["FOUR...FIVE.....SIX.....SEVEN.....EIGHT....."]

BW: If he gets to 200 this time, we're going to run right into our next broadcast!

["NINE.....TEN..."]

[Manny lets out a roar...BC yells out "MANNYYYYY!"...and Manny picks up the pace!]

["ELEVEN....TWELVE...THIRTEEN...FOURTEEN..."]

GM: Incredible!

["FIFTEEN....SIXTEEN.....SEVENTEEN.....EIGHTEEN....."]

[Through sheer will power, Manny is determined to see himself through to a round number!]

[".....NINETEEN.....TWENTY!!!"]

[An exhausted Imbogno holds on with the weight of Will Blue's legs (and Andy Blue's head) supported by the top rope. With one last effort, Imbrogno shrugs, flipping both men off of his shoulders, and crashing to the mat...Will landing on top of Andy, but both men crossed over so that each man's shoulders lie flat on the mat.

A completely spent Manny Imbragno stumbles over and sags into the corner.. but fortunately, it is his own corner, and BC Da Mastah MC reaches over and slaps him on the back to make the tag.]

BW: That was incredible Gordo, but you can't exactly call it smart!

GM: Well, he did end up in his corner when he did it! And speaking of corner, BC is climbing the top rope of his own corner, and you know what that means, Bucky!

BW: It means that somebody better get a Blue-sized spatula ready!

GM: TURNTABLE!

[The Hindenburg crashes to earth, as BC splats down right in the center of the pile of Blues. The referee considers what to do about the illegal Blue...then just says the heck with it, and counts with both arms.]

GM: ONE...TWO...THREE!!!

[DING! DING! DING!]

[The funky beat picks up, as BC picks himself off the mat, then picks his partner off of the mat.]

PW: The winners of this match, the team of MANNY IMBROGNO AND BC DA MASTAH MC!!!

BW: Look at Imbrogno, Gordo! He's knocked himself so loopy he probably thinks this is a good idea now!

GM: I'm not sure if this represents what they can do against stiffer competition, but I'll be very interested in seeing what they can do if they are selected for the Stampede Cup. Stay with us fans, we'll be right back after these very important messages!

[A groggy Imbrogno, mouthing the words "Did we win?", stumbles along with the support of the triumphant BC as we fade out...

A graphic appears...]

"In 2009..."

[We fade up to show Ben Waterson, steel briefcase in hand, up on the ring apron and shouting instructions to Duane Henry and Cletus Lee Bishop. Cletus Lee has a dazed Adrian Freeman up on his shoulders as Duane Henry scales the turnbuckles...]

"OHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[...and gets SMASHED in the knee with the briefcase, sending him flying sideways off the top rope to the concrete floor! A shocked Cletus Lee looks on as Adrian Freeman smashes his arm up into the groin, rising up to receive a thrown briefcase from Waterson that he uses to bash Cletus Lee over the skull, knocking him to a knee.]

GM: WHAT DID WATERSON JUST DO?!

[As Waterson shoves Calisto Dufresne under the ropes into the ring, the Ladykiller hooks a front facelock on Cletus Lee as Freeman kneels under him, using all his strength to shove Bishop horizontal to the canvas...

...where Dufresne SPIKES him skullfirst into the metal briefcase!]

GM: DOWN! DOWN TO THE STEEL!

[Freeman throws the briefcase aside, dragging the official over as Freeman scores the three count.

The shot goes black once more for a moment before another graphic comes up...]

"In 2010..."

[The video comes back, showing Dave Cooper whipping Jackson Haynes across the ring, looking to set up for the spinebuster... but Haynes grabs the ropes, refusing to rebound. An angry Cooper charges him...

...and a desperate Haynes drops his head, backdropping Cooper all the way over the top rope and down to the floor as the crowd roars in response.]

GM: HE SENDS COOPER TO THE FLOOR!!!

[Haynes leans against the ropes, breathing heavily for a few moments before throwing himself into the hand of Danny Morton who comes in face, rushing to the far ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: A SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES BY MORTON!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[With Cooper completely laid out, Morton lets loose a wild whoop before throwing the Professional back into the ring. Morton pulls himself back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...]

...but Eric Matthew Somers intervenes, grabbing Morton by the throat from his spot on the apron!]

GM: He's got Morton by the throat!

[Morton wraps up the arm, blocking the chokeslam and unleashing a series of headbutts that stuns Somers. Morton breaks away, hitting the ropes again...]

...but Cooper steps in unexpectedly, lifting Morton off the mat and DRIVING him back down!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! SPINEBUSTER!!

[Cooper covers, getting a very close near fall. He gets back up, arguing with the official as he reaches down, grabbing Morton's legs...]

GM: He's going for the Cloverleaf!

[...and gets dragged down to the mat in a cradle! Jackson Haynes sprints into the ring, wrapping himself around the legs of an incoming Somers as the referee hits the canvas three times!]

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED BEAT THE CHAMPS!

[We fade to black again for a moment before a new graphic comes up.]

"In 2011..."

[As the footage comes back up, we see a bloodied and dazed Danny Morton pulling James Lynch off the mat...]

...when Lynch suddenly slaps the arm away, sinking his fingers into the blood-soaked skull of Morton!]

GM: CLAW!

[A desperate Morton buries a knee in the gut, wrapping his powerful arms around Lynch's torso...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BACK! DROP! DRIVER!!!

[Lynch hits HARD on the back of his head and neck, his older brother Jack cringing at the impact from his place on the apron as James rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Can James Lynch get up to beat the ten count though? If he can't, it won't matter! If he gets counted out, this match is as over as if he got pinned, fans!

[Inside the ring, Morton collapses from the exertion, blood pooling around his head on the canvas as Jackson Haynes shouts at him from their corner, slapping the top turnbuckle to try and revive him.]

GM: The sounds tell the story in this one, fans! The crowd is shocked but trying to rally their favorites while the two partners on the apron try to get their partner to their feet!

[With the referee continuing to count towards ten, Danny Morton rolls himself out to the floor, dragging a motionless James Lynch to his feet and shoving him under the ropes to a deafening roar from the Atlanta crowd.]

GM: Danny Morton puts James Lynch back in! He didn't want to win that way! He didn't want the countout!

[Back in the ring, Morton collapses into the turnbuckles, slapping the hand of his partner who races in, lunging into a cover for a very close near fall. Haynes slams his fists into the canvas several times before dragging Lynch off the mat to his feet. The Hammer looks him dead in the eyes, shaking his head...]

GM: You get the feeling that Jackson Haynes didn't want to have to do this. He wanted the kid to stay down but...

[Haynes jerks Lynch into a standing headscissors. A terrified Jack Lynch turns away from the ring, unable to watch as the near three hundred pound big man lifts the much-smaller Lynch into the air...

...at which point, a desperate James Lynch hooks his legs around Haynes' head, dragging him down to the canvas, reaching back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[Jack Lynch sprints across the ring, throwing himself around the legs of Morton as the official drops to count, the fans counting with him for the three count!]

GM: THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!! BY GOD, THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!!

[Fade to black for a long moment before another graphic emerges.]

“What will 2013 bring?”

[It fades. One more.]

“The Stampede Cup Returns In 2013...”

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action in the backstage area where Jon Stegglet, one of the AWA's co-owners, has been pulled into interview time with his young nephew, Mark.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and... uhh... Mr. Stegglet...

JS: Seriously?

[Mark shoots his uncle a look.]

JS: Alright. Continue.

MS: I'm told that you have an announcement about tonight's Main Event.

[Stegglet (Jon) nods.]

JS: I do. Due to the events of SuperClash IV, the Lynches have asked for - and have received - a six man tag team match later tonight in the Main Event taking on Robert Donovan and two partners of his choosing.

[A big cheer rings out back inside the Crockett Coliseum.]

MS: Any clue on Donovan's partners?

JS: He hasn't revealed them to the front office at this time.

MS: Alright, thanks for the info.

[Jon Stegglet nods as he walks out of view.]

MS: So, later on tonight in the Main Event, it'll be a six man tag team match pitting the Lynches against Robert Donovan and two partners of his choice - I can't wait for that, fans! But right now, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade back to the interior of the Crockett Coliseum. It's a very nice panning shot of the crowd until...

A burst of static comes over the PA system.]

GM: Here we go.

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

BW: This gives me chills every time.

GM: The music is quite eerie, I'll give you that.

BW: I was talking about the entrance of Miss Sandra Hayes.

[Sure enough, flipping open the curtains first is the Siren herself, grin wide and decidedly cheery. Miss Hayes struts out in a leather tank top and black pants so tight it's a wonder she can still breathe in them. Her tar black hair is down for a change and hangs over a suspiciously worn bullrope that lies around her neck and over her shoulders. She comes to a stop after several feet, posing; hip cocked, hand placed on it, branding iron twirling above her head.]

BW: The highlight of my day.

[Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong arrive next. The duo waltzes out and come to a stop on opposite sides of Hayes. Strong has thin brown hair that floats down to his shoulders and a face full of thick facial hair. His upper body is snug inside a tight fitting green track jacket and matching wrestling tights with black boots. Aaron Anderson matches his attire, though his head is shaved ultra short and he has more of a day after shaving shadow across his face. Out next walks Harry Hyatt. There's a little more pizzazz and sparkle in both his attitude and appearance. Frizzy brown hair, shades that cover nearly half his face, a full beard, and a tight green vest that glistens underneath the arena lights, complete with matching wrestling shorts that hug his hips and a long white boa that hangs to the ground.]

GM: The Shane Gang is in full ensemble tonight, Bucky. They look the part. They dress the part. But we'll see when things get ugly out here if they can act the part. It's easy to buy matching clothes and clean yourselves up, but how easy will it be for all these different egos and guys scratching and clawing at a chance to make an impact to coincide the minute there's an ounce of fame or glory to be had.

[Out next is the back pedaling, robe wearing, black haired Ring Leader of the Shane Gang. Terry Shane III. The Salience's arms stretch out wide before he slowly wheels himself around and intercepts the pack as he leads the way to the ring with the rest following closely behind. The fans near the aisle extend their hands but not a single handshake or even a blink of an eye is thrown their way as the Shane Gang quickly make their way to the ring.]

GM: We're gonna find out real quick here what kind of man Terry Shane III really is. He's promised to issue an open challenge and practically begged Hannibal Carver to be the one standing before him to accept. An odd choice

of words later in the evening left me guessing as to what his motives really are.

BW: I thought he was pretty clear. He kindly insinuated that he hopes Hannibal Carver will be of present mind to realize what is going on.

GM: Even I find that notion hard to chew on. There's no doubt in my mind that he and his goons are up to no good.

[The squadron finally hit the ring as Miss Sandra Hayes sits over the middle buckle and one by one they enter. Shane. Anderson. Strong. Hyatt. Hayes enters next and as the boos begin to fill the arena airwaves, Terry Shane III produces a mic to his pursed lips. He raises his right hand, which only provokes the crowd further to boo before he breaks the hostile noise with his callous voice.]

TS3: It is time ladies and gentlemen. It is time that the petty words and unreasonable attacks are set aside.

GM: Well that's a nice change seeing as how Terry Shane III and his goons are the ones doing the attacks.

BW: Let the man speak.

TS3: Before we take off like a space shuttle into orbit and dominate the AWA it is only fitting that we allow someone an opportunity to prove themselves, an opportunity to show that he is more than just a bloodthirsty savage... more than a beer drinking hooligan who fights for his next round... more than, well, more than worth another single moment of OUR time. You see tonight is about giving people opportunity, much like I have these men behind me.

[Shane gestures to his new partners in crime.]

TS3: These men have been FORCED from the spotlight. These men have been HELD DOWN at the expense of others. Aaron Anderson here should be ripping people's faces apart and showering himself in gold... but instead we have been spoon fed Eric Preston... we have had Supreme Wright shoved down our throats since the day I arrived. Todd Michaelson himself once said that Aaron Anderson was his BEST student but he was packaged and presented to us as a cookie cutter mat wrestler with an All American smile and a boy next door charm.

[Shane laughs.]

TS3: Have you even MET this man? Aaron Anderson is a vicious mechanic in the ring! He will twist, and grind, and stretch, and then RIP your arm right out of your socket, beat you over the skull with it, and then screw it right back on and it will feel better than ever! He is THAT good! Then there is Lenny Strong. The man exudes greatness. They called him Lights Out, had him dance around like Muhammad Ali, paraded him through high school gyms and county fairs while making him wrestle the Lynches night after

night in hopes that James, Jack, Travis, Greg, Peter, Bobby and the rest of the bunch would learn a thing or two and bring it with them once they hit your television screens.

He took these men and others like them to their very limit and beyond. You would not know a single one of their names if it were not for his talents, for his wrestling abilities, for his pedigree in the ring. God smiled upon those men and gave them a chance to shine, now it is his turn. Now his fate rests in my hands and not of those of some washed up has-been who tries to pass himself off as a wrestling promoter of some territory we have never heard of.

These men were at SuperClash I, II, and III but you would have never known. They were not in dream matches, their names were not shining in the bright lights. They were setting up rings, hammering turnbuckle posts in, setting up steel barricades and tying down ring mats. Now they are MY Ring Workers. Now they are part of something so much bigger and better.

[He slaps Strong across the chest and he tightens up, his teeth gritting.]

TS3: And do not even get me started here on Harry Hyatt.

[Long pause.]

TS3: Handsome?

[He shakes his head.]

TS3: Yes, he is, but look at him. Look at him! Wrapped in a boa. Ridiculous sunglasses. Wearing shorts too small and too tight. Give him his damn bull rope already!

[Miss Sandra Hayes pulls the bull rope off of her shoulders and Hyatt rips his white boa in half sending little feathers flickering across the ring. He snags the bull rope from Miss Hayes and flings it over his shoulders, wrapping the end of it around one of his fist and using his other hand to rip the sunglasses from his face.]

TS3: This man is a hangman. An executioner. THIS man will cut your career in half. This man will tear the wrestling soul right out of your body and he can do it with his fists or he can just flat out make you look so foolish in the ring that you give up and go home.

These men are wrestlers.

These men deserve the spotlight.

These men needed someone to give them a chance and it was me who gave it to them. I made them all a simple offer. I asked them not to follow me, not to be my soldiers, not to be my lackeys.

But to fight WITH me. I asked them all to help me restore this path that the AWA is spiraling down that stained and tarnished SuperClash and everything it stood for. Ladders. Barbed Wire. Joe Petrow screaming like a little girl as he was carted out of the arena after the ruthless assault of the AWA's very own Jim Watkins And what man embodies these values...these actions... more than any other man in the AWA?

[A defiant scowl as Shane's free hand clenches into a fist.]

TS3: CARVER!

[All of the men and Miss Hayes nod.]

TS3: Hannibal. Carver. You think you are better than me? ME?! You said you came here for a second chance, Carver. A chance you relished more than life itself. If you want to tuck in each and every wrestler like good little soldiers so that somewhere their mothers are smiling and happy and feeling warm and fuzzy inside then you do it on your own damn time. You said you can beat me, at MY game?

Then just like I gave these men beside me a chance, Carver. I am going to give you yours. I told you I was going to come out to this ring and issue a challenge...

A challenge to ANYONE watching.

So here it is, Hannibal. Here it is, world. If you think you have what it takes to step between those ropes and wrestle with a third generation wrestling superstar such as myself... If you think you have what it takes to tangle with a man whose first steps were a spinning toe hold out of his mother's womb then come down here right now and prove it to me.

Prove it to all of these people!

[Shane pulls the mic away from his mouth. Hyatt, Hayes, Strong, and Anderson separate as he ferociously paces around the ring.]

GM: Terry Shane III has issued the challenge, albeit a bit more dramatic than I was expecting, but a challenge nevertheless.

BW: Can't say the man doesn't have panache.

GM: Hannibal Carver has been begging for a chance like this, SuperClash excluded, there was nothing he wanted more than to get his two hands around the throat of Terry Shane III and strangle the entitlement right out of his body.

BW: All this before he had his skull caved in by his own branding iron or bent across his knee at SuperClash.

GM: There's no doubt that Shane has tested every ounce of humanity inside of Carver and was undoubtedly the reason for his breaking point earlier tonight when he flattened Collin Harris with that steel chair.

BW: Shades of Jim Watkins driving the 2x4 repeatedly over the body of Joe Petrow as SuperClash.

GM: Every man has that breaking point, Bucky. That point where enough is enough and it becomes time to take a stand. Tonight is his night.

[Shane presses his body against the ropes, mic pressed to lips.]

TS3: Where are you? Where. Are. You?!

GM: And I think we may have seen Terry Shane III hit that point as well. Hannibal Carver has brought out the absolute worst in him, his daddy has to be shaking his head somewhere in disbelief of what his son has turned into.

BW: I think Shane is gonna walk himself right through the mat and into the ground the way he's pacing in that ring. He is one fired up wrestler right now.

TS3: Carver! Anyone! Any--

[Cue "Milk Of Human Kindness" by Clutch. The crowd instantly comes alive, aware of who is about to walk down to the ring.]

GM: It's him! Hannibal Carver is on his way out to the ring!

Oh, I could kill you if I wanted #
Kill you with my own two hands #
Oh, I'm so happy I could kill you #
Kill you like a sacrificial lamb

GM: The lyrics are fitting. The timing is perfect. Hannibal Carver is about to get the chance he has waited six long months for.

[Out from the back with his patent black hooded sweatshirt pulled tight over his head steps out Hannibal Carver. The camouflage pants are tucked into the black combat boots. The hockey jersey he wore earlier is no longer in sight.]

GM: Now THIS is fighting gear. I know he said he wanted to prove to everyone that he was more than chairs, thumbtacks, florescent light tubes, and whatever else the kids these days are throwing at each other but this man looks ready for a fight!

[Carver stomps towards the ring and as he did so earlier, he grabs a steel chair, tightly grips it in his right hand, and dives into the ring...]

GM: HE'S GOT THE CHAIR! MY STARS HE ISN'T WASTING ANYTIME!

[Carver maliciously swings the chair over and around his head and Anderson and Strong dive underneath the bottom rope. Hyatt grabs Miss Hayes and they too are quick to roll out of the way. Terry Shane III backs into the corner, readying himself for what is about to come his way.]

GM: Here comes Shane! CARVER...SWINGING!

[And as Carver swings, Shane drives his boot into his mid-section, doubling him over...forcing him to drop the chair upon contact.]

GM: Carver missed! Shane, what is he- he can't?!

[Shane steps over one of Carver's arms, hooks the neck, and rolls over him...forcing Carver down and leaving his neck and arm trapped in the hands of Terry Shane III who begins wrenching back with every ounce of strength he has in him.]

GM: NO ESCAPE! NO ESCAPE!

BW: I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes!

GM: Shane has him in that Crucifix Neck Crank! He's tapping! Hannibal Carver is tapping!

[Shane continues to sink in the hold tighter, his eyes pinched shut as his wrist and forearm grind into the neck of Carver.]

GM: He tapped! He-

[As Carver's head tries desperately to wiggle free from the submission his baggy black hood falls from his face...revealing...]

BW: What in the-

GM: Donnie White! That's the Atomic Blonde!

BW: He's black. How did we not see that?

[Terry Shane III lets go of the hold and Donnie White continues the charade of rolling around on the mat, grimacing in pain. Terry Shane III stands up, hands held high over his head, soaking in the boos that began raining down from the crowd in attendance.]

BW: I can't believe you fell for that.

GM: I can't believe we were forced to even watch that. Terry Shane III has made a mockery of all of us tonight but more importantly...where is Hannibal Carver?

BW: Thirty miles south of the Mississippi if you ask me.

GM: Very doubtful. Terry Shane III said he hoped Carver would be able to witness what went down tonight. There is no question in my mind that he and his Gang have done something with Hannibal Carver.

[Wiping the sweat from his brow Shane grabs a mic, leaning against the ropes.]

TS3: Hold on, hold on.

[The fans continue to boo.]

TS3: I feel cheated too. But I knew, deep down, that Hannibal Carver nor anyone else out there watching would have the guts to climb into the ring with me. I knew that you would all be disappointed and have your hearts broken when nobody answered my call. But that is what happens when push comes to shove. When a wrestler calls out a fighter to drop his weapons, put down his dirty tricks, and come out man to man and go toe to toe with him.

But after everything we have all seen this past month. SuperClash. The blood. The dishonor. The disappointment. Was there any doubt that nobody would feel worthy enough to get in this ring with me tonight and wrestle with the best the AWA has to offer?

There is NO wrestler in the-

[Suddenly Shane is interrupted by a loud droning voice from the PA... the open to "Saz O Avaz", which causes the crowd to snap into a frenzy.]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Sharif!

BW: Oh. My.

[Indeed it is. The bisht-draped figure of Sultan Azam Sharif marches out from behind the curtain, with his huge Iranian flag billowing behind him. His head is covered by his white kaffiyeh and black agal, but a serious expression is still readable on the face of the former Olympian. He marches straight to the ring as Shane and the Gang stares in disbelief. Terry Shane III looks to Miss Sandra Hayes who gathers the troops on the outside.]

BW: He has no possible business out here!

GM: I suppose he got tired of hearing Shane talk about being the best wrestler in the AWA but we'll find out what his intentions are shortly.

BW: We'd have to be able to understand him for that!

[Sharif sets up his flag in the corner before stepping through the ropes into the ring. He takes the mic right out of jaw dropped Terry Shane's hand, leaving the third generation star staring incredulously at his now-empty

hand, as if he can't believe that just happened. The music dies down as Sharif addresses Shane to his face.]

SAS: Mistair Terry Shahn! You know dot ven you made shallunge, you bettair mean dot you are ready! I wantad good opponunt so dot I om ready ven I get my honds on dose jehbronie Royalty again! Now! Dot mean you hod bettair be ready, because I know you always vant to be treated like royalty. Too bad, you gonna get vat you osk for!

[Before Sharif can even pull the mic away from his hand Terry Shane III unloads with a big right hand into the jaw. Sharif refuses to wince, smiling instead, as Terry Shane III winds up again and tries to level him with another right only to have Sharif block the oncoming blow and return the favor with a thunderous right hand that drops Terry Shane III to the mat.]

GM: Down goes Shane! Terry Shane III in a world of trouble as Sultan Azam Sharif delivers a huge right hand!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And it's official! Terry Shane III. Sultan Azam Sharif. An unexpected battle of two true wrestlers who could not be any more different!

[Shane scurries back up to his feet, only to be met with another right hand that drops him to the ground. The Salience springs up once more, eating another right that floors him.]

GM: Shane is refusing to stay down!

[Shane pounces up, right into the waiting arms of Sharif who hooks him and explodes with his hips as he sends Terry Shane III up and over his own bod, SAILING through the air!]

GM: Big overhead belly to belly throw by the Sultan!

BW: He wanted a wrestling match, he's about to get a first hand lesson from one of the best.

[Shane's body bounces off the mat and he pulls himself up again, this time eating a clothesline by the oncoming Sharif.]

GM: Big clothesline by the Sultan! Shane, doing everything he can to stay on his feet!

[Shane is quickly up again as Sharif rumbles forward, arm extended out, flattening Terry Shane III with a second clothesline that sends him spinning to the mat and rolling straight underneath the bottom rope and staggering to keep himself on his feet on the outside.]

GM: Shane looking for a breather already as he regroups with the cavalry.

[Miss Sandra Hayes is the first one to his side as she brushes off Terry Shane III. Harry Hyatt yells towards Sultan Azam Sharif who responds with an ear to ear grin as he begs for Hyatt to step in the ring with him.]

GM: Well, we are still unclear as to the whereabouts of Hannibal Carver, I can't imagine for a moment that he would have turned down this chance to get his hands around the throat of Terry Shane III. There's no telling what the Shane Gang is up to.

[Terry Shane III rolls back in and as Sharif stomps towards him he quickly rolls back out. Sharif feints to follow in pursuit as Shane spins around the ring steps to the adjacent side of the ring. Terry rolls in again as Sharif moves towards him, only to watch the Salience keep rolling right underneath the bottom ropes on the far side of the ring. Sharif slams his hands against the top rope as Shane returns a stare in his direction.]

GM: Shane is looking to gain an advantage here but Sharif is having none of it. The crowd isn't buying into his strategy but you can't blame him for trying to gain an edge any way he can.

[Shane shoots back into the ring and springs up but Sharif awaits him and delivers a big knee into the gut of Terry Shane III, doubling him over.]

BW: Sharif is looking for another throw!

[Just as Sharif hooks him, Shane snares him into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE BY SHANE! ONE! TWO!

[Sharif with a big kickout!]

BW: Shane caught him off guard, maybe all that rolling around was just enough to frustrate Sharif and throw him off his game.

GM: Can't argue with that.

[Both men scurry back up to their feet, Shane, undoubtedly quicker, is able to take advantage with a running knee into the breadbasket of Sharif.]

GM: Shane grabbing the arm, twisting...spinning... Sharif buries his free shoulder into the gut and hoists him up!

BW: Fireman's carry takedown by Sharif! He just muscled his way out of that arm wringer and sent Shane for a ride!

[The Ring Leader leaps up right into a collar and elbow tie up that quickly turns into a side headlock by Sharif. Shane pulls the both of them towards the ropes, bouncing forward, trying to desperately use the momentum to shove Sharif off of him.]

GM: Shane was looking to shoot Sharif into the ropes but the raw strength of the Iranian kept the move intact.

BW: Now he's forcing Sharif in the opposite direction, shoving him harder into the ropes and breaking free!

[Sharif is sent running across the ring where Terry Shane III awaits him.]

GM: Sharif mows over him with a huge shoulder tackle! What in the world was Terry Shane III thinking?!

[Sharif hits the ropes again, the rising Shane drops down...Sharif stops dead in his tracks and delivers a THUNDEROUS elbow drop across his chest!]

GM: Sharif with the cover! One! Two! Thr-

[Shane kicks his legs out and breaks free.]

GM: Sharif really laid into him with that elbow, enough to knock the wind out of Terry Shane III long enough to nearly score the pinfall victory there.

BW: He's definitely one man I wouldn't want dropping his full brute force down on top of me.

[Both men circle back to their feet and Sharif reaches out with both hands. Shane, reluctant at first, extends his hands out and the two lock up both hands and instantly their chests collide.]

GM: We've got a test of strength here!

BW: Why?! Why would Terry Shane would to test his power against Sharif?! Just look at Sharif! He's obviously the stronger man!

[Shane desperately tries to turn Sharif's hands over but the Sultan muscles Shane downwards, forcing him to bridge down where his head is driven into the canvas but he impressively keeps his shoulders off the mat.]

GM: Tremendous show of strength by Sharif!

BW: He's got a lot of it as we all know but look at that bridge by Shane!

GM: It takes a lot of strength in your neck to be able to do that.

[Shane slowly begins to bridge back up, their hands still connected, and as he uses Sharif's weight to pull himself up he drives his boot into his midsection, breaking his right hand free. Still connected by one hand, he runs to the ropes, springboards off the top, flips backwards where he lands on his feet, and then hip tosses Sharif over and onto his back.]

GM: Wow, what agility by Shane! His father was one of the best technical wizards I ever saw in the ring and Terry Shane III just gave me déjà vu as he sent Sharif flipping over!

BW: The kid's got moves, there's no denying it.

GM: Shane to the ropes, Sharif back up to his feet!

[As Sharif rises, Shane leaps up and onto his shoulders, pulls back, trying to flip Sharif over...]

GM: Sharif denying the head scissors by Shane! He's got Shane's legs dangling over his shoulders as he holds him upside down!

[Sharif shouts at Shane before he switches his grip, hooking his legs underneath his armpits, rears back, and sends Shane FLYING over his head.]

GM: Catapult by Sharif! Shane goes airborne!

BW: And right over the top rope and outside of the ring!

[The fans erupt as Sharif flexes his muscles in the ring and Shane's body is encircled by the Shane Gang. Anderson and Strong attend to him as Sharif makes his way to the ropes.]

GM: Sharif is sitting on the middle rope, holding it open for Shane to come back in!

BW: I think Shane is rethinking this whole, open challenge thing. This obviously isn't what he had in mind.

GM: Shane may be one of the fastest rising stars in the AWA but Sultan Azam Sharif is in a whole other class of talent and Terry Shane III is getting a firsthand lesson of that thus far.

[Strong and Anderson lift Shane back up and Donnie White directs him away from the awaiting Sharif to the other side of the ring. Sharif's eyes track Shane as he elects not to accept his invitation back in where he is seated. Shane slides back in and the two circle each other in the ring.]

BW: Rude.

GM: Can't blame him, there's no telling what Sharif had in store for him if he stepped back through the ropes where he was waiting.

BW: I meant Sharif. The audacity of him sitting on the ropes like that, nobody wants his sweaty rear end wiping all over the ring ropes!

[The two lock up and Shane twists his way around Sharif, wrenching the Sultan's arm behind his back but Sharif is quick to reverse the hold, positioning himself behind Shane. Sharif wraps his free arm around the waist of Shane and lifts...]

GM: Back suplex by Sult- no, Shane flips out!

BW: Shane hooks him from behind, rolls him back! He's got him!

GM: One! Two! Th- knockout by Sharif!

[Both men spring back up, charge forward, and Sharif snatches Shane's arm and whips him over with an armdrag takedown.]

GM: Sharif showing a bit of flare and quickness of his own! We know he can throw with the best of them, but we often forget Sharif's storied and rich wrestling history. The man was an Olympic athlete for crying out loud.

BW: Maybe thirty pounds ago.

[The Sultan begins to yank on Shane's left arm.]

GM: Sharif starting to slow things down to his pace here, this is one man you don't want working you over one body part at a time.

[Sharif leans up, then drives his knee into Shane's left arm. He does it a second time, and a third, before finally pulling Shane back up to his feet.]

GM: Sharif pulls Shane up into a rear waistlock, tightening his grip...

...and throwing him over his head where Shane attempts to flip out once more but the force behind the throw is too much and Shane is sent in a complete circle and his chest BOUNCES off the mat!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Terry Shane sent for a ride by the Iranian!

GM: Shane's body bounced off the canvas there.

[Sharif yanks Shane up by the arm, wrenches it around, and spins around to the backside of him, forcing Shane's arm behind his own back.]

GM: Sharif goes right back to the arm, hooking in that hammerlock and applying a whole lot of pressure to that limb.

BW: Don't worry. Shane will find a way out of this.

[Still clutching the arm, Sharif hoists Shane up in the air and then slams Shane down on his back with his arm pinned underneath it.]

GM: Ohh hooo! Shane found a way out of it alright... right down on top of his own left arm there as Sharif drops him right on it! He's really starting to go to work on that arm now.

[Sharif goes right back to the arm, driving his knee into it once again before pulling him by the limb...]

GM: Sharif back to the arm, twisting it around...

[Grabbing Shane by the wrist, Sharif HOISTS him up into the air by the twisted arm!]

GM: OH MY!!!

[The show of power is short-lived as Sharif dumps Shane back down onto his back. Miss Sandra Hayes can be heard SCREAMING at Sharif from outside the ring, threatening him with all sorts of bodily harm but Sharif ignores her, grabbing Shane by the wrist as the Salience tries to escape the ring...]

GM: Shane was trying to get out of there but Sharif's having none of that...

[Sharif pulls him up yet again but Shane throws a knee to the gut on the way up, breaking the grip.. He grabs Sharif's arm with his own hands, attempting an Irish whip...]

GM: Shane shoots Sharif to the ropes...

[Shane grabs his own arm in pain on the whip...

...which allows Sharif to easily slip around a waiting Shane, hooking the arm behind him...]

GM: Hammerlock...

[...scooping him off the mat and SLAMMING him down on top of the arm!]

GM: ...BODYSLAM!! Oh my!

[Sharif steps back, watching Shane flail about on the mat, clutching his injured arm.]

GM: A fantastic counter to the Irish whip by Sharif and it seems as though every time Shane gets an ounce to breathe Sharif is able to counter his attack!

BW: He said he wanted a wrestling match.

GM: Shane's trying to get... oh! He got up right into the waiting arms of Sharif!

[Now with a front facelock applied, Sharif slings Shane's arm over his neck...]

GM: Suplex on the way from the Sultan!

[But as he powers Shane up into the air, the wily rookie finds a way to slip free, landing on a knee behind his opponent...]

GM: Shane slips out the back door!

[Shane throws a boot at the gut of the turning Sharif...

...who catches the leg!]

GM: Sharif caught him! He caught him and-

[Sharif steps forward, getting the leg further under his armpit as he grabs Shane around the head and neck...]

GM: What in the world is he...?

[...and POWERS him up and over with a devastating suplex that sends Shane bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

BW: Good god almighty! I don't even know what to call that!

GM: Some type of overhead throw by Sharif and Terry Shane the Third is in a world of trouble right now, fans! He's gotta be regretting this open challenge right about now.

[Sharif grabs the dazed Shane, tugging him off the canvas by the left arm...]

GM: Another whi- no! Shane puts on the brakes!

[Which only causes Sharif to pull him back in, short-arm style, into a massive bodylock...]

GM: He's got him hooked! A belly-to-belly perhaps!

[But just as Sharif starts to hoist Shane up again, the Salience reaches out, grabbing the referee by the shirt to save himself!]

GM: Shane just grabbed the official!

BW: Totally legal!

GM: What?!

BW: Isn't it?

GM: No! It's not legal at all! He used the official to save himself from an offensive maneuver from his opponent!

[A surprised Sharif lets go, allowing Shane to slither free as Sharif checks with the official who waves for him to continue the match.]

BW: The ref seems fine to me! Fight on!

GM: Terry Shane III using any means necessary to gain an advantage but Sharif's in hot pursuit once more.

[Sharif stomps towards Shane who tries to catch his breath but is snapped right back over by Sharif onto his rear end and Sharif grabs the left arm, snapping it behind Shane again. Sharif pulls him back, whipping him back to the ropes.]

GM: Sharif fires him in...

[Shane ducks under a clothesline attempt, bouncing off the far side...]

GM: Shane coming back...

[The crowd roars as Sharif hooks his arms around the torso!]

GM: He's going for the belly-to-belly again! And this time, there's no ref to grab!

[Sharif rears back, his arms wrapped around the back of Shane, grunting, heaving...

...and launching Terry Shane III over his body his head in a release belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: What strength! Shane just flew clear across the ring!

BW: Shane BOUNCED off the mat, daddy! Sharif tossed him like he was nothing!

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes is right down there, checking on him. Terry Shane III needs to find a way to turn this thing around and he needs to do it quickly.

[Shane grabs ahold of the ropes, dragging himself off the canvas...]

GM: Sharif's winding up, setting up for a big clothesline!

[Sharif charges in, closing in at full speed...

...when suddenly, Terry Shane drops down, pulling the top rope with him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Sharif tumbles over the ropes, crashing down hard on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: MY STARS! THE SULTAN CRASHES DOWN HARD ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Terry Shane III instantly goes to the official, apologizing for his actions earlier.]

GM: Oh please, he's not apologizing, he's distracting him!

[On the outside, the Shane Gang attack. Donnie White and Harry Hyatt begin driving the heels of their boots into the torso of Sultan Azam Sharif who tries to roll away but is unable to escape the brutal assault.]

GM: These guys talk about being wrestlers in the purest form but look at them...Look at them! Nothing but thugs ganging up on Sharif! Your true message is crystal clear right in front of our eyes.

[The crew bails out as the referee turns away from Shane, looking over the ropes at Sharif who is rolling around, clutching his lower back.]

GM: Look at Aaron Anderson, he's dragging Sharif back up to his feet.

BW: He's just lending a helping hand.

[Anderson heaves Sharif up on the apron, shoving him back into the ring as the official warns him against the action. The first graduate of the Combat Corner backs off, raising his hands to proclaim his innocence.]

GM: Terry Shane's moving back in on him and he can't be too happy about Sharif accepting his challenge at this point because the former Olympian has been cleaning his clock so far.

BW: So far is the key phrase there, Gordo. I got a feelin' this kid's 'bout to turn this thing around.

[An angry and aggressive Shane presses his boot down between the eyes of his fallen opponent. The referee reprimands him as he grinds it back and forth and then grows louder as Shane twists, scraping his boot across the bridge of the nose before walking away.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for something like that, Bucky! This man is NOTHING like his father - a true legend in our sport.

[Sharif crawls to the corner as Shane takes a verbal beating from the official. As the Iranian gets back to his feet, falling into the buckles, Shane measures him and then springs into motion, running across the ring, leaping into the air, extending his arm...]

BW: BOOM!

GM: Big leaping clothesline into the corner by Terry Shane III!

[Shane twists his body, shoving Sharif out of the corner as Shane pulls his legs back through the ropes into the ring, hopping up to the midbuckle...]

GM: Shane's on the second rope and-

[Sharif staggers back around as Shane leaps off the second rope with a crossbody aimed at his opponent's chest...]

...who flattens out, causing Shane to sail over his head and crash down to the mat!]

GM: Terry Shane took a chance right there and it didn't pay off for him! And now it's Sharif who is back up... looking for an opening to put this thing away...

BW: Now would be a good time to tag out.

GM: This isn't a tag match!

BW: We never heard the stipulations of the challenge. For all we know it's a five on one handicap match!

GM: I counted six with Miss Hayes.

[Shane pulls himself off the mat, stumbling back into the corner where he does indeed look like he's reaching for a tag...

...which completely exposes his chest to Sharif who reaches out with both hands, RAKING his fingers across the pectorals of Terry Shane III who cries out in pain!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Now THAT'S a cheap shot, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is against the rules and the referee is letting Sharif know that.

[Sharif nods at the official...

...and then does it a second time!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Ring the bell, ref!

GM: The official is telling Sharif that if he does it again, he'll disqualify him for it!

BW: Does Sharif even understand English?! He might not even know what the ref is saying right now. He should be disqualified... just to play it safe.

[With Shane reeling in the corner, Sharif reaches down, grabbing the legs of Shane and yanking them out from under him. The Salience attempts to hang onto the top rope, trying to fight free from the vise-like grip on his legs by the powerful Iranian...]

GM: Sharif trying to rip Shane out of the corner by his legs!

[And Shane holds on...

...until a powerful tug by Sharif rips Shane's arms off the corner, causing his back to slam down to the canvas a few feet out of the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Right down on the bump on the back of his head!

BW: He might have added another bump after that.

GM: He may be adding a few more after this!

[The crowd roars as Sharif begins to circle - spinning faster, faster, faster as Shane's body lifts up off the canvas...]

GM: GIANT SWING!!

[The crowd is on their feet, shouting for Sharif as he spins over and over and over, whipping Shane's body around and around before...]

GM: Sharif sends him soaring!

[...Sharif lets go, sending Shane sailing through the air and down to the canvas where he rolls under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Right into the arms of Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson! That can NOT be where Sharif intended to send Terry Shane!

BW: It's not like you have a lot of control in a move like that. He pretty much is gonna go wherever he's gonna go, Gordo.

[Anderson and Strong are waiting for their leader, helping the wobbly Shane back to his feet. He pitches forward, having to grab the apron for support as his brain remains shaken from the relentless spinning. Strong shakes him hard, trying to revive him.]

GM: Get them out of here, referee!

[The official is shouting at Strong as Shane finally snaps out of it, shoving Strong a few feet back, and insisting he's fine on his own.]

BW: Shane is heated! He did not like that one bit.

[Shane steps back up on the apron, ordering Sharif to back off... but the Iranian muscles past the referee, landing a big forearm on the jaw before grabbing Shane in a front facelock...]

GM: Sharif's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[Sharif powers Shane up into the air but the Salience wriggles free, landing on his feet behind Sharif...

...and then throwing himself into a dropkick aimed at the back of Sharif's knee!]

GM: Ohh! Shane goes downstairs with that dropkick and Sharif went down hard off that!

[Shane quickly tries to take advantage, rapidly kicking and stomping the knee of the downed Sharif.]

GM: Shane's all over him! He might smell blood in the water at this stage of the match!

[Shane grabs the Sultan's leg, fully extending it as he throws kicks at the inner thigh and knee...

...and then DROPS a big elbow down on the knee joint!]

GM: Shane's taking the fight to him now, really targeting the knee... ohh! A second elbow across the side of the knee! That's the kind of move that puts your ligaments in some serious jeopardy, fans.

[With a shout to his Shane Gang, Terry Shane grabs the leg again, making a gesture with his arm...]

GM: He's calling for the Spinning Toe Hold!

[Seeing the hold coming, Sharif tries to battle out of it...

...and takes a series of hard stomps to the chest for his efforts, Shane trying to break him down for the hold to come. With Sharif winded from the stomps, Shane twists the leg around...]

GM: There it is! The Spinning Toe Hold and Shane's got it in deep! That patented family submission hold that his father used to claim multiple Missouri State and World Titles!

[Shane steps out for a moment, waiting as the referee kneels down next to Sharif...

...only to twist around it again, sinking the hold even deeper!]

GM: He's got it on again, cranking on the foot and ankle, trying to apply as much pressure as he can to that knee... and he's applying it for a third time now!

[A pain-filled Sharif slams his arms into the mat, grimacing in pain as Shane leans over him, pushing hard on the foot and ankle.]

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif is running out of time in this hold! He needs to find an escape and fast!

[The crowd starts to buzz, shouting their support for Sharif as he leans back, trying to get his hands on the ropes...]

GM: Sharif's looking for the ropes! Trying to-

[The crowd cheers as Sharif hooks the ropes!]

GM: Sharif's got the ropes and- come on! Break the hold!

[Shane leans in even further, pushing on the leg as the referee starts to count him... two... three... four... but Shane finally breaks the hold, backing off as the referee warns him again.]

GM: Terry Shane the Third is being shouted down by the official... and Sharif's in a lot of pain here, fans. Sultan Azam Sharif is trying to use those ropes that he reached for safety to drag himself off the mat and back up to his feet...

[...where Terry Shane angrily kicks the back of Sharif's knee, knocking him back off his feet to the mat!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Shane grabs the top rope with both hands, stomping and stomping the leg of Sharif which forces him under the ropes and out to the ring apron. The referee steps in, forcing Shane to step back...]

GM: Look out here!

[...which allows Donnie White to SLAM the point of his elbow down onto the knee joint a few times, leaving Sharif grimacing in pain on the apron as Shane approaches...]

GM: Sharif's in some trouble and Terry Shane looks like he's moving in for the kill, fans.

[Shane reaches over the ropes himself, dragging Sharif off the apron by the arm and into a front facelock...]

GM: Shane's got him hooked and it's his turn to try to bring him in the hard way!

[Shane attempts a suplex but Sharif hooks onto the ropes to prevent it.]

GM: Sharif's got the ropes!

[Shane breaks the hold, hammering down with a pair of elbows to the back of the neck before re-applying the hold...]

GM: Shane's going for it a second time here...

[Shane struggles and strains, trying to get Sharif into the air...]

GM: He can't get him up, fans!

[An irate Shane breaks the hold, hooking Sharif around the head and neck in a three-quarter nelson...]

...and drops down to a seated position, snapping Sharif's throat down over the top rope!]

GM: Ohh!

[The move causes Sharif to fall backwards, collapsing in a heap out on the floor as Shane gestures for the referee to count him out.]

GM: Shane's tired of this. The open challenge isn't turning out as he had planned and he wants the referee to count Sharif out and end this thing right now.

[The referee moves closer to the ropes, starting a count as Miss Sandra Hayes begins to celebrate at ringside.]

GM: It looks like Sandra Hayes thinks this is over but I'm not so sure.

BW: Never count Sharif down, Gordo. The guy just keeps coming.

GM: The count's up to three... now to four...

[Shane gestures at the ref, waving for him to count faster as Sharif starts to stir out on the floor...]

GM: Shane wants a faster count...

[Shane counts a few times himself this time.]

BW: He's showing the ref how it's done. Nice job, kid!

[The count hits seven as Sharif staggers back to his feet, stumbling towards the ring...]

GM: The count is to eight... Sharif's right there though!

[Sharif grabs the ropes, tugging himself through them at the count of nine. Big cheer!]

GM: Sharif just barely beats the count but that means this match continues!

[Shane angrily yanks a tired Sharif off the mat, tugging him into a clinch around the head and neck where he powers Sharif up, Uranage style...

...and DRIVES him down across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: He calls that the Salient Night Breaker! That might be it, Gordo!

GM: Shane makes a cover - he's got one! That's two! There's the thr- no! No!

BW: Sharif got the shoulder up!

GM: He certainly did! Shane almost scored what I'd have to deem a pretty major upset right there, fans.

[As Sharif grasps his lower back, Shane stays on top of him, grabbing his legs, driving his knee into the thigh of Sharif. Rapidly he shoots up and back down, BLASTING his thigh over and over again as he begins to pulverize the leg area of the Iranian.]

GM: Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve knees to the thigh of Sharif! Shane is ferociously going after that leg! Thirteen knees into the Sultan! Fourteen! Fifteen!

[The crowd boos as Shane violently drags Sharif to the corner, positioning him four feet from the ropes. Shane hops up to the middle buckle before crouching, leaping...

...and CRASHING down knee first across the leg of Sharif!]

GM: DIVING KNEE DROP ON THE LEG!

[Shane foregoes a cover attempt to scramble back to his feet, shouting at the downed Sharif.]

GM: Terry Shane has painted a bullseye on the leg of Sultan Azam Sharif, dragging him off the mat...

[Shane snares a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck again...

...and reaching down to hook the injured leg!]

GM: Shane's got him hooked! Can he get him up?

[With a little hop-step adding some leverage, Shane muscles Sharif over in a bridging fisherman's suplex!]

GM: Cradle suplex by Shane! Absolute perfection on that!

[The official dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Sharif pops his shoulder up just in time.]

GM: Impressive strength by the Salience! I didn't think he had it in him!

BW: You can't argue with his pedigree. Like him, love, hate him, or not... The man has wrestling in his blood.

[Shane waves off Meekly who holds up two fingers before redirecting his attention back to Sharif and stomping on his leg.]

GM: Shane's going right back after the leg - a series of hard stomps to the knee and thigh. I'm not sure Sharif can even put any weight on that leg considering the amount of punishment it's taken in this one.

[Proving Gordon right, Sharif tries to get up to his feet as Shane argues with the official...

...and then staggers forward, collapsing down to all fours as his legs give out underneath him.]

GM: Those stomps and knees are taking a toll on the Sultan. He can't even hold himself up!

[Moving in, Shane measures Sharif before dropping a leaping leg across the back of the neck, flattening the Iranian before rolling him to his back.]

BW: Another cover by Shane! One! Two! Thr--

GM: And another kickout by the Sultan! This man has been through wars with the best of them, he's not about to give in to the likes of Terry Shane III!

BW: This is the first time we've really got to see Shane against some top tier competition. Sure, we saw what he was capable of at SuperClash as he flashed moments of brilliance and technical awareness but to be able to watch him try to pick apart a guy like the Sultan opens my eyes completely different. There may just be more to this dog than his bark.

GM: Don't start crowning him quite yet. He's got a long way to go before he's mentioned with the likes of Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Nenshou, and then some.

[Shane drags Sharif off the mat by the arm, looking for the kill...

...and instead getting a forearm smash across the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! Clubbing blow by Sharif!

[Shane rushes back in...

...and gets a second hammering shot to the chest!]

GM: A second forearm smash!

[Shane throws a right hand, trying to fight back but Sharif catches it under his armpit, using the arm to throw Shane off the ropes...]

GM: Shane hits the far side as Sharif is starting to show some life...

[A tired backdrop attempt by Sharif allows Shane to leapfrog over him, blindly kicking backwards to catch Sharif in the back of the knee again!]

GM: Oh! Mule kick back to the knee!

[Grabbing a handful of Sharif's tights, Shane wheels him around...

...and ROCKETS him through the ropes to the floor below!]

GM: SHANE SENDS SHARIF TO THE FLOOR!!

[Shane promptly grabs the referee by the arm, steering him away as Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson seize the opportunity. Miss Sandra Hayes waves the branding iron back and forth, directing traffic as she screeches her demands.]

GM: Turn around, referee!

[Anderson and Strong both lean over, putting their shoulders into Sharif's torso...

...and DRIVE the small of his back into the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief!

[Strong shoves Sharif under the ropes where he rolls out to the center of the ring as Shane shoves past the official.]

GM: The referee finally turns to face the action but the damage has been done, fans. The damage has been done, the message has been sent and delivered by the Shane Gang!

BW: We've seen what Terry Shane III is capable of by himself. Heck, we've seen what Miss Sandra Hayes is capable of. There's no telling what this group together can do, whose going to stop them? Hannibal Carver? We don't even know where he is!

GM: And I KNOW they had something to do with that!

[Back in the ring, Shane grins at the downed Sharif...

...and delivers a couple of slaps to his own pectorals before settling in to sit down on the small of Sharif's back!]

GM: NO! NO HE'S NOT THINKING --

BW: CAMEL CLUTCH! CAMEL CLUTCH BY TERRY SHANE III!!

[The crowd erupts in boos!]

GM: What is he doing?! The nerve of this kid!

[Shane settles in, cupping his hands underneath the chin of Sharif as he wrenches his head and neck back and forth...]

GM: Shane's got the trademark hold of Sharif applied ON Sharif and you better believe that the Iranian is filled with rage right now. What a show of disrespect by this kid!

[Shane wrenches back further as Sharif shakes the stars out of his head. Something lights up in his eyes, fire, revenge...and slowly the Iranian pulls his knees in towards his chest. Somehow, somehow he is able to get to his knees and one by one he gathers himself, rising, lifting, wobbling, and HOISTING Terry Shane III up in the air who begins feverishly waving his hands as Sultan Azam Sharif tries desperately to lock his legs out. And he does, momentarily, long enough to collapse backwards...]

...CRUSHING Terry Shane's back into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A COUNTER!! WHAT A COUNTER BY SHARIF!!

[Both men lay out on their backs. Meekly checks in on both men before slowly counting them down. One. Two. Three.]

GM: Shane's ego got the best of him there and Sharif made him pay for it!

[Four. Five.]

BW: Shane is starting to get up! Sharif is dragging his leg across the mat and headed for the ropes!

GM: Both men desperately trying to get up!

[Six. Seven. Eight.]

GM: Shane is up! He's charging towards the Sultan!

BW: Sharif is up too!

[Shane lunges at Sharif who sidesteps, catching him under his arm...]

...and DRIVES him down across Sharif's healthy knee in a side backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker by Sharif! Get him!

BW: Way to call it down the middle.

GM: I can't help it. There's times where even I am disgusted by some of the wrestlers this day and age. I know I've been around the block and back, seen a lot of things, but I can't stand when these young kids march into the AWA and think it owes them something! I don't care who your father is! Wrestle the matches! Fight the fights! Earn everything and take nothing for granted!

[Sharif gets up, this time giving a slap to his own pectorals to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Sharif's calling for a Camel Clutch of his own!

BW: If he hooks it in, it's over, daddy!

[A fired-up Sharif pulls Shane off the mat, firing him into the nearest turnbuckles at an alarming impact, sending Shane stumbling out of the corner...

...where a hooked boot to the gut doubles him up in front of Sharif who raises both powerful arms over his head...]

GM: Ohh! Double axehandle hammer blow by Sharif!

[With Shane laid out on his stomach before him, Sharif reaches down to reposition him...]

GM: He's going for it!

[But before he can apply it, Aaron Anderson reaches under the ropes, grabbing Shane by the ankle and yanking him to the safety of the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on! More blatant interference by the Shane Gang and- what in the- where is he going?!

BW: It looks as though the Ring Leader has had enough.

[Terry Shane, arm draped over the shoulder of Aaron Anderson, starts making his way towards the ringside exit alongside the elevated entrance ramp.]

GM: Terry Shane is- he's leaving? You see it, we both see it... what a coward!

BW: I think Shane has had enough of this charade.

GM: What kind of leader is this? What kind of-

[Shane waves off Sharif who looks to Meekly and he holds his hands out, just as confused as anyone else. The crowd boos as Terry Shane III begins heading back towards the entrance way...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: CARVER! IT'S HANNIBAL CARVER!

[Hobbling down the aisle, his Bruins jersey bloodied and ripped to shreds, is none other than Hannibal Carver. He holds himself up by the guard rail and

uses it to pull himself towards the ring and more importantly...towards Terry Shane III.]

GM: What have they done to him?! What the heck happened to Hannibal Carver?!

[Shane sees this and quickly begins to back pedal. The crowd roars at the sign of Shane frantically looking for a way out. He signals to Aaron Anderson. Anderson obliges but Carver inches himself closer and closer to Shane.]

GM: He's got nowhere to run! Carver, bloodied and all, has Shane in his sights!

[Shane, only having one escape plan, dives back into the ring...

...right into the waiting arms of Sultan Azam Sharif.]

GM: Sharif has him!

[The Iranian grabs Shane by one leg and then across the chest. He lifts him up high, the fans soaking in every moment of it...

...and then PUMMELS him across his knee!]

GM: STOMACH BUSTER BY SHARIF!

[On the outside Anderson collides with Carver, exchanging blows... Anderson's quicker, more frequent... Carver's heavier, hammering Anderson back towards the ring.]

GM: Shane is clutching onto his chest, bent over in the center of the ring! Here comes Sharif, standing over him.

[Huge cheer.]

GM: You know it's coming!

[Sharif sits over Shane, wrapping his arms over his legs. He links his hands under his jaw, pulling back...

...wrenching!]

GM: CAMEL CLUTCH! THE REAL CAMEL CLUTCH!

[Sharif violently yanks Shane's head back and forth as the Iranian sits back further.]

GM: He's gonna tap! He can't take anymore of this!

[Sharif veins bulge from his forearms as he grinds his teeth together, his eyes shutting as he desperately pulls back, blinding himself momentarily...

...but long enough for Miss Sandra Hayes to slide into the ring, branding iron in hand, rearing back...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: MY STARS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE DID IT! MISS SANDRA HAYES JUST DRILLED SHARIF IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH THE BRANDING IRON! HE'S BUSTED OPEN!

BW: The match is over, Shane has been disqualified!

GM: That hardly matters now! Hayes is standing over a bloodied up Sultan Azam Sharif!

[And just as the Siren holds the branding iron over her head a lumbering Hannibal Carver slides into the ring behind her, lunging for her..

...only to be met by Terry Shane's boot!]

GM: HE CAUGHT IT! CARVER CAUGHT SHANE'S KICK!

[Carver BLASTS Shane into the chest with his free hand, doubling him over! Miss Hayes dives into the corner, frantically waving...

...which brings a pair of diving tackles to the legs of Carver by Donnie White and Harry Hyatt!]

GM: Ohh! The Shane Gang has struck again!

[Carver crumbles to the mat as Lenny Strong buries brutal kicks into the ribcage of the brawler, giving his comrades a chance to get Terry Shane III out of the ring. He soon bails out to join them, leaving a furious Carver to battle back to his feet.]

GM: They're getting the heck out of dodge! Hyatt and White are literally dragging Terry Shane III to safety out of the ring!

BW: Carver is livid! He's screaming for Shane!

[Hyatt and White pull Shane up, throwing his arms over their shoulders. Miss Sandra Hayes gathers Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong and the Shane Gang collect themselves in the aisle, standing side by side.]

GM: Carver is giving them an earful! He's ready for a war, whether it's him alone or anyone else willing to fight!

[The crew begin pedaling away, Strong returning verbal jabs with Carver who pleads for them to come back. As they exit further down the aisle he directs his attention to the Iranian, his face masked in his own blood.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is assisting Sultan Azam Sharif, pulling the Iranian back up to his feet.

BW: Here's a sight I never thought I'd see, two of the craziest notjobs in all of wrestling standing side by side.

[Phil Watson seems about to make it official over the mic when Sharif snatches the mic away.

SAS: Dot is it! I hof hod it vith cowairds who hide behind numbairs of jehbronies dey hof hong around! Mork Lonset, Dahveed Coopair, dis punk Terry Shahn, dey all deh same. Dey are frauds! Frauds who diddunt fight deir own fight!

[He turns to the camera. Sharif is pointing out the deep cut on his head from Team Shane's attack.]

SAS: You look! It take a gang of thug to made me bleed! At SupairClosch, Mork Lonset's gang of thug made me bleed! BUT I DO NOT CARE IF I BLEED! I OM REAL! I DIDDUNT NEED A GANG! Terry Shane know un Mork Lonset know! Dey vere both in Camail Clutch! Dey vere beaten! Beaten by superior wrastlair! By deh best wrastlair in deh vurld! The best wrastlair diddunt need help! Mork Lonset, Dahveed Coopair, dot is vhy you are jealous of Mistair Jum Manassah, who can not wrastail but who diddunt need help to fight! Un you vere jealous of Mistair Suprehm Wright who is bettair wrastlair den you both put togethair! He diddunt need help! Un I don't need help! Because I om REAL.

I shallunge you to prove dot I om wrong vid a one on one match, any of you! Dahveed Coopair, let me see you come face to face unstead of jump deh bock! Anytime! Anywhere! The Sultan is ready! I come ten tousun mile to prove dot I om deh best in deh vurld! To prove dot Iran is numbair vun! But all ontollEgunt AmerEcun, dese people, tousun tousun peepell in Cruckut Culloseum, dey all know dot USA is ashame to call you AmerEcun! You hof no honair, no country, un ven I get honds on you, you gonna hof no career too.

[With that, the Sultan storms out as the people cheer him.]

GM: Fans, we need to get this under control - we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

The screen fades back in on a still shot of AWA's resident "Siren", Miss Sandra Hayes, clad in a pair of daisy dukes, pink leather cowboy boots, and a plaid mens dress shirt tied up in a knot across her chest. Her usual tar colored rat tail is pulled back into two mini pony tails and along with her

trademark smirk is her trusty branding iron, slung over her right shoulder, twirling delicately between her finger tips.]

MSH: Why, hello there.

[An angelic wave.]

MSH: Tired of your neighbor stealing your cattle? Worn out chasing your horses around the old barn? Is someone sneaking into your home late at night and taking naughty fetish pictures of your sheep and others poke fun of you at Sunday service because of it?

[Pause.]

MSH: I bet you are!

[She jabs the branding iron towards the screen.]

MSH: Well I have the solution for you!

[A big smile.]

MSH: When you pick up one of my very own trademark Beauty Branding Irons not only will you get a signed 8.5x11 photo of yours truly but for the low, low, price of \$49.95 that even YOU can afford you will be entered into our monthly contest for your very own barnyard security package! That's right ladies and gents, no more cowtipping at your expense!

No more indecent photos of your pride and joys raw hide showing up at the local auction sale!

And best of all...you'll have my face and personal guarantee attached to your most prized possessions!

[She props her chin up over the top of the branding iron, batting her eyes.]

MSH: So brand your cattle!

Brand your children!

But most importantly, brand yourself a better life with my Beauty Branding Iron!

[Smile.]

MSH: Pick up the phone people, this deal won't last forever!

[Fade to black.]

Cut to footage recorded earlier, footage of the rotund grey-suited Robfathah standing in front of his clients, Scola and Mafu, the Samoan Hit Squad. The

Samoans are dressed for action and obviously ready to go, and the Robfathah is wearing a huge grin on his round face.]

RC: The two men standing behind me are...hmm, how best to describe this?

[Scola looks at the pondering Robfathah for a moment before leaning forward and uttering one word.]

S: Hungry.

RC: Ahh, that's the word I wanted. They're hungry. They've been on the sidelines too long, they thought they had wrapped up that little fan vote for the opening match of SuperClash, only to discover that a last minute push for some other tag team I can't be bothered to remember took them off the show. I expected my two friends here to be furious when they found out, so I made sure there was a nice, thick several miles between myself and them, but lo and behold, they didn't get angry, they got...

[Mafu grins.]

M: Hehe...hungry.

RC: A lot of people claim to be hungry. Hungry for fame, fortune, for success, for glory, or in my case, the biggest damned double cheeseburger you can find...but you see, when the Samoan Hit Squad is hungry, they're not interested in any of that. Not food, not fortune, not glory, their singular desire is to drive their fists, feet, arms, legs, heads, and bodies into others, to bruise, bloody, and finally, what they hunger for the most...is victory. These men have been on the sidelines for too long now, and when they found out that their next opponent would be the Antons, you would not believe the smiles that crossed their faces!

[Scola and Mafu grin in a fairly eerie fashion, like a cat spotting canary's cage door open.]

RC: This was a true test! This was finally a chance for the Samoan Hit Squad to test themselves, to find out if they really have it in them to compete at this level night in and night out. A test to find out if they belong here, belong in the AWA, a crucible in which to hurl themselves and see how or even if they can emerge from the other side victorious. In the Antons, Scola and Mafu find two men who fight as the Samoans do, leaving everything out in the ring and not caring one bit about how they have to win. In the Antons, Scola and Mafu find two men as powerful and hard-hitting as they are, as willing to use each other as projectiles, as battering rams, as anything it takes to attain victory!

[The Robfathah chuckles.]

RC: They think the Antons are a true test...and they're right. There's something else, though, Antons, another function you serve without knowing you serve it -- you're a pair of springboards, or maybe even a catapult. You will be the device that launches my clients to victory, you will be the prey

they feast upon to satiate their hunger -- for awhile. You, Antons, will be the names cursed when, one day, the Samoan Hit Squad hoist the AWA tag team championship belts high in the air...because if you had just managed victory tonight, maybe this could've been avoided. Maybe Scola and Mafu would have changed their minds about wrestling, changed their minds about competing in that squared circle and gone back to their boring day jobs.

[The Robfathah shrugs.]

RC: Sad day for you and the rest of the tag teams of the AWA, though, because these two men will NOT be defeated. They will march out to that ring, kick, bite, scratch, and claw their way to victory, and then they will do it again, and again, and again, until the AWA has no choice but to feed them whatever pair of poor saps holds the titles, and then, they will feast upon those champions and take their rightful place in the dual throne of the kings of tag team wrestling! Your future Stampede Cup winners? The Samoan Hit Squad! Future tag team champions? Again, the Samoan Hit Squad! But for now, tonight...

[Christie steps back between Scola and Mafu, gesturing to each man.]

RC: These men are simply hungry, and Antons, you're the main course. You have no chance at all of winning tonight, but you can, perhaps, attain a moral victory by simply...

[Scola and Mafu both chime in.]

M&S: Surviving.

[The Robfathah laughs as he and the Samoan Hit Squad depart and we crossfade from the locker room area back to live action inside the Crockett Coliseum where we find Jason Dane standing atop the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, at this moment, allow me to introduce...

[A familiar throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[The crowd erupts into jeers, as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play. Twenty-five seconds in, a masked mountain of a man, with lightly-tanned skin and brown eyes, emerges from the entranceway. He has on a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus and his manager...

[More jeering, as he is followed by the paunchy, smirking, bespectacled Asian, with light brown skin and short, wavy, black hair; dressed in a navy suit, lavender shirt, red tie and black Oxford shoes.]

JD: Louis MAAATSUUUIII!!!

[But that's not all, as Matsui is followed by a scowling seven-foot Japanese giant. Thickly-built, with light brown skin, dark eyes and short, black hair, the man last known as Giant Aso has on a black singlet, black knee pads and a pair of black boots. With Maximus to his right and Aso to his left, Louis Matsui leads the two behemoths towards the interview platform. As the music starts to fade, Matsui takes his place to Jason Dane's left, with Aso to Matsui's left, which leaves Maximus to Dane's right, breathing down his neck, much to the broadcaster's discomfort.]

JD: Lou-

LM: That's Mister Matsui to you!

JD: [Shaken.] Muh, Mister Matsui, at SuperClash, you offered this man [Motioning to Aso.] a place back by your side. Judging by his presence here with us tonight, I'm guessing Giant Aso has accepted your invitation to return to the Matsui Corporation.

LM: I did extend that invitation to Giant Aso, but, JAY-DEE, it was not Giant Aso who accepted that invitation. As my friend, Mister Bucky Wilde rightfully pointed out, there was a time when MAMMOTH Mizusawa's name and "future World Champion" were CONSTANTLY uttered in the same breath. Now that he has embraced that name once again, we can get back to the business of making him exactly that: World Champion!

JD: But what about MAMMOTH Maximus?

LM: What about him?

[From behind Jason Dane, we hear Maximus yell, "Yeah, what about me?"]

JD: During the World title tournament, both Maximus and you kept saying that becoming World Champion was HIS destiny!

LM: Jay-Dee, trying to sow discord between such powerful men would be a most UNWISE thing to do, so I suggest you proceed with caution! But, to answer your question, when you've got two big, strong, talented young men working towards a common goal, either man could become World Champion, because what is Mizusawa's glory is also Maximus' glory, and what is their glory is also MY glory!

JD: YOUR glory?

LM: Yes, Jay-Dee, MY glory! Because what I am trying to establish is more than a corporation; the Matsui Corporation, as successful a business as it is here and in Japan, is but a means to an end. What I am trying to build is

more than a foundation, more than an army, more than a family even! What I am trying to establish is MY legacy! What I am trying to build is the Matsui Dynasty!

And the Matsui Dynasty shall be built upon the twin pillars that are MAMMOTH Maximus and MAMMOTH Mizusawa; future World Champions both! Maybe I'll send whichever one of them doesn't get to be World Champion the first time around after the Longhorn Heritage title, a championship as prestigious as any other in this sport! Or, maybe, I send them both after the Stampede Cup, or the National Tag Team championship; maybe we bring home every championship and accolade there is to be gained in this sport! After all, as Maximus is fond of saying...

It's mine!

[The crowd jeers.]

LM: It's MINE!!!

[The jeers grow louder.]

LM: THE WORLD IS MINE!!!

[The jeers are through the roof and we can barely hear Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" start playing again, as Louis Matsui leads MAMMOTH Mizusawa and MAMMOTH Maximus away from the interview platform and towards the ring. As they make their way down the elevated walkway, Matsui is running his mouth, occasionally taunting the fans sitting on either side of the walkway with a smirk. Maximus follows behind him, also jawing with the fans. Mizusawa brings up the rear, still scowling.]

PW: This tag team contest is scheduled for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Mister Matsui...

BW: Watson sure learns fast, Gordo.

PW: At a total combined weight of 840 pounds...

GM: That's a lot of weight headed to the ring, Bucky.

PW: MAMMOTH Maximus and...

MAMMOTH MIZUUUSAAAWAAA!!!

[The booing continues as Louis Matsui reaches the ring. He hangs back, letting MAMMOTH Maximus pass and step through the ropes. Maximus balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. Behind him, MAMMOTH Mizusawa steps over the top rope and simply walks over to the corner indicated by the official. He is soon joined by his tag team partner and his manager, who remains on the apron, giving his clients some pre-match instructions, as the song fades.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Across the ring from them is a Caucasian male with brown hair and brown eyes. He is by no means chiseled, but he does have muscle definition in his arms, neck and chest. He is dressed in a pair of tan wrestling trunks, white knee pads and tan boots, with white laces and trim. Next to him is a man in his late forties, with curly brown hair that is starting to go grey. He has a beer gut and is dressed in a pair of blue trunks and boots, with no knee pads.]

PW: Weighing in at a total combined weight of 490 pounds, Hugh Jenner and...

"OUTBACK" ZACK KELLLLLLY!!!

[Jenner holds his palms up in acknowledgement of the crowd, while Kelly throws a fist upwards in the air.]

GM: It's "Outback" Zack and Hugh Jenner taking on the team of MAMMOTHs Maximus and Mizusawa. Not the first time we've seen these two behemoths on the same team, but we know what happened the last time these two teamed up, Bucky.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jenner and Maximus lock up in a collar-and-elbow, with Jenner forcing the larger man into the corner, thus forcing a break. They lock up again and, almost immediately, Maximus drives a knee to Jenner's gut. Maximus follows up with a series of clubbing forearms, forcing the veteran to the mat.]

BW: Are you trying to say, Gordo, that all might not be well within the Matsui Dynasty?

GM: I'm just wondering how well Maximus and Mizusawa can co-exist, considering they spent the latter half of last year trying to destroy each other!

BW: It is most unwise to sow discord within the Matsui Dynasty, Gordo.

GM: Anyway, Maximus picks Jenner up! Drives him back down with that body slam!

[Maximus goes to pick Jenner up again, but Jenner drives a forearm into Maximus' massive gut. Maximus answers with a clubbing forearm, but as he goes for a double axe handle, the veteran journeyman sticks another forearm in, then reaches out and tags in Zack Kelly. Maximus shoves Hugh Jenner out of the way and meets the charging Kelly with a...]

GM: Massive clothesline knocks "Outback" Zack down!

[Maximus stays on him, grabbing Kelly by the back of his head and pulling the Australian to his feet. Holding on, Maximus drags Kelly to his corner, smashing Kelly's face into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Tag to Mizusawa!

BW: They look like they're working together just fine, Gordo.

[Maximus lays into Kelly's ribs with a series of punches, as Mizusawa steps over the top rope, into the ring. Maximus steps through the ropes, as the Japanese giant takes over.]

GM: Huge headbutt to "Outback" Zack Kelly! Mizusawa is motioning for Maximus to get back into the ring... He's setting Kelly up for something here...

[Mizusawa holds Zack Kelly up as Maximus hits the far ropes...]

BW: HYOOOGE BODY AVALANCHE!!!

GM: And a massive elbow drop by Mizusawa for the count. One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners, MAMMOTH Maximus and...

MAMMOTH MIZUUUSAAAWAAA!!!

[Louis Matsui hops onto the ring apron, as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play. Senior Official Johnny Jagger raises the arms of Maximus and Mizusawa, while Matsui looks on with a wide grin on his face.]

BW: An emphatic victory by the two MAMMOTHs, these Prehistoric Powers, Gordo.

GM: Whatever you want to call them, Bucky, if these two monsters are on the same side, this could potentially mean bad news for a whole lot of guys in the back.

BW: Matsui said it himself, with these twin towers holding up his Dynasty, the sky's truly the limit. He could go after the World Title, the Longhorn Heritage belt, the tag straps, the Stampede Cup; the Matsui Dynasty could potentially hold them all!

GM: Giant Aso - now again MAMMOTH Mizusawa - laid down a vicious betrayal of Buccaneer Bart Roberts back at SuperClash but truth be told, there was a whole lot of betrayal everywhere to be seen at SuperClash.

BW: It was somethin' in the LA air, Gordo. Donovan, Mizusawa, Marley, and perhaps the most shocking of 'em all... Brian Von Braun got the blade buried in his back by his own flesh and blood.

GM: Jason Dane is standing by with Brian Von Braun right now to get his thoughts on one of the most shocking things I've ever seen in my days in this business. Jason?

[We cut to the interview stage where Brian Von Braun is standing next to Jason Dane. BVB is wearing pair of dark blue jeans, black t-shirt with "AWA Combat Corner" written in white text, and a pair of sunglasses. Dane's dressed in slacks, button-down shirt, and sport coat.]

BVB rubs his hands together and is stiff and rigid in his posture. BVB turns tilts his head side to side attempting to relax.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. We all saw what happened at SuperClash, Brian. You and Sweet Daddy Williams came up short against the Aces as the newest member of the Unholy Alliance got involved. To everyone watching, the look on your face told another story. As we've all been told by this point... that man is your brother?

[BVB hesitates, still trying to relax.]

BVB: He's my younger brother, yeah.

[The crowd buzzes at the answer they already knew. Von Braun takes off the glasses, his eyes focusing on the camera. No wild gleam, nothing but a serious look.]

BVB: I don't know what was said, what promises were made. I don't even want to imagine how ya twisted the youngest of us. Ya did it.

You hurt my pride when Nenshou spewed that mist onto Megan and then laid me out for over a year.

You crushed our spirit when ya had Steve and Dan take out the old man.

Now you've got Tully following you. Congratulations, Percy. Ya did it.

Ya just ripped the heart out of the Von Braun family and broke it.

[BVB pauses and looks down before looking up to Dane.]

BVB: He ain't answered any calls from any of his family, Jason. I couldn't tell ya what happened. I'm gonna have to wait to find out when the rest of the world does. I ain't interested in Percy gloating. I just want to know "why."

The last two years, I've stepped back to take a look at things... my career, my attitude, all of it. Steve asked me a question, "Was it worth it?" I really don't know, Jason. 'Cause...

[BVB can't help but smile at the irony.]

BVB: I'm eatin' my words, Rob Magnum...

'Cause I've done things I ain't proud of.

The last two years while I was on the shelf was about soul searchin', Jason. Askin' questions an' lookin' fer answers. It's all always been about that fifteen pounds of gold and callin' yerself the best. I alienated a lot of people by doin' that. Called people friends with honeyed words only to drive a knife in their back and use them as a steppin' stone.

Ya name it, Jason. I've either done it or said I would do it if it got me that much closer to a World title. I'm talkin' as low as throwin' a fireball at a woman, Jason.

[BIG round of boos for that.]

BVB: It ain't a wonder why I couldn't find a tag team partner. All I was askin' for was a chance, Jason. By all rights, no one would give me that. Until one man who'd been down that road decided to give me that chance.

Sweet Daddy Williams.

[Cheer from the crowd.]

BVB: I owed Sweet Daddy help against the Aces after the match. The man put his faith in me. And I owed him by helping him instead of chasing Tully down the aisle. In two years of soul searchin', I didn't learn enough as Sweet Daddy taught me in two weeks.

That fifteen pounds of gold tells the world you're one of the best. That fifteen pounds is why we're all in this sport, scrappin' to get to the top. Sweet Daddy showed me he's STILL got somethin' even without fifteen pounds of gold 'round his waist.

He's got a belt made of hearts, the hearts of the fans.

[BIG cheer.]

BVB: Hundreds and thousands of hearts and voices. Keepin' fifteen pounds of gold can only make ya fight so hard, but it's those added hearts. The voices cheerin' ya on that make ya dig deeper than ya thought. That make ya realize you've got a third or a fourth wind when ya didn't think ya did.

Percy changed the rules of the game when Tully joined him. Us Von Brauns, we're fanatics when it comes to family. We squabble, but we back each other up when one of us needs it.

Ya jus' changed that Percy. I once told these fans I wasn't the hero they was lookin' for. Told them to cheer someone else, I didn't need it. I surely ain't a hero.

I can also change the rules. As Sweet Daddy told me before our match at SuperClash...

"Let's see if a bad dog can learn a few good tricks."

[Von Braun turns and exits the interview stage.]

JD: Let's head down to the ring for more tag team action!

[Brief silence... then the opening drums of White Zombie's "Blur the Technicolor" hit the PA.]

PW: The next contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit, and it is a Stampede Cup Qualifying Match! Coming to the ring at this time...

[Watson pauses as the Robfathah emerges, holding up one hand. Dressed in his usual grey suit, he turns, audibly laughing and points at the curtain, yelling something the cameras can't quite pick up. The camera promptly parts and lets loose a wild-eyed bundle of Samoan brutality, also known as Scola and Mafu, the Samoan Hit Squad. They're dressed in their usual attire -- bare, taped feet, plain black wrestling tights that end just below the knee, taped hands and wrists, and hair as wild as the look in both men's eyes. Scola and Mafu move to stand in front of the Robfathah, who turns around and beckons at Phil Watson to continue.]

PW: ...hailing from the isle of Samoa and weighing in at a combined five hundred and thirty pounds...

[The Robfathah reaches up, clapping both men on the shoulders, sending them sprinting down the aisle!]

PW: They are Scola and Mafu...

[Mafu slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, springing immediately to his feet while Scola quickly steps through into the ring near his partner.]

PW: They are...

THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!!

[The Robfathah, smirking as usual, has made his way to the ring and points to Scola and Mafu from the outside. The Samoan Hit Squad stands together in a corner of the ring, glowering.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Go U Northwestern," as performed by the Northwestern University Marching Band, starts to play over the arena speakers. A scowling Nick Anton is out first, looking the audience over intently. Nick possesses a stout physique, with olive-brown skin. He has a black buzz cut, his face is clean-shaven and he is dressed in a purple singlet, with white trim and an image of a wildcat's head on the left thigh; black knee pads and black boots.

His brother Alex follows, arms raised, before pumping his fist and pointing at the audience with the other hand. Alex possesses a chiselled physique, with olive-brown skin. He has short, black hair and a meticulously-trimmed goatee. He is wearing a purple singlet, with white trim, the letters "NU" on the right thigh and the letters "AA" on the left thigh; black knee pads and black boots]

PW: They hail from Chicago, Illinois and weigh in at a total combined weight of 547 pounds, Nick and Alex...

THE ANTONS!!!

[Nick has his eyes locked on the ring as he makes his way down the entrance ramp, occasionally slapping the hand of a fan on the near side of it. Alex, however, is trying to slap hands and high-five as many fans as he can. When Alex reaches the ring, he steps through the ropes and heads towards their corner, pumping his right fist and playing to the fans as he does so. Nick walks along the apron towards the corner and climbs onto the middle rope. He rests his hands on Alex's shoulders, who raises his arms in the air, pointing to the sky, as the music builds before fading to a stop.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: There's a whole lot of muscle in that ring, but, between the Antons and the Samoans, not a whole lotta brain. With Rob Christie on their side, though, I'd give the Samoan Hit Squad the advantage in this one.

GM: Folks, the Road to the Stampede Cup is truly well on its way, as is this match, but let's hear some pre-recorded comments from the Antons...

[A small window pops up in the corner of the screen to reveal Alex and Nick, in matching purple-and-white Northwestern Wildcats letterman jackets over their wrestling attire, standing in front of the AWA backdrop.]

NA: SAMOANS! Your manager claims that he will make you the most frighteningly destructive force in the history of this organization by the time all is said and done! Well, the Antons beg to differ! Rob Christie brags of your respectable, honorable heritage: how your grandfathers, your fathers were wrestlers! Now, our grandfathers and our father might not have been wrestlers, but Chi-town's as big a wrestling town as any other and you're looking at two proud Second City sons RIGHT HERE!!!

AA: Don't think we haven't heard the guys in the back talking, when they thought we weren't listening, about how we've been in the AWA for just over a year now and barely made a dent, how we are no way close to achieving what other Combat Corner graduates have already achieved. Well, they say the AWA tag division is HOT right now, so what better time for the Antons to make their mark and what better way to make an impact than by winning the Stampede Cup this year? Dufresne and Freeman, Violence Unlimited, the Lynchs; it's about time the Anton name is added to that list!

[The window disappears off the screen, as we return to the match. Scola has Alex Anton in a corner, as he lays into him with a clubbing forearm across the chest.]

GM: The Antons are looking to get into the Stampede Cup but they gotta go over the Samoans to get there as the big man from the Samoan Hit Squad lays in a big forearm...

[Scola yanks Anton out of the corner by the head and neck, hooking him under the arm...]

GM: Big hipt- countered!

[And Anton sends Scola crashing down to the mat!]

GM: What power displayed by Alex Anton!

BW: Scola's shaking it right off though, getting back to his feet and- whoa! Scola with a big shove!

GM: So much for the feeling out process.

[Anton returns fire with a shove of his own that seems to fire up Scola even more as he comes rushing back with a right hand.]

GM: Right hand by Scola... Anton fires back! We've got a slugfest!

[A heavy right hand from Scola sends Anton falling back into the ropes where he bounces, charging back...]

GM: OHH!

[He lays in a HUUUUUGE running clothesline, knocking Scola into the air where he flips around before crashing back down to the canvas!]

GM: Alex Anton nearly got a full mid-air rotation out of the big Samoan with that heavy clothesline...

[The crowd roars for Anton who throws back his arms in a bit of a celebratory pose.]

BW: I wouldn't start posing just yet.

GM: It does seem a bit premature.

[Anton leans down, pulling Scola off the mat...

...and gets a cross-armed throat strike into his windpipe!]

GM: Ohh! Scola caught him on the way back up!

[Scola promptly grabs ahold of the gasping Anton, dragging him back into the Samoans' corner, throwing him back into the buckles...

...and lighting him up with a knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Reverse knife edge and a beauty by Scola!

[A few more chops connect before the wildman Mafu throws a chop of his own from the apron, smashing into the side of Anton's neck. The referee steps in to complain but is forced to wheel around to prevent Nick Anton from storming the Samoans' corner.]

GM: Brother Nick is not doing Alex Anton any favors here.

[Spotting Nick Anton tangled up with the official, Mafu steps through the ropes, rushing him from the blind side with a hammering forearm to the back of the head to knock him down to all fours.]

GM: What the... these Samoans are a little bit hard to control, Bucky.

BW: The Robfathah's doing his best with 'em but Samoans are notorious for being independent spirits in there, Gordo. They're gonna do whatever they wanna do.

[The official protests as Mafu headbutts Anton, sending him falling through the ropes to the floor...

...and just a split second later, Scola LAUNCHES Alex Anton through the ropes to the floor as well!]

GM: The Antons are out on the floor thanks to the Samoans... and the Samoans are standing tall in the ring!

[The fans jeer the Samoans as they pace around the ring, ruling the roost. After a few moments, the Antons regain their feet, huddling up for a few seconds before hopping up on the apron...]

GM: The Samoans are facing the wrong way! They're over here taunting the fans by us and...

BW: The Antons are going up top!

GM: The Robfathah's trying to get the Samoans to turn around and-

BW: No! No! No! Don't turn around!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the Antons come flying off the top rope, flooring both Samoans!]

GM: Flying clothesline off the top rope in stereo!

[The Samoans quickly bail out after the high impact move, leaving the Antons walking around the ring, shouting at them to get back into the squared circle.]

GM: And now it's the Antons who are walking tall, fans!

BW: I'm sure Rob Christie'll deal with this.

GM: The Samoan Hit Squad is regrouping on the outside and Christie yells at Mafu to get in the ring against Nick Anton.

BW: They aren't the legal men but I'm not sure anyone will care at this point.

[Mafu rolls under the ropes, greeted by Nick Anton who stomps the Samoan as he slides in. Mafu is quick to his feet though, absorbing a handful of heavy forearm smashes to the back...

...and throws a kick into the gut of Anton, doubling him up.]

GM: Mafu caught him downstairs and-

[Pulling Anton up by the hair, Mafu blasts him across the chest with a knife edge chop, sending Anton stumbling into a neutral corner where the Samoan comes in after him...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another chop out of Mafu!

[Grabbing Anton by the arm, the Samoan wings him across...]

GM: Anton hits the corner... in comes Mafu and...

BW: BOOM! Big running clothesline!

[Mafu cackles, shouting something unintelligible in the ear of Nick Anton before whipping him across a second time, charging in...

...but this time, it's Anton who comes bounding out of the corner, flattening Mafu with a clothesline of his own!]

GM: OHHHH! BIG SHOT BY NICK ANTON!!

[Nick Anton pulls Mafu up by the arm, firing him into the closest neutral corner where Mafu's head slams into the top turnbuckle.]

BW: It's a Stampede Cup qualifier and these two teams are willing to destroy each other for a spot in the tournament. For any other man, hitting your head against the buckle that hard might knock you out but not for a Samoan.

[Nick turns to the corner, slapping Alex's hand who comes in quick, grabbing the dazed Samoan by the arms in a double underhook...]

...and POWERS him over with a high impact suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Butterfly suplex by Alex Anton!

[Anton climbs back to his feet...]

...and catches an incoming Scola with a dropkick, knocking him back through the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: A show of power AND agility by Alex Anton!

[Alex Anton pops back up, shouting something out to Scola as Rob Christie moves into action.]

GM: What is Christie doing?

[We see the Robfathah on the apron, exchanging words with the official as Anton tries to get Mafu back to his feet.]

GM: Anton needs to take his focus off of Christie... he needs to-

[Anton goes to hook a Russian legsweep on Mafu but turns his attention slightly to Christie...]

GM: No, no... stay on- ohh! Mafu throws an elbow to the mush!

[Mafu grabs the back of Anton's trunks, sending him towards the ropes...]

...where Scola yanks down the top rope, sending Alex Anton over the ropes and down to the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: It's a long way down to the floor for Alex Anton... and with Christie still tying up the official, Scola's heading out after him to do some more damage!

[Scola pulls Anton off the mat, wrapping his powerful arms around the torso...]

...and SLAMS his lower back into the barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ALEX ANTON MEETS THE STEEL!

[Trying to take advantage of the moment, Scola muscles Anton under the ropes into the ring where Mafu shoves past the official, hammering down with a double axehandle to the small of the back!]

GM: Mafu's staying on the man... not giving up for a moment as he tries to seize the moment...

BW: Alex Anton looks like he might be hurt pretty badly out there, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does... and there's a tag from Mafu to Scola...

[Scola steps up, leaning forward...

...as Mafu SLAMS Anton's skull into Scola's!]

GM: Ohh! Mafu gets in another shot before Scola gets in, grabbing Anton by the back of the trunks to keep him in their corner.

BW: That's good tag team wrestling, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is.

[Scola lifts Anton under his arm...

...and brings him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Backbreaker by Scola... and there's a tag right back to Mafu!

[Mafu steps into the ring, hopping up on the middle rope...

...and drops a double axehandle into the sternum, flipping Anton off the knee and down to the mat.]

GM: Mafu and Scola with the hard doubleteam... and we've got a cover for one! There's two! There's- no!

[The crowd cheers Nick Anton for rushing in to break up the pin attempt but the official is right in his face, forcing him back towards the Antons' corner...]

GM: Nick Anton breaks up the pin and... here comes Scola again!

[Scola steps in, pulling Anton off the mat as Mafu grabs him by the head as well. They give a shout before HAMMERING Anton with a double windup headbutt, flattening their opponent.]

GM: Mafu steps out and Scola stays in now... no tag there by the way.

[Scola leans down, pulling Anton off the mat.]

GM: Scola shoves him back to the neutral corner again... backing to the opposite corner...

[With a shout, Scola rushes across the ring...]

GM: HERE COMES SCOL-

[The crowd ROARS as Anton lifts a leg, sending Scola charging into the boot!]

GM: Alex Anton just saved his skin right there! He got the boot up in time!

BW: Yeah, but he needs a tag, Gordo.

GM: That he does...

[A dazed Scola wobbles down the ropes, slapping the hand of Mafu.]

GM: In comes Mafu off the exchange...

[Mafu rushes across the ring where Alex Anton is trying to pull himself down the ropes to make the tag...

...and gets DRILLED with a running knee to the mush, sending him falling through the ropes to the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Mafu cuts off Anton's attempt to make the tag!

[Mafu promptly turns to the corner, shouting something at Nick Anton who starts to come in but gets cut off by the official. With the referee distracted, Scola hops down off the apron...]

GM: Scola's coming for Alex Anton...

[Scola grabs Anton by the back of the head...

...and SLAMS his skull into the hard ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Come on, referee!

BW: The referee's tied up by Nick Anton! Nick Anton not doing his brother any favor there.

[Mafu pulls Alex Anton back under the ropes by the arm, dragging him up to his feet for another Irish whip...]

GM: Mafu shoots him in... backdr-

[But Anton slams on the brakes, seeing the backdrop telegraphed too far ahead, and SMASHES Mafu's head into the mat!]

GM: BIG FACESLAM BY ANTON! WHAT A COUNT-

[But Mafu gets right up, slamming his open palms into his own skull...]

BW: IT DIDN'T HURT HIM, GORDO!

[As Anton turns around, he EATS a thrust kick under the chin!]

GM: OHHH! BIG KICK!

BW: The heads on these Samoans might just be bulletproof, Gordo.

[Mafu drops down, pushing his palms into the chest of Alex Anton.]

GM: Mafu gets one! He's got two! He's-

[But Nick Anton comes in again, breaking up the pin attempt. The referee forces Nick out as Mafu drags Scola to the corner, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: In comes Scola on the exchange...

[Scola grabs Nick's arms under his powerful arms, smashing his skull into Anton's...]

GM: A series of headbutts by Scola!

BW: This could be it, Gordo, the beginning of the end. Alex has been in the ring far too long against these savages.

[Scola releases the arms, shoving him back into the Samoans' corner.]

GM: Scola's moving in on-

[Anton throws himself forward, smashing a forearm into the jaw of Scola to the cheers of the crowd. He falls back, throwing a back elbow into the face of Mafu!]

GM: Anton's going for them both!

[He shoves himself forward again...

...and gets caught with another headbutt, sending him stumbling back into the corner where Scola slaps Mafu's hand again...]

GM: The Samoans make another exchange - showing some excellent teamwork in there...

[Mafu steps back in, grabbing the head to help deliver another devastating double headbutt with his partner...]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Anton's laid out! Alex Anton is completely laid out!

[Mafu pushes up to his feet, slapping his skull...

...and then does the slow collapsing falling headbutt to Alex Anton!]

GM: Oh my! Big headbutt again... here's the cover! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the shoulder comes off the mat. Nick Anton steps back to the apron, ever ready to come rushing in to help. Mafu glares at him as he pulls Alex Anton to a seated position and slaps on a nerve hold on the neck area.]

GM: A nerve hold is slapped on by Mafu... that oughta ground Alex Anton for a while...

[Nick Anton starts stomping on the ring apron, shouting at his brother to break the hold and keep the fight going.]

GM: Nick Anton's trying to rally his brother - he knows what's at stake here.

[Nick's clapping his hands now as well, trying to rile up the fans...]

GM: Alex Anton's starting to stir! He's fighting up out from under Mafu... Anton slams his elbow back to the ribs!

[A second and third elbow forces Mafu to break the hold as Alex Anton rushes to the ropes...]

GM: Alex off the far side... Mafu ducks a clothesline!

[The wild Samoan rebounds back, leaving his feet with a crossbody...

...just as Alex Anton does the same, wiping one another out as they crash down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Both men go down!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Both men hit hard off that moment where they both had the same idea and as we approach the five minute mark in what's left in this time limit, both of these teams will need to pick up their urgency a bit.

[The official starts counting both men down as the crowd buzzes, trying to urge Alex Anton up to his feet where he can continue battling.]

GM: The referee's up to three... now to four... who can get up first?

[It proves to be the wild Samoan, Mafu, as he pulls himself up using the ropes, leaning over to slap Scola's outstretched hand...]

GM: In comes the big man...

[Scola grabs Alex Anton just before he reaches his own corner, spinning him back into the ropes before laying in a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Big chop by Scola!

BW: Stay on him! He's too close to the corner!

GM: I have never seen Alex Anton punished in such a manner, Bucky, and they're keeping him in there and doing a number on him.

BW: Shows you what a bit of guidance could do for a team.

[Scola grabs Anton by the arm, dragging him from the corner and laying him out with a powerful bodyslam.]

GM: Big slam by Scola... and he's saying this one is over!

[Mafu says the same, dragging his thumb across his throat as Scola slaps his hand...]

GM: The tag is made... and Mafu's heading up top!

BW: If he hits this, it's all over, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right about that!

[Mafu reaches the top rope, steadying himself for a moment as Scola drops to a knee, pointing up to his partner who throws himself off the top, sailing through the air...

...and CRASHING down on the canvas!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! He went for the flying splash but no one was home on that, Bucky!

BW: Alex Anton's got his chance! He needs the tag!

[Nick Anton reaches out, stretching as far as he can...

...and gets his hand slapped by a dazed Alex Anton!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!!

[Nick Anton rushes in, hammering the incoming Scola with a forearm that keeps him on the apron. He grabs Mafu off the mat, firing him into the ropes...

...and LAUNCHING him skyward with a backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!!

[The crowd roars as Nick wheels around, grabbing an incoming Scola and slamming him down to the mat!]

GM: Big slam on Scola as well!

[Nick Anton spins around, wheeling his arm in a circle as he waits for Mafu to stir...

...and flattens him with a running clothesline!]

GM: The big running clothesline puts Mafu down!

[Grabbing the rising Scola by the back of the head, Nick sets...

...and SMASHES their skulls together!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCK-

BW: That might not have been the best idea!

[The Samoans shake off the double headsmash instantly before laying out Nick Anton with a double headbutt of their own!]

GM: Down goes Anton!

BW: The Samoans lay him out... and I think they're smelling victory, Gordo! They want in that Stampede Cup tournament!

GM: You can't blame 'em for that, fans.

[Scola grabs Nick by the legs as Mafu backs off, giving a "SAAAAMOA!" shout as Scola falls back, catapulting Nick into the air...]

GM: CATAPULT...

[And the crowd ROARS as Nick Anton uses the momentum to throw himself into a clothesline on Mafu!]

GM: OHH! DOWN GOES MAFU!!

[Alex Anton comes rushing in as well, wrapping his arms around the torso of Mafu...

...and LAUNCHES him up and over with a belly to belly throw!]

GM: ALEX ANTON ROCKS MAFU! He's showing off that power!

BW: He'd better stop showing off befo-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAFU WITH THE THRUST KICK!

[Mafu wheels around, ready to face the threat of a charging Nick Anton...

...but The Robfathah has a grip on Anton's ankle, preventing him from charging across the ring...]

GM: Rob Christie's got Nick Anton tangled up!

BW: Anton's trying to shake him off but he's not having any luc-

GM: SCOLA!

[A running body splash in the corner crushes Nick Anton against the buckles!]

GM: Scola connects in the corner...

[Scola rushes to the ropes that a dazed Anton is facing, bouncing off...]

GM: HIGH KICK TO THE JAW!!

[Anton collapses from the impact as Mafu quickly scales the ropes, throwing his arms apart...

...and leaping off the top, smashing his rock-hard skull into the skull of Nick Anton!]

"TWO MINUTES REMAINING!"

[Mafu throws himself into a cover as Scola stands guard over them, preventing an Alex Anton assist as the referee counts one... two...]

GM: They got it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Mafu gets off the downed Anton, turning to bark wildly at the official who scampers out of town, leaving The Robfathah to raise the hands of his duo.]

PW: Here are your winners, Scola and Mafu...

THE SAAAAAMOOOAAAAN HIT SQUAAAAAAD!

[The crowd jeers the announcement as the trio celebrates over a downed Nick Anton.]

GM: The Samoans are your winners and they're moving on to the Stampede Cup, fans! The third team in - joining the National Tag Team Champions, The Bishop Boys, and the team of Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines.

BW: That's a heck of a field so far, Gordo, and we're just getting started.

GM: It certainly is. And if you'd asked me prior to SuperClash, I would've said that Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan would've made a heck of a team for the Cup - a potential favorite to win the whole thing.

BW: Not anymore, daddy!

GM: Absolutely not - not after a stunning betrayal by Robert Donovan - something that left us all shocked. Robert Donovan has been a hero to the fans of the AWA since the moment he arrived here - winning the Longhorn Heritage Title, trying to fill the gap when Juan Vasquez was sidelined due to injury. Who can ever forget the Call To Arms where Donovan challenged the entire locker room to stand beside him against the darkness? But that Robert Donovan... that's a very different Robert Donovan than we saw at SuperClash, fans.

BW: He stopped being a fool! He stopped letting these people pull the wool over his eyes. He wanted to be a champion and Jack Lynch... one of those stupid, stinkin' Stenches... prevented that from happening. I think Lynch got exactly what he had comin' - all of 'em for that matter.

GM: Well, later tonight, Robert Donovan might get exactly what HE has coming when he takes on the Lynches in six man tag team action... but who the heck are his partners, Bucky?

BW: He hasn't seen fit to let me know just yet... not that I'd tell you.

GM: Maybe he'll tell the world right now. Let's go to the interview platform where Jason Dane is standing by with the traitorous Robert Donovan! Jason?

[A quick fade to the interview platform reveals Jason Dane standing by, waiting to interview the rather large man standing next to him, one Robert Donovan. Donovan is wearing his ring attire and has one hell of a sour look on his face.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. I'm here to ask Robert Donovan a few questions, at his request, and Rob, the question I have to ask first is the same question I'm sure you've heard a dozen times already -- why?

[Donovan turns his glare on Dane briefly, then looks back at the camera.]

RD: What the hell makes you think I came here to answer to you, Dane?

[Jason Dane doesn't really have a response for this, and it shows.]

RD: Good answer. Now, in return, lemme ask YOU a question -- who screwed up the first tag title shot me an' Lynch had?

JD: Um...well, Jack Lynch DID knock down the official --

RD: Bingo! Now, second question, who screwed up the second title match, on the biggest show of the year for the AWA?

JD: Well...

[Dane hesitates.]

JD: ...the clawhold would have ended the match if Jack hadn't let go, I'd guess.

RD: You don't have to guess, Dane! You know damn well that it was over, that we'd have been holdin' those tag belts high if he hadn't let go to check on his worthless snot-nosed punk of a brother! You think I turned on our partnership, but you're dead wrong, Dane, you an' everybody in that locker room an' everybody fillin' the seats out in that arena. Jack Lynch turned on me, and anybody with a damned workin' brain knows it --

[The crowd erupts as the youngest of the Lynch boys, Travis, storms from the backstage area. He is wearing the official AWA Travis Lynch t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. and anger seethes in his eyes. The normally friendly Lynch boy just pushes his way by the fans who reach out to slap his shoulders and hands.]

JD: It looks as though...

[Before Jason can finish his sentence, Travis reaches forward and grabs Dane's hand, which is holding the microphone.]

TL: You know Rob, I haven't been myself for the past few months, with helping James through his rehab and dealing with the disappointment of not being able to win the AWA World Championship but I know that nothing is wrong with my hearing so to hear you stand there and claim that Jack turned on you... well that's made my blood boil. You see Rob, everyone knows I wanted to be the man to stand by Jack's side and regain the National Tag Team Championships for the Lynches but he wanted to take you as a partner... a man he saw the same desires in... a man he thought he could trust!

[Travis glares at Donovan.]

TL: So while I wasn't thrilled with his decision, I respected it and then that night the ol' man called and said that Jack made a great choice.

[The crowd boos that statement.]

TL: And as we saw both of them were dead wrong!

[Big cheer!]

TL: What would you have done, Donovan? Would you have continued to squeeze the temple of your opponent as your own flesh and blood was being assaulted? Does the shiny gold strap mean that much to you, big man, that you would allow that to happen?

To the Lynches, family means more than the gold... when we say blood is thicker than water, we mean it!

[Travis exhales deeply and continues to speak.]

TL: But what would you know about family or even friends?

[Donovan interrupts, not with an angry retort, but by laughing.]

RD: Boy, you're gonna stand here an' question what I know 'bout family? I was BORN into this business! I been hearin' stories about the road since before I could crawl! Three generations o' Donovans have come through the sport of professional wrestlin' an' countin', and you're gonna try to lecture me about family, you little punk?

[Donovan takes one step closer to Travis.]

RD: I'll be damned if somebody whose last name gets spat out like a curse all over Texas is gonna talk to ME about –

[Before Donovan can take another step, a figure dressed in black steps through the curtain onto the ramp to a big cheer. He glares down at the interview platform before making his way down there. Jack Lynch, the man Donovan just disrespected, steps between his younger brother and the man who betrayed him at SuperClash, grabbing the mic.]

JL: I've heard just about enough outta you, Donovan.

I'm gonna say this as plain as I possibly can. You, Robert Donovan, are nothin'. Not a man, not anything. Back bitin' fool like you? You're lower than what I scrape off my boots.

But I'm gonna give ya one chance...

Be a man, Donovan, and tell me, when and where you're gonna fight me. Ya tell me, and I'll be there.

So what's it gonna be?

[Donovan sneers briefly at Jack Lynch.]

RD: How 'bout now, jackass?

[On cue, Donovan throws a right hand, sending Jason Dane scampering away but Lynch blocks it, throwing a gloved right hand of his own to the jaw of the seven footer!]

GM: We've got a fight out on the platform! Big right hand by Lynch! He's hammering away at Donovan and-

[Travis Lynch steps back, cheering on his big brother...

...failing to notice the man leaping over the barricade, shoving his way past security as he rushes towards the platform. A solidly built man with pale skin and long dirty blonde hair with a beard to match comes running into view. Wearing blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black t-shirt with the Confederate flag across the front of it grabs the younger Lynch by the ankle, tugging hard...]

GM: What the-?!

[Lynch comes flying backwards off the apron, falling down where his upper body and face SLAMS into the wooden platform!]

GM: Ohh! Who is... that's Dick Wyatt! Dick Wyatt signed an AWA contract several months ago but suffered an injury right away and hasn't been seen more than a couple of times since then!

BW: He sure wasn't seen right there! Lynch never knew he was comin', Gordo!

[Down on the floor, Wyatt grabs Lynch by the hair, pulling his head back...

...and SLAMS his skull into the wooden platform a second time!]

GM: Ohh, come on! We need to get some help out here!

[Wyatt pulls Travis Lynch away from the platform by the hair, sneering at him as he leans over him...]

"Ya think yer better than me, boy?!"

[With Donovan and Jack Lynch still trading haymakers on the ramp, Wyatt cracks Lynch in the jaw with a stiff right jab, sending Lynch falling backwards into the steel barricade!]

GM: Wyatt cracked him right there! What a shot that was!

[Jack Lynch leans over, wrapping his arms around the torso of Donovan, shoving him off the platform and back onto the elevated wooden rampway, both men falling down onto it.]

GM: Lynch and Donovan are down! They're both down on the ground, hammering away at each other! But Jack Lynch might not even realize that his brother is getting...

BW: He's getting the snot beat out of him, Gordo!

[Wyatt stomps Lynch several times before grabbing the railing, swinging his knee forward into the good-looking face of the youngest Lynch, drawing jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard shot! What a knee!

[An AWA official draws close, shouting at Wyatt who threatens a backhand, sending a couple men scattering as Wyatt gives a shout in their direction as well. Wyatt pulls Lynch off the floor, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Wyatt's got him hooked... what's he-?!

[Wyatt suddenly drops down to his rear, jolting Travis Lynch's neck against his shoulder!]

GM: Oh my stars! Wyatt slams him down with that neckbreaker!

BW: That was a good one, Gordo! He really caught him good there! He may be out of that six man tag tonight!

GM: He... you're right! And you have to wonder if this wasn't a plan by Donovan all along! Dick Wyatt MUST be one of his partners here tonight and they just put together a plot to take Travis Lynch out of this match!

[AWA security somehow manages to get Donovan and Jack Lynch separated as James Lynch comes charging out, still in his street clothes. He shouts at security, gesturing to Travis and Wyatt.]

GM: James Lynch is out here now as well. He looks like he might have just gotten here, fans. He's pointing out what happened to Travis... he and Jack are heading over there now...

[With the Lynches huddling up on the floor, Dick Wyatt pulls himself up on the ramp, rushing down it to jump into an embrace with Robert Donovan to rabid boos from the crowd!]

GM: Oh, of course! Of course it was a plot! That snake in the grass Donovan HAD to be responsible for this. After what he did at SuperClash, how can we be the least bit surprised, Bucky?!

BW: I'm starting to think ANYTHING can happen here in the AWA, Gordo.

GM: Dick Wyatt out of nowhere... no one could've seen that coming. No one. We've gotta... let's get out of here and give security a chance to get some control over this. Plus, it looks like we've got some medical personnel out here to take a look at Travis Lynch. Let's go... yes, we've got some footage backstage to go to...

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the Rotund One, Sweet Daddy Williams, who is dressed in a pair of dark jeans and a red and yellow t-shirt that says, "YOUR SWEET DADDY" in bold yellow print.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Sweet Daddy Williams, what a night it was at SuperClash!

[Williams grimaces.]

SDW: Well, it wasn't the best night for this ol' dog although I did enjoy that lil' tussle that me and BVB got into with The Aces. I was pretty banged up at the end of it though.

MS: But as a fan of the business, you had to enjoy all that went down in Los Angeles.

[A nod.]

SDW: Of course. That barbed wire match was somethin' like I never thought I'd see 'round these parts. That ladder match was somethin' else - those boys really brought it. And of course, the World Title match was an instant classic in these old eyes.

MS: The Stampede Cup is right around the corner, Sweet Daddy, and I know you'll be looking to be in action that night. You formed a pretty good team with Brian Von Braun at SuperClash and we know that BC Da Mastah MC has spoken recently about forming a unit with you. Any thoughts on the Cup?

[Williams grins.]

SDW: SDW has his eyes on a lot of people in the AWA locker room, Marko. There's a whole lot of people who might make the perfect fit for this ol' dog to try and get his hands on one million bucks. It's just a matter of time until I find the right answer...

...thought I would love another shot at those Aces.

[He chuckles softly to himself, patting Stegglet on the shoulder.]

SDW: Something to think about, kid. Something to think about.

[And with that, the man from Hotlanta strides out of view as Mark Stegglet wraps it up.]

MS: Yet another man looking to take his spot in the coveted field of sixteen - thirteen spots remaining now - for the Stampede Cup tournament! Jason, back to you!

[We cut to Jason Dane on the interview stage. He's in slacks, dress shirt, and sport coat.]

JD: Thanks, Mark. We heard from Brian Von Braun earlier tonight but joining me right now are four people who have a lot of explaining to do.

[The Aces, "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler step into the picture on the right side. Both men are wearing jeans and golf shirts. Percy Childes steps in from the left side with the man we know as Tulsa Von Braun. The young man is dressed in black slacks and a white teeshirt, his hair tousled loose and he seems to have gone a few days without shaving. Percy Childes stands by wearing his navy blue suit and slacks, a white undershirt, and crimson tie. The bald, portly manager has a smirk on his goateed face.]

JD: Brian answered one question earlier tonight. That still leaves a lot of questions to be answered.

[Steven Childes steps in and interrupts. Daniel Tyler steps behind Jason Dane and moves behind Von Braun, putting his hands on the man's shoulders and smiling broadly.]

SC: You make it sound like you, the fans, the Von Brauns, and everyone else DESERVES answers. You DON'T deserve SQUAT! I could make a list of millions of reasons for what happened at SuperClash. Right now, it's not my time. I'm not going to continue stealing the thunder from this young man.

[Steven Childes looks at Tulsa Von Braun.]

SC: You simply tell them what you WANT to tell them.

[Von Braun looks at the microphone and steps in... he reaches out and gently takes it from the hands of the Jason Dane with an oddly polite smile, turning to address the already booing audience that starts to quiet down to hear HIS explanation.]

TVB: I'm sorry.

[The audience is confused as Tulsa takes a deep breath... and then pauses to stare at the microphone again, lifting it to his lips and starting his explanation.]

TVB: I have an answering machine full of questions and accusations and demands and the voices from a family who I ain't heard much out of through most of my life. I've got a weeping mother who got the shakes so bad she dropped the phone... I've got an angry father so choked up he started fumbling over his own voice... and I've got a brother wanting to know "why"... ? Why?

[At this Tulsa looks back at the other men with a look of confusion... he gestures with his hand, a questioning look in his eyes. He looks from one to another... shaking his head as none of them are going to offer the answer that really, only he has. And it's becoming increasingly obvious that Von Braun isn't really sorry for anything as he turns to face Dane again.]

TVB: How about you, Dane? Would you like to know "why"?

[Dane nods his head and Tulsa lifts the microphone.]

TVB: This... that ring... opportunity and pedigree. One thing I got, the other was taken away from me. These men are giving me an opportunity. These men decided they saw something in me... yeah, maybe they did it to dig a thorn in the Von Braun side, maybe they did it just to spread a little rot in big brothers' gut, but they gave me an opportunity all the same. But then there's pedigree...

Maybe you people ain't gotten the chance yet but when you see my name on the marquee, it don't say "Von Braun." My name ain't Tulsa Von Braun like you people keep sayin'. My name... is Tully Brawn.

[The fans boo this sudden change of name, this discarding of his family's history.]

TB: Let's talk about what was taken from me... every bit of pride a man has in having something that belongs to him. Hand me down clothes and parents too tired from raisin' other kids to really treat me like much of anything... and then that final bit of a twist. I was born to wrestling royalty and a pedigree that included champions for generations! I was born into it... but they turned me away. They said they weren't gonna' do it no more... they took away my pedigree, Dane.

[Brawn turns to stare into the camera.]

TB: You look here in my eyes, "big Brother".... you got some nerve blamin' this man here for what you brought on yourself. You got some nerve actin' like the victim, after all you've done in and especially OUTSIDE that ring. You're right about one thing... you surely ain't no hero. There's your "why".

[At this, the young man hands Dane the microphone and takes a step back to join the rest of the group, folding his arms. Daniel Tyler pats Tully Brawn on the shoulder and steps in, Dane moving the mic towards him.]

DT: Let people call Tully the black sheep. Place any moniker on this man you want to, but the truth is? The truth is much simpler. He's a man who was DENIED what was rightfully his. Noticing a pattern here?

[Tyler stops and looks at Steven Childes and then Percy. Steven and Daniel bust out into laughter.]

DT: Ya know what!? To HELL with it! Why'd we go to Japan? We had a flat tire in route to Memorial Day Mayhem!? Why'd we walk out and head to Japan when we STILL had a guaranteed title shot!?

[Steven pulls the mic towards him.]

SC: Because we couldn't pass up the opportunity when young Tully came to us to train him to wrestle!

[We see Percy Childes smily broadly at Steven's line as he rubs his chin.]

JD: Hold on! Are you telling me... are you saying you INTENTIONALLY missed that title match at Memorial Day Mayhem!?

SC: YES!

[More laughter from the Aces. Dane looks over at Percy Childes.]

SC: Two reasons, Jason. Two.

Why would the Aces and Uncle Percy turn down ANOTHER opportunity to stick it to the Von Brauns?

The other? Tully's right. There is a pedigree... a dynasty... a legacy if you will. It's just no one in the Von Brauns have lived up to it. The CLOSEST they've come to realizing that pedigree was Brian. Well... I think Percy laid out his career perfectly. "Never achieved." He was touted as a future World champion before he was twenty. Toronto... multiple times. South Laredo. Ann Arbor. He NEVER lived up to those expectations. Can you name another Von Braun who's made it to the national stage?

JD: What about...

[Steven interrupts.]

SC: NONE OF THEM!

[Childes glares at Dane.]

JD: But why all the accusations? Why the commercial about boycotting the Stampede Cup?

[Tyler pulls the mic towards him.]

DT: Everything we've said was to throw EVERYONE off. We're not mad or bitter about our shot at the tag champs. We'll go out there and do what we do best and work our way back up into contention. As for the Stampede Cup? Right now. The Aces are throwing our hat into the pile for that.

The Aces WILL win the 2013 Stampede Cup.

To prove it, we want a qualifying match in order to enter the Stampede Cup!

Truthfully, all this was possible due to one man. The SMARTEST man to EVER step into the sport of professional wrestling.

[All three turn and look over at Percy Childes.]

PC: I do not have much more to add. I've already told you why The Aces will win the Stampede Cup. And now you'll see the difference between a Von Braun and a Childes when Tully Brawn exceeds everything the rest of his former family did combined. Now that Jim Watkins is no longer here to persecute Stephen and Daniel, 2013 will mark the beginning of the new era in tag team wrestling.

[With a wave of his crystal-topped cane, The Aces and Tully Brawn exit the elevated platform, leaving a slack-jawed Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Even I didn't see that one coming. Tully Brawn stands as a man against his family and The Aces have declared war on the entire AWA tag team division. They say they want a qualifying match for the Stampede Cup and

you can bet the teams will be lining up to oblige them. But they're not the only ones looking for a spot in that prestigious tournament... let's go right back up to the ring for more tag team action!

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

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Currently in the ring, from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina and Tampa Florida, weighing in at a combined weight of 507 pounds...

ALEX WORTHEY AND JP DRIVER!

[The two men raise their hands to the crowd and bounce on their toes, to tepid applause.]

GM: Worthey and Driver ready to roll here on Saturday Night Wrestling...

[And Gordon is cut off by the distinctive opening to "F***in' In The Bushes" by Oasis, and the entrance of one of the most hated men the AWA has ever seen. Larry Doyle stands in all of his glory, in black slacks and shirt, with white suit jacket and tie, and turns around as his new clients emerge.

Kenny Stanton is first, toned and tanned, with long blonde hair and downhome charm. He wears long blue tights with silver and white lightning bolts down the sides, with white boots and black knee pads. Behind him comes Brad Jacobs, built to the hilt with tremendous traps, sculpted upper body and dark brown skin, with a big "305" tattooed on his left shoulder, short black hair freshly dyed into a blonde faux hawk. He wears traditional short trunks, same blue as Stanton, with silver and white lightning bolts on the side, black kneepads and white boots. They high five each other, and then high five Doyle.]

GM: The newest members of Royalty, and I have to say I was SHOCKED when it was Larry Doyle under the mask, and even more shocked when these two young men came out to wreak havoc at the end of SuperClash!

BW: The AWA's best kept secret, Gordo. These two guys made a go of it about a year ago but didn't have a whole lot of success, but they tore it up over in Japan and all over the world. And now with Larry Doyle in their ear, sky's the limit, baby.

[Back to the ring.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Jacobs steps between the ropes as Stanton slingshots himself into the ring, and both men hold the middle rope for Doyle, who makes a bee line for Phil Watson and snatches the microphone away.]

LD: Gimme that, sonny boy, I'll take it from here.

[Doyle pauses and leans over to let loose a couple of ridiculous coughs, and clears his throat.]

LD: It is my pleasure to introduce to all of YOU, the two men in this ring. The uncrowned 2013 Stampede Cup winners and the future AWA World tag team champions. To my left...

[Doyle points at Stanton, who takes off the vest he had been wearing.]

LD: The Gangster of Love, the Doctor of Style, the true pearl of the Orient, the biggest fan of birth control since Michelle Obama...

"SMOOTH" KENNY STANTON!

[Stanton does a mock bow as Jacobs and Doyle clap for him.]

LD: And his partner! The Tower of Power, the Master of Disaster, the scourge of the Far East! The Weapon of Mass Destruction, except we actually found him...

"THE BIG DEAL" BRAD JACOBS!

GIVE IT UP! FOR THE NEW! BLONDE!
BOOMMMBAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHSSSSS!

[The two men high five and Doyle claps like a madman as the crowd boos like nuts.]

GM: The AWA fans have needed no time to decide they HATE this new team, Bucky.

BW: Well ain't that a shame, Gordo. When they competed before, everyone wanted to pat 'em on the back and cheer for the plucky new comers. But now they got a manager and a haircut, and suddenly people hate 'em for wanting to win? Typical.

[Stanton commandeers the microphone from Doyle.]

KS: And the manager! The manager of Royalty, the manager of champions, the Director of Destruction! The most Dangerous Mind since Coolio! Your friend and mine, mister LAAAAAARRYYYYYYYYYYYYY
DOOOOOOOYYYYYLLLEEEEEEE!

[Doyle hops onto the bottom rope of the nearest turnbuckle and raises his hand, to no avail, and then screams back at the fans who boo their lungs out.]

BW: Respect Larry Doyle, baby, give the man his due!

GM: For what? What on Earth has he done to deserve respect?

"DING DING DING!"

[Kenny Stanton starts the match, floating around the ring Muhammed Ali style, peppering JP Driver with left hands and having a good time. Stanton comically winds up his right and lunges for a punch that Driver sees from a mile away, and Driver easily ducks it and hits the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: Ohhh it's pretty, it's so pretty!

GM: Standing dropkick finds it's mark, and it was a beaut from Kenny Stanton. There's no feeling out process for these Bombers it seems. JP Driver gets dragged to his feet and sent for the ride... left hand to the breadbasket doubles him over.

["Smooth" Stanton adds an elbow to the back of the head, and leads Driver to the corner... where Brad Jacobs is glad to tag in!]

GM: Here's Brad Jacobs, the former defensive tackle at the University of Miami.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Brad Jacobs, a true beast of a man, raining down those harsh forearms across the back and shoulder blades of JP Driver. Look at the welts he's leaving, Bucky!

BW: There ain't nothin' pretty about Big Bad Brad Jacobs, Gordo, and there's nothin' really fancy about him either. He keeps it simple, and he keeps it brutal.

[A double axehandle knocks Driver to all fours, and Jacobs engages, straddling the downed journeyman and DRIVING crossfaces to the side of the face and neck of Driver!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"]

GM: Oh my, oh my, absolutely vicious from Brad Jacobs!

[Jacobs drags a dazed JP Driver to his feet, stands him up straight, and then LEVELS him with a standing lariat. Driver goes crashing into the corner, tagging out to Alex Worthey.]

BW: Here comes Alex Worthey, but he don't look too excited to be there, Gordo.

[Worthey looks to his partner for a moment, then turns and charges at Jacobs, who picks and pivots, slamming Alex to the canvas with a high speed spinning powerslam!]

GM: Driven down into the mat by Brad Jacobs-

"SLAAAP!"

GM: And here's the tag... Kendall Stanton, still on the outside-

[Stanton grabs the top strand, facing in as Jacobs yanks inward... and "Smooth" Stanton soars over the top rope, swinging his legs around and dropping a calf across the windpipe!]

GM: Extremely athletic move from the former AWA developmental talent-

BW: And one heck of a double team move!

[Larry Doyle agrees, running to the nearest camera and obnoxiously guffawing into the lense:

"YEAH BABY, THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE! TAKE A GOOD LOOOK!"]

GM: That man is a true worm of a human being, but he certainly has an impressive young squad on his hands.

BW: Larry Doyle is the smartest man in wrestling, daddy, he's a genius wrapped in a prophet!

GM: Some of us are less effusive in our praise, Bucky.

[Stanton pats himself on the back as Worthy gets to a knee, then darts to the far ropes as Alex gets to his knees... and leaps off on the rebound, barreling through the air and driving the back of his calf through his target.]

GM: Once again, that extreme athleticism on display from Kenny Stanton, as the leg lariat finds it's mark.

[The Texas native tags in "The Big Deal" as Alex Worthey staggers to a corner. Jacobs lines up in the far corner as Stanton grabs his wrists and propels him towards Alex Worthey... who dives out of the way!]

GM: Alex Worthey dodged the big train, and lunges for the tag... here it is!

[JP Driver enters the ring, and runs over Kenny Stanton with a clothesline! Stanton rolls away as Driver turns around and boots an approaching Jacobs in the gut, then sends him for the ride!]

BW: No! Reversed! Jacobs sends him for the ride!

[And catches him in a bearhug. Stanton gets to his feet and makes a run for it, dropkicking the back of JP Driver just as the former DT from the U drops back in a hotshot! Driver bolts back to his feet, clutching his throat and coughing up a lung... as Jacobs gets to his feet and charges at Alex Worthey!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Oh! Brad Jacobs drills an unsuspecting Alex Worthey with a double axehandle, and Worthey fell off the apron!

[Larry Doyle comes alive again, pounding on the apron and shouting at Kenny Stanton.]

BW: Here's the General shouting instructions, and here we go baby! "Smooth" Stanton goes to the top and Big Bad Brad has Driver on the other turnbuckle!

[Jacobs stands up on the second rope and grabs a headlock, then throws Driver's arm over his neck... and lifts off and JUMPS BACK with a superplex...

...just as Stanton touches down with a Big Air superfly splash!]

BW: A ten! A ten! She's a fu-

GM: BUCKY!

BW: It's a Blonde Bombshell, baby!

[Doyle holds up a ten as Jacobs does the same in the corner, and Stanton hooks the leg...]

GM: One, two, three. There it is, a MOST impressive win for the Bombers!

BW: Better than they ever were before, daddy!

GM: It's a little early to be saying that but they certainly look like they have the potential to be Larry Doyle's greatest tag team to date.

[Doyle again leans in to the camera...]

"National Tag Team Titles! The Stampede Cup! Forget those fat slobs, the world is OURS, jack!"

[Doyle cackles as he joins his team in the ring, celebrating their victory.]

GM: The tag team division is certainly heating up, fans, as we've seen several great duos already in action tonight. On a different note, however, we all saw one of the most shocking things we could imagine at SuperClash IV when "Showtime" Rick Marley stabbed us all in the back when he betrayed Sultan Azam Sharif and Supernova during the six man tag team match with Royalty. Since then, the questions have swirled - why did he do it? Is he officially a member of Royalty? Earlier tonight, Supernova challenged Marley to come out to face him in two weeks' time to explain his actions but Rick Marley has bushwhacked our own Jason Dane right now and says he has some words for the masses. Jason?

[The camera cuts backstage to find Jason Dane standing in front of a plain AWA backdrop.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me now at his insistence is a man that tore the heart out of many of our AWA faithful with his cowardly and underhanded attack on...

["Showtime" Rick Marley steps into frame and snatches the mic out of Dane's hand, pointing a finger threateningly at the interviewer.]

RM: You know what, Dane? You've been running me down ever since I got back here, and I've had enough. The next disrespectful words out of your mouth end with you needing to learn to eat through a straw. Are we clear?

[Dane looks shocked at Marley, taking a step back as the dark haired high flyer glares at him, but thankfully, Marley turns to the camera instead of making good on his threat.]

RM: If what he wanted to know was what sort of relationship I have with Royalty...well...then he's out of luck. You people don't get honesty any more.

If what the weasel back there was going to talk about was how I kicked Supernova's teeth down his throat at SuperClash...that...that I'm willing to talk about.

You see, a while back, I poured my heart out to you people...I did something that not many guys in this business will do: I was honest with you.

I didn't try to hide behind bravado. I didn't try to dress things up. I simply told you how it was...and as a reward for giving you all insight into the world

of wrestling...as a show of gratitude from the fans for pulling back the curtain to show them how things really work, do you remember how you all reacted?

I do.

I was vilified.

Mocked.

Bucky Wilde went on to give a speech about how little I mattered. About how I'd squandered chances. About me being a crybaby for all intents and purposes.

I was told that I was spoiled...that I was a self-entitled prima-dona who should shut up, get in line and make his own way, just like everyone else.

Jason Dane here took the lead from Bucky and decided to run me down every time I can out to talk about...anything.

So I waited.

I said all the right things.

I said that Bucky was right.

I said that Jason was right.

I said that the fans were right.

And I remembered every insult. Every snide comment. Every time they laughed.

And I waited.

Then Sharif and Supernova needed a teammate, I stepped up and said all the right things.

And when I came back out and saw my chance...and that chance was on Supernova?

It was perfect.

[Marley pauses, his face growing more obviously angry.]

RM: Supernova...the guy that's the poster boy for what I talked about at the beginning of this. A guy that's been coddled and handed everything since he set foot in an AWA ring...

And why?

The only thing special about that blond noser comes out of a bottle. He's a human marketing campaign who's been given every opportunity, only to squander them time and time again...so I gave Supernova EXACTLY what he deserved, possibly for the first time in his career.

[He pauses again, a smug, self satisfied smirk spreading on his features..]

RM: So I suppose what I'm trying to say is: Thank you, Bucky.

Yeah, you heard me right.

Thank you.

Without Bucky Wilde running me down and calling me out...without him cutting through and lighting a fire in me, I'd have kept saying the right things and kept bending over backwards trying to get the fans' love and affection...but now? Now I can get back to doing what's important: Looking out for number one.

I told you all that I'd steal the spotlight, and that's exactly what I did... because Bucky suggested it.

So thank you...and expect more, 'cause I'm not done. Not by a long shot.

And you can take that to the bank.

[Marley glances over and Dane, then drops the mic on the floor as he stalks off camera and we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marcus Broussard...

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

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

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

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

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

...and back up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing all by himself.]

MS: Welcome back, fans! We've got some breaking news to let you know about as just moments ago, I was told that Travis Lynch will NOT be competing here tonight in the six man tag team match... however, since we haven't heard anything about a third man for Robert Donovan and Dick Wyatt, we can only assume that this will now be a straight up tag team match! With the odds even, you have to think the Lynches as the former National Tag Team Champions and 2011 Stampede Cup winners will have the odds on their side.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Gordon, Bucky... back down to you at ringside with a very special guest.

[We crossfade back down to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are indeed standing with a guest. Their guest looks like he may not have slept since SuperClash, sporting a hideous scraggly beard, bloodshot eyes, and a pretty dirty looking denim jacket over a black t-shirt that has seen better days.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Fans, as you can see, we have been joined right now by - I suppose we can now say the FORMER Chairman of the Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins, who has asked for this time so he directly address the fans of the AWA. Mr. Watkins, the floor is yours...

[Watkins barely nods as he reaches for the mic.]

JW: Thanks, Gordon. And if this happens to be my last night in the AWA, I want to tell you what an honor it's been for me to share some time in this business with you. You've always been one of my idols in this business... your level of talent and professionalism stands out among a sea of mediocrity when it comes to announcing.

[Gordon nods in thanks with a smile.]

JW: But I need to talk to these fans before I walk out that door.

[There's a smattering of cheers at that. Watkins looks around, hearing them as he sadly closes his eyes.]

JW: I deserve that. I know. I know a lot of you aren't happy with me right now. A lot of you saw SuperClash IV and you saw what I did to Joe Petrow. You saw me face the reality that if I was going to put Joe Petrow out of this sport forever, I needed to sink deeper into the depths than I ever thought was possible for me.

I've done a lot of brutal things in the course of my life in this business. Things involving steel chairs... Russian chains... Indian straps... you name it. But I've never done anything like I did at SuperClash. You can do your research yourself if you don't believe that.

[Watkins sighs.]

JW: I'd like to be able to explain it all away... to tell you that I did what needed to be done. I'd like to say that.

But I'm not sure it's true. I think... I think I did what needed to be done in my mind but at that moment, it may not have been the reality of the situation.

I've tried to call him, you know? Petrow?

[Myers nods.]

JW: I tried to go see him in the hospital that night.

[A shake of the head.]

JW: He refused to see me... can't blame 'im for that, can you?

I've spent the last six weeks sitting in my house down here in Dallas, trying to figure out why I did it... and most of all, trying to figure out what comes next. Y'all know I lost my job because of all this stuff with Petrow... another sacrifice that I thought was worth it at the time. My damn pride just wouldn't let things go. I had to do it... I had to be the one to finish it with him. For the good of all of you... for the good of the AWA... for the good of this business... I felt it had to be done.

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: I want to apologize to my fans. The ones who held me up as some kind of a hero for themselves. Especially to the kids. The kids who would wait outside the buildings hoping to get a handshake or an autograph. The ones whose parents made 'em turn away at SuperClash so they didn't have to watch anymore.

I stand here now, unemployed... and I know that I may never get another job in this business. I won the match... but I still may be forced to hang 'em up.

I don't want you people to remember me now... I don't want you to remember me from SuperClash. There's a lot of years of good Jim Watkins memories in there from my career. Find one of 'em please. Find one and hang onto it like it's the best thing you've ever seen happen. Find one and stick that in your head as the Jim Watkins you want to remember.

[Watkins looks around again.]

JW: I suppose that's about it.

I've got one more thing to say before I go. I knew accepting that match would get me suspended or worse so before I did it, I wrote up a series of executive orders, placing them in several envelopes.

The envelopes have been given to the AWA's lawyers with very clear instructions on when they should be opened.

The front office - happy to see me go, I guess - accepted those letters along with my resignation from my position. They have promised to honor the words inside, no matter what they might be.

[Watkins flashes the slightest smile.]

JW: I think... I think you guys will enjoy my final acts as the Chairman.

[There's another small cheer for that.]

JW: Well, that's it. It's time for this old man to go home. I enjoyed every minute of it. I truly did. Thanks, guys. Thanks for everything.

[Watkins turns away from the camera, extending a hand to Gordon Myers. Myers pulls him into an embrace, sharing a few words with his friend. Watkins nods, turning to Bucky who also, surprisingly, shakes his large hand. Watkins gives a slight wave to the camera before heading back up the aisle towards the locker room... and we fade to black.

And we fade to a black screen with the sounds of a red hot crowd. A graphic appears...]

"In 2009..."

[We fade up to show Ben Waterson, steel briefcase in hand, up on the ring apron and shouting instructions to Duane Henry and Cletus Lee Bishop. Cletus Lee has a dazed Adrian Freeman up on his shoulders as Duane Henry scales the turnbuckles...]

"OHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[...and gets SMASHED in the knee with the briefcase, sending him flying sideways off the top rope to the concrete floor! A shocked Cletus Lee looks on as Adrian Freeman smashes his arm up into the groin, rising up to receive a thrown briefcase from Waterson that he uses to bash Cletus Lee over the skull, knocking him to a knee.]

GM: WHAT DID WATERSON JUST DO?!

[As Waterson shoves Calisto Dufresne under the ropes into the ring, the Ladykiller hooks a front facelock on Cletus Lee as Freeman kneels under him, using all his strength to shove Bishop horizontal to the canvas...

...where Dufresne SPIKES him skullfirst into the metal briefcase!]

GM: DOWN! DOWN TO THE STEEL!

[Freeman throws the briefcase aside, dragging the official over as Freeman scores the three count.

The shot goes black once more for a moment before another graphic comes up...]

"In 2010..."

[The video comes back, showing Dave Cooper whipping Jackson Haynes across the ring, looking to set up for the spinebuster... but Haynes grabs the ropes, refusing to rebound. An angry Cooper charges him...

...and a desperate Haynes drops his head, backdropping Cooper all the way over the top rope and down to the floor as the crowd roars in response.]

GM: HE SENDS COOPER TO THE FLOOR!!!

[Haynes leans against the ropes, breathing heavily for a few moments before throwing himself into the hand of Danny Morton who comes in face, rushing to the far ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: A SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES BY MORTON!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[With Cooper completely laid out, Morton lets loose a wild whoop before throwing the Professional back into the ring. Morton pulls himself back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...but Eric Matthew Somers intervenes, grabbing Morton by the throat from his spot on the apron!]

GM: He's got Morton by the throat!

[Morton wraps up the arm, blocking the chokeslam and unleashing a series of headbutts that stuns Somers. Morton breaks away, hitting the ropes again...

...but Cooper steps in unexpectedly, lifting Morton off the mat and DRIVING him back down!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! SPINEBUSTER!!

[Cooper covers, getting a very close near fall. He gets back up, arguing with the official as he reaches down, grabbing Morton's legs...]

GM: He's going for the Cloverleaf!

[...and gets dragged down to the mat in a cradle! Jackson Haynes sprints into the ring, wrapping himself around the legs of an incoming Somers as the referee hits the canvas three times!]

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED BEAT THE CHAMPS!

[We fade to black again for a moment before a new graphic comes up.]

"In 2011..."

[As the footage comes back up, we see a bloodied and dazed Danny Morton pulling James Lynch off the mat...

...when Lynch suddenly slaps the arm away, sinking his fingers into the blood-soaked skull of Morton!]

GM: CLAW!

[A desperate Morton buries a knee in the gut, wrapping his powerful arms around Lynch's torso...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACK! DROP! DRIVER!!!

[Lynch hits HARD on the back of his head and neck, his older brother Jack cringing at the impact from his place on the apron as James rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Can James Lynch get up to beat the ten count though? If he can't, it won't matter! If he gets counted out, this match is as over as if he got pinned, fans!

[Inside the ring, Morton collapses from the exertion, blood pooling around his head on the canvas as Jackson Haynes shouts at him from their corner, slapping the top turnbuckle to try and revive him.]

GM: The sounds tell the story in this one, fans! The crowd is shocked but trying to rally their favorites while the two partners on the apron try to get their partner to their feet!

[With the referee continuing to count towards ten, Danny Morton rolls himself out to the floor, dragging a motionless James Lynch to his feet and shoving him under the ropes to a deafening roar from the Atlanta crowd.]

GM: Danny Morton puts James Lynch back in! He didn't want to win that way! He didn't want the countout!

[Back in the ring, Morton collapses into the turnbuckles, slapping the hand of his partner who races in, lunging into a cover for a very close near fall. Haynes slams his fists into the canvas several times before dragging Lynch off the mat to his feet. The Hammer looks him dead in the eyes, shaking his head...]

GM: You get the feeling that Jackson Haynes didn't want to have to do this. He wanted the kid to stay down but...

[Haynes jerks Lynch into a standing headscissors. A terrified Jack Lynch turns away from the ring, unable to watch as the near three hundred pound big man lifts the much-smaller Lynch into the air...

...at which point, a desperate James Lynch hooks his legs around Haynes' head, dragging him down to the canvas, reaching back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[Jack Lynch sprints across the ring, throwing himself around the legs of Morton as the official drops to count, the fans counting with him for the three count!]

GM: THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!! BY GOD, THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!!

[Fade to black for a long moment before another graphic emerges.]

"What will 2013 bring?"

[It fades. One more.]

"The Stampede Cup Returns In 2013..."

[The graphic fades as we return to live action where Jason Dane is standing in the middle of the ring with two familiar competitors.]

JD: Welcome back, fans... and at this time, allow me to welcome here to the ring with me... first, he is a graduate of the Combat Corner and at one time would have to be called one of the most popular men in AWA history. Not any longer. Ladies and gentlemen... ERIC PRESTON!

[Preston glares at the booing crowd from his place in the ring where he's propped up against the turnbuckles. He gives a dismissive gesture as Jason continues.]

JD: And of course, the man who came oh-so-close to achieving his lifetime dream by becoming the World Heavyweight Champion at SuperClash IV... of course, I'm referring to SUPREME WRIGHT!

[The crowd's reaction is very different. There ARE a sprinkling of boos throughout but it's very much positive. Wright nods to the cheering fans, throwing a glance over at Preston who applauds along with them. Dane turns to Wright to speak first.]

JD: Supreme Wright, if it hasn't been said before let me say it for the first time: what a fantastic match you wrestled against James Monosso at SuperClash IV.

[Off mic, Eric Preston shouts "YEAH!" and begins to applaud, turning to the crowd and clapping for his fellow Combat Corner member.]

SW: Thank you for the kind words, Mr. Dane.

[Supreme's expression is neutral. Emotionless and cold. So...just like what it usually is.]

JD: And the whole world wants to know when you'll be getting a rematch, but Eric Preston - it has been said by MANY people that YOU are the reason Supreme Wright didn't win that match, that your botched interference created the openings for James Monosso to claim victory. How do you respond to that?

EP: How do I respond?

[Preston yanks his shades off and shrugs off his jacket, instantly fired up.]

EP: Supreme Wright was a tenth of second away from choking out Monosso with my move. With the submission move I made famous, the one I used to cripple that waste of space. Do I take full credit, hell no, but I take the credit that's due to me. Supreme Wright wrestled a near perfect match because he and I put our heads together and made the perfect game plan, because I am the author of James Monosso's last ride.

We went into SuperClash with two goals.

One...

[Preston holds his index finger in the air.]

EP: Get the World Title off of that undeserving train wreck of a human science experiment, and around the waist of Supreme Wright.

Two...

[Second finger.]

EP: Put a tag on the toe of James Monosso, and use a steel chair to do it. That was my goal. Put that piece of garbage in a wooden box and let him rot with the rest of these maggots, let him go out just as unwanted, unloved and unneeded as he was when his inbred Mom spit him out in the back of a Camaro.

[The crowd jeers the harsh words of Preston who shakes his head, smirking before continuing...]

EP: That was my goal, Dane, but your brother-in-law, my "mentor" decided that he needed to have some face time just in case anyone forgot who tries to call the shots. He had to show up at the wrong time, again, and grab that chair out of my hands, so HIS damn main event wasn't spoiled, because he's lost his bloody mind like the rest of these rejects in the audience, and has decided that JAMES FRIGGIN MONOSSO is a good guy!

[Preston's rolling now, in full on lunatic rant mode, and grabs Dane by the collar with his left hand, pulling him close.]

EP: And let me tell you something else about that spineless, gutless, mindless twit who I _used_ to call a mentor, who tried for all he was worth to leech off my coat tails and make himself relevant again. Don't think I didn't notice that Monosso used HIS MOVE to win the match, don't think I didn't notice that my man Supreme Wright got pinned after a Billion Dollar Bomb, Jason. Talk about that at Sunday dinner with your piece of trash sister, ask Uncle Toddy how long it took to teach Monosso that ripoff Jap move.

[Dane goes to interrupt to reprimand Preston but Preston rips the mic out of his hand, shoving him a few steps back.]

EP: Because we all know James Monosso, he ain't the sharpest shovel in the shed but he's still a tool. He couldn't spell "cat" if you spotted him the "c" and the "t". I know good and damn well he couldn't just pick up a move like the Billion Dollar Bomb, that's not how he's wired. So for you to look me in the eye and tell me that Michaelson didn't know EXACTLY what the hell he was doing when he came down during the main event, when Monosso used his move, that's a lie.

And yes, yes Jason Dane, I'll answer your next question.

It felt GREAT to knock the eye liner off of Todd Michaelson's water fat face, and after I put Monosso in an early grave, that might become my new hobby.

[Dane shakes his head at Preston and quickly turns to Wright, who's just been standing there with his arms crossed, watching Preston rant.]

JD: Supreme Wright...we've heard what Eric Preston's had to say about the match, but what are your thoughts? For someone who's made it a life's goal to become a World Champion, you have to be disappointed that the end of your match was marred by so many outside elements.

SW: Mr. Michaelson wasn't suppose to be there, that much is true.

[In the background, we hear Preston yell "Yeah!"...]

SW: But Eric shouldn't have been out there, either.

[...quickly followed up by a "WHAT!?"]

SW: If James Monosso defeated me one-on-one, I could've accepted it. That just would've meant I still wasn't good enough to be the champion. But I didn't get that chance, did I? Instead, my "manager" blatantly ignored his ejection from ringside and returned to the match...a match that I had every chance of winning.

[His eyes dart over towards Preston's direction.]

SW: But it looks like someone disagreed with that assessment. Instead, I guess they thought I NEEDED help.

[Supreme lowers his head and laughs in disbelief.]

SW: Eric?

[He lifts his head and stares Preston right in the eyes.]

SW: I find your lack of faith disturbing.

[Big pop! Preston looks around dumbfounded for a moment, before his face twists in a mixture of hurt and anger.]

EP: No! No!!! That's not it at all! We could've won, damnit! We could've ended that bastard's career! The only person to blame for any of this is that piece of crap, Todd Michaelson!

[And on cue, the sounds of "Ecstasy Of Gold" by Ennio Morricone kicks in over the PA system, meaning the arrival of only one man. He is a former World Champion in his own rights. A co-owner of the American Wrestling Alliance. And the trainer of the two men who are standing alongside his brother-in-law.

Todd Michaelson has arrived. He's dressed in a stylish olive colored suit with a cream dress shirt underneath wasting no time as he makes his way out onto the elevated interview platform. Jason Dane greets his brother-in-law by sticking the reclaimed mic in his face.]

JD: You've heard what these two men have had to say about you, Todd. Your response?

[Michaelson glares a hole right through Eric Preston.]

TM: Some people might expect me to come out here tonight and lecture this man about gratitude... a lecture I myself heard back at SuperClash from my former employer. But that's not what I'm out here.

I'm also not out here to trade verbal jabs with a foul-mouthed twerp like you!

[Michaelson jabs a finger at the air at Preston who shouts something off-mic in response.]

TM: I'm here to simply say two things to you... to the fans... and to everyone watching at home.

Supreme Wright...

[Wright arches an eyebrow at being addressed.]

TM: After everything we went through in the Combat Corner... after the way things ended when you walked away... hell, maybe I forced you to do that... we could argue about it for days and get nowhere... but after all the water that's flowed under our particular bridge, I have to say...

I was damn proud of you at SuperClash, kid.

[The crowd cheers! Wright looks more than a bit surprised.]

TM: You fought your heart out... you fought the right way... and there's a better than good chance you would've walked out of Los Angeles as the World Champion...

...if it wasn't for this guy.

[Michaelson gestures at Preston.]

TM: Which brings me to my second point. After all that WE'VE been through, Eric... I expected better of you. When I formed the Combat Corner, it was to build the future of this business... to find and develop the superstars that would carry our industry into the future.

But you...

[A shake of the head.]

TM: I'm disappointed in you, Eric. You were supposed to be better than this. You were supposed to be the future. And if you EVER think about insulting my wife aga-

[Todd doesn't even get to finish delivering the threat when Preston lashes out with a right hand, knocking him flat!]

GM: Ohh!

[Jason Dane recoils in shock, glaring at Preston.]

JD: That's enough! You get back and leave-

[Preston threatens a right hand at Dane as well, causing the announcer to fall backwards. The Combat Corner graduate laughs at Dane, mocking him as he points him out to Wright who... does not look amused.]

GM: Eric Preston has gone too far! This young man has gone clearly over the edge and- no!

[Preston lunges forward, stomping Michaelson in the small of the back!]

GM: Ohh! He's going after the back of his former mentor!

BW: The back that EVERYONE knows is a hard shot from leaving Michaelson in a wheelchair for the rest of his life!

GM: There's no call for this! There's no-

[Preston is about to deliver another shot to the back when suddenly Supreme Wright reaches out...

...and wraps his arms around the throat of Preston in a rear naked choke!]

GM: WHAT?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOT PRESTON! WRIGHT'S GOT PRESTON!!

[Preston struggles against the chokehold, flailing his arms back and forth as his apparently former ally tries to prevent him from doing further damage to their former teacher.]

GM: Preston's trying to fight it but-

BW: I think Wright's got it on too deep! Remember, Wright's got a background in martial arts including Brazilian jiu-jitsu where this hold comes from!

GM: Preston's starting to slow down... he's starting to fade...

[Preston frantically slaps at his former ally's arm, perhaps hoping that a tapout might convince him to break the chokehold...]

GM: Preston's tapping out but there's no referee! This is no match!

[The arms slow... the eyelids droop... and soon...]

GM: He's out!

[The crowd ROARS as Wright throws Preston down to the mat in a heap, glaring down at his unconscious form. Jason Dane slides back into the ring, kneeling down next to his brother-in-law as Wright retrieves the mic, looking back at Preston...]

SW: I've heard enough out of you.

[He drops the mic to another big cheer as he also leans down next to Michaelson, extending a hand that the former World Champion accepts, getting pulled to his feet by his brother-in-law and his former student.]

GM: Oh yeah! Supreme Wright helps up Todd Michaelson! What a moment for these two!

BW: Gaaah, it makes me sick. Wright's supposed to be a cold-blooded killer! He should lay out Michaelson right now! Give him one of those head kicks or something!

GM: You're ridiculous! This is a heck of a moment and listen to these fans paying tribute to Supreme Wright! If he'd had the fans behind him like this in Los Angeles, he MIGHT be the new World Champion right now, Bucky.

BW: And if I had wings, I wouldn't have to suffer through sitting through long plane flights with squalling kids and fat people who need to buy two seats!

GM: Your Mama doesn't have a private plane?

BW: We're between pilots if you must know. The last one was a Stench fan. Could smell it on him for miles.

[Wright and Dane aid Michaelson in the slow trek back up the aisle as we slowly fade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet has two special guests beside him.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time back here in the locker room are the former owner of the Empire Wrestling Council, Chris Blue, and the so-called One Man Revolution, William Crav-

[Blue interrupts. He's wearing a very stylish black suit with a white dress shirt and royal blue tie underneath. William Craven stands behind him in his usual ring entrance attire. His back is turned to the camera, revealing a beautifully stitched dragon across the back of it...]

CB: I'm going to need you to get on the phone with your Uncle and tell him that I deserve better treatment than this.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: I'm sorry?

[Blue nods.]

CB: As you should be. What is my name, Mr. Stegglet?

[Stegglet speaks slowly, expecting a trap.]

MS: Chris... Blue?

[Blue nods slowly in response.]

CB: Very good. Mr. Stegglet, you are a long-time fan and follower of this industry, are you not?

[Stegglet nods.]

CB: I remember you, Mr. Stegglet. I remember you wandering the hallways of my buildings, trying to talk to anyone who would listen, soaking up information like a sponge.

I would consider you an expert in the world of wrestling.

[Stegglet beams at that.]

CB: In your estimation, what percentage of professional wrestling fans know my name?

[Craven exhales sharply, his entire torso heaving. Stegglet looks suddenly VERY uneasy about where this is going.]

MS: Well, if I had to guess...

CB: Please do. An educated guess if you will.

MS: Nearly all of them.

[Blue nods confidently as a low growl emits from the One Man Revolution.]

CB: In MY estimation, you would be correct, Mr. Stegglet.

Now, Mr. Craven, despite your wishes, will not be addressing you here tonight, Mr. Stegglet.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: May I ask why?

[Blue smiles.]

CB: Of course you may. It is simple, Mr. Stegglet. When you take one of the most infamous men in professional wrestling in William Craven and unite him with a man who - by your own admission - nearly every fan who follows professional wrestling knows...

Would you not call it a slap in the face by AWA management to have that union make their first public statement to a third string announcer at best?

[The verbal shot smashes across Stegglet's face, causing his brow to furrow. He starts to respond but Blue lifts a hand.]

CB: Tell your Uncle that in two weeks' time, if he wants me to speak... if he wants Mr. Craven to speak... then he will send someone of respect and importance to address us inside the squared circle where one and all can hear our words.

[Stegglet turns a bit to see a rapidly breathing Craven, his body shaking with every breath.]

CB: Mr. Craven, shall we take our leave?

[Without facing the camera, Craven storms out of view as a smiling Blue follows.]

MS: A third string... what a son of a...

[Stegglet suddenly remembers where he is, turning back to the camera as he abruptly clears his throat.]

MS: It's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go right back up to the ring for that big tag team showdown!

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

PW: The following tag team matchup is scheduled for one fall with a one hour time limit. Introducing first... they are the team of Robert Donovan and Dick Wyatt!

[The sounds of Metallica's cover of "Turn The Page" starts up to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Bucky, this situation has blown up and blown up quickly between Robert Donovan and the Lynches.

BW: It's blown up because Donovan finally saw the Lynches for what they are, Gordo. Losers. Jack Lynch cost him a chance to be a champion because the Lynches lack that killer instinct. Always have, going back to old man Blackjack Lynch. Now the Donovans on the other hand, you look at what Robert's father, Tony Donovan, did in his career...killer instinct. And I got a feeling we're going to see that same thing out of Robert from here on out.

[The curtain parts revealing the makeshift duo. The seven footer is the first one through, soaking up the jeers of the Dallas crowd with a shake of his head.

Donovan is wearing a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "Heritage" scrawled across his abdomen, and black boots. He pauses halfway down the ramp to adjust the heavy brace on his left elbow as his partner draws even with him.

Wyatt is clad in a black long-legged tights with red guitar strings running up the sides. Red kneepads break up the stretch of black as do the red boots on his feet that have the body of the guitar on each boot. He tugs on each of the red elbow pads covering his arms before slapping his comrade on the back and gesturing to the ring with a smirk.]

GM: Robert Donovan is very used to the cheers of the fans here in the AWA - not boos like he's hearing right now, Bucky.

BW: You know what makes you not give a damn who is booing you? Championship gold. And if Donovan fights with the same level of intensity

that his old man did a long, long time ago, he'll have gold around his waist again before he knows it.

[The duo makes their way down the aisle, Wyatt ducking through the ropes as Donovan swings a leg to enter over them.]

GM: This will be an interesting matchup in that we have never seen Dick Wyatt in the ring and James Lynch is still not 100 percent recovering from his leg injury. So this one will likely come down to who gets the better end of the face-off between Donovan and former partner Jack Lynch.

BW: And I ain't betting against Donovan in that one!

[The music starts to fade as "Hard Row" by the Black Keys kicks in to a HUUUUGE roar from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Listen to this hometown response for the Lynches!

BW: Idiots.

[Phil Watson raises his voice to be heard over the mic.]

PW: And their opponents... from Dallas, Texas...

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: James and Jack... THE LYNNNNNCH BROTHERS!

[The curtain parts as James Lynch comes striding out into view clad in his ring gear. He grins at the crowd's reaction, throwing up his arm in salute. James stands in his usual light grey zipped jacket and yellow Speedo trunks. He, of course, is bare foot as well. We can also see a very obvious kneebrace on the injured limb that kept him out of action for several months.]

GM: There he is, Bucky. Making his return to the ring after a long time on the shelf.

BW: And when you see a kneebrace like that, you've gotta wonder just how healthy that leg is. Did he come back too soon?

GM: We're all about to find out and-

[Gordon gets cut off by a HUUUUGE roar from the crowd.]

GM: Here comes his big brother!

[Jack Lynch walks out to join his brother on the ramp, shrugging off his black trenchcoat to throw his black-gloved hand into the air to an enormous reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! The Lynches certainly are the favorite sons here in Dallas, fans!

BW: These fans may be singin' a different tune when Donovan and Wyatt get done stompin' them into the ground.

GM: Somehow I doubt that.

[The Lynch boys hit the ring hot, having to be cut off by the AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, who steps in between the two teams, waving his arms to try and keep them at bay.]

GM: You better believe the Lynches want a piece of these two after not only what happened at SuperClash but of course, after what happened here earlier tonight with Travis.

BW: Can we run the replay of that?

GM: Absolutely not.

BW: You're such a killjoy, Gordo.

GM: Remember, this was originally supposed to be a six man tag but with Travis out of the picture, the AWA shifted it to a regular tag team affair which seems to suit Donovan and Wyatt just fine since they haven't indicated that they even HAVE a third man on their side.

[The referee speaks with both teams who quickly huddle up, trying to figure out who will be starting. James Lynch steps out of the ring, leaning down to adjust his kneepad as he shouts something to a couple screaming fans at ringside holding up a sign with his picture on it.]

GM: These fans are certainly happy to see James Lynch back in action but right now, it looks like it will be Jack to start things off with Donovan...

[That is, until Dick Wyatt taps Robert on the shoulder, points across the ring, and then points at himself.]

GM: ...or maybe not. It looks like Dick Wyatt wants to start this one off instead.

[Donovan hesitates a moment but acquiesces to the newcomer, who seems quite fired up about his debut match. Wyatt continues pointing and yelling at Lynch, making his way across the ring and getting all up in Jack's face, nearly standing on his toes in order to get face-to-face.]

GM: Well, this is the first we've seen of Dick Wyatt in the ring, and he doesn't seem to be intimidated one bit by the veteran Jack Lynch.

BW: The kid's full of fire and he made it crystal clear during his debut interview that he absolutely hates the Lynches. This one may explode in a hurry, Gordo!

[Bucky speaks somewhat prophetically as Wyatt, still running his mouth, jabs a finger hard into the chest of Jack Lynch. Lynch takes half a step back as a result of the impact, then returns the favor by jabbing his finger into Wyatt's chest! Pop!]

GM: Jack Lynch having none of Wyatt's intimidation tactics, and-

[What did the five fingers say to the face?

SLAP!]

GM: OH MY! Dick Wyatt just hauled off and SLAPPED Jack Lynch across the face!

[Lynch's head recoils from the blow while Wyatt STILL continues to run his mouth. The eldest Lynch brother rubs his cheek, looks at Wyatt, and FLOORS him with a hard right hand! Big pop!]

GM: Lynch fires back! A hard right hand sends Dick Wyatt down to the mat and might even have shut him up!

BW: That's typical of the Lynches! Wyatt used a perfectly legal open-hand slap, and what does Lynch do? Closed fist. Oughta be an automatic DQ.

[Wyatt scrambles back to his feet, but when he sees Lynch standing there with his fist drawn back to unleash another punch, he stumbles backward into a neutral corner and falls on his butt.]

GM: Looks like Jack Lynch was a little bit more than "Dangerous" Dick Wyatt bargained for, Bucky.

BW: Hey, it's his first time in an AWA ring. Cut the man some slack!

GM: I might, but I can guarantee you Jack Lynch won't.

[No he won't. Lynch pursues Wyatt into the corner, grabbing a handful of his curly blonde hair and pulls him up as Wyatt begs off. Lynch delivers two more hard right hands, stunning Wyatt, and then whips him across to the far turnbuckle.]

GM: Hard landing for Wyatt in the far corner, enough to bring him out on the rebound, and....HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP SENDS HIM FLYING!

BW: Hate to say it, but I sure hope Dick Wyatt's got more than this to bring to the table or Robert Donovan might need to find himself a new partner.

[Grabbing the small of his back, Wyatt scoots back into a neutral corner again as Jack Lynch stays in pursuit. Again, Lynch pulls Wyatt to his feet, but this time Wyatt is more prepared and jabs a thumb into the eye of Jack Lynch! Heel pop!]

BW: That's more like it!

GM: Cheap shot by Dick Wyatt with a thumb to the eye of Jack Lynch!

BW: No more cheap than the closed fists Jack's been using.

[Lynch staggers away, covering his eye and giving Wyatt his first opportunity to strike. Wyatt immediately digs his nails into the back of Lynch and rakes down...]

GM: Ohh! A second cheap shot - blatantly illegal!

BW: Hurts a whole lot too.

[Wyatt grabs Lynch by the head, dragging him back to the neutral corner where he slams his skull into the top turnbuckle. The screen shifts to the ringside camera, which is literally right in front of the two wrestlers. Lynch grimaces as a more-confident Wyatt starts talking again to where the camera's mic can clearly pick him up.]

"THAT ALL YOU GOT? WHERE'S YOUR DEADBEAT DAD TO SAVE YOU NOW, BOY?"

[And again, Wyatt slams Lynch's head into the turnbuckle, enjoying every moment. Wyatt goes to repeat what's worked so far...

...but on the third attempt, Jack Lynch gets a boot up and stops Wyatt from slamming his head again!]

GM: Lynch blocks it! Wyatt tried to put him into the buckles again and- ohh! Lynch goes downstairs with an elbow to the chest!

[The crowd roars as Lynch grabs Wyatt by the head, slamming his head into the turnbuckles in response!]

GM: Oh my! Lynch fires back with a shot into the buckles of his own! Wyatt went to the well one too many times!

[Lynch lifts his right hand, showing off the glove-covered appendage to the roaring crowd.]

GM: Jack Lynch wasting no time here, sending Wyatt for the ride...he's going for it all!

[As Wyatt bounces off the ropes, Lynch raises the same hand, ready to apply the most dangerous weapon of the Lynch clan - the Iron Claw...

...but Wyatt drops into a baseball-esque slide, avoiding the Claw and rolling out to the floor as the crowd groans with disappointment.]

BW: Whew! You wanna talk about a close call!

GM: Wyatt saw it coming and heads for higher ground! That was almost a quick ending to this match, Bucky!

BW: Hey, you better give Dick Wyatt credit. He's done his homework, he knows what's coming. Heads-up move right there by the Dangerous one.

[Wyatt immediately begins jawing with some fans at ringside who have been on his case the whole match before Robert Donovan comes over to calm him down. The duo talks for a moment, until Michael Meekly reaches a five-count. Wyatt nods and rolls back in the ring while Donovan hops back up on the apron.]

GM: Wyatt back into the ring, and we'll see if he fares any better this time around.

[Wyatt holds his hands up toward the eldest Lynch brother, yet again saying something to him. Donovan, perhaps seeing enough of what's happened so far, points across the ring at Jack.]

BW: Uh oh! Looks like Donovan wants in and get him a piece of Jack Lynch! The big man's got a lot of pent-up frustration to unleash on his former partner!

[Jack nods and motions for Donovan to bring it on, pointing to the corner and telling Wyatt to go tag out. Wyatt has a few more words for Lynch, making a "he'll break you in two" motion with his hands, before tagging in the big man. Donovan steps over the top rope as he and Lynch engage in a brief staredown...before tearing into each other in the center of the ring!]

GM: Here we go! Back on Thanksgiving night, Donovan and Lynch were within seconds of becoming AWA National Tag Team Champions...and now they're trying to knock each other out!

BW: There's a lot of hatred in that ring right now, Gordo! A lot of hatred!

[The two men exchange right hands, the smaller Lynch surprisingly holding his own against the seven-footer. But Donovan stops that with a big boot driven into the abdomen, doubling Lynch over.]

GM: Donovan gets the better of that exchange, and now EASILY lifts Lynch into the air and sends him back down to the mat with a scoop and a slam!

BW: The Lynches are gonna have to find a way to offset Donovan's size and power, Gordo, or they don't stand a prayer!

GM: Donovan hits the ropes...big elbow drop right into Lynch's chest! And here's a cover! One...two...Jack Lynch gets the shoulder up!

[Donovan methodically lifts Jack Lynch back up and shoves him into a neutral corner, where he fires away with punches and kicks! Meekly's count reaches five for the break, but that doesn't keep Donovan from continuing his assault. Meekly tries to wedge himself in between the two to force the

break. That doesn't go well, as Donovan reaches down with one arm and flings the referee away. It does, however, open the door for Jack who fires back with a hard right hand of his own!]

GM: Jack Lynch firing back!

BW: That's all Meekly's fault! If he hadn't have interfered on behalf of the Lynches...I tell ya, the whole dang company is trying to protect those three!

[Lynch's continued punches daze the big man in the middle of the ring. Jack hits the ropes and dashes toward Donovan, attempting to take him down with a shoulder block...but Donovan barely moves.]

GM: Ohh! Lynch couldn't budge him! The big man stands steady!

[The Texan glares at the seven footer before dashing to the ropes again, rebounding off...

...and connecting solidly with a second shoulder tackle, causing Donovan to teeter a bit!]

GM: He got a little more out of that one!

[The fans' cheers get a little louder as they sense that Jack is about to take the seven-footer down. Jack hits the ropes one more time...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

...but ends up planted on his back with a spinning spinebuster courtesy of Robert Donovan!]

BW: Great counter by Donovan!

GM: Here's a cover! It gets one, it gets two...but Lynch gets a shoulder up in time!

BW: That's two near falls already, Gordo. Jack Lynch just ain't got the strength to hang with Donovan, but they're lucky it wasn't James in the ring. They'd be peeling him off the mat right now.

[Donovan slowly gets back up, his attention diverted to his corner where Dick Wyatt is yelling with an outstretched arm wanting the tag.]

GM: Oh, this is great. Dick Wyatt wants back in now that Donovan has got Jack Lynch on the ropes.

BW: That's what tag team wrestling is about, Gordo. Work your strengths. Donovan got in there, got his team the edge, and now the fresher man wants in to do some damage. It's smart.

[Donovan drags Lynch off the mat, pulling an arm back to expose the ribcage of the Texan before he slaps Wyatt's hand.]

GM: The tag is made... Wyatt's heading up to the midbuckle...

[And leaps off, smashing a double axehandle across the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Wyatt scores with that one... and he's staying right on top of him while he's got him hurt.

[The energetic Wyatt quickly shoves the stunned Lynch into a neutral corner, drapes his arm over the top rope, and unloads with a series of knife-edge chops!]

GM: Wyatt's going to work on him in the corner, lighting him up with those big chops across the chest...

[After the fifth chop, Wyatt grabs Lynch by the head and yells to the crowd.]

"WHO'S YOUR DADDY NOW?"

[He follows with a forearm blow across the bridge of Jack's nose while the crowd returns verbal fire at him.]

GM: Wyatt well in control now, and he's certainly not afraid to let these fans know about it.

BW: Hey, when you got it, flaunt it, daddy! That's why I does what I does!

[Wyatt hooks his right arm underneath the left arm of Lynch and hiptosses him out of the corner.]

GM: Wyatt takes him out of the corner the hard way... and off the ropes himself this time...

[Wyatt leaps high into the air, tucking his arm for an elbow drop...]

GM: Nobody home on the elbowdrop attempt by Dick Wyatt! Jack Lynch gets out of the way...

[HUGE HOT TAG POP!]

GM: And there's the tag to James Lynch! Here comes James Lynch back in an AWA ring for the first time in quite some time!

[James grabs the top rope with both hands, waiting for the right moment. Wyatt stands up, looking for Jack unaware of the tag being made. As he turns toward the Lynches' corner, James takes flight, slingshotting himself over the top rope and connects under Wyatt's chin with both feet!]

GM: Down goes Wyatt! James Lynch comin' in hot!

[Wyatt staggers back to his feet, only to be met by James who shoves him into the ropes and sends him for the ride, taking him down on the rebound with a high cross body block into a pinfall attempt to another big pop!]

GM: Cover by Lynch! One, two, three, no! Dick Wyatt kicks out JUST in time!

BW: Go for the leg, Dick! The leg!

GM: I will never quite understand your disdain for the Lynches, Bucky.

BW: I'll never understand your love for 'em. So we're even.

[James pulls Dick back to his feet, but Dick buys himself some time by sneaking in an eye rake to a big heel pop.]

GM: Dick Wyatt is showing exactly the kind of man he is here tonight - going to the eyes of James Lynch...

[Wyatt grabs an arm, flinging James Lynch into the ropes...]

GM: Backdr- NO! SUNSET FLIP!! WE'VE GOT ONE!! WE'VE GOT TWO!!

[But we don't have three, because Robert Donovan breaks up the pinfall with a HARD boot to the side of James Lynch's head. Heel pop!]

BW: Now that's what I'm talkin' about, Gordo! Teamwork at its finest!

GM: I'll beg to differ on that. James Lynch might very well have had the match won there.

[Meekly tries to push Donovan back to his corner, but the damage has been done. Wyatt is the first to his feet, and as if he heard Bucky earlier, stomps hard on the once-injured leg of James Lynch. He then kneels and grapevines the arm in an kneebar of sorts, wrenching back and smirking arrogantly.]

BW: Ha! I think Dick heard my strategy idea. Maybe I ought to dump you and go manage these guys. I'd make 'em National Tag Team champions in no time!

GM: Somehow I doubt that. But Wyatt had started to work on that leg of James Lynch and just like that, the tide has turned.

[James Lynch battles up to his feet, desperate to relieve the pressure...

...but Wyatt turns him away from the official, grabbing a handful of hair and jerking him back down to the mat.]

GM: Wyatt takes him down the hard way - blatantly illegal, I might add.

[The crowd jeers the illegal hairpull but Lynch kips back up to his feet...

...but just as quickly, Wyatt AGAIN jerks him back down by the hair! The heel pop gets bigger as Jack Lynch stands on the apron trying to point out the rules violation to Meekly.]

GM: Not surprisingly, Dick Wyatt is resorting to questionable tactics to keep the upper hand here.

BW: Hey, it's only cheating if you get caught, daddy!

[For a second time, James kips up to his feet but this time he's quick enough to reverse the arm-wringer before Wyatt can take him down.]

GM: Nice reversal by James...

[Wyatt suddenly reverses again, trying to pull Lynch towards him for a short-arm clothesline...

...but James ducks underneath, breaking away...]

GM: Lynch slips out the back door...

[And as Wyatt turns around, he gets caught with a standing dropkick in the mush!]

GM: Ohh! Nice dropkick by Lynch!

[With the crowd rallying behind him, James dashes to the ropes...

...but Donovan slips a knee up into the lower back, cutting off the offensive flurry!]

GM: Donovan with a cheap shot from the apron. Absolutely disgusting!

BW: Hey, it's not his fault that James Lynch bumped into him!

GM: That's not what happened at all and you know it!

[With James Lynch stunned, Wyatt buries a boot into the midsection before slapping the seven-footer's hand.]

GM: The tag is made...

[Donovan steps over the top rope into the ring, promptly pulling James off his knees by the hair...

...and hoists him straight overhead with a gorilla press!]

GM: Donovan's got him up! WAAAAAY up!

[He holds Lynch in the air for a few seconds, then sends him crashing down to the mat.]

BW: Look at the power shown by Robert Donovan, daddy! Tell me what Lynch can deal with that?

GM: Donovan with a cover, this could be all. One, two, but no! James Lynch fires a shoulder up and stays alive!

BW: He won't be alive for much longer. He's just delaying the inevitable.

[Donovan pulls James up and scoops him over the shoulder...]

GM: The big man's setting up for the powerslam!

[But the quicker Lynch wiggles out, sliding out of his grip to land on his bare feet behind the big man...]

GM: Lynch slips out - to the ropes...

[Lynch throws himself into the air, striking with a cross-body attempt but he doesn't have enough weight to take him off his feet. Donovan suddenly falls backwards, dropping him unceremoniously to the mat with a fallaway slam!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! Overhead slam by Robert Donovan as James Lynch just wasn't big enough for that crossbody block to work on the seven footer!

[Donovan doesn't even look for a cover though, rising back to his feet to glare at Jack Lynch who stands with his arm reaching out for a tag that isn't coming. Donovan sneers at his former partner, stomping down hard on the kidneys of James Lynch...]

"THIS IS ON YOU!"

[...and then stomps again... and again... and again. Finally, Jack Lynch has seen enough, ducking through the ropes...

...which is exactly what Donovan was waiting for, rushing across with a kneelift that knocks Lynch back through the ropes and sends him sprawling out on the barely-padded floor where he tumbles a few feet, SMASHING his head into the steel barricade!]

GM: Ohh! Jack Lynch's head hit the railing, Bucky! He might be out cold after that! Donovan lured him in and made him pay for it.

BW: Good.

GM: That's all you have to say?

BW: Sorry. Damn good.

GM: You're unbelievable.

BW: I know, right?

[Summoning all the energy he can, James Lynch gets up and charges Donovan, catching him in the back of the head with a forearm blow as Donovan stood smirking at the downed Jack Lynch.]

GM: James Lynch, showing that heart and fighting spirit that we all remember from nights like the Stampede Cup in 2011 when he fought through tremendous odds to win the Cup, fires back with a big forearm!

[James is somehow able to get the much-larger man back into the corner, hammering away with a few more right hands to the skull that daze the seven footer.]

GM: James Lynch is going to town on Donovan! He's letting loose all that frustration from all those months sitting on the sidelines!

BW: That's exactly what it is, Gordo. Donovan took James' spot in that tag team with Jack and James feels responsible for what happened if you ask me.

[Climbing to the second rope, James balls up his fist and looks out to the crowd for approval. Of course, they give it to him. James then unloads as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

GM: James Lynch is all over him!

[Lynch hops down, allowing Donovan to stagger out of the corner.]

GM: Donovan's in trouble, fans!

[James rushes to the opposite neutral corner, scaling the ropes with his back to the ring but keeping an eye out over his shoulder as he waits for the right time to strike...]

GM: What's he setting up here?!

[A still-loopy Donovan looks up, wandering into position as James throws himself backwards, twisting in mid-air, and dropping the seven footer down to the mat with a flying cross-body to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: HE HIT IT!! TWISTING BODY BLOCK OFF THE TOP!!!

[The referee dives to the mat as James hooks a massive leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- OHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's response as Donovan throws James Lynch out of the pinfall attempt, sending him sailing several feet away...]

GM: So close! James Lynch was a half count away from scoring the victory there for his brother and he.

BW: Did you see the power of Donovan there?! He threw him halfway across the ring!

[The power behind the kickout gives Donovan a few extra moments to get back to his feet as James Lynch does the same...]

GM: James is up! He's a house of fire in there and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan nearly decapitates the charging Lynch with a devastating clothesline that causes Lynch to sail into the air, the back of his head SMASHING into the canvas!]

BW: AND DONOVAN JUST PUT THAT FLAME OUT, DADDY!

GM: Good grief! What a clothesline by Donovan! And you're right, Bucky, he may have extinguished the flame behind James Lynch's flurry of offense right there for good. This might be nearing the end, Bucky.

BW: Donovan just needs to pull him up, hit that gutwrench powerbomb, and put an end to this thing!

[The camera cuts to the floor, showing a still-downed Jack Lynch.]

GM: Jack is barely moving at all out there... it appears that James Lynch is all on his own at this point of the mat-

[Suddenly, a HUUUUUGE cheer erupts from the crowd!]

GM: The fans are reacting to something... I can't quite tell what they're-

[The camera shot abruptly cuts to the entrance ramp to show the source of this massive crowd reaction!]

GM: Hang on...what's...what's going on? My stars - TRAVIS LYNCH!! THE THIRD LYNCH BROTHER IS HERE!

BW: WHAT? No! This is impossible! They took him out before! Dr. Ponavitch's license oughta be revoked if he let Travis out of his sights!

[Clutching the back of his neck and moving VERY gingerly, Travis Lynch is hobbling down the ramp towards the ring where a disbelieving Robert Donovan is looking on. Dick Wyatt shoots some less than complimentary words in the direction of the youngest Lynch brother as he reaches the ring, moving around the ringpost...

...and stations himself in the Lynch brothers' corner, extending his arm over the ropes...]

GM: What the-?! He wants in! Travis Lynch wants the tag!

BW: How can he...no! This is a tag match, not a six man!

GM: Actually, Bucky, it was signed as a six-man tag team match so Travis has every right to be up there.

BW: But... but... they changed it, right?! They changed it to a tag match!

GM: Perhaps not. Perhaps we just assumed it had been changed but the six man status still applied even though neither side had a third man available to them!

BW: This just...UGH! Typical Stenches! Fake like you're hurt to get sympathy!

[The crowd is super-hot now, with a "LET'S GO JAMES" chant filling the arena. Donovan looks around at the deafening crowd, shaking his head as he pulls James off the mat...

...and gets a right hand to the gut!]

GM: James fires back!

[Straightening up, James grabs Donovan by the back of the head, HURLING himself into a forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[James turns his body slightly, throwing himself at Donovan again, this time connecting with a big back elbow to the jaw!]

GM: He's got Donovan wobbled!

BW: But the big man is still standing between him and Travis!

GM: Perhaps not for long, Bucky! James to the ropes!

[James bounces off, looking for a way to put the big man down...

...but instead gets greeted with a big knee to the ribcage that flips James over in a full 180 before dumping him back down to the canvas! The crowd roars with disappointment!]

GM: OHHHHHH! Donovan takes him back down!

BW: James had his one chance there to get to his corner, but he got greedy and tried to do too much. Can't do that when you give up that much size.

GM: I'm not sure he had a chance there. He couldn't get past him like we said.

BW: Use your speed! Use your quickness! Find a way to get past the three hundred pounder!

[Donovan grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him back to the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made - Wyatt back in off it... and he pulls Lynch right into a side headlock as Donovan steps back out. I don't get that one, Bucky. They had a chance to put in a double team right there but they passed up on it.

BW: Well, they're still a new team. That kind of thing comes with time.

[Wyatt wrenches away with the headlock but James Lynch is still fighting, backing Wyatt into the corner before shoving him off to the ropes...]

GM: Lynch trying to escape again...

[Wyatt rebounds off the ropes, bouncing back...

...and knocking Lynch right back down with a running shoulder tackle!]

GM: Wyatt's not a big man but he had enough momentum to knock Lynch down with that.

[Wyatt hesitates a moment, watching as Lynch tries to get off the mat. The Dangerous one dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...]

GM: Wyatt off the far side...

[Lynch drops back down, forcing Wyatt to jump over him as he hits the ropes...]

GM: Wyatt over the top... Lynch back up...

[Lynch leapfrogs over the charging Wyatt, sending him into the ropes a third time...

...but this time, as Wyatt comes back, he gets caught with a flying headscissors takedown! The crowd ROARS for the big move!]

GM: LYNCH! WHAT A MOVE BY JAMES LYNCH! HE'S GOT TO GET TO THE CORNER!

BW: Don't let him make that tag, Dick! Cut him off!

[A dazed Wyatt turns to the wrong corner in looking for Lynch.]

GM: Wyatt doesn't know where he is! This is James' chance!

[Travis slaps the top turnbuckle, giving his brother a shout!]

GM: Travis is cheering his brother on! He's still waiting for the tag! He's ready for it!

[A staggered James shakes his head to clear the cobwebs as he turns towards his own corner...]

GM: He's on the way!

[Lynch stumbles forward, reaching out his arm towards Travis...]

GM: He's almost there! He's within reach!

BW: Do something, Dick!

[Wyatt finally finds James Lynch, diving at the legs to prevent the tag...]

GM: WYATT DIVES!

[HUUUUUUGE POP! James Lynch is a step too quick, making a dive towards his corner and slapping Travis' outstretched hand!]

GM: TAG! TRAVIS IS IN! TRAVIS IS IN AND THERE'S GONNA BE HELL FOR DICK WYATT TO PAY!

BW: Get out of there, Dick! Run!

[But there's nowhere for him to go, other than right into the fists of Travis Lynch, who sends him crashing to the mat with one powerful right hand.]

GM: Down goes Wyatt off the haymaker!

[Wyatt scrambles up to his feet...

...and gets knocked right back down!]

GM: Travis drops him again!

BW: Donovan's coming for him!

[The seven footer comes rushing in, trying to prevent further damage to his partner. Donovan rears back, throwing a wild right hand that Travis is able to block...]

GM: Travis blocks the right... and shoots in one of his own! And another! And another! Travis is rocking him with those big right hands!

[Donovan stumbles back, taking a half step to steady himself as Lynch does a full spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH! DONOVAN GOES TUMBLING TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Yeah, and so does Meekly!

[Indeed, the referee was in the wrong place at the wrong time, too close to Donovan as he gets taken to the floor by a flailing arm that catches him in the side of the head.]

GM: Donovan's down but so is the referee! But Dick Wyatt's still in there...

[Wyatt throws a wild and dazed right at Lynch who easily ducks and counters to a roof-shaking pop!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW! TRAVIS HAS THE IRON CLAW LOCKED ON DICK WYATT!

[Wyatt screams in pain and almost immediately drops to the mat.]

GM: THE CLAW IS APPLIED AND DICK WYATT'S IN TROUBLE!

[Out on the apron, we see that James Lynch has managed to pull himself up, resting against the turnbuckles. Jack is back on his feet on the floor, leaning against the apron.]

GM: DONOVAN'S OUT! THE LYNCHES ARE IN CONTROL! THERE'S NOWHERE FOR WYATT TO GO!

[But a commotion taking place in the crowd behind the Lynches draws attention as the camera shifts over to show it.]

GM: Hold on, Bucky! There's a fan that just jumped the railing!

BW: SECURITY!

[With things completely out of control, a man has indeed jumped the railing right behind the Lynches. He wears a tight red-and-blue t-shirt, jeans, cowboy boots, and has long blond hair beyond his shoulders and a dark beard covering his face. Sneaking behind Jack, he spins the eldest Lynch brother around and decks him with a stiff right hand! He drops down straddling Jack, unloading with punches.]

GM: What's going on out there? This man, this fan has jumped the rail and has taken it upon himself to attack Jack Lynch!

[Seeing what's going on, James is quick to react. He leaps down off the apron as the bearded man rises, sending him sprawling into the

timekeeper's table! And now it's James' turn to unload punches, throwing a flurry of rights and lefts into the intruder's skull!]

GM: James Lynch to the rescue!

BW: Donovan! Donovan's back up, Gordo! The distraction worked!

[Indeed, Donovan has climbed back into the ring, moving toward Travis who still has Wyatt in the iron claw. But Travis sees it coming, releasing the hold on Wyatt and slapping it on Donovan instead! ENORMOUS POP!]

GM: NO IT DIDN'T! HE'S GOT THE CLAW ON DONOVAN NOW! TRAVIS LYNCH IS KICKING IT UP A NOTCH!

BW: I HATE that commercial!

[Donovan doesn't go to the mat, instead staggering backward into a corner where Lynch uses the extra leverage to lean in and cinch the hold in tighter. Meanwhile on the outside of the ring, James' attack has been slowed down by a shot below the belt administered by the bearded intruder.]

GM: LOW BLOW! James Lynch just got hit in the...the, uh...

BW: Family jewels, Gordo! Although I can't believe that hurt him. Didn't think he had anything down there.

[The cheap shot gives the bearded man enough time to grab a steel chair from beside the table...]

GM: NO!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[The intruder SMASHES the edge of the chair into the temple of James Lynch, sending him crumpling to the floor, holding his head in pain.]

GM: Lynch gets flattened! Where the heck IS security?!

[The man slides underneath the bottom rope into the ring, rising to his feet directly behind Travis Lynch who is oblivious to what has taken place to his brothers out on the floor, his focus staying on the job at hand inside the ring...]

GM: He's in the ring! He's in the ring!

[Approaching Travis from behind, the intruder wraps his arms around the torso in a rear waistlock...]

GM: NO!

[The rear waistlock allows the bearded man to POWER Travis up into the air, hoisting him overhead...]

...and DRIVING him into the mat with a released German suplex - no bridge, all impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WAIT A MINUTE! THAT MOVE! I RECOGNIZE THAT MOVE! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN I EVER SAW DELIVER A SUPLEX LIKE THAT ONE!

[Travis lays folded up with his legs over his head, unmoving from the impact of the hard suplex.]

GM: Travis may be out after that one, fans!

[Jack Lynch pulls himself up onto the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring...]

GM: JACK'S IN!!

[The bearded man spins around as Jack Lynch surges forward, ducking under a wild and desperate clothesline attempt from the intruder...]

...and spins to DRILL him with a right hand!]

GM: Jack Lynch is hammering away on this... this...

[The series of right hands backs the stranger up...]

...but it also allows Robert Donovan to recover and HAMMER Lynch from behind with a big forearm to the back of the neck!]

GM: OOOHHHHHH! Jack Lynch tried to fight off this unknown assailant but the numbers are too much for him to overcome!

BW: Unknown to you, Gordo, but not unknown to me! I know who that is!

GM: Who is it?

BW: I'll tell you in a minute.

[Donovan and the bearded dude whip Jack into the ropes, and Donovan nails Lynch on the rebound with a big boot!]

GM: Donovan lowers the BOOM on Jack Lynch with that big boot!

BW: I bet Lynch is regretting SuperClash right about now, daddy!

GM: You may be right, Bucky.

[Donovan gestures at the downed Jack Lynch. The bearded man wastes no time in picking Jack up off the mat, sending him for another ride...]

...and catching him off the ropes, spinning him and DRIVING him into the mat with a tilt-a-whirl tiger driver!

Otherwise known, by the man who once used the move as a finisher, as the Natural Disaster.]

GM: OH MY STARS! BUCKY, THAT'S-

BW: THAT'S ADAM ROGERS! I KNEW IT! ADAM ROGERS IS BACK IN THE AWA!

[Rogers stands, smirking and knowing that his old finishing move just revealed his identity. In an uncharacteristic move from his past, he swivels his hips and shoots a wad of spit down on Jack Lynch.]

GM: But...what's he doing with those two? Why is he in cahoots with Robert Donovan?

BW: I don't know but I love it, daddy! It's always good to see the Stenches take a whipping!

[Wyatt has since slid out of the ring and shoved a groggy Meekly back in the ring. Wyatt points animatedly at himself, and Donovan and Rogers nod in agreement.]

GM: Dick Wyatt's back in... he's pulling Travis Lynch back to his feet... oh no.

[For the second time in the night, Wyatt applies a front facelock, twisting Lynch around so that they are back to back...

...and DROPS down to his rear, jolting the spine of Travis Lynch with a perfectly-executed reverse neckbreaker!]

BW: AND NO ONE DOES THAT MOVE BETTER THAN DICK WYATT!

[With James still down outside the ring and Jack still on his back in it, Wyatt falls down across the prone body of Travis Lynch with an arrogant cover while Donovan and Rogers exchange a high-five.]

GM: Meekly's counting it! One...two...three, and I can't believe it! This should have been a disqualification as soon as Adam Rogers showed up!

BW: Don't you get it, Gordo? He was the third man! He's their other partner! This was genius. Absolute GENIUS!

[Trash flies into the ring as the heel heat reaches levels rarely before seen in the AWA. The three men share a hug in the center of the ring before standing in line and raising each others' hands into the air.]

GM: This is unbelievable, fans. The Lynch brothers have been defeated here tonight, not by the skill of their opponents but by trickery, and what a disappointing way for them to start 2013!

BW: Shut your mouth, Myers! These guys had a plan and they executed it. That's skill in my book! And hey, I think you're about to get your answers.

[The trio of Rogers, Donovan and Wyatt appear in screen as they have joined Myers and Wilde at the announce table.]

GM: Adam Rogers! This is a...what IS this anyway?

AR: You have to ask what this is, Gordon? You're supposed to be the wrestling encyclopedia, old man! Think about it! What do all three of us have in common?

GM: Your fathers were all wrestling giants in their heydays...but that still doesn't explain why this brings you three together?

AR: You're a disgrace to your profession, Myers. Do your homework while I do your job for you.

[Rogers abruptly snatches the microphone from Gordon's hand and faces the camera.]

AR: You see, many years ago, down in Memphis, Tennessee...the names of George Rogers, Tony Donovan and Gerry Wyatt were as household as names like LeBron James, RG3, and Derek Jeter. They owned Memphis, hell...they WERE Memphis.

The three of us, we watched it all. We watched our dads battle as allies and as adversaries. And no matter which three men made up the Beale Street Bullies...whether it was Donovan, Wyatt and Willis...whether it was Rogers, Wyatt and Edwards...it didn't matter because no matter who it was, they were without question the best three-man group that the sport of professional wrestling has EVER seen.

But you know all we've heard since the three little punks with the silver spoons in their loud mouths came to the AWA?

[Rogers' face sours.]

AR: It's been Lynch this, Lynch that, greatest six-man tag unit ever. No one can top them. Well, I'm here to tell you something, jack! When our dads were running Memphis, THEY were the greatest six-man tag unit ever. NOT the punk boys who had EVERYTHING handed to 'em along the way by their old man.

[The camera tightens in on Rogers' bearded face, as he continues to look disgusted in speaking about the Lynches.]

AR: Take a good look, people. Because you ain't lookin' at three men who were made into stars because their daddies paid off people to make sure it happened. You're lookin' at three men who've EARNED their stripes, fightin' in dirty town halls and filthy armories, drivin' from town to town in a beat-up Chevy that we all prayed wouldn't break down on some two-lane road between Atlanta and Macon. It's that sort of legacy that we _love_, that we _are_...

...and that we plan to _protect_ at all costs.

[Switch back to Camera B, a wide-angle shot of the trio with Myers and Wilde in the background.]

AR: You're lookin' at the reincarnation of the Beale Street Bullies, baby! Can't nobody imitate us, can't nobody duplicate us, and we're gonna PROVE to the whole wrestling world that the greatest six-man tag unit in history comes from the lineage of OUR fathers. Tell 'em 'bout it, Dick!

["Dangerous" Dick Wyatt takes the mic, a smirk on his face as he looks into the lens.]

DW: You know it, son! It's like mah boy Adam here said: I remember back in the day, settin' on mah daddy's knee an' watchin' him fight his way through the Dirty South...

I seen him take down guys in Georgia.

I seen him take down guys in Memphis.

I seen him fight his way through the lower Mississippi an' into Texas...and in Texas I saw the damnably saddest thing I've ever had the misfortune to happen across:

I saw Lynches for the first time.

[The crowd, expectedly, responds VERY negatively to that.]

DW: Now, in mah whole life, I'd seen mah daddy fightin' against guys that were there for the same reason as him, ta make a livin' doin' what it was he knew how ta do best...but the Lynches? Those boys were treated like some sorta royalty. Old man Jack handed Gerry Wyatt a list thet people called "The Lynch Rules". No throwin' 'em over the top. No chokin'. No Chairs. None o' this...none o' that...those boys got treated like they were princes. Got protected like their momma was in that ring with 'em from the get go...Course, with how ugly Momma Lynch is, she mighta been one o' them inbred hicks in the first row.

An' anyone that broke them rules?

Old Man Jack tossed 'em out without their payday, an' put a big ol' black mark on their record, callin' other territories an' urgin' his buddies not to give 'em work.

You think the Lynches are some sorta gift? They're an infestation. Like rats.

[Wyatt cackles, sharing a high five with his newest ally, Adam Rogers, for his verbal shot.]

DW: An' like Rob here can tell ya, there's only two things in this world that you can count on forever: Money spends and Lynches lie.

But that's fine...cause want us or not, ya'll got us now...and we ain't nothing but a bunch o' drink swillin', Lynch killin', kiss stealin', wheelin' and dealin' sons of a guns...

Ain't that right, Rob?

[Wyatt hands the mic over to Donovan, who grins broadly and claps Wyatt on the back.]

RD: Damn right, Dick. See, y'all, neither of these men share my name, but damned if they ain't family to me! I didn't think we'd ever manage to get our families together like this, but the stars finally aligned an' I managed to find somebody with enough damned brains to see how big this could get, so deals got made, hands were shook, an' as the three punks sharin' the name o' Lynch that work here can tell ya...

[Donovan's grin abruptly fades.]

RD: Hell was raised! The Bullies of our fathers' times ran roughshod over everything and everyone that stood in their way, they ruled Memphis with an iron fist! Somebody with the name Donovan, Rogers, or Wyatt was damn near always holdin' gold, an' a hell of a lot of that time, the Beale Street Bullies held every piece of hardware that was worth givin' a damn about! Enough with the history lesson, though, I'm sure at some point somebody who ain't got the sense he was born with is gonna ask me, "Why?", so I might as well get it out of the way.

[Donovan looks over at Wyatt, then Rogers.]

RD: I've always tried to be the good guy, the guy people wanted to cheer for, the guy people in the locker room looked up to for advice, all that. No less an authority on bein' a no good son of a bitch than Tex Violence himself told me, many a year ago, that there was no damn way I'd ever make it big doin' that, an' all these years later, I can look back on my career and say that Tex was one hundred percent RIGHT. All the baby-kissin' and hand-shakin' in the world didn't get me World Championship matches, all the autograph-signin' didn't get me into main events, hell, even leavin' gallons of my blood on filthy barroom floors for cheap, dirtbag promoters rangin' from Philadelphia to Laredo to Los Angeles never got me anywhere! So, in case you ain't figured it out...

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: I'm done bein' a good guy. The three of us, the new Beale Street Bullies, we're done givin' a damn about anything but _US_. We see the things we want in the AWA, an' we're gonna start takin' 'em, and if you wanna do anything thing about it, whether your name is Monosso or Bryant or Bishop, you better bring a whole damned army with ya...

[Donovan gestures at Wyatt and Rogers with his free hand.]

RD: 'Cause we're sure as hell gonna bring ours. You think what happened to the Lynches tonight was somethin'? You ain't seen a DAMN thing yet!

[The boos intensify as the newly-born trio make their exit from the ringside area, soaking up the rage of the Dallas, Texas crowd who despise both the words and actions aimed at their hometown heroes.]

GM: Get out of here! You three make me sick! Some of the things they said... some of the things they've done here tonight! Completely unacceptable! Absolutely disgusting, Bucky.

BW: I can't believe we never saw it comin'. The Beale Street Bullies! Of course! You're as big a fan of Mid-South Wrestling as there's ever been, Gordo... you know what that group was capable of.

GM: I certainly do... and if that's the kind of thing we can expect out of these three, I shudder at the thought of it. Fans, let's take one final break but when we come back, Stevie Scott is coming out here and he wants Juan Vasquez... IN THAT RING! Don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then fade back to live action - a nice panning shot of the entire Crockett Coliseum crowd, all buzzing with anticipation of the moment they're about to see...

Suddenly the opening guitar riff of the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" kicks up over the PA, drawing a HUGE pop from the crowd. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott wastes no time in emerging from the back, chair in hand, and marching down the aisle toward the ring. He wears his usual "Hotshot" t-shirt and blue jeans, his hair slicked back and now sporting a tight beard.]

GM: Here comes a man that surprised a lot of people, myself included Bucky, at SuperClash when he came to the aid of Calisto Dufresne who was taking a brutal beating at the hands of Juan Vasquez.

BW: He told me backstage that tonight, he was comin' down here to answer all the questions of why he did what he did. I tried to get him to gimme the scoop early, but he was tight-lipped, daddy. I've got to say, Gordo, I don't get it either. We know he's stated before he respects Vasquez and that he's got no love for Dufresne...so why save the man you hate?

GM: Hopefully we'll find that out soon enough.

[Holding the chair over his shoulder and resting against his back, Stevie tosses it into the ring and then climbs in behind it. He ascends the nearest turnbuckle and raises his arms to another huge pop from the crowd, then goes to the corner on the opposite side and repeats the process. As the music fades out, he grabs the chair and sets it up center ring, taking a seat and bringing the microphone upward.]

HSS: Some time ago now, I came down to this ring and I asked for Juan Vasquez to come down here and have a face-to-face chat with me.

[He pauses, nodding to no one in particular.]

HSS: For all the times we bashed each others' heads in, you would have thought that at least Juan would have given me the time of day. But no. No, I got his tub of lard manager instead. I don't know if that was by Juan's choice, or if it was by Percy Childes' choice, but the end result...

[He grins a little crap-eating grin.]

HSS: ...other than a busted jaw for Chubbs...

[And a crowd pop for that.]

HSS: ...was that my message did not get across to whom it was intended.

[Abruptly, he stands up. and points up the ramp to the entryway.]

HSS: Well hopefully...HOPEFULLY I got your attention this time, Vasquez! When I said I wanted a face-to-face talk with you, by God, I MEANT it. I don't take "no" for an answer, you ought to know that. So I'm asking you one last time...get out here RIGHT NOW because we've got some business to which we should attend.

[Stevie plops back down in the chair.]

HSS: And I ain't going ANYWHERE until you do it.

[The camera pans out to a wider shot with Stevie defiantly holding his place in the ring. Marty Meekly, standing ringside, climbs into the ring for a few words with the former champ.]

GM: Well, Bucky...it appears that Stevie Scott has taken the show hostage until Juan Vasquez comes out and talks with him in that ring.

BW: I really don't think this is a smart move on his part, Gordo. Where Juan goes, you know the entire Unholy Alliance goes as well, and Stevie? He's not shown himself to be in the frame of mind as of late to have a backup plan in case of emergency.

[Meekly's efforts don't go particularly well, as the Hotshot stands and tosses the official out of the ring before retaking his seat. Just then, the crowd explodes with jeers as they see Juan Vasquez coming through the curtains. Vasquez is dressed in a black hoodie and a vintage Simon Ezra wrestling t-shirt. The boos intensify once the crowd sees Percy Childes and the rest of The Unholy Alliance...Nenshou, Tully Brawn, and The Aces, also emerging from the back!]

GM: Juan Vasquez is here...and so is The Unholy Alliance!

[As they enter the ring, they form a sort of circle around Stevie, who doesn't seem to be overly concerned by their presence.]

HSS: Ah, Juan, my old friend. I am _so glad_ you got my message!

[Like McKayla Maroney, Juan Vasquez is not impressed.]

HSS: Since you've proven so difficult to get an audience with, let me cut straight to the chase. When I called you out one month ago, and you sent Percy down to talk to me instead, did you pay attention to what he kept saying? He kept saying that I don't understand business. Business this, business that. And I figured out why he kept on about it.

[Stevie takes a step closer to his long-time nemesis.]

HSS: It's because he doesn't understand people like you and me, Juan.

[He pauses to let the words sink in. Percy can be heard shouting, "Don't listen to this incessant drivell!" But the glare of Vasquez never leaves the returned glare of Stevie.]

HSS: See, to guys like us? This isn't a business.

It's a way of LIFE.

It's why we beat our bodies up night after night, and then we do it again even though we hurt like hell. It's why we ate bologna sandwiches out of the trunks of our cars in the early days, hoping to get that phone call, that big break...not so we could line our pocketbooks but so we could be competing with the _best_...so we could in turn be _called_ the best.

It's NEVER been just a business to either one of us.

[Again he pauses, holding Juan's glare for a moment, before pacing slowly in a circle around him.]

HSS: Hey...we've been a lot of different people throughout our careers, right? We've played different roles...come up with different ways to climb up the ladder. We've reinvented ourselves time after time after time, when others don't have the drive or the intelligence to figure that out.

Why is that?

[As he completes the circle he just walked around Vasquez, he moves in nearly nose-to-nose with the man who was once the most popular wrestler in the AWA.]

HSS: It's because _this_, Juan...

[The Hotshot make a sweeping motion with his free arm around the ring.]

HSS: This is our LIFE.

And speaking of life...how's yours these days, amigo?

[Stevie lets a little grin surface briefly.]

HSS: You've just about wiped them all out, haven't you? Zaire... the Moonshiners... Broussard... Dufresne... all those that had a hand in your brutal beating at WrestleRock, you've accomplished what you set out to do. You've made them pay. So now that you've done it, let me ask you something.

[He leans in closer to Vasquez.]

HSS: Feel any better?

[Stevie pauses for a moment, letting the question sink in and giving Juan time to consider it. He raises his eyebrows, then moves back away again.]

HSS: Has it filled the void? Has it eradicated all the memories of what happened? Is the bitterness, the anger, is it remedied?

[He grins a knowing grin.]

HSS: You and I both know the answer to that, don't we?

Let me share something with you that I learned about carrying a grudge and being obsessed with paybacks. In the end, there's only one person that ends up truly destroyed. And you know who that is. You said it yourself at SuperClash. You admitted Calisto Dufresne ended your career.

Well, chief, if that's the case...if your career has truly been ended... then there's only one person to blame.

[Slowly, Stevie raises his hand, index finger outstretched... and points directly at Juan Vasquez. No, not at Tully Brawn!]

HSS: Yourself.

[The anger on Juan's face visibly grows as he stares a hole through Stevie.]

HSS: Hey...when you damn near broke my neck two years ago, I was all about getting revenge. I sat in that hospital bed, unable to move my neck or turn my head, dreaming of ways that I could put you right where I was.

But one day, I had a visitor come by. You know him well. And he told ME the same things I'm telling YOU right here tonight. Being consumed by revenge, by anger, by hatred? It's no way to live. There IS no satisfaction, no peace in letting that crap fill your soul.

[He nods.]

HSS: He was right. What he said resonated with me, and that very night, I became a changed man. I think that's been made very clear to you and all these people who, once upon a time, worshipped the ground you walked on.

So the question now, Juan, is a simple one. Who are you going to listen to?

You gonna listen to me? Someone who's cut from the same cloth you are? Someone who, just like you, has trained, has bled, has given his heart and his soul to this business we love so much?

[Stevie pauses briefly, pointing at Childes.]

HSS: Or are you going to keep listening to THIS guy...a fat tub of crap who has NO CLUE what it means to be a competitor? Juan, it's not _me_ who doesn't understand. It's him. He doesn't understand Juan Vasquez or Stevie Scott.

So ask yourself, Juan...who's telling you the _truth_?

[Juan says nothing still, but the anger is very apparent in his body language. His jaw and fists are both clenched, his chest is rising and falling quickly with heavy breathing...a sight not lost on the Hotshot.]

HSS: What's it gonna be, Vasquez? Are you going let Fatty McGee keep telling you what to do, or are you going to take control of yourself again and be the MAN that all these people know you are, and WANT YOU TO BE?

[The tension? Well, as the cliché goes, it could be cut with a knife. All members of the Alliance, Percy included, stand motionless, as eager as the crowd to find out what Juan will do next. The longtime rivals stay locked in a cold, hard stare for what seems like much longer than it actually is until Stevie breaks the silence.]

HSS: Either tell me I'm right, Juan...

[Stevie takes a step back...]

HSS: ...or knock me the hell out.

[...and spreads out his arms, dropping the mic and offering his jaw to the dangerous right cross. Percy points and yells for Juan to strike as the crowd buzzes in anticipation.]

GM: What's Stevie Scott doing? He's leaving himself completely vulnerable to Juan Vasquez and The Unholy Alliance!

BW: He's being stupid, that's what! You think his words mean anything to Juan Vasquez? These two guys ain't ever seen eye-to-eye, Gordo! They were part of one of the fiercest rivalries this sport's ever seen...and maybe Stevie thinks that means they formed some sorta bond through all the ring wars, but I guarantee you Vasquez still hates his guts!

[Vasquez glares hard at Scott, hesitating for a moment, when suddenly...]

GM: Percy Childes just gave the rest of the Unholy Alliance the signal to attack! They're on him like a pack of wild dogs!

[A blindside blow from Tully Brawn starts it all, as The Aces and Nenshou quickly join in, putting the boots to Stevie Scott! Through it all, Vasquez just stares impassively at the beating.]

BW: Did you expect anything else? Did you just think Percy Childes was gonna' let Stevie Scott get away with hitting him with that Heatseeker and let bygones be bygones? He's just getting everything he's had coming to him!

GM: This is horrible! And look at Percy Childes! He's loving every moment of this!

[As the rest of The Unholy Alliance finish their beating, Percy Childes barks out some more orders, as The Aces suddenly drag Stevie to his feet, with Percy Childes yelling at Vasquez and ordering him to deliver the killshot.]

GM: Oh no...all this and now the right cross? Stevie Scott can barely even stand!

[Juan bends down and picks up Stevie's dropped microphone, staring sadly at his long-time rival.]

JV: You had to have known that this was gonna' happen and you still called me out. Even if I told you that you were right, what did you think was gonna' happen? Percy Childes OWNS my contract. Do you think he'd just let me go? Either way, you were never gonna' walk away from this. So...

...was THIS worth it?

[He leans in close towards a dazed Scott, who's barely still there.]

JV: You're a damn idiot, Stevie Scott.

[Backing up, a grim-faced Vasquez raises his right hand and forms a fist, drawing screams of panic from the crowd. He turns to Childes and gives his manager a nod, before turning back to Scott...and smirking.]

JV: And so am I.

[And without warning, Vasquez suddenly spins around and SMASHES his fist right into Nenshou's jaw with a devastating right cross! HUUUUUUUUGE POP!]

GM: WHAT???

[The remainder of the Unholy Alliance is as stunned as Gordon, giving Vasquez enough time to bury a boot in the stomach of Tully Brawn. He follows that with an uppercut that sends Brawn falling backward to the mat.]

BW: NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

[The Aces, now over the initial shock, have dropped Scott and moved in to double-team Vasquez from behind just as he unleashes the blow on Brawn. The duo clubs away at Vasquez, driving him into the ropes where they then send him for the ride with a double Irish whip. Vasquez hits the ropes, ducks under a double-clothesline attempt, and on the rebound he leaps into the air and drops both Tyler and Childes with a double clothesline of his own! HUGE POP!]

GM: VASQUEZ! VASQUEZ IS CLEANING HOUSE ON THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE AND HE'S GOT HIS SIGHTS ON PERCY CHILDES!

BW: GET OUTTA THERE, PERCY! RUN, FAT MAN!

[But there's nowhere to hide for Percy Childes, his other four men lying on the mat after the surprise attack by Vasquez. The fear evident on his face, Childes begins to yell at Juan about his contract and then, when that doesn't work, switches over to begging off. A stone-faced Vasquez slowly backs the large manager into a corner, and grabs him by the shirt collar!]

GM: VASQUEZ HAS PERCY CHILDES! HE'S LOADING UP THE RIGHT CROSS!

BW: If his jaw was bad before, it's going to be even worse after this, unless Juan Vasquez comes to his senses and fast! Percy'll sue him for all he's worth!

[Slowly, Vasquez clenches a fist and draws his right arm back, loading up for the right cross as the crowd goes wild...

...but the punch never gets thrown as a recovered Tully Brawn nails Vasquez from behind! The crowd groans in disappointment.]

GM: NO! TULLY BRAWN RESCUES PERCY CHILDES IN THE NICK OF TIME!

BW: HAHAAHAHA! Guess the uppercut isn't as dangerous as the right cross, Gordo!

[Brawn stomps away on Vasquez in the corner where Childes was, and the portly manager even gets a few kicks in as well. By now, The Aces are also back on their feet and joining in on the beatdown as they all stomp and punch away at the former National Champion.]

GM: Vasquez...he's been overcome by the sheer numbers of the Unholy Alliance! This does not look good for him at all, Bucky.

BW: It's shades of WrestleRock in a lot of ways here, Gordo. For whatever reason way back then, Stevie Scott came to Juan Vasquez's aid and took a

beating for it. Tonight, it's the same thing happening in reverse! And none of it makes a lick of sense to me!

[Even Nenshou has recovered, albeit slowly, and has joined in on the attack. The Aces pull Vasquez up as Nenshou positions himself in front of him, grabbing his own throat to set up for his specialty.]

GM: Oh no! Nenshou's going to blow the mist! He's going to blow the mist in Vasquez's face!

BW: Hey, Vasquez talked about his career being ended by Dufresne? It's gonna be legit ended by Nenshou right here!

[And indeed it would, except for one thing.

The Unholy Alliance forgot about who brought them down in the first place.]

GM: WAIT A MINUTE! STEVIE! STEVIE'S UP...AND HE'S GOT A CHAIR!

[Indeed, the Hotshot picked up the chair he brought to the ring and stands in the opposite corner. Shaking out the cobwebs one last time, and with the UA's attention solely on Vasquez, he charges...

...and SLAMS the chair right into the back of Nenshou before he can blow the mist! HUUUUUUUUGE POP!]

GM: YES! STEVIE WITH THE SAVE! STEVIE WITH THE SAVE!

[Swinging the chair back and forth like a madman, Stevie attempts to connect with anything that moves. Steven Childes gets his hands up to deflect a blow aimed for his head while Tully Brawn moves to put some space between him and the Hotshot.]

GM: IT'S BREAKING DOWN IN THERE!

[As Daniel Tyler loosens his grip on Vasquez in an effort to avoid the chair, Vasquez...perhaps not as beaten as the Unholy Alliance thought...surprises Tyler with a clothesline that sends him tumbling over the top rope to the floor! Percy yells an order, and the Unholy Alliance exits through the ropes as fast as they possibly can.]

GM: THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE IS RUNNING FOR IT! THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE HILLS!

[An overhead swing BARELY misses Steven Childes and instead bounces off the top rope, while Brawn pulls Nenshou under the bottom rope to safety. The Alliance regroups at the foot of the aisle, as Stevie stands at the ropes pointing and yelling at the group.]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ AND STEVIE SCOTT HAVE CLEARED THE RING OF THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE! Who would have thought THIS was going to happen tonight, Bucky Wilde?

BW: It's insanity! Absolute insanity! Stevie Scott took a HUGE risk tonight and for whatever reason, it paid off! But still, him and Vasquez were lucky to have escaped tonight. I'd bet the farm they won't be so lucky next time.

[As the UA makes its way behind Percy back up the aisle, the two long-time rivals...the two men who battled week after week for nearly two years... make eye contact for the first time since Vasquez threw the punch at Nenshou. The crowd is absolutely electric as Juan steps out of the corner and Stevie away from the ropes, the two still keeping a distance from the other.]

GM: Stevie and Juan stand alone in the ring, and this...finally Stevie Scott got what he wanted!

BW: Really? He wanted to get put at the top of the Unholy Alliance's hit list?

[With the crowd on their collective feet cheering, neither Juan nor Stevie make a move, perhaps wondering if the other is still going to strike...maybe they haven't forgotten the past...

...until Stevie Scott extends a hand to his former enemy.]

GM: Wow! Look at that!

[Vasquez looks around at the absolutely ROARING crowd at this point, urging him to make it official...

...and he does, accepting the handshake!]

GM: Oh my! What a moment! What a moment putting these two men side-by-side as allies! What a fantastic moment for all of these fans here in Dallas, Texas and all over the world!

[The handshake causes flashbulbs to pop all over the building, filling the air with a blinding white light...]

GM: Fans, we are WAY out of time! What a night it's been here in Dallas, Texas as the AWA kicks off 2013 in amazing fashion!

BW: It's gonna be a heck of a year, Gordo.

GM: You got that right! Fans, we'll see you next time... at the matches! So long everybody!

[With the handshake still in process, we slowly fade to black on this memorable AWA moment.]