

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS
JANUARY 26TH, 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 hotter pink dress shirt and lime green 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 we're not going to waste a single second - Phil Watson, my friend, take it away!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing, dressed in his Saturday best attire.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... at this time, please welcome to the ring the NEW President of the American Wrestling Alliance... he is a legendary figure in the world of professional wrestling... a former champion... a man who is synonymous with submission and technical wrestling... the master of the O'Connor Lock, his take on the sleeperhold...

KARL O'CONNOR!

[O'Connor, who was already at ringside, very slowly makes his way up the ringsteps with the aid of a ringside attendant. O'Connor is dressed in a black suit and white dress shirt for the occasion. He carries a cane in his left hand, using it as he steps through the ropes into the ring. He receives a very respectful reaction from the AWA fans as he lifts his arm to wave to them. He looks down through his fairly-thick eyeglasses at Phil Watson, extending an arm to take the mic from him. With a big smile, the longtime St. Louis wrestling star stands with his barely-there white hair on his head and a fairly thin mustache on his upper lip. He waves again before raises the mic to his mouth.]

KOC: Thank you. Thank you all so much.

[The crowd cheers some more as O'Connor beams at the reaction.]

KOC: When Mr. Taylor called me a few weeks ago to ask if I would accept the role of President of this great organization, I had to admit to him that I wasn't sure I was up to the task. It has been a long, long time since I've been around the wrestling business on a regular basis. There have been a lot of years of me sitting in my house in St. Louis, helping my son training kids for the sport that I love... but I never imagined I'd receive an offer like this.

It's a demonstration of just how much the people who run this company - and all of you great fans - respect the history of this sport and those who came before you. Don't think I haven't seen the respect shown to guys like Hamilton Graham and Blackjack Lynch who have appeared on your shows. That went a long way to making this easy for me.

[O'Connor nods at the cheering crowd.]

KOC: I would like to give my thanks to Jim Watkins...

[There's some boos at that. O'Connor lifts a hand.]

KOC: Now, now... I know he may not have gone out with his head held high but he DID leave this place in pretty good shape for an old man like me to take over. Jim's been a friend of mine for a long time now and the phone call I got from him this morning to congratulate me was the best gift I could get.

[O'Connor raises a hand, pointing at the camera.]

KOC: But let's get down to business. They wanted me to come out here and give a State Of The AWA address.

[A nod.]

KOC: Well, from where I'm sitting, things look pretty good to me around here.

[Big cheer! The veteran smiles.]

KOC: That's not to say there's not always room for improvement. And that's going to be my job. I've got a nice, cushy office set up for me down the street at the AWA offices where I can figure out what I can do to make things better for you - the fans - and at the end of the day, that's what is important to me. You.

[Another big cheer.]

KOC: I've already been on the job for a few days now, making some phone calls, reaching out to some old friends. I wanted to get their input on what we could do around here to take those next steps in the right direction. Some of those decisions you're going to hear throughout the night but right now, I've got a big one for you... and I didn't even make it.

I mentioned that I received a phone call from Jim Watkins today. He advised me that I should talk to AWA legal and look into the stack of executive orders he left behind.

[O'Connor reaches into his jacket pocket, pulling a pair of envelopes into view.]

KOC: Turns out that he's got a pair of 'em that needed to be opened and read to the world TONIGHT.

[The crowd begins to buzz with anticipation as O'Connor lifts the first one.]

KOC: This one... in typical Big Jim style... says, "Open up if Juan Vasquez ever comes to his sense."

[Big cheer!]

KOC: Big Jim assures me that Mr. Vasquez breaking away from the Unholy Alliance two weeks ago is EXACTLY what he had in mind when he wrote this up.

[O'Connor tears open the envelope, unfolding the paper within.]

KOC: "With the authority of the Championship Committee chairmanship, I hereby..."

[O'Connor does a doubletake.]

KOC: "...FIRE Juan Vasquez from his AWA contract!"

[The crowd ROARS in shocked response. O'Connor re-reads the sheet of paper, making sure he got it right. He shakes his head.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Vasquez just got canned! Watkins FINALLY made a good decision and it happened on his way OUT of the company!

GM: I can't believe what I'm hearing. This can't be right, fans!

[O'Connor pulls a second envelope from his pocket.]

KOC: This one also says it should be opened under these same circumstances.

[O'Connor opens the envelope to read it...

...and flashes a big smile. He softly chuckles as he begins to read.]

KOC: "With the authority of the Championship Committee chairmanship, I hereby..."

[Dramatic pause.]

KOC: "...sign Juan Vasquez to a NEW AWA contract!"

[BIG CHEER!]

BW: WHAAAA?! No!

GM: Jim Watkins pulled one over on Percy Childes there! The stipulations of the match where Percy won Juan Vasquez into the Unholy Alliance said that Percy would manage him AS LONG as Vasquez remained an AWA employee! I'd have to consult a lawyer but I think him being fired and re-signed makes that stipulation NULL AND VOID!

BW: This isn't fair! This isn't right! Percy got robbed!

[With the crowd roaring in reaction to the big news, the new AWA President raises his mic one more time.]

KOC: I hope you all enjoy the show.

[And with one more wave to the crowd, O'Connor uses his cane to get across the ring, stepping through the ropes out onto the entrance ramp as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Wow! What a way to kick off our night here in Dallas! Karl O'Connor, the legendary competitor, is the new AWA President and he just kicked off his presidency in big fashion as well by announcing that Juan Vasquez has been fired... and then re-signed to a new AWA contract meaning that his agreement with Percy Childes is done, Bucky! It's kaput!

BW: This is just another example of the AWA conspiring to keep Percy Childes and the Unholy Alliance down, Gordo! I bet Percy's on the phone with his lawyers RIGHT NOW trying to get this decision overturned.

GM: You may be right about that but for now, Juan Vasquez is a free man! And we're scheduled to hear from both Vasquez and Stevie Scott later on here tonight on what should be another exciting edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: We've got Stampede Cup qualifying matches! We've got the OFFICIAL debut of the Beale Street Bullies in six man tag team action later tonight!

GM: Dave Bryant, the Longhorn Heritage Champion, has asked the former champ, Glenn Hudson, to meet him in the ring tonight to discuss the future of that particular title. The Steal The Spotlight winner, November, is in the house as well.

BW: Supernova, that face-painted twerp, wants Ricky Marley to confront him in the ring to discuss what happened at SuperClash between them.

GM: Shadoc Rage is in action as well.

BW: And what about tonight's Main Event pitting the former National Champion, Calisto Dufresne - a man who did not shy away two weeks ago from telling the world that he wants the World Heavyweight Title around his waist - taking on the man who many believe SHOULD be the World Champion right now, Supreme Wright?

GM: After what happened last time between Wright and his apparently now-former ally, Eric Preston, you have to wonder if Preston will let that match go down without making his presence known as well. And of course, the story we've been talking about since December 31st will finally get an answer - will James Monosso retire here tonight in Dallas, Texas and vacate the World Heavyweight Title in the process?

BW: If he does, Gordo, Dufresne versus Wright could be for the World Title!

GM: It certainly could - an excellent point, Bucky. But right now, let's go up to the ring for tag team action!

[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.]

PW: This tag team contest is scheduled for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit!

[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.]

PW: Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Mister Matsui...

[Matsui is followed by a scowling seven-foot Japanese giant. Thickly-built, with light brown skin, dark eyes and short, black hair, he has on a black singlet, black knee pads and a pair of black boots.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 840 pounds, they are MAMMOTH Maximus and MAMMOTH Mizusawa...

THE PREHISTORIC POWERSSS!!!

[With Maximus to his left and Mizusawa to his right, Matsui motions to his two clients. Mizusawa raises his right fist in the air, while Maximus balls his fists and extends his arms to either side of him. With a nod, Matsui leads the way towards the ring.]

PW: And their opponents...

[In the ring, a slightly bulky wrestler with black hair, dressed in grey trunks, black boots and white knee pads, stands by with his partner, who has long black dreadlocks, dark brown skin, with a solid upper body, but who lacks muscular development elsewhere.]

PW: Weighing in at a total combined weight of 507 pounds, they are Alex Worthey and J.P. Driver!

[Worthey raises an arm to acknowledge the fans, while Driver raises both of his. As Louis Matsui makes his way down the elevated walkway, he is running his mouth, occasionally taunting the fans sitting on either side of the walkway with a smirk. MAMMOTH Maximus follows behind him, also jawing with the fans. MAMMOTH Mizusawa brings up the rear, still scowling. The

booing continues as Matsui reaches the ring. He hangs back, letting Maximus pass and step through the ropes. Maximus balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. Behind him, 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.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's Mizusawa starting it off with Driver. They lock up! But not for long, as Mizusawa just demolishes J.P. Driver with that massive forearm.

[Mizusawa picks Driver up and whips him into the ropes. He catches him on the rebound and back drops him.]

GM: MAMMOTH Mizusawa just launched J.P. Driver seven feet into the air...

BW: And dropped him by about that high, too!

[Mizusawa picks Driver up, as if for a spinebuster, but rather than pivoting and slamming him back down, the giant drops him straight down to the mat, onto his back.]

GM: Good grief! I guess you can call that a standing spinebuster but he really flattened Driver with that, Bucky.

BW: These two are unstoppable! We've been waiting to hear what teams are being added to the Stampede Cup's Field Of 16 - you gotta have these two! And if you do, they just may run over everyone in their path.

GM: It's hard to imagine who could stop this duo, for sure.

[Mizusawa reaches one hand down, grabbing Driver around the throat and deadlifting him back to his feet where he shoves him violently backwards into the Powers' corner.]

GM: Mizusawa with a tag to MAMMOTH Maximus... Maximus with a series of rights and lefts to the ribs of J.P. Driver.

BW: Maximus is destroying this guy!

[Dragging him from the corner at the referee's shouts, Maximus hoists Driver up, holding him across his chest...

...and SQUASHES him under all his weight with a front powerslam!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! That's gotta be it!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo.

[Maximus climbs back to his feet, balling up his fists and extending them to his sides while yelling, "THE WORLD IS MINE!"]

BW: He may be right, Gordo. With Matsui and Mizusawa by his side, the world may very well be his.

GM: It's hard to argue that. These two have future champions written all over them - whether it's in singles or tag team action.

BW: Gold, yes. But right now, I think they're looking at the Cup and one million dollar, daddy!

[Pulling Driver back to his feet, Maximus grabs an arm and FIRES him hard into a neutral corner before slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: In comes the seven foot giant now... this can't be good news for Driver...

[Maximus barrels across the ring, throwing his body into the corner and crushing J.P. Driver. He slides out of the way just as Mizusawa rushes across, spinning to smash his backside into the torso!]

GM: Maximus with a running splash onto J.P. Driver in the corner. And Mizusawa follows it up by flattening Driver with that HUGE posterior!

BW: Are you calling Mizusawa fat, Gordo?

[Having seen enough, Alex Worthey slips into the ring to try to help his partner but gets a clubbing forearm from Maximus for his effort.]

GM: Ohh! Alex Worthey tried to help his partner...

BW: But who's gonna help him?

[Mizusawa comes over to assist, each man grabbing an arm to lift Worthey off the mat to his feet where they shoot him into the ropes...

...and LEVEL him with a double shoulder tackle on the rebound!]

GM: Nobody - and I mean nobody - is gonna budge a combined 840 pounds coming at you!

[Mizusawa rains down a few stomps as Maximus does the same.]

GM: Come on now - the referee needs to get one of these men out of there!

BW: Would you want to be the one to tell either one of these monsters to get out of the ring?

[Still yelling, Maximus does eventually return to his corner as Mizusawa picks Worthey up.]

GM: Maximus steps out... ohh! Mizusawa FIRES Worthey over the top and down to the floor!

[A dazed J.P. Driver goes for it all, hammering away with forearms on the back of Mizusawa who turns, a slight grin on his face...

...and WRAPS a massive hand around the throat of Driver!]

GM: Uh oh!

[The second hand quickly joins the first, lifting Driver sky high, holding him up for all to see...

...and throws him down to the canvas with total disregard!]

GM: A version of the Tusk Crush- NO!

[Mizusawa takes three big steps, leaping into the air...]

BW: GIANT SPLAAAASH!

[...and CRUSHES a helpless J.P. Driver underneath him!]

GM: That's gotta be it!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas VERY quickly.]

GM: An easy three count for Mizusawa and Maximus - the Prehistoric Powers apparently - as they try to build momentum and earn their spot in the Stampede Cup's Field of 16.

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners...

THE PREHISTORIC POWERSSS!!!

[Louis Matsui hops onto the ring apron as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger raises the arms of Maximus and Mizusawa while Matsui looks on with a wide grin on his face.]

BW: Another emphatic victory by the Prehistoric Powers, Gordo. I came up with that name, you know.

GM: They're working together, they've got a team name, could we see these two in the... Hang on, Maximus is in there yelling for a mic.

BW: It appears MAMMOTH Maximus has something to say, Gordo.

GM: 'Say' would be an understatement, Bucky.

[The sound from the mic comes on mid-yell.]

MM: ...A couple of goofballs and their goofball manager running their mouths about how they were tearing it up in Japan! Well, they weren't there when I was leaving a trail of broken bodies in my wake! They weren't there when this monster here [Motioning to MAMMOTH Mizusawa.] was walking all over the competition! The way I see it, Doyle's My Little Bronies can call us fat slobs all they want, those Royalty fools can make all the threats they want, it doesn't mean a thing to me and Mizusawa until you step into the ring against either one or both of us!

[Maximus actually gets a smattering of cheers, which quickly turns to jeers, as Matsui motions for the mic.]

LM: Oh dear, Larry, you seem to have made my client rather upset. I warned Cooper about making fun of Maximus' weight; I thought he would have told you about that. You see, Royalty, you guys think you've got it all, but that simply betrays your lack of WISDOM. You think you've got the numbers. You think that you can hold ALL of the AWA hostage. You beat up the likes of Warren and de Klerk and you think you're on your way to outdoing the plan that I hatched alongside Mister Childes and Mister Waterson to deal with Juan Vasquez. I'd tell you to wise up, Larry, but I doubt you have it in you. Truth is, Larry, the only reason you run with Royalty these days is because you know, that with the rest of us, you'll ALWAYS be SECOND-RATE!

[Matsui, too, is met with jeers and a smattering of cheers, as he hands the mic over to a crew member, then motions for his clients to exit the ring.]

GM: How 'bout that, Bucky? Louis Matsui and his men with some words directed at Royalty!

BW: Royalty's not the most popular men in the locker room, Gordo... and that's just the way they like it.

GM: I'm not sure they'd like it so much if they have to deal with those two behemoths. The Blonde Bombers and Larry Doyle may have bitten off WAY more than they can chew when they shot their mouths off in the direction of Maximus and Mizusawa.

BW: Only one way to find out, daddy! Put 'em in the Cup, O'Connor!

GM: I'm told we'll be finding out more of the teams who will be involved in that historic tournament later tonight and in the days and weeks to come but right now, let's take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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 back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing backstage with the Aces and "Radiant" Raven. Raven has long, black hair that reaches down to the small of her back and pale complexion. She's wearing a deep red evening gown with makeup to accentuate the black and red color scheme. Her blue eyes seem unnatural with how black her hair is. She stands to Stegglet's left and behind him, holding up a mirror.

"Sweet" Steve and "Delicious" Daniel flank Stegglet's sides. Both men are decked out in their wrestling attire, sans their cowls. Both men are wearing t-shirts. There's a picture of Jim Watkins on the t-shirt with the words "Help the" above his profile picture and "Homeless" below the picture. Stegglet looks at the shirt and shakes his head. Tyler turns around allowing the TV viewers to read the back of the shirt. "Kick him off your street corner and tell that lazy bum to get a job!"

SC: Like the shirt, Mark?

MS: No.

SC: Well, it's a new year! The Aces FINALLY feel like this will be our year to shine! No more Jim Watkins' bias! Heck, no more Jim Watkins period! In order to celebrate this GRAND event, the Unholy Alliance has opened it's own merch stand out there! THIS!

[Steve points to Daniel's shirt.]

SC: This is our first piece of merch! Get 'em quick, 'cause we all know they're not going to last!

MS: You two are classy with a capital kay.

DT: Just like in every other aspect in life, the Aces stand on our own level. Even with the classiness we exude.

SC: Here, Mark. This shirt's for you.

[Steve drapes the shirt over Stegglet's shoulder.]

SC: We're not out here to talk about the past. Jim Watkins is the past, but a dark spot on the history of the AWA. Ya know, I remember when folks was saying a "Darkness" had fallen over the AWA, like Juan Vasquez getting his just desserts was that moment. Now that I look back, I really believe that "Darkness" was Watkins once again ascending to the chairmanship here in the AWA.

DT: Steve, that's neither here nor there. We don't want to relive the past. We want to talk about the future. The future of the Aces in the AWA. Our bright future. We ask for a qualifying match for the Stampede Cup. We get it. We're the number two ranked contenders to the tag team championships. Twenty-thirteen is going to be our year. Then ya know what happened, Mark?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

DT: We look at who our opponents are going to be in this qualifying match. Guess what we see?

[Stegglet nods.]

SC: And I quote, "They will go head-to-head with an opponent still to be named."

[Steve grabs the mic and Stegglet's hand as he finishes his sentence only to scream into the mic.]

SC: WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, STEGGLET!?

MS: I don't know. I don't make and promote the matches.

SC: EVERY other team KNEW who they were taking on in their qualifying match! WHY NOT THE ACES!?

The Bishop Boys are in the tournament! Yeah, they're the National Tag Team Champions. I get why they're given a green light without a match. The Samoan Hit Squad? They knew they were going to wrestle the Antons! They had a chance to prepare! Even that other thrown-together mess knew they were taking on the Rave! What's their team name, Daniel?

DT: Riding Daddy's Coattails and Squandered All the Money I Made in the Mid-90's?

SC: Exactly! Even Alex Jr. and Gunnar KNEW who they were going to face. I'm sure Gunnar was reminded every five minutes about WHO his opponent was since we all knew he's old, senile, and belongs in the old folks' home. But the Aces!?

[Pause.]

SC: NO! It's not enough that we're yanked from a chance we EARNED against Texas Redneck Royalty last year to face the Von Brauns. No, that wasn't enough. We're STILL getting SCREWED at EVERY opportunity.

[Tyler pulls the mic to him.]

DT: We're done with turning the other cheek, Mark. Twenty-thirteen WILL be the year of the Aces in the AWA. We WILL win the twenty-thirteen Stampede Cup. Before twenty-thirteen is over, the Aces WILL win the National Tag Team Championship. Whether it's from the Bishop Boys or another team, we don't care. Whoever is out there yanking our chains better heed my next words.

[Tyler looks into the camera.]

DT: We're through taking it. We're angry. We're motivated. Now, we're taking out our anger on the teams and wrestlers in the AWA. EVERYONE not affiliated with the Unholy Alliance is now on notice. That goes for Stevie. That goes for Juan. That ESPECIALLY goes for the team we're facing tonight. We're not only going to win. We're going to hurt you while winning. C'mon, Steve.

[The three exit the interview stage.]

MS: The Aces will be looking to earn their spot in the Field of 16 here tonight while I've just been informed that the Prehistoric Powers are IN! They have impressed the AWA President and the Cup Selection Committee enough - Maximus and Mizusawa will now join the Bishop Boys, the Samoan Hit Squad, and the team of Gaines and Martinez in the Stampede Cup tournament! Gordon, Bucky... back to you at ringside!

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where the announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. The Prehistoric Powers are in!

BW: Fifteen other teams - teams that haven't even made it yet - may have just needed a change of pants, Gordo. Maximus and Mizusawa are so impressive as a unit, the Selection Committee only needed to see them team up TWICE to add them to the Field of 16. THAT'S impressive.

GM: It certainly is. And The Aces will do battle later tonight trying to become the fifth team entered into this year's Stampede Cup but right now, let's go back up to the ring for one-on-one action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing, to my left, from Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, and weighing 229 pounds, this is MARK HOEFNER!

[Mark smirks as he raises his right arm.]

"You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest then kicks in over the PA system as the crowd loudly cheers.]

GM: And here he comes!

BW: And I'm about to get a headache _this_ big!

[The face-painted wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entrance.]

PW: And his opponent, hailing from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... THIS... IS... SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

GM: The most popular wrestler in the AWA is on his way to the ring... he is clearly a man on a mission, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, we all know he wants to meet up with Rick Marley face to face, but it's clear to me Marley doesn't have anything more to explain to this guy.

[Supernova gladly slaps hands with ringside fans but he's focused directly on the ring ahead. Upon reaching the ring, he steps between the ropes and removes his vest. He skips the trademark howl he usually lets loose before the match.]

GM: I think Marley has plenty to explain... for him to call Supernova somebody who was handed everything since his arrival in AWA is just not true!

BW: This goof in the ring is somebody the AWA just loves to market, Gordo. Ricky Marley has every reason to believe a guy like that is getting special treatment. And I'm not talking about Kyle Houlder, either!

GM: I could have guessed you weren't.

[The bell rings as Mark Hoefner turns to the fans, telling them "I got this!"

And then as he turns, he is immediately met with a hard clothesline by Supernova.]

GM: Look at that! Supernova right on the attack!

BW: What a cheap shot! And the referee let him get away with it!

GM: The bell has sounded and you know that's a legal move, Bucky!

BW: And if Hoefner did that to Supernova, you'd be all over him about it! Tell me again that face-painted goof isn't the AWA's favorite son!

GM: [sighs]

[Supernova has dragged Hoefner off the mat and sends him into the ropes, then catches him in a gorilla press.]

GM: Look at the strength displayed by Supernova! He's got him up high... and Houlder gets slammed hard to the canvas!

BW: And notice how he isn't sucking up to the crowd like he usually does. I'm amazed, honestly.

[Supernova stays right on the attack, grabbing Hoefner and shoving him into the corner, where he delivers a hard kick to the midsection.]

GM: Hoefner in trouble as Supernova whips him to the opposite corner... we know what's coming next!

BW: I'm afraid I do.

[Supernova comes flying out from the corner and crashes hard into Houlder.]

GM: HEAT WAVE! He caught all of it!

BW: And I'm afraid I know what's next too.

[Supernova shoves Hoefner down to the canvas, turns him over on his back, then ties up his legs.]

GM: Supernova setting up for the Solar Flare... he's got Hoefner turned over and locks that hold in tight!

BW: And I'm afraid I know what the result will be.

[The referee checks with Hoefner who can only hold on for a few seconds before tapping out.]

GM: It's over! The bell has rung and Supernova has yet another victory!

[As the bell sounds, the referee tells Supernova to release the hold, and he slowly does.]

PW: Here is your winner... SUPERNOVA!

[The referee raises Supernova's arm, and now the face-painted wrestler walks to the side and motions to Phil Watson for the mic, who hands it over to him. Supernova then walks to the center of the ring, signaling for the cheering crowd to be quiet.]

S: All right, Rick Marley... I know you heard what I had to say two weeks ago... now let's see if you are man enough to tell me the things you said right to my face!

[Supernova puts his hands on his hips, waiting for Marley.]

GM: I am definitely interested to see if Marley will do that.

BW: Why should he? All Supernova had to do was listen to what Marley had to say. Or is he too stupid to follow an interview without subtitles?

[Supernova looks impatient, yelling "Come on!" and motioning with his hand.]

GM: And it doesn't look like Marley is going to be coming out here.

BW: He owes Supernova nothing!

[After a minute or so, Supernova shakes his head and pulls the mic back up.]

S: So, Marley, you're just going to hide, huh?

Kind of like how you want to hide from the truth.

[He paces the ring.]

S: You say that the AWA just rolled out the red carpet for me from day one and that I just had everything handed over to me. Let me fill you in on a few facts, Marley.

If the AWA wanted to hand everything over to me, they would have kept putting me against Calisto Dufresne until I won that National title from him.

If the AWA wanted to hand everything over to me, they would have just stuck me right back into the World title tournament after I came up short in the first round.

If the AWA wanted to hand everything over to me, they wouldn't have bothered to hold another Rumble match for a World title shot and just put me against James Monosso at SuperClash.

Sure, you can tell everyone how I got another crack at William Craven. But the reason I won the second time around was because I learned from the first encounter and was better prepared the next time around.

All you've learned how to do is, if you come up short the first time, to go around complaining to anyone who will listen.

[The fans cheer.]

S: And all you proved to me at SuperClash, Rick Marley, is that you have no honor.

And I know I'm not the only one who feels that way.

[As Supernova speaks, a familiar reddish-brown robe comes into view as Sultan Azam Sharif steps into the ring. Garbed as usual in his bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal, The cheers continue as Sharif makes his way to the microphone. It seems that Supernova had been expecting him. He nods and takes the mic from 'Nova.]

SAS: All deh peepell know dot sometimes, a mon is wrong. I vas wrong about Mistair Supairnova in some vays. Ve vill not always agree. But! Ve are men dot fight our own fight! I vas wrong about him, un I know dot tousun-tousun peepell, dey vere wrong about Ruck Morley. Un dey were wrong about Mork Lonset when dey put him in Hall Of Fahm ven he is phony. Ven he had othair men fight his fight for him. He surround himself vid thug un he think dot make him great. Lost veek, I fight anothair phony who did deh same thing. Terry Shahn deh Nothingth, he vant to be like Mork Lonset un get all he vant for nothing. BUT REMEMBAH! You never gonna be REAL. Not dot vay! Not deh vay dot Mork Lonset un dot slave of his Dahveed Coopair, un dot fat jehbronie Lorry Doyail, Kundull Stunton, Brud Jacob, VATHEVAH!

S: Exactly! And now rumor has it that the Blonde Bombers want to enter the Stampede Cup. Well, perhaps the answer to that is for Sharif and I to see to it that the Bombers never have that chance to win it... by entering the Stampede Cup ourselves and getting the chance to deal with Royalty once again!

SAS: EGGZACKLY! Ve gunna see if Kundull Stunton un Brud Jacob fight deir own fight unlike deh jehbronie dey vurk for! It may be dot ve are wrong about dem, but ve vill see it first hand! Just like tonight! Tonight, I hof a partnair un ve are gunna find out about two more, vether dey are real or phonies like deir boss Terry Shahn. Ve gonna find out about Ahrun Andairsun un Lonny Strong. I vant to know, un dis man vant to know!

["Dis man" is entering the ring as we speak, much as Sharif did, without music or fanfare... aside from the fanfare given by the fans, who cheer him. Carver steps through the ropes, shaking hands with Sharif and then Supernova to a big reaction from the crowd.]

SAS: Mistair Honnibail Carvair, tell dem about it!

HC: Real? Real is not backing down from any man, even if it's a monster straight from the circus.

[Carver nods at Supernova, the crowd cheering as the reference to his feud with Craven is clear.]

HC: Or even if it's yeh up against a gang of cowards. Something me and this man [nods at Sharif] know a hell of a lot about. Lately, there seems to be a lot of folks running around here. Cheapshot artists. Saying that they tried being patient, tried waiting their turn. Now, they're gonna TAKE what they want by any means necessary.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: Hell, that's where yeh boys got it wrong. Years back, I TOOK my spot in this sport. But it wasn't by standing in the middle of a ring and prattling on and on about how I deserve the world because my daddy was the man. Or how I deserve it all because of what I'd done in the past.

For me it was one way, and one way only.

I beat people up.

[The crowd cheers, as carver nods.]

HC: Yeh all think it's cute to attack people when their back's turned, to double cross so yeh can hit when a man's not expecting it. Time was, if yeh just manned up and came up to any of us face to face and man to man... yeh could've gotten the fame and respect yeh each crave so much. But now?

[Scowls.]

HC: Too late for anything but to catch a beatdown. I'm getting sick and tired of all the weasels and the snakes banding together to get a job done none of them had the skills to do solo. Tonight, we draw a line in the sand. A real man works for what he wants. Not by complaining, not by trying to tear this sport down brick by brick... but by getting yer name in the "W" column and walking out with the winner's share of the purse.

[Carver stares directly into the camera, pointing at it if the Shane Gang were standing right in front of him.]

HC: Boys, tonight yer names are the first that get crossed off that list. Tonight, I take every single thing yeh and yer cub scout leader ever did to me and pay it back a thousandfold. I ain't even gonna speak those names, because yeh ain't gonna be sticking around long enough to commit them to memory.

Tonight yeh leave the arena the hard way when I knock yer block off...

[Carver claps a hand on Sharif's shoulder.]

HC: And this man breaks yer back and makes yeh humble.

[Carver nods at the cheers of approval, as he tosses the mic aside. He, Supernova and Sharif all nod to one another as they depart the ring.]

GM: How 'bout THAT, Bucky?!

BW: What?

GM: Carver, Sharif, AND Supernova are standing united against men like Royalty and the Shane Gang who are trying to take over around here by sheer force of numbers!

BW: If THOSE three are what we've got standing between Royalty and total domination, I'm gonna see if I can get on Larry Doyle's good side.

GM: Give me a break. Later tonight, Carver and Sharif are looking to knock off Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong... but you also heard Supernova say that he and Sharif are looking for a spot in the Stampede Cup! They want in as well!

BW: What I heard was another team threatening the Blonde Bombers. You gotta be impressed by Larry Doyle... what a brilliant managerial mind he is!

GM: Huh?

BW: The Blonde Bombers have wrestled ONE match on AWA television since their return and they've already got some of the biggest names in the company taking aim at them. Larry's a genius!

GM: I suppose that's one way of looking at it. What I see is that Larry Doyle has painted a giant bullseye on the backs of himself and his tag team and I don't know if ANY of them are ready to handle that, fans. Right now though, we have Brian Von Braun in action next, Bucky.

BW: Not the one I was hoping to see out there in action.

GM: At SuperClash IV, Tully Brawn made his debut in the AWA. He cost Sweet Daddy Williams and Brian Von Braun their match against the Aces.

BW: How'd he do that!? The Aces had the match won already.

GM: Regardless, it was a betrayal not many were expecting. Brian, himself, admitted the Von Braun family is fanatical when it comes to defending their own.

BW: Ya heard what Tully had to say. His own family didn't accept him, so he went out and found a new one. And a better one at that.

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky. Let's go to Phil Watson for the introductions.

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

PW: This match is scheduled for one fall with a twenty-minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring. He hails from Wagga Wagga, Australia and weighs in at two-hundred and forty-seven pounds. Here is... "OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[Kelly steps out from the corner. He's a caucasian with brown hair and brown eyes. He has muscle definition in his arms, neck, and chest. He's not "chiseled" by any means. He doesn't have tattoos or piercings. His ring attire consists of standard tan wrestling trunks with "Down Under" airbrushed across the back in white. He wears white kneepads and tan boots with white laces and trim. Completing his attire is a tan sleeveless "outback" vest and a hat that would make Paul Hogan proud. Kelly takes off his hat and waves it to the crowd.]

GM: Zack Kelly is looking to get his first win here in the AWA. He's had a bit of a time getting traction since he joined the AWA two years ago.

BW: Tough time? He stinks, Gordo. He's so bad he could change his last name to Von Braun.

PW: His opponent!

[Cue up Stuck Mojo's "Southern Born Killers".]

PW: Hailing from Huntsville, Alabama and weighing in at two-hundred and fifteen pounds. On his way to the ring...

BRRRRRRRRRRRIAN VOooooooooooooon BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUN!

[The crowd cheers as BVB emerges onto the raised aisle. BVB makes his way to the ring, looking around the arena. He gets to the ring and enters the ring by stepping between the top and middle rope. BVB makes his way to a neutral corner and climbs to the middle turnbuckle. He raises both arms in the air and then does a double thumb hook at himself as he says something to the camera.]

GM: The fans have really started to embrace to Brian since his return to the AWA, Bucky.

BW: This man ain't a saint, Gordo. He needs to be booed by everyone. He's done some pretty under-handed things in his day.

GM: Brian has admitted to such. He hasn't specifically stated he WON'T use dirty tactics.

BW: Maybe there is some hope for him. Now, if he'll just let Percy manage him.

[BVB steps off the ring apron. Kelly drops his entrance gear onto the ring apron. Marty Meekly signals for the bell.

DING, DING

BVB and Kelly meet in the middle of the ring and lock-up.]

GM: Here we go... both men immediately into the collar and elbow tieup, looking for an advantage in the early moments...

[Kelly forces BVB towards the neutral corner, BVB turning at the last moment and puts Kelly into the corner. Meekly calls for the break, and the two break slowly.]

GM: A bit of a surprise as we get a clean break from Brian Von Braun and Zack Kelly.

BW: There's a few cold, hard facts in life, daddy. You pay taxes. You die. You attack Sweet Daddy Williams if he's your tag partner. This is what happens if ya let that old dog into your head.

[Kelly and BVB lock up again. Kelly forces BVB into the turnbuckle this time.]

GM: Back to the lockup... and this time it's Kelly who backs down Von Braun...

[Again, the two slowly break as Meekly calls for a clean break.]

GM: Another clean brea-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohh!

BW: Everyone can smell a sissy, Gordo. Everyone.

GM: Kelly just reaches in and slaps Brian right across the face!

[BVB keeps his head turned to the right, touching his cheek. Kelly backs out and turns around, pointing to himself and shouting at the crowd.]

GM: The Australian looks quite proud of himself for that but I can't imagine why he would-

[With his opponent's back turned, BVB charges out and drives his shoulder right into Kelly's left knee! Kelly falls to the mat, clutching his knee.]

GM: Oh! BVB clips the leg right out from under him and he's going after the leg!

[BVB is quick to his feet, grabs Kelly to his left leg, and yanks on it a few times.]

GM: Brian has turned over a new leaf, but he's got over ten years of experience in the ring.

BW: He's still opportunistic, which I like. It's the whiny cry-baby part I don't like.

[BVB yanks one last time and then drives an elbow into the knee. He gets up, still holding Kelly's left leg and drives another elbow into Kelly's knee.]

GM: Von Braun drops a pair of elbows into the leg, working on that knee that he just took out from under the man. Back on his feet now..

[Von Braun twists around, cranking the leg into a spinning toehold.]

GM: Spinning toehold applied by Von Braun - it could be a precursor to the figure four leglock known as the Von Braun Leglock by this man.

[Kelly cries out in pain, scratching and clawing his way to the ropes where he shouts at the referee "GET HIM BACK!" The ref attempts to oblige when Von Braun abruptly breaks the hold and drops his own knee onto Kelly's left knee!]

GM: No clean break this time for Von Braun.

BW: Maybe that slap woke something up in 'im.

[Von Braun backs off as the referee shouts him down, moving him a few steps away as Kelly drags himself up using the ropes...

...but Von Braun moves quickly back in, throwing a kick to the left knee that causes Kelly to grab the top rope with both arms to stay on his feet!]

GM: That one wobbles Zack Kelly... and a second kick has him really wobbly now. Von Braun has his eyes locked on the left knee of his opponent and his end game is no secret at this point as he continues to set the man up for the Von Braun Leglock.

[Grabbing Kelly by the arm, Von Braun attempts an Irish whip but the Australian holds his ground, muscling Von Braun into a reversal that sends him across...]

GM: Von Braun hits the far side... whoa! Leapfrog by Kelly!

[Kelly hits the mat, clutching his knee as BVB stops short behind him, sets...

...and SNAPS off a superkick to the chin of the Australian, knocking him down to the mat!]

GM: Superkick from Brian Von Braun takes Zack Kelly down hard!

[Von Braun eyes him for a moment before ducking down, grabbing the dazed Kelly's legs...]

GM: He's going for the legs again!

BW: This ain't no Childs' Play, daddy.

GM: You've got that right, Bucky... cute. Real cute.

BW: See, Gordo? You agree with me.

[BVB applies a spinning toe-hold, before falling back to fully apply the figure-four leglock. Kelly yelps in pain, holding out for a few seconds before frantically tapping out.]

DING, DING, DING

GM: The Von Braun Leglock was too much to bear for Zack Kelly!

[BVB releases the hold and stands up.]

PW: The winner of the match...

BRIIIIIIIIIIAN VOOOOON BRAAAAAAAAAAUN!

[The crowd cheers as Meekly raises BVB's hand.]

GM: We'll go back to the replay to show you how Brian Von Braun took this match.

[Cut to the replay of Kelly slapping BVB's face.]

BW: That slap across the face was the only move Zack Kelly got in. You don't slap a crazy man.

[A replay of BVB dropping an elbow on Kelly's leg.]

GM: After that slap, Brian went right after Kelly's left knee.

[A replay of Kelly leapfrogging over BVB only to get superkicked to the mat.]

GM: Von Braun leveled Kelly with that superkick. It's been a staple of his offense for quite a few years.

BW: I guess Zack Kelly don't believe in watching film footage of your opponent.

[A replay of Von Braun locking in a figure-four leglock, and Zack Kelly tapping out a few seconds later.]

GM: Once the Von Braun Leglock was applied, it was only a matter of time. Right now, Mark Stegglet is standing by with Brian for an interview. Take it away, Mark!

[Cut to the interview stage where Mark Stegglet is standing next to Brian Von Braun.]

MS: Thank you, Gordon. With me is Brian Von Braun. We just saw you win your match tonight. Your thoughts have to be on your brother. Especially since he's going by the name Tully Brawn and all but spitting on his family's... YOUR family's legacy. Your thoughts, Brian?

[BVB put his hands on his hips. He shakes his head.]

BVB: Nah, I'm not doin' this, Mark. I ain't talkin' ta my brother through a monitor.

[BVB looks into the camera.]

BVB: Two weeks, Tully. Ya din't owe me a thing, but I'm askin' ya fer a favor. Come out here an' talk ta me in two weeks. Don't bring Percy or any of his other rejects. Jus' you an' me. Ya ain't answerin' calls, so I figure ya want everyone ta hear what ya got to say. I'll be here. Mark Stegglet's gonna be there. Come on out an' talk to me, Tully. Whaddya say? I'll be out here, jus' show up.

[BVB exits the camera view. Mark watches him go and turns back to the camera.]

MS: Brian asking his brother to come out here and talk to him in two weeks! We'll see if Tully Brawn shows up or not. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so stay right there!

[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 where we find Jason Dane is standing on the interview platform, casting a very hard look at the other man on the platform... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. Percy, a short bald rotund man, is wearing a white button-up long sleeve shirt and brown pants. His dark mustache and goatee adorn a face that bears a neutral expression. He seems to be making an effort not to appear angry. The fans are attempting to rile him up as usual with their boos and shouted insults.]

JD: Welcome back, fans.

[Dane continues to glare at the man across from him.]

JD: Against my wishes, the AWA has seen fit to schedule me at this time to interview this man, Percy Childes.

[More boos for the manager. Dane casts a look back and forth to his right and left.]

JD: Thankfully, I see no signs of that thug who likes to assault non-wrestlers.

[Percy nods.]

PC: Correct. Stevie Scott is nowhere to be seen.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: You know who I-

[Percy jerks Dane's arm towards him, interrupting the announcer.]

PC: Oh, stop whining like a simpleton, Dane. Stevie Scott broke my jaw. I have nerve damage too. And yet, nobody saw fit to suspend Stevie Scott for what he did. Nobody cried and whined to the ownership like a blubbering child. You were punished for going somewhere you were warned not to go. I was assaulted without warning by a malignant narcissist whose ego was offended.

[Dane rips control of the mic back in his direction.]

JD: You're a manager, Childes. You're directly involved. You send people to attack other people, you ruin careers when it suits you, and...

[Percy pulls the arm back again, interrupting a second time.]

PC: And you were trying to do the same. For your "scoop". You were attacked BECAUSE you got directly involved. Obviously, we're going to silence Monosso. But he would never have thought to reveal things... look, you've pulled me off-topic. I didn't come here to talk about your incontinent mewling.

[Dane suddenly gets a look of satisfaction, both from Percy's admission that he went off-track, and because of the topic in question.]

JD: I'm guessing I know exactly the topic you're here to address. Juan Vasquez?

[Childes delivers a curt nod before Dane continues.]

JD: It looks like he won't be gift-wrapping the World Title for your face-painted golden boy after all.

[Childes glares at Dane for a moment before speaking into the offered mic.]

PC: I should have known, really. I mean, a man who would sell out to get revenge, who would turn his back on everyone, betray everyone, all for personal selfish vengeance shouldn't be trusted.

[Dane jerks the mic away.]

JD: You would know.

[The mic is offered again as Childes' gaze burns a hole through the interviewer.]

PC: Contrary to what you're implying, Dane, I appear to be the most trustworthy, morally upright man in the AWA.

[That matter-of-fact statement shocks Jason with it's sheer audacity. He pauses, giving Percy an incredulous look. Childes' counter-reaction is a mere shrug. The crowd jeers loudly.]

PC: Let me tell you something about the world of professional wrestling, Jason Dane, since somehow you seem to be ignorant about it all.

This sport involves a group of men using violence to obtain a single goal. To be the World Heavyweight Champion. You see that there is little that does not pass in this sport. People use folding chairs as weapons, people directly violate even the most basic rules, and people commit actual felonies against one another which are somehow passed over because it is in the context of the sport.

Can you imagine if Ray Lewis had tackled Tom Brady into the retaining wall at Gillette Stadium while he was standing on the sideline during the national anthem? Can you imagine if Adrian Beltre kicked Alex Rodriguez in the cup as he was running to third, and the umpires let it slide because they didn't see it? Can you imagine Mark Cuban tripping Kobe Bryant as he ran past the Mavericks bench, and the referees allowing play to continue?

[The Dallas fans cheer the idea of that one!]

PC: There would be national scandal if anything remotely like that occurred! Don't you wonder why things which are absolutely intolerable in every other sport are routine in this one?

[Dane doesn't respond, holding stoic.]

PC: Because it always was supposed to be part of wrestling.

[Jason shakes his head in rejection of that statement. The crowd has gone silent, trying to piece out what Percy is saying.]

PC: Professional wrestling is about who is the toughest, baddest man. Yes, wrestling technique and skill are a very large part of that. But at the end of the day, the champion is the one who can rise above all obstacles by any and every means necessary. The only reasons that the AWA and the other territories enforce rules at all is to keep it from escalating to murder. Any and every successful professional wrestler is ruthless, cunning, violent, and above all else self-centered. To rise to the top demands these things. That's why all your "nice guys" finish last, time and again.

Don't believe me? Look at your heroes!

You cheer James Monosso. I doubt that I have to remind you of this, but he is a violent sociopath who has permanently injured a litany of competitors. Vernon Riley, Ron Houston, and a roll call of others through the years are sitting home watching because he ended them. Eric Preston is a shell of

who he was because of Monosso. He would have happily beaten Gordon Myers to death one week if not for a great deal of intervention. He still wants to do that. He never changed, and he'll tell you himself that he never changed.

[Percy ticks off a second finger as he gestures at the camera.]

PC: You cheer Stevie Scott. Besides his assault of a non-wrestler, let's look at his history. He led a group of men called the Southern Syndicate who used every dirty trick known to man to gain and retain the National Title. He cheated at every opportunity and still does. Unashamedly, unabashedly. Before the Southern Syndicate, he sold out his country for personal gain, siding with an anti-American faction. He has always, ALWAYS made every decision and every action based on what is best for him. For his own gain. He's sought your cheers for reasons I will describe later.

[Yet another finger raised.]

PC: You cheer Juan Vasquez. He just finished tearing through the AWA roster for revenge, burning every bridge and wiping his rear end with all of you. This shouldn't be surprising, as in previous years he ended Alexander Epstein's career over a petty personal matter, has cheated numerous people to get his way, and has only catered to you fans when convenient. He is a user, has always been a user, will always be a user. Is currently being cheered because he broke his word and betrayed someone after that person gave him everything he wanted.

The list goes on. You fans have idolized monsters, men who you booed for the same reasons you later cheered them. And why? Why would they want to be cheered?

[The boos intensify, as Childs is now directly berating the fans.]

PC: Simple. The AWA has, and always will, give special beneficial treatment to wrestlers that the fans cheer. But if you don't believe me, count up the fines and suspension Nenshou got for inflicting nerve damage to a non-wrestler (with provocation) and compare it to the fines and suspension Steve Scott got for inflicting nerve damage to a non-wrestler (without provocation). Or go watch The Aces' last three tag title shots and compare it with the body of work that got Jack Lynch a tag title shot at SuperClash.

Earlier tonight, the AWA unilaterally terminated my contract with Juan Vasquez.

For no reason.

[He repeats himself - louder this time.]

PC: FOR. NO. REASON.

[Percy's losing it. His facade of level temper is eroding, and he's slowly turning red with rage. The fans start to cheer his meltdown... until he gets it under control.]

PC: This was not a punishment for anything I had done, because I had done nothing! This was, very simply, a personal vendetta against me. Why? Because unlike Vasquez... unlike Scott... unlike Monosso... unlike the Lynches and Von Brauns... I am always honest with you. Always. I tell you exactly what I plan to do, and I make no apologies for getting it done. That is the way this sport is. All your heroes... Vasquez, Scott, Supernova, November, Martinez, Hudson, Gaines, the Lynches, Sharif, and the list goes on. All of them are just as ruthless and Machiavellian as the rest of us. All of them. They pander to you with lies and a charade in order to get that kid-glove treatment from a front office who is willing to rig the whole contest in order to make more money.

You're not a victim, Dane. Vasquez wasn't a victim. I am the victim here. And these hypocrites in the crowd boo me, boo Nenshou, boo the Aces... not because of what we do, but because of a personal hate born of envy. Your heroes are no different than we are. NO. DIFFERENT. You believe their lies because you're a pathetic gaggle of hypocrites who just wants someone important to care about your miserable lives! You know deep down that they don't care, that they don't know any of you and it matters nothing to them if you live or die. But you throw your money at them, and the AWA tramples the honest ones in a mad scramble to pick that money up.

[The crowd noise has hit an extremely high level for an interview, as the fans roar angrily at Childes.]

JD: That is the most psychotic, delusional thing I've ever heard anyone say in this sport, and that is saying something.

[Percy shakes his head, gesturing with his crystal-topped cane at Dane.]

PC: Pander to them, Dane. Pander. You know I speak the truth. You know I'm right because you leveraged our lack of popularity when you begged the AWA to terminate Nenshou. I know every word you told them. You told them he wouldn't be missed. He doesn't sell merchandise. He doesn't even speak on camera. I heard every word.

[This may have hit too close to home as Dane's face reddens now as well.]

JD: Of a confidential meeting?

[Percy jerks the mic arm towards him, pushing the end of his cane into Dane's chest.]

PC: Oh, NOW you're upset about confidentiality?! You listen to me, Jason Dane. You threatened Nenshou two weeks ago. That was very, very unwise of you. I am sure you've already heard from his... benefactors?

JD: If you mean I've been getting harassed at all hours with threats, yes.

PC: So you threaten to ruin someone, and you take offense when someone does the same to you. Another hypocrite. The reason that I'm the most morally upright man isn't because I am kind, benevolent, or merciful. It is because I am none of those things, and I don't lie about it. There are others who are there with me: Louis Matsui is one. Even Bo Allan, who I personally do not like, is also like this. We simply do not lie about who we are, and the world hates us for shattering their sad little illusions.

My time is up. I am sure that you expected me to breathe hateful words of revenge against Vasquez and Scott; I feel this goes without saying. But I will leave you with this, Dane. Vasquez is a liar and a betrayer. Scott is a liar and a betrayer. They have tried to permanently injure each other. And... they're going to trust one another?

No. No, I think not.

[Percy stomps off in a barely restrained huff as Dane is pondering what has been said.]

JD: That was... very different than what I expected. Let's... let's go back to the ring.

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

PW: This contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Already in the ring, from Watertown, New York, weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds.. here is Charlie Stephens!

[The well built young man stands straight, putting his arms behind his back, looking out at the crowd who gives little reaction. Stephens is wearing a plain gray t-shirt, camouflage trunks, black knee pads, and black boots.]

PW: And his opponent..

[The unmistakable voice of Freddy Mercury booms over the PA to a heavy chorus of boos.]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.
I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii-vvvveee
And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.
I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.
Don't. Stop. Me..

PW: From Windermere, Florida, weighing in tonight at one hundred and ninety nine pounds, he is the "King of the Battle Royals".. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[And as "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks into high gear, Alphonse Green steps out onto the aisleway. The rather few members of Gang Green in the audience are having their cheers drowned by the boos from the crowd. Green, of course, thinks the boos are for his opponent. Green is not wearing his jacket

tonight, instead, he is wearing a new t-shirt. The front of the t-shirt has a robotic version of Green, done in an anime style. Green appears to be carrying a small hand mirror, and is checking himself out as he makes his way to the ring.]

GM: Alphonse Green, ladies and gentlemen. Picking the absolute worst time to check himself out before he heads to the ring.

BW: You never know when a stray zit or pimple will pop up, Gordo. The man wants to win and look good doing it!

[Green makes his way to ringside, and puts his mirror underneath the bottom turnbuckle. He hops onto the apron, and turns his back so the camera can get a good look at the back of his t-shirt, which says "MECHA ALPHONSE GREEN". Green soaks up the reaction from the crowd, before jumping over the top rope. Watson exits near Green, which causes Green to stop him for a second. Green motions for the mic, and Watson, rolling his eyes, gives it to him with some hesitation.]

AG: Now hold on there Phillip! Even though Buford P. Higgins' voice sometimes sends shivers down my spine, he knows how to introduce people! He does it with a lot of flair and pizzazz! You could stand to introduce me with the enthusiasm these people have for me each and every time I perform for them! Heck, even flashing those pearly gums of yours would go a long way!

[Watson shakes his head, and exits the ring. Green turns his attention towards Stephens.]

AG: Now who's this crumb bucket with his very own t-shirt? I didn't think they made merchandise for folks that low on the food chain around here! It's like your t-shirt can be found in the underwear section at Target, or somethin'. Now, a guy high on the food chain like myself, gets the snazzy stuff. Look at this robot version of me.

[Green points to "Mecha Alphonse Green.]

AG: Designed by the finest graphic artist in the world. Me.

[Green smiles his goofy smile.]

BW: You gotta admit, it's a neat looking robot.

GM: [hesitant] I suppose.

AG: You can buy your very own "Mecha Alphonse Green" t-shirt today! Why wear boring drab gray when you can wear something nice and colorful! I expect this to be the hottest new spring fashion, this thing's gonna fly off the shelves once I wrap things up with this chump here. Hey Watson, catch!

[Green tosses the microphone out of the ring, where Watson makes a nice catch! Green flashes him a thumbs up, complimenting him on his glove work.]

Green removes his t-shirt, shows it off again, and places it gently in the corner.]

“DING DING DING”

GM: I didn't think Green had chops in the graphic design department, the young man is full of surprises, usually not very good ones.

BW: Always good to have something to fall back on in case the wrestling thing doesn't work. His t-shirts sell like hotcakes, and rest assured that new t-shirt of his is gonna sell out by the end of this broadcast!

GM: Who knows? I wonder who buys all those t-shirts anyway. Collar and elbow tie up here.

[The larger Stephens quickly backs the smaller Green into the ropes. The ref tells Stephens he has to break, and he does. Green balls up his fist, then shakes his head as Stephens backs off to the center of the ring.]

BW: So whatcha know about this Charlie Stephens kid?

GM: Well, he's making his first appearance on AWA Saturday Night here, and he looks pretty put together.

[Meanwhile, both men lock up, and this time Green is able to put Stephens in the ropes. The ref steps in, as Green balls up his fist, looking to strike.]

GM: This time Green gets the advantage, and I'm assuming there's not gonna be a clean break here..

[Gordon assumed wrong, as Stephens balled up his fists as well. Green shrugs his shoulders and backs off, thinking he's not going to pull one over.]

GM: Surprising break from Green here. Anyway, going back to Stephens here, from what I understand he's gone through basic training in the Army, and is a former amateur standout wrestler at General Brown High School.

BW: So another one of these guys with no flair, huh?

GM: Sometimes you don't need flair to be a success, something I wish Green would understand.

[Stephens is looking to lock up again, and Green stands there, hands on his hips, muttering something in Stephens' direction.]

GM: We can pick up a few insults from Green, and Stephens showing discipline here, not looking fazed at all. Stephens told me earlier that he wants to emulate his favorite wrestler in the AWA.

BW: Let me guess. Tommy Stephens? If they're related, I don't see the resemblance.

GM: No! "Stars and Stripes" Clayton Shaw!

BW: Oh, of course! Hey Gordo, maybe if the kid plays his cards right, he'll have more success than Shaw did in the AWA! Not that it would be hard to outdo Shaw's stellar win or loss record, mind you.

GM: Will you stop?

[Finally, Green decides to lock up with Stephens, who wastes no time in taking him over with a firemans carry to a slight pop from the crowd!]

GM: Nice take over by the youngster, Green springs to his feet and charges in. Armdrag by Stephens! Green gets up! Another armdrag and Green is reeling in the early going here!

[Green scatters over to the corner, where he complains to the ref about Stephens pulling his hair.]

GM: This is just silly! I didn't see a hair pull, did you?

BW: Of course! Stephens looks like the type who would be jealous of a nice hairdo, and who can blame him?

[Stephens shrugs in disagreement, and Green rushes over, catching him flush in the chest with a kick! Green grabs the doubled over Stephens in a front face lock, and is pounding him across the back with a set of forearms.]

BW: You just don't mess with a man's haircut! Stephens is finding that out the hard way!

[Green turns the front face lock into a side headlock, and Green is raining blows on the top of Stephen's head. The blows don't have that much of an effect, as Stephens is trying to fight out of it. Green, realizing that Stephens is resisting, whips Stephens into the ropes. Stephens comes back and Green catches him with a nice dropkick!]

BW: Bang! Picture perfect dropkick, and Green is admiring his handiwork.

GM: Caught Stephens flush under the jaw with that one.. now what?

[Green, mocking Stephens, drops to the mat and does a few push ups, to the boos of the crowd.]

GM: Now this is just uncalled for!

BW: You forget, Green is from a family of bodybuilders! He's gotta keep up with the rest of his family somehow.

[Green creeps over to the downed Stephens, the grin forming on his face. The mics near ringside can pick up Green saying something.]

AG: GET UP, BEETLE BAILEY!

[You can hear Bucky scoff at the insult from Green. Stephens gets to his knees, and Green catches him with a seated dropkick to the side of the head. Green then grabs Stephens by the ankles and drags him to the center of the ring. Green bends over and gets in Stephens' face, a grin on his face.]

AG: HERE COMES SERGEANT SNORKEL!

GM: Good grief! This disrespect is disgusting!

[Green then bounces off the ropes, leaps, and comes down on Stephens' chest with a double stomp. Green struts around Stephens, then jumps in the air, nailing another double stomp!]

BW: Ha! Much like the comics! Mort Walker did not die in vain!

GM: Mort Walker's not dead, Bucky. A third set of double stomps! And a fourth! Come on now! At least Green's dropped down into a cover, lazy as it is!

[The referee drops to make the count, but Green only gets two with the hands behind his head relaxed cover. Green turns to protest, but Stephens is able to grab him and take him over!]

GM: Crucifix pin! We could see an upset here!

[The crowd groans in disappointment, however, as Stephens is only able to get two with the flash pin. Stephens makes his way to his feet, only to be greeted with a kneelift from Green.]

BW: Stay on him, Alphonse!

[Green bends over and we catch a comment from Green "Say hi to Miss Buxley for me!". Green then grabs Stephens by the head, only to be caught in a small package!]

GM: One! Two! Thr---no! How close was that?

BW: C'mon Alphonse! Wake up! I'll give this kid one thing, he knows how to catch guys napping.

GM: One of these days Green being delusional is going to cost him! He needs to start taking things a lot more seriously around here if he has any plans on being the big star he claims to be, that's for sure.

[Green is back to his feet first, and scrapes the face of Stephens with his boot.]

[Green yells out 'It's time for KP Duty!', then charges the corner for the Hunger Strike, however, Stephens breaks free, and with a mighty shove, sends Green flying into the corner.]

GM: Nice counter by Stephens! Green's head might have bounced off the turnbuckle there!

[Green bounces out of the corner, and Stephens catches him with a clothesline!]

GM: Stephens has had enough of Green's disrespect and is making him pay for it!

BW: This is what Green gets for introducing the rookie to the AWA in his own special way. What a class act this Charlie Stephens is.

GM: This is what he gets for constantly trash talking Stephens! Stephens has Green in the ropes..

[Stephens winds up, and nails Green with a loud chop across the chest!]

GM: Beautiful knife edge chop! And another!

BW: Wow, Green's chest is already red after those. Pull yourself together, Alphonse! Do it for Gang Green!

GM: Irish whip, Stephens ducks his head.. BIG back body drop! Green went up into the lights on that one!

[Stephens pulls Green to his feet again after the big back body drop, and bounces off the ropes, crashing into him with a flying bodypress!]

GM: One! Two! No! Another near fall for Stephens!

[Stephens pulls Green to his feet, and cocks his fist. Stephens swings.]

GM: Roundhouse right, ducked by Green! Green picking him up for a back su.. no! Stephens flips behind him!

[Stephens floats behind Green, sending him into the ropes for a rolling reverse cradle. However, Green is able to hold onto the top rope, and Stephens falls back, releasing the grip. Seeing Stephens momentarily stunned, Green springboards to the second rope. Just as Stephens gets up, Green leaps off, turning in mid air, slamming his leg into the side of Stephens' head!]

BW: GROUND CHUCK! That kick out of nowhere can turn your brains to mush!

GM: Indeed, and Green drops down to make the cover, and the three count is academic.

“DING DING DING!”

[Green rolls out of the ring, triumphant over his victory.]

PW: Here is your winner.. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[Green raises both arms in the air, jumping around like he won the championship. He falls back against the ringside barrier, hoping the fans at ringside celebrate with him. Obviously the fans aren't celebrating with him, but Green doesn't look like he cares one bit.]

GM: Green barely escapes against a very capable Charlie Stephens here, and look at him.

BW: Let him have his moment, it's gonna be one of many in 2013, I can tell you that!

[Green grabs his hand mirror and his t-shirt, looking to make his exit, when Mark Stegglet makes his way down to ringside. Green, noticing that Stegglet wants words with him, decides to preen himself in the mirror.]

MS: Alphonse, may I have a word? Can you put down the mirror for a second?

[Green lowers the mirror and takes a look at Stegglet.]

AG: Oh, it's the other guy. [Scoffs] I know Dane's been feeling rather cranky lately. Too bad for him. I guess I can chat with you for a few minutes. Go.

[Both Green and Stegglet sigh.]

AG: I bet I know what you're about to ask me, and I guess I can express my displeasure at what's been going on lately in the life of the "King of the Battle Royals." In the last few months I didn't win the Rumble.. somehow. I didn't "Steal the Spotlight", instead I let it slip through my fingers against some creepy dude. November, September, October, whatever.

[Green grins briefly, pleased at yet another burn that couldn't have taken more than 10 seconds to come up with.]

AG: Heck, I lost out in a very important commercial role for some European thing, because.. get this. I wasn't European enough.

[Green shakes his head.]

AG: And now I get thrown in some match against some bottom of the barrel Army Man wanna be in front of my adoring public! Things just haven't been going right for me lately, fortunately I was able to pull through despite all the cheap shots Private Benjamin tried to throw at me in that ring. He tried to run my beautiful hair! Hair that grew out of some really stupid Pete Rose style haircut.

MS: I always wondered what was up with that thing.

AG: What's past is past, Mark. I let all my recent defeats get me down, and now I'm looking to the future. I'm going to convince all these people that

haven't hopped aboard the ever growing Gang Green Bandwagon that I'm not the nobody who lost to some fat out of tune Hefty Bag of garbage in my debut. My career was on that yellow bus to nowhere from the very start, a fact that Dane would so proudly point out to me at every opportunity!

MS: Then you found yourself under the tutelage of Ben Waterson.

[Green nods his head.]

AG: I don't even know where he is. He doesn't answer my phone calls anymore. I called him every single day, and left him messages.. or I did until his voicemail got full. Even Alphonse Green needs a little advice once in awhile. After SuperClash, I had to step back, re-evaluate where my career is going.

So there I was, rolling down the 'ave' in my 5.0 with the tunes blarin', when it hit me.

[Stegglet raises his eyebrow in curiosity.]

MS: What?

AG: Think about it, Stegglet. Look at me. I've got the brains. I've got the looks. I'll make lots of money.

MS: Sounds like that's from a song? If that's the song I'm thinking of, I don't think you heard the lyrics correctly.

[Green rolls his eyes.]

AG: Ya know, it's bad enough when Dane tries to point out I'm wrong.. It's all about opportunities, ya dingbat!

[Stegglet is taken aback by the insult, as Green grins a wide grin, happy at his burn. He starts twirling a lock of his hair.]

AG: You see, Steggles, despite being Alphonse Green, opportunities don't always fall in my lap like they should. The AWA brass doesn't give me the time of day, you have wacky Europeans who look like rejects from an EBN/OZN video tellin' me I can't push their crummy toiletries. Their loss.

Sometimes the best opportunities are the ones you make on your own, and boy oh boy am I gonna...

[Suddenly Green pauses, a look of horror crossing his face as he stares at the lock of hair he's been twirling.]

AG: SPLIT END!

[Green glares at Stegglet, and throws up his arms.]

AG: This interview is OVER.

[Green storms off in a huff, as Stegglet looks on in disbelief. He turns towards the camera.]

MS: Well, that was a rude way to cut the interview short. You have to wonder what kind of opportunities Green was talking about. I think I'm gonna let Jason handle him from here on out. Speaking of which, let's go backstage right now where Jason has tracked down a very special guest. Jason?

[Fade backstage to Jason Dane, who stands next to "The Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren, who is already dressed in his wrestling attire and an Avengers T-shirt.]

JD: Walter Warren, you are set to wrestle "The Professional" Dave Cooper later tonight. But I have to ask you this... why would you want to challenge the man who has been dubbed Royalty's personal enforcer?

WW: Jason, there are several things you just don't do. You don't tug on Superman's cape, you don't spit into the wind, you don't pull the mask off the Lone Ranger and you don't disgrace the good name of the AWA! Why, the Westwego incident is forbidden to be discussed in my AWA trivia circle for that very reason!

But after Royalty decided to jump me two weeks ago, I wasn't going to leave it unanswered! Just as I do not back down from a World of Warcraft quest, I do not back down when somebody takes it upon themselves to try to put mw out of the sport I know like the back of my hand!

JD: So what exactly is your plan tonight against Dave Cooper?

WW: Jason, as a great man once said, I have a plan... ATTACK!

[With that, Walter Warren walks off camera as we cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing next to Madhouse McWesson. The bulky barrel shaped man paces around the ring, snorting and roaring like a bull.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall ... introducing first from Bonesteel South Dakota weighing in at two hundred eighty pounds ... MAAAAAADHOOOOOOOUSSSSSSSSSSSSSE MCWESSON!

[The crowd boos McWesson as he snarls at them in response.]

PW: And his opponent ... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada ...

[There is a small anticipatory cheer from the fans as they anticipate the introduction.]

PW: ... weighing in at two hundred forty four pounds ... he is

SHAAAADOOOOOEEEEEEEEEE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The cheers from the crowd are larger this week as Irene Cara's synth pop wonder "Fame" begins. The curtains part and Shadoc Rage makes his entrance. He is wearing a burgundy sequined cloak with silver fur trim at the neck. The sculpted warrior throws his arms out and pirouettes so that everybody can see the silver sequined stars on the back of the robe.]

GM: Shadoc Rage in his second week of action. These fans are taking to him a lot more than they did the last time around.

BW: He's kind of funky. I just wish he'd get back to being the wild man who didn't care about anybody that he used to be when he was part of the Prophets of Rage!

GM: He did have a lot of success as part of that brother tag-team

BW: Racist.

GM: What? Shadoc and Derek were brothers. Literally.

BW: So what? I know we're in the south but it don't matter if they're brothas in this Obamanation of a nation.

GM: What?

[Shadoc Rage makes it to the ring and vaults over the top rope in an impressive display of agility to land center ring. He rushes past McWesson before he vaults onto the ropes diagonally across from his entrance, raising one finger in the air.]

GM: You can certainly hear some more cheers this week for the veteran who is looking to make a big impact here in the AWA in 2013.

BW: If that hoss McWesson gets his way, Rage will be making an impact here tonight... all over the ring.

[Rage strips off his ring gear and then bounces down from the top rope, yanking on the top rope, shadowboxing, threatening to rush McWesson and shaking his hands and slapping his wrists.]

GM: Shadoc Rage full of energy here at the start of this match.

BW: Man, he's tiring me out just watching him get warm.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's the opening bell.

[Both men dance around each other, teasing the lockup before they finally come together in a classic collar and elbow tie up. Rage dips and strains, trying for position and leverage as the bigger McWesson bulls him back into the corner.]

GM: The bigger man usually gets the edge in a tieup like this as you see McWesson pushing him back towards the buckles.

[But suddenly, Rage pivots and McWesson's back hits the buckles, allowing Rage to step back and pepper him with a series of quick jabs. McWesson takes a wild swing to retaliate but the quicker man scampers back to the center of the ring, waving one finger in the air to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: The man has quick hands.

GM: Quick hands, quick feet, everything about Shadoe Rage is quick.

BW: That explains why his squeeze ain't here in the AWA with him.

GM: Bucky!

[McWesson slaps the buckles in frustration before barreling out of the corner, his beefy arm extended for a clothesline...]

GM: Rage ducks the clothesline - into the ropes he goes...

[Rushing back, Rage drops down into a front roll, avoiding a big back elbow attempt by McWesson.]

GM: The clothesline missed and so does the elbow right there.

[An enraged McWesson wheels around again, off-balance as he rushes Rage, swinging wildly for the fences...]

GM: McWesson's trying to take Rage's head off!

[Rage ducks under those efforts, rushing to the ropes where he leaps up to the middle rope...]

GM: Rage going for a high flying- whoa!

[The crowd cheers as Rage simply leaps off, leapfrogging over an incoming McWesson to retake the center of the ring. A tired McWesson pounds the turnbuckles in fury as Rage bows to the cheering crowd with his steeple-fingered bow.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has exasperated Madhouse McWesson and entertained this Crockett Coliseum crowd!

BW: McWesson can't hit him 'cause he can't catch him! He's frustrating the big man into making mistakes and you can't make mistakes when you're dealing with a veteran like Shadoe Rage. You better believe he can take advantage of them.

GM: I've heard that Shadoe Rage has adopted a workout style known as parkour.

BW: EXTREME PARKOUR!

GM: I'm sorry?

BW: Never mind.

GM: They claim that the free running discipline has helped him with his movements inside the ring.

BW: He's bouncing around like Spider-Man in there, Gordo.

[Finally calming himself down, McWesson stomps out of the corner, tying up with Rage again...]

BW: This is what McWesson needs to do. Stay close and keep a hand on this guy to keep him from running around- haha! He stuck a thumb right in his eye there!

GM: And you're condoning that?!

BW: Man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. A good doctor told me that once.

[McWesson winds up, hammering down with a forearm across the back of the temporarily-blinded Rage, knocking him down to the mat on all fours.]

BW: Now McWesson gets to bring out the big guns, those heavy blows that only a near-three hundred pounder like he can dish out.

[McWesson looks to follow up, raising his powerful arms over his head, clasping his hands together...

...but his wide base goes against him, allowing Rage to crawl through the legs, rolling to his feet behind McWesson.]

GM: Rage slips free! McWesson comes up empty and Rage is up!

[Shadoe Rage hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...and leaves his feet, smashing his arm soundly across the collarbone of McWesson, knocking him flat!]

GM: Oh my!

[The crowd cheers the athleticism as Rage gets back to his feet, leaping high into the air...

...and BURIES his knee into the chest of McWesson!]

GM: Sky high leaping kneedrop by Rage!

BW: That'll knock the wind right out of ya, Gordo.

[Rolling through the kneedrop, Rage gets back to his feet, and drops a hard elbow to the same spot on the chest!]

GM: An elbowdrop comes right after the kneedrop... and McWesson's looking for an escape.

[But Rage grabs the back of McWesson's tights, pulling him back off the mat to his feet. He twirls a finger in the air, grabbing a handful of hair, rushing towards the ropes...

...and LEAPS over the top, snapping McWesson's throat down on the top rope strand, sending him sailing backwards!]

GM: McWesson gets wobbled off that high-risk move... and take a look here! Rage's back on the apron and he's heading to the top rope!

[The crowd cheers Rage as he perches himself up on the top rope, reaching his arms up to clasp his hands together...

...and leaps off the top, smashing a double axehandle down across the skull of McWesson!]

GM: Double hand sledge off the top...

[The crowd jeers loudly... not for Shadoe Rage's big flying double axehandle but rather for the appearance of Miss Sandra Hayes at the top of the ramp.]

BW: YES!

GM: Is that Sandra Hayes? What's she doing here?

BW: I don't know. I guess we'll have to find out. Let me go ask her.

[In the ring, Shadoe Rage pulls McWesson off the mat, measuring him...

...and SLAMS his boot into the heart of McWesson, sending him spiraling backwards and down to the canvas!]

GM: Rage levels him with that kick to the chest.

[Rage turns toward the ramp for a second, looking puzzled at the arrival of Sandra Hayes who is clapping.]

BW: Sandra Hayes enjoying what she sees. And I am enjoying her enjoying this match.

GM: Maybe she's scouting the competition.

BW: Or recruiting for the Shane Gang. This guy is the kind of crazy daredevil that would do all kinds of evil to Carver.

[To highlight the point, Rage is poised as McWesson groggily gets to his feet. The mohawked man is trying to regain his senses as Shadoe is in motion, springing onto the ropes and off. He corkscrews in the air.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The sound of pink elk skin wrestling boot meeting human nasal cartilage is brutal as the roundhouse kick sends McWesson to the mat.]

GM: How the- what do you even CALL that?!

BW: Springboard corkscrew roundhouse?

GM: That's... a mouthful.

[Rage quickly gets back up, leaping through the ropes to the apron where he springs up to the top rope. He stands tall, looking out at the crowd, posing for the flashbulbs...]

GM: Rage is gonna fly!

[He pauses, turning his back away from the ring...

...and leaps off, twisting his body around...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!!

[...and SLAMS his elbow down across the throat of his opponent!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Rage flips over, diving across his chest.]

GM: And this one is mercifully over for Madhouse McWesson.

BW: We hardly knew ya, Madhouse.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Another impressive showing from Shadoe Rage who is off to a much hotter start the second time around in AWA. If he – hold on, it looks as though Jason Dane has joined Miss Sandra Hayes at the top of the ramp. Maybe we'll get some insight as to what is going on down here.

[Jump cut to the top of the ramp where, sure enough, Dane has pulled right up next too the Siren who is still staring out at Shadoe Rage, softly clapping her hands together.]

JD: Miss Hayes, I've got to ask, what is the meaning of this personal visit at ringside tonight? Your Gang has their hands full enough later with Hannibal

Carver and Sultan Azam Sharif, the last thing I would expect from you is to be out here at ringside watching a match between Shadoe Rage and Madhouse McWesson?

[Hayes gestures with one hand to Rage while her eyes fixate on Jason Dane.]

MSH: Oh Jason, can't a girl do a little window shopping in her free time?

JD: Are you saying you're out here recruiting for the Shane Gang?

MSH: All I'm saying is that there's no harm in watching a fine specimen like Shadoe Rage and enjoying all that he has to offer.

JD: So this is more of a personal vis –

MSH: This is just one girl, showing her appreciation for one guy. No more, no less. Now if you'll excuse me, Jason, I DO have a lot of other men who need my personal undivided attention tonight. Toodles.

[And with that, Miss Hayes exits, leaving Jason Dane standing on the platform by himself.]

JD: I'm not sure quite what to make of this ladies and gentlemen. Don't go away 'cause we'll be right back with more AWA Saturday Night 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.

Crossfade back to Mark Stegglet in the locker room, this time alongside the former AWA National Tag Team champion, Tin Can Rust, dressed in his usual non-wrestling garb of jeans and a flannel shirt.]

MS: Tin Can Rust, last the AWA saw of you was in the tournament to crown the AWA World Champion.

[The grizzled veteran lets out a slight sneer in response.]

MS: But I take it tonight you're back, this time for the Stampede Cup?

TCR: Right. I know I still have what it takes to grab the title on my own... but it's always been a stick in my craw that I never got to hold the Cup. Now I know the first Stampede Cup, it would've been me and Jack holdin' it up high if some runt bastard didn't try to take out the eye of Jack.

And the second year of the Cup? We got one match short of the Finals and neither of us were close to 100%. Shoot, Jack wasn't even seein' right and we still almost beat Violence Unlimited.

[Rust shakes his head, knowing he came close.]

TCR: But this year, it's different. This year, I know we'll be holding the cup.

MS: Does this mean that City Jack's coming out of retir-

[Rust, agitated, cuts Stegglet off.]

TCR: Let me stop you there. Jack's retired. Period. He's got his businesses to preoccupy him now.

MS: So if not City Jack, who then is your partner for the Stampede Cup?

TCR: Jack and I, we had a trust. We worked together back in Kentucky and knew we'd work well. So I had to find someone who could come close. Someone from my past. Someone I've fought against and alongside before. Someone I can say is nothing like me, but can bring the fight in the ring. But, uh, just roll the video...

[Shot cuts from Rust and Stegglet to an older video of an overly muscular man dressed in a purple wrestling shorts and a black T-shirt the with words "The Pull" on it purple, with short brown hair and a goatee. The man looks into the camera with sort of wild eyes.]

JB: You ever see a man who got this here?

[The man flexes out his right arm, showing off his guns.]

JB: You ever get to see a man with those muscles? You see a man with muscles on top of muscles!?

[The man strains out the arm, showing off to the camera.]

JB: Answer's no! Cause no one got more pump and pull EVERY time than me, Jackson Bouron! What you think -

[Bouron brings his right bicep up and kisses it.]

JB: What you think that gonna do when the Bouron crashes it right into ya neck, hah?

[The shot cuts to rapid replays of Jackson Bouron in action, running over wrestlers with clotheslines and forearm shots.]

JB: What you think gonna happen when the Bouron grabs ya?

[Another quick series of shots of Bouron throwing his opponents with suplexes, across his broad shoulders in torture racks, and finally clips of Bouron locking in his opponents in a modified camel clutch.]

JB: Haha, yeh! You best know it ain't endin' right! And, oh yeh, you see me runnin' atcha? You see all two fifty of me comin' at ya, full speed?

[Again, another rapid series of clips, this time all of Bouron exploding into his opponents with a running low shoulder block, sending most of them flying.]

The shot then comes back to Bouron, full grin on his face.]

JB: Oh, you best be scared I ain't stoppin' for NOBODY! I run right through you to get what I gotta get! Cause I'M THE MAN that NOBODY can stop!

[The screen fades out and back in to the locker room area with Rust and Stegglet.]

TCR: That there, Mark, is the man who'll bein' holding the Cup with me - Jackson Bouron. The past two months we've been at it, training, getting on the same page... And next week? We'll be here to prove we don't just belong in the tournament - we'll be WINNING the Stampede Cup.

[Rust turns to walk away, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Yet another tag team looking to join that elusive Field of 16 as Tin Can Rust and Jackson Bouron have staked their claim - they want in the Stampede Cup! Let's go back down to the ring and Phil Watson! Phil?

[Crossfade back to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following match is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time from Houston, Texas... standing 6 foot 3 and weighing in at 267 pounds. Here is...

JOSEPH! PUCKET!

GM: Joseph Pucket is getting another long overdue chance to prove he belongs here in AWA. We haven't seen or heard from him in what seems like forever.

BW: He has quite the seasoned amateur wrestling background but knowing what is about to come his way, he's going to need to need pull out a few new tricks if he hopes to walk away from here the winner this evening.

PW: And his opponent...

[A burst of static.]

GM: Here comes the --

BW: Siren!

GM: Yes, well, her too.

[Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the

bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play.]

PW: Hailing from Miami, Florida... standing 5 foot 10 and weighing in at 223 pounds. He is being accompanied to the ring by Miss Sandra Hayes and the Shane Gang. Here is...

THE "HANDSOME HANGMAN" HARRY! HYATT!

[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: Hyatt coming out first, making his television in-ring debut here in the AWA.

BW: That's the Handsome Hangman to you.

GM: Apparently so.

[Wheeling out behind Hyatt and Hayes is the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White, Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and finally the "Ring Leader" Terry Shane III. Miss Sandra Hayes signals to Hyatt to make his way first and he obliges, closely followed by the rest of the Shane Gang as they make their way to the ring.]

GM: In case you have been living under a rock since SuperClash IV, the Shane Gang is one of the newest cavalries to be formed here in the AWA, led by the mastermind Terry Shane III and Miss Sandra Hayes.

BW: One man who is quite aware of their forming is Hannibal Carver.

GM: Indeed, Carver was on the wrong end of their dynamic debut at SuperClash as they left him beaten and bloody much like we presume they did last week at Saturday Night Wrestling. Later tonight he, along with Sultan Azam Sharif, will get a taste of redemption as they take on Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong in tag team action.

BW: The Ring Workers, as Shane likes to refer to them, have made no secret that they have their sights set on the Stampede Cup but before they even think about placing themselves in the most prestigious tag team tournament in all of wrestling they've got to, well, survive.. Carver and Sharif.

[Hyatt grabs the top rope with one hand, leaning back to mockingly shake his rear end as he did for so many years only to shake his head. In place of the colorful boa that he wore around his shoulders for so many years is a thick bullrope.]

BW: The uh, "Handsome Hangman", if you will... has his game face on tonight. Hyatt use to electrify crowds with his vivacious dance moves,

shameless pelvic thrusting, and radiating wardrobe changes mid match. Now he's, changed... I guess.

GM: Terry Shane III has brought out the worst in some of the brightest upcoming talent the AWA had to offer. He said he's giving them the opportunity they so rightfully deserve.

[Hyatt removes the bullrope and it is quickly snatched up by Miss Sandra Hayes. As soon as she exits the ring the referee calls for the bell and Pucket charges across the ring, his forearm flying in the direction of Hyatt...

...who has the presence of mind to side step out of the way and heave Pucket chest first into the corner.]

GM: Boa or bullrope, doesn't matter if you ask me, we'll see what this refurbished version of Harry Hyatt has to offer.

[Hyatt spins Pucket around and drills him with an overhand right that knocks him back into the corner. Before Joseph can even think to cover up he's painted with rights and lefts that grind him down into the canvas.]

GM: Hyatt is definitely bringing a new level of intensity to start things off, we'll see if he has the gas in his tank to keep this going from bell to bell.

[Hyatt pulls Pucket off the mat and slings him across the ring into the ropes as he measures him up...

...and lunges, shooting his body towards Pucket and spear tackling him to the ground!]

GM: Beautiful tackle by Hyatt! Harry making no effort to end this quite yet as he crawls over Pucket!

[Hyatt straddles Pucket's torso and begins to batter him with forearms across the face. The referee quickly steps in and splits himself between the two wrestlers. Harry steps out slightly shoving the referee as he stands up.]

GM: Oh my! Hyatt has to be careful not to get himself disqualified by laying a hand on an official! I know things seemed to have loosen up a tad since SuperClash but that is unacceptable behavior for anyone in the ring.

BW: Or out of the ring. Case in point, Joe Petrow going bananas and nearly murdering an AWA associate at ringside.

GM: Yes, well, that was frowned upon too.

[Puckett wobbles to his feet, looking to lock up just before Hyatt blasts him with a stiff right hand that staggers him. Before Pucket can blink an eye he's floored with a clothesline...

...that sends him flipping over the top rope and CRASHING down to the barely matted floor.]

GM: Big clothesline by Hyatt! Here comes the Shane Gang!

[Hyatt mercilessly steps away from the ropes as he's warned by the referee. Meanwhile, Donnie White rushes towards Pucket and drives the sole of his boot into his section over and over again. He quickly peels him off the ground and then with his hand behind Pucket's neck SMASHES his skull into the face of Pucket, laying him out across the ring apron.]

GM: Cowardly! These guys are like wild dogs at ringside! We saw it last time out when Terry Shane III squared off with Sultan Azam Sharif, and now even against the likes of Joseph Puckett they are striking their opponents down with this gang-like mentality.

BW: Maybe you shouldn't have dubbed them the Shane Gang then, it's kind of your fault.

[Puckett begins to turn back towards the ring and as he does so Hyatt sprints towards him, running past the official...

...and DRILLING Puckett with a basement style drop-kick underneath the bottom rope that sends him crashing into the ringside guard rail.]

GM: A ferocious drop-kick by Hyatt!

BW: Hyatt is looking to go out after him!

[Hyatt makes a move towards the ropes and the referee orders him back in. He feints as if he's going to ignore the official's plea causing him to forcefully push Harry back towards the center of the ring.]

GM: And look at the Shane Gang, they're at it again! Aaron Anderson is clubbing him with vicious right and left hands!

[Strong joins in and the combination of the two pound Pucket into the ground. They lay into him with a couple of kicks for good measure before peeling him off his back and hurling him into the side of the ring where his back bends across the apron.]

GM: Hannibal Carver better have a better game plan than Joseph Pucket tonight... heck, anyone who faces one of these guys better come up with a grand scheme on over coming these absurd odds.

[Hyatt steps away from the official and reaches over the ropes with both hands, tightening his grip around the jaw of Pucket as he drags him up onto the apron from the floor. He wraps his arm over Pucket's neck into an inverted facelock and begins to drive the tip of his other elbow repeatedly into the chest of Puckett. The ref threatens to disqualify him and he stops, momentarily....

...only to then SUPLEX Pucket back into the ring!]

GM: Reverse suplex by Hyatt! There's a one...there's a two... and no, Hyatt lifted him up! Come on!

BW: Such a double edge sword. When a guy like Sweet Daddy Williams does that you giddy up like a school girl, but when Harry Hyatt does it you are outraged.

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is a sportsman and wouldn't be doing anything like that, Bucky, and you know it.

[Dragging Pucket back up by his messy black hair, Hyatt pulls him into a front facelock. He looks over to Terry Shane III who gives him the nod and ever so slowly he rolls his bicep underneath the head of Pucket and rolls it up and over... leaving Pucket's head laid across his right shoulder...

...and then SNAPPING him downward, spiking his head and shoulders into the mat!]

GM: MY STARS! HANGMAN'S NECKBREAKER!

BW: Hyatt with the cover! One! Two! He got him!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's over before it ever really got going, folks. Pucket gave it all he really could but you can't beat five men by yourself.

BW: And a woman.

GM: I suppose Miss Hayes is out there directing traffic as well.

BW: She's leading the way into the ring as we speak.

[Miss Sandra Hayes is the first to make her way towards the ring, clicking her heels across the metal steps as she climbs up to the apron. She comes to a stop front and center, seating herself up on the second rope and holding it open for the rest of the troops to enter which is met with some cat calls and whistles from the restless crowd in attendance. Quickly the boyish remarks disintegrate as one by one the Shane Gang make their way into the ring.]

GM: Didn't take more than a second for the mood to change out here.

BW: Totally worth it.

[Donne White. Aaron Anderson. Lenny Strong. And lastly, the "Ring Leader" Terry Shane III. The pack stand beside the victorious Harry Hyatt who has barely broke a sweat. Lenny Strong repeatedly shoves his boot into Joseph Pucket, rolling him towards the side of the ring where he eventually collapses to the outside.]

GM: They look like they mean business tonight. There's no high fiving or theatrics out here with this bunch, regardless of the win Hyatt just picked up.

BW: Their game faces are definitely on right now, we'll see if they wear the same demeanor later on tonight when it's time to actually throwdown with Carver and Sharif.

[Shane signals for a mic from a nearby event-staffer. He remains silent in the limelight for several moments, allowing the tide of the crowd's boos to ebb before he begins.]

TS3: It seems to me...

[A short interruption from the front row: A random woman and her kid blurt out, "We want Carver! You suck, woooooo!"]

TS3: [glaring at the boy, pointing him out]: Shut up.

[He tosses his jet black hair, resuming.]

TS3: See what he is capable of? See it?!

[He points to Harry Hyatt.]

TS3: But more importantly. See what WE are capable of. You saw it two weeks ago, you saw it already here tonight, and you will see it again in a short awhile with Anderson and Strong here revolutionize the tag division later this evening when they tear apart Sultan --

[Before he can even finish his name the crowd erupts into cheers drawing a hard stare from the Ring Leader.]

TS3: Whatever. It seems to me, that Sultan -- AZAM SHARIF!

[Shane yells over the cheers from the crowd this time.]

TS3: ...is not a great fan of mine. Maybe, MAYBE being surrounded by a bunch of [miming quotes] "thugs" as he so eloquently put it, is affecting my hearing, but I am fairly confident that he had the temerity to stand in this ring two weeks ago and call me... what was it?

[He tilts the mic to the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White.]

DW: A coward.

[Shane's smirk erases from his face.]

DW: A fraud.

[His grip on the mic tightens.]

DW: A punk who hides behind --

[Shane snaps the mic away.]

TS3: We get it!

[Shane's voice goes cold.]

TS3: I have been accused of a lot, and I will own up to a lot more in the years to come I imagine, Sharif. But I believe I can truthfully say there is no one in this entire, bloody company that enjoys the sound of his OWN VOICE more than you. You really think you are hot stuff?

You honestly believe that screaming outlandish jibberish at the top of your lungs OVER AND OVER AND OVER again is abso-freaking-lutely stupendous, hunh? So what I am about to do is something I rarely... who am I kidding... I NEVER do. I am going to apologize.

[Even Miss Hayes' jaw drops a little.]

TS3: I am going to apologize for even ATTEMPTING to address you like an adult this week, Sharif. Treating you like a formidable competitor two weeks ago was MY mistake -- and it appears as though you have mistaken me for someone who is all thug and no appeal. Let me talk down to your level, you blithering, blustering IDIOT!

[He thrusts a finger out towards the aisle way, just on general principle.]

TS3: I despise you. Having to play back your never-ending, infantile diatribe in my mind for the last fourteen days has given me one of the worst migraines in my entire life. Every time I hear or see you flapping your gums in my head, I see the placid, bovine stare of a man who makes NO DAMN sense! Do you expect me to respect a man so blithely, awesomely ignorant that he does not know how to speak the English language after living here for the past who knows how many years?! You claim that we... WE...

[He gestures to the Shane Gang.]

TS3: Are the thugs?! YOU, my friend, are the thug in this equation. YOU are the one begging for blood to spill. You made the biggest mistake of your life... stepping into the ring with me and getting your skull caved in by Miss Sandra Hayes AGAIN is going to be the least of your worries... for you will pay dearly for your actions. These.. THUGS... Anderson and Strong. MY Ring Workers... they are going to eat you ALIVE tonight. You have made a colossal, headless mistake. With all the time you have wasted, Sharif, you could have used that time and energy to speed up the inevitable death at the hands of Royalty that is undoubtedly headed your way. You are exactly the right amount of stupid and hopeless enough to deserve the kind of fury that I keep bottled up inside.

You are going to be the first one to go this week.

[He nods, matter-of-factly.]

TS3: Which will only leave one man left standing... one raving lunatic all by his lonesome... one thorn, that no matter how many times I prick, continues to grow back.

[He grits his teeth.]

TS3: CARVER. Hannibal, I know you are listening. I know you are waiting, watching, and just dying to get your hands on me tonight, and rightfully so. But before you do that... before you even THINK about touching me. Just take a nice, long hard look around.

[Shane gestures to the men, and woman, beside him.]

TS3: These people, these allies of mine. They will do anything I ask of them. ANYTHING. You learned that the hard way last time, did you not? And you will continue to learn these lessons each and every single week until I deem it is no longer necessary. You can keep fighting it, keep rallying THESE PEOPLE behind your actions, your heroics.

But it will not matter.

NONE OF IT MATTERS.

[Shane's chest pounds in and out with every breath.]

TS3: Play the role of the victim, Hannibal, you wear that title so well. I will continue to be the assailant, and these fine people beside me will continue to be my accomplices. Before you know it, it will all be over. You will be left with nothing more than your journey and stories of good rising against evil.

But that is all it will ever be.

That is all your war against me will ever amount too.

Continue to rise, Hannibal Carver. Continue to aspire... continue forward and I will be there to meet you on the other side.

ME...

[He turns to his left, then to his right.]

TS3: ...and my GANG.

[Cue "Dance of the Knights" as Shane flings the mic to the ground. The Shane Gang begin exiting the ring one at a time.]

GM: That man makes me sick, Bucky.

BW: Terry Shane III is the hottest thing goin' in the AWA, baby! He's the talk of the town! He's trending worldwide on Twitter as we speak!

GM: He's doing whaaa?

BW: Never mind. Do we have Stegglet to throw it to or something?

GM: As a matter of fact, we do. Mark Stegglet is standing by with some news about the Stampede Cup! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Stegglet is standing in front of a big red, white, and blue AWA backdrop with a big grin on his face.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! I just received some BIG news that I needed to share with the fans out there - I've just been told that this weekend in Austin, Texas at our live arena event, we can expect to see Royalty's Blonde Bombers taking on the Rockstar Express in a Stampede Cup qualifying matchup! I've also been told that due to the fans pouring in their support by e-mail and the AWA's social networks, Sultan Azam Sharif and Supernova have been added to the Field of 16! That makes six teams already in the tournament and I have it on good authority that we will be adding at least two more teams to that list tonight.

[Stegglet beams with pride.]

MS: That's right. Before we go off the air tonight, we will know HALF of the teams that will be competing in the Stampede Cup tournament March 2nd and 3rd in Oklahoma City! Six teams in, ten more to go... but right now, let's go to some pre-recorded footage from the 2011 Stampede Cup champions. Of course, I'm talking about the Lynches - let's take a look!

[The words "Previously Recorded" appear on the screen as we cut to the locker room of the Crockett Coliseum, based on the muffled crowd reactions it is obvious that Saturday Night Wrestling is still ongoing in the Coliseum. The camera pans about the locker room until it focuses on Travis Lynch, who is sitting upon a wooden bench, head lowered with an large ice pack upon his neck and shoulders. He adjusts the ice pack and a deep large purple bruise can be seen forming. He winces in pain for a moment as he looks up.]

TL: Are you rolling tape?

[The cameraman's "yeah" can be heard off-mic.]

TL: Good. I don't want those punks to miss any of this. Rogers, Donovan, Wyatt... I hope you're watching 'cause what I'm about to see is directed right square at the thr-

[The sound of boots can be heard entering the room.]

Voice: What the heck were you thinking Trav?

[Travis looks up as the camera pans to reveal James Lynch, still in his wrestling gear, sweat dripping upon his body.]

JL: Jack and I could have handled those two ...

TL: But it wasn't two of the them was it! No, Donovan and Wyatt had an ace up their sleeves...

JL: Rogers was a surprise not an ace. Look Trav, even with Rogers, Jack and I...

[Travis sits up and he winces again as the ice pack falls off his shoulders to the floor and he looks at James.]

TL: You what? You just came back from rehab, James. And if you think I'm going to let my family risk injury again when I can...

JL: When you can what, Trav? Put yourself on the shelf in my place? Look you had doctor's orders to stay away from the ring and you should have followed them. Instead, instead you're back here barely able to sit, bruises forming as you wait for the results of the x-ray.

Yeah Trav...

[Trav forces himself to his feet.]

TL: Look James, the last thing I am going to do is let those three self-righteous clowns spread lies about our family ... allow them to tell everyone that we've been handed everything on a silver platter! I've earned ... we've all earned everything we've gotten! We've been battered and bruised, we've bled and broken bones to earn each title, each accolade and ...

[James places his hand on Travis' shoulder and again the youngest Lynch winces and shakes his head slowly.]

JL: I know Trav, but you need to pick your battles.

[Travis rolls his eyes as he exhales.]

TL: James, we have never been able to pick our battles! They pick us, it's always been that way and I sick of it!

[A large shadow falls on the wall behind Travis. James exhales.]

JL: Jack, can you talk some sense into him before he gets himself killed?

[A hand reaches up, as Jack Lynch runs his hand through sweat soaked hair.]

JL: Ya know... I -could- talk sense into our little brother.

But I ain't gonna.

[Jack's face hardens.]

JL: I've had enough of all the back bitin' and double dealin'. I've had enough of gettin' knocked on my ass. And ya know what else I've had enough of?

Relying on people who ain't my blood.

You two, you're my brothers. And right now, against the Bullies? You're all I got. But luckily for me, you're all I need.

Up until now, we've been tryin' to... temper your enthusiasm, Trav. But no longer. You're right. The Bullies? They've done nothin' but run us down every chance they get. So, I say, no more Mr. Nice Guys, no more thinkin' clearly.

Pick our battles? I say every time we see one of them Bullies, we go to war.

So Trav, the only sense I'm gonna talk into you is this. When you go after 'em, you make sure you've got me and Jimmy with you.

Deal?

[Travis looks at Jack a sly smile slowly crosses his lips.]

TL: You know what Jack ... that works for me. What about you James?

[James looks at both Jack and Travis for a moment and nods his head in agreement.]

JL: Do you really need to ask?

[Travis smiles widely flashing his pearly whites.]

TL: No... no we don't.

[With the Lynches apparently all on the same page, we fade to black.]

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

[Black and white slo-mo shot of Mark Langseth in a ring, wearing a sweat suit - shadow boxing. As he continues, a voice over of the suspended Royalty member sounds out.]

ML: I'm ready.

[The shot cuts another black & white slow motion shot of Langseth sitting down on a bench, dramatically mopping his brow after his rigorous workout.]

ML: I've been waiting to come back, fully reinstated. I've been waiting for you, AWA, to come back to me. I'm ready.

[Shot cuts to Langseth working out again in the background, this time at the heavybag, while Larry Doyle and Dave Cooper address the camera.]

LD: I've seen the greats, I've seen how they prepare, and they ain't got a leg to stand on compared to Mark Langseth. I KNOW he's ready.

DC: You better believe Langseth is ready. Has there ever been a moment in his life when he wasn't ready?

[Finally, the shot comes to Langseth - towel around his neck, arms akimbo - standing side by side with the rest of Royalty.]

ML: I'm ready. The question, AWA, is... are you? Are you ready to right the wrong, horrific treatment I've received at the hands of the AWA management Are you ready to finally end the nightmare, let me back in... and give me my just respect?

[The shot switches to a black screen with the following in white text:

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

As Doyle finishes the ad with one last voice over.]

LD: Mark Langseth is ready, now the AWA has to man up and do the right thing. Petition for justice, petition for greatness. Bring Langseth back.

[Fade to black.

And then fade back up to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Gordon is slack-jawed at what we just witnessed.]

GM: Bring justice to... you gotta be kidding me!

BW: Look, Gordo... I talked for a long time with Larry Doyle about this last week and you know what? I think he's right.

GM: He's WHAT?!

BW: He's right! Hasn't Mark Langseth been punished enough? How long do the owners of the AWA intend to keep their shackles on one of the greatest in-ring competitors the sport has ever known? The AWA OWES it to the fans of this company to let him back in to compete!

GM: Have you forgotten everything he's done?! The Westwego Incident!

BW: No, I haven't. But I also haven't forgotten that he's a former World Champion... a Hall of Famer... and a man who deserves a second chance.

GM: How much are they paying you to say this?

BW: I'm... how could you imply such a thing?!

GM: How much?

BW: Look, we had a lovely steak dinner to chat-

GM: How much?!

BW: There may have been a mention of a donation to Mama's favorite charity.

GM: Your mother's favorite charity is you.

BW: I... uhh... well, you're clouding the issue, Gordo! The fact is that Royalty is right... Mark Langseth is right... FREE MARK LANGSETH!

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is ready and waiting to go.]

PW: The following contest is a-

[Phil stops, a confused look on his face. He looks around and receives a hesitant, yet reassuring nod from the ref who joins him in the ring.]

GM: What is this all about?

BW: You're asking me?

[Phil shrugs and does his duty.]

PW: A Stampede Cup Preview!

[The crowd gives a confused pop.]

GM: What?! That's not listed here. What does that even mean?!

BW: Well, let's see who's in the match first, Gordo. This could be interesting.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first, from Compton, California, G-Money and Big E-Style, THE CASH FLOW PLAYAS!

[Mannie Fresh's "Real Big" blares over the PA as two decent-sized African-American men draped in a considerable amount of bling come grooving out of the entryway. True to their name, the cash is flowing, as they throw out large wads of money to the fans. Predictably, this is getting them a good face pop.]

BW: OVER HERE! OVER HERE!

GM: Bucky! Would you please sit down?

BW: It's rainin' money, Gordo! I NEED some!

GM: Forget to pay your bookie again?

[Bucky ignores Gordon and waves at The Cash Flow Playas. Unfortunately, they're ignoring him. He sits back down.]

BW: I already hate these guys. Please tell me their opponents are going to thrash them.

GM: I don't know, I think these two men are kind of fun. They could be great additions to the burgeoning tag team scene here in the AWA.

[The CFP hit the ring and remove their street clothing to reveal actual ring gear. G-Money is wearing green tights with his name in gold on the sides, black elbow pads and kneepads, plus gold boots with green cash signs on the side. Big E-Style, who is indeed the bigger man, is wearing a green singlet with his name on the front, plus white boots with black on the tip and the heel. He jogs in place while G-Money climbs a turnbuckle and gestures to the locker room.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Nothing happens for a few seconds. The Cash Flow Playas look in the direction of the locker room expectantly.]

GM: Well, who is it?

BW: I don't know, but that Big E-Style guy's looking at me kind of funny.

[And then...

...it hits. To a LOUD chorus of boos. The song? Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose."]

BW: Yes! Thank you!

GM: Ugh, I should've known they were behind this.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents, from Kingsland, Arkansas, at a total combined weight of 568 lbs., they are your current AWA National Tag Team Champions, accompanied by Cousin Bo, they are Cletus Lee and Duane Henry...

THE BISHOP BOYS!

[Bo comes out and steps to the side, applauding. Duane Henry briskly makes his way down, handing off his title to Bo along the way. He quickly leaps into the ring, giving a cutthroat gesture to the Cash Flow Playas, who look at each other a little hesitantly. Hesitantly turns to fearfully as the "Redneck Wrecking Machine" himself, Cletus Lee, slowly enters.]

GM: Good grief, that man gives me the chills.

BW: As he should. You'd have to already be dead not to feel anything when these two come to town.

[Surprisingly, Cletus Lee doesn't have a maniacal stare for once. He looks calm as he runs a hand through his wild hair, revealing a nasty smile.]

GM: A smile from Cletus Lee Bishop? Wow, have we ever seen that before?

BW: Not in the ring, we haven't. And that should scare these wannabe thugs.

[Cletus Lee also hands his belt to Bo, then strides over the top rope. He looks at Big E-Style and points to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Is he calling him out?

BW: No, he's looking for a dance-off.

GM: Really?

BW: No, you dope, OF COURSE he's calling him out!

[The Cash Flow Playas look at each other and shrug. G-Money quickly exits the ring. The bell rings to start the match as Big E-Style and Cletus Lee size each other up.]

GM: Wow, Big E-Style is not a small man and yet Cletus Lee absolutely dwarfs him.

BW: I wanna know who's going to throw the first punch. They're just staring at each other.

[Cletus Lee slaps himself on the chest, daring Big E-Style to throw the first shot.]

GM: Don't do it, you'll just make him angry!

BW: In that case, do it!

[Big E-Style throws off a blistering chop to Cletus Lee's chest. Cletus Lee just looks down at his chest and chuckles.]

GM: Oh boy.

[Cletus Lee backs off a step, then fires off his own chop. One that manages to knock the big man of the CFP off of his feet. The sound of Gordon cringing is audible to the fans watching at home.]

BW: Haha, you said it. This guy's not a small man yet Cletus Lee chopped him down like a big ol' redwood tree.

GM: That man's power is amazing.

BW: You better believe it.

[Cletus Lee yanks his opponent back up only to clothesline him back down. Cletus Lee starts laughing to the fear of... well, pretty much everyone.]

GM: Okay, now THAT is scary. I don't believe we've ever heard him laugh before.

BW: No, we haven't. Kinda gives you the heebie-jeebies, don't it?

[Bo shouts from across the ring, Cletus Lee turning around to listen to him, which is NOT what Bo wanted. Instead, he's pointing at the recovering Big E-Style.]

GM: The big man is getting back to his feet!

[Cletus Lee spins back around, moving towards Big E-Style who wraps his beefy arms around Cletus Lee's massive frame, lifting him just barely off the mat, and then SLAMMING him down! Big cheer!]

BW: What the heck?! He just hit Cletus Lee with a standing spinebuster. Nobody takes Cletus Lee down!

GM: Well, Big E-Style just did! Stay on him!

BW: Nice job, Mr. Impartial.

[Indeed, Big E-Style does stay on Cletus Lee, firing off lefts and rights to the temple, the crowd getting behind him with every shot.]

GM: The big man's all over Cletus Lee!

BW: Somebody do something!

[After a few more blows land, referee Davis Warren forces him to back off the downed Cletus Lee. With Cousin Bo shouting at his big man, Big E-Style retreats to his corner to slap the hand of his partner...]

GM: The tag is made to the man whose name is apparently G-Money... and he's heading up top!

[Pulling Cletus Lee off the mat, Big E-Style gets a loose hold on him as he waits for his partner to leap...]

GM: G-Money off the top and-

[Cletus Lee pulls Big E-Style in the way, causing G-Money to smash him over the skull with an overhead chop!]

GM: Ohh! Cletus Lee with a good counter there to avoid that top rope move... uh oh! Look out here!

[With the crowd roaring, Cletus Lee hooks the stunned G-Money around the throat as Big E-Style rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Cletus Lee's got him hooked and...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: A big powerful chokeslam by Cletus Lee!

[An angry Cletus Lee spins around, slapping the hand of his smaller brother who steps into the ring, immediately pulling G-Money off the mat and hoisting him up into a torture rack...]

GM: Wait a second! Already?!

BW: The whole world knows what's coming here!

[The crowd is buzzing as Cletus Lee dashes to the ropes behind Duane Henry, bouncing off to CRUSH G-Money with a charging big boot to the skull that allows Duane Henry to ride out the momentum, swinging G-Money around into a seated powerbomb!]

BW: Doc Allen's Miracle Headache Elixir! Pure devastation!

GM: Well, this one's over with ease. There's one... two... and mercifully three.

[Phil Watson steps in.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

[He consults with his cards again, shaking his head.]

PW: ...advancing to the second round...

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Watson shouts "THE BISHOP BOOOOOYS!"]

GM: The whaaa?!

BW: I get it! It's a Stampede Cup preview! The Bishops are gonna show the entire world what they're gonna do in just over a month at the Stampede Cup to cement themselves as the world's greatest tag team, daddy!

GM: This is ridiculous. Another scheme concocted by Cousin Bo-

BW: Mr. Allen!

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Yes, Mr. Allen. How could I ever forget?

[The Bishop Boys kick their defeated opponents from the ring and wave for the next team. Phil cringes as he reads the next team's name.]

PW: Introducing team number three, from Hicksville, Arkansas, weighing in at 50 trillion smoked ribs, Billy Ray Bob and Goober, The Rook Boys!

[Johnny Cash's version of "God's Gonna Cut You Down" plays as two extremely fat guys in overalls and bare feet come shuffling down to the ring. To say the Bishop Boys look mad as hell is an understatement. Bo and Duane Henry have to hold Cletus Lee back from attacking them in the aisle.]

BW: Alright, who's the wise guy trying to get under the Bishops' skin? This is not funny. Not one bit.

GM: Didn't we agree that Cousin Bo... er, Mr. Allen set this whole thing up?

BW: Now why in the world would Bo go and make his own boys mad? That would only serve to- Ahhhh, I've got it now. He wants 'em angry. The most underrated manager in the entire company, that's what he is.

GM: He certainly believes so, I'm sure.

[The Rook Boys are taking their sweet time getting to the ring so Bo calls his cousins on them. The Bishops gladly take off and attack the joke team.]

GM: Uh oh! The Rook Boys better seek some cover!

BW: Where in the world would they find cover big enough for those two?!

[Cletus Lee tackles the fatter Billy Ray Bob down to the elevated platform, smashing him with right hands as Duane Henry throws Goober through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Cletus Lee's laying in the heavy shots on the apron... and Duane Henry's looking to strike quick and early here...

[Goober pushes up to all fours as Duane Henry catapults himself over the ropes, dropping a leg down on the back of Goober's neck!]

GM: Ohh! Duane Henry comes over the top with that legdrop and he's got one-half of their opponents in a lot of trouble early on here. And I'm going to assume Duane Henry and Goober are the legal men here.

BW: I'd imagine you're right... and if I'm not mistaken, I think Cletus Lee busted that fat sow open out there. Take a look..

GM: Do NOT take a look. Let's keep the camera shot right on the ring.

[Following Gordon's orders, the cameras stay on the ring to show Duane Henry scooping Goober into the air, dumping him down with the gourdbuster!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the canvas goes - Goober? Was that his name?

BW: You got it, Gordo!

GM: You have to wonder if Cousin Bo-

BW: Mr. Allan!

GM: Whatever. You have to wonder if he had something to do with the embarrassing names for these two men as well.

[Cletus Lee climbs back up on the apron, his knuckles covered in crimson as he reaches out a hand to accept the tag from Duane Henry.]

GM: The tag is made for the first time in... well, I guess the second match in this exhibition for the National Tag Team Champions.

BW: Mr. Allan had told me how upset they were that they didn't get to compete here last time... now these poor saps are having to take the brunt of that anger full force.

[Inside the ring now, Cletus Lee pulls Goober up into his powerful arms, standing in front of the turnbuckles...]

GM: We saw this recently, Bucky! The Razorback Special!

[Duane Henry stands up top, facing away from the ring as he hooks Goober around the head and neck like a snap mare is coming...

...but leaps off backwards, flipping through the air as Cletus Lee brings Goober flying down towards the mat with a powerbomb...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The big powerbomb by Cletus Lee and Duane Henry SLAMS the back of the man's head into the canvas to boot! This one's done too, Bucky.

BW: Good night, fatty!

[The bell sounds as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Moving on to the semifinals... THE BISHOP BOYS!

[The crowd boos loudly now, seeing the farce unfold before them.]

GM: The semifinals... give me a break...

[The Bishops collectively peel Goober off of the mat, run towards the ropes, and send him flying to the floor, where he hits with a sickening thud.]

BW: Speaking of breaks... Goober might have broken his neck going over the top to the floor like that!

GM: He certainly could have. And I'm guessing this is going to continue now.

BW: Absolutely! Who's next?

[That's what the Bishops seem to be asking too. And then, slightly familiar music blares over the PA. It's a mariachi version of Leo Arnaud's "Bugler's Dream" AKA The Olympic Theme Song. The crowd actually _cheers_ this, despite knowing the two goofballs about to make their appearance.]

GM: Oh my stars, I never thought we'd see these two guys again.

PW: Introducing team number four, representing the great nation of Mexico, they are Medallista Oro and Medallista Plata, LOS MEDALLISTAS OLIMPICOS!

[Two men proudly make their entrance to the cheers of the crowd. Medallista Oro dressed entirely in gold, Medallista Plata in silver. They carry a winner's platform to the ring with them. They slide it under the ropes, then slide under the ropes themselves.]

GM: Uhhh, guys. This might not be the best time for a medal ceremony.

BW: No, no... let them have their fun. It's likely to be the last bit of fun they ever have, Gordo.

[Oro proudly steps to the top position. Plata folds his arms for a second, then willingly takes the second position. Unfortunately, there is no third Medallista to take the bronze position, thus making them look silly. Also making them look silly? The Bishop Boys attacking from behind, drawing boos from the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no need for this! These two men are just looking to lighten the mood a bit.

BW: You think this is a joke, Gordo? This is professional wrestling, not comedy hour. There's no room in wrestling for them.

[The Bishops seem to agree, as Cletus Lee pounds away at Medallista Oro. Duane Henry irish whips Plata into the ropes and looks to backdrop him, but Plata puts on the brakes, and kicks Duane Henry square in the face. A cheer goes up for that!]

GM: Oh yeah! Plata caught Duane Henry a little bit sloppy there and now he's- haha!

[Plata throws a fist up in the air, acknowledging the cheers of the fans before he grabs Duane Henry in a front facelock, snapping him over in a textbook vertical suplex!]

GM: Nice suplex by Plat- look out!

[But as Plata celebrates his suplex, Cletus Lee yanks him backwards and LEVELS him with a devastating standing lariat that flips Plata backwards, folding him in half!]

GM: Good grief! What a clothesline by Cletus Lee!

BW: Has there even been a bell to start this match?

GM: I don't think so... but I'm not sure the Bishops really care either.

[Duane Henry shakes out the cobwebs, looking mighty P.O.d. He grabs Plata in a front facelock and walks over to the winner's platform. He stops right in front of it, lifting Plata up in a suplex...

...and then drops!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HAHA! He just brainbusted Plata onto the platform. Plata is OUT!

GM: Disqualify that man! This is horrible.

BW: How can he disqualify them? He hasn't even called for the bell to start! We don't have legal men. We've got a mangled platform though, so that's something.

GM: You're sick, you know that?

BW: Calls 'em like I sees 'em, daddy.

[Cletus Lee throws the platform out of the ring, finally drawing a bell to start the match.]

GM: Well, it's about time!

[Luckily for the masked duo, Oro has managed to get out to the apron and in close proximity to the unconscious Plata...]

GM: Oro's looking for the tag here!

[Oro reaches over the ropes, trying to stretch far enough to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: Oro's close, Bucky!

[But an angry Cletus Lee kicks his arm away, threatening him with a glare as Oro straightens up, slapping the top turnbuckle in encouragement to his partner who gets muscled up under the armpit of Cletus Lee...

...and SMASHED down across a bent knee in a side backbreaker!]

GM: Good grief! Just pin the man and be done with it!

[Cletus Lee gets up, flicking some sweat from his hands in Oro's direction, drawing the ire of the masked man.]

GM: Oro's coming in!

BW: Is he crazy?!

GM: He brought a medal ceremony platform to the ring with him. What do you think?

[Oro should thank his lucky stars as the official blocks his path, pushing him back out to the apron as Cletus Lee drops a heavy leg across the torso of the motionless Plata.]

GM: The Bishop Boys have completely destroyed this man... and now Cletus Lee is looking to the corner, perhaps asking his brother if he wants another shot at him.

[Duane Henry shakes his head with a shout "He's all yours, bro!" Cletus Lee nods and grins wildly at that news, pulling Plata back up to his feet...]

GM: Dear god... why? Why would you go for more here? Why would you-

BW: POWERBOMB!

[But at the peak of the lift, Plata somehow manages to throw his weight forward in a desperation move which causes Cletus Lee to stagger backwards, losing his grip on the masked man who falls from the shoulders...

...and SLAPS the outstretched hand of his partner on the way down!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the tag!]

GM: IN COMES ORO!!

[Oro slingshots himself into the ring, unloading with right hands on the slightly off-balance Cletus Lee Bishop!]

GM: Oro's bringing the fight to Cletus Lee! He's a casa de fuego!

BW: A casa... huh?!

[Oro rolls his arms around one another, connecting with a big overhead elbow that staggers Cletus Lee!]

GM: Big elbowsmash by Oro! Cletus Lee is dazed!

[Oro spins, dashing to the ropes behind him, bouncing off...

...and leaving his feet with a big flying forearm, cracking it off the skull of the big man!]

GM: What a shot! Oro's got Cletus Lee in a heap of trouble and now is his chance! Now is his opportunity!

BW: If they somehow pull off an upset, will they get in the Cup?!

GM: If they knock off the National Tag Team Champions, they'd HAVE to get in there!

[Oro jumps up and down, letting out a loud battle cry, which the fans echo. He goes to a corner and raises an arm as Cletus Lee stumbles into a neutral corner across from him.]

BW: Aw, not this, I hate this move.

[Oro runs a few feet, then leaps, runs again, and leaps again.]

GM: The Hurdling Elbow! I remember this.

[Oro leaps again, throwing the big elbow at Cletus Lee who slips aside, causing Oro to crash into the turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! He missed the big elbow!

[The masked man clutches his arm, slowly staggering backwards to the shouts of the crowd warning him not to turn around...]

GM: Don't do it, Oro! Don't turn around!

[Oro must not speak English, because he turns around anyway, right into...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: The Charging Big Boot! Cover him, Cletus Lee.

[He does so and gets the three count. The fans are deflated.]

PW: Moving on to the Finals... THE BISHOP BOYS!

[The jeers somehow get even louder.]

GM: Unbelievable, I thought we had seen the downfall of The Bishop Boys.

BW: To THOSE two losers? Are you serious?!

GM: Oh well, they gave it their best shot.

[The Bishops look to Bo, who smiles and holds up one finger. They nod and await their next opponents.]

GM: And apparently, even though they've already destroyed three tag teams here tonight, the Bishops want one more.

BW: Of course they do! They gotta win four to win the Cup!

GM: A warm-up, of sorts, for the Bishop Boys as they take aim at the one prize that has eluded them here in the AWA - the Stampede Cup.

BW: It's all Bo's been talking about, right?

GM: Mr. Allan has been talking about winning the Cup for several months now but it remains to be seen if they can survive the other fifteen teams looking to win the Cup, the one million dollars, and the right to call themselves the greatest tag team in the world.

BW: Ain't a doubt in my mind that you're LOOKING at the greatest tag team in the world, Gordo. It's the one thing the Bishop Boys have left to accomplish to make everyone else believe it though. They want it bad.

[The Bishops look down the ramp, watching and waiting...]

PW: And their opponents...

[Some light acoustic guitars waft over the PA, followed by a loud GONG!, leading into loud guitars and rolling drums. Then comes the voice of Matt Heafy.]

HE WHO WALKS THE FIRE BREATHES!

[Then Trivium's "Kirisute Gomen" kicks in full force.]

PW: ...from Osaka, Japan, at a combined weight of 452 lbs., Jun Komachi and Shigehiro Ishikura, they are Team SAMURAI!

[A surprisingly loud pop for the two men from the Orient.]

GM: Well, apparently, the fans here in Dallas have been studying their tapes.

BW: Are you kidding me?! These two are one of the hottest things going in Japan right now! They're the reigning Tiger Paw Pro Tag Team Champions! I think the Bishops might have an actual test on their hands.

GM: The AWA's partner promotion in Japan, Tiger Paw Pro, have sent this duo over for some seasoning. They've been appearing on a lot of our recent live arena events and have really been impressive, Bucky.

[Ishikura, the larger of the two men, has a shaved head. The lighter Komachi has slicked-back black hair pulled into a ponytail. Both wear long white pants with the red Rising Sun on them, black boots, and red sashes. Komachi has black wrapped up hands with just his fingers exposed. The two slap hands with as many fans as they can, while keeping their eyes on the ring. As they get to ringside, they remove the sashes and hand them to the ring attendant. As they enter the ring, Ishikura shouts something in Japanese at Cletus Lee, who looks confused.]

BW: I don't think Cletus Lee knows Japanese, daddy.

GM: Maybe not, but he seems to have taken being called out personally.

[Cletus Lee turns to his brother and points at himself, indicating that he wants to start the final match. Duane Henry nods and leaves the ring. Komachi also leaves the ring, leaving the two big men of their teams in the ring.]

GM: Whew, boy. These are the hosses for their respective tag teams, fans.

[Ishikura shows no fear, walking straight up to Cletus Lee. Cletus Lee smirks a bit as Ishikura may be big, but he's not as big as Cletus Lee. Ishikura raises his eyebrows in offense. Ishikura shouts something while pointing to the ropes. Cletus Lee looks confused again. Bo yells to Cletus Lee that he's telling him to take his best shot from the ropes.]

GM: How does Mr. Allen know Japanese?

BW: He's a businessman, Gordo. Any good businessman knows as much as possible.

[Cletus Lee shrugs, hits the ropes, and on the rebound, hits a shoulderblock... which fails to move Ishikura.]

GM: Oh my! Ishikura didn't go down!

[Cletus Lee looks shocked. This time, Ishikura shouts in English.]

"AGAIN!"

[Cletus Lee is puzzled, yet he tries again, this time trying for a running elbow, but Ishikura drops to the mat.]

GM: Ishikura drops down, Cletus Lee over the top...

[Cletus Lee bounces off the far side, pulling up short of an attempting monkey flip. He immediately makes a grab at the legs of Ishikura who pulls his legs back, causing Cletus Lee to duck in further...

...which allows Ishikura to wrap his legs around Cletus Lee's head, flipping him down to the mat with a headscissors! Big crowd reaction!]

GM: The fans are really getting behind Team SAMURAI here as the men from Japan attempt to spoil the night for Cousin Bo and the National Tag Team Champions!

BW: They're good, Gordo... but they ain't the Bishop Boys. The Bishops may be tired from this grueling series of match-

GM: Grueling?! Cousin Bo set this up to be a cakewalk for them... until now.

BW: His name is-

GM: Yes, yes... we all know his name.

[Cletus Lee gets up a bit slowly as the large Ishikura shows off some athleticism by kipping up to his feet and racing to the ropes...]

GM: Ishikura off the far side... Cletus Lee is down on a knee still and- ohhh!

[The crowd ROARS as Ishikura connects with a LOUD dropkick to the temple, sending Cletus Lee tumbling back down to the mat where he rolls into the ropes, quickly getting tangled up in them.]

GM: Cletus Lee is rattled, Bucky! He wasn't expecting this.

BW: That's for sure. Bo needs to get them out of there... get 'em to regroup a bit.

[Cletus Lee finally gets back to his feet, glaring across the ring at Ishikura before he slaps his brother's hand... HARD!]

GM: Ouch. There's the tag to Duane Henry... and he doesn't look too happy about having to get in there either.

[Duane Henry slips through the ropes, glaring angrily at his bigger brother before he turns towards Ishikura who lifts a hand, calling for a test of strength...]

GM: A test of strength? Duane Henry shouldn't want any part of this as Ishikura looks to be a much stronger competitor.

BW: Duane Henry ain't one to back down from a challenge, Gordo.

[The knucklelock ensues, both men digging their heels in, looking for an advantage. Duane Henry gets the edge for a moment but Ishikura quickly forces him back down into a bridging position, still holding the arms down...]

GM: Ishikura forces him down...

[Still holding the grip, Ishikura leaps into the air, burying his feet into the midsection of Duane Henry!]

GM: Ohh! Double stomp to the gut - a page out of Anton Layton's playbook - and Duane Henry's really feeling the effects of that one.

[The smaller Bishop clutches his ribs, rolling back and forth in pain as Ishikura raises his arms, drawing a cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Wow, this Ishikura is a sight to see.

BW: He's gonna be a squashed bug if he keeps up this showoff shtick. The Bishops are not men to mess with.

[Ishikura nods at the applause and points at his partner. The crowd cheers again, wanting to see what his partner can do. Ishikura tags Komachi in. Komachi grabs the ropes and flings himself upside down. The recovering Duane Henry doesn't know what to make of this, as Komachi is just hanging upside down.]

BW: What is this? A dang circus?

GM: Actually, Bucky, I'm being told over my headset that Komachi has a background in gymnastics. This is him showing that knowledge off.

[Duane Henry keeps trying to run at him, but Komachi sticks his feet out every time, making him back off.]

GM: Heheh.

BW: Oh, you're enjoying this?

GM: Well, it IS pretty amusing to see Duane Henry so puzzled.

[Duane Henry rushes in again, trying to take a lower level to get there but Komachi hooks him around the throat with an arm, dropping off the ropes and SMASHING Duane Henry's skull into the mat with a reverse DDT!]

GM: Ohh! Duane Henry got rocked there! And Team SAMURAI is really showing off a lot of skill here tonight. I wouldn't mind seeing them make a return... perhaps in the Stampede Cup, Bucky.

BW: I don't think-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BREATHTAKING STANDING BACKFLIP SPLASH!!

[Komachi, fresh off landing the standing moonsault, hooks a leg for a two count before a flustered Duane Henry kicks out and promptly rolls out of the ring to huddle up with Mr. Allan.]

GM: A little bit of regrouping going on... I think I just heard Duane Henry say he can't get a shot in on this athletic man from the Land of the Rising Sun.

BW: Duane Henry looks pretty steamed too. He's obviously frustrated and this can't be going the way that Bo had envisioned, Gordo.

GM: It certainly can't. Bo's trying to settle his man dow-

BW: CLEAR!

[As the Bishops turn around, Cousin Bo lunges to the side, leaving his cousin alone as Komachi THROWS himself between the ropes, smashing his upper body into Duane Henry and DRIVING him back into the barricade!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: THE BULLET TOPE! What a dive! That's a move _everybody_ has to look out for. Komachi gets such velocity on that thing, flying through the ropes with ease.

[The crowd is actually starting to chant "SAMURAI! SAMURAI! SAMURAI!", Ishikura stomping his foot in time with the chant. After a few seconds, Komachi reappears, raising an arm wearily...]

BW: That's the one dumb thing about the Bullet Tope. You hurt yourself just as much as your opponent.

GM: Hey, what's going on over there in the corner?

BW: What are you talking about?

GM: Mr. Allen just handed Cletus Lee one of the titles!

BW: He did not!

[Ishikura sees it too and gets the ref's attention.]

BW: Haha, what a dope! He's hurting his own team.

[Ishikura points at Cletus Lee, and tries to go after him, but the ref is still trying to get him to back off.]

GM: Cletus Lee's out on the floor with that belt and- NO!

[As soon as Komachi wobbles around the ringpost, Cletus Lee DRILLS him between the eyes with the title belt!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a shot! Right between the eyes from Cletus Lee with that heavy title belt!

[Cletus Lee quickly drops the belt, moving to pull his brother off the floor. He shakes him hard a few times, slapping him across the face before shoving him back into the ring.]

BW: Duane Henry’s back in... and Cletus Lee is putting Komachi back in too!

GM: This is a sham!

BW: What? I just saw a nice hard-fought match.

[The crowd ROARS as Ishikura drops off the apron, marching over to where Bo and Cletus Lee are conversing.]

GM: Ishikura’s going after Cletus Lee and-

BW: And while he does that, Duane Henry’s gonna end Komachi’s night!

[Ishikura and Bo are screaming at each other in Japanese, while Cletus Lee just looks on.]

GM: Look at this! What is Duane Henry doing to Komachi?

[Duane Henry pulls the smaller man off the mat, muscling him up into a crucifix powerbomb position...]

GM: What in the world is he-?!

[...and shoves him up and over, dropping him down hard in a seated powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Count ‘im, ref!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once as Ishikura wheels around, trying to make the save...]

GM: ISHIKURA’S GONNA BREAK IT UP!

[But Cousin Bo throws himself around the legs, hooking on tightly as Ishikura struggles to escape and the referee slaps the canvas two more times.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Ahhhh, give me a break!

[Bo releases the legs, allowing Ishikura to go free as Duane Henry rolls out of the other side of the ring to the floor. Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winners of the Stampede Cup Preview Finals... the AWA National Tag Team Champions...

THE BISHOP BOOOOOOOOYS!

[A chuckling Duane Henry is greeting by Cousin Bo who hands off the title belt to him. Duane Henry holds his over his head as Cletus Lee glares into the ring at Ishikura who is pointing at him. Cousin Bo leans over the announce table, grabbing Gordon's headset...]

CB: Can there be any doubt who's winning The Stampede Cup? HAHAHA!

[Gordon yanks his headset away from Bo who walks to the back with the Bishops, patting them on the back the entire way.]

GM: Team SAMURAI got robbed right there, fans.

BW: Whatever you say, Gordo. What I saw was The Bishop Boys defeat FOUR teams as they get ready for the Stampede Cup, the biggest night of the year for tag teams in this sport!

GM: They defeated three teams that Bo handpicked for them to walk all over!

[Meanwhile, a big cheer goes up for Team SAMURAI.]

GM: Well, they tried their absolute best, but Bo schemes his way to another win.

BW: Whatever, don't be a sore loser.

[Ishikura acknowledges the fans with a nod and a bow, as he holds Komachi up. They slowly roll under the ropes, and gingerly make their way back to the locker room.]

GM: Fans, don't go away, we'll be right back.

[Fade to black. Open to "Radiant" Raven wearing a t-shirt with Jim Watkins on it. Above Watkins reads "Help the" and below reads "Homeless". Raven's long, black hair is pulled into a high ponytail allowing the shirt to be completely visible.]

V/O: This message was paid for by the Aces and in no way endorsed by or reflects the beliefs and opinions of the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Steve Childes and Dan Tyler enter from stage left and stage right respectively. Both men are also wearing the same shirt.]

SC: I'm "Sweet" Steve Childes.

DT: And I'm "Delicious" Daniel Tyler. You know us better as the Aces from the American Wrestling Alliance. We're not out here to talk about the injustices, prejudices, and biased against us in the AWA.

[Childes shakes his head.]

SC: No, we're here to talk a bigger problem that's pandemic ever since the financial collapse of twenty, oh-eight.

DT: Homelessness.

SC: Ever since Jim Watkins was fired after SuperClash Four, he's been jobless and homeless. He's been panhandling out on the streets in order to survive. It's not that Jim can't find another job, he's lazy.

DT: "Big" Jim isn't the only leech doing this. The scene we just laid out describes a good ninety-nine percent of the AWA's fanbase, front-office, and employees. In fact, the worst offender of homelessness is the very VOICE of the AWA, Gordon Myers.

[Tyler and Childes shake their heads.]

SC: I've caught Myers snooping through our bags looking for loose change on more than one occasion.

DT: I can't walk down the street around the Dallas, Fort Worth metro area without being asked for spare change.

SC: Daniel, homeless people terrify me.

DT: I know, Steve. I'm afraid for my well-being when homeless folks are around too. There is something we and the others tired of the homeless problem can do, Steve.

SC: Really!? What's that, Daniel?

DT: They can buy our NEW t-shirt, available on the internet as well as AWA events. Just go to the Unholy Alliance merch stand and bypass the cheap, merchandise made using child labor the AWA peddles.

SC: Or simply log onto our website www.unholyallicancemerch.com. You'll find this new "Help the Homeless" shirt for the low, low price of eighty-nine, ninety-nine.

DT: One twentieth of the proceeds will be used to pay random people to go and kick the panhandlers off the street and toss them into dumpsters where they belong.

SC: Act fast! This shirt may not be available for long!

DT: We ARE working on a few new shirts as well. Such popular ones as the "Et tu Juan Vasquez", "I'm 'Hotshot' Stevie Scott, and I don't matter!", "My daddy is Alex Martinez! Who's your daddy!?", and finally "Bucky Wylde for Senate 2014!". Keep checking back as we update our merch.

SC: In the meantime, help due your part to correct this homeless problem. See someone panhandling on the street? Kick them a few times and toss them into a dumpster. Please make a video of the incident and send it to Daniel or me. We could use the laughs.

DT: If you do send us the video? You don't get anything for free. Feeling like you should get something for free means you're contributing to this seriousness issue called Homelessness.

[The screen fades out.

And then back up to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Bucky is laughing uncontrollably while Gordon is turning a bright shade of red.]

BW: You got outed!

GM: I don't know what those two are talking about.

BW: They're talking about you rifling through their bags looking for loose change! I thought it was just me you were always hitting up for cash, Gordo. Now I know the truth!

GM: You and those goofballs wouldn't know the first thing about truth. Fans, let's go backstage where I understand Jason Dane has tracked down one of the members of Royalty. Jason?

[We cut backstage to "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who stands next to the manager of Royalty, Larry Doyle. Cooper is already dressed in his wrestling attire: brown vest, black trunks, black kneepads and white wrestling boots. Larry Doyle stands next to him in a sequined red suit jacket, black suit pants, black shirt and white tie.]

LD: Walter Warren, last time I checked my calendar, it wasn't a full moon, it wasn't a half moon, it wasn't leap day, leap year or leap of faith day. The stars aren't aligned, there ain't no lunar tides, no solar flares, no total eclipse of the heart, the lungs, arteries, aorta or kidneys. For the life of me, I don't know why ON EARTH you suddenly decided to find your manhood and challenge ANYONE to anything other than Go Fish or Dominoes.

But mark my words, Wrestling Wiki, it won't take me but a second to update your wrestling wiki after Dave Cooper scrapes you off his boots. If you ever DREAMED of beating Dave Cooper you'd be forced to apologize when you woke up, but the Professional here, he ain't workin' by the hour. We ain't punchin' no clock. Your dream of goin' toe to toe with Dave Cooper will turn into the reality of getting your glasses smashed and your nose punched to the other side of your head.

And then when we're done, we're taking down your guild. Tell 'em, Dave.

[Doyle cackles and slaps Cooper on the shoulder.]

DC: The Wrestling Wiki, 4-W, Double-Double-W, WD-40, it just doesn't matter what you call yourself, Walter Warren. If you really were a trivia expert, you'd know that you'd just stay out of the way of Royalty, but you had to demand this match with me.

Tonight, Walter Warren, I am going to beat your sorry rear end just like the Bombers and I did last week -- and then you will become one of many answers to the trivia question of just who ended up becoming another victim of The Professional.

And from there, Royalty is going to get focused on bigger and better things, like the Stampede Cup, getting Mark Langseth reinstated and then taking down anybody else who stands in our path, until we have secured our place as the dominant force in professional wrestling. And unlike some, we don't have to hide in the shadows to let it be known how dominant we are.

And that is the END of the discussion!

[We cut back to the ring as "White and Nerdy" by Weird Al Yankovic plays over the PA system.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall... making his way to the ring, hailing from Silicon Valley and weighing 235 pounds... this is "THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[The AWA's resident trivia genius and comic book geek makes his way to the ring. Walter wears red wrestling trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, along with an Avengers T-shirt and thick-rimmed glasses. However, as he makes his way to the ring, it's pretty clear his mood is serious as he doesn't acknowledge the fans as he usually does.]

GM: This is not what we are used to seeing from Walter Warren... he's normally a good-natured man, but he does not look happy right now.

BW: Hard to blame him after what happened after last week, but this still isn't a wise move to demand a match with Dave Cooper. The Professional will tear him apart!

GM: Dave Cooper and the rest of Royalty had no business interfering in Walter's match last time and that's a big reason why he wanted this match.

BW: And he may regret demanding this match when all is said and done!

[As Warren enters the ring and removes his glasses and T-shirt, "The Professional" by Leon plays, drawing loud boos from the crowd.]

PW: His opponent, being led to the ring by Larry Doyle, he hails from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and weighs 260 pounds, this is "THE PROFESSIONAL" DAVE COOPER!

[Doyle comes down the aisleway first, leading Dave Cooper to the ring. Cooper is jawing at ringside fans as he makes his down the aisle.]

GM: The more I see of Dave Cooper, the more I cannot believe what he has become. First he casts his lot with Joe Petrow, then with Mark Langseth, and now with Larry Doyle?

BW: He and Mark Langseth went out and found the best manager available, Gordo. Dave is just doing what he feels is necessary to better his career!

GM: All he's doing is lowering my opinion of him.

[As Cooper steps between the ropes, though, Walter Warren wastes no time.]

GM: Look at this! Walter Warren all over Dave Cooper!

BW: He can't do this!

[The referee frantically calls for the bell as Warren repeatedly hammers Cooper with forearm smashes.]

BW: And why is the referee asking for the match to start? Cooper didn't even get a chance to take off his vest!

GM: Larry Doyle is beside himself! Walter Warren sends Cooper into the ropes.. hiptoss takes him down!

[Cooper tries to get to his feet but Warren quickly hits him with a standing dropkick.]

GM: Cooper goes down again! Walter charging The Professional.. quick clothesline takes Cooper back to the mat!

BW: And Cooper is getting out of there!

[Dave Cooper rolls under the ropes as Larry Doyle hurries over to his side, and the referee holds Walter Warren back.]

GM: No question about it, Walter Warren wants revenge on Dave Cooper in the worst way!

BW: And all he did was tick Cooper off! He's gonna regret jumping him before the bell!

[Cooper tosses his vest aside in disgust, then turns around to jaw at ringside fans as Doyle shouts at the referee. In the ring, Walter Warren pumps a fist in the air, drawing loud cheers.]

GM: The Professional has been thrown completely off his game plan! He didn't expect this out of Walter Warren!

BW: Why would he? Walter Warren should be following the rules of wrestling! This is like Walter Warren cheating in Dungeons and Dragons by rolling the d20 dice when he's only allowed to roll the d6.

GM: Why, Bucky, I'm impressed with your knowledge of the game.

BW: And just what are you implying, Gordo?

[The referee puts the count on Cooper, who slowly walks over to the ring steps and ascends them, getting back into the ring as now the referee has to turn to stop Warren, who is advancing.]

GM: Walter Warren wanting to get his hands on Cooper... but it's Cooper with a thumb to the eye!

BW: That will teach Warren to remember the rules!

GM: And it's Cooper bending them himself!

[Cooper grabs Walter in a side headlock, driving a fist to the temple that sends Warren staggering back into the turnbuckles as Cooper moves in on him.]

GM: Dave Cooper with a series of punches as Warren is trapped in the corner! The referee has to stop this!

BW: Cooper's pummeling him, Gordo!

[The referee reaches the count of four before Cooper backs up, holding his hands up innocently as the referee admonishes him.]

GM: Cooper has quickly turned the tide of this match in his favor...

[Warren staggers out of the corner as Cooper scoops him off the mat before slamming him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Big bodyslam by Cooper... but he's not done yet, dragging Warren off the mat by the arm... shooting him in...

[The rebound Warren gets ROCKED with a running clothesline that takes him right off his feet!]

GM: My goodness - what a clothesline out of Dave Cooper right there!

[With Warren flat on the canvas, Larry Doyle claps on the outside and ducks his head under the bottom rope to yell at Warren, "DIDJA GET THE NUMBER ON THAT TRUCK, WALTER?!?!"]

GM: Larry Doyle certainly impressed with his charge right now... Cooper dragging Walter Warren off the canvas again...

[Holding Warren by the ears, Cooper scores with a vicious headbutt that staggers the AWA's wrestling trivia expert!]

GM: Big headbutt by the Professional leaves Warren clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet.

BW: That blow to the head will no doubt leave Warren forgetting about two years worth of AWA history!

[Cooper slides in behind Warren, hooking a side waistlock...]

GM: Cooper yanks him off the ropes... ohhh! Big belly to back suplex by the Professional!

BW: Right on the back of the head!

[Cooper rolls over to apply a lateral press.]

GM: Cooper gets one... he gets two... he gets- no! Warren's out at two!

[Cooper glares at the referee, but then drags Walter Warren off the canvas, delivering a knee to the midsection to double him over.]

GM: Cooper has Warren set up... gutwrench suplex! And there's another cover... ONE... TWO... but another kickout by Warren!

BW: All Warren is doing is making things worse by taking more punishment from The Professional!

GM: Don't be too quick to underestimate Walter Warren... and now Cooper hooks on an STF! He's going for the submission!

BW: He's got it in the center of the ring! Warren can't take much more of this!

[On the outside, Doyle shouts for Cooper to "CINCH IT IN, BABY, CINCH IT IN DAVE!"]

GM: The referee checking for a submission but Walter refusing to give up. Cooper now digging his fingers into his eyes!

BW: Well, there's one way to ensure a submission!

GM: And it's illegal! The referee putting on the count!

[The referee nearly reaches the count of five, before Cooper pulls his fingers back and goes to reapply the facelock, but the referee orders him to break the hold entirely.]

BW: He can't make him break the hold!

GM: The referee obviously deciding he will not allow Cooper to keep the hold applied if he decides to go to the eyes!

BW: But he quit doing it!

GM: It's the referee's judgment, Bucky, and one I agree with! Cooper now jawing with the referee!

[As he does this, Walter Warren manages to get to his knees, then gets up behind Cooper.]

GM: And look at this... schoolboy rollup by Warren! ONE... TWO... but Cooper kicks out!

BW: And look what that referee did... he nearly cost Cooper the match!

GM: Cooper took it upon himself to... oh my, Cooper with a hard kick to the face!

[Cooper drags Warren off the mat and bodyslams him, then runs a finger across his throat.]

GM: Cooper saying he wants to finish this... where is he going?

BW: To the top rope... he wants to finish him off for good.

GM: This may not be a smart move! Cooper isn't known for his aerial assaults!

[As Cooper climbs the ropes, he turns to jaw at ringside fans...

...but as he turns back, he finds Walter Warren has caught him on the top rope.]

GM: Warren's got him! He caught him up top and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WARREN SLAMS HIM OFF THE TOP!! OH MY!!

BW: I gotta admit, that might not have been a smart move, Gordo!

[Warren pumps a fist to the cheering crowd, moving in on Cooper who rolls to his knees, pushing up off the mat to get a boot into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Warren caught him coming up...

[Warren hooks a front facelock, grabbing Cooper by the outstretched arm...

...and SNAPS him over with a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: Warren takes a page out of Mark Langseth's attack plan! How 'bout that?!

BW: Total disrespect to Royalty!

[Warren lunges across the chest of Cooper, earning a two count before the Professional lifts his shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Just a two count off the neckbreaker.

BW: If it was Langseth, it would've been a three count.

[Warren claps his hands in frustration as he gets back to his feet, dragging Cooper up by the arm. A dazed Cooper takes a wild swing with his off-arm...]

GM: Warren ducks the right hand... he lifts!

[And the crowd cheers at a big atomic drop by Warren...

...that he hangs onto, flipping Cooper back onto the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! What a combination by Warren... and he covers again! ONE... TWO... kickout by Cooper!

BW: I can't believe what I'm seeing!

GM: Cooper's in serious trouble now and you have to wonder if he's regretting taking this challenge from Walter Warren. How embarrassing would it be for Cooper and Royalty to lose here after the trashtalking they put on this young man!

[As Cooper stumbles back to his feet, Warren slaps his forearm.]

GM: We could be seeing the 4-W-Arm!

BW: The... whaaaa?!

GM: It's his version of the flying forearm, Bucky!

[Warren spins, rushing to the ropes where he bounces back...]

GM: Warren's off the ropes... HE LEAPS!

[But Cooper drops down, flattening out and causing Warren to crash and burn down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed! He missed it all!

[Cooper is quickly back up, dragging Warren up with two hands full of hair. He grabs the arm, firing Warren in...]

GM: Warren off the far side...

[The Professional lifts him up under the legs, pivoting around...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!

BW: Now that's what makes Cooper such a pro... he knew exactly what to do to stop Warren's momentum!

[Doyle is legitimately surprised at the harshness of the move, and puts both hands on his face for a moment, then turns to the nearest camera and mouths "OOPS!", then runs to the other side of the ring.]

GM: Cooper now dragging Walter Warren to his feet... he's now got him hooked in a front facelock.

BW: And we know what comes next.

GM: Cooper lifting Warren up... GOURDBUSTER! He planted him hard, turns him over, there's the cover... ONE... TWO... THREE! Dave Cooper has won this one!

[The bell rings as Cooper slides out of the ring, where Larry Doyle is there to congratulate him.]

PW: Here is your winner... "THE PROFESSIONAL" DAVE COOPER!

[Doyle raises Cooper's arm in victory as Cooper sneers, then turns to look into the camera.]

"And that's another hit for The Professional!"

[He raises his arms to the booing crowd, then heads up the aisle, jawing at ringside fans, as Doyle just beams at his charge's victory.]

GM: Walter Warren came close but Dave Cooper pulled it out in the end!

BW: You may not like what Royalty does or how they act, but one thing is clear... they are dangerous men and Dave Cooper means business! Walter Warren found that out the hard way!

GM: Dave Cooper is your winner, taking one step forward towards getting Royalty back on top of the wrestling world. But speaking of being on top of the wrestling world, whoever wins tonight's Main Event will certainly have an opportunity to do exactly that. Of course, I'm referring to Supreme Wright taking on Calisto Dufresne in a match that many are considering a de facto Number One Contender's Match. Supreme Wright came oh-so-close to

capturing the World Title back at SuperClash IV and many believe he deserves a rematch.

BW: It's a hard one to argue, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. Jason Dane has caught up with him so let's go over to them right now. Jason?

[We fade into a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Supreme Wright on the interview platform. As always, Wright is dressed distinguishably in a slim tweed suit, a deep Brunswick green sweater underneath, and a light blue dress shirt. After a moment, Dane turns to Wright and begins to speak.]

JD: Supreme Wright, I've never really understood your motives and I don't even want to try to, but if you weren't there to stop him, I'm not sure just what sort of damage Eric Preston could've done to Todd Michaelson. Fortunately, you DID make the save, but the question on many people's minds is...WHY did you stop him?

[Supreme is silent for a moment, head bowed, as he gathers the words in his head. Finally, he slowly looks up and begins to speak.]

SW: What you saw wasn't Supreme Wright choking Eric Preston out. What you saw...was me trying to wake him UP.

Maybe I got a little too sentimental and couldn't see what he had become, but somewhere along the line, Eric Preston lost his way. When I went to him for help, I didn't realize just what a broken wreck this sport's left him...and just how unprepared he was to deal with it.

[He closes his eyes and speaks, as if he's reciting a mantra.]

SW: Defeat James Monosso. End his career. Win the World Title.

[Supreme reopens his eyes and sighs.]

SW: That much, we agreed about...but that was just about ALL we agreed about.

[He turns directly towards the camera.]

SW: I'm not your enemy, Eric. What I did...I did out of kindness. You needed that. I appreciate the help you've given me. I understand how frustrated you must be...

...but still, it's no excuse for what you've become.

[Dane nods in agreement, before resuming his questioning.]

JD: Be that as it may, Supreme, tonight in our Main Event, you face the always dangerous, former AWA National Champion, Calisto Dufresne...a man

who had some very opinionated words about who he believes should be James Monosso's next challenger. Your thoug-

[Before Dane can finish his thought, ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" is cued up through the PA system as the crowd leaps to its feet to rain boos down on the aforementioned "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of khaki chino pants and a light green v-neck sweater, his blond hair falling down around his shoulders. His ever-present smirk is plastered on his face as he slowly approaches the interview area, microphone in hand.]

CD: Hey, champ.

[Dufresne holds his hand up.]

CD: Oh, wait. That's right, you're not the champ. Couldn't quite get the job done at SuperClash against that psychopath. I wouldn't know anything about that, of course.

[A shrug.]

CD: You coming up short on the biggest night of the year notwithstanding, I actually see a lot of Calisto Dufresne in you, Supreme.

[Wright stares at Dufresne incredulously.]

CD: Really. See, once upon a time, Todd Michaelson had a dream back in Los Angeles. He called it the M-DOJO. It's where he would build raw, talented athletes from nothing and turn them into the very best this business had to offer. Sound familiar?

[A knowing nod from Dufresne.]

CD: And while you certainly have been the most successful pup coming out of the Combat Corner, there was one man who Todd Michaelson discovered – much like you – that came into this business raw, but walked out of that school as an artist who used the wrestling mat as his canvas. One man who walked directly out of that dojo and became the best wrestler that Los Angeles had to offer. One man who actually held gold to prove it.

That man was Calisto Dufresne.

I know what it's like to listen to that blowhard Michaelson spout off about nonsense while you know that your talent would speak for itself if you could just get inside the ring when it mattered. And you've done well to prove that. Headlining SuperClash is a great honor. I would know, trust me.

[Dufresne paces around a bit, while Wright looks bored.]

CD: But, take some advice from the guy who has been on top of the wrestling world, Supreme. It's not enough to get to the top of the mountain; you need to make sure you're the only one up there. You crush your competition at every twist, at every turn. You bury them.

And unfortunately, my competition tonight is you.

[Dufresne grins obnoxiously at Wright, who stares impassively at the former champion. The silence seems to unnerve Dufresne slightly, but he holds that grin. After a moment, Supreme matches his grin.]

SW: Ain't anything unfortunate about it at all, Mr. Dufresne.

[That smile never wavers.]

SW: Facing a former National Champion? I consider it nothing but an HONOR.

[He took two big steps towards Dufresne as he spoke, getting right into Calisto's face as the last word was spoken; That big grin still plastered on his face.]

SW: But you say that we've got a lot in common?

[The smile slowly disappears from his face.]

SW: Mr. Dufresne...don't take it personally, but we ain't NOTHING alike.

[Supreme's words draw a big cheer from the crowd as Dufresne looks a bit offended.]

SW: You consider where you've been, "the top"? That's exactly why we AIN'T alike. No matter how high I might go, I'm always gonna' be aiming to go THAT much higher. But if you think you've already reached your peak... well...

[A chuckle.]

SW: ...then all that's left to do is to FALL.

[Dufresne's eyes open wide at those words, but Supreme holds his hands up, motioning for him to calm down.]

SW: Nah, Mr. Dufresne...don't misunderstand me. I'm not trying to disrespect you. I'm just putting you on notice. I'm just trying to make sure that when I step into the ring with Calisto Dufresne, I'm facing the former National Champion; the man that put Mr. Vasquez out of wrestling for six months. I'm making sure that I'm facing a man that still has his edge.

[He tilts his head up ever so slightly...almost as if he's looking down on Dufresne.]

SW: 'Cause...while this might be YOUR company...

[Supreme points off-camera.]

SW: ...that will always be MY ring.

[Wild, wide-opened eyes. A fierce, intense glare. And just like that... Supreme Wright has walked away, leaving behind an unamused Calisto Dufresne. The former champ watches Wright walk away, before roughly brushing past Jason Dane 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...]

"OOHH!"

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...]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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 where Jason Dane is standing in the backstage area.]

JD: Fans, we are just moments away from the Stampede Cup Qualifying Match that is pitting The Aces against opponents yet to be named but right now, it gives me great pleasure to talk about a competitor who will be soon making their way to the American Wrestling Alliance to compete for the very first time - the legendary LION Tetsuo.

[Dane is obviously very excited about this.]

JD: Mr. Tetsuo is one of the original high flying superstars, a man who has made his name by being revolutionary inside that ring. He has competed for the majority of his distinguished career in Mexico and Japan but now, for the very first time, he is coming to America. For those of you who have never had the pleasure of seeing him compete, I suggest you visit YouTube tonight and check out his thrilling encounters with Masa Miyamoto from 1997... or perhaps against El Hijo Del Lobo in 2001 in Mexico City. This is a man who is so popular in his home country of Japan, he has a children's television show STARRING him. Incredible.

[Dane has a big grin on his face.]

JD: When I first started watching this business, LION Tetsuo was one of my favorites and still to this day, he remains a joy to watch compete inside the squared circle. I personally cannot wait until he arrives here in the States. But for now, let's take a look at this special music video put together to show you just how special this talented athlete is.

[We fade from a smiling Jason Dane to a blackened screen. We can hear the opening strains of “Sirius” by the Alan Parsons Project as we slowly fade up to a shot of a masked man standing inside the middle of the ring at a jam-packed Tokyo Dome show. His name is announced in Japanese as he throws an arm into the air, quickly becoming engulfed by streamers.

The shot fades to one of LION Tetsuo executing a twisting dive off the top rope onto a prone opponent on the floor. Fade out.

Fade up to Tetsuo throwing an opponent into the turnbuckles, rushing across, and flipping into a hard koppo kick. We see the same move delivered several times to different opponents over the years. Fade out.

Fade up to Tetsuo hooking a surprised opponent's arms behind him, taking him over in a double chickenwing suplex that bounces the opponent's head off the mat. Fade out.

Fade up to Tetsuo flinging an opponent into the ropes, rushing to the ropes behind him... and flying through the air with a picture perfect flying headbutt that sends his opponent flipping backwards and down to the mat. Fade out.

Fade up to LION racing across the ring, leaping into the air, and taking a seated opponent down off the turnbuckles with flying rana. This move is repeated several times, each one showing the athleticism of this tremendous grappler. Fade out.

Fade up on scenes from Tetsuo's Japanese children's show. He's surrounded by kids and something that looks like a green and white version of a big stuffed lion. Laughter ensues from the children as we fade out.

Fade up on street scenes where Tetsuo is being mobbed by children and adults alike. He's shaking hands, kissing babies, signing autographs. Fade out.

One final fade up on Tetsuo in the middle of the ring, clutching a golden title belt to his chest as he kneels on the canvas. The crowd is roaring, the announcer calling his name excitedly.

A chant begins "LI-ON! LI-ON! LI-ON!"

The same chant echoes on and on as we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up on the ring where Phil Watson is ready to go.]

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

[A tall, well-built African-American with a flattop afro and full-length red tights raises his right arm with index finger extended into the air.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Hercules Hammonds' personal ring announcer... Buford P. Higgins.

[A loud chorus of boos greet Higgins as he enters the ring. Dressed in his signature white suit, Higgins pulls his golden microphone out of his back pocket, a somewhat somber look on his face.]

BPH: Playas, before I introduce the strongest man in the universe, may I ask you for a moment of silence as we wish Skywalker Jones a safe and speedy recovery!

[This actually draws even LOUDER boos from the crowd, but Higgins simply ignores them.]

BPH: Thank ya' for your kind support! Now then...

[And just like that, it's showtime!]

BPH: Up on yo' feet, playas', 'cause the most powerful force in allllll of professional wrestling is coming our way! Watch yourselves ladies, 'cause you just might find yourselves swept up in the largest arms in the world! That's right! He weighs in at an immortal TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE Mount Olympian sculpted pounds! From Tupelo, Mississippi! He is the eighth, ninth, and TENTH! wonder of the world!

Hercules!

Hercules!

HERCULEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

[Deep breath now!]

BPH:

HAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNDDDD
DDSSSSSSS!!!!

["Chief Rocka" by Lords of the Underground begins to play as all eyes turn to the top of the entrance way, where we see the massive Hercules Hammonds emerging from behind the curtains. Hercules is a sight of pure physical intimidation, with his shaved head, neatly trimmed goatee and a fierce, intense scowl. He has no pads, tapewrap, gloves or any other effects...just simple black trunks and boots. He stalks his way down towards the ring, eyeing his opponent like a fresh piece of meat.]

GM: Here comes a man with one of the most intimidating physiques in all of the AWA, the monstrous Hercules Hammonds. And conspicuous by his absence, as mentioned by Buford P. Higgins, is their leader, Skywalker Jones.

BW: I heard he suffered some horrific injuries at SuperClash when his Zero-G hit November's knees, Gordo! Broken ribs and a punctured lung! There ain't no messing around with injuries like that!

GM: It just goes to show you how dangerous this sport is. These men are risking their careers every moment they're out there in the ring.

[Although by no means a small man, Hill is practically dwarfed by Hammonds, who smirks at his opponent.]

GM: There's no doubt that Hercules Hammonds is one of the most powerful men in the AWA, Bucky...what does Rashan Hill have to do to win this match?

BW: Pray for a miracle.

DING DING DING

[Hill and Hammonds lock up in the center of the ring, but with one mighty shove, Hammonds sends his opponent tumbling across the ring and into the corner!]

GM: There's some of that power on display right there. Hill might have to rethink his strategy here.

BW: Hill ain't a small guy, Gordo, but Hammonds just sent him flying back!

[A stunned Hill remains seated in the corner, looking up at Hammonds, who sticks his tongue out at him and flexes, as Higgins applauds loudly.]

GM: And just like Skywalker Jones, Hammonds isn't shy about showboating. I'd really prefer that these young wrestlers realize that this arrogance doesn't do anything but handicap them.

BW: "Handicap"!? When you've got a bicep the size of your opponent's HEAD, you can afford to be a little arrogant!

[Hill pulls himself back to his feet, not quite sure how to proceed. He locks up with Hammonds again, this time procuring a side headlock. However, this proves to be a futile effort, as Hammonds easily shoves him off, sending Hill into the ropes...]

GM: Hill into the ropes...clothesline ducked...off the far ropes...OH!!!

[...and CATCHES him in mid-air as Hill attempts a crossbody block! There's a big grin on Hammonds' face as he takes a step forward and drops Hill across his knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: Big backbreaker from Hercules Hammonds and he holds on!

[Hammonds yells out to Higgins...]

"WHERE DO YOU WANT ME TO PUT HIM???"

"OVER THERE, PLAYA'!"

[Hammonds nods at Higgins and then TOSSES Hill over his head with a fallaway slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: What an overhead toss! Hill was almost thrown out of the ring!

BW: This strength is frightening, Gordo! That's six feet four, two hundred and sixty-one pounds of humanity being treated like a child out there!

[Hammonds bends down and DEADLIFTS Hill off the ground in a gutwrench, holding him in the air. He walks around the ring with Hill helplessly stuck in his grip and yells out...]

"WHO BRODY!?!"

GM: Did...did he just say "Who's Brody"?

BW: I believe he said "Who Brody?".

GM: Can you imagine if those two ever stepped into the ring against each other?

BW: Whew boy...they'd need more than just a ring to contain those two.

[With a grunt, Hammonds powers Hill up over his right shoulder and then sits out, slamming Hill back facedown into the canvas!]

GM: THE HAMMONDS HAMMER! That's got to be it!

[Hammonds gets back to his feet with a big grin on his face. He bellows with a hearty laugh, looking towards Higgins while pointing at the downed Hill.]

"SHOULD I BREAK HIM, BUFORD???"

"INTO A MILLION PIECES, PLAYA! INTO A MILLION PIECES!"

GM: No! He's already beaten! Just pin the man!

BW: This is the kind of mean streak that the most successful wrestlers in the business have, Gordo! Don't try to stunt this kid's potential with your mamby-pamby, peace-loving hippie philosophy!

[Dragging Rashan Hill to his feet, Hammonds lifts him into the air and across his shoulders, bending the young Virginia native in half with a brutal torture rack!]

BW: That's a torture rack, daddy! There ain't no escape from this except by submission!

GM: And that's exactly what Rashan Hill's doing! He's saying he gives up! For crying out loud, he's saying he gives up!

[The referee repeatedly slaps Hammonds on the shoulder, ordering him to release the hold, as he lets Rshan Hill's limp body fall to the canvas.]

GM: Thankfully, he releases the hold...but oh my stars and garters, Bucky... what a dominating victory for Hercules Hammonds!

[Take it away, Buford!]

BPH: Give it up for your winner!

Hercules!

Hercules!

HERCULEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

[Deep breath now!]

BPH:

HAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNDDDD
DDSSSSSSS!!!!

[The crowd boos as Hammonds flexes his biceps behind Buford.]

BW: This kid can go far, Gordo. Farther than his daddy ever went in this business. Oh wait...here they come!

[Filled with swagger, Buford P. Higgins struts up to the announcing booth with Hammonds following closely behind him.]

BPH: Gordon Myers! Bucky Wilde! It's a little late to be sayin' it, but I'm wishin' you two a happy new year!

GM: Congratulations on the victory you two, but I have to ask...how is Skywalker Jones doing?

[The big smiles on the duo's faces quickly disappear at the mention of their ailing leader.]

BPH: I'll have you know, that While the TRUE spotlight of the AWA, the amazing, the awe-inspiring, the man who's ability is more mythical than Lennay Kekua's existence and who's more heroic than a pre-Oprah interview Lance Armstrong...SKYWALKER JOOOONEEES is recuperating fine from his timely injuries! Meanwhile, me and Herc got some things to address.

GM: What is it, exactly?

BPH: I been hearin' things, Myers! Things, that I would not ever DREAM to be possible!

[He turns to Hammonds.]

BPH: You heard things too, right Herc?

[With arms crossed and with a stern look on his face, Hammonds nods.]

HH: I heard things, Buford.

[Satisfied with Hammonds' confirmation, Buford turns his attention back to the announcers.]

BPH: I heard...I HEARD someone actually say that BRODY...is the strongest man in the AWA. Which implies that Hercules Hammonds AIN'T the strongest man in the AWA! Am I hearing this correctly?

[He places a hand over his chest, looking completely offended.]

BPH: The AUDACITY! THEE. AW. DAAH. SIT. EEE!!!

Whatta' ya' got to say 'bout that, Herc?

[His arms still crossed and a stern look still on his face, Hercules Hammonds tilts his head and simply asks...]

HH: Who Brody?

[This brings a smile to Higgins' face.]

BPH: Holla', holla'! Ring a ling ding! That's like music to my ears! Say it again for me, Herc!

[Buford cups his ear to Hammonds.]

HH: WHO BRODY?

[Higgins is absolutely giddy now.]

BPH: One more time for the people in back who couldn't afford better seats!

[This time, Hammonds says it with FEELING.]

HH: WHO BRODY!?!?!?

BPH: Insightful as ever, Herc! I think we ALL know whenever he decides to stop fightin' zeroes and decides to fight a real hero, we'll all know who Brody really is.

[Smirk.]

BPH: Just another victim, playas!

[And with a loud cackle, Hammonds and Higgins walk off towards the backstage area. Fade back to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Hercules Hammonds is quite the impressive specimen and speaking of impressive, this Stampede Cup tournament field is getting more and more impressive all the time. Moments ago, I was informed that there will be another Stampede Cup Qualifying Match in two weeks' time that will pit The Rockstar Express against Royalty's Blonde Bombers! What a showdown that should be!

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: In addition, after Walter Warren failed to get some payback against Dave Cooper this week - Colonel P.W. de Klerk will get HIS opportunity against Cooper in two weeks! Two big matches already announced for the next Saturday Night Wrestling but we're nowhere near done here yet so let's go right back down to the ring for more action!

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

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

[Burst of static.]

PW: AARON! ANDERSON! ANNNNND LENNY! STRONG!

[Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play. The familiar feminine silhouette appears first in the entrance way, hip cocked, hand placed on her skirt. Miss Sandra Hayes raises her other hand which tightly grips the branding iron. A branding iron that begins to signal the arrival of her Gang, and one by one they enter.]

GM: Terry Shane III has called these men the Ring Workers. It seems fitting as the story and history of them continues to develop. Their commitment to the AWA has gone relatively unknown as they worked live arena events across the mid-west to help develop some of the most recognizable talent our company has to offer. Shane deems that this is now their time.

BW: He picked a fine time to show it here tonight with Anderson and Strong setting to take on Carver and Sharif.

GM: I've always got this suspicious feeling that there's a hidden agenda in mind for Shane. Last time we saw it with the disappearance and sudden bloodied up arrival of Hannibal Carver. There's no telling what he has in store tonight.

[Wheeling out behind Hyatt, White and Hayes is in fact Anderson and Strong. The two sport matching green track jackets with white lining and matching ring tights. Anderson's head is shaved down to his scalp while

Strong sports a raggedy slop of brown hair pinned back behind his ears. Behind them walks out Terry Shane III who gestures for his soldiers to lead the way to the ring.]

GM: Terry Shane and his group have quickly gained some headlines as one of the most hated factions in all of wrestling, Bucky.

BW: Popularity is overrated, Gordo. We've been over this. Cheers get you nothing but headaches and misplaced priorities.

GM: We obviously disagree very heavily on this point.

[The Shane Gang huddles up in the ring, going over some final strategy before breaking apart, leaving Anderson and Strong in the ring as the music abruptly cuts into the piercing vocal open to "Saz O Avaz". The crowd starts to cheer, and again when "Saz"'s distinctive Persian vocal open segues directly into the middle of "Milk Of Human Kindness" by Clutch.]

BW: Oh man, that's gonna give me a headache for days.

GM: A unique musical open, and here comes Carver and Sharif!

[The curtain parts to reveal the flowing reddish-brown bisht of Sultan Azam Sharif. Swathed in flowing clothes: the bisht as well as a plain white kaffiyeh and black agal, the Sultan marches quickly down the aisle. For whatever reason, he has not brought his Iranian flag this week. Right behind him is Hannibal Carver. His ring gear seems to reflect his words on the last SNW, as gone are combat boots and black jeans. In their place are black wrestling boots with a red trim along the soles and black wrestling tights with a red slashmark design that goes around the entire waist. He wears a faded and sleeveless "BLOOD FOR BLOOD" shirt which he tears off and throws at the floor, glaring with absolute hate at the two men in the ring. He nods grimly at Sharif, as the two men high five and stride down towards the ring.]

PW: Their opponents... coming down the aisle... from Shiraz, Iran and South Boston, Massachusetts respectively... at a total combined weight of five hundred thirteen pounds...

...SULTAN AZAM SHARIF and HANNIBAL CARVER!

[The odd pairing stops at the end of the aisle. Sharif ditches his kaffiyeh, agal, and bisht to reveal his baggy white sirwal (pants) tucked into his shiny gold-colored boots which are hooked and pointed at the end in the fashion of galesh. A similarly shiny gold sash adorns the waist of the black-haired Iranian with the meticulously groomed mustache and goatee. Carver cracks his head to the side, spitting on the floor as his eyes never leave their two opponents in the ring. He slaps himself in the chest, nodding as Sharif slaps a hand on his shoulder. When ready, the two men step into the ring, and wade straight into battle!]

GM: They're not wasting any time! It's a donnybrook!

[The crowd roars as the two teams come to blows in the middle of the ring, throwing as fast as they can.]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Lenny Strong gets the early edge on Sharif, hammering him back with stiff elbowstrikes to the jaw, sending Sharif falling back into the ropes as Carver's relentless flurry of haymakers has Anderson bailing out through the ropes to the ring apron!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands, fans!

[Carver grabs Anderson by the arm, executing an Irish whip from inside the ring...

...that sends the first graduate of the Combat Corner SAILING into the ringpost before he goes crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: OHH! ANDERSON MEETS THE STEEL!!

[A wild-eyed Carver throws a threatening glare at Terry Shane III who goes to pull himself up on the apron. Shane quickly backs off, raising his hands as Carver shouts off-mic at him.]

GM: Carver's letting Terry Shane III know what'll happen if Shane gets in there right now.

[Carver wheels around at a shout from Sharif, moving in to help the Iranian double whip Strong across the ring...

...and flatten him with a double back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Lenny Strong gets dropped by Carver and Sharif!

[Sharif buries a hooked boot into the ribs of Strong, forcing him to roll under the ropes as well where he huddles up with "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Carver's shouting at Strong, ordering him back into the ring...

BW: But the referee's telling Carver to get out of there... telling him that it's going to be Sharif and Strong who are the legal men to start the match, Gordo.

GM: Carver doesn't look too happy about that but he's obeying the orders, stepping out to the apron but still keeping an eye on Terry Shane.

BW: Shane hasn't done a single thing to warrant all this dislike towards him if you ask me.

GM: No one would ask you since you'd just lie about it.

BW: I take offense to that!

[Sharif ducks through the ropes, giving a shout at Strong and White who wave him off, soaking up as much of the referee's ten count as is necessary to regroup.]

GM: The ref's count is up to seven... now to eight...

[Strong spins away from White, pulling himself up onto the apron where he gestures for Sharif to step back...

...and as Sharif leans forward, Strong uses the top rope to swing himself forward, CRACKING Sharif on the jaw with a forearm shot!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Strong steps through the ropes, grabbing Sharif by the back of the neck and hammering home a trio of stiff forearm shots to the jaw that sends Sharif down to a knee...]

GM: Lenny Strong has GOT to be one of the hardest hitters I've ever seen, Bucky.

BW: He was famous in the Combat Corner for it. A whole lotta guys wanted different sparring partners when they got squared up with him.

GM: Six foot four, two hundred and sixty pounds out of Philadelphia, P-A... he's a tough one for sure.

[With Sharif on a knee, Strong rushes to the adjacent ropes, rebounding off...

...and DRIVING a knee into Sharif's temple, sending him down to the canvas!]

GM: Strong scores with a big running knee, knocking Sharif down to the mat... and he's looking for the tag here.

BW: No, no... Anderson's still down.

GM: He certainly is. That whip into the post out of Carver really did a number on Aaron Anderson.

[Strong frowns at the lack of a partner in the corner, dragging Sharif up off the mat by the arm, whipping him back into the Ring Workers' corner...

...and then rushes in after him, leaving his feet with a leaping forearm smash to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot in the corner!

[Strong again takes a look down to the barely-padded floor where his partner is just starting to stir. He hooks a front facelock on Sharif, slinging an arm over his neck...

...when Sharif plucks him into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Sharif almost caught him off-guard! He almost had him there!

[Sharif pushes up to his knees, turning towards the corner just as Strong regains his feet, landing a low dropkick to the temple of the Iranian, knocking Sharif over onto his back.]

GM: Sharif was looking for the tag but Lenny Strong cut him off before he could even take a few steps towards the corner where Hannibal Carver is waiting for him.

[Strong grabs Sharif by the ankle, dragging him back to the corner...]

GM: And THERE’S the tag!

[Anderson glares at Carver as he steps in. The brawler waves for Anderson to come at him but Anderson opts to pull Sharif off the mat instead...

...and then SMASHES his arm up into the jaw of the Iranian, sending Sharif falling back into the Ring Workers’ corner as Miss Sandra Hayes shouts instructions from out on the floor.]

GM: Aaron Anderson staying right on Sharif... a series of kicks to the body...

[Grabbing Sharif around the head and neck, Anderson drags Sharif away from the turnbuckles, blasting him across the chest with a backhand chop, knocking him back a step or two...

...where he surges forward, smashing a forearm into the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Sharif fires back!

[Sharif grabs the stunned Anderson around the torso in a belly to belly waistlock...]

GM: Sharif’s got him hooked!

[But Anderson claps his arms together on the ears, breaking the suplex before Sharif gets a chance to throw it.]

GM: Anderson to the ropes...

[Bouncing off, Anderson throws a high kick...

...that Sharif manages to sidestep, smashing a heavy forearm down between the shoulderblades, knocking Anderson down to his knees!]

GM: Sharif hammers him down... uh oh!

[Sharif stands behind the kneeling Anderson, raising his right arm...]

"WHAAAACK!"

"WHAAAACK!"

"WHAAAACK!"

"WHAAAACK!"

"WHAAAACK!"

"WHAAAACK!"

[Anderson collapses forward, grabbing at his rapidly-reddening chest as Sharif turns towards his corner where Hannibal Carver is waiting.]

GM: Sharif's looking for the tag and-

[Suddenly, Donnie White leaps up on the apron, drawing Sharif's attention, preventing him from getting to the corner and making the tag...

...which allows Lenny Strong to slip into the ring, unseen by the official, and BURIES a forearm in the small of Sharif's back!]

GM: Strong from behind! What a cheapshot!

BW: Hey, if Sharif had just ignored the Atomic Blonde and made the tag, there wouldn't be a problem here.

GM: Sharif has been in the AWA for quite some time now but from time to time, he still seems to have trouble with some of the rules... especially the trickier side of some of his opponents like this Shane Gang.

[Anderson drags himself up to his feet, pulling Sharif up by the arm. A short whip sends him crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles where he stumbles backwards into Anderson's rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[With a lift, Anderson lifts Sharif into the air, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: OHH! He folds him up like a accordion with that high impact suplex... and Anderson's bringing Strong back in.

[The quick tag brings in the hard-hitting Strong who drops a pair of elbows down on the chest of Sharif, rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Strong gets one! He gets two! But Sharif powers out at two!

[Strong climbs back to his feet, viciously stomping Sharif before dragging him back to the corner by the foot...

...and slaps Anderson's hand.]

GM: Another quick tag.

BW: It's obvious that Anderson and Strong have got some experience working together. We may not have seen them together in the AWA until now but Shane's had them somewhere working together, Gordo.

GM: It would certainly appear that way.

[Strong pulls Sharif up, grabbing a wrist as Anderson grabs the other wrist, twisting Sharif's arms in unison... and again...

...and then the duo SLAMS their forearms on the each side of Sharif's head, sending him back down to the mat!]

GM: Down goes Sharif... and Anderson goes right to work...

[A series of hard stomps sends Sharif out to the ring apron, forcing him down to the floor.]

GM: Anderson sends Shari-

BW: The ref's forcing him back... look out here!

[Terry Shane III rushes in from off-camera, smashing Sharif with a forearm to the kidneys, taking him down to his knees.]

GM: Ohh, what a shot! Terry Shane used Aaron Anderson's distraction to his advantage and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans at the sight of Sultan Azam Sharif bouncing off the steel ringside barricade...

...which brings Hannibal Carver into the fray!]

GM: LOOK OUT NOW!!

[Carver is throwing fists fast and hard, battering Shane back against the railing himself. The referee leans over the ropes, shouting at Hannibal Carver...

...which leads Aaron Anderson to step out onto the ring apron, leaping off with a forearm across the back of Carver's neck!]

GM: Anderson strikes again!

[Spinning Carver around, Anderson and Shane each grab an arm...

...and FLING Carver backwards into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[The referee suddenly calls for the bell!]

GM: That's a disqualification right there!

[With Shane and Anderson working over Hannibal Carver out on the floor, Lenny Strong, Donnie White, and Harry Hyatt come rushing into view, swarming Sultan Azam Sharif!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! Five on two out on the floor!

[Hyatt and White are all over Sharif, knocking him back towards the ring, shoving him under the ropes into the ring as Strong turns back to help his tag partner keep Carver under control...]

GM: White and Hyatt are in there on Sharif, hammering him down into the mat...

[They pull Sharif off the mat, each holding an arm as they fire him into the ropes...]

GM: Double whip... double clothesli- ducked by Sharif!

[Sharif hits the far ropes, rebounding off...

...and ROCKS White and Hyatt with a double clothesline, taking them both down to the mat!]

GM: Sharif takes 'em down!

[Sharif grabs White, throwing him down onto his stomach as he looks to apply the Camel Clutch...]

GM: Sharif's going for the Clutch!

[But before he can get it applied, Lenny Strong is back in the ring and BLASTS Sharif with a rolling elbow to the back of the head, knocking him down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STRONG LEVELS HIM!!

[With the crowd jeering wildly, Strong waves for Anderson to join him back inside the ring...]

GM: Strong's calling in Anderson! And Terry Shane continues to hammer away on Carv- OHHH! INTO THE POST!!

[The crowd at ringside is all over Terry Shane III as he SMASHES Carver's skull into the ringpost!]

GM: CARVER MAY BE OUT COLD!!

[Shane rolls into the ring, watching as Aaron Anderson sets up as Strong lifts Sharif up into his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: Strong's got him up and-

[Strong suddenly pushes Sharif up and over, right into the clutches of Anderson who DRIVES Sharif down with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: I hear they call that the Demolition Driver, daddy!

GM: Whatever you call it, I call it effective and I believe Sharif is out!

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: SUPERNOVA!!

[Supernova comes charging at full speed down the entrance ramp, ducking through the ropes into the ring...]

...where he slams a right hand directly into Donnie White's temple!]

GM: Supernova rocks White!

[He wheels around, blasting Hyatt with the same haymaker a split second before Lenny Strong throws himself into a full body tackle, taking the face-painted fan favorite down to the mat!]

GM: Strong takes him down!

[Strong pins him down, hammering away with right hands to the skull as Terry Shane jumps in, stomping Supernova as well!]

GM: It's a five on three - it's a mugging pure and simple! We need more help out here!

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers again!]

GM: SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS!

BW: He ain't alone, Gordo! The Rockstars are with 'im! So is Imbrogno!

GM: BC! The Hive! The locker room is clearing out to save these three!

[The fan favorites arrive in force, causing the Shane Gang to bail out of the ring as quickly as they possibly can, leaving a downed Sharif inside the ring and a presumably-busted open Carver out on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: The Shane Gang has struck again... and struck HARD here in Dallas as both Sharif and Carver are completely laid out. Supernova's not looking too good either, Bucky.

BW: The Shane Gang has taken on a take no prisoners attitude and now they've left three of the top fan favorites in the entire AWA out flat in the ring. You gotta love that if you're a Shane Gang fan.

GM: There's not too many of those though, Bucky.

BW: If there's a Shane Gang Fan Club, count me in, daddy.

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, we're going to take another quick break but 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.]

We fade back up to the backstage and into a darkened area. Not the normal AWA banner in the background. Instead we seem to be in a stairwell of some sort, off the beaten path. It lays quiet and empty, save for the presence of a sitting November. He is dressed in dark clothing, a hood pulled over his raven hair. One eye seems somewhat bruised, a yellowed blue tinge to his upper cheek, his hawkish nose swollen. Pale fingers lay intertwined across his lap, ice blue eyes gazing down as he twirls his thumbs mindlessly.]

N: I...

[He pauses in contemplation. Deep breath. Sigh.]

N: Here's the facts. I've been in the business a long, long time. I've travelled the world. I've wrestled in nearly every country that has a wrestling ring. Right here, in this country, I've wrestled some of the very best in the world. Some of the very best guys to ever grace a wrestling ring. Shane Destiny, Caleb Temple, Bad Eye McBaine... I've been in absolute wars.

And finally, after all these years, FINALLY...

[He takes another deep breath, inhaling composure.]

N: ...I get some redemption of my own. I get a piece of paper that says I've earned my spot. I've worked and earned my spot in the AWA and in the

spotlight. Four men in one night... I pinned four great wrestlers in one night. But it's this piece of paper I have on my desk at home that says I've earned my spot.

[He shrugs, wiping off his hands, stroking his skin.]

N: Such is my career. Proving myself show after show, month after month, year after year, company after company. That's fine. I will go out every single night and prove it again and again. That's fine. What's not fine?

[He chuckles, an odd gesture and exclamation from the moody cruiserweight.]

N: What's not fine is the cup of coffee young guys who think just because they got a TV deal that they can sit in the back and play video games. The guys who think, just because of who they know, they can show up late, not shake hands, not come and introduce themselves to the guys who've busted their tails. What's not fine is the complete disrespect shown to the guys who are _responsible_ for the AWA being able to exist. The guys with more muscle tears and torn tendons and concussions than years that these kids have been alive. Guys more worried about headphones on their head, getting brand new shoes, making sure they got a spot for their Playstation, making sure they have a party afterwards.

Guys that hear that LION Tetsuo is coming in and ask "Who?"

Who?

Who?

WHO?

[He shakes his head.]

N: There is this whole aspect to the business these days that drive me nuts. It's the complete lack of respect to learn where this business has come from. Joe and Big Jim are KILLING themselves and the only guys watching the monitors are the guys who don't need to? LION Tetsuo, once of THE greatest stars ever in our business, my hero and inspiration is coming to the AWA. He's EARNED this spot... a long time ago. He paved the way for _you_.

You know who you are.

He is finally coming back to the States, finally getting a spot in the AWA and finally is going to show all these guys... you know who you are... WHY you should be watching his matches, not playing your video games or listening to your music.

[He shakes his head, wiping a hand through his tussled hair as he pulls his hood off. November looks directly into the camera.]

N: And here's the deal. AWA... Mr. O'Connor. I want to team with LION. I want to be HIS partner in the Stampede Cup. I want you to let me team with my hero and show these kids some respect. Make them earn their spot. I know YOU of all people get what I am saying. I know you know exactly what I am talking about.

So here's my request, please... give me this one chance.

And at the Stampede Cup...

...let us have them in the first round.

[He smiles.]

N: Them? You know who you are.

[Standing up he drifts in closer to the camera.]

N: That's all I am asking.

November and LION Tetsuo.

Stampede Cup.

[And with that he walks off camera. But as he does, we hear another voice.

That of Buford P. Higgins.]

"Oh, is THAT right!?"

[November stops in his tracks and turns towards the ring announcer, who has Hercules Hammonds, still in his wrestling gear, standing behind him.]

BPH: It ain't enough that you put Jones out of action for two months, but now you're DEMANDING matches?

[Higgins shakes his head.]

BPH: Win one match by the freakiest of freak accidents and suddenly he thinks he owns the world! Hahaha! How's that for disrespect, Herc?

[Hammonds shrugs.]

BPH: Ain't no need for anybody to worship the ground your little hero walks on! 'Cause people only get respected by Skywalker Jones...

[Suddenly, out of nowhere, Skywalker Jones blindsides November!]

BPH: ...when they EARN that respect, playa'!

[Springing into action, Hercules Hammonds picks November up by his feet and crudely throws him INTO the wall. Jones is quickly upon him, throwing a

blindingly fast flurry of right hands on the downed high-flyer. After he's had his fill of punching, Jones backs off and then lays one last soccer kick right to the ribs! Jones then squats down, speaking at hurting November.]

SJ: You ain't the spotlight.

You ain't ANYTHING.

[Hammonds smirks at the downed November.]

HH: Who LION?

[Snickering and giggling all around.]

SJ: Exactly.

[And with that, Jones gets back to his feet and dusts himself off, before reaching into his coat pocket...and pulling out a Gameboy DS. He begins playing on it and walks off, with Higgins and Hammonds following behind him. November struggles to his feet, using the wall for support and watches the trio walk off with a pained and angered look on his face as we fade back to ringside.]

GM: What the heck was THAT, Bucky?!

BW: Well, I think November was trying to get the office to let him team with this LION gu-

GM: That's NOT what I meant and you know it. Where in the world did Skywalker Jones come from?! I was told he still hasn't been medically cleared to compete and he wasn't even in the building tonight.

BW: Looks like your sources were wrong, Gordo... big surprise.

GM: And your sources said differently?

BW: My sources? My sources are the ones telling me that after what just happened out here in the ring, the front office is telling Carver, Supernova, AND Sharif to get ready because in two weeks, they're gonna face Terry Shane III and two partners of his choice in a six man tag team match, daddy.

GM: Is that confirmed?

BW: Not yet but I have it on good authority that we're gonna see EXACTLY that, Gordo.

GM: If that gets locked in, what a huge match to go down in two weeks time on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans! But right now, let's go back up to the ring for tag team action featuring yet another team looking to make the Stampede Cup's elusive Field of 16 - the #5 contenders to the National Tag Team Titles, the Longhorn Riders!

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

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

[The fans cheer loudly, and then the cheers turn to boos as the driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA. Immediately, two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

PW: Introducing first... coming down the aisle... from Gun Barrel City, Texas... at a total combined weight of five hundred forty two pounds...

..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown haircolor. Pete is the bulkier of the two; he's barrel-chested, with thick muscles up top and a bit of a beer gut down below. His hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim is taller, and is quite lanky. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Both men go to center ring and lift their arms to the fans, as if declaring that this is their turf.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders have had a brutal series of matches with the Antons all throughout the past two months. But now they need to refocus, as there is a golden opportunity to make their name in the AWA if they can impress here tonight and quite possibly earn a spot in the Stampede Cup tournament.

BW: Oh, yeah. Win the Cup, and you can write your ticket. As long as you don't screw it up like the Lynches.

GM: Well, the Riders have proven themselves to be quite dangerous in AWA action. But their opponents are making their television debut in the AWA, and this should be a very interesting matchup indeed.

["Ride" fades out as the opening beats (and beatings) of "Guard Your Grill" by Naughty By Nature begin to play over the PA. The fans react with interest as these words of wisdom come up over the PA, courtesy of the song open:]

Has this ever happened to you? Can you name that tune?

If these victims knew how to guard their grill, this never would have happened.

[And then bursting out from the curtain comes the tag team of "Wingman" Will E. Fly and Baller Freeman: Criminal Intent. The devious duo, both of whom are fairly pale-skinned, wear black jean-shorts, and old white (but dirty) Adidas high-tops with white socks visible underneath. In the front is Baller Freeman, a barrel-chested man wearing an old New York Islanders jersey. Freeman, whose brown fauxhawk and long brown Fu Manchu mustache adorns his scruffy fat face, has taped fists and black kneepads. Behind him is "Wingman" Will E. Fly, who wears an unbuttoned Brooklyn Dodgers throwback jersey, a brown leather aviator cap with built-in goggles, black elbowpads, and taped wrists. Fly's slick black mullet and handlebar mustache give him a distinctive look, along with the prominent cheekbones on his face.

The two men mouth off all the way down the aisle. Will E. Fly gives fistbumps to the fans who ask for them, and Freeman just rambles like a madman, often directly to a fan as he passes. The crowd gives some new-guys cheers as the duo proceeds and the introduction is given.]

PW: Coming down the aisle, at a total combined weight of five hundred five pounds... from Brooklyn, New York... weighing two hundred seventy four pounds...

...Baller Freeman... "Wingman" Will E. Fly...

...They are... CRIMINAL INTENT!

[The mild cheers continue as Baller rolls under the bottom rope, and bounces right up to his feet, flinging a fist in the air in one smooth motion. He dances a bit on the balls of his feet like a boxer, fists clenched, as Will E. uses the ropes to slingshot himself into a diveroll into the ring. Fly steps up on the second rope, raising his fist to the fans.

Then the Riders jump on them. Pete Colt yanks Fly off the rope, slamming him on his back as Jim Colt clips out Freeman's legs and rolls on him, punching away.]

GM: As usual, the Longhorn Riders with the sneak attack!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Look, they don't get paid by the hour, daddy. These street punks or whatever they are should have been ready for that.

GM: Criminal Intent has wreaked havoc in Florida as well as Memphis, and they are more experienced than the Colts, so you have a point.

[Pete Colt grabs Will E. Fly, chucking him through the ropes to the floor as his brother is kicking and punching away at a rising Baller Freeman!]

BW: And we just found out the answer.

GM: To what?

BW: Will... E... Fly. Yes he sure did! Ahahaha!

GM: Unbelievable.

[The Riders each grab an arm, flinging Freeman to the ropes with a double whip where he rebounds off, barreling across the ring into a double back elbow from the Colts!]

GM: The Riders take Baller Freeman right off his feet with that doubleteam... and now they're stomping him hard!

[The official gets in Jim Colt's face, forcing him out of the ring.]

BW: Marty Meekly's got his hands full. And if he lips off to these guys, we might run out of Meeklys in the AWA completely!

GM: Both teams like it wild in there - that's for sure. Pete Colt, the powerhouse at nearly three hundred pounds, hammers Freeman to the canvas with a brutal body slam. The Riders have used their ambush to take control early. Pete Colt lifting up Freeman again, locks him in a side headlock now... and he just jammed his thumb into the throat! A blatantly illegal move and completely senseless!

BW: No, it made perfect sense. You wouldn't thumb a guy in the face, that wouldn't do anything. Unless you got his eye. Are you sayin' he shoulda took his eye out?

[Pete Colt stalks towards a gasping and staggering Freeman who spins around, throwing a brutal shot to the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand! And another!

[Freeman squares up, throwing a quick combination of punches to the body that causes Colt to curl up, trying to protect his ribs...]

GM: Quick combination punching by Baller Freeman staggers Pete Colt... what?

[Gordon's confusion stems from Freeman following up a three-punch combo to the midsection of big "Texas" Pete by crouching and ducking. His confusion is soon cleared as Will E. Fly soars in off the top rope with an Asai moonsault bodyblock to send the big man crashing onto his back! The crowd roars for the impressive move by the "Wingman", who rolls out of the ring immediately upon landing.]

BW: Hey! There weren't no tag!

GM: When The Rave does it, you practically sprain your wrists applauding.

BW: That's different. They're desynchronized in time so they're never really in the same relative time place thingy. Criminal Intent is just cheating.

GM: Speaking of The Rave, I understand they have some comments of their own about the Stampede Cup.

[A window opens up in the upper right hand corner of the screen. In it we see two blindingly colorful examples of how not to dress: Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz, The Rave. I cannot describe what they are wearing because it would take too long. Suffice to say, half of what they have on aren't even clothes.]

JJ: Satellate the earlobes, protosheep! The Rave are distributing the upload!

SDOG: We have used our winhaving 2032 technology to overstep this somnoloser unwild styleless "match" to demand our entry into the Wildstyling Hyper Acclamation Tournament! Everyhumie flows with the fact that we were armstronged by those gyzzrus fatbodies at SuperClash! Our winhaving jaggos that rave against the dying of the borscht demand it!

JJ: If those frackish dimscrews that misrun this place don't reassimilate us into the Wildstyling Hyper Acclamation Tournament, it'll translitize the timestream! We have holocube "footage" of the 2013 Wildstyling Hyper Acclamation Tournament, and it ends with The Rave winning. Obviously, the roilspur elucanitized all of this todid change our futurepresent!

SDOG: If your spawn end up slaves of an evil empire because you let the roilspur flutz up the timeline, just remember, you only have yourselves to blame.

Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[And the mini-window slides back offscreen as we see Freeman dropping an elbow into the back of Pete Colt, rolling to the corner to tag out to Will E. Fly who steps in, helping his partner with a double whip...]

GM: Pete Colt fired off by Criminal Intent... who goes downstairs with a double punch to the gut!

[The blow doubles Pete over just before Freeman straightens him up with an uppercut...

...and Fly pokes him in the eye.]

BW: Talk about blatantly illegal!

GM: Well, it was... uhhh... yes, it was illegal for sure.

[Freeman grabs his own partner, chucking him towards Pete Colt. Fly leaps into the air, using the momentum to crash into Colt with an assisted high

cross body that puts the near-three hundred pound Rider on his back for a pin!]

BW: You can see right here that Criminal Intent are well-named. They're gonna break every rule there ever was.

GM: Will E. Fly trying to hold "Texas" Pete Colt down for the pin, but a one count only as that big powerful body of Pete is highly resistant to harm.

BW: Just like his old man.

GM: Fly up and dancing around Pete Colt taking shots at him. Both members of Criminal Intent have a boxing background, so they both play fast and loose with the fisticuffs, though Freeman is easily the more proficient pugilist of the two.

BW: Willy's tryin' to float like a butterfly an' sting like a bee. But Pete's so big and tough that he's floatin' like a soap bubble an' stingin' like a caterpillar.

[A frustrated Colt throws a huge clothesline in Fly's direction that Fly ducks under, throwing a dropkick into the back that sends "Texas" Pete face first into the corner!]

GM: Into the corner goes Pete Colt!

BW: And not a good corner to be in. That was smart by Fly.

GM: He's got a lot of international experience, actually. Tag made by Criminal Intent. Both men pummeling Pete Colt in the corner.

BW: Alright, these closed fists are goin' too far now. I don't care if they were trained to box. This ain't boxing! We don't wear kid gloves here!

GM: Freeman now the legal man as Fly steps out. Baller Freeman choking Pete Colt using the top rope! Criminal Intent definitely not afraid to bend the rules. Baller breaks at three, and hammers a hard front elbow into Pete Colt's jaw. Windup... big windup! And a European uppercut knocks the big hoss to his back!

BW: It ain't good for Pete to be on his back. He's not real nimble; takes him a while to get up.

[Freeman looks to take advantage, hopping up to the second rope on the inside and hammers a kneeling "Texas" Pete with a clubbing double axehandle across the back of the shoulders!]

GM: Big shot by Freeman... and right into a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, delivering a two count before Colt kicks out.]

BW: Good cover after a big blow, but barely a two count.

GM: Another quick tag by Criminal Intent. Will E. Fly off the ropes...

[Pulling Pete Colt up, Freeman drops to one knee and headbutts him in the midsection. That doubles over Pete, so that Will E. Fly soars over him with a sunset flip!]

GM: Fly's trying to take him down with the pinning cradle! Colt's fighting it!

[Colt straightens right up, blocking the sunset flip...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT!

BW: HE ABOUT PUNCHED HIS FACE OFF, GORDO!

[The blow from Baller Freeman sends Colt staggering back, pulled down into the cradle!]

GM: Right into the sunset flip... ONE!! TWO!! THR- ohh! And a near fall as Jim Colt ran in to make the save! Clever move by Criminal Intent, to stun a man with Freeman's lightning haymaker and hook him into a pin.

BW: Pete's in trouble now.

GM: He certainly appears to be. Will E. Fly hooks him up here... and SNAPS him over into a swinging neckbreaker!

BW: Hard to believe that a bum wearin' a fifty year old baseball shirt can wrestle like that.

GM: I'm sure that shirt is not fifty years old, despite the fact that the Dodgers have not played in Brooklyn since I was a young child. Fly signaling that he will do just that, and ascends to the top rope! Pete Colt is down, and Will E... yes, he will!

[The fans roar as Fly pops off a sweet soaring fistdrop, swinging his right arm around in mid air for momentum on the punch. He hops back to his feet, throws his hands in the air, and does a brief little dance, working the crowd.]

BW: Oh, that's real class there.

GM: Keeping the fans into it. The "Wingman" tags in Baller Freeman. Will E. Fly sending Pete Colt off the ropes.

[As Colt rumbles off, Fly drops down in front. Pete has to jump him, upon which point Freeman hammers him in the chest with a running axehandle, flooring the Texan.]

BW: Freeman got all of that, right when Pete was jumpin' his partner. The Longhorn Riders gotta put an end to this soon. Or the Brooklyn Bums will.

GM: Indeed. Baller Freeman puts a hard boot into Pete's ribs. He picks big Pete Colt up, and slams him! That's three hundred pounds!

BW: Barely got him up, but then, you can look at Baller and see that he don't spend much time in a gym.

GM: That's not necessarily true... HEY!

[As Baller Freeman goes off the ropes, Jim Colt sees his opening. He buries a knee in the small of Freeman's back, causing him to collapse to his knees! The fans boo, and Marty Meekly turns too late. Suspecting what happened, he goes to confront Jim, who is already back in his corner feigning innocence.]

BW: Ha ha! Freeman herniated himself trying to run off the ropes! Now that's out of shape, daddy!

GM: It was Jim Colt who buried the knee in his back. Pete Colt crawling to the corner, and finally tags out to his brother!

BW: And I've said this before; Jim's the scary one. Pete's bigger, stronger, and tougher. But Jim's malevolent. No mercy at all.

GM: Look at this... scraping the eyes of Baller Freeman on the top rope! That's a jagged plastic casing which could rip an eyelid!

BW: Yeah, that's the point.

[Jim Colt reaches back, taking Freeman over with a snapmare takedown... and JAMS the point of his knee into the back of the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot off the snapmare takes Freeman down... and look at Colt here, off the ropes...

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Colt jumps as high as he can - which is surprisingly high for a man of his size - and drops a heavy leg across the sternum!]

GM: The tide of the battle has turned on a dime.

BW: But Jim's gotta keep it goin'! He's lanky like a snake, daddy, he can't absorb punishment the way big Pete can. If the criminals get a sustained offense on him like they did on Pete, they'll be headed to the Stampede Cup for sure.

GM: You sound quite sure of that. Another one of your sources?

BW: I'm told the Selection Committee was close to givin' them the thumbs up anyways... but if they win tonight, it might be a lock, Gordo

GM: Using his brown leather boot to choke Freeman. "Slim" Jim Colt controlling the match, slowing it back down. Now he pulls up Freeman, and slaps on the abdominal stretch!

BW: Good move! Wear this fat boy out, and let Pete recover.

GM: I don't know if I'd call him "fat". Freeman has a bit of a belly, but don't you have the same?

BW: Are you callin' me fat, Myers?!

GM: Aren't you calling yourself fat, Bucky?

BW: No! Baller's fat; I'm husky. That's the difference.

GM: Husky or not, right now, he's being stretched out. Jim Colt's height helping him in this hold. He's got four inches on Freeman, which helps him bend his foe in the correct way to cause him pain.

[The fans boo as Jim reaches back towards his corner. Meekly is asking Freeman about a submission, and cannot see as Pete Colt grabs his brother's arm to pull for leverage.]

GM: And apparently long arms help him cheat!

BW: I don't see no cheatin'.

GM: The Colts using the illegal man to put leverage on the hold! That's the strength of two men pulling Baller Freeman's torso, twisting it from the lower body! Finally, Marty Meekly goes around to check, but the Longhorn Riders have released their illegal grasp.

[Meekly starts inquiring about this, as the top rope is shaking. Pete just shakes the rope and asks Meekly if that's illegal. Meanwhile, Jim uses his free hand to dig a knuckle into Baller's eyesocket.]

GM: Oh, come on, referee!

[Fly attempts to rush in to help his partner but Pete Colt points out the intrusion to the official who cuts him off, forcing Fly back...

...which allows Pete to slip in and bury a right hand into the ribs of Freeman!]

GM: This is ridiculous, Mr. Referee!

BW: Forgot his name?

[Pete steps out before Meekly can get back to him, soaking up the boos for the devious tactics employed by the Colt brothers.]

BW: Well, there ya see the difference between good tag work and just some double teams.

GM: There you see blatant rulebook abuse. And... the Riders are doing it again. Pete Colt pulling on Jim's arm for more leverage! Finally, Meekly sees it!

[Incensed, Marty Meekly rushes over and puts a count on Pete. The Longhorn Riders just ignore him, so he kicks at Pete's arm. This breaks up the illegal leverage, and Jim Colt is taken off-balance enough for Baller to hiptoss him!]

BW: That idiot! The Longhorn Riders oughta make paste out of Meekly for that!

GM: While I agree that an official should never strike at a wrestler, the opposite would be far worse. The AWA will have zero tolerance for the abuse of its employees in the wake of what happened on New Years Eve.

[Freeman looks to get to the corner but Jim Colt is having none of it, hooking in a facelock before slapping Pete's outstretched hand.]

GM: Jim tags Pete back in... Pete Colt is highly durable, and seems to have recovered somewhat from earlier. The Longhorn Riders sending Baller Freeman to the ropes, and a double shoulderblock runs him down.

[The crowd jeers the Riders some more as Pete pulls Freeman off the mat, muscling him up and down into a backbreaker...]

BW: You see that Pete didn't have near as much trouble picking up Freeman.

GM: Well, of course not. Freeman's not as big as Pete Colt is!

BW: Now you're callin' Pete fat? Oh ho, Myers, you live dangerously.

GM: ...what?

BW: Anyway, Pete's got him up in the Texas Backbreaker! All that weight ain't helpin' Freeman now! He weighs almost half a Gunnar, you know.

GM: Will you stop? The Canadian backbreaker hold is applied, and Freeman in pain...

BW: Canadian? Gordo, if they hear you call it that, they'll put you in it! That's the TEXAS Backbreaker!

GM: In any event, a punishing submission hold! Pete Colt marching around the ring with it, as every hard footstep jolts the back of Freeman! Baller kicking his feet like a windmill, trying to escape... and... yes! He slides down the back of Pete Colt!

[But he doesn't get too far as Pete slams his elbow backwards, catching Freeman in the back of the skull before tagging his brother back in.]

GM: Another tag out of the Riders...

[Pete hooks in a full nelson, holding Freeman wide open as Jim Colt steps in, rushing towards Freeman.]

GM: Here comes Jim Colt!

[The charging Jim kicks his left foot up into the air, and hops off his right, swinging his left down to push off the mat as he whacks Baller right in the chin with a hard kick from his right! With nowhere to go, Freeman's knees buckle, and Pete Colt picks him up and slams him back first to the mat.]

BW: Hammered him with the float kick!

GM: That is a devastating kick, as all of Jim Colt's kicks are. Particularly the running Boot Hill kick, but that kick we just saw is crushing as well.

BW: Uh oh, I think he heard ya!

[Jim runs off the ropes as Freeman gets to his feet... and throws his deadly yakuza kick! But at the last instant, Freeman drops and rolls to the side, causing Jim to whiff.]

GM: He missed! He missed!

["Slim" Jim stumbles with the momentum chest-first into the ropes, which Will E. Fly helpfully holds down for him.]

GM: He missed the Boot Hill, and Jim Colt tumbles out of the ring!

BW: Because Will E. Fly held the ropes down! More criminal cheating!

GM: Why is it "brilliant" when the Longhorn Riders do it and "cheating" when Criminal Intent does it?

BW: Because the Riders do it brilliantly, while the Bums just do it blatantly.

GM: Freeman with the tag! Here comes Fly!

[Now the legal man, Will E. Fly runs down the apron and tumbles off into a flying body attack on Jim Colt, who is on the floor regaining his feet! The crowd cheers for the crazy move!]

GM: A reckless flipping move by Will E. Fly! He will fly indeed!

BW: Not for long with dumb moves like that! What if he'd have missed?

GM: He did not and now Fly rolls Jim Colt back into the ring. Up on the apron.

[Will E. grabs the top rope with both hands, and starts an armwave at his left wrist, which "travels" up to his shoulders and across to his right wrist. He then slingshots himself over the top into a splash on Jim to the delight of the crowd.]

BW: More wasting time with that stupid street dancing.

GM: Cover! One, two, but no more than that. Criminal Intent is focused, Bucky... they've made a lot of covers, trying to make their own case for earning that elusive trip to the Stampede Cup!

BW: They showboat too much for me. I mean, if ya got it, flaunt it. But they ain't got it.

GM: That remains to be seen. Will E. Fly sending Jim Colt off the ropes... big back body drop!

[The rallying Criminal Intent sees Fly slap the hand of his partner who steps in, lifting up Jim Colt to fling over his shoulder...

...and PLANTS him with a two-step running powerslam!]

GM: Ohh! Colt got crushed with that...

[Will E. Fly follows up, rushing across the ring to leap into the air with a flipping senton splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: I think the Colts are in trouble, Bucky! Will E. Fly makes the cover!

[But the official holds up on a count, shouting at Fly to clear out.

BW: Can't count the pin till Willy gets gone.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[With Meekly escorting Fly from the ring, Pete Colt intervenes with a big sledge-like blow across the back...

...but Freeman quickly fires back with a big haymaker on the jaw!]

GM: The referee got Fly out of there... now he's gotta get Pete Colt out of there!

BW: And Fly's back in! I TOLD you they were cheating!

[Freeman claps his hands over his head as Fly starts to climb the top rope, watching as Freeman gestures to the corner...]

GM: Will E. Fly is headed for the high risk- NO!

[Having seen enough, Pete Colt rushes across the ring, hammering Freeman off the apron with a double axehandle!]

GM: Ohh! Pete knocks Baller Freeman to the floor...

[Pete reaches up, grabbing Fly before he can... fly.]

GM: Uh oh! He got caught!

[The referee protests but Pete Colt's having none of it, LAUNCHING Fly three quarters of the way across the ring with a high impact slam!]

GM: Incredible power out of Pete Colt... but he's not the legal man! He shouldn't even BE in there!

[The fans jeer the blatantly illegal tactic mercilessly.]

BW: It didn't take him the five seconds he gets to clean the place up, daddy.

GM: You're not supposed to get five seconds if there's no tag.

BW: But you do get five seconds. So who cares what it is "supposed" to be like?

[The crowd jeers again as the Longhorn Riders make the legal exchange.]

GM: And NOW Pete Colt is the legal man!

[But Baller Freeman comes ducking back under the ropes, rolling back into the fight as he shoves past the official!]

GM: Freeman's back in... and here comes Jim Colt! Katie bar the door, we have a pier six brawl! All four men in the ring!

BW: Figures the crooks would break it down when the Longhorn Riders started winning.

GM: Pete Colt battering Baller Freeman into one corner. Jim Colt kicking Will E Fly into another corner. The Longhorn Riders getting the better of this brawl!

BW: Now we're seeing who the real fighters are. Save your boxing for the ring. These guys fight for keeps.

[In opposite corners from one another, Pete and Jim Colt give a nod to one another. Pete slams a meaty forearm into Baller's face as Jim kicks Fly in the chest. They then simultaneously set up an Irish-Whip...]

GM: The Riders are gonna put 'em together!

[Both men whip...

...and both get reversed so the Longhorn Riders end up colliding in center ring! Pete being much bulkier, he sends Jim careening backwards!]

GM: Ohh! Jim got rocked by his own brother and-

[The crowd ROARS as Will E. Fly happily tosses a dazed Jim Colt through the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: The double team backfired! Pete Colt just wiped out his brother, and now he is alone in the ring with both Criminal Intent members!

BW: Meekly hasta get one of them out of here! They started this. And it has been way more than five seconds.

[With Pete Colt a little dazed as well, Criminal Intent runs him down with a double clothesline!]

GM: Down goes the big hoss off the clothesline... and listen to these fans!

BW: I can't believe they're cheering these goofs!

GM: A bit of victory dancing as Will E Fly heads to the corner and up the ropes!

[With his partner scaling the ropes, Freeman pulls Pete Colt off the canvas, bending him back with an inverted facelock as Meekly shouts at Fly to get down off the ropes...

...which is when Jim Colt sees the chance, running up from behind Baller and hammering him with his black motorcycle helmet!]

BW: HA HA!

GM: THE HELMET!

[The shot sends Freeman stumbling forward, and Pete straightens up to scoop the Criminal Intent member up on his shoulder. Using his great power, he spins the stunned Freeman into a fireman's carry position...]

GM: Uh oh! He's got Freeman up!

[Pete spins Freeman around onto his powerful shoulder before DRIVING him down with a powerslam! Jim Colt chucks the helmet from the ring as the crowd jeers him uncontrollably!]

BW: __LAST ROUNDUP__!

[The official dives down to the mat to count as Fly leaps off, clearing Meekly...

...but not clearing the massive running boot out of Jim Colt that takes him out of the sky!]

GM: ___BOOT HILL___! JIM COLT DESTROYED HIM IN MIDAIR WITH THAT KICK!

BW: I don't think he's breakin' up that pin now, daddy!

GM: Jim slides out of the ring, and Pete is pinning Baller Freeman... there's the three count! The Longhorn Riders may have just stolen a place in the Stampede Cup with the use of that motorcycle helmet!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

PW: The winners of the match... THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[Jeers rain down as "Ride" by Joe Satriani starts back up. Pete Colt stands and throws up the horns for Texas, but even that doesn't impress the Dallas crowd. Jim Colt just casually walks around ringside with his hands on his hips, sneering at the fans. Both Criminal Intent members are pretty much out of it.]

BW: Stole it? They're standin', and the other guys are laid out. I call that a win.

GM: Marty Meekly got the legal man confused at the end, and it cost Criminal Intent. That motorcycle helmet is a completely unnecessary weapon. Why would you need to wear a motorcycle helmet to the ring? They don't drive their motorcycles to the ring!

BW: Well, maybe they don't want to leave them in the back with all them thieves we got on the roster. Like Supernova, Stevie Scott, Glenn Hudson...

GM: Oh, please. In any case, the Longhorn Riders with a big victory that just might seal the deal in earning them a spot in the Stampede Cup, and... they're coming over here.

[The Riders march over to the announce table, and loom over Gordon Myers.]

GM: Gentlemen, you're not scheduled for...

[Jim Colt casually takes Gordon's headset off, as if he was picking up something he had dropped. Bucky hands Pete his headset without argument. Jim speaks in a very casual, even-toned, menacing tone.]

JC: Seems to me, Gord'n Myers, that the Longhorn Riders want somethin'? We just take it. You schedule what you please, an' we'll schedule what we please, but if you can't defend your time then you don't need to have it.

[Pete starts up now. The boisterous one, he's half-bellowing like he needs to be heard in Tibet.]

PC: LISTEN REAL GOOD! The Longhorn Riders don't care if they come from Brooklyn! From Chicago! From Japan! From England! From Mars! From Hell! Bring 'em all! Because a Texas man knows where he stands! And that's on top of the heap! We ain't gonna sit back and watch the Stampede Cup when we know that thing needs to be on our mantle. Or maybe when we get tired of it, we'll give it to Dad to use as a feed bucket back on the Triple Six Ranch! Cause we're gonna have so many trophies and belts when it's all said and done, we're gonna hafta just melt 'em down for the metal because even Texas won't be able to hold 'em all!

JC: 'Course, the only trophy we care beans for is that million dollars. Gord'n Myers, would you kill a man for a million dollars?

[We see Gordon shake his head 'no'. Jim smiles a wide, creepy smile. He then looks to the camera with a knowing gleam in his eye.]

JC: We would.

[With that ominous affirmation, the Longhorn Riders head off, leaving the headsets behind. Pete hands his to Bucky... Jim drops his on the floor on the other side of the table from Gordon.]

BW: That's a scary thought, Gordo. If someone would kill for a million dollars, an' you hold up a million dollars? Think about it.

[Gordon says something, but we can't hear him because he has to go around to get his headset. It sounds uncharacteristically angry for Gordon.]

BW: Gordo, you're killin' me with your lack o' bein' prepared. We're live an' you ain't ready!

[Gordon picks up his headset, but we still can't hear him. Because Bucky unplugged it.]

BW: Well, since Gordo can't talk, you get to hear my uninterrupted, unfiltered opinions! A dream come true! For all of us. Now, lemme tell you the truth about...

...whaddya mean "commercial"?!

[And then we go to commercial.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marcus Broussard...

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing again.]

MS: Welcome back, fans... and during the break, we just got two big pieces of news. The Longhorn Riders want a spot in the Stampede Cup... and so do The Rave. We're being told that those two teams have both been told to be prepared for a Stampede Cup Qualifying Match in the weeks ahead. What a battle that should be... and speaking of battles, after what we just saw here earlier tonight, we're also now being told that two more teams have been added to the mix - Skywalker Jones with Hercules Hammonds and November teaming with the debuting LION Tetsuo! Those teams have been entered into the tournament and WILL meet in the first round.

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: In addition, Bucky Wilde told it true - in two weeks time, we will see Hannibal Carver, Sultan Azam Sharif, and Supernova take on Terry Shane the Third and two partners of his choice in six man tag team action... with a special twist. After tonight's match, the new AWA President, Karl O'Connor, has ruled that ANYONE who interferes in the six man tag team match will face immediate suspension from the AWA! It's gonna be a wild night of action here on SNW in two weeks' time but right now, let's go right back down to the ring!

[The camera cuts to the ring, where Jason Dane stands, microphone in hand.]

JD: Folks, I'm standing here right now waiting on the Longhorn Heritage champion. Two weeks ago, he referred to his own championship as a "dead title", saying that he'd reveal just what he was talking about on this very program. There have been a lot of rumors flying around the back, and not even I could find out for sure which were true and which were bogus, but maybe tonight we can get some answers...whenever the champion decides to arrive, that is.

[There's a brief but obvious pause. Eventually, however, "Big Gun" by AC/DC actually fires up.]

GM: ...and, finally, the champion chooses to grace us with his presence!

BW: Grace us is right, Gordo! The Longhorn Heritage champion operates on HIS timetable, not yours.

GM: Apparently so.

[Bryant promptly emerges from the curtain, pausing to soak in the disdain of the fans, still carrying the two bags -- one velvet, one canvas. Bryant is clad in a sharp-looking suit and tie, shoes and a watch that looks ridiculously expensive, even at a distance. He pauses halfway up the aisle and hefts both bags in the air, turning to his left and then all the way around, smirking at the audience all the while. They respond appropriately (that is, by booing the hell out of him) and he makes his way back up the aisle, stepping into the ring, walking to its center and again hoisting the bags in the air briefly before settling them both on his shoulders and stepping towards Jason Dane.]

JD: You already know the question I'm going to ask, so --

[Bryant abruptly drops the bags and holds one hand up rather close to Jason Dane's face.]

DB: Hang on a second there, Dane. I know what you want to ask, because it's the same question I've been hearing for two weeks now. Shut your mouth for a few minutes and you'll get your answer, but that's only half the reason I came out here.

[Bryant reaches down, picking the canvas back up off the ground and shaking it.]

DB: This is the the other half. You see, after Showtime, I was fully prepared to toss this trash into the nearest incinerator, Dane.

[The crowd boos at that.]

DB: Luckily for the continued life of the belt... [Bryant chuckles.] ... or the pieces of the belt, I guess...I didn't. At first, it was because I was under observation by a handful of doctors who wondered if they were going to have to rebuild part of my face or not, so I wasn't really in a position to go anywhere.

[The camera gets a decent closeup on the Longhorn Heritage champion's face, which seems mostly healed, but does feature a couple of new likely scars.]

DB: You see, Dane, what's in this dingy old bag is trash to me, but to my opponent, it's a piece of history. I didn't give even half a damn about that at first, but the time I had to spend at the hospital THANKS to Glenn Hudson gave me some time to think. If Hudson was willing to go through all that, willing to smash my face with heavy steel, willing to sacrifice his own body with that crazy sunset flip powerbomb off of the ladder, willing to leave a pint or so of his OWN blood on that canvas...well, maybe I owe a little more

to him than to just throw it away. After all, the only thing I'm handing him is a belt...not a championship.

JD: What does that mean, though?

DB: Patience, Dane, patience! I told Hudson I was going to call him out here tonight, and he's going to want to hear what I have to say. So...come on out, Hudson, I haven't got all night.

[The crowd roars as Glenn Hudson, absent since SuperClash, emerges from the entranceway. No music heralds the Australian's arrival and from his unwavering stare towards the ring, it's clear this is still serious business. Hudson is dressed with cynical utility in a black t-shirt and pair of old denim jeans. He ignores the fans on his march to ringside, focusing only on his rival, the champion. Hudson pauses on the apron for a few cautious moments before quickly entering the ring and stepping up. The staredown continues until the crowd begins to settle.]

GH: The intrigues never end, do they Dave? A new AWA President. A new belt... and a DEAD title? Well, I didn't fight through the last six months... didn't bleed buckets, sustain bruised ribs and a concussion at SuperClash, just so you could throw what's left of the Longhorn Heritage belt into the fire.

[Crowd pop!]

GH: And I think you realize now. Something someone's willing to put up that much of a struggle for... maybe is worth of a little more respect. You asked for me, Bryant. I'm here and I'm listening.

[Bryant eyes Hudson for a moment, then, surprisingly, nods.]

DB: Yeah, Hudson, maybe someone willing to fight that hard for something meaningless is worthy of a little more respect...

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Maybe. Anyway, for once, I didn't call you out here to insult you. You and I, Hudson, we made HISTORY at SuperClash. The very first ladder match in the history of the AWA? That was us. The best match of the night on the biggest show of the year? That was US! What I...

[Pause.]

DB: No, what WE did, that's never going away. That match will go down in the annals of wrestling history as one of the best in a long time, and in the annals of the AWA it ranks up there with some of the very best. We wrestled a match the same night two men butchered each other with barbed wire, and we put on a performance that was just as brutal, just as punishing, and damn near as bloody! No matter what the Main Event was, there's no doubt in my mind that WE were the match that stole the show that night, the

match everyone in those seats talked about as they walked away, and the match that, years from now, will be remembered.

[There's a grudgingly positive response from the crowd on that one.]

DB: Ten years ago, I'd have stood here, smiled, and claimed that it was all because of me, but as they like to say, it takes two to tango. If you're willing to suffer the way you did for this...

[Bryant shakes the canvas bag again.]

DB: ...then you should have it.

[Bryant holds out the bag, while Hudson looks at him skeptically.]

DB: No tricks, no nonsense, Hudson. What's in here was only a means to an end for me, and that end has been achieved. My place here is secure, my contract long-since signed, and I'm a champion for the first time in over a decade in an organization that is respected throughout the wrestling world. I don't need this anymore. It's yours.

[Hudson reaches out and accepts the bag, slapping it with his free hand to check the contents' weight. Satisfied, his attention returns to the champion.]

GH: That's quite a gesture. Truth is though, I'm no longer the Longhorn Heritage Champion and I wouldn't feel right about keeping this.

[He raises the bag.]

GH: President Karl O'Connor... the man from the Show Me state... He needs to be shown what's left of this belt. A reminder of how far men like us will go to fight for what we believe in. The AWA can be glorious and it can be heartbreaking. Texas Wrestling always has been... and it always will be.

[Big ol' pop!]

GH: Cheers, Dave.

[Having said his piece, Hudson backs up and begins to turn to leave the ring.]

DB: Hang on one moment there, Hudson, there's one last thing.

[Hudson turns, looking a bit wary. Bryant holds up one hand, then reaches into a pocket, producing...something and flipping it at Hudson. It's some sort of small, round, metallic-looking object, the light catching it as it spins. Hudson instinctively snatches the object out of the air. A little bemused, he holds it up between thumb and forefinger.]

GH: What...

[A silver dollar coin.]

GH: Ah.

[An involuntary grin cracks open on the former champion's face - too late to do anything about it now. He may not accept ownership of the belt, but for today at least, Hudson himself is owned by Bryant and he's well aware of the fact. He stuffs the souvenir into his pocket and steps back up to the microphone.]

GH: I took enough shots to the head in LA... Maybe I'll need a reminder of what we went through as well.

[There's a strange lull as the two men stand off once again, scanning each other for signs of contusion or lingering discomfort sustained during their recent war. Both veterans seem genuinely amused by the moment, appreciating the irony that they're much more similar than they would've ever had considered or accepted. Both sharing the understanding that all truly tested veterans share - that mutual hatred can coexist quite well with mutual resp-]

?: Oh, will you two just get to the point already?

[The hoarse voice that spoils the moment launches off a torrent of boos from the crowd. That voice belongs to.. Alphonse Green? Green wastes little time making his way to the ring for the second time tonight. Green is dressed in his street clothes, the "Mecha Alphonse Green" t-shirt from earlier, and a pair of green and white striped Zubaz pants, complete with a fanny pack. Green hops onto the apron, looking out over the displeased crowd, before stepping into the ring. Bryant and Hudson stare holes through "The King of Battle Royals". Green is getting ready to speak, when a loud wave of boos hits. Green nods his head, seemingly in agreement with the fans?]

AG: Listen to these fans, guys. They're booing the daylights out of this tender little moment you two have going on here, when they just want you to get to the point. They, much like me and Dane over there.. hi Dane. [mocking wave in Dane's direction, who rolls his eyes in response.] We have questions that need to be answered!

[Green looks over at the velvet bag Bryant is carrying with some amusement, then he tilts his head, looking at Bryant.]

AG: Before I get to what's on everyone's minds here, I have a question of my own. Have you gone daft from falling off all those ladders, Dave? All of that for a hunk of garbage?

[Pan to Hudson, who bites his lip.]

AG: The Dave Bryant I used to watch.. idolize growing up.. a beacon in a sea of noise pollution, filled to the brim with wrestlers who could only express themselves in four letter words, and only knew four moves combined

amongst them.. he would have taken that bag and had everything inside recycled into soda cans!

[Green turns towards Hudson, wagging a finger.]

AG: Then he would have told this guy, Ginger Meggs over here, to get to the back of the line where he belo...

[Glenn Hudson suddenly drops the bag destined for the new President onto the canvas - but then claims the interview microphone as his own.]

GH: Shut up.

[Cut short, Green looks rattled by the laughter coming out of the crowd from all directions. A suddenly very annoyed Hudson takes a few steps towards him.]

GH: Alphonse GREEN? You're on a fast track to becoming Alphonse BLACK and BLUE, mate!

[Pop! As Hudson slowly paces forward towards Green, an equally unamused-looking Dave Bryant approaches to back his old adversary up. The young upstart takes a step backwards, finding himself in some trouble that he may not have expected.]

GH: The AWA can be heartbreaking... and, Alphonse, it breaks my heart that no one's kicked your butt hard enough yet for you to appreciate what all this is about. But maybe I can help you with th-

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts into boos as Bryant steps forward and knocks Hudson down from behind! Green steps back, a look of shock crossing his face as Bryant lays into Hudson with kicks and punches. Bryant then stops the assault, and stands up, quickly facing Green. Green raises his hands, and the mic can pick up "...don't have a problem. I was just saying.." Green backs off a little bit further, seemingly not wanting to fight Bryant, when Bryant motions towards the downed Hudson. The panicked look on Green's face quickly turns into a sick smile.]

GM: The Longhorn Heritage Champion just bushwhacked Glenn Hudson! I don't get it, Bucky, why do this after everything he said earlier?

BW: I'm not sure I do either, but I love it! You don't run your mouth at the King of the Battle Royal like that and get away with it!

[Bryant picks up Hudson, and Green lays into Hudson's face with right hands. Bryant motions towards the ropes, and Green picks up exactly what Bryant wants him to do. Green leaps up to the second rope, and springs off of it, turning around and burying the Ground Chuck kick into the side of Hudson's head as the crowd continues to spew their hatred!]

GM: These fans are really letting Bryant and Green have it, folks!

[The damage done, Green quickly rolls out of the ring, raising his arms in the air as he runs down the aisle, hooting and hollering the whole way down. Bryant stands over the downed Hudson, triumphant..]

BW: There's that canvas bag again, Gordo...maybe this time it WILL go into the incinerator!

GM: Come on, there's no need for this!

[Bryant looks at the canvas bag in his hands for a moment, then smirks down at the fallen Hudson before leaning down, dropping the bag onto Hudson's chest and reaching up to pat him insultingly on the cheek. Bryant proceeds to scoop up the velvet bag and quickly hops out of the ring, walking backwards up the aisle, velvet bag in the air, the smirk still etched on his face as he watches Hudson begin to stir in the ring.]

GM: Well, Glenn Hudson is left with what remains of the Longhorn Heritage title --

BW: Who cares about that? We didn't get to find out what's in the bag!

GM: He... well, you're right, Bucky! We all want to see the new Longhorn Heritage Title belt and somehow, Dave Bryant has once again gotten away with not showing it to the entire world! This is ridiculous!

BW: The suspense is more than I can bear, Gordo. I may have to get to the bottom of this one myself since no one else seems to be able to. In fact...

GM: Oh no.

BW: I'm personally issuing an invitation right now to Dave Bryant, the Longhorn Heritage Champion, to appear...

GM: Please no.

BW: ...in two weeks time on The Call Of The Wilde! Yeah! It'll be great, Gordo!

GM: It'll be... interesting. That's for sure.

BW: Not as interesting as your interview with Cra-

GM: Let's not talk about that... not yet. Right now, fans, we're going to go right back up to the ring for more tag team action - this time featuring a team that has already landed themselves in the Field of 16 - I'm talking about Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines!

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

PW: This next match is a tag team contest scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Already in the ring ... from Encinitas and

Huntington Beach, California, respectively... at a total combined weight of 485 pounds...

...Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks ...

...THE SURFER DUDES!

[Mild applause.]

GM: A warm welcome from this Dallas crowd for the Surfer Dudes.

BW: Yeah, about as warm as penguin poop. And I don't mean fresh penguin poop, either. You know, I'm not so sure these folks in Dallas even know what surfing is. Most have never even seen a beach.

GM: Please.

PW: And their opponents, soon to be approaching the ring ...

[The indelible opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings throughout the arena, and the fans cheer! As the famous open to the song reaches the point where the rest of the instruments kick in, it transitions right into "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead. At this point, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines step through the curtain to the approval of the fans.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California and Fairbanks, Alaska respectively... at a total combined weight of 540 pounds...

...RYAN MARTINEZ and GUNNAR "GRIZZLY" GAINES!

[Gaines flashes his trademark Grizzly Grin, but replaces it quickly with a stonefaced, deadpan look. His tall and muscular young partner matches his determined expression. Both men stride side-by-side down the aisle. Gaines wears his usual black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed. Martinez wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots. He runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair as the two men approach ringside.]

BW: Wow. The team of Martinez and Gaines may have met its match here. I'm not so sure they're not over their heads against these Surfer Dudes.

GM: Over their heads? I think YOU'RE the one off the deep end. But the thing is, I think a team like Gaines and Martinez, who are headed for the Stampede Cup, knows better than to look past ANY team. Even a team with the dismal win-loss record of the Surfer Dudes.

[As Vance Ricks and Ryan Martinez stay in ring for their respective teams and Trampus Kennedy and Gunnar Gaines exit to their corners, referee Marty Meekly signals the timekeeper. DING! DING!]

GM: And we are underway!

BW: Looks like we have a bratty little guest at ringside, too, in the form of Justin Gaines. Looks like he bought himself a seat with his allowance money.

GM: That's a 17-year-old honor student and well-decorated amateur wrestler you're talking about. A state champion at that.

[The camera catches a glimpse of young Justin opposite the hard camera side, but pans back to show the action in the ring, where Vane Ricks and Ryan Martinez lock up, with Martinez quickly shoving Ricks down to the mat. Ricks quickly gets up, and they lock up again.]

GM: Vance Ricks, going back to a well that was dry the first time.

BW: You know, I like that about Vance. Fall off your surfboard, who cares? Find another wave.

[The collar and elbow yields to a Martinez headlock, followed by a quick whip to the ropes. Martinez catches Ricks on the rebound with a powerslam!]

GM: High impact move by Ryan Martinez - right out of the gates!

[Without missing a beat, Martinez hooks up a wristlock on the prone Ricks as he starts to stand. Ricks flips over and lands back-first on the mat, where Martinez follows with a quick legdrop onto the same arm.]

GM: Martinez going after that trapped arm, dropping the leg on it... and there's a second legdrop now!

[Pulling the Surfer Dude off the mat while still holding the wrist, Martinez cranks the arm behind his back in a hammerlock. Ricks immediately tries to bail out, throwing an elbow back into the jaw!]

GM: Ricks is trying to get himself out of this... a second elbow... now a third. But Martinez is hanging on, not backing down a bit... Gaines and Martinez have the early control in this one. I may regret asking, but tell me, Bucky. What do you think of this team? Are you convinced yet they can work together?

BW: They have so far. But I believe that there's a point sooner or later — and I believe it will be sooner — that these two will have a falling out. You have two legendary families, and with legends, you get egos. With egos, you get conflict.

GM: And you would know ... but I don't see that here. I see in Gaines a guy who likes the energy that Ryan Martinez brings to the table. And in Martinez, I see a kid with a bright future who's a student of the game, and realizes the opportunity he has to learn from a Gunnar Gaines.

[Still fighting the hammerlock, Ricks throws another elbow but Martinez ducks under it then lifts the Surfer Dude in the air for a belly-to-back suplex onto the trapped forearm.]

GM: Ohh! Impressive move by Martinez putting the man right down on the arm.

BW: I've seen hammerlock bodyslams but not a lot of hammerlock suplexes, Gordo.

[Grabbing a leg, Martinez drags Ricks to the corner, slapping the hand of the awaiting Gunnar Gaines who enters, taking the leg from his young partner and dropping an elbow on the exposed inner thigh of Vance Ricks. In the background, Justin Gaines can be seen cheering.]

BW: Well, here's one thing I will give them. Gaines and Martinez are doing a great job of cutting the ring in half as we speak. Whether they still do tomorrow or next week, who knows? But they're doing it now.

[Gunnar stands, then drops another elbow to the thigh. And a third.]

GM: Gaines staying right on the leg as he gets back up...

[Grabbing Ricks' boot, Gaines uses it to spin him around. He winds up, and drops his opponent with a fist to the face! Trampus Kennedy looks on, grimacing.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines with an exploration into the realm of quasi-legality!

BW: You mean that closed fist? Just say he was cheating! Sheesh!

GM: Rules aside, a closed fist is so commonplace that I'm not sure anyone cares.

BW: Come on, now. Rules are rules. I say Gunnar ought to be disqualified. Marty Meekly's not doing his job!

[Gaines picks up Ricks with a handful of hair ... looks at him ... shrugs ... then lets go. Ricks collapses to the mat as the camera catches Justin Gaines still cheering.]

BW: And that kid! What's that brat doing at ringside, anyway?

GM: Well, watching the match. It's not like he's jumped the barricade. He promised Ryan and Gunnar he wouldn't be hopping the rail and he's held to his word.

[As Vance Ricks remains dazed on the mat, Gunnar tags in Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Here comes Ryan Martinez to take over this systematic disassembly of Vance Ricks while Trampus Kennedy looks on with some trepidation you'd have to believe.

[Martinez delivers a boot to the back of the seated Vance Ricks, then places a knee to his spine and pulls back both arms.]

BW: I just realized, Kennedy's in the wrong tag team. He should find himself a partner with the nickname of "Super." Then they could call themselves ... wait for it ...

GM: Oh dear.

BW: That's right. SuperTrampus.

GM: This is a very simple hold, but painful, and could be a submission, and I think Trampus Kennedy has seen about enough as he begins to enter the ring. Meekly cutting him off though...

BW: Who named him Trampus, anyway? A name like that is child abuse. What's your nickname gonna be? Parents must have said, that's one ugly baby. Well, let's name him Trampus, just as a warning to other people that this here's an ugly idiot. Stay the heck away. Or feel free to mug.

GM: This from a guy whose parents named him "Buckthorn." Speaking of mugging, that term pretty much describes this match thus far. Gunnar Gaines back in the ring... and he's got Ricks elevated in a bear hug.

BW: Was there a tag?

GM: Yes, there was a tag.

BW: You didn't mention it.

GM: But it happened. You saw it.

BW: I was thinking about poor baby Trampus. Even I feel sorry for him with a name like that.

GM: Now you know how I feel working with a partner named "Buckthorn."

[Gaines drops Ricks, who collapses to the mat.]

GM: Now that move could have been a submission, too. Gaines and Martinez are just toying with these guys. Here's another tag.

[Enter Martinez, who delivers a boot to the abdomen of Vance Ricks, doubling him over. He hooks up a front facelock ... then signals the crowd ...]

GM: Martinez has Vance Ricks hooked up for the brainbuster ... it's going to be elementary now ... but what's this?

[Martinez tags Gaines, who dashes over to the next corner and begins climbing the ropes.]

BW: I don't like the looks of this.

[As Gaines reaches the top, Martinez lifts ... holds ... and DROPS the brainbuster on Vance Ricks!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER CONNECTS!

[Simultaneously, Gaines leaps off the top ...]

GM: AND A GRIZZLY SPLASH! MY STARS!

[Trampus Kennedy enters, but sees Ryan Martinez charging him. Kennedy drops and rolls out as Gunnar covers his fellow Surfer Dude for the one ... two ... three.]

GM: Well, folks, there was no question about that one. Not after a move like that! The team of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez picking up a win tonight over the Surfer Dudes, and they remain undefeated.

BW: You know, I just noticed something. Trampus Kennedy never even got into that match.

[A slow motion replay shows Martinez landing the brainbuster on Vance Ricks, followed by Gunnar hitting the big splash a split second after Ricks hits the mat from the first move.]

GM: Impeccable timing on that double-team finishing move! What a win for the team, and I do mean team, of Martinez and Gaines. I don't know if there's a name for that move, but let's find out, because I'm not sure there's too many wrestlers in this company that could get up from that.

BW: I'm not sure Gunnar could get up from it. I question the wisdom of doing something so high impact at his age. I thought he had retired that splash. And for good reason. There's only so many times he can do that before it becomes a career-shortening proposition.

[The visual moves back to the present, where Gaines and Martinez are high fiving in the ring. The younger Justin Gaines is captured briefly at ringside, cheering his father's tag team win.]

GM: I would tend to agree with you there, but I think it demonstrates that Gunnar is "all in" with this team, and with the Stampede Cup tournament. Let's see what Jason Dane can find out.

[Jason Dane steps into the ring with a microphone to get comments from the victorious duo.]

JD: Gentlemen, can I get a word for a minute?

[The crowd cheers die down as Gaines nods his assent.]

JD: That was some double-team move you executed against the Surfer Dudes to get the win. In fact, I think you made quite a statement. A couple questions ... one, does that thing have a name? And two, do you plan to use it in the tournament?

[Gaines shoots Dane a very quizzical look, then chuckles.]

GG: Yeah, no. There's no special name for our double-team move. It don't need one. It should already scare people enough. We just call it a Brainbuster-Grizzly Splash combo.

[Showing a rare bit of humor, Ryan cracks a grin.]

RM: Why not call it a Splashbuster, Gunnar?

GG: I like it. Splashbuster it is.

JD: I see. And Gunnar, are you concerned about delivering the Grizzly Splash at your age? Your 43-year-old body coming off the top rope, all the way down to the mat?

[Gunnar glares at him.]

GG: I should knock you out for a question like that. But the problem with my doing that is, the answer to your question is surprisingly ... yes. I was concerned about it. When I came back to this great sport, I promised myself that was one move I wasn't ever going to do. I figured, hey, there's no point in an unnecessary risk. I came back to wrestle, not to get hurt. Right?

But then after wrestling in numerous matches since the summer, I gained confidence and decided, hey, why the hell not? If it's a move that can win matches and excite crowds, the same crowds that cheer me on and provide me a place on this roster, then I'm going to do it! Consequences be damned!

[The crowd pops!]

GG: And besides, I owe my best effort and my best moves to my partner, right here!

[Gunnar reaches over and raises the hand of Ryan Martinez, as the crowd pops again!]

JD: Ryan, my next question's for you. With the recent wins your team has picked up, how are you feeling about your chances in the Stampede Cup tournament?

RM: First off, let me say one thing. I was not at all worried about whether Gunnar could pull that off. I'm in the gym with this man, every. single. day. I've seen him do things that guys half his age couldn't do. There's no man in the AWA tougher than Gunnar Gaines.

And remember, I know from tough men.

Now, as for the Stampede Cup? How do I feel about my chances? I don't feel anything Jason.

Because I know we're going to win. I don't care what the rankings say. You're looking, right now, at the team that's got the best chance of winning.

JD: And is there a particular team that you'd be more interested in facing?

RM: Well, I think we'd look forward to a match with —

[Gunnar reaches over and puts his hand on the microphone, shaking his head while looking right at Ryan Martinez.]

GG: Look. There ain't no point in answering that question. We don't get to decide who we're facing, so it don't matter what we want. Let's just suffice it to say that we **WILL** be ready for **ANYONE**, no matter who it is, or else we don't got no business being in this tournament. It's just as simple as that.

RM: That's right. Whether we're facing The Aces, The Longhorn Riders or even The Bishop Boys, the simple fact is that we're here to beat them, we're here to compete and we're here to win. As you've all seen, this here is an **EQUAL** partnership composed of the best of the past and the best of the future, resulting in the best tag team of today. And if you're gonna doubt that, well then, just watch us prove it while we destroy every tag team that's placed in our path.

[Gunnar puts his arm around Ryan Martinez, as Dane redirects the mic to him.]

GG: Damn straight. You know, when I made the offer to tag up with Ryan a few months ago, a few of my old friends thought I was crazy. Called me up. "What are you thinking?" they said. "I mean, really," they said. "You're asking for trouble. " And I told them I knew exactly what I was doing. Of course, they didn't believe me.

Well ... it turns out I was right. This kid's proving his ability. He's proving his value. I believe in him. And I believe in this team. And so does he. This Gaines-Martinez tag team? It's going places. Ability and smarts? Hell yeah. We got it all. And we're taking it all the way.

RM: You know, when people think something is crazy, when people say something will never work? Well, those are the first words to every great success story ever written. We're undefeated, and we won't be defeated any time soon. I believe in Gunnar Gaines, and i know he believes in me.

That Cup? I'm calling it right now. Its ours.

GG: Exactly right. And here's the thing. You don't got to question it. You don't even got to believe it. All you got to do is watch it unfold.

[He takes a breath, letting that last comment sink in, then jumps back in with a spontaneous utterance.]

GG: DAMN! I can't believe that for almost 10 years I forgot how much I love this sport. It feels good to be back.

GM: Gaines and Martinez, quite visibly excited about this win over the Surfer Dudes and hoping to take that next step forward in the Stampede Cup tournament.

[The shot cuts away from the departing Gaines and Martinez, going back to a nice panning shot of the crowd at ringside who jump up for their fifteen seconds of fame before the shot finally comes to focus on the announce table.]

GM: Fans, at this time we bring you a segment that not a lot of us expected, myself least of all. Last week I received word from the front office that I would be conducting an interview with not only former EMWC owner Chris Blue but with the man he, apparently, now represents; William Craven.

BW: That still blows my mind, Gordo.

GM: You and me both, Bucky. Originally the interview was to take place in the middle of the ring but with Craven I think we all know how that tends to go, and that's south, in a hurry. As such, after a short discussion, it was determined that the interview should be held backstage, before SNW would air, so as to create a controlled environment unlikely to erupt in what must now be considered the signature violence of the man calling himself "One Man Revolution".

We now bring you this interview... Part One will be broadcast right here tonight. Part Two will be seen at a later time.

[Cut to a darkened setting, made vague by a black backdrop and gentle cool lighting that does little to define the room. Up close and personal, we're looking directly into the eyes of Gordon Myers. Face tense, trying to hide his discomfort, Gordon speaks with a deliberate and very careful cadence.]

GM: Hello everyone, this is Gordon Myers and I'm here today with William Craven and his... representative... Chris Blue. Gentlemen, welcome.

[Zoom out; Myers is seated. Pan over to show the massive Craven, his hands and scarred head, all tattooed green, visible but little else as he wears a dark blue suit. In spite of the low light Craven wears sunglasses and is unnaturally still. Blue stands behind him, scowling slightly at Myers.]

CB: "Representative." I like that, Gordon.

GM: It seemed appropriate as, up to this point, neither you or Mr. Craven have made any effort to explain to the world exactly what your relationship is.

[Blue nods.]

CB: You feel like we OWE some kind of explanation to someone, do you?

GM: Perhaps "owe" is not the right word. But I do believe that the fans of this company DESERVE an explanation.

[Blue chuckles softly.]

CB: Deserve, huh? You know what the fans of the AWA deserve?

[Gordon cringes, expecting the worst.]

CB: They deserve an explanation... you're right.

[Gordon looks surprised.]

CB: They DESERVE an explanation from the AWA's Powers That Be to tell the public why men like William Craven continue to be shoved away from the spotlight in favor of lesser men.

GM: What are you implying?

CB: I don't imply anything, Gordon Myers. If you've followed my career in this business, you know that when something is on my mind, I flat out say what it is.

[Gordon looks irritated.]

GM: Well, this is your moment. Speak your mind.

[Blue smirks at Gordon.]

CB: The esteemed and ever-professional Gordon Myers. Did I get under your skin a little bit there? Good.

What I'm saying, Gordon, is that William Craven was a gift that the AWA never wanted. They signed the contract, sure... because they're fame-hungry and glory-starved. They saw dollar signs when they signed the contract. One of the most infamous competitors in the history of our sport - both in and outside of the ring - was knocking on their door and offering to come to town.

Of course they signed the contract with glee.

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: But after they did it, that glee was replaced by fear.

What came next? What could they possibly do with a monster who refused their guidance and disobeyed their every word?

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: They knew, Gordon. They knew that William Craven was the Dragon from the moment Mr. Craven's Minion arrived on the scene.

[Gordon interrupts.]

GM: Are you saying-

[Blue shakes him off.]

CB: Gordon, don't interrupt me again. I asked for someone to come talk to us and show us the proper respect. If you fail to show us that respect, you have one person in this room to answer to... and it will NOT be me.

[The camera zooms in on Craven, a slight grin on his face.]

GM: Is that a threat?

[Blue throws back his head in a deep laugh before bringing his eyes to rest on Gordon again.]

CB: I'm truly shocked that they sent you, Gordon. You must mean less to them than I thought... than surely you think.

When I appeared on Saturday Night Wrestling two weeks ago and DEMANDED that this company show me the proper respect, I didn't dream they'd send you to do their dirty work.

[Blue smirks.]

CB: I thought they'd send Dane... or maybe even my old friend Colt Patterson to try and butter me up. But you? The Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing? I'm impressed. Mr. Craven, are you impressed?

[Craven nods, still with a slight grin on his face.]

CB: I thought you would be. However, Mr. Myers, allow me to set one thing clear right now before we go any further.. I DEMAND respect... and I get it. Mr. Craven here equally DEMANDS respect.

And if he doesn't get it... from you... then I can't be expected to control what happens next but I would expect it'll make what Nenshou did to Dane look like a friendly game of Chinese checkers.

[Resolute, Myers holds his hands up defensively.]

GM: There is no need for threats, sir. I have no intention of showing you - or your client - any disrespect at all.

[Blue slowly nods.]

CB: I'm sure. Now, where was I?

[Blue lightly taps Craven on the shoulder.]

CB: Mr. Craven here was signed, sealed, and delivered to the AWA on a silver platter... and then proceeded to make them regret that decision from the moment the ink was dry.

They had big plans for Alex Martinez, I'm sure. I would have.

But Mr. Craven broke those plans into a million pieces when he decided he had plans of his own for the Last American Badass.

[Gordon interrupts again.]

GM: We don't use that moniker here.

[Blue smiles a toothy grin.]

CB: Oh, I know. You whitewash it. You sanitize it. You cleanse it of its edge and try to portray Alex Martinez as the white knight instead of the black knight we all know he is.

Alex Martinez is no hero.

And William Craven is no villain.

[Blue reaches into his pocket, pulling a coin into view.]

CB: They are two sides of the same coin, Gordon. Two twisted and broken men who could easily have switched places if just one thing had gone differently in their lives.

[He shows one side of the coin.]

CB: The former beach bum turned megastar who has had more than his share of stumbles. My friend, Mr. Temple, nearly broke him beyond belief... but somehow, he struggled back to glory. He has proven himself resilient beyond measure - even managing to return after Mr. Craven's plan unfolded so masterfully.

[He flips the coin.]

CB: The former savage who seemed destined for glory... until he made a mistake. He crossed the wrong man.

[Blue cracks a grin.]

GM: You're referring to yourself?

[Blue waves a hand dismissively.]

CB: Don't bother trying to sow discontent in this room, Gordon. Mr. Craven and I have discussed our mutual history at length and have come to the conclusion that at this time in our careers, we can move past those moments and forge a new future side-by-side.

He made a mistake... and cost himself everything as a result.

He is no former World Champion. No surefire Hall of Famer. No millionaire multiple times over.

He is no Alex Martinez just as Martinez is no William Craven.

[He lifts a hand, holding his fingers just barely apart.]

CB: But it was THIS close, Gordon. THIS close to being a very different world.

And you know the biggest thing that Mr. Craven lost by his choices?

[Gordon shakes his head.]

CB: Respect.

Alex Martinez walks to the ring and is called a hero. A legend. A franchise. A Hall of Famer.

William Craven walks to the ring and is called insane. A maniac. A monster. A savage.

Any of those words sound familiar, Mr. Myers?

[Gordon noticeably shifts uncomfortably in his seat.]

CB: Don't worry. Mr. Craven is a most forgiving man, Gordon. You chose your words poorly but Mr. Craven has chosen to spare you for that ignorance.

[Gordon bristles.]

GM: Ignorance? The thing we ALL remain most ignorant of - despite you speaking for a few minutes now - is exactly what we're witnessing here with this relationship. Are you his manager? His agent? His- what? I have to admit that I'm not sure I understand anything that's going on here.

[Blue pauses, staring at Myers... and then lightly taps William Craven on the shoulder. Smile fading, Craven exhales and his face relaxes into a look of ennui.]

WC: I believe you. There seems to be little that you do understand.

[Myers grimaces at the thinly-veiled insult but continues.]

GM: I'm not alone in that lack of understanding, Mr. Craven. But this is your moment... your opportunity to let everyone in on what's going on inside that head of yours. What makes you tick. This is your chance to speak your mind.

[Craven splays his fingers, touching the tips of each on the left to ones on the right, and raises one thick and shaved eyebrow as we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! Coming up next we hav-

BW: I'll lead this one in for ya, Gordo. Comin' up next we got a travesty. A travesty of justice, as The Aces again get victimized by the AWA brass. They're probably about to win a spot in the Stampede Cup anyway, but they gotta beat a team they don't know, who has had two weeks of prep for them.

GM: Be that as it may, if The Aces are as good as they seem to think they are...

BW: That's just it, Myers. This sport an' this country are supposed to be about exceptionalism. Why can't we let the great be great? Instead, we gotta handicap them to give some schmucks a more fair match. It's not The Aces fault that they're better than almost everyone! It's the usual anti-Childes conspiracy.

GM: Oh, brother. Let's go up to Phil Watson.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

PW: The following tag team contest, set for one fall and a twenty minute time limit... is a qualifying match for the 2013 Stampede Cup!

[The fans cheer the qualifier... and then boo as the familiar guitars cut through the arena signaling the beginning of Red Kross' cover of "Dancing Queen." The crowd begins booing.]

PW: Introducing first... to be lead towards the ring by their valet "Radiant" Raven and their manager "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes! Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifteen pounds. Here are "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler...

...THE ACCCCCEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

["Radiant" Raven is the first to emerge into view, holding a mirror just below her head. She eyes the crowd with apathy. The appropriately raven-haired Raven wears a black evening gown. Her hair and eye make up accentuate her blue eyes making her seem exotic.

At twenty-two seconds into the song, "Delicious" Daniel Tyler emerges from the entrance portal increasing the boos. He holds his arms out to let his purple and black sequined cloak billow out behind him as he twirls around the entrance ramp letting the fans see "The Aces" across the back of the cloak. "Sweet" Steven Childes and Percy Childes follow out behind Tyler, keeping back a few steps so Tyler can twirl. Childes is also wearing a purple and black sequined cloak. Both men have the hoods pulled up to obscure their faces. Childes looks into the mirror and reaches into the deep hood

and primps his long brown hair. Tyler stops spinning when the first chorus of the song hits, his back to the ring and his arms out.]

GM: Daniel Tyler loves his robe.

BW: If ya got it, flaunt it.

GM: It's a robe, Bucky. Even I could wear a robe.

BW: If ya found one pickin' through Danny's trash, maybe. Hey, I heard their commercial. You shoulda told me you were hurtin', Gordo. I'd buy ya a ham sandwich.

[Gordon sighs as the foursome makes their way to the ring at forty-nine seconds into the song. Tyler and Childes lead the way ignoring the boos and taunts from the crowd. Both men grab the top rope and pull back, leaping over the top rope and into the ring. Raven hands the mirror to Tyler. Childes steps on the bottom rope and pulls up on the middle rope to allow Raven and Percy into the ring.

Raven gets the mirror back and Tyler breaks into another twirl in the ring. As Tyler breaks into the twirl, both men throw their hoods back revealing their makeup, black eye shadow and purple eye liner. Tyler, a babyfaced man with spiky red hair and hazel eyes, continues twirling around the ring making his way to where Raven is holding the mirror. Tyler drops to a knee and strikes a pose as Childes stands behind him, primping his feathered hair. Percy claps as he watches on.]

GM: The torturously long entrance continues. I don't know what's worse, the stalling or the eyeliner.

BW: The guy-liner. I can't approve of that. Not even on these guys.

[After nearly ten seconds, the Aces get to their feet and go to different corners. They climb to the middle turnbuckle and raise their arms in the air. Their music stops playing as the Aces remove their cloaks and drop them onto the ring apron for the ringside attendants. Both Aces wear standard purple trunks with a black "A" on the side of the trunks, neoprene knee braces that are black with the actual kneepad over the brace part a purple color, and black boots with a purple stripe running over the front portion of the shin and foreleg and down the front part of the foot. They also wear kickpads on the front of the boots. The boots reach high enough to meet the kneepads. They also have black wrist tape and standard purple elbowpads as well as purple armbands that circle just above the bicep.

Raven hands the mirror to Tyler as Childes holds the ropes open for her and Percy to step out. Once on the apron, Raven is handed the mirror back and heads to the ringside area with Percy.]

GM: Well, now that The Aces have given their opponents that much more prep time, let's find out who they are.

BW: Don't commit their names to memory. They won't be here long.

[There is a pause. Percy Childes complains bitterly to referee Davis Warren, who merely shrugs. The fans are quiet, on edge to see who the opposing team will be. And then... the infamous rhetorical question is raised.]

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

BW: Oh, no.

[The sounds of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy" whip the crowd into a frenzy as Sweet Daddy Williams comes walking through the curtain into view. He's clad in a pair of red and white trunks with a matching windbreaker but the jacket has been unbuttoned a bit, revealing the flabby torso of the Atlanta, Georgia fan favorite. Sweet Daddy makes the "bring it on" motion to the crowd, who cheer even louder. In the ring, The Aces are going nuts, angrily shouting and kicking the ropes in a rage.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams wants another shot at The Aces!

BW: And he's been preparin' a long time! He prepped for them for SuperClash... as much as he preps for anything besides fillin' his grill at The Varsity. He has an unfair advantage!

GM: But who is his partner?

[Williams nods to the fans, and makes a gesture to the curtain... through which strides the confident form of Soup Bone Samson! The crowd erupts into cheers as the tough and burly veteran walks into view, the heavy metal chain draped around his thick neck and shoulders. Samson is sporting a pair of black MMA style shorts with no shirt, and black boots. Samson and Williams then march down the elevated aisle, where The Aces are bug-eyed in shock.]

GM: SOUP BONE SAMSON!

BW: I thought that old fossil was in the nursin' home for nearly dead wrestlers!

GM: BUCKY!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Their opponents! Coming down the aisle, from Hotlanta, Georgia and Detroit, Michigan respectively! At a total combined weight of six hundred twelve pounds...

...SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS and SOUP BONE SAMSON!

[The rugged veterans step into the ring, and The Aces attack them straightaway!]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: Sneak attack by The Aces!

[The forearms and kicks of The Aces don't seem to do much to the tough veterans, who just glare at the undersized finesse team as if they had insulted them. Sweet Daddy and Soup Bone rear back to counterpunch, but The Aces bail out of the ring in a terrified hurry! The fans howl at this blatant cowardice as Williams and Samson stand tall.]

BW: Regroup, guys. Good move.

GM: Regroup?! From what? They hit the tandem of Williams and Samson before the bell, and then fled when it had little effect!

BW: Well, the big dumb old guys tricked them into deviating from their game. So they have to regroup.

GM: ...

[The boos fill the arena as The Aces, Percy, and Raven hold a strategy huddle outside the ring. The huddle is briefly interrupted as Raven needs to hold the mirror up so Danny can fix his hair, and then they resume huddling as if nothing happened.]

GM: I'd say something but there are no words.

BW: The words that come to my mind are "geriatric", "dementia", and "cheating". But that's only because The Aces are on the opposite sides of the ring from us, and I gotta look at Soup Line Samson and Sweet Diabetic Williams. I think Samson's seventy-eight years old.

GM: He's fifty-two, I believe.

BW: In wrestlin' terms, he might as well be seventy-eight!

GM: You could possibly say the same for the current World Heavyweight Champion. With age comes experience and battle-hardening. Few men are more hardened than Soup Bone Samson. Sweet Daddy Williams clearly knew what he was doing in selecting a partner. Samson is the legal man as Sweet Daddy takes to the apron.

BW: That rookie ref whashisface is rushin' The Aces!

GM: Davis Warren.

BW: I ain't gonna remember these names! It was easier when we could just call 'em all "Meekly" an' be done with it.

GM: And you're accusing Samson of dementia?

BW: Samson don't even remember his OWN name. Unless his mama really did have nine months and the best she could do was Soup Bone.

GM: Anyway, Steven Childes is finally in the ring, after what should have been a count of thirty.

BW: Who are you to judge how long it was?

GM: I have a watch.

BW: Oh. Well, okay then.

[The long haired, well-defined Childes carefully approaches the burly Samson, and goes in for the collar-and-elbow tieup. Steven drives his feet to push Samson back, but Soup Bone does not budge. The crowd laughs as Steven strides but makes no progress, as if he were on a treadmill.]

GM: That's not happening. Soup Bone Samson outweighs either Ace by a hundred pounds.

BW: Soup Bone Samson has a beer gut. And two more on his backside.

GM: Will you stop! He does not!

[Childes pulls back, frustrated. He then rushes at Samson, trying to catch him offguard, and eats an elbow for his trouble. Danny Tyler tries to blindside Samson, and he also takes an elbow to the face, sending him rolling on back out of the ring.]

GM: Haha! The veteran's taking it to BOTH Aces so far!

BW: It's early, Gordo!

[The veteran from Detroit snatches up Steven Childes from behind, and plants him chest-first to the canvas with a reverse bodyslam! The fans applaud as Childes rolls out of the ring in pain.]

GM: Once again, The Aces bailing out as soon as things turn against them.

BW: Smart strategy.

[The veteran Samson just waits patiently, dancing a bit on the balls of his feet in boxer fashion as The Aces hold a second strategy meeting.]

GM: How much longer are these two going to stall?

BW: If the AWA had given them advance notice, maybe they wouldn't have to have strategy sessions during a... HEY!

[It seems that Sweet Daddy Williams has had enough of this. Williams jogs around the ring while The Aces are huddling with Percy and Raven. He grabs

both Aces by the hair, and gives them a big double noggin-knocker to the delight of the crowd!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams will not stand for this any longer! Williams throwing Steven Childes back into the ring, and hammering a brutal fist to the midsection of Danny Tyler!

BW: Get that idiot back in his corner, ref!

GM: Samson picks up Childes, and a hard right to the kidneys sends Percy's favorite nephew to the corner! That is not where you want to be against Soup Bone Samson!

BW: Not where he can use that illegal closed fist against you!

GM: Samson's punching power is unparalleled. Not even Juan Vasquez can match it. The match will end immediately if Samson gets a good clean shot with the right on either opponent. He is indeed firing on Stevie Childes, who is tucking and defending the best he can. Bob and weave by Childes gets him out of the corner. The Aces have elite mobility, and even a simple strike such as the right hook will be difficult to land on them. Oh!

[The cheering is suddenly muted as Stevie Childes balls a fist, and swings an unusual looking blow into the side of Soup Bone's head, connecting over the ear. Samson staggers suddenly, opening him up wide for a lightning-like dropkick to take him off of his feet!]

BW: Ha! Steven boxed his ear! That's a hard thing to do right because you gotta be perfectly precise with it, and it ain't often you get a guy slow enough to line up for it and dumb enough to let you do it.

GM: Samson's confidence in his chin worked against him there. Childes looking for the tag, and Danny Tyler just now back on the apron after the brief skirmish with Sweet Daddy Williams on the floor. Both Aces in... OH MY WORD!

[Even though they are hated, a spectacular enzuigiri to the face by Tyler with a simultaneous legsweep by Childes wipes out Samson so impressively that it draws an admiring "oooh" from the crowd. Who then boo as The Aces react as if that won them the match.]

BW: They call that one Total Innovation!

GM: They didn't innovate that.

BW: Oh contraire. They do it so well that they re-innovated it!

GM: Leave the invention of words to The Rave, please. Daniel Tyler is now the legal man. High jumping kneedrop on Samson! Almost shades of James Monosso on that one. Tyler now climbing the turnbuckles!

[The crowd lets him know that they hate him, even as "Delicious" Daniel stretches his arms out to call for their admiration as he stands on the top rope. He then leaps, soaring halfway across the ring to crash a vicious double axehandle into Samson's head, flattening the three-hundred-plus pounder from Michigan.]

GM: A fantastic move by Tyler, and... he's dancing. Not the most effective follow-up.

BW: Think about it. All you really got to do against Samson is wait for him to croak. It won't be long now.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: Quick tags, daddy! Steven's the legal man now. And here comes another Ace doubleteam.

[In this case, it's a savate kick to the head by Childes as he dashes into the ring, followed immediately by a shuffling side kick from Tyler. The two blows again drop Samson, though this time it is only to his knees.]

GM: The moment Soup Bone got up, The Aces knocked him back down. It appears that they had a ready strategy after all. Making either of their opponents exert themselves physically with wasted effort is a tremendous idea. Williams and Samson can both do great damage, but neither man has a deep gas tank.

BW: You know, they're gonna lose here so it almost doesn't matter, but don't Williams and Samson remind you of that other old fossil team we used to have, Kentucky's Pride? The way City Jack and Tin Can Rust used tag teaming to hide all their gross weaknesses and play their strengths to a title run? If we're not lucky, these two dinosaurs could do that.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Sorry. Sweet Daddy ain't quite dinosaur age yet. He's only about as old as the pyramids.

GM: He's a good bit younger than you... and I'd suggest you better hope that Tin Can Rust, who we saw earlier tonight, didn't hear what you just had to say.

BW: I didn't see his hearing aid on him earlier.

[As the announcers banter, we see that Childes has locked Soup Bone Samson in an overhand wristlock. He's stretching him back as he applies the pressure to the right arm. Samson is in visible pain.]

GM: And more of the strategy shows itself as Childes targets the right arm. The arm that utilizes the fearsome right hook of Soup Bone Samson.

BW: Well, The Aces are dominating. Warm up their seats in the tournament!

GM: Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

BW: I wonder if they'll face the Pharoahs in the first round.

GM: Very funny. Soup Bone to his feet, and backing Childes up to his corner... tag made!

[Except Daniel Tyler ran in the ring, pulling Davis Warren over to get him out, as a result, the tag went unseen. Sweet Daddy gets in the ring, and pounds a big headbutt into Steven Childes' forehead to break the hold on Samson. But before he can follow up, Warren is over to eject him from the ring.]

BW: Ref didn't see the tag! He can't allow it!

GM: That's because of Tyler's blatant interference!

[And if that wasn't enough, with Soup Bone halfway out of the ring (still believing the tag was good), Tyler runs over and kicks the second rope up, right as he's straddling it! That drops Samson down in pain.]

BW: And there's that speed, coming up again. Daniel went back to his corner to get away from Warren, and then took advantage of how slow the ol' Soup Bone was getting back in the ring!

GM: The speed edge is enormous, yes, but blatant cheating by The Aces to take advantage of it! Childes drags Samson back towards his corner... and tags once Warren has removed the irate Williams.

BW: Ooh, another classic Aces doubleteam comin' up!

[This one features Tyler locking Samson in a Russian legsweep with Childes taking a two-step start into an STO from the front!]

GM: Brutal! What was that one called?

BW: The Crackerjack! Radiant Raven provided me with a cheatsheet list of their moves. It takes up five gigs on my hard drive.

GM: I'm... sure that's large. Daniel Tyler is swiveling his hips in a lewd manner over his fallen foe. As showy as Childes is, Tyler is three times worse.

BW: He reminds me of another Tyler I used to watch wrestle, way back years ago. When you're better and you know it, you show it.

GM: The fans are riotous at this juncture, with all of this stalling, cheating, and showboating. The Aces are unbearable, and Soup Bone Samson has gotten very little offense in.

BW: Because of the stalling. You wondered why. This is why.

GM: Headscissors takedown, and a tremendous armbar out of the headscissors. The Aces are using repeated takedowns to wind Samson and working the right arm. A lethal combination. Headscissors armbar combo by Daniel Tyler, and Soup Bone Samson needs to tag out. Eventually, The Aces will be able to use one of their match-ending double teams, and even this grizzled double-tough veteran will be defeated if that happens.

BW: This is what happens when singles guys fight tag teams, daddy. It really does matter, a lot, how well-oiled a tag team is. Some guys are just perfect for it. People laughed at Kendall Stanton the singles guy, but people fear Kenny Stanton the Southern Bomber. That's how it is. Williams and Samson never had a chance.

GM: It is far from over, Bucky.

BW: Suuure it is. Why don't we give Sweet Diabetes and Soup Line a tag team name an' see if that helps 'em. How about the team of Old And Crusty? Or maybe we'll call 'em Tooth And Toothless.

GM: Soup Bone is getting to his knees. He has slipped the headscissors, and a strong punch clears Daniel Tyler off the armbar! A blend of some technical knowhow and brawling gets the Soup Bone out of there, and he's on his way to make the tag...

[The pitch of the crowd rises in warning, and the crafty veteran takes heed, turning around and throwing in time to catch Steven Tyler coming from the blind side! He nails Daniel Tyler once more for good measure, and turns around to make the tag!]

BW: Ha ha! Another tag didn't happen!

GM: Because Percy Childes is on the apron! He has no business up there!

BW: He manages The Aces! Of course it is his business!

GM: Sweet Daddy is going to knock his block off... WHAT.

[Williams stumbles as he walks down the ropes towards Percy. He raises a foot to kick whoever tripped him in the face... but stops abruptly when he sees that it is Radiant Raven! Raven sticks up her chin, defiantly daring Williams to kick her with a suddenly sharp look in her eye.]

BW: THAT BRUTE! He's assaulting a woman!

GM: HE IS NOT! Sweet Daddy stopped himself when he saw who it was! Radiant Raven getting physically involved... LOOK OUT!

[Samson is on his guard this time, having not left the ring after the tag. He pursued Childes to keep him at bay, pelting him with some jabs and backing him to the corner. He moves to cut off Tyler, but is too slow to block either Ace. Both Childes and Tyler run around him and double knee Sweet Daddy

in the back, sending him tumbling over the top to the floor, as Raven sidesteps like a matador evading a bull.]

GM: This is madness! The Aces have four people out there!

BW: And Slow And Useless can't keep tabs on the two they need to concern themselves with! Sweet Daddy just jumped at Raven with a suicide plop! That's like a suicide dive, except, well, you saw the difference.

GM: Percy is on the floor acting innocent, as Steven and Daniel are assaulting Soup Bone Samson. Double gutwrench suplex! You're right about one thing. Williams and Samson DON'T have a chance... not like this! Not with all of this interference!

BW: There's a nice legal tag by The Aces. If only Soup Kitchen could manage one of those. Ha, that's the name I'm stickin' with. Soup Kitchen. Winner. Unlike the actual team.

GM: Steven Childes is climbing up to the ropes! Tyler is on the bottom rope... they're going to rocket launch! This will do it!

[The fans stand as Tyler and Childes pose dramatically on the ropes, before Tyler sends Childes skywards with the Rocket Launcher. Samson is too slow to dodge...

...but not to pull his knees up.]

BW: NO!

GM: SAMSON GOT THE KNEES UP! THE ACES TOOK THE SPEED EDGE FOR GRANTED AND THEY PAID!

BW: It's okay, Daniel's still in there.

[A shocked Tyler quickly realizes that he needs to do something about Samson, and runs off the ropes... only to be tripped by Sweet Daddy Williams, who had just gotten up from his trip to the floor!]

BW: Illegal trip from the floor!

GM: Oh, now it's illegal?

BW: It was illegal before, only you didn't whine about this one so I figured I should, to be fair.

GM: Samson over to tag... Percy is on the apron again!

BW: Uh, oh! Watch out, Percy!

[Unfortunately for the "Collector Of Oddities", Sweet Daddy did not head to his corner when he tripped Tyler. Instead, he hustled over to Childes.

Grabbing the bald, pudgy manager by the seat of the pants, Williams pulls him off the apron to the floor to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: SWEET DADDY GOT PERCY CHILDES!

BW: More senseless violence on a manager! Percy should sue him and Stevie Scott both!

GM: Daniel Tyler is behind him!

[Tyler, who is up from his trip, is standing in the ring, with both hands on the top rope, ready to slingshot himself on Sweet Daddy. Williams' back is turned as he is dealing with Percy. However, Daniel is grasped by the shoulder and spun into a loud, angry right hook that hits like an express train! The place erupts!]

BW: NO! NO!

GM: SOUP BONE HIT IT! THE RIGHT HOOK! DANIEL TYLER IS OUT!

BW: This can't happen!

GM: Williams chases off Percy Childes... back up to the apron...

BW: Nonono.

GM: AND THE TAG IS MADE! THE CROWD IS EXPLODING!

BW: If Soup Kitchen pulls this off, I will die. Gordo, I'll have a coronary. I mean it. That would be the biggest tragedy in wrestling since [Bucky's voice begins to crack] the Sizzler burned down in Amarillo. *sniff*

GM: Sweet Daddy in and unloading on Steven Childes! Childes is the legal man, and he's isolated as Daniel Tyler doesn't know who or where he is right now after the vicious right hook of Soup Bone Samson. Samson is spent as well! We have Williams versus Childes, and Sweet Daddy is dominant! Two big body slams by Williams!

BW: Diving headbutt by Sweet Daddy... I've seen this all too often. He gets those people going, and he inexplicably becomes unstoppable!

GM: Feeding off the adrenaline, feeding off the energy of the crowd!

BW: The only things he feeds off of are pork fat and doughnuts!

GM: Williams with an Irish-Whip... and the flying butt-butt! The move that ended Ronnie D's career!

BW: Don't start about that either!

GM: He's signaling for the Roundup! The Riley Roundup is coming up!

BW: Come on Stevie! Bail out! Get... oh, no, he's got him hooked!

GM: Williams raring for the... COME ON!

BW: He tripped over his own feet!

GM: Radiant Raven tripped him again! Again! How much of this are we going to put up with?!

BW: Well, Warren saw it that time!

[Davis Warren points at Raven and makes the "ejection" sign! The crowd goes wild as she makes a rare display of emotion, shaking her head adamantly that she will not leave!]

GM: RADIANT RAVEN IS BEING EJECTED!

BW: You can't throw out the Aces' inspiration like this!

GM: Sweet Daddy up and he's pointing the finger at Raven. And... WHAT IS THIS?!

[What "this" is is another man hitting the ring. A thickly built man with loosely tousled hair, a fu-manchu mustache, and somewhat lanky arms and legs. He's wearing blue jeans and a black T-Shirt that reads "BRAWN" on the front in bronze print.]

GM: That's... Tulsa Von Braun!

BW: That's not the name he wants to go by, Gordo.

GM: Why is he here?! He's got a chain!

[Tulsa is wrapping the chain around his fist very slowly and deliberately as he steps up on the apron... very close to Raven and in full view of the referee. Davis Warren sees him and begins screaming at him about the chain.]

BW: Well, he obviously ain't gonna do nothin' with it since he pretty much walked up to the ref.

[We can hear the youngest Von Braun as the referee berates him...]

TVB: What? This chain? I wasn't going to use a chain... what pathetic amateur uses a chain?! Huh?!

[Von Braun's "chat" with the official is cut short as Williams rushes in, throwing a haymaker...]

GM: Sweet Daddy nails him! Williams blasted Tulsa Von Braun! He remembers SuperClash! He remembers how Tulsa Von Braun cost him and Brian Von Braun the match! Williams wants to go out after him!

[Davis Warren blocks Sweet Daddy from pursuing. Tulsa, who can apparently take a punch, steps back up on the apron aggressively. Warren turns and commands him to exit.]

GM: This is... OH NO!

[And sure enough The Aces take the opportunity. Raven slides the mirror in to Steven Childes, and he smashes it over the head of Sweet Daddy Williams!]

BW: HA HA! Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the dumbest of them all? Yup, that guy!

GM: There is broken glass all over the ring! Samson is in, and he grabs the mirror frame from Childes! That will stop him from doing any more... no. Oh, you have to be...

[Yep. The referee turns around, sees Soup Bone with a broken mirror, glass all over the ring, and Stevie Childes rolling around on the ground holding his head.]

GM: You can't...

[He can.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: THAT IS RIDICULOUS!

BW: HA HA HA HA!

[Samson throws the mirror down and screams at the referee. Tyler and Childes roll out of the ring, and hustle to the back with Percy, Tulsa, and Raven. the crowd is in an uproar!]

GM: IT TOOK FIVE PEOPLE TO GET A CHEAP DISQUALIFICATION!

PW: The winners of this match... as the result of a disqualification...

...THE ACCCCCCEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

BW: Brilliant. Totally brilliant. That was a dominant performance by The Aces, daddy.

GM: What match were YOU watching?

BW: The one where The Aces dominated, and when things got hairy they basically manipulated their opponents into doing exactly what they wanted, giving them a no-fuss no-muss ride to the Stampede Cup.

GM: And what is Tulsa Von...

BW: That's not his name anymore, Gordo.

GM: I don't care what his name-

BW: More disrespect! Didn't that get you into enough trouble with Blue and Craven?! For now, let's rejoice. The Stampede Cup got that much better, and Soup Kitchen can go back to the bread line!

["Dancing Queen" by Red Kross plays as The Aces showboat at the top of the aisle... then hustle inside the curtain as Williams and Samson storm down the aisle after them.]

GM: That fills out one half of the Stampede Cup bracket in its entirety, fans. Let's take a look...

[A graphic appears on the screen showing the eight teams already in the tournament:

Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez
The Bishop Boys
The Samoan Hit Squad
The Prehistoric Powers
Sultan Azam Sharif and Supernova
November and LION Tetsuo
Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds
The Aces]

GM: A distinguished field already... and we also know that we'll be seeing two qualifying matches in the weeks ahead with The Rave taking on The Longhorn Riders and The Blonde Bombers meeting The Rockstar Express - two excellent matches pitting four very qualified teams against each other. That'll put us at ten. But who will the final six be? We'll find out in the days and weeks to come as we continue down the road to Oklahoma City and the biggest tag team tournament on the planet!

BW: You're gettin' ahead of yourself, Gordo. We ain't done here yet tonight!

GM: This special edition of Saturday Night Wrestling keeps chuggin' along with more action coming right up... but before that, I'm told we've got a very special interview. Jason?

[Crossfade back to the interview platform where we see Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott, already standing alongside Jason Dane.]

JD: Juan Vasquez, you...well, you heard the new AWA President Karl O' Connor's announcement earlier tonight. Thanks to former AWA Chairman of the Championship Committee Jim Watkins...and the persistence of Stevie Scott, you're a free man! But your freedom didn't come without a price. You have the wrath of Percy Childes and The Unholy Alliance to contend with now. However, after being consumed with revenge for so long...after the dark path that you chose to take...we all have to wonder...

[Dane tries to frame his question as perfectly as possible.]

JD: What the heck were you thinking!?

[Juan holds out his hand, asking for Dane to hand over the mic. With microphone in hand, Juan stands quiet for a few moments, gathering up his thoughts...]

JV: First off, lemme just say...that I probably don't even deserve a second chance...but Jim Watkins, I know you're out there somewhere watching, and I'm glad to know that you never gave up or stopped believing in an idiot like me.

[There's a shout of "Thank you, Jimmy!" from the crowd, as they applaud the now-former AWA Chairman of the Championship Committee.]

JV: I know I have a lot of explaining to do. Well...where to start?

[Juan's eyes cast downward.]

JV: At WrestleRock, I lost something important to me...and I don't mean the National Title.

[A deep sigh.]

JV: I lost my love for professional wrestling.

[He shakes his head.]

JV: It's a terrible feeling. Worse than any title or match that I've lost inside this ring. It was like I'd lost a piece of soul and I had no idea how to get it back.

When I came back last year...everything had changed. For me, it wasn't about wrestling or competition anymore. The thrill, the rush, that wonderful feeling I got every time I stepped into the ring?

Gone.

Gone, gone...gone.

[A stern, contemplative expression forms on his face.]

JV: I was mad. I was angry. I was DAMN angry...'cause I had no idea how to get it back. And I couldn't just blame any one person...no...there were so many names and so many people. So many...that I couldn't blame just one.

So I blamed them ALL.

[He laughs at his own foolishness.]

JV: I thought if I got back at all of them...if I got my revenge...things would go back to the way they were.

[He gives a look of regret.]

JV: But it was never enough. No matter who I beat or how many times I stepped into that ring, it was never enough...and that empty feeling in my heart was always there. But I was convinced that my way was the right way! I had the right to revenge! I had to do whatever I could to avenge what they did to me!

So I didn't stop.

Hell, I couldn't if I tried.

[A sad smile.]

JV: It turned into an obsession...an addiction.

[Juan squeezes his eyes shut at the memory.]

JV: And it played right into Percy Childe's hands.

I was an idiot. I always thought I had all the answers, but Childe got me. He got me GOOD. I was so far gone by then, I didn't even care if he did. All I wanted and all I needed was my revenge. Get my pound of flesh from Calisto Dufresne and maybe, FINALLY...I could live again.

But at SuperClash...it was still there.

That feeling of emptiness.

And no matter how much I punished Dufresne, no matter how hard I punched him, how much pain I inflicted...I still couldn't feel a damn thing. It was about the time Stevie ran in and stopped me from repeating the most terrible mistake of my life that the thought finally entered my head:

"What the hell am I doing?"

[He frowns.]

JV: I sold my soul...and for what? To do the bidding of a man that I hated. To help an entitled brat win a title that he doesn't deserve. To live out the rest of my career bowing my head to creeps that I weren't even deserving of even the slightest amount of my respect.

[Juan turns to Stevie Scott.]

JV: You were right, Stevie. You were COMPLETELY right. The man I've been for the last year ain't the man I'm supposed to be.

[He then turns to the crowd with a smile on his face.]

JV: The man that I'm SUPPOSED to be was the one that knocked the kabuki make-up off Nenshou's smug bastard face with a right cross!

[Big Pop!]

JV: Stevie...at SuperClash, you didn't just save Calisto Dufresne.

You saved me.

[He chuckles.]

JV: I thought I'd never in a million years ever say this to you, amigo...but thank you.

[Stevie's smile widens even more, maybe one of the few times that we've seen him actually smile on TV. Not the Steviesmirk, not the Steviegrin, but an actual smile.]

HSS: Juan, we've already talked about this a lot off-camera, but you're not the only one that should be saying thank you. I've said it before, you also helped me see the light and for the first time in my career, from the moment I came out to your aid at Wrestlerock, I've had peace.

[Stevie pauses, shifting his eyes from Vasquez to Jason Dane and the camera alternately.]

HSS: Jason Dane, this day has been a long time coming. It's no secret that Juan and I have had our differences, our battles over the years here in the AWA. Hey, back then, I was a punk. I know it and I don't apologize for it. But whether you liked me or hated me, whether you liked Juan or hated him, there IS no argument against the fact that when you think of the AWA, you think of Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott. You think of the two men who made the American Wrestling Alliance the number one wrestling promotion in the sport today. And there is no doubt in MY mind that we remain the two best wrestlers not just in the AWA, but in the entire industry.

[The Hotshot points at the camera, his smile gone and replaced by a business-like expression.]

HSS: So Percy Childes, I want you to stop, take a moment and think...what does THAT mean for YOU?

I'll tell you what it CAN mean for you. You can walk away, and as far as we're concerned...it'll be over. You can protect The Aces, Nenshou, Tully and yourself from the losses, the embarrassments, and the general butt-kickings that WILL be coming your way if you decide to chase us. You can be smart, recoup your losses, and turn your attention back to James Monosso or wherever you want.

[He pauses, smirking.]

HSS: But I seriously doubt that's going to happen.

So if it's a war you're looking for, fat man? You better consider the opponent and plan your strategy accordingly. Because you're looking at two men who have survived more in four years than you and your whole crew COMBINED. We KNOW what it takes to win, and I think we have BOTH proven that we'll do whatever it takes to do so. Consider this your warning, Childes...

...and engage us at your own risk.

[And with that, Stevie and Juan share a handshake that fills the air with popping flashbulbs...]

JD: Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez are on the same page... and they're ready for whatever else comes their way! Right now, let's head right back down to the ring for six man tag team action!

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

PW: The following six man tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... Team #1... in the corner to my left at a total combined weight of 682 pounds...

SEAN MACK!

[A barrel-chested African-American man pounds his chest, stepping up to the midbuckle to a few cheers.]

DONNIE DIAZ!

[A few more cheers for the lanky man with the long black hair as he raises an arm.]

And "BIG" TEX JOHNSON!

[A lot of cheers go up for the man with the state of Texas drawn on the rump of his full-length tights. He runs a hand through a nasty, mess of a beard as he smiles at the reaction of the fans.]

GM: Three newcomers here to the AWA making their debut.

BW: They're gonna wish they stayed home, Gordo.

[Phil continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Metallica's cover of "Turn The Page" kicks in - no longer a song that draws cheers from the crowd but one that draws very loud boos in response.]

PW: From Beale Street USA... they are "DANGEROUS" DICK WYATT, "THE NATURAL" ADAM ROGERS, ROBERT DONOVAN...

THE BEALE STREET BULLLLLLIIIIIIIESSSS!

[The threesome makes their way into view to even louder jeers from the crowd. Wyatt is the first one through, promptly shouting at a pair of fans and gesturing near his crotch.]

GM: This Dick Wyatt kid has problems, Bucky.

BW: Everyone's got problems, Gordo. He's just got an interesting way of expressing them.

GM: The son of the legendary Texas wrestler "Hands Of Stone" Steve Wyatt and the nephew of the equally-legendary Blackwater Bart, Dick Wyatt has the pedigree to be a big star here in the AWA, fans.

[Adam Rogers is the next one through, rocking what amounts to a wifebeater t-shirt made up of the Confederate flag. He's still sporting the heavy beard and wears a pair of dark sunglasses as he trots down the ramp towards the ring after Wyatt.]

GM: It was quite the surprise two weeks ago to see Adam Rogers make his return to the AWA... but even more of a surprise to see him looking the way he looks, talking the way he talked, and acting the way he acted. For most AWA fans, they remember Adam Rogers as the man who came to the company to try and dissuade Marcus Broussard from walking the path of darkness... but Rogers might need a dose of his own medicine right now.

BW: The son of George Rogers who was a staple of wrestling in the South for years - Adam saw a man he grew up with in trouble and he came to the rescue again. He's a hero if you ask me.

GM: A hero? Oh brother.

[The curtain parts one more time as Robert Donovan walks through, a satisfied grin on his face as he listens to the roaring crowd that is booing him out of the building. He's wearing a red t-shirt that looks recently made with the words "BEALE STREET FOREVER!" written across in black bold print. He jerks a thumb at his chest to the nearest camera before shoving the cameraman aside and joining his partners inside the ring.]

GM: The Beale Street Bullies made themselves known as a unit two weeks ago by assaulting the Lynch brothers - and you have to wonder what's next for them now, Bucky.

BW: What do you mean?

GM: Well, they got one over on the Lynches like they intended. Are they joining the Stampede Cup now? Are they taking aim at a championship here in the AWA?

BW: I'm sure when they want us to know their plans, they'll let us know.

[The Bullies huddle up. Donovan claps both of his partners on the back as they exit the ring, leaving him inside with Sean Mack as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Sean Mack lets loose a shout, rushing across the ring with his hands gripped over his head...

...and runs RIGHT into a big boot to the mush!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Hah! What a goof! He charged right out of the corner and the big man made him pay for it!

[Donovan grabs Mack by the foot, dragging him to the corner where he slaps the hand of Dick Wyatt. Wyatt steps through, diving down to the mat where he starts hammering Mack with right hands to the skull to the protests of the official!]

GM: Ricky Longfellow is trying to get Wyatt to back off, the newest member of our officiating team - a second-generation official in his own right.

[Climbing to his feet at the count of four, Wyatt holds up his hands...

...and then sprints across the ring, leaping into the air, and smashing a fist into the head of Donnie Diaz, knocking him down off the apron!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Johnson takes a wild swing at Wyatt who avoids it, backpedaling with a finger waggle...

...and BURIES a mule kick into the heart of the rising Mack!]

GM: Geez... this kid is full of fire and seems quite angry all the time.

[He stands over the downed Mack, shouting something at him.]

GM: Wyatt's demanding that Mack gets up and fights but every time Mack gets close to getting up, Wyatt knocks him right back down... oof! Big right hand there!

[He reaches over, slapping the hand of Adam Rogers. Rogers steps in as Wyatt grabs both legs on Mack...]

GM: Rogers on the middle rope...

[He leaps off, burying the point of his elbow into the throat with a driving elbow drop! The crowd jeers as Mack flails about on the mat, clutching his windpipe!]

GM: As disappointed as I was to see Robert Donovan betray the Lynches AND the AWA fans like he did, I think I was almost more disappointed to see it out of Adam Rogers, Bucky.

BW: Rogers has a dark side - ask anyone who was a fan of his days in Los Angeles and they can tell you about some of the stuff he pulled there.

GM: I thought those days were behind him... I truly did.

[A few stomps forces Mack to the corner where Rogers invites Diaz to tag him.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes Donnie Diaz...

[Diaz rushes in, throwing right hands at the jaw of Rogers who absorbs them and then drops down into a drop toehold, taking Diaz chestfirst down to the mat. Rogers rolls across the back of Diaz, going into a full spin across the back a few times before popping up...

...and SLAPPING Diaz in the back of the head!]

GM: Oh! There's no call for that!

[Rogers gets to his feet, "dusting off" his shoulders before burying another elbowedrop, this time into the kidneys. He plants a knee into the same spot, grabbing a handful of hair and pulling back...]

GM: That's an illegal hold, ref! Get in there and break that up!

BW: You're such a spoilsport.

[Rogers breaks his "submission hold" at four, getting up and raising an arm in "victory." The ref swings his arm down, pointing at him as the crowd boos.]

BW: Rogers thought he gave up!

GM: He did not! He's just being-

[Rogers leans down, grabbing a waistlock on the lanky Diaz, muscling him up to his feet...]

GM: He's going for a German!

[Diaz drops to a knee, refusing to go up for it. Rogers breaks his waistlock, hammering Diaz with a series of forearms across the back...

...and then hooks the waistlock again, powering Diaz up, and DUMPING him on the back of his head!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: No bridge! All impact on that German Suplex!

[Rogers sits up on the mat, a big smirk on his face before crawling on his knees to the corner where he tags in the big man.]

GM: In comes Donovan... he's coming fast!

[And SMASHES Diaz on the mat with a leaping legdrop!]

GM: That might do it... if they wanted to cover him at least.

BW: Oh, they don't. Donovan's gonna finish this kid right now though.

[Donovan pulls Diaz off the mat, tugging him right into the gutwrench...]

GM: Here it comes!

[Donovan powers Diaz into the air, twists him over...

...and DRIVES him down with a released gutwrench powerbomb!]

GM: Oh my! It's over! It's all over after that!

[Or it might be if Donovan had elected to cover instead of slapping the hand of his shouting partner...]

GM: Wyatt's in... why?!

BW: They're sending a message, Gordo!

[Wyatt pulls Diaz up, hooking a front facelock as he turns him over to a back-to-back position...

...and SNAPS Diaz down in a jolting reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: He calls that the Dangerous Curver and I think he's got another victim, daddy!

[Wyatt slips an elbow over the chest, leaning back with his chin on his hand as the referee makes the merciful three count...]

GM: That's it, fans.

[The bell sounds as Rogers and Donovan join Wyatt in the ring, making sure that "Big" Tex doesn't try to take a cheapshot...

...and then Rogers knocks Johnson off the apron with a running back elbow to REALLY make sure he doesn't take one. The crowd boos louder as a smirking Rogers embraces young Dick Wyatt.]

GM: The Beale Street Bullies pick up their second win in six man tag team action... if you can call that farce two weeks ago a legitimate six man tag team battle.

BW: You're so bitter.

GM: An impressive showing by the Beale Street Bullies tonight, and it appears they are on their way over here to talk about it. We can only hope they keep the vulgarity to a minimum.

BW: Says you! I love these guys, telling it like it is, daddy!

[The Bullies approach the broadcast table, with Donovan snatching the microphone away from Gordon Myers. The seven-footer monster stares down at the diminutive broadcaster.]

RD: Yer in my seat, Myers.

[Realizing the odds are not in his favor, Myers raises his hands in submission and steps away.]

BW: Yeah, get out of here, Myers! These boys want a REAL interviewer to handle this!

[But Bucky's expression quickly changes when Wyatt grabs his microphone away as well.]

DW: You too, Buckthorn. What we got to say ain't fit for the ears of the establishment.

[A surprised Bucky almost looks like he's going to cry, as he slowly moves to join Myers. Rogers picks up a mic off the table.]

AR: The boys are back in town, baby!

[Big heel pop! All three Bullies smile at the reaction.]

AR: Now, over the past couple of weeks, since we set the wrestling world on its ear, people have been asking the Bullies...so now that you took care of the Lynches, what's next? Who are you gonna take out now?

[Rogers scoffs and leans on the desk as Donovan and Wyatt both laugh in the background.]

AR: Who the hell said we were done with the Lynches?

[The (former) Natural shakes his head, sneering.]

AR: On the contrary, we're just getting started. That beating you saw us give them two weeks ago? That's just the tip of the iceberg, baby. Tell 'em about it, Dick!

[Dick Wyatt is a little bit on the "rant and rave" side as he gestures wildly at the camera.]

DW: Ya know what ah can't wait to do, boys?

[Wyatt gets a big smirk on his face.]

DW: Ah can't wait to make that good-for-nothin' cripple James Lynch taste my boot polish again...

[He laughs.]

DW: ...and again...

[He laughs louder, more maniacal in nature.]

DW: ...and again... and again... and again...

[Wyatt surges forward, grabbing the camera lens with both hands.]

DW: YA HEAR ME, JAMES?! AH'M GONNA STICK MY BOOT SO FAR DOWN YER THROAT, YA'D HAVE TO TAKE YER PANTS OFF TO KICK A FOOTBALL WITH IT!

[Wyatt shoves the cameraman back a few steps before cackling and wandering back over towards the table where his "brothers" are standing. A grinning Adam Rogers waves the cameraman forward.]

AR: Now, now... nothin' to be afraid of here, my friend.

[He looks over at the men to his side.]

AR: Well, there's a whole LOT to be afraid of but I was trying to be comforting. Did it work?

[The camera shakes back and forth like the cameraman is shaking his head.]

AR: That's a shame. But like my brother Dick here says, we're just getting started with these Lynches. Like everyone's heartthrob, Travis.

[Little girl pop!]

AR: That's right. Squeal to your heart's delight, ladies. Hey, big man... you know why Travis Lynch sells so many of that filthy rag he calls a t-shirt?

[Donovan shakes his head.]

AR: He hits two of the AWA's most ignored demographics.

One... the training bra market.

[On cue, the camera cuts to a pair of just barely teens waving a Travis Lynch sign... and then back to a grinning Rogers.]

AR: And the other...

[Rogers strokes his wild beard.]

AR: How do I put this delicately? Hey, big man... you know what they say Texas is known for?

[Donovan grins, nodding his head.]

AR: Well, let's just say that there ain't no cows picking up the latest Travis Lynch t-shirt but he's a popular man in certain establishments down here in Dallas.

[Wyatt leans in.]

DW: Are ya sayin' he frequents The Hidden Door?

[There's a slight "ohhhhh" from the crowd members who recognize the name of one of Dallas' most famed bars that focus towards a certain clientele. Wyatt cackles as Rogers grins.]

AR: I'm not one to gossip, Dick... so you didn't hear that from me. Tell 'em, big man.

[The specified big man slouches backwards, putting his feet up on the announce table.]

RD: I'd definitely like to say a few words 'bout one Jack Lynch.

[Donovan pauses for a moment, sneering.]

RD: Folks think the Lynch family's some kinda bunch o' stand-up folks, honorable, honest, whatever. Me an' Dick an' Adam, we know better. We saw how that clown Blackjack operated in Texas, an' we seen that the apples didn't fall too damn far from the tree there.

[Donovan laughs.]

RD: People been buggin' me 'bout proof, evidence since we laid waste to those three jerks a couple o' weeks ago, an' truth be told I just don't know what to say, since all the proof that Jack Lynch is a lyin', low-down son of a gun is right there on video tape. He throws down the referee first time out against the Bishops, an' there ain't no excuse for that. Wasn't an accident, wasn't "in the heat of the moment" or any o' that BS, he just wanted an out an' first one he saw, he took.

Then... SuperClash! Y'all watched that match, y'all saw what Jack Lynch did. He had the match won, WON, an' he let go o' that Claw to check on his lil' crippled brother. He wanted that out, an' you'd have to be dumber 'n a Lynch to not see that he threw that match on purpose.

[Donovan trails off for a moment, then shrugs.]

RD: But hey, Jack, maybe you did me a big damn favor by cuttin' and runnin', by lyin' to my face about how you were ready to roll on out there an' roll out with this old man an' the tag titles in tow. Maybe you did me a huge favor by showin' the world just how y'all Lynches do business! Y'all might think the Beale Street Bullies don't play nice, bein' that we run in a pack an' we ain't afraid to beat you down whether it's one, two, or all three of ya, but at least you know we're comin', boy. You know we're comin' because I'm sittin' here right now an' tellin' you we're comin', Jack. We're comiin' for you, for your little brother with the bum wheel, an' for that lil' bastard pretty boy Travis.

[Donovan takes his feet off the table and leans forward, glaring at the camera briefly before laughing.]

RD: Oh, an' Blackjack...if I ever, ever get a chance to get these hands on you, don't think I'll put any less a beatin' on you'n I've already put on Jack and James. You ain't safe, so if I were you, old timer, I might not set foot outside the state of Texas again. Ever.

AR: Hey, you people want to know when we're done with the Lynches?

[Adam cracks a sly grin.]

AR: Lemme tell you people what you don't know about the Lynches. There's more of 'em. More than just those three talentless punks that come out here acting like they're something special. Naw...there just happens to be some Lynch sisters, ain't that right, boys?

[Donovan and Wyatt nod and grin, knowing where this is going.]

AR: And hey, I don't know how it happened, because their brothers are so ugly their momma tried to trade 'em in at the hospital after they were born...but those Lynch girls?

[Rogers mimes wiping sweat off his forehead.]

AR: Damn, are they hot!

So you'll know when we're done with the Lynches when you see each of us with a Lynch girl on our arms, because their old man got so damn tired of seeing the Beale Street Bullies kick his little punk boys' asses all over Texas, that sent his girls over to show us a REAL good time so we'll leave his other little girls alone!

[Heel pop... that quickly turns into a HUUUUUGE roar of cheers!]

AR: You people like that? You're more twisted than I- AH!

[The "AH!" comes as James Lynch HURLS himself off the elevated rampway, diving onto the pile of Bullies at ringside! His brothers are in hot pursuit, all of 'em looking more pissed off than the one before him!]

James Lynch is atop Adam Rogers in a hurry, pounding away with right hands...

...but a lunging Dick Wyatt tackles Lynch right out of the mount, taking his turn to pummel one of Texas' favorite sons with right hands.

Before long though, Travis Lynch drops down off the ramp, pulling Wyatt up by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him into the ringside barricade by the hair!]

The muscular Travis is in pursuit, stomping Wyatt down on the barely-padded floor when suddenly another HUGE roar goes up from the crowd as Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan come together up on the ramp, hammering one another with big right hands!]

GM: Is this... can anyone hear me?!

[As the announce team tries to get back into position, the camera quickly cuts, showing all three battles going on.

First, we see Adam Rogers backing James Lynch against the ring apron, hooking a side headlock and peppering him with clenched fists to the skull.

A cut finds Travis viciously stomping Dick Wyatt who is trying to use the railing to pull himself off the floor.

And then inside the ring, Jack Lynch has hammered Donovan back into the corner, hopping up on the midbuckle and raising that black glove-covered right hand into the air!]

GM: Bucky, are we... can YOU hear me?

BW: I hear ya, I hear ya! Stop yelling at me!

[The series of big shots from Jack Lynch in the corner has the crowd roaring...

...until Adam Rogers climbs up on the apron, reaching up and into the ring to THROW Jack Lynch backwards, crashing down on his back on the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

[Rogers steps into the ring, waving for his partner-in-crime to join him.]

GM: Donovan pulls Lynch off the mat... he's calling for that gutwrench powerbomb...

[But before he can secure it, Travis Lynch dives headfirst under the ropes, rushing towards Donovan, ducking under a clothesline attempt from Rogers...

...and LEAPS up, catching Donovan across the throat with a flying clothesline, toppling the seven footer!]

GM: DOWN GOES DONOVAN! OH YEAH!!

[Travis Lynch pops back up, lifting his hand in the clawhold...

...but gets DRILLED from behind by Adam Rogers, a blow that sends Lynch through the ropes and out to the floor. Rogers steps out onto the apron, looking to follow...]

GM: James Lynch is up on the apron too!

[James Lynch catches Rogers with a series of right hands...

...and then SINKS his fingers into the temples of Rogers with an Iron Claw!]

GM: JAMES LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW ON ROGERS!

[Which is a recovering Dick Wyatt's cue to grab Lynch by the leg, yanking hard to bring Lynch down to the floor, breaking the hold. Rogers leaps down, joining Wyatt as they each grab Lynch by the back of the head...

...and SLAM his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Rogers and Wyatt took him- what the-?!

[Suddenly, Travis Lynch rushes back into the frame of the camera shot, leaping into the air and knocking down Wyatt with a Thesz Press. He's hammering away with right hands when Rogers grabs him by the hair, dragging him off of Wyatt...

...just in time to catch a baseball slide dropkick to the mush from Jack Lynch!]

GM: JACK LYNCH NAILS ROGERS!!

[And as he turns around...]

GM: CAUGHT! DONOVAN'S GOT JACK LYNCH BY THE THROAT!!

[At which point, Lynch BURIES a boot into the groin of Donovan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: He kicked him low! That ain't right! That ain't right at all! That's a blatantly illegal move!

GM: It would be but this isn't a match - this is a fight!

[And in comes a swarm of AWA officials and security, getting between as many of the Lynches and Bullies as they can to restrain them from going any further!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! We've got chaos! Let's... let's take a break! We'll be right back with our Main Event!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marcus Broussard...

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside.]

GM: We are back, fans. It's been a long and exciting night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling and now we're down to just two things left to accomplish. One... we're going to find out who truly should be the next challenger for the World Heavyweight Title - Supreme Wright or the former National Champion Calisto Dufresne.

BW: And two, we're going to find out it don't matter one bit because Monosso's gonna hang 'em up, go find a retirement home to sleep away his days in, and leave us in the lurch like the friggin' hero he is.

[The memorable high-pitched piano of "The Theme From Halloween" starts up, and the crowd stands to their feet and cheers.]

BW: This is it, Gordo. The requisite self-indulgent retirement blithering.

GM: Did Percy Childes give you that phrase?

BW: Yeah. So?

[After a moment, the curtain is thrust apart by a pair of meaty hands, and the AWA World Heavyweight Champion begins walking towards the ring. James Monosso is wearing worn dark blue jeans and a red flannel vest over a black shirt that reads PROPERTY OF MYSELF in pale green print, an ironic reversal of the shirt he made famous for many years. The champion's stringy greying shoulder-length hair is receding, showing a good bit of forehead on Monosso's wide, flat face. However, he stands straight and tall as he slowly makes his way to the ring at an unhurried pace, the World Title belt clasped around his waist.]

BW: Flannel. Classy.

GM: It's cold, Bucky. Monosso has never been about appearances.

BW: Obviously.

[Monosso steps in through the ropes, and heads straight to center ring. He grabs the house mic and begins in his gruff voice.]

JM: First off, I'm here in the ring instead of the interview stage, because there ain't no need for me or Dane to get jumped by that little [BLEEP] again.

GM: We apologize for his language, folks. Monosso is not a politically correct man.

BW: It rhymed with "mook", if you're wonderin'.

JM: Now I heard Percy earlier. I wanna be clear. He's right about me. He ain't even right about himself, but he's right about me. I ain't no good guy. I can't be. Not anymore. Not after what I done. I learned to hate, to really hate, an' that don't go away even if you want it to. In this wrestlin' business, it's true, almost everyone is a selfish cruel jerk. Some more than others. Everybody's got a dark side.

But I found out that some people have good sides too. Jim Watkins helped me out of the worst hole. He didn't do it for no reason other than he knew, but for whatever luck or gods or karma or whatever, he knew that it coulda been him in my shoes. So I owe him big. He's a good man, and we had a talk about two weeks ago.

You all know the story. I gotta retire. I have to. My neck... any match could be my last now. I can either walk out, or they carry me out and I never walk again. And people are tryin'. Nenshou wants to cripple me because his ego can't stand that I beat him twice. Supreme Wright wanted

to cripple me just to win a match. Anybody I go in with will try it, too. I don't blame them. To be the World Champion, you do what it takes. The money is that good. And to me, that's what it is: money. But money can't buy you the ability to walk once that's gone. And even if it could, I don't got THAT much. I got just enough to retire, get a cheap house in Santa Fe, and be done with it. I got my house. I got my nest egg. All I have to do is put it down...

[As he speaks, Monosso unbuckles the championship belt.]

JM: ...and walk away.

[He holds out the belt, as if ready to drop it.]

JM: Jim Watkins told me, in our talk. Told me about the unwritten rules of wrestling. I didn't need to be told what they are; I been doin' this longer than some of you have been breathin'. But he told me the whys, the wheres, and the hows, more than anyone has ever bothered to explain to me before. And the one he talked about was the one that a promoter in New York used to call the Chain Rule.

The rule is, "never break the chain". There always needs to be a champion, whenever possible. I never really knew or cared why. But Watkins told me why. Tournaments might be exciting for fans, but not having a champion means all your matches have no point. A champion is only as good as the people he beat for it, and the people he beats to keep it. So every champion gets that from the guy they beat. That's how a title comes to mean somethin'. If your title don't mean somethin', your matches don't mean nothin'. If your matches mean nothin', then all these people, all the wrestlers, we're gettin' crippled for nothing. No reason. Just broken and left for dead without buildin' anything out of it.

I don't know if I really see it that way, but Jim Watkins does. It's important to him. Very important. So important that he gave me an envelope. One of the ones he signed before he left office. I gave it to the AWA this mornin', after I made up my mind.

It's a waiver of the thirty day title defense rule. Because I'm gonna defend this title.

[The crowd cheers the announcement loudly!]

JM: When I lose, then I can retire. But I can't just roll over and let somebody win to take the easy way out. No. That would be just like leavin' with the belt. So I'll fight until I lose.

I heard Calisto Dufresne say he wants a shot, because he never got a rematch. Well, you lost the National Title, not the World Title. You want a rematch, go look under rocks till you find Langseth! But if you want a title match with me, that's fine anyway. You get the AWA to sign it and I'll be there. There's only two men I refuse to defend against. I ain't givin' that [BLEEP] Nenshou another shot, and I ain't givin' the so-called king a shot.

Because I don't hand things over on silver platters, like Percy wants, or like that stuck-up [BLEEP] Langseth wants. They can call me every name in the book, I don't care. I ain't a nice guy, and I ain't a proud man. Anybody else, you get the AWA to sign it and I'll sign it.

That waiver says I can waive the thirty-day rule until the Stampede Cup. That'll give me time to be ready. So if I lose, then the new champion will have earned it. He'll have beat the man who beat McBaine, Carver, Hudson, Vasquez, Sharif, and Scott to win it. Who defended against Wright and Nenshou. Who won against 'em all. And they'll have all of that glory, to hold until they get beat for it. That's what Jim Watkins wanted, so that's what I'll do.

[Monosso pauses a moment as the cheers for all the namedropping dies down.]

JM: The last thing I came out here to say is to Supreme Wright.

Kid, I know the road you're goin' down. Obsession. It'll destroy you. You see that broken shell you're fightin' with? Preston. That's my fault, yeah. But that's what obsession does. That's where it ends. Actually, that ain't even where it ends... it gets worse. And worse. And worse. Sorry for stealin' your line, Bill. But it's true. Wright, that's where your goin'. That road only ends in bitterness. I was tryin' to show everybody that when I did that to Preston. It was what I was warnin' all wrestlers about. Because I already saw that Preston was goin' that way. If you had been here, probably I'd have done it to you instead.

You got one chance to turn back before it's too late, kid. I don't mean about fightin' me, or him, or goin' for a title. I mean about makin' it your whole world. Maybe it's already too late. But I had to say it. I could even work in somethin' about you bein' insane to think otherwise, but in this case, it's literally true. You really will go insane if you think otherwise.

Believe me. I know.

[With that sombering statement, Monosso sets down the mic and exits the ring. The fans cheer, albeit a bit muted because of the tone he ended on.]

BW: Oh, NOW he's worried about someone else's mental state. Eric Preston'll love to hear that.

GM: James Monosso will not retire until he loses the AWA National Title. That is the big story here.

BW: But he gets a free ride until the Stampede Cup?! Percy was right! Fan favorites get a free pass no matter what they ever did before.

GM: This is in the better interest of the company. As Monosso said, a strong champion means a strong championship. And I'm glad to hear that he won't reward Nenshou or Mark Langseth for their respective cowardly tactics.

BW: Cowardly is a real good word to use about that decision.

GM: But as Monosso said, he doesn't care if he's called a coward.

[Suddenly, the sounds of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Men" kicks in to a big explosion of boos from the AWA faithful. James Monosso freezes in his tracks on the ramp, slinging the title belt over his shoulder as he awaits the arrival of the man walking through...]

GM: Uh oh. This could be an explosive situation, fans.

[Calisto Dufresne strides through the curtain, already in his ring gear. He pauses just beyond the curtain...

...and then raises his hand, delivering the smarmiest of all golf claps presumably aimed at the World Champion who doesn't budge one bit. After a few moments, Dufresne starts walking down the ramp as well, getting closer and closer towards the World Champion.]

GM: Dufresne and Monosso are staring one another down from down the ramp... and I don't like the looks of this.

BW: There may not be a Main Event, Gordo! These two may tear each other apart right now.

[Dufresne gets closer, coming nose to nose with the World Champion.]

GM: The moment of truth, Bucky.

[The Ladykiller, a big grin on his face, says something off-mic to the World Champion. He jabs a finger into Monosso's chest...

...until Monosso swats his hand away, ready to beat down the man who wants to be the next challenger for the World Title. Dufresne backpedals, lifting his hands up as he stares down Monosso who stands, fists clenched, ready to throw down.]

GM: James Monosso might not be too eager to get into a physical encounter right now. He's got until the Stampede Cup to recover from his injuries enough to defend his title that night.

BW: And you know the best way to finish off an injured neck?

GM: What's that?

BW: Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am!

GM: You could be right, Bucky. That DDT might lay out the World Champion once and for all... it might put Monosso in a wheelchair for the rest of his life so the World Champion may not be too eager to have this physical battle right now...

[A smirking Dufresne ducks through the ropes, mockingly waving at Monosso who backs through the curtain as the Ladykiller does a spin in the middle of the ring as the bell sounds...]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Avery Island, Louisiana...

He is a former AWA National Champion...

The Ladykiller... CAAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUFRESNNNNE!

[Dufresne mounts the middle turnbuckle, raising both arms to the jeers of the crowd...

...as his music suddenly cuts out and is replaced by the sounds of Debbie Harry's voice to a roar from the crowd!]

PW: And his opponent... from Baton Rouge, Louisiana...

SUUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIIIGHT!

[The curtain parts to reveal Supreme Wright standing, bouncing his weight from one leg to the other, staring down the aisle at the man standing between him and another shot at what he believes is his destiny.]

GM: There he is, Bucky! The current Number One contender to the World Heavyweight Title... the winner of the 2012 Rumble and the man who was a heartbeat away from the World Title on several occasions at SuperClash IV.

[Wright waits a few more moments before starting to stride down the aisle with purpose. His hair is pulled back into cornrows that snake all over his head. He pauses just before the ropes, pointing a warning finger at the Ladykiller who waves him forward...

...and Wright comes in fast through the ropes, causing Dufresne to bail through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Dufresne's making a run for it! He wants no part of Supreme Wright!

[As the bell rings at the order of Johnny Jagger, Wright pursues Dufresne to the floor, chasing him around the ring where Dufresne rolls back in, Wright rolling in to follow...

...and gets caught with an elbowdrop to the back of the head!]

GM: Dufresne caught him!

[Dufresne grabs a handful of cornrows, SLAMMING Wright's face into the canvas!]

GM: Dufresne wants this World Title shot at the Stampede Cup and to me, it seems like he's willing to do anything to make it happen.

BW: As he should be. Monosso said it himself - men are willing to do ANYTHING to become the World Champion. If they're willing to cripple Monosso, why shouldn't they be willing to put one over on this street punk Wright?

GM: Now, we've all assumed that the winner of this match will get the next shot at James Monosso but... I don't know that's ever been made official, Bucky.

BW: There are a whole lot of contenders lining up for that shot, Gordo. James Monosso is wrestling on borrowed time - he admits it over and over. So, now is the time to get that shot at him. When lightning strikes him, this is the time you want to be standing close so you can become the World Heavyweight Champion.

GM: You look at the long list of top contenders - men like these two plus the Steal The Spotlight winner November... how 'bout Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez?

BW: What about the guy who told you point blank that he wants the World Title? William Craven!

GM: The list of top contenders is potentially longer than ever, fans, but you have to imagine these two are at the top of the list. A victory here tonight might put them over the top.

[While the announcers were chatting, we saw Dufresne pull Wright off the mat, whipping him across the ring into the far corner. He followed up with a running back elbow into the jaw before throwing a series of hard kicks into the torso, leaving Wright down on a knee before a perfectly-measured haymaker between the eyes knocked Wright down onto his backside.]

GM: Dufresne is establishing control of this match in the early moments - dragging Wright out of the corner by the foot now...

[Holding the ankle in both hands, Dufresne throws himself into a front flip, stretching out the hamstring of his opponent...]

GM: The Ladykiller appears to be going after the leg...

BW: Taking a page out of Wright's playbook. Wright is the guy who likes to break people down physically and try to make them submit. But it's Dufresne who is working on the leg... there's a big elbow drop down into the knee...

[Scissoring the leg, Dufresne applies a lot of pressure on the knee...

...when suddenly Wright swings his free leg up, bringing it down hard across the ear of the downed Dufresne.]

GM: Oh! He's trying to esca- armbar!

[The crowd roars as Wright pulls his trapped leg out of Dufresne's grip, scissoring an arm between the legs and pulling back into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: Wright's got him hook- no! Dufresne gets a foot on the ropes! A foot on the ropes!

[The official straightens up, ordering Supreme Wright to break the hold. Wright releases, rolling back up to his feet as Dufresne pulls himself under the ropes to the floor...]

GM: The Ladykiller bails out again!

BW: He wants no part of those submission holds out of Wright and you can't blame him for that, Gordo.

GM: You certainly can't but is THIS his strategy for this match? He's just going to run and hide every time he gets locked into one of Wright's holds?

BW: You got a better idea?

[Dufresne stands out on the floor, shaking his arm to try and get some blood back into the limb. Wright says something to the official, drawing closer to the ropes to shout at the Ladykiller.]

GM: It looks like Wright learned his lesson perhaps. He's not going out there after him this time...

[But he DOES get too close to the ropes, allowing Dufresne to reach under the ropes, grabbing an ankle to yank Wright's leg out from under him...]

GM: Oh! Dufresne trips him up... look at this!

[He drags Wright partially under the ropes, lifting up the left leg...

...and SLAMMING the back of the knee down onto the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne's going right back after the knee!

[Lifting the leg a second time, he drives it into the apron a second time as well. Wright grimaces in pain as he tries to pull his leg back into the squared circle but Dufresne drills him with a right hand, lifting the leg a third time...]

BW: Again?!

GM: No!

[The crowd groans as Wright's knee meets the apron a third time!]

GM: Dufresne is going right after that knee - over and over again. He knows if he busts up that knee, he's going to have a very good chance of being able to defeat Wright and move on to possibly face the World Champion at the Stampede Cup. This is the Number Nine contender as ranked by the Championship Committee trying to knock off the Number One contender.

[Dufresne grabs the leg again, pulling Wright clear under the ropes to the floor...

...where Wright BLASTS him with a forearm shot to the jaw, sending Dufresne falling back into the barricade!]

GM: Wright fires back!

[Hobbling a bit, Wright moves towards Dufresne, grabbing him by the arm...

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

GM: OHH! BACKFIRST TO THE APRON!!

BW: And that'll send a jolt clear up your spine, out your head, and up into the rafters, daddy!

[Moving in again, very slowly, Wright grabs Dufresne by his long blonde hair, pulling him closer and hammering home a forearm on the ear... and a second... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: Dufresne's on Dream Street off those forearms!

[Wright spins him around, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself through the ropes as well.]

GM: Both men back on their feet but Dufresne is backing off, looking to regroup from those hard shots to the skull...

[Dufresne throws himself at the leg, hooking Wright around the leg...]

GM: Single leg takedown-

[...but Wright flattens out on top of him, hammering away with forearms and fists to the ribcage. The blows loosen up the takedown enough for Wright to hook a guillotine choke on Dufresne, rolling through to take the mount on him while holding the choke!]

GM: WHOA!

BW: That's a chokehold!

GM: It's an arterial choke not a tracheal choke - totally legal! It's no more illegal than a sleeperhold!

BW: Not sure that should be legal either!

[Dufresne struggles against it, trying to pry Wright's grip apart. Suddenly, the Ladykiller plants his feet on the mat, bucking his hips, and rolling clear back into a mount of his own where he hammers away with his fists...

...and then digs his fingers into the eyes of Wright, forcing him to break the chokehold!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, you do whatcha gotta do to win a shot at the World Title, daddy!

GM: I'll remember you said that.

BW: Remember it, write it down, take a picture, I don't give a-

GM: Dufresne with a hard stomp down on the sternum!

[A measured second stomp leaves Wright gasping for air down on the canvas as Dufresne stands over him, measuring the downed Wright...

...and leaps up a third time, slamming a foot down on the sternum!]

GM: Another leaping stomp!

BW: A simple move but the damage it can do is immeasurable.

[Wright rolls out from under Dufresne to the ropes, using them to pull himself up to his feet...

...where a fuming Dufresne kicks the left knee in the back, flipping Wright back down onto his back!]

GM: Oh! Right back to the knee!

BW: The Ladykiller ain't no slouch when it comes to ring strategy and being a technician in there. He can break a man down as well as anyone can.

GM: As well as Supreme Wright can?

BW: I guess we're finding out right now, Gordo.

[Dufresne grabs Wright by the foot, draping the leg over the bottom rope. He places a foot on the second rope, nodding at the jeering crowd as he lifts up into the air...

...and DROPS his weight down on the injured knee!]

GM: OHHHH! Good grief!

[Grabbing the injured leg, Dufresne drags Wright out to the middle of the ring, hooking it under his right armpit and flips the former Combat Corner student over into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: Submission hold slapped on by the Ladykiller! He's looking to take a page out of Wright's playbook and make him quit right here in the middle of the ring.

BW: And what a coup that would be for Dufresne who is coming off a victory over Juan Vasquez - a dominating victory I might add - at SuperClash IV. With that win and a win here tonight, I don't see how anyone could deny that the Ladykiller is the REAL Number One contender, Gordo.

GM: I think everyone with eyes would argue about your statements regarding SuperClash... but what we can not deny is that Dufresne in control right now and a victory here tonight - no matter if it's by pinfall or submission - would certainly give him a tough case to argue against when he says he deserves the next shot at the World Title, fans.

[Dufresne leans back in the half Crab, shouting "ASK HIM!" as referee Johnny Jagger gets down on a knee, indeed asking Wright if he wants to submit.]

GM: Wright's not about to give up without a heck of a fight if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: He's not but that leg is being put through the wringer right now. The knee has a lot of pressure on it after being hit several times on the ring apron. He may not give up but the amount of damage being done to the leg right now has gotta be close to unbearable.

GM: We're only a hair over five minutes into this one so if Wright were to submit, it certainly would be a major upset at this stage of the match.

BW: Major upset?! Dufresne is a former PWR Pacific Champion - the first, last, and ONLY man to wear that title. He's a former AWA National Tag Team Champion. He's a former Stampede Cup winner. And, most of all, he is the FINAL man to wear that National Title and be recognized for it! A victory by Calisto Dufresne is NEVER an upset, Myers.

[Dufresne continues to lean back, bending the knee at an incredibly awkward angle. He shouts at the AWA's Senior Official a second time, ordering him to ask Wright again.]

GM: Jagger's on his feet, shouting at Dufresne - he's been asking the man!

BW: He should get down there and do his job!

GM: He's BEEN doing his job! He doesn't need Dufresne's verbal abuse!

[Dufresne suddenly spins out of the hold, holding the foot as he places his boot on the back of the knee...]

...and SMASHES the kneecap into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Dufresne drops to all fours, applying a lateral press.]

GM: The Ladykiller gets one... he's got two... but Wright gets the shoulder up at two. No chance of a pinfall there.

[Spinning into a mount, Dufresne grabs a handful of cornrows and pummels Wright with a series of short right hands until the referee's count forces him back to his feet...

...where he BURIES a soccer style kick into the ribcage, forcing Wright to roll away, right out onto the ring apron...]

GM: Wright's trying to escape and give his knee a chance to recover but Dufresne's having none of that... pulling the former Combat Corner student back off the mat...

BW: Both of these men are former students of Todd Michaelson... must make the boss proud.

GM: I'm sure he's incredibly proud of Supreme Wright these days. Calisto Dufresne on the other hand.

[Dufresne pulls Wright into a front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

GM: The Ladykiller's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[...and brings Wright over the top rope, dropping him down with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex by Dufresne.

[The Ladykiller attempts another cover, grinding the bone of his forearm against Wright's cheek on the pin attempt...]

GM: One! Two!

[Wright suddenly lifts a shoulder, grabbing the arm pressed against his cheek with both hands. He plants his feet, kicking himself into a back somersault to his feet, still holding the arm...

...and quickly swings a leg around, scissoring the arm and front rolling into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: BACK TO THE ARMBAR!!

[Dufresne frantically flails his off arm, kicking at the canvas as he tries to find a way to escape the dangerous hold. He rolls to his left, actually rolling Wright's shoulders down onto the mat...]

GM: That's a cradle! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The near fall is caused by Wright's refusal to break the armbar until the last possible second. Dufresne pulls away, shaking his arm as Wright tries to get back off the mat...

...and gets caught with a running boot to the side of the face!]

GM: Ohh! Big kick by Dufresne! He caught Wright on a knee... caught him on the way up...

[With Wright stunned, Dufresne hooks a front facelock on the kneeling grappler...

...and PLANTS him with a DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT!

BW: It wasn't a Wham Bam but it was VERY effective!

GM: Wright's staring at the lights! He may be out after that!

[Dufresne flips over, applying a cover again.]

GM: Again with the cover for one! He's got two! He's got thr-

[Wright lifts the shoulder!]

GM: No! No, the shoulder goes up! Wright got planted with the DDT but somehow he found a way to kickout before the three count came down.

BW: Calisto should pick him up - spike him with the Wham Bam right now - and put an end to this thing! He should collect \$200, pass Go, and go straight to the Stampede Cup with the World Title in his sights, daddy!

GM: You wouldn't strike me as a Monopoly man, Bucky.

BW: You kidding me? I was always the thimble when I played with Momma.

GM: Now that doesn't surprise me at all.

[Dufresne gets up, holding up three fingers at Johnny Jagger who shakes him off, holding up two in response.]

GM: Johnny Jagger, the AWA's Senior Official, says it was only a two count but it was incredibly close off that stunning DDT by the Ladykiller.

[The Ladykiller turns back to the barely-moving Wright, pulling him off the canvas and right into a front facelock...]

GM: He's gonna do it! He's taking your advice, Bucky!

[But before he can attempt the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am, Wright rises up, lifting Dufresne over his shoulder...]

GM: Wright's got him up! He's got Dufresne up!

[Wright reaches down, lacing Dufresne's legs across one another...]

...and sits out, DRIVING Dufresne's kneecaps into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! What a counter by Wright!

[Dufresne, now kneeling on the canvas, is wrecked with pain as he looks up at the rising Wright who pauses, measuring his man...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKS Dufresne with a standing roundhouse to the skull, causing the Ladykiller to collapse down to the mat as Wright attempts a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[And this time, it's the Ladykiller who fires a shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: Two count only! Wright hits the big kick but he couldn't score the three count off of it!

[Wright claps his hands together in frustration, climbing to his feet and grabbing a fleeing Dufresne by the foot. He lifts the leg, stretching it to full extension...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wright kicks him DIRECTLY in the side of the knee!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And a few more for good measure!

[Dufresne scrambles back, grabbing at his left leg as he tries to get across the ring and escape from Wright who hobbles after him in pursuit.]

GM: The tide has turned and now it's Wright going for the legs on Dufresne...

[The Ladykiller uses the ropes, dragging himself to his feet...

...and Wright KICKS the leg out from under him, mirroring what we saw Dufresne do earlier! Big cheer!]

GM: Wright kicks the leg out... he's dragging Dufresne to the center of the ring...

[Wright gives a shout, drawing a cheer from the crowd as he executes a spinning toehold...

...which gives Dufresne a chance to plant his boot on the rear, kicking Wright out of the hold, through the ropes, and right out onto the elevated wooden platform!]

GM: OUT ON THE RAMP!! Dufresne kicked him off to save himself!

[Dufresne struggles, pushing up to a knee as the referee reprimands him. He shoves past the official, hobbling on a hurting leg across the ring where Wright is trying to recover out on the ramp.]

GM: The Ladykiller's coming out on the ramp after him. He's moving on on Wright from behind...

[But Wright senses him coming, blindly throwing an elbow back into the mush of an incoming Dufresne! Big cheer!]

GM: Oh! What a back elbow by Wright!

[Wright wheels around, grabbing Dufresne by the back of the head and pulling down as he strikes UP!]

GM: OHHH! EUROPEAN UPPERCUT BY WRIGHT!!

BW: Good lord - he almost took Calisto out of his custom-made boots! Those are snakeskin, you know!

GM: They look like leather to me.

[Dufresne falls back against the ropes on the ramp, falling to a knee before pulling himself back up as Wright moves in on him...

...and BLASTS him across the chest with a forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh! Clubbing forearm by Wright!

[Wright stands, grabbing Dufresne by the head and peppers him with a series of short forearms...

...and then clotheslines the Ladykiller back over the ropes into the ring to a big cheer!]

GM: Wright's taking it back in! He's going back inside the squared circle and he's looking to finish off Dufresne right now just north of the ten minute mark of this match.

[Wright grabs a rising Dufresne by the arm, flinging him into the closest set of turnbuckles...

...and then runs the short distance to the corner, BLASTING the Ladykiller with a running European uppercut!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Wright wheels around, grabbing at his knee.]

GM: Wright took a chance there and may have done some further damage to that knee that has been worked on throughout this match by Dufresne and-

[Seeing his chance, Dufresne THROWS himself at the back of Wright's leg, driving his shoulder into the knee!]

GM: DUFRESNE CLIPS HIM!!

[Wright crumples to the mat as Dufresne jackknifes the legs back, pushing the shoulders to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Wright slips a shoulder free from the mat!]

GM: Wright's out the back door at a near fall... look at Dufresne!

[Grabbing the cornrows, Dufresne SMASHES the back of Wright's head into the mat once... twice... three times. He turns to glare at the official.]

"THAT'S how you count to three!"

GM: Dufresne's again complaining of a slow count from the official but it looked good from where we're sitting, Bucky.

BW: You need to get your eyes checked. It was OBVIOUSLY a slow count. This match should be over... again! Calisto Dufresne is getting robbed of victory left and right here.

[Dufresne gets back to his feet, stomping Wright a few times, causing him to roll towards the corner...

...and then the Ladykiller drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Dufresne's headed to the floor... uh oh... this can't be good news for Supreme Wright...

[Dufresne pulls Wright's legs so that he's straddling the ringpost...

...and then SLAMS the side of Wright's knee into the unforgiving steel!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Dufresne's gonna keep going after that knee until it's mush or until Wright gives up. The Ladykiller smells blood in the water and there ain't no bigger shark than Calisto Dufresne, daddy.

[Wright clutches at his knee as Dufresne extends the leg again...

...and SMASHES it into the steel post a second time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Johnny Jagger shouting at him, Dufresne ties up the legs, falling back in a figure four leglock with the legs wrapped around the steel!]

GM: RINGPOST FIGURE FOUR!

BW: Dufresne's got it locked in... and listen to Wright! Wright's crying out in pain! Those legs are being savaged right now by the Ladykiller and he's gotta be sensing victory right now.

[Dufresne holds the figure four for as long as the referee will tolerate before he lets go, slipping down to the floor. The crowd jeers the former National Champion as he gets back to his feet.]

GM: Dufresne's getting back up...

BW: ...and getting back in. He's gonna end this right now.

[An arrogant Dufresne uses the toe of his boot to kick Wright in the cheek, more annoying than painful.]

"Get up!"

[Dufresne does it again, catching Wright in the ear.]

"UP!"

GM: How humiliating! Calisto Dufresne's just trying to embarrass this young man right now.

[Reaching down, Dufresne drags Wright away from the corner by the arm. He swings around him, grabbing at the leg...]

GM: Perhaps another figure four here and- uh oh!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Eric Preston emerges on the entrance platform, a steel chair gripped in his white-knuckled hands. Preston has a very focused, measured look in his eyes as he slowly walks down the aisle. Calisto Dufresne spots Preston, giving a shout and point in his direction to call the referee's focus in that direction.]

GM: Dufresne's looking to finish off Wright but the arrival of Eric Preston certainly changes things right now for the Ladykiller, I would think.

BW: It absolutely does. You stand there, ready to go for the figure four, and with someone as unpredictable as Preston has been as of late, you have to wonder who he's out there to help. After being choked out two weeks ago, you'd think he'd want to waffle Wright to heck and back... but you never can tell with Eric Preston.

[Reaching ringside, Preston unfolds the chair, taking a seat on the elevated ramp, staring into the ring where Dufresne has abandoned his offense, shouting at Preston again.]

BW: Stay focused, Calisto! Finish this punk kid!

[Dufresne spins away from Preston, turning back to Wright who has climbed to a knee...

...and EXPLODES upwards with a European uppercut that spins Dufresne around....]

GM: SCHOOLBOY!!

[Wright drags him down, digging with his feet to keep the pressure on as the Ladykiller struggles against it!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! DUFRESNE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[On the verge of the fifteen minute mark, both men scramble, trying to get to their feet before the other. Dufresne gets there first, burying a knee into the gut of Wright...

...and yanking him into a front facelock!]

BW: HERE IT COMES!

[Cue Eric Preston rising out of his seat, staring into the ring at Dufresne who freezes in his tracks...]

GM: Preston may be coming too!

[Dufresne shoves Wright aside again, turning towards Preston. He steps towards the ropes...]

...which allows Wright to hook him from behind in a side waistlock!]

BW: NO!

[Wright hoists Dufresne up, dropping him down in a bridging back suplex!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The leg gives out on Wright, forcing the bridge to collapse and the pinfall attempt with it.]

GM: No, no! He couldn't get the three count there!

[Wright spins to the side, trying to press his advantage with a well-placed forearm smash to a kneeling and rising Dufresne! He hooks a front facelock, pulling Dufresne to his feet...]

...where he abruptly backs out of the front facelock, lashing out with a kick to the side of the leg!]

GM: OH! Wright takes him down again...

[Wright grabs Dufresne by the leg, hooking it under his armpit...]

...and DRIVES the leg down to the mat with a DDT!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He DDT'd his leg!

[Keeping his grip on, Wright rolls to his side, flipping Dufresne to his stomach. As Wright gets up, he essentially has a half Boston Crab applied...]

...until Wright abruptly spins to the side, dropping down to wrap his arms around the head of Dufresne!]

GM: STF!! WRIGHT HOOKS IN THE STF!!

[Dufresne instantly cries out, clawing at the mat, trying to drag himself across the ring towards the ropes near where Eric Preston is seated, still watching with an intense look on his face...]

GM: Can Dufresne escape this hold? Can he get out of this before he is forced to submit?

[Wright cranks back on the head and neck, deepening the pressure on the Ladykiller's entangled body...

...and up goes Eric Preston out of his seat again...]

GM: Preston's up... he's heading towards the ring...

[Wright abruptly breaks the hold, climbing to his feet to shout at Preston who stops short of the ring...]

GM: Eric Preston keeps getting out of his seat - get him out of here, referee! He's directly affected this match on at least two occasions so far without even touching anyone.

BW: But that's the fact of the matter, Gordo - he HASN'T touched anyone! Why would you punish the man when he hasn't done anything yet? Why would you punish the man when it's the two in the ring who can't keep their focus on their opponents?!

GM: But HE'S the reason they can't stay focused! He's directly affecting a match with major World Title implications and he needs to be ejected from ringside immediately!

[Preston stands right by the ropes, hands on the top rope as Wright can be seen talking to him...]

GM: What is Wright saying to him? What could he be saying to the mat right now?

[The official steps in, ordering Preston to step back...

...which allows Dufresne to crawl into position, dragging Wright down in a schoolboy!]

GM: CRADLE!

[The official dives to the mat as Dufresne grabs a handful of tights!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Wright kicks out, just barely avoiding the three count!]

GM: Wright almost got caught with that cradle - especially with the hook of the tights from Dufresne. The Ladykiller almost got him there, fans, and-

[Dufresne quickly pulls Wright up, hooking the front facelock again...

...but Wright takes him over in a Northern Lights suplex, holding a bridge with one leg!]

GM: ONE-LEGGED BRIDGE!! HE GETS ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT BY DUFRESNE!!

[Dufresne rolls to his stomach, pushing up to a knee. Wright yanks him up by the arm, flinging him to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by Wright... Dufresne's off...

[He runs right into a fireman's carry lift out of Wright!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!! FAT TUESDAY ON THE WAY!!

[Wright turns around, backing up near the ropes...

...when suddenly, Eric Preston springs to his feet, folding up the steel chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Upon seeing the steel chair connect solidly, the referee wheels around and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wright shrugs Dufresne off his shoulders down to the mat...

...and slowly turns to focus on the man who just smashed the Ladykiller across the back with a steel chair - Eric Preston - as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match...

[Pause.]

PW: ...as a result of a DISQUALIFICATION due to outside interference...

CAAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUUFRESNNNNNE!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers at the announcement as Wright turns to glare at the official, gesturing at Preston who is now retreating, a huge grin on his face as he backpedals down the aisle. Wright shakes his head at Johnny Jagger before stepping through the ropes, pursuing his former ally up the ramp.]

GM: Eric Preston hit Calisto Dufresne with that chair intentionally! He WANTED the ref to see it!

BW: Yes he did!

GM: He wanted that disqualification... he wanted Supreme Wright to get disqualified here tonight. What a cheap victory for Calisto Dufresne!

BW: That's Number One contender, Calisto Dufresne, if you ask me.

GM: Nobody asked you! And I'm sure the Championship Committee isn't about to see things that way either. This can NOT result in Dufresne landing a World Title match at the Stampede Cup! It just can't! He did not win this match fair and square and he does NOT deserve a shot at the World Title if you ask me.

BW: Nobody asked you either! But someone's getting a shot at the World Title at the Stampede Cup and if it's not Calisto Dufresne, then who the heck WILL it be?

GM: I don't have an answer to that but-

[Suddenly, the boos for the decision intensify as Calisto Dufresne snatches a mic away from Phil Watson. He takes the middle of the ring, reaching around to clutch at the back that just got smashed with a steel chair as he looks out at the jeering crowd. The boos rain down from all around the Ladykiller as he paces around for a few moments, trying to walk off the pain. A devious smirk crosses his face as he raises the mic at last.]

CD: Nice shot, kid.

[He winces, rubbing at his back.]

CD: See, that's the difference between us, Supreme. You can know every wrestling hold under the sun and be able to twist people into pretzels; but if you're not willing to...

[Dufresne pauses; choosing his words.]

CD: ...sacrifice yourself, as it were, you're never going to reach the top of the mountain.

[Dufresne gets serious.]

CD: Speaking of the top of the mountain, I have yet to hear from our illustrious champion on my challenge for SuperClash. Do you all remember the days when you had a _fighting_ champion leading the way? When you had a paragon of virtue blazing trails for the future of the AWA?

[The all-too-familiar chords of "The Theme From Halloween" cut Dufresne off, and the fans cheer!]

GM: Watch what you ask for, Calisto Dufresne. You just may get it.

BW: Believe me, Gordo. Dufresne ain't gonna ask for anything he ain't ready for. Not after Westwego.

[The Heavyweight Champion Of The World steps out, wearing the belt around his waist, as we saw him just moments ago. He has a wireless mic, and speaks into it as he ambles down the aisle, his music having stopped.]

JM: While I don't really care if you sit in that ring until doomsday if that's what you wanna do, the fact is, durin' the last match I decided to get on the horn with the Championship Committee. They told me I could accept a match with anyone I wanted for the Stampede Cup, for the belt, as long as they had a reasonable case.

[Dufresne gestures at himself, pointing at his waist with the "belt" gesture.]

JM: You want the match? Fine.

[There's a pretty decent reaction at the idea of Monosso and Dufresne tearing into one another.]

JM: Saves me the trouble of worryin' about it. Just don't insult my intelligence by actin' like we don't know exactly who you are an' what you do. I know and I don't care. I don't care. It don't bother me that you break all the rules and you try to put people out, because I do it too.

You go the extra mile, I'll go two.

[The menacing threat isn't lost on Dufresne who looks a bit nervous suddenly.]

JM: Life ain't fair anyway, so why should we be?

[Dufresne raises his mic.]

CD: You can threaten me all you want, Monosso. Threaten me... threaten my well-being... threaten my very career... but there's not a single person on this planet that's going to stop me from staking my claim as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

There's not a single person more qualified for this shot at the title than me... and there's not a single person who is more worthy of being the World Heavyweight Champion than Calisto Dufr-

[Before the Ladykiller can finish, a very familiar song rings out over the PA system...]

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#It's alright... I'm just a little crazy!#

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of some of the most familiar music in the entire wrestling world - Fight's "Little Crazy" - that roars to life throughout the Crockett Coliseum as Alex Martinez strides confidently into view.]

GM: Well, THIS just got interesting!

BW: What the heck is HE doing out here, Gordo?! He's got no business out here! This is World Title business and that don't concern him!

GM: Alex Martinez is one of the toughest... one of the greatest wrestlers to ever lace a set of boots in our business. ANY TIME the World Title is mentioned, you gotta put his name at the top of the list! He is an instant Number One contender in my book as soon as he takes aim at a piece of gold.

[Martinez stands at the top of the ramp dressed in his usual garb - blue jeans, a black t-shirt, his black leather jacket, lights reflecting off the lenses of his mirrored sunglasses. The Last American Badboy takes his time coming to the ring, soaking in the crowd's adulation with his usual stoicism. Upon reaching the ring, he steps over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: And you can tell that neither Monosso NOR Dufresne had any idea this was coming!

BW: Who can blame 'em? We haven't heard a peep out of Martinez since SuperClash when he beat Craven!

GM: He slayed the Dragon on Thanksgiving night... and now he may be looking to slay the World Heavyweight Champion as well to add another piece of hardware to his Hall of Fame collection!

[Stepping to the center of the ring, Martinez stands between the World Champion, James Monosso, and the former National Champion, Calisto Dufresne. He slowly pulls a wireless mic from his jeans pocket, raising it up. He glares at Dufresne for several moments, ready to address him...

...and then turns to face James Monosso. The crowd buzzes with anticipation of what's coming next.]

AM: So, all we gotta do is have a reasonable case?

[Martinez smirks, nodding his head.]

AM: Well then, allow me to make my case.

[He turns, gesturing at himself in Dufresne's direction.]

AM: I am a four time World Champion.

[Big cheer!]

AM: I'm in the Hall of Fame.

[Bigger cheer!]

AM: I slayed the Dragon.

[That earns a wild cheer for the big man as he slowly turns back towards the World Heavyweight Champion...]

AM: And Monosso?

[Martinez pulls his sunglasses off, as he steps forward, standing right in front of the champion.]

AM: I've already beaten you.

[Another HUGE cheer rings out for the Last American Badboy as he stands toe-to-toe with the World Champion, staring him dead in the eye...]

AM: So, I guess the question is...

[A bit of a pause hangs in the air.]

AM: ...who's got a better case than me?

[The crowd ERUPTS at the thought of Alex Martinez challenging the World Heavyweight Champion for the title. The staredown draws the focus towards the middle of the ring, all eyes on the Hall of Famer and the World Champion until...]

CD: Wait a damn second! This is NOT your shot, Martinez! This is NOT about you! For once in your damn life, this not about you!

[Martinez' head snaps around, glaring at the source of the interruption. He slowly raises his mic again...]

AM: I don't remember asking for your damned opinion, son. Words ain't gonna stop me from taking THAT title...

[Martinez points at the belt.]

AM: ...off HIS waist.

[A jab of a finger into the chest of the champion.]

AM: So, if you think you're a better choice to get that title shot at the Stampede Cup than me...

[Martinez cracks a grin.]

AM: You damn well better prove it.

[Monosso suddenly grabs Martinez by the shoulder, jerking him around to face him again. The World Champion sticks his finger in the face of Martinez, shouting something at him from off-mic.]

GM: Monosso's hot under the collar! Martinez crossed a line by putting his hands on the World Champion and Monosso's letting him have it for it!

[The crowd is roaring with anticipation of Martinez and Monosso coming to blows...

...when suddenly Calisto Dufresne surges into motion, attacking the seven footer from behind!]

GM: DUFRESNE ATTACKS MARTINEZ!

[The Ladykiller hammers away at the back of Martinez' head, knocking him halfway across the ring and towards the corner. Dufresne spins Martinez back into the buckles, pummeling the seven footer with big right hands to the skull...]

BW: Look at this, Gordo! The former National Champion is takin' it to a former World Champion and a Hall of Famer!

GM: Dufresne thinks he deserves the title shot and he's obviously upset that Alex Martinez believes otherwise! But Martinez - like he said - he's a former World Champion! He's a Hall of Famer! He's a legend! He deserves the title shot over Dufresne in my opinion!

[Dufresne continues to hammer away at Martinez, battering him down to a knee. The Ladykiller spins away, waving for Monosso to join him...]

BW: And look out now! Dufresne's offering to let Monosso help him in finishing off Martinez! They're gonna finish the job that William Craven started! They're gonna end the franchise!

[Monosso glares at Dufresne, giving the slightest shake of his head.]

GM: Monosso says no! Monosso says if Dufresne's gonna do this, he's doing it on his own and-

[As Dufresne spins back around, he eats a haymaker to the jaw! Big cheer!]

GM: MARTINEZ FIRES BACK!

[The seven footer is back to his feet, throwing big shots to the skull as quickly and powerfully as he can, battering Dufresne back towards the ropes...

...where a sudden and impactful clothesline connects, flipping the Ladykiller over the ropes and down onto the wooden ramp!]

GM: MARTINEZ CLEARS OUT DUFRESNE!!

[Martinez suddenly wheels around, fists at the ready as James Monosso steps back up to the center of the ring. Monosso holds the World Title belt up by the strap, gesturing angrily at it as Martinez steps forward, getting

right up into the Madman from Happy Valley's face. The two men are trading words - angry words by all indications.]

GM: It's getting testy in there! Martinez and Monosso are eye-to-eye, nose-to-nose... and it's getting close to-

[Suddenly, Monosso gets tired of the talk, throwing his title belt down to the mat and letting loose with a right hand to the jaw! BIG CHEER!]

GM: MONOSSO THROWS FIRST!

[A series of right hands by Monosso sends Martinez back a few steps...

...and Martinez comes back firing fast and hard, battering the World Champion back to the middle of the ring...]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! We've got-

[Monosso raises his hands above his head, aiming a double axehandle at the skull of the Last American Badboy...

...who blocks it by bringing his hands up, wrapping them around the throat of Monosso!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! HE'S GOT MONOSSO HOOKED!

BW: WHEELCHAIR, HERE HE COMES!

[Martinez steps forward, looking around at the roaring crowd...

...and HOISTS the World Champion up into the air!]

GM: FIREBOM-

[But before he can slam the champion to the canvas, Monosso digs his fingers into the eyes of Martinez, raking across hard. The eyegouge manages to let Monosso escape the hold...

...where he bails out of the ring, grabbing at the back of his neck as he moves out to the ramp.]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! He almost got him, Bucky!

BW: That Firebomb would've finished him off for good! Monosso would never have walked again, Gordo! NEVER!

[Monosso backpedals a few more steps, shaking his head as a partially-blinded Martinez looks down the aisle. He lifts his right hand, holding his thumb and index finger just a little bit apart.]

GM: He's telling Monosso that he missed it by "that much," Bucky. So close. So very close.

BW: We almost witnessed the end of James Monosso before our very eyes.

[Martinez leans down, lifting the dropped World Title belt...

...and thrusts it over his head, roaring loudly as many in the Crockett Coliseum echo the same roar. Monosso shakes his head, slapping his chest repeatedly.]

GM: Martinez may be holding the World Title in his hands but it belongs to James Monosso!

BW: But for how long? How long can Monosso survive with so many people gunning for him? The Stampede Cup? The Anniversary Show? How long can he hold the gold, Gordo?

GM: We're just gonna have to wait and see because on this night, James Monosso is the World Heavyweight Champion and he says he'll keep going until he drops that belt... no matter the risk to his physical wellbeing. Ladies and gentlemen... we're WAY out of time! We thank you for joining us and we'll see you next time... at the matches! So long everybody!

[Martinez continues to hold the World Title over his head, glaring down the ramp at the World Champion who stands defiant, returning the stare as we slowly fade to black.]