

# AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
APRIL 13TH, 2013

[Fade in from black to a rare shot. The three remaining members of the AWA ownership group - Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor, and Todd Michaelson - are standing in front of the Crockett Coliseum. The shot is early in the day before any of the fans have arrived save for a handful who are tailgating in the parking lot.]

JS: A few weeks ago, we celebrated our fifth anniversary as a company - a goal that a lot of people said we'd never get to.

[Stegglet spreads his arms wide.]

JS: But here we are and here we stand, five years later, and on top of the wrestling world.

[Taylor lifts a hand, pointing a finger at the camera.]

BT: When we started this company over five years ago, we had very specific goals in mind. We wanted to be family friendly - a place where you wouldn't be embarrassed to bring your kids to a show. We wanted to be a throwback - a tribute to the places that built this industry when we were growing up. And most of all, we wanted to be the place that the best in the world came to compete so that when you turned your dial to WKIK on Saturday night, you'd know that you were watching the best that this business has to offer.

[Michaelson speaks up.]

TM: We wanted to pay tribute to the past... but keep our eyes ever on the future which is why we embraced ideas like the Stampede Cup and the Combat Corner.

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: As we look back at the last five years - five fantastic years that I wouldn't trade for anything - we believe we've accomplished all those things and then some.

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: But we also believe that there's always room for improvement.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: There's always top talent out there to add to the roster. There's always new cities to do shows in. There's always new matchups to promote. There's always... more.

[Stegglet gestures at the large Crockett Coliseum marquee behind them that reads "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING TONIGHT!" among some other hype.]

JS: And with that in mind, we stand here before you tonight to say that as long as that marquee behind us says "American Wrestling Alliance," we promise to give every bit of ourselves into what you see on this screens week after week. We promise to never stop in building the best promotion on the planet. And we promise to never stop trying to put a smile on your faces because without you, none of us would be here.

[Taylor slaps Stegglet on the back.]

BT: Five years down... and who knows how many more to go.

[Michaelson chuckles.]

TM: The best is yet to come? You ain't seen nothin' yet?

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: Something like that. Now, if you'll excuse us...

[Stegglet jerks a thumb over his shoulder at the Crockett Coliseum.]

JS: We've got work to do.

[A wink.]

JS: But as always...

Enjoy.

[We fade back to black. We come up on the sounds of Bachman Turner Overdrive's "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet" as we get shots from past AWA action:

Juan Vasquez smashing the Right Cross across the jaw of MAMMOTH Mizusawa.

Calisto Dufresne throwing a fireball in the face of City Jack.

The Dragon revealing himself as William Craven.

The Bishop Boys landing Doc Allen's Miracle Headache Elixir on a helpless foe.

Grant Stone and Bobby Taylor trading haymakers from their war in the early days of the AWA.

Marcus Broussard hitting belly-to-belly suplexes on a range of opponents over and over again.

Stevie Scott smashing the metal briefcase over the skull of Kolya Sudakov.

Alex Martinez dropping a bloodied William Craven in a Firebomb chokeslam.

Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines using the Splashbuster to great effectiveness at the Stampede Cup.

Dave Cooper gets a montage of spinebusters executed to perfection over the years.

Nenshou spews mist into the eyes of Jason Dane.

And more footage flashes by - Violence Unlimited, the Lynches, Kevin Slater, Raphael Rhodes, Eric Preston, The Shane Gang, Ron Houston, Tumaffi, and more... and more... and more...

Until finally, the footage is all a blur of motion, shots flying by so fast, it's almost impossible to pick out who is who - Buddy Lambert, Ricky Royal, the Rockstar Express, Gary Bright, Glenn Hudson, Alphonse Green, The Rave, The Hive...

The footage freezes on a clip of Dave Bryant snatching the title belts while standing atop a ladder before cutting to the Blonde Bombers winning the World Tag Team Titles at the Stampede Cup with the springboard flying clothesline.

And then finally to James Monosso uncorking the ugliest moonsault of all time, crashing across the chest of Stevie Scott, tightly hooking both legs, and getting the three count. Monosso clutches the World Title belt to his chest as the scene freezes...

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of the outside of the Crockett Coliseum where a bright red, white, and blue "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" logo appears on the screen. The building ain't much to look at on the outside - a converted warehouse that still has plain silver paneling on the outside. A set of tall metal letters that spell out "CROCKETT COLISEUM" have been erected to stand over the entrance to the building which still has fans trickling through it.]

GM: We are LIVE once again from the home of the best professional action in the world - the Crockett Coliseum deep in the heart of Dallas, Texas - for another jam-packed edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all of the stars in the AWA galaxy!

[The graphic fades as we dissolve into the friendly confines of the converted warehouse building. First, we get a shot of the Wall Of Fame, the lengthy

wall that the AWA uses to pay tribute to stars of professional wrestling past. We see the Hall of Fame plaques for men like John Wesley Hardin, Caleb Temple, and "Crimson" Joe Reed along with tons of old wrestling photographs, posters, and even a handful of memorabilia like the trunks Tommy Fierro was wearing when he beat Hamilton Graham for the World Heavyweight Title and what appears to be a piece of the iconic Bulldog Brown table.

A second fade gets us into the arena bowl where five thousand fans have jammed into the Hot Tin Box to get a glimpse of the best pro wrestling action on the planet. Steel chairs are set up all over the ringside area, surrounding the red, white, and blue roped ring that has black mats laid out at ringside and a steel barricade to keep the masses at bay. Towards the back of the sections of chairs are wooden bleachers that seat the majority of the crowd.

One side of the building houses a small entrance stage with a long elevated wooden platform that leads the distance to the ring. We can also spot an elevated interview platform off to the side of the stage and sharp-eyed viewers will also spot the former home of Todd Michaelson's Money Pit.

A cut down to ringside shows the timekeeper's table before the cameraman rounds the corner to find Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in front of the announce table. Myers, the Dean of professional wrestling announcing, is standing in a plain salt and pepper sportscoat, black slacks, white dress shirt, and a stars and strips flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern Manager of the Year, is in a lime green sportscoat, blistering sunburst yellow slacks, bright orange dress shirt, and a tie that seems to have every color in the rainbow and then some. He's also holding a metal briefcase in his hand with "BIG BUCKS" bedazzled on the side that he gestures to as Gordon begins to speak again.]

GM: Good evening, fans, I'm Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde as we get ready for another night of incredible action here in the Crockett Coliseum!

BW: That's right, Gordo. The Fifth Anniversary party is in the books - five years down and tonight, we start year six in a big way!

GM: You must be talking about tonight's Main Event which will pit former two-time National Champion Juan Vasquez against former Longhorn Heritage Champion Nenshou!

BW: The titles are just part of the story, Gordo... you're talking about two former allies in the Unholy Alliance! Vasquez' sole purpose in the summer of 2012 was to put the World Heavyweight Title around the waist of Nenshou and he failed to do it! And what more, he failed AGAIN back on New Year's Eve!

GM: He certainly did... and many believe those two failures have put Nenshou on a downward spiral that he has yet to recover from. The Unholy Alliance has been at war with Vasquez and Stevie Scott for months now and

tonight, that war has another major battle when two of the top contenders to the World Heavyweight Title collide!

BW: Speaking of the top contenders to the big gold, I'm told that later tonight, we're going to reveal the new Top Ten contenders to the title!

GM: That's right and as we're just over a month away from Memorial Day Mayhem, that Top Ten ranking could be VERY important, Bucky.

BW: It could be 'cause it could determine who the next challenger to Calisto Dufresne's World Heavyweight Title is! You know he's defending it here tonight, right?

[Myers sighs.]

GM: That man is NOT the World Champion and you know it as well as I do, Bucky.

BW: He's got the title belt!

GM: He's got A title belt - he's got the old Pro Wrestling Revolution Pacific Title that he's carrying around and claiming to be the uncrowned World Champion.

BW: He's gonna defend it tonight!

GM: What a joke. But speaking of title defenses, Dave Bryant puts the World Television Title on the line here tonight as well... and we're also being told to expect an appearance by the NEW AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Blonde Bombers, as well!

BW: It's a golden night here in the AWA! All the champions in the house!

GM: Give me a break. We've got all of that plus a whole lot more but right now, let's head down to the ring for our opening contest!

[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.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is a handicap match, two against one!

[Twenty-five seconds into the song, 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. 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, hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Mister Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[Matsui rubs his hands with glee, pats his client on the shoulder and points to the ring. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him. Matsui, on the other hand, cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponents...

[In the ring, a well-built wrestler with a brown flat-top mullet, dressed in silvery blue tights, black knee pads and white boots, stands by his partner, who has bleached blond feathery hair, with a thick, but uncut, physique.]

PW: Weighing in at a total combined weight of 475 pounds, they are Rex Conway and Rick Reese!

[Reese raises an arm to acknowledge the fans, while Conway extends his arms out to his sides. 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. As the music fades, Matsui remains on the outside, yelling encouragement at Maximus, who stares menacingly at his opponents.]

"DING! DING!"

GM: And it is Rick Reese starting things off with MAMMOTH Maximus!

BW: Conspicuous by his absence, Gordo, is the Japanese giant.

GM: I wonder if, after the Stampede Cup, Matsui's decided it's smarter to keep these two behemoths separated, rather than risk them butting heads.

BW: Don't go spreading rumors about the Matsui Corporation, Gordo; you know Matsui runs a tight ship and he's got both these big guys towing the company line and working together to further his agenda.

[Maximus has Rick Reese trapped in a neutral corner as he delivers a clubbing forearm to the side of Reese's head.]

GM: Goodness! Those blows to the temple have gotta feel like you're getting smashed with a baseball bat!

[He whips Reese across the ring into the opposite corner and charges after him...]

BW: HUUUUUGE splash in the corner!

GM: Maximus with those big, clubbing right hands... Four hundred and twenty pounds with the agility of someone much, much smaller.

[Grabbing an arm, Maximus pulls Reese away from the corner, laying him out with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Absolutely devastating!

BW: You gotta like what we're seeing out of Maximus, Gordo. He's already an official entry into the Memorial Day Rumble coming up in just over a month's time and Louis Matsui's got him lookin' good!

[Maximus stands over Reese, barking towards the corner where Alex Conway is standing, looking more than a bit uneasy as the big man pulls Reese off the mat...

...and CHUCKS him over the top rope to the floor!]

BW: And if this was the Rumble, that nine to fiver would be done!

GM: It's not the Rumble but he might be done anyways... look at Conway!

[There's a brief cheer from the crowd as Alex Conway comes charging in, running towards Maximus. He leaps up, smashing the big man in the back of the head with a forearm. Two more clubbing forearms connect before Conway turns, dashing to the ropes again...]

GM: Off the far side comes ConWAAAAAY... OHHHH!

[The crowd buzzes as Maximus leaps up, throwing the full force of his weight into the charging Conway, clashing his arms together on the side of his head and taking him down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[Maximus angrily pulls Conway up by the hair, sticking a finger in his face while he shouts at him.]

GM: Maximus is giving him an earful... look out here!

[Hooking Conway around the head and neck, Maximus lifts him high, twisting around, and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous slam!]

GM: My stars - a whole lotta impact there out of that suplex... slam... not sure what that was.

BW: That's something he picked up in Japan where they call it the uranage, Gordo.

GM: Whatever they call it, Bucky, I call it effective...

[Maximus places a foot on Conway's chest as the referee goes for the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd jeers as Maximus steps off the chest, shaking his head. The official pops up, giving him a shout or two about finishing the man off.]

GM: Maximus says he's not done... pulling Conway back up...

[Maximus tugs Conway into a standing headscissors, leaning down to clasp his hands together around the waist...]

GM: Uh oh. This can't be good news for Conway!

[Maximus powers him up, dropping down to a knee as he DRIVES Conway into the canvas with a high impact powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it. Forget about this one.

[Maximus plants an open palm into the chest of Conway with aggression as the referee drops down again...]

GM: One. Two. And there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Maximus beats two men easily in just over two minutes.

GM: It would've been less if he hadn't decided to use that powerbomb to finish him off after he already had the man laid out flat.

BW: That ain't no ordinary powerbomb, Gordo. I have it on good authority that Mister Matsui has proclaimed that to be an Extinction Level Event!

GM: I see. Well, we're going to take a look at the replay on this one. Bucky, walk us through it.

[Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play as the shot cuts to a replay of MAMMOTH Maximus laying out Rick Reese with a short-arm clothesline, followed by a shot of Maximus tossing Reese out of the ring.]



BW: The short-arm clothesline flattens one nine to fiver and then Maximus shot him over the top... just like he might do to twenty-nine other men at the Rumble next month in Corpus Christi.

GM: Even his own stablemate?

BW: Stop tryin' to cause drama!

[Then we see Alex Conway running into Maximus and getting knocked right off his feet...]

BW: This man isn't the man gravity forgot, Gordo. This man has got gravity working for him. Look at how he used Conway's own weight and force against him.

[Followed by Maximus picking Conway up and throwing him back down to the mat with the Extinction Level Event.]

BW: And in the end, it's the powerbomb - the Extinction Level Event - that claims just the latest victim for MAMMOTH Maximus who wins in impressive fashion.

GM: Let's go over to Jason Dane, who is standing by with the victorious MAMMOTH Maximus and Louis Matsui.

[Cut to the interview platform where a smirking Matsui stands alongside Jason Dane, looking uncomfortable as Maximus looms over him, breathing down his neck.]

JD: A stunning display by MAMMOTH Maximus as he defeats two men...

MM: Two men! Ten men! TWENTY-NINE MEN! Line them all up and I'll knock them down and throw them out! Which is exactly what I plan to do at Memorial Day Mayhem, in the Memorial Day Rumble! I'm done trying things out, testing the waters, Dane! From here on, I'm sticking to the plan, keeping my eye on the prize, as I make my climb to the top! This year will be the Year of the Mammoth, Dane! At Memorial Day Mayhem, I expect those other guys to...

BRING...

THE...

WAAARRR!!!

JD: It might well be the Year of the Mammoth, Louis, but which MAMMOTH will it be? And just where is MAMMOTH Mizusawa?

LM: Mizusawa's whereabouts are none of your business, Mister Broadcast Journalist. Just as I have a plan for MAMMOTH Maximus, so, too, do I have a plan for my other client. The outcome might be the same, but Mizusawa will

have his own path to tread on his way to the top and it'll all come together at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[As Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play, Louis Matsui leads MAMMOTH Maximus, who is still yelling, "THE WORLD IS MINE!" away from the interview area.]

JD: One of the odds-on favorites to walk out of Corpus Christi with a World Heavyweight Title match in his back pocket right there... and Louis Matsui's got two chances to win that big, big match with both Maximus and MAMMOTH Mizusawa involved. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more action here on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside a trio of AWA fan favorites. "Stars And Stripes" Clayton Shaw is on the far left of our screen, clad in a black AWA t-shirt but with Ol' Glory hanging on a flagpole over his shoulder. In the middle is the man from Hotlanta, Georgia, Sweet Daddy Williams in a pair of blue jeans and a black trenchcoat over a plain white t-shirt. And on the far right stands Native

American Yuma Weaver in a tight-fitting white t-shirt and black workout pants.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling and gentlemen, I'm told that there is a very specific reason that the three of you have asked for time to address the fans here tonight.

[Stegglet sticks the mic in front of Sweet Daddy Williams' face.]

SDW: Marky Mark, the men you see before you right now are AWA to the core. We sweat and we bleed for this company and ain't a one of us plied our trade somewhere else in the past five years, ya dig?

So when we hear the call to arms... when we hear someone say that the AWA needs to stand up and fight...

[Williams gestures at the three men.]

SDW: Then that's what we do.

[The mic moves over to Yuma Weaver.]

YW: The call to arms was made and the call to arms was heard loud and clear. The AWA needs someone to walk into Memorial Day Mayhem and put their bodies on the line against whoever Royalty picks to defend Mark Langseth in this Trial By Battle. It's Winner Takes All! They win? Mark Langseth walks back into our locker room.

Now, believe me when I tell you I'd like nothing more than for Langseth to get reinstated so I could get him into the ring and make him pay the price for his sins... but I know that's not the best thing for this company. Ain't that right, Clay?

[The mic moves to Shaw.]

CS: That's right. Mark Langseth is everything that's wrong with professional wrestling today. He's self-entitled, self-centered jerkwad who thinks the world revolves around him and I'm here - and these men are here - to tell you that just ain't the truth, son.

What IS the truth is that we know what you tried to do to the company we love. We know what your goal was when you took that National Title and ran with it. We know you wanted to burn this place into the ground, to finish it off for what the office did to you.

[Shaw nods.]

CS: But that's not what happened, is it? We just celebrated five years as a company and we're standing stronger than ever just like the good ol' United States of America.

[A big grin.]

CS: And now that you realize you can't beat us... you want to join us again?

[A shake of the head.]

CS: That just don't sit right with me and mine.

[Williams gets the mic again.]

SDW: So, we're here to make things real simple for the AWA front office. You need someone to stand for the AWA at Memorial Day Mayhem? You got someone. We don't care if it's singles, tags, six man... heck, bring 'em all on!

And to prove that we're the men for the job, we're going to make an open challenge for the next Saturday Night Wrestling... an open six man tag team challenge.

[Shaw and Weaver grin.]

SDW: Any six man tag team in the locker room who thinks they've got what it takes to knock us down... bring yourself to the ring next time and we'll see what you've got. I'm talkin' to all of ya back there! ALL OF YA!

YW: Shane Gang.

CS: Bullies. Lynches.

YW: Unholy Alliance.

CS: Even Royalty themselves.

SDW: We're ready for a fight... and in two weeks, we plan to get in one.

[Mark Stegglet takes the mic.]

MS: A challenge has been issued! Six man open challenge in two weeks but who will accept? Fans, let's go down to the ring for the return of Chris Staley!

[Crossfade to Phil Watson in the ring. He nods before introducing the man already in the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall, with a 15 minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Tulsa, Oklahoma...

[A few boos come up from the crowd at the mention of their neighboring state.]

PW: ...and weighing in at 228 pounds, Erik Martin!

[Martin, a slender pale gentleman with messy dark hair, crimson tights, and black boots looks out into the crowd and scoffs at the boos that greet him. He waves them off.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The feedback-laden opening of Soundgarden's "Jesus Christ Pose" blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: ...hailing from Wildwood, New Jersey, and weighing in at 245 pounds, CHRIS STAAAAAALEY!

[The man himself quickly walks out and raises his arms in the air, drawing a nice pop. As always, he wears a long leather jacket, silver pants, and black boots. He looks pumped up to be back, slapping hands with all the fans alongside the elevated ramp.]

GM: It's been quite some time since we've seen Chris Staley in action - just about six months actually.

BW: Not long enough if you ask me.

[As he gets to the ring, he grabs the ropes and hoists himself up, vaulting over the top rope. Erik Martin slides out of the ring, as Staley doffs his jacket, showing off his scars. He runs the ropes, pumping himself up.]

GM: Staley certainly looks to be in fine spirits tonight.

BW: Yeah, Gordo, but he's still the same ol' gladhandler.

[As Staley goes to his corner to await the start of the match, a section of the crowd starts up a "Welcome back" chant. Staley points out to that section and nods.]

GM: The fans certainly seem happy to see him tonight.

BW: He hasn't even wrestled yet and I already want him to go away. I still can't believe how soft this guy's gotten, daddy. I've seen the tapes of him in Los Angeles... heck, even in Portland. And in Japan? This guy was a sadistic freak!

GM: He's put those days behind him... and if he has his way, he's going to make sure William Craven's put those days behind him as well. This is the AWA, Bucky... we wrestle! We're not looking for barbed wire, thumbtacks, and broken glass and neither is Chris Staley!

BW: I'm not talking about that stuff either, Gordo... but you gotta admit that Staley's nice guy attitude is a little sickening.

GM: I most certainly do not.

[As Martin slides back into the ring, the bell rings to start the match. The two men circle around the ring before locking up. Staley quickly turns it into a knucklelock, forcing Martin to his knees. He winds up and...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: There’s one of those trademark kicks of Staley, right to the ribs.

BW: Well, that sure broke the knucklelock fast.

GM: Impressed yet, Bucky?

BW: No.

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Staley unleashes another kick, this time right to the face, bowling Martin over where he rolls around on the mat in pain, grabbing his face.]

BW: OH! Okay, Gordo, I’ll give you that one. That was nice.

GM: Staley has so much leg strength, it’s scary at times. Those kicks are absolutely brutal and can do so much damage.

BW: Staley’s been making some noise about getting into the Rumble but you’ve gotta wonder what kind of shape he’s in. He told us back at the Anniversary Show that he’s fully recovered from the injuries he suffered during Steal The Spotlight but those ribs have to still be hurting him. He gets into the Rumble and I bet we find out REAL quick what shape those ribs are in.

GM: You may have a good point there.

BW: Of course I do, Gordo.

[Staley bends over to pick his opponent up but takes two fingers to the eyes, causing him to thrash around wildly.]

BW: Whoa, watch out there, ref! He could hit you! Hm, better yet, get in his way. I’d like to see what happens.

GM: Would you stop?

[Martin runs toward Staley, leaping up to bury a knee to the kidneys. Staley falls to the mat, holding his back.]

BW: Well, they ain’t the ribs but they’re close. That’s good enough.

[Martin pulls Staley up halfway and applies a chinlock. Staley starts kicking his leg on the mat, drawing the fans into a quickly-building clap.]

GM: Staley now, trying to feed off the energy of the fans.

BW: How about less of that and more of him actually breaking the hold? See, this is why I don't like the guy.

[Staley does exactly what Bucky said he should do and starts pushing up the arms to try and break the hold. He can't quite get it so he rolls to the side, trying to regain his footing.]

GM: Staley is getting up, but the youngster from Oklahoma still has that hold locked in.

[Not for long as Staley starts throwing elbows to the stomach. Slowly, Martin's hold is weakened and as he finally breaks the hold, Staley hits a back suplex, dumping Martin on his back.]

GM: Ohh! Nice escape of the side chinlock by Staley but they're both hurting after that one, Bucky.

BW: I'd pay a nice chunk of change to see this guy knock off Staley here tonight.

GM: Now why would you even say something like that? The referee's starting a ten count on both of these men down on the mat. Staley's holding his back after connecting with that side suplex counter.

BW: His back is hurting... and maybe the ribs too? You never know, Gordo.

GM: Staley's trying to get back to his feet...

[That portion of the crowd that welcomed him back at the start of the match is now chanting "Let's go, Staley!". Slowly, the whole crowd gets into it, clapping their hands and stomping their feet.]

GM: These fans are rallying behind Chris Staley tonight here in Dallas, Texas, trying to root him back to his feet... trying to cheer him on to get back up and keep this fight going.

BW: He's actually getting up too. Sucker.

[Not only is he getting up, he's making his way towards the turnbuckles.]

GM: Staley's heading to the corner... and he's heading up!

BW: No, no! He's gonna pull the turnbuckle cover off and cheat!

GM: Not likely. He's heading up top, like I said, and I'm not sure how wise that is!

BW: Wise?! Are you one of 'em, Gordo?! Just between us, you can tell me!

GM: I am most certainly not a wise man.

BW: I could've told you that.

GM: I... oh, brother.

[Standing up top, Staley raises an arm to the cheer of the crowd before leaping off the top, sailing through the air, and burying the point of his elbow into the sternum of Martin!]

GM: Elbow off the top! He got all of that!

[Staley rolls back into a cover, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH- NO!

[The crowd buzzes with surprise as Staley pushes to his knees, looking at the ref with a "Are you serious?" look on his face. The ref holds up two fingers and Staley slaps the mat.]

BW: Oooh! If he gets really annoyed, maybe he'll drop this goody two shoes act and get down and dirty!

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Back on his feet, Staley dashes to the ropes, rebounding off to leap into the air, driving both feet down into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Shades of Anton Layton himself!

GM: Oh, please don't say that.

BW: You think he's like the Candyman? Mention his name three times and he shows up? Layton may have been nuttier than a squirrel's diet but he ain't a horror movie monster, Gordo.

[Not bothering with a pin attempt, Staley drags Martin into a suplex, lifting him into the air...]

GM: Staley showing some power here, holding the man straight up and down, letting the blood rush into the head of Erik Martin...

[Showing off a bit, Staley walks around the ring for a few moments with him before dropping him down to the mat]

GM: Ohh! What a suplex!

[Staley stays right on the attack, pulling the man off the mat and whipping him into the far turnbuckle...]

GM: Staley shoots him across... coming in hard after him!



[He lets loose a shout as he DRIVES a high kick into the side of Martin's head!]

BW: YAAAAKUZA! What a kick!

[Staley dips down, lifting a dazed Martin up onto the turnbuckles.]

GM: Martin gets set down up top... Staley climbing up after him...

BW: Oh man, is he going for what I think he is?

GM: What?

BW: Gordo, here comes one of the most devastating moves you're ever going to see!

[Leaning over, Staley muscles Martin up into a fireman's carry position. He looks out into the crowd, flashbulbs popping in anticipation of this dangerous move...

...yet Staley hesitates.]

GM: Staley's taking a long time up there... I wonder what he's waiting for.

BW: That's what I'd like to know! Come on, make me like you again!

[Staley shakes his head and says something that the cameras pick up slightly, something about "not the right time yet". Instead, Staley sets Martin up next to him on the top turnbuckle.]

BW: Awww, what a tease! What a sissy boy!

[With a dazed Martin still seated on the buckles next to him, Staley leaps up, hooking his legs around the head of Martin, flipping him from his perch and down hard onto the canvas!]

GM: HEADSCISSORS OFF THE TOP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHH"

GM: Oh my stars! What a maneuver!

BW: Not what I was expecting but it was nicely done for sure.

[Staley crawls into a cover, hooking the leg, and getting an easy three count before the bell rings.]

PW: Here is your winner... CHRIS STAAAAAALEY!

[Staley sits on the mat, looking a little angry with himself as the ref raises his hand in victory. The crowd cheers anyway.]

GM: Why does he look so perturbed?

BW: I imagine it's because he didn't have the cojones to pull off his BIG move.

GM: And what would that be?

BW: You can ask him yourself. Here he comes.

[Indeed, Staley has left the ring and makes his way to the announce table with his hands on his hips.]

GM: Chris, congratulations on your victory in your return match.

[Staley nods.]

CS: Thanks, Gordon.

GM: I have to ask a question. Why do you seem so unhappy when you just won?

BW: I'll tell ya why, it's because he didn't bust out the Crow-

[Staley holds up a hand.]

CS: Hold on there, Bucky, it's not time yet. Not even to mention the move.

BW: Why not?!

CS: Because I want to unleash it only when I feel it's warranted.

[Staley points to the ring.]

CS: That kid? Not the right person. He tried to give me a fight but he obviously wasn't ready. Thus the move stays sealed.

[Gordon nods as Bucky seethes. Sensing that Staley doesn't want to discuss it anymore, Gordon sidesteps the issue.]

GM: Okay, well... at the Anniversary Show, we heard you throw a few names out there as possible opponents. Any reaction yet?

[Staley smiles a bit.]

CS: No, nothing yet.

BW: So why the heck did that draw a smile?

CS: It's simple, Bucky. I make a challenge... and I find out that all three of the men I mention are going to be here tonight... but that none of the three have any interest in facing me.

[Staley shrugs.]

CS: I don't know what Nenshou and Alphonse Green are up to but I'd imagine there's one place I might find them where they'll have NO CHOICE but to face me...

[Another smile.]

CS: And I KNOW I can find Craven there finally.

[Gordon's eyes go wider.]

GM: Are you talking about-?

CS: Indeed, I am. I got the word just before I came out here and I'm taking the time to announce right now that at Memorial Day Mayhem, on the deck of the USS Lexington, I'm entering the Rumble!

[A big pop for that. Staley nods at the reaction, obviously pleased.]

GM: We knew you wanted in and now it's official! By my count, you're the ninth man officially entered into that thirty man match and more and more big names get added to the Rumble by the second!

[Staley nods.]

CS: Exactly. You never know what kind of showdowns you might see in Rumbles. That said, I'm coming for a fight. So those other 29 men better be ready.

[Staley winks.]

CS: I know I will be.

[With that, Staley walks away, smiling once again.]

GM: Chris Staley has entered the Rumble! He's going to be in that ring in Corpus Christi alongside men like the Prehistoric Powers, Terry Shane III, Alex Martinez, Supreme Wright, and yes... William Craven along with many, many more! It's going to be an exciting night coming up in just over a month's time, fans, but right now, let's go backstage where I'm told Mark Stegglet has a very special guest! Mark?

[Crossfade back to the locker room where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside a fairly loose and relaxed Glenn Hudson. He claps his hands and rubs them together, eager to get started.]

MS: Fans, I am here right now with Glenn Hudson, whom we last saw in action against Alphonse Green the same night the AWA crowned its first World Tag Team champions...

[Hudson's hands go to his hips. He leans in close, as if making special effort to not miss a word.]

MS: Glenn, you haven't been in action since the Stampede Cup, but I know for a fact you haven't been sitting idle. Tell us what you've been up to.

[An almost guilty smile creeps across the Australian veteran's face.]

GH: That is a fact, Mark. I've been a busy boy lately. Wheels are turning in the right direction again.

[There's a moment of awkward pause as Hudson leaves the cryptic remark hanging.]

GH: ... So, Alphonse Green... If you're watching this, don't smash the TV yet. This is important.

[His voice heavy with mock sincerity, Glenn continues addressing the unpredictable and angry young man whom has dogged him for the past three months.]

GH: We had fun. You were annoying... and not just a little bit annoying. Alphonse, I waited a long time for a chance to give you a proper smack in the face... and when that day came, mate, it was everything that I hoped it could be. It was worth the wait. We both got our shots in, so I now consider the matter settled.

MS: It was a very spirited contest and I'm sure a very satisfying resolution for you. But if this business with Alphonse Green is behind you, does that then mean y-

GH: SPEAKING OF THINGS...

[Stegglet flinches and frowns slightly, not appreciating being cut off.]

GH: ... that are worth the wait, Mark Stegglet...

[Hudson gives his host a genuine smile and a pat on the side of the shoulder. Now a confirmed good sport, Stegglet's expression lifts as he realises Hudson has anticipated him.]

GH: There's a man out there competing tonight who we're compelled to call a champion. On two occasions [two finger flash up helpfully] this man and myself have faced each other inside the squared circle. Sadly, the record shows that man has two marks in the win column.

[He allows that sombre truth time to sink in.]

GH: Two smudged, hastily scrawled marks, Mark. Unworthy of the very chalk ripped from Mother Earth herself. Now, I've seen some dirty victories up close over the years - one way or another - but these two victories rank up there amongst the grubbiest.

[Another pause before reaching the point.]

GH: The Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant. Truly a man best judged by his achievements. However, the Dave Bryant we've been seeing lately, defending that World Television Title... He's been relatively clean. Pristine, even. He's been winning matches with technical wrestling... Submission holds... Command of his surroundings. What we HAVEN'T seen Dave Bryant do lately is bury his hand deep, deep into his trunks to retrieve a foreign object, something to desperately smash into his opponents' skulls. Why is that, you may wonder?

[But before we can answer-]

GH: Well, I'll tell you why. Dave Bryant hasn't been convinced... Hasn't been one hundred percent DEAD CERTAIN without a SINGLE doubt in his mind that he needs to use an illegal weapon to win those matches. That's the big difference, Mark. That's the difference between the very worthy challengers Bryant has been defending his title against... and the very last man in this company... The very last man in this entire INDUSTRY that Dave Bryant ever wants to have to face again.

[Hudson takes a step back and holds his arms open, palms outward as if with nothing to hide. Affecting as if he were witnessing himself for the first time, the Australian's eyes descend down his body to his feet and then rise again, settling back on the camera with the glimmer of bad intentions. He then slowly turns to face Mark Stegglet once again, whom has long since learned to just let Glenn get on with it.]

GH: Fact is, the fans want Bryant's blood almost as much as I still do. I'm the one they want to see deliver that beating. The one they trust WILL deliver that beating. Butts in seats means dollars in the bank for the AWA. It just makes good business sense. So, as I said before... Wheels are turning. Your thoughts, Mark?

MS: I can say that I agree with you on one point, Glenn. Yourself and the Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant facing off one more time... with the World Television Title on the line? I think the fans would love to see that happen. Folks... All we can say for now is stay tuned for that!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Topeka, Kansas... Lee Harrigan!

[A very muscular young man e that looks to be about 275 pounds strikes a double bicep pose to the indifference of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights go out as the haunting vocals of Deborah Harry can be heard over the PA system.]

# Step into a world #  
# Where there's no one left #  
# But the very best #  
# No MC can test #

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the crowd responds with a loud chorus of cheers. As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through. Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up, before making his way down to the ring as the houselights come back up.]

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana...he weighs in tonight at 225 pounds...

SUPREME WRRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[Wright enters the ring and removes his coat, revealing a lanky but powerful build, with an extremely well-defined, sinewy appearance. His hair is pulled back into tight cornrows snaking into an intricate zig-zag design and he wears MMA-style shorts, half-camo and the other half with the image of demonic hands clawing their way out of the fabric. He climbs to the second turnbuckle and raises his arms to the crowd, drawing a loud roar from his fans.]

GM: And here comes Supreme Wright, a man who many believe is the odds-on favorite to win the Rumble for the second time.

BW: When you got a man as driven and focused on winning the AWA World Title as Wright is, it's kinda' hard to bet against him. But I don't think ticking off Alex Martinez is gonna' help his chances!

[As the bell sounds, Wright and Harrigan lock up, with Wright quickly procuring a side headlock. Harrigan tries to power his way out of the hold, but Wright has it cinched in tight.]

GM: Indeed, it was at the Stampede Cup, where Supreme Wright surprised the wrestling world by actually turning down Alex Martinez's challenge and instead announced himself as the first entry into this year's Memorial Day Rumble.

BW: I can't recall ever seeing Wright turning down a challenge from anybody, but after the way he's been going up and down the contender list since SuperClash, he probably wants a guaranteed shot. Beating Martinez might put him right at top as Number One contender, but it doesn't mean he'll get his shot! You saw how Monosso ran from Dufresne! Who's to say he wouldn't just duck Wright after the beating he gave him at SuperClash?

GM: Oh would you stop? The idea that James Monosso is scared of anyone is-...

[Wright then suddenly releases the headlock, spinning away from Harrigan and twisting himself behind the big man and straight down into the canvas as he catches the Topeka native with a spinning drop-toehold!]

GM: Oh! Impressive takedown by Supreme Wright!

BW: Ah. Changing the subject, are we?

GM: No! Of course not! As I was saying, the idea that James Monosso is scared of anyone is ridiculous!

[Wright quickly traps Harrigan's legs into a modified version of an inverted Indian deathlock, causing the muscular youngster to quickly make a crawling grab for the ropes.]

BW: Then why does Supreme Wright, the man in the ring RIGHT NOW, have to jump through hoops just to be considered for another title shot? Sure, I think Dufresne's got a spot at the front of the line, but Wright's got as good a claim to a title shot as anyone else. Heck, there's a line that'd go around the block, of guy's who deserve a shot, but Monosso hides behind a team of doctors spouting medical mumbo jumbo making excuses for him! Admit it, Gordo...the Championship Committee's protecting Monosso! They're making sure the title's staying around his waist!

GM: That's just absurd! Just call the match, Bucky!

BW: Sure thing Gordo, but this conversation ain't over!

[The referee administers a five-count as Wright keeps the hold on, waiting until the count reaches four, before making a clean break. As he rolls away, the burly Harrigan is quick to rush Wright, hitting him with solid clubbing forearms across the back!]

GM: OH! Lee Harrigan is all over Wright!

BW: That's one big corn-fed hoss there. He might not got the moves or skills that Wright does, but I'll bet you anything he hits way harder!

[Harrigan whips Wright into the ropes, looking for a big boot, but Wright stops himself just short, catching Harrigan's foot!]

GM: Wright's got Harrigan hopping on one foot. This is a very dangerous situation to be in.

BW: The meathead was looking to punt Wright's face off, but Wright saw it coming from a mile away!

[Wright grins at Harrigan, as the big guy helplessly throws a few haymakers at him that fall short of hitting. He then whips Harrigan's leg aside, spinning him all the way around...]

...and catching him in the face with a stiff-as-heck elbow as he turns back to him!]

"SMMMAAACCK!"

GM and BW: OH!

[Not wasting any time, Wright then grabs a dazed Harrigan and whips him hard into the corner, following in with a massive European uppercut!]

GM: Dear lord! What an uppercut!

[As Harrigan stumbles out of the corner, Wright has already readied himself for his follow-up attack, leaping into the air and catching the youngster from Topeka square in the jaw with a leaping knee strike!]

BW: That'll loosen a few teeth, daddy!

[Dazed, but still standing, Harrigan is left wide open for Wright's next attack, as the Louisiana native lands on his feet and quickly spins a full 360 degrees, cracking Harrigan across the jaw once more with a rolling elbow!]

"SMAAACK!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: He's out on his feet!

[Wright then immediately lifts Harrigan up into a fireman's carry...

...and right into a double-knee gutbuster!]

GM: AND THERE'S FAT TUESDAY! My gosh, what a combination of moves! That's gotta' be it! ONE! TWO! THREE!

[The crowd roars, as the referee raises Wright's arm in victory.]

GM: A dominating performance from Supreme Wright, who seems more than ready for the Memorial Day Rumble.

BW: Did you notice that he barely did any of his usual mat-wrestling or limb work? Wright knows that he can't rely on his submission wrestling to win on Memorial Day. He's gotta' knock the heck outta' 29 other guys just like he did tonight!

GM: That may very well be the case. But right now, Jason Dane has caught up with Supreme on his way to the back.



[We cut to Jason Dane standing by with Wright in the middle of the aisle. Wright stares down at the ground with his hands on his hips, as Jason Dane addresses him.]

JD: An impressive performance as always, Supreme. But right now, I think everyone's wondering what's going on in your head after hearing what Alex Martinez said in response to your challenge at the Anniversary Show.

[Supreme raises his head and stares Jason Dane in the eye.]

SW: Refresh my memory, Mr. Dane. What WAS Mr. Martinez's response?

JD: Well...he said you don't want to get into a ring with him.

[Dane tries to avoid eye contact with Wright.]

JD: That you'd rather put twenty-eight men between him and you.

[Wright's expression doesn't change, remaining the same stoic, stone-faced expression that we've all become accustomed to.]

SW: Well, I suppose Mr. Martinez is right.

[Dane looks astonished by Wright's candid response.]

SW: In fact, I guess you can say I'm afraid to step into a ring with Mr. Martinez.

JD: W...what?

SW: The very thought of facing Mr. Martinez makes me break out in a cold sweat. My hands start shaking, my throat gets dry, my heart starts beating hard against my chest and I start feeling faint at the thought of Mr. Martinez...

[Supreme pauses and turns to stare Dane face-to-face.]

SW: ...and just exactly what I could do to him inside MY ring.

[With Supreme staring straight at him, Dane is unsure how to respond...only to have Wright suddenly break the tension with a smirk.]

SW: Mr. Martinez says I don't KNOW who he is?

[Just as quickly, that smirk disappears. Back to business.]

SW: I know enough.

[Wright taps a finger to his temple.]

SW: Knees that have been under the knife more times than anyone can bother to remember. Arms that have been wrenched, pulled, cracked, and broken. And a body that's been abused, tortured, cut, set on fire, and carved by barbwire for dang near twenty years.

[He repeats himself, with emphasis.]

SW: I KNOW ENOUGH.

[Jason Dane gets a confused look on his face.]

JD: Supreme...are you...

...threatening Alex Martinez?

[Supreme shakes his head slowly.]

SW: I'm not threatening anybody, Mr. Dane.

JD: But we seen you threaten to cripple James Monosso before...threaten to END a man's career just to get the AWA World title. It just seems to me that you're doing the same-

[Supreme cuts him off.]

SW: I'm just stating facts, Mr. Dane. And the fact that Mr. Martinez is one of the most powerful, unstoppable, and tenacious wrestlers to ever step into a wrestling ring isn't lost on me.

[His eyes grow wide and his voice takes a harsher tone...after all, now he's talking about his object of desire: The World Title.]

SW: But the FACT that he stands in the way between me and the AWA World title...

...shouldn't be lost on HIM.

[And with that, Supreme walks off.]

JD: Nine times out of ten, when Alex Martinez steps into a wrestling ring, you have to say, "I wouldn't want to be in his opponent's shoes tonight." But when he and Supreme Wright finally go one-on-one or finally meet inside that Rumble on Memorial Day... I just have to wonder if I'd want to be in HIS shoes. We'll be right back, fans.

[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 up to a nice panning shot of the interior of the Crockett Coliseum before cutting down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. Up next, we've got ourselves a match that is not, I repeat, not a title defense.

BW: According to who, Gordo? Nobody has seen our alleged "champion" in eons; so the suits in the back ought to be thrilled that our AWA Uncrowned World Champion, Calisto Dufresne is here to save the AWA's reputation.

GM: When has Calisto Dufresne ever done anything to enhance the AWA's reputation?

BW: He's doing it right now, as he gives these paying customers a look at a real champion, since ours can't be bothered with showing up!

[We cut to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing alongside an average-sized man clad in silver boots, silver tights and a silver mask covering his face. He gets his cue and raises the microphone to his lips.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit and is...

[Watson pauses, not sure if he wants to continue. After a moment, he shrugs and presses on.]

PW: ...for the AWA Uncrowned World Championship!

[Heel pop!]

GM: Again, fans... Allow me to reiterate: There is no such thing as the AWA Uncrowned World Championship, nor is this fictional title on the line here tonight.

BW: Phil Watson just said it is, and so it must be true!

PW: Already in the ring, hailing from Glory Road, please welcome the challenger... FUTURESTAAAARRRR!!

[As the masked man climbs the turnbuckles and raises his arm into the air, clearly pumped up at the opportunity at glory presented to him, the crowd boos him for even participating in this nonsense.]

PW: And his opponent! Hailing from Avery Island, Louisiana... Standing six feet, three inches tall and weighing in at 245 pounds. He is the self-proclaimed, AWA Uncrowned World Champion. Please welcome...

[The familiar guitar riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kick in as the crowd erupts in boos.]

PW: ..."LADYKILLER" CALISTOOOOOOOOO  
DUUUUUUUUFRRREEEEEEESSNNNNNEEE!!!!

[From the entryway explodes Dufresne, clad in his wrestling attire and the PWR Pacific Championship slung over his right shoulder. He jogs down the aisleway, slapping hands with fans who look more interested in punching him than high-fiving.]

BW: THE CHAMP IS HERE! THE CHAMP IS HERE! Look at how he's relating to all of his fans, Gordo! This is how a company should be represented!

GM: This is ridiculous. Calisto Dufresne doesn't give two hoots about anyone in this building not named Calisto Dufresne.

[Dufresne quickly climbs into the ring and scales a turnbuckle, raising his “World Championship” into the air, which gets him a strong heel pop in return from the Dallas faithful. He jumps off the turnbuckle and heads towards Watson, stuffing a small wad of cash into his suit pocket and patting him on the chest good-naturedly. ]

BW: Look, now he’s giving charity!

GM: It looks to me like he’s paying Phil Watson for even going along with any of this nonsense.

[He folds his belt as Futurestar looks on, leaning over and kissing it before raising it to the heavens once more. He then hands it to the referee, Ricky Longfellow, who rolls his eyes and holds it in the air, walking around a bit before handing it to the ringside timekeeper. The timekeeper rings the bell and we’re underway.]

BW: And the title defense begins!

GM: IT’S NOT A... oh, nevermind. You’re not going to listen to reason anyway.

[Dufresne grins at Futurestar, sticking a hand out to greet the “challenger”. Unsurprisingly, Futurestar reaches out and shakes Dufresne’s hand. Surprisingly, there’s no eye poke or low blow following it. Instead, Dufresne raises the young masked man’s arm and walks around the ring, presenting him to the fans, who shower them both with jeers.]

BW: Dufresne is giving this young man his moment in the spotlight. Not only is he the greatest athlete on the planet, but he’s willing to share his glory with those less fortunate!

GM: This certainly isn’t the normal Calisto Dufresne, that’s for sure.

[The normal Calisto Dufresne quickly returns, however; as he jerks Futurestar’s arm towards him and levels the silver-clad youngster with a short-arm clothesline that drops him quickly to the mat, before jumping on to him and raining down closed fists into the silver mask.]

GM: That’s more like the Ladykiller that we’re used to.

BW: He’s going to give this young man something worth more than gold – a lesson in the ring from the best in the business!

[Longfellow eventually steps in and threatens Dufresne with disqualification if he doesn’t stop the closed fists, and Calisto steps off of Futurestar. He yanks the masked man back to his feet and whips him towards the ropes...]

GM: ...reversal by Futurestar!

[Dufresne rebounds off the ropes, where the challenger leans over to attempt to back body drop the former National Champion, but is instead met

with a stiff kick to the chin that snaps him upright, staggering backwards towards the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne caught him when he ducked down too early!

[He rebounds slowly back towards Dufresne, who lifts him into the air and sends him crashing back down with a flap jack.]

GM: As quick as that, Dufresne turns the tables back on this young man.

BW: That's what champions are made of, Gordo. They respond to adversity.

GM: I'm sure Futurestar will do great things in this business one day, but I would hardly call this match "adversity", Bucky.

BW: Anytime you put your gold on the line, it's adversity, daddy!

[Dufresne props himself up on the second rope, lifting a fist and aiming down at the fallen Futurestar. He leans forward and lets gravity do the rest; connecting with a fist drop squarely to the skull.]

GM: Another closed fist to the skull off that big fistdrop, Bucky.

BW: Rules are more like guidelines anyways, right?

GM: No, they most certainly are NOT!

[He yanks the challenger to his feet, who wavers unsteadily. Dufresne sizes him up and then dashes towards the ropes...]

GM: Dufresne hits the far side... clothesli-

[Futurestar ducks under it, causing Dufresne to skid to a halt as he spins back towards his "challenger"...]

GM: OH MY!

[...who promptly slaps the Ladykiller square across the face!]

BW: YOU DON'T SLAP THE CHAMPION! HOW DARE HE!?!]

[Dufresne looks just as shocked as Bucky sounds, raising a hand to his quickly-reddening cheek before that shock turns to pure rage. Dufresne returns the favor before Futurestar can press the attack, jabbing his fingers in the eye slits of his mask and completes the combo with a right cross to the midsection that doubles the challenger over.]

BW: Serves him right!

[Before Ricky Longfellow can even protest, Dufresne hooks Futurestar around the neck, lifting him into the air and PLANTING him with the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am DDT.]

GM: And that'll be all for this young man.

[Dufresne stands over the fallen Futurestar, stepping on his chest with one boot and flexes for the crowd as Longfellow makes a merciful three count.]

\*DING! DING! DING!\*

BW: An emphatic title defense if I've ever seen one, Gordo!

PW: And your winner... and stttiiiiiiiiiiii AWA UNCROWNED WORLD CHAMPION... "LADYKILLER" CALISTOOO DUUUUUUFREEEESSSNEE!!!!

["Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in once more and Dufresne is handed the PWR Pacific Championship. Dufresne drops to his knees and raises the belt towards the heavens, clearly moved by his chance to reign supreme once again.]

BW: Look at the emotion pouring out of Calisto Dufresne, Gordo! He's humbled by his position as the company's standard-bearer!

GM: This is a complete sham and we both know it, Bucky Wilde.

[As the crowd showers him with boos, Dufresne climbs out of the ring and towards the interview area, where Mark Stegglet awaits. Dufresne is panting with exertion, placing a hand on Stegglet's shoulder to steady himself as he tries to regain his composure.]

MS: Calisto, that was quite an impressive performance here on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Dufresne pauses for long moments as he continues to "catch his breath" from such an arduous title defense. Eventually, he's able to proceed.]

CD: An impressive title defense, Stegglet. Make sure you're clear on that point.

MS: Well, I've verified – for the sixth time, I might add – with the Championship Committee, who is adamant about the fact that you are \_not\_ a recognized champion here in the AWA.

CD: There's obviously some sort of bureaucratic snafu going on over at headquarters. Did I just have a match?

MS: Yes.

CD: Did I just walk out of there with this belt on my shoulder?

MS: Well, yes, but...

[Dufresne continues, undeterred.]

CD: Did I just face a future star in this business?

MS: No, you fought Futurestar.

CD: Isn't that what I just said? A future star.

MS: That's not the sam-

CD: I don't know what else I need to do around here to be given the respect I deserve as Uncrowned World Champion, Stegglet.

[Stegglet seems a bit unsure how to continue.]

MS: Well, first off, we have a World Champion already. James Monosso.

[Pop at the sound of the Madman's name. Dufresne looks around at the crowd with irritation.]

CD: Tell me, where is this supposed champion? Nobody has seen him since the Stampede Cup when I broke his neck. He's done, Stegglet. He's finished. You'll never see him inside the ring again. The last thing this company needs is another long, drawn out tournament. It's time for us to heal.

[Dufresne turns to the camera, looking straight in its lens.]

CD: I'm pleading with you, Karl O'Connor: Do the right thing. Crown me World Champion now. James Monosso will never show his face around here again and we need a leader! We ne-

[Stegglet interjects.]

MS: Actually, Calisto, I've just gotten word that James Monosso will be here in Dallas... TONIGHT!

[Huge crowd pop as Dufresne snaps his gaze back to Stegglet. He takes a large gulp of air before looking over his shoulder nervously. He begins to pace around, rubbing his hand through his hair with exasperation.]

MS: No comment?

[Dufresne opens his mouth to say more, but quickly snaps it shut and walks hurriedly away from the interview area and Stegglet, being chased through the entryway by the cheers of the Dallas crowd.]

GM: It looks like the proverbial cat has got Dufresne's tongue after that announce-

[Dufresne doesn't QUITE make it to the curtain before the shrill piano of "The Theme From Halloween" cuts in over the PA. The fans erupt!]

BW: No way! Somebody's gotta be playin' a joke!



[The curtain parts to reveal the World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso. Monosso is wearing his black T-Shirt shirt with PROPERTY OF MYSELF in pale green stenciled text, and black jeans. He's got the AWA World Heavyweight Title around his waist, and a crazed look in his wide, wild eyes. The champion has stringy greying-black hair, a wide, flat face, and a slow gait as he marches towards Dufresne.]

GM: MONOSSO IS HERE!

BW: Well, in his condition, I don't think he should be going TOWARDS Calisto Dufresne.

[Dufresne seems to have come to that conclusion himself, as he points at his neck... telling Monosso that he'd better not come any closer or it could be damaged even further. Monosso closes the gap... and pounds Calisto in the face with a haymaker that knocks him on his back to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Dufresne is down! And James Monosso is all over him!

BW: What a cowardly attack! This is no way for a real champion to behave! Obviously, Monosso knows that Calisto is the true uncrowned champion and he can't stand it.

[The man with the real AWA World Championship Belt has descended upon Calisto Dufresne, and is opening up with punch after punch. Unfortunately for James, the elevated rampway betrays him again, as Dufresne is able to use it to his advantage... he crawls off of it, forcing Monosso to get off of Dufresne so that he doesn't fall to the floor. Calisto exits stage left, hustling to the back door as Monosso stands in the aisle and glares. The crowd is cheering him.]

GM: The self-proclaimed uncrowned champion wasn't going to stick around to be crowned, Bucky.

BW: Lucky for Monosso. I bet Calisto is holding back because if he cripples him, he won't get a rematch.

GM: Highly unlikely. Monosso now heading to the interview stage. It looks like the champion has a rebuttal for Mr. Dufresne.

[Scooping up the microphone, Monosso looks out over the crowd as they cheer him. He takes a quick glance at the direction Dufresne went in to make sure he's not trying to sneak back, and then begins to speak.]

JM: Oh, happy anniversary. I'd have been there, except, you know, I don't really care about the company's anniversary. Does that make me less of a champion?

[He pauses to let people answer the question.]

JM: I don't care if it does or not! None of that matters to me. Dufresne, you want to walk around with a dead forgotten title and call yourself the real champion? You could walk around with a crown from Burger King and call yourself the Queen Of Sheba for all I care! You had your shot, and you didn't get it done. Your master plan failed because you couldn't roll me into the ring in time. Oh, you won the match. They'll probably give you a rematch... eventually. But you see, I'm not interested in being a target week in and week out. At least, out of the ring. Some might say that it's what I deserve for all those years of targeting others outside the ring. But I don't believe in karma, I don't believe in fate, and I don't believe in giving a man like Dufresne what he wants.

So, Calisto, if you think I should defend the title more actively... you're right. I should. I want to get this over with. I want to go on with my life. But I'm not going to do it by rolling over and playing dead. I promised Watkins it wouldn't be that way, and every title match paycheck makes the rest of my life that much more livable. So, with that in mind, I am here to announce that I'll be defending the title, two weeks from tonight, on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The crowd cheers the announcement.]

JM: But not against Calisto Dufresne.

[And they cheer that too.]

JM: So if you're in the back, and you think you deserve a title shot, don't come to me. Don't try and "get my attention". Anybody tries that lame "attack the champ" strategy? I'll never defend against you. I'm not some dumb wanna-be hero who thinks that 'truth, justice, and the American Way' means you have to be an idiot. No, if you want a match, you go to the Championship Committee. In two weeks, I will defend against whoever they put in the ring, unless it is Calisto Dufresne, or anybody I already said I won't defend against.

If anybody doesn't like me calling my shots, then cry in a bucket and drown in it. Every champion we've ever had has called their shots to some extent... just about every World Champion in history has called their shots. Dufresne did nothing BUT that, so obviously, he must agree that it's okay for a champion to do. I'm just not going to lie to you people, not anymore. Unlike a certain snake who comes out here with fake indignation, pretending to be some kind of martyr... and that describes a lot of people in the AWA, but I mean Dufresne... I lay it all out there because I'm a tired old man who has no need for pretense. Dufresne, if you want your rematch, you're just going to have to do like everyone else and wait. Maybe next Saturday Night, you'll have a new champion to chase. Maybe a champion who'll fall for your inane mind games.

But!

[Monosso's face breaks out into a slow grin.]

JM: I wouldn't count on any rematch clause transferring to a new champion. Just saying.

[And with that, Monosso drops the microphone and walks out. The fans cheer him.]

GM: Major news, as the World Heavyweight Title is going to be defended on the next Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: That's big, but who is he to say when Calisto gets his title shot?

GM: As Monosso alluded, Dufresne did that constantly. This is Calisto's own MO being used against him... frankly, a lot like he used Monosso's MO against him by spiking his head into the aisle at the Stampede Cup. Calisto Dufresne is calling himself the uncrowned champion, but that's not going to get under James Monosso's skin.

BW: On the contrary. I think it has! Monosso just came out here, attacked Dufresne, then spent two minutes talking about him. Of course he'll never SHOW it, but why bother to go through all of this taunting? Dufresne HAS gotten under his skin! Now, I'm not sure that's really the way Calisto should have approached this or not, because Monosso isn't going to react the same way that the dumb baby-kissin' goody-two-shoes will. But then, it might be a perfect strategy for him. It's hard to know! Which makes this kinda exciting.

GM: Wow! Mark Stegglet just helped drop a bombshell on us all - the World Title will be on the line in two weeks! But against who?! Jason Dane, take it away!

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Big news out of Mark Stegglet there, fans... but back here in the backstage area, we've got big news of our own. On the Fifth Anniversary Show, it was announced that in the weeks ahead, the AWA would be replaying matches from episodes of Saturday Night Wrestling gone by - taking a look at some of the favorite matches from SNW in our five year history, all leading up to the 100th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling which will feature a rematch from one of those favorite matches - a rematch selected by you, the fans of the AWA.

[Dane pauses.]

JD: Now, I've been told that those polls should start appearing on the AWA website in the coming days so make sure you vote and let your voice be heard.

[Dane looks off-camera, a bit nervous suddenly.]

JD: Speaking of letting your voice be heard...

[The camera pulls back as a rather large man strides into the shot. This man is the elder statesman of the Beale Street Bullies, the seven foot two three hundred plus pound Robert Donovan. The big man is sporting his ring attire, and the slogan, "Welcome to Beale Street!" is scrawled across the gut of his double-strapped singlet. Oddly enough, the big man looks almost happy.]

RD: Ya know, Dane... People been walkin' around me like they're worried -- worried I'm gonna put 'em through the nearest wall or somethin', I guess. Don't know why everybody thinks I should be in such a bad mood... Stampede Cup?

[Donovan laughs.]

RD: You think the Beale Street Bullies give a damn about some rusty trophy? You think we need the million dollars? Hate to tell y'all this, but if the Bullies wanted either of those things, guess what they'd do?

[Donovan abruptly stops laughing.]

RD: We'd take 'em.

[A low chuckle escapes the big man which makes Dane double-clutch the mic.]

RD: Hell, I guess we'd have been all right with winnin' the Cup, winnin' those shiny new belts...but in the end, to me an' Adam an' Dick, we're just as happy that the ones holdin' up the Cup when it was all said and done ain't called "Lynch". Some of y'all might say that ain't victory, but to me, anytime the Lynches lose, we win.

JD: Wait a second... how can you say-

RD: I tell you it was time to speak, son?

[Dane pauses, his voice trailing off as Donovan reaches up, scratching his chin briefly.]

RD: Speakin' of winnin'...I heard that there were three men out here earlier, issuin' some kind of challenge to any other three men for a fight. Well, Sweet Daddy, I admire your ability to shut down the Sizzler's buffet at each an' every town we work, I ain't ever thought of you as a smart man, an' you for damn sure proved that tonight. On the behalf of the Beale Street Bullies, y'all can consider that open challenge full.

[Donovan makes as if to leave, then pauses.]

RD: Ya know...thinkin' about that, I'm damn glad the brass decided to give me somethin' to do tonight. Couple of weeks, the Bullies show the world what the Bullies are capable of, but tonight, this particular Bully... well... guess I'm 'bout to pick on someone too small to fight back.

[Donovan chuckles evilly as he makes his way out and we crossfade from Jason Dane's nervous face to the smiling Phil Watson in the center of the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this contest is scheduled for ONE fall! Introducing first, hailing from Tampa, Florida...he stands six foot three inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds, he is J...P...Driver!

[The young man from Tampa, Florida emerges from the curtain to a pretty positive response. He nods confidently to the crowd, walking quickly up the aisle and stepping into the ring, running a small circle before stopping abruptly, raising both hands in the air as he faces the entrance.]

GM: That's a confident competitor out there tonight, Bucky.

BW: Ignorance is bliss, Gordo. Did anybody bother telling him who he's facing?

GM: I hope so. This isn't the kind of contest you want to walk into blind.

[Cut back to Phil Watson.]

PW: And his opponent!

[Cue the Metallica cover of "Turn the Page" and voracious boos from the crowd.]

GM: I'm still shocked at the reactions this man receives, Bucky, after our fans were solidly behind him for so long.

BW: They turned on him because he laid out some stinking Stench brother, Gordo, a Stench brother who single handedly robbed him of revenge and a championship not once, but TWICE! If anybody here should be booed, it's these chumps out in the stands!

PW: He hails from Pensacola, Florida, stands seven feet, two inches tall and weighs in at three hundred and thirty-two pounds...he is...

ROBERRRT...

DOOONOOOOVAAAAAN!

[The boos only increase in volume as the big man slowly strides into the aisle. He pauses for a moment to glare at the fans on either side of the aisle, then he turns his glare on his opponent. Donovan slowly stalks to the ring, his eyes never leaving J.P. Driver's who, for his part, does a pretty decent job seeming unintimidated. Donovan steps over the top rope into the ring, stopping and rolling his neck, which creates an unpleasant cracking noise.]

GM: J.P. Driver is not a small man, but my goodness does he look small standing in front of Robert Donovan, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, most of the roster looks small compared to Robert Donovan. This is a big, big man with some seriously bad intent, and I'm not sure if J.P.'s goal here should be victory or simple survival!

[DING, DING, DING!]

GM: Donovan immediately begins stalking Driver, who is doing a pretty good job staying out of reach.

BW: Coward! Fight like a man!

[Donovan gets within reach of Driver and takes a huge swing at him, which Driver barely manages to dodge!]

GM: Goodness gracious! He tried to take the man's head off!

BW: Nevermind, Driver, just run! Run as if your life depends on it!

[Donovan takes another huge swing at Driver, who avoids it again and peppers the big man with a shot to the midsection! Donovan glares at the smaller man, taking another step towards him, but Driver manages to sneak in another shot to the abdomen and backs off, staying just out of reach.]

GM: I'm not sure if J.P.'s doing any damage in there, but this is the only strategy he has against a much bigger, much stronger...

BW: -- much MEANER opponent!

[Bucky's emphasis on Meaner accompanies J.P. Driver's attempt to sneak in another shot on the big man, but as much as Donovan lacks in leg speed, he makes up for it with the speed of his hands, displaying that speed as he reaches out and catches Driver by the dreads, yanking him in and burying a knee into the Tampa native's midsection!]

BW: This is it, Gordo, the beginning of the end of one J.P. Driver!

[Donovan buries another knee into Driver's midsection, and then shoves him into the nearest corner. He yells, "Can't run so good now, huh Jack?!" quite audibly before coming in quickly and delivering yet another knee to the gut.]

GM: Did he just call J.P. Driver "Jack"? Is that his name?

BW: No, Gordo! He's sending a message to that stinking Stench brother!

GM: Oh, no. This isn't good, Bucky, Jack Lynch could and has defended himself against this man, Driver just isn't quite in his league!

BW: He should've stayed home, then, Gordo!

[Donovan quickly hooks Driver up and whips him hard into the opposite corner, then charges in with an avalanche!]

GM: OHHH! OVER THREE HUNDRED POUNDS TO THE CORNER!

[Driver is flattened in the corner and Donovan steps back, snarling as he extends one long leg up and pushing his boot against the face of the smaller man!]

BW: I don't think Donovan actually sees his opponent in there tonight -- either that or Driver said something he really shouldn't have said at some point!

GM: J.P. Driver is a polite young man, Bucky, I don't think I've ever heard him utter a cross word to anybody in that locker room.

BW: Well, that's nice, Gordo, but I don't think politeness is going to keep Donovan from trying to scrape his face off with the sole of his boot!

[Donovan lets up after Ricky Longfellow comes in and lays down a four count. Donovan quickly moves back in, pulling Driver to the center of the ropes, launching him off and then catching the rebounding J.P. with a huge boot to the face!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Ya need your dental work checked after that one!

[Donovan leans down and yells, "How's the face, Jack? You think I'm done with you? You think you get off easy, you son of a bi -- " before the camera wisely mutes its microphone.]

GM: That language isn't necessary! Putting an imaginary Jack Lynch mask on a much younger, less experienced opponent isn't all that nice, either.

BW: I don't know if you've noticed, Gordo, but even when the people in the stands loved him, Robert Donovan was never, ever a nice guy.

[Donovan has apparently had enough of the games as he reaches down, scraping Driver off the mat. He holds him up by the hair, yelling, "This is the end, Jack! The only end you deserve!" before shoving one last knee into Driver's midsection and then hooking both arms around the midsection...]

GM: MASSIVE gutwrench powerbomb! He almost put that young man through the mat, Bucky!

BW: Hah, he sure did, daddy! Robert Donovan isn't a man to be cross or toyed with, and I'm pretty sure our resident fat man and his two pals are gonna be in the same spot J.P. Driver is in right now in two weeks!

GM: Donovan...he's not going for the cover?

BW: I think he wants to send one last message!

[Donovan reaches down, hauling the nigh-unconscious Driver off the mat, flipping him around before hooking both arms and lifting Driver waaaay up off the ground in one of the damndest double chickenwings you ever saw!]

GM: Good lord, look at that! I think J.P. Driver's boots are at least two feet off the mat!

BW: I've never seen this out of Donovan before -- hanging out with Adam Rogers is rubbing off on the big man! You know what the best part of this move is, Gordo?

GM: Driver is screaming in there, and you think there's a best part?

BW: You can't tap out, daddy! You scream out that you quit or you get your arms yanked out of their sockets!

[Bucky sounds way too gleeful about that, but Driver takes that advice and yells, "I QUIT!", causing Ricky Longfellow to quickly turn and call for the bell!]

[DING, DING, DING!]

GM: Mercifully, Donovan actually lets go of the hold.

BW: I'm not sure I call that mercy, Gordo. Even if he lets you out of that, it's an eight foot fall straight onto your face with no way at all to protect yourself.

[The camera quickly cuts to Phil Watson.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match...

ROBERT...

DONOVAN!

[The crowd boos Donovan lustily as he gives Driver a contemptuous nudge with his boot before stepping over the top rope, hopping to the floor, and walking up the aisle.]

BW: Gordo, I want you to take a moment to imagine a man that large holding both arms behind your back, applying as much torque as he can before lifting you off your feet and using your own body weight to put all of that pressure and torque on your shoulders and your collarbones.

GM: No thanks, Bucky. Given how little J.P. Driver is moving right now, I don't think I want to imagine that for even a moment. Fans, remember, Robert Donovan is one of the nine men already officially entered into the Rumble and a man his size HAS to be considered one of the favorites in Corpus Christi next month. Speaking of the Rumble, I'm told we're going to



go backstage right now to Jason Dane who is standing by in the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center!

[Crossfade to a Memorial Day Mayhem graphic which turns into Jason Dane standing in front of a bank of television monitors.]

JD: Welcome to the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center! The sixth annual Memorial Day Mayhem will be coming to you LIVE on WKIK on Monday, May 27th from the deck of the USS Lexington in Corpus Christi and we've already got a heck of a lineup on tap.

[The shot of Dane fades to a graphic that reads MEMORIAL DAY RUMBLE.]

JD: It's one of the biggest matches of the year - the annual Memorial Day Rumble. Thirty men entering the ring to battle for a very big prize - a guaranteed shot at the AWA World Title. Nine men are in so far and let's take a look at that...

[The graphic is suddenly populated with images of the participants.]

JD: Three of the AWA's major factions as the Beale Street Bullies' Robert Donovan? He's in. Mizusawa and Maximus from the Matsui Corporation? Both are in. And Terry Shane III from the Shane Gang is in as well. Not to mention Shadoe Rage, Chris Staley, and William Craven plus the two men who've made it their mission to win the Rumble and move on to challenge for the World Title - Supreme Wright and Alex Martinez! It's already a lineup jam-packed with former champions and major wrestling superstars but we've got more to add right here tonight.

[The shot adds another image to the field.]

JD: We've just received word that after we spoke to him earlier tonight, former Longhorn Heritage Champion Glenn Hudson got his golden ticket, sending him into the thirty man Rumble!

[We zoom in on the graphic, showing the grinning Hudson.]

JD: That gives us a third of the field - ten men entered into the 2013 Rumble.. and I've been told that before we leave the airwaves tonight, that number will stand at the halfway point. Fifteen men will be announced as entries into the Memorial Day Rumble with a shot at the World Heavyweight Title on the line!

But in addition to the Rumble, we've got the Winner Takes All Trial By Battle with Mark Langseth selecting a representative - or more than one - to defend him against an opponent of the AWA's choosing. If Langseth's champion wins, then he will be fully reinstated to the American Wrestling Alliance. If the AWA's champion wins, Langseth will be released from his contract and will never again appear inside an AWA ring.

[The graphic changes to show "WINNER TAKES ALL!"]

JD: So far, there is no word from either camp letting us know who will be competing in this match but you've gotta believe that with the stakes so high, both sides will be bringing out the big guns in just over a month in Corpus Christi!

[The shot dissolves back to Dane in front of the bank of monitors.]

JD: May 27th, Memorial Day Mayhem takes place in Corpus Christi on the deck of the USS Lexington! Get your tickets now or join us right here LIVE on WKIK for one of the biggest events of the year! Reporting from the Control Center, I'm Jason Dane.

[The shot of Dane fades 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.

Fade back up to a shot that nearly blinds you. Filling the screen is nothing but gold. One of the AWA National Tag Team Titles, to be exact. And speaking over this shot is the unmistakable voice of Cousin Bo.]

CB: Take a good look. You're not going to see this much longer. We've held these titles for nearly a record amount of time. But in the very near future? We trade up.

[Suddenly, the gold pulls back, and we clearly see Bo and The Bishop Boys. Bo hands the belt back to Duane Henry. But not without a cold stare, for some reason. Bo considers saying something to him, but decides instead to turn and address the camera.]

CB: Do you understand how much it kills us that we didn't win the Stampede Cup? That was the ONE goal we had left. Win the Cup, win the World Tag Team Titles.

[Bo shakes his head.]

CB: But no, Team Blaxploitation just had to get in our way. I find it hilarious that you decide to call us cowards for not putting these titles on the line in the tournament when even greater riches went to the team that could win it all.

[Bo smirks.]

CB: I guess you'd be happy with calling yourselves champions for all of two seconds? Because I didn't see you getting your hands raised at the end of the night. No matter what, know this, we will meet again. And next time, we prove your win was an aberration.

[Bo raises his eyebrows.]

CB: What's that, you say? Word too big for you? Well, let me dumb it down for you. It means you got lucky. A fluke, if you will. Next time, you're not going to be so lucky. And, heck, when we win those World Tag Team Titles, you know what that makes you? The new number one contenders. Think about that one for a second.

[Cletus Lee taps Bo on the shoulder, causing him to turn around and face his cousin. Cletus Lee points to his belt with purpose. Bo nods and turns back to the camera.]

CB: It would appear Cletus Lee wants me to get down to more pressing business. Like I said earlier, at Memorial Day Mayhem, we erase any doubts about who the real alpha males are around here.

[Bo sighs.]

CB: And that means we take the titles away from the most undeserving champions I've \_ever\_ seen. Boy Larry and his golden boot. Oh, I hear what you're all saying right now. "But Bo, the champions are the Blonde Bombers."

[Bo laughs heartily.]

CB: Please. If it wasn't for that loud little idiot getting involved in every single match the Bombers have, nobody would even know their names. I'm gonna make you a promise right now, Doyle, if you even dare try to get involved in the unification match, you're gonna be wearing that boot somewhere very unpleasant. And the world knows I always come through with my promises.

[Bo pauses for a second, seemingly giving that image time to sink in. And it makes him chuckle.]

CB: Now, don't go thinking we're underestimating the team themselves. We're not. Stanton's been very impressive, going from the bottom of the ladder in the singles division to a champion in the tag team division. And Jacobs, though dumb as a rock, has been equally impressive.

[Cletus Lee's eyes light up at the mention of Brad Jacobs. Bo isn't even looking at him, yet he seems to know exactly what look his cousin is giving.]

CB: Jacobs, we heard what you had to say at the Stampede Cup. Yet ANOTHER imbecile that seems to think we've been running away from defending our titles. Hey, dummy, next time you want a piece of us, take a good look at the contract we've had hanging on our door. Hardly anybody's had the cojones to step up and sign on the dotted line.

[Bo looks to the sky as if he's wondering why he bothers with people sometimes.]

CB: And you think you can take Cletus Lee down? Hey, feel free to try, kid. Better men have tried and failed.

[Cletus Lee's nostrils flare.]

CB: I would bring up your bye in the tournament, but it doesn't matter now. You're right, it's not your fault the other teams were too stupid to get back in the ring.

[Bo looks at the ground, seemingly not believing he just agreed with Larry Doyle. The thought makes him shudder.]

CB: Oh yeah, and I almost forgot. You're Royalty boys, huh? So I guess that means you've been discussing strategy with our old pal, Dave Cooper.

[Bo mockingly waves at the camera.]

CB: Yes, hi, we do remember you, Dave. Kinda hard to forget the guy who cheated you out of your titles the first time. I hope, for your sake, that you have no plans on showing up. Because I have no problem with taking out the elderly. And that's a debt we've been looking to repay for a LONG time.

[Bo stares at the camera for a few seconds, seemingly lost in thought. But he quickly shakes it out.]

CB: It comes down to this. Memorial Day Mayhem. The Bishop Boys vs. The Blonde Bombers. For all the gold. And the winners can truly say they're on top of the mountain. We've been there a long time. And, Bombers, we aren't coming down anytime soon.

[Bo ushers the Bishops out of camera range. They leave, but Bo hangs around, looking back and forth, as if he's got a secret.]

CB: Oh, and, uh, if I were you, I'd watch my back. Fail to do so? Now that definitely would not be wise.

[Bo snickers and walks away. Fade back to ringside.]

GM: The challenge has been issued! The Bishop Boys want that unification match and they want it much sooner than I think any of us imagined. They want it at Memorial Day Mayhem, Bucky!

BW: The Bishops ain't exactly the patient sort, Gordo. It wouldn't take too long for them to decide they were gonna cash that contract in and put the Bombers down for the three count.

GM: But can they do it? The Blonde Bombers alongside Larry Doyle have looked REAL impressive since returning to the AWA - especially at the Stampede Cup when they won those World Tag Team Titles.

BW: The Bishop Boys walked into the Cup thinking they were the best tag team in the world - and a whole lot of people agreed with them. Now, you can argue with Cousin Bo til the Stench sisters come home about whether or not their loss to Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds was a fluke but one loss don't take away the fact that the Bishops have DOMINATED the tag teams here in the AWA for months now. If I was a betting man, I wouldn't look past 'em at Memorial Day Mayhem.

GM: The challenge has been made but the contract has not been signed as of yet. We'll let you know when it has but right now, let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: This next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Already in the ring, accompanied by his brother Will, from Anderson, South Carolina and weighing in tonight at one hundred and eighty five pounds, here is Andy Blue!

[Andy raises his arms, acknowledging the positive reaction from the crowd, who remembers the stunning upset that the Blue brothers pulled off in the Gauntlet match. Will pats his brother on the back, as Andy appears as focused as one would expect one of the Blue brothers to be.]

PW: And his opponent...

# Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.  
# I feel Alllllllll--lllllll---lllllll-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" by Queen kicks into high gear, Alphonse Green steps out onto the aisleway. The crowd lets Green have it, drowning out the music in boos. Green, however, appears focused as he wastes no time walking briskly down the aisle, keeping his eyes on Andy Blue. Green is only wearing his wrestling gear, keeping the jacket(or custom shirt) in the locker room.]

GM: Alphonse Green, fresh off of what was hopefully a humbling loss to Glenn Hudson at the Stampede Cup is ready for action, as strange as it sounds.

BW: Alphonse Green's always ready for action, Gordo! In his own way, of course.

GM: Well, he's not acting like what we're used to seeing from him. None of his loud yells, no t-shirt. He looks ready to go here tonight.

[Green quickly rolls into the ring, and makes his way to his feet. He walks over towards Andy Blue, but is quickly cut off by the referee. Looking annoyed, Green steps back as the referee calls for the bell.]

DING DING DING

GM: Green cutting out the theatrics here, Bucky. Very unusual to see him not showboating around.

[In fact, Green greets Andy Blue with a kick to the midsection as Blue was motioning to lock up. Blue is doubled over and Green clubs Blue across the back with a double axe handle.]

GM: Cheap shots early by Green to get the early advantage, and he's got him hooked already.

[Green clutches Andy Blue, and takes him up and over with a gutwrench suplex. Green holds on for a count, but only gets two. Instead of immediately climbing off of Andy, Green pie faces him to the boos of the crowd.]

GM: There's the Alphonse Green we all know and love.

BW: I dunno, Gordo, normally he'd follow it up with some big time trash talk, but now he's going back on the attack.

GM: That's true. I kind of expected him to at least do something by now, and we're maybe 30 seconds into the match.

[Green pulls Blue to his feet, and nails him with a European Uppercut. Holding onto the hair, Green clocks Blue again with another European Uppercut.]

GM: Green surprisingly effective with those European Uppercuts!

BW: He's more known for his kicks, but then again, this is Andy Blue. It doesn't look like lightning is gonna strike again for the Blue Brothers tonight!

GM: Green backing off, Blue dazed.. whoa!

[Green charges forward, grabbing Blue and sweeps the legs out from under Blue, driving the back of his head into the mat with an STO!]

GM: Very unusual to see a takedown like that from a man Green's size, but Blue's one of the few guys on the AWA roster that Green actually outweighs.

BW: Well, Green's always had surprising strength and..

GM: We've seen him try to lift bigger guys before, Bucky, and we both know how well that's turned out.

[Green pulls Blue to his feet, and Blue staggers closer to the corner. Once again Green's backing up.]

GM: Green once again measuring Blue, and..

[Green charges forward, burying a kick into the side of Blue's face! Blue crumples near the ropes in the corner.]

BW: Mafia kick by Green, he might have scrambled Blue and turned him yellow with that one!

GM: Ugh. I was hoping to go through this match without hearing a bad color pun. You can do better than that!

BW: I got a million of 'em! You know, Gordo.. it really pains me to watch this match.

GM: Why is that?

BW: I hate to see two men of color assault one another like this.

GM: ...

BW: GET IT?! MEN OF COLOR?!

GM: Yes. Got it. Awful.

[Green lifts Blue up near the corner, and hot shots him into the top turnbuckle. Blue stumbles out, and Green catches Blue before he falls to the mat. Green looks into Blue's eyes before clutching him over his shoulder.]

BW: He's gonna put a swift end to Blue right now!

GM: If so, thankfully we haven't seen any of Green's nonsense in this match, but sometimes I speak too soon.

[With one swift movement, Green scales the turnbuckle, flipping behind Blue and slamming the back of his head into the mat!]

GM: Hunger Strike! Green with the cover and the three count is academic!

DING DING DING

PW: The winner of the match.. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[Green look over his handiwork, as Will Blue enters the ring to check up on his brother. Green looks to step through the rope, but changes his mind once he sees Will in the ring.]

GM: You won the match, now get out of there!

[Green charges the ropes closes to Will, and hops up on the second rope....]

BW: He's gonna turn Will Blue's brains to ground chuck!

[Instead of launching himself off the second rope, Green pauses. After a few seconds to think about hitting the Ground Chuck, Green hops off the ropes and quickly leaves the ring.]



BW: Aw, man.

GM: Not even a Gang Green Flying Machine? Is this really the same Alphonse Green we've seen for almost a year and a half now?

BW: I like seeing a convincing victory as much as the next guy, but I don't think I could get used to seeing Green act like this!

[Green looks back towards the ring, and shakes his head as Jason Dane makes his way to ringside. Green turns and sees Dane approaching, a look of surprise on his face.]

GM: Jason Dane at ringside, folks, and he actually had asked to come out here.

BW: Wonder when Dane decided to man up? Green gives him the heebie jeebies!

JD: Alphonse! I must say that I'm impressed with your victory tonight, even if it was against Andy Blue. I don't think I've, well.. we've seen you this focused since you arrived on the scene? Hoping to impress the front office?

[Green puts his hands on his hips, seemingly unimpressed with Dane's initial comments.]

JD: Hoping to get into the Memorial Day Rumble? I shouldn't even need to ask you if you'll be declaring your intentions to win the Rumble, because you're in, right?

AG: Don't steal my thunder, Dane..

JD: Do you think you're going to be up for the challenge? I mean, Glenn Hudson handed you a devastating defeat at the Stampede Cup, after all this bluster about how you're determined to make the most of your opportunities. You said you were going to humiliate Hudson, and look to the future where you'll get title shots at the Television and World Championships, and look at what happened.

Hudson beat you with your most devastating move.

[Green glares at Dane, who looks non-plussed.]

AG: I'm far from done with Hudson..

JD: I wouldn't be surprised one bit, but he's the one that deserves a shot at Dave Bryant, and who knows, maybe he might even get a chance to be the AWA World Champion since he's already in the Rumble.

So what are you going to do now? Beat on more guys like Andy Blue?

[Green appears to be fidgeting nervously.]

AG: I'll tell you what I'm gonna do, Dance. I'm going to go into the Memorial Day Rumble, and prove to you and all these people just why I am the King of the Battle Royals!

[Dane rolls his eyes.]

JD: Much like you did at the last Rumble, huh? Where you hid for half the match, before making your appearance briefly before Supreme Wright eliminated you with relative ease!

[Green looks down, recalling the elimination.]

JD: How disgraceful! After your countrywide tour, proving to everyone that you are the King of the Battle Royals..

AG: I didn't even hide in any of those!

JD: I'm not finished!

[Green is taken aback by Dane's interruption.]

JD: Granted, you didn't hide, but you didn't face competition on the level of the AWA! The last guy you beat on your tour was too nice for this business despite having the size to make a name for himself anywhere he would like.

When it came down to it, you hid, and you still failed anyway. As far as I'm concerned, if he wants it, Supreme Wright should be the brand new King of the Battle Royals!

[The crowd pops, as Green is shaking.]

JD: So what are you going to do this year? You're in the Rumble, and you'll be facing, let's see..

Glenn Hudson, a man, who for all intents and purposes, should move on from you.

Heck, even Chris Staley, who came out on the Anniversary Show, and said that you annoy him. You meet him in the Rumble. and I'm pretty sure that he's gonna have a little bit of fun with you.

[The crowd continues to buzz at each name Dane mentions.]

JD: Are you gonna get revenge on Supreme Wright for tossing you out last year? Oh wait, you tried and failed on the next Saturday Night after that Rumble. He got you to submit!

Or.. how about.. The Last American Badboy himself? Alex Martinez? How are you going to match up, and even eliminate a Hall of Famer that's a foot and a half taller than you? I'd go down the list of who's in the Rumble that you probably need to worry about, but we'd go all night.

[Green's stopped shaking, and is looking down, silent.]

JD: You want to make opportunities, you want to get noticed, you want title shots and the chance to be the face of this company like you deluded yourself into thinking?

Prove it in the Rumble. You don't even need to win. Don't hide, stand up and fight.

[Green finally breaks his own silence.]

AG: Dane..

[Dane arches his eyebrow as Green's head remains lowered.]

AG: Do I really need to prove anything to you in the Rumble? Did you say that I don't even need to win?

[Green's head shoots up.]

AG: I'm the King of the Battle Royals, no matter what you say!

[The serious look on Green's face disappears, and for the first time tonight, we see Green's trademark creepy smile.]

AG: I don't even need to win? [Green shakes his head in disagreement.] As the King of Battle Royals, even if I'm looking to regain my crown in your eyes, Dane. I'm going to make a proclamation. I'm going in there, and I don't care who's put in front of me! Martinez, Hudson, Staley, Wright, heck, even the Unholy Alliance and Royalty.. I'm not gonna hide, if you call what I did last year hiding.. I'm gonna win.

[The creepy smile disappears into the serious look Green had, and he storms off. Dane seems satisfied with getting into Green's head.]

JD: Ah, that felt good. Well, guys, Alphonse Green does look as serious as I think we're ever gonna see him. Is he capable of taking the fight to everyone, or will he hide in the Rumble once again? We'll find out at Memorial Day Mayhem. Right now, let's go to some pre-recorded comments from the AWA World Television Champion, Dave Bryant!

[A swift cut to the back brings us to a clearly agitated Television champion. His robe is on, his belt is slung over his shoulder, and his face is creased with an angry frown.]

DB: Apparently somebody up in the office has a grand sense of humor. Not content with getting one of their favorite curtain jerkers injured, they apparently plan to send some other poor sap at me tonight, hoping beyond hope that I slip, fall, break every bone in my body before I actually get into the ring to face this...

[Bryant looks away slightly.]

DB: What the hell's his name again, cameraman?

[Faintly, you hear the words, "Alex Worthey!"].

DB: Yeah, him. Anyway, like I said, somebody in the office thinks they're really damned funny, but me?

[Bryant glares into the camera.]

DB: I'm not laughing. When this clown gets wheeled to the back, when they're fitting him for his halo at the nearest general hospital, when whatever family he has is weeping by his bed, hoping he actually walks again...just remember, Worthey, it's nothing personal.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: You're just the messenger.

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Television Championship!

[A mixed reaction ensued – positive for a title match, negative for the man defending it.]

GM: I don't know what's wrong with Dave Bryant, but I hope Alex Worthey knows what he's getting into tonight, Bucky.

BW: Are you kidding, Gordo? The champion has had enough of these bottom feeder opponents, and he's going to keep sending them back in body bags until the office wises up and presents a real challenge!

GM: Body bags? That seems kind of extreme.

BW: You know what I mean, Gordo. If the office doesn't stop sending these guys out here, someone's going to get seriously hurt. Dave Bryant is a man possessed, a man OBSESSED with making sure that title...no, HIS title makes it to the same level as the World Title. Combine that with the desperation in working what few promotions will still hire a blackballed wrestler will give you, and you have a man capable of nearly anything.

GM: That's a great, if somewhat frightening insight, Bucky.

BW: I'm a great man, Gordo. A great man.

[Myers audibly sighs as Watson gears up to announce the participants.]

PW: Introducing first...the challenger! He hails from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and fifty pounds...

Alex...

Worthey!

[The crowd gives Worthey a surprisingly noisy reaction, which appears to surprise him slightly. The bulky, black-haired Worthey grins and nods to the fans as he makes his way up the aisle, slapping the occasional hand as he quickly climbs into the ring, raising one arm to the crowd.]

BW: How many people smile on their way to the gallows' pole, Gordo?

GM: Bucky!

BW: What? This guy's about to swing, Gordo, I'm tellin' ya!

PW: And his opponent!

[The introductory cough of Metallica's "Bad Seed" fires up over the PA, and the crowd's congenial response for Worthey instantly turns nasty.]

PW: He hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds...

He is the AWA Television Champion...

He is...

"The Doctor of Love"...

DAVE...

BRYANT!!!

[Bryant steps out of the curtain, quickly making his way down to the ring. He stops outside of the ring, glaring briefly out at the stands before placing the Television championship belt on the ring apron, shucking himself out of his ring robe.]

GM: None of Bryant's usual pre-match shenanigans tonight, Bucky...this man is all business.

BW: He didn't even stop to mock that homely fan in the front row, Gordo! The champion is angry, and I think Mr. Worthey here is about to be shown just how UN-Worthey he truly is!

GM: Was that necessary?

BW: Yep.

[Bryant hands his robe off to a nearby attendant and then rolls into the ring, grabbing the championship belt. He stands up and gets right in Alex

Worthey's face, pointing to it and to Worthey, then shaking his head, yelling, "I hope your insurance is paid up, kid!" before handing the belt off to the referee, then moving to the nearest corner.]

[DING, DING, DING!]

GM: The bell has rung...and the champion is just standing in the corner?

[Yep. Johnny Jagger is looking at the champion, questioning whether or not he heard the bell. Bryant looks at him, nods, and then looks away.]

GM: Well, that seems like a pretty terrible strategy, he better watch himse – OH!

[Apparently Alex Worthey felt the same way as Gordon Myers as he charges at the corner Bryant is standing in – only to catch the Call Me in the Morning on his way in! Worthey slumps down to the canvas and the champion stands over him, laughing.]

BW: Boom goes the dynamite, Gordo! Is Worthey even still conscious?

GM: I'm not sure, Bucky...wait, yes, he's still awake!

[Worthey very slowly rolls over onto his stomach, and the champion contemptuously pushes him back over onto his back, placing one foot on his chest, demanding Jagger make the count.]

GM: This is just humiliating!

[Jagger begins to count, one, two, thr – ]

BW: Oh, this isn't gonna be fun for Alex Worthey, I don't think.

GM: The champion had this match won, Bucky, but he took his foot off the challenger's chest!

BW: Worthey is a messenger, Gordo, not a challenger!

[As if Bryant actually heard Bucky's statement, he quickly reaches down, helping Alex Worthey to his feet...actually steadying him.]

GM: What on earth is he –

[Steadying him long enough to bury a foot into his gut, hook a quick front facelock, and spike Worthey into the mat with a thunderous DDT, that is!]

GM: Oh no, this is what he did to Manny Imbrogno two weeks ago, Bucky! He's really out to break the man's neck!

BW: I told you he was dangerous, Gordo! I hope the office gets the message this time, or I bet that stretcher job the champ keeps promising is gonna happen!

[Jagger implores the champion to make the cover, and he does. Jagger makes the count, one, two – but then Bryant pulls Worthey up by the hair, looking Jagger right in the eye as he does so.]

GM: Johnny Jagger is incensed, but unless he stops it, there's nothing he can really do about this!

BW: Not a thing, daddy!

[The AWA Television champ reaches down, hooking Worthey by the head and arm, pulling him up slowly. Johnny Jagger is right in his face, telling him to stop, and Bryant just smirks at him.]

GM: Oh my stars, not again – no!

BW: That's another DDT, Gordo! The champion leans over...and this one is over, Gordo!

[DING, DING, DING!]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the match and STIIILL AWA Television Champion..."The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant!

[The crowd boos the hell out of Bryant as Johnny Jagger hands him the TV title belt. Bryant takes it and looks around at the crowd, smirking at their reaction.]

GM: Oh, what's he – come on!

[What Bryant is doing is shoving Alex Worthey around with one foot, eventually pushing him out onto the floor, where he lays unmoving. Johnny Jagger goes to step through the ropes to check on the young challenger, but is stopped by Bryant.]

BW: Alex Worthey was just pushed out to the floor like the trash that he is, and the referee was so concerned that he forgot to do his job!

GM: Checking on a possibly injured competitor IS his job!

BW: So is this, Gordo, so is this.

[Bryant walks to the center of the ring, slings the title belt onto his shoulder, then taps his right wrist, looking pointedly at Johnny Jagger.]

GM: This is absurd, Bucky.

BW: No, this is the AWA Television Champion getting his hand raised, Gordo...again!

[Indeed. Jagger looks disgusted but quickly makes his way over to the champion, raising his arm to a fresh set of boos from the crowd, which

Bryant laughs at. He makes his way over to the ropes, conveniently, to the side Alex Worthey lays on as he's checked on by a handful of officials.]

GM: Dave Bryant wants a serious challenge and you better bet that one of these weeks, he's gonna regret asking for one! It might not have been tonight... it might not be in two weeks from now... it might not even be at Memorial Day Mayhem. But in the very near future, the AWA is going to send someone out here to challenge for that title - maybe Glenn Hudson - and Bryant's going to wish he was defending against the men he - and you, Bucky - have referred to as "bottomfeeders."

BW: You may be right, Gordo... but until then, Dave Bryant is standin' tall with the gold over his shoulder and that's all that matters!

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to a nice night time shot of the outside of the Crockett Coliseum before cross dissolving into the arena at ringside where Gordon and Bucky turn to address the camera.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. Up next, we're scheduled to see some brother vs. brother tag team action featuring a team we heard from earlier tonight.

BW: And a team that ain't too happy about recent events. But, for now, they've still got some gold, daddy.

GM: That's right, Bucky. Our National Tag Team Champions are up next. Let's go to Phil for the introductions.

[Cut to Phil in the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next tag team contest is scheduled for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit.

BW: Heh, like they're gonna need that long.

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Nacogdoches, Texas...

[Texas pop!]

BW: Nakadaka-what?!

GM: Bucky, please, Nacogdoches is a fine city.

PW: ...at a combined weight of 430 pounds, Matt and Jose, The Rivera Brothers!

[Two identical-looking young Hispanic men dressed all in white with "Rivera" in green on the seat of their tights and a red horseshoe on their boots leap up to the top turnbuckles and egg on the crowd for more cheers.]

BW: Why is it that there's \_always\_ a Matt on these brother teams?

PW: And their opponents...

[Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" hits the PA to a \_huge\_ round of boos.]

PW: ...from Kingsland, Arkansas, and weighing in at 568 pounds, they are your AWA National Tag Team Champions, Duane Henry and Cletus Lee, THE BISHOP BOYS!

BW: Heads up!

[Bucky's warning comes with good reason as Duane Henry looks like he was shot out of a cannon, quickly hitting the ring where The Riveras have quickly jumped back down to the mat. Duane Henry immediately tackles one of them and starts punching away.]

GM: Good grief, Duane Henry looks like he means business. I believe that's Jose he's throwing those punches at.

BW: Heads up again!

[Matt tries to help his brother out but Cletus Lee stalks as quickly as he can to the ring, striding over the top. Matt sees him coming and throws a dropkick that Cletus Lee swats away.]

GM: My goodness, The Bishop Boys are here with a purpose.

BW: And that purpose is "destroy", Gordo. I'm sure Bo just had to say that single word, and the Bishops listened.

GM: Where is B- er, Mr. Allan anyway?

BW: I'm sure he sent them out here alone, just to prove they can handle business for themselves.

[And they certainly seem to be, as Cletus Lee hits a thunderous one-handed chokeslam on Matt, sending him rolling from the ring.]

GM: Has this match even started yet?

BW: Nope.

[Duane Henry sees Matt outside the ring and smiles that grotesque smile of his. He hits the ropes on the opposite corner of the ring, charging forward and flying through the ropes, hitting Matt with such velocity that he rams up against the guardrail with sickening force.]

BW: BULLET TOPE! God, I love that move.

GM: My stars, it appears he actually bent the guardrail with that.

BW: Indeed, he did, Gordo. And, hey, look, it appears we actually have two men in the ring now. Ring that bell!

[The timekeeper does just that and the match has finally officially started.]

GM: Cletus Lee and poor Jose are the two men left in the ring.

[Cletus Lee actually lets Jose get to his feet. But that's a mistake as Cletus Lee traps the arms.]

BW: Oh, here we go, trapping headbutts, daddy.

[Cletus Lee does just that to Jose, nailing him over... and over... and over again. He hits ten headbutts in a row, but holds Jose up and lariats him nearly out of his boots.]

BW: Ha-ha, have I ever mentioned how much I love Cletus Lee?

GM: On many occasions. And it's sickening. This man knows no remorse.

BW: Hey, they call him the Redneck Wrecking Machine for a reason.

[Cletus Lee whistles, calling for his brother to enter the ring, which he does.]

GM: Hey, there was no tag.

BW: They don't need tags. You gonna tell them to control themselves?

GM: No, no, that's quite alright.

BW: Look at this. Cletus Lee is hoisting Duane Henry up. And that is not a small man.

[Cletus Lee manages to power Duane Henry up all the way into the air. He holds him there for a few seconds, then actually tosses him straight up and Duane Henry lands in a flying splash on Jose.]

GM: Good grief, the strength of that man is uncanny.

[Cletus Lee looks at the referee and points to the mat, seemingly telling him to make the count. The ref waves it off though, telling Cletus Lee that he's the legal man. Cletus Lee sighs and taps Duane Henry on the back. Duane Henry looks up in confusion, and Cletus Lee points to their corner. Duane Henry looks at the ref with malice, but gets up and walks over to their corner anyway.]

GM: Obviously, the Bishops still have some problems with the rules.

BW: Bah, they don't need rules. Rules are for chumps.

[Cletus Lee peels Jose off the mat, and whips him toward the ropes. On the rebound, Cletus Lee charges and hits...]

BW: The Charging Big Boot! Ah, they're busting out all the old favorites for this one.

[Cletus Lee is obviously fired up, as he furiously shakes the ring ropes and spits out into the crowd.]

GM: Ugh, that's disgusting.

BW: Hey, that fat guy made a rude gesture to Cletus Lee. He was only responding in kind.

GM: What? Give me a break.

[Cletus Lee makes his way to his corner, and legally tags Duane Henry in. It looks like Duane Henry is going to accost the referee, but he decides against it, and instead picks Jose up, hoisting him in the air. He takes time to walk around the ring, showing off his own considerable strength. Finally, Duane Henry drops Jose with a gourdbuster.]

GM: There it is, that gourdbuster. I still don't think Duane Henry has completely gotten over Dave Cooper using that exact same move.

BW: And why should he? Duane Henry used it first. I think Cooper started using it to annoy him. Well, it worked, Gordo.

[Duane Henry gets up with a cold look on his face. He runs to the ropes, and rebounds with a senton.]

BW: Shades of... eh, y'know what, let's just say Duane Henry has made the move his own and move on.

[Duane Henry gets up and looks to the outside of the ring, where Matt Rivera is slowly crawling back to his corner. Duane Henry chuckles and shakes his head. Cletus Lee drops off the apron and heads over to Matt.]

GM: Hey, wait, what is he doing?

BW: Why, helping him back to his corner of course. Don't you know anything about Southern hospitality?

GM: Oh, that's a laugh. The Bishop Boys' idea of hospitality is sending people on a trip to a nice hospital.

BW: Hey hey, Gordo getting snarky over here. I kinda like it.

[In the meantime, Cletus Lee has dragged Matt over to his own corner. He makes his way back to his corner and nods at Duane Henry.]

BW: Hehe, look at this, Duane Henry's dragging Jose to his own corner. I don't think his brother's in any condition to fight the Bishops.

[Jose weakly reaches out for a tag, but Matt is still trying to recover on the apron. So Duane Henry does what he always does. Forces Matt to tag in.]

GM: I really hoped these two would have reined it in a bit following the Stampede Cup, but that's apparently just wishful thinking.

BW: Dream on, Gordo. If anything, the Stampede Cup just made them angrier.

[Duane Henry pulls Matt into the ring and up against the turnbuckle. He starts throwing rapid jabs at Matt's body, that he weakly tries to block.]

BW: No mas! No mas!

GM: Oh, very funny.

BW: Thanks.

[Duane Henry irish whips Matt into the Bishops' corner. He then comes charging in with a hard clothesline that nearly knocks Matt out of the ring. Duane Henry looks at Cletus Lee and both nod in unison.]

GM: Hey, wait just a second, what is going on here? Why is Cletus Lee getting back in the ring?

BW: It's the end, daddy!

[Indeed, as Duane Henry lifts Matt Rivera into an Argentine Backbreaker and moves to the center of the ring.]

GM: Uh oh, I think we all know what's coming next.

[Cletus Lee runs to the ropes behind Duane Henry and on the rebound, absolutely creams Matt with the Charging Big Boot, Duane Henry swiveling him forward for the seated powerbomb.]

BW: DOC ALLAN'S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR!

[The ref hits the mat and quickly counts to three, then signals for the bell.]

PW: Here are your winners, THE BISHOP BOYS!

[The ref tries to raise the Bishops' hands, but both pull away and stare at him as "Nothin' To Lose" blares over the PA.]

GM: Good grief, did the Riveras even get in an offensive move?

BW: Nope.

GM: Whoa, hold on a second, what's this?

[The music cuts out as Cletus Lee goes to grab Jose. He whips him towards Duane Henry, who hoists him in an Argentine Backbreaker.]

GM: Oh no, not again.

BW: Yes!

[One more time, Cletus Lee hits the far ropes, rebounds with the Big Boot, and Duane Henry swivels him forward for the powerbomb.]

BW: DOC ALLAN'S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR!

GM: Must you shout that every time?

BW: Yup, it's my favorite move.

[The referee admonishes the Bishops, but they're not listening, instead leaving the ring, but not before draping Jose over Matt.]

GM: My word, two of that absolutely devastating move, and I don't think the Riveras will be getting up anytime soon.

BW: And they did all this without Bo to guide them. Just think what would have happened if he was here.

GM: I hadn't even thought about that.

[Duane Henry grabs a camera and moves it closer to his face.]

DHB: Bombers! Hey, Bombers! That right there in the dang ring? That's your future. Destiny is on OUR side. Believe that!

[Duane Henry lets go of the camera and heads to the back. Cletus Lee looks at the camera, fist hitting his open palm repeatedly. He makes a slight lunge at the cameraman, causing him to jump back. Cletus Lee just shakes his head and follows his brother to the back.]

GM: The Bishop Boys with a dominant victory here tonight and you gotta believe somewhere in the locker room the Blonde Bombers and Larry Doyle are watching... and quite frankly, they might not believe what they just saw, Bucky.

BW: Believe it or not, it just happened... and you just know that when the Bishops and the Bombers collide, it's gonna be one for the ages, daddy.

GM: It just might happen at Memorial Day Mayhem too - we heard the Bishops issue that challenge earlier tonight but the Bombers have yet to respond.

BW: But they're here, Gordo! I just got word that the Bombers are here, "Hollywood" Larry is here, and they're ALL going to be out here later tonight with the Professional, Dave Cooper, when he's in action. And I've heard he's got a BIG surprise for everyone.

GM: A big surprise, huh? Is it your apology that he asked for?

BW: Let's... uhh... let's not talk about that.

GM: I take that as a no.

[The crowd roars as Alice in Chains' "Rain When I Die" begins to play over the PA system. From the entrance, dressed in his usual dark clothing, emerges the moody cruiserweight, November who seems to be getting a few more boos than usual thanks to his sneak attack of Skywalker Jones at the Stampede Cup.]

BW: Oh no, not this guy!

GM: Folks, it was at The Stampede Cup, where November and his tag team partner, the legendary LION Tetsuo teamed up to wrestle the team of Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones. A spectacular match, marred by its ugly ending.

BW: You mean when Jones and Hammonds ended Tetsuo's career.

GM: Tetsuo hasn't retired, but he certainly will not be wrestling any time soon. November was understandably upset and he took out his anger on Jones on the second night of the Cup.

BW: Don't sugarcoat it, Gordo! This lunatic tried to end Jones' career!

GM: There is no doubt that he went too far... and from what I understand, he was slapped with a very heavy fine from the office of the AWA President for it.

[The Seattle native slowly walks down to the ring, stepping through the ropes, and producing a microphone from his back pocket.]

N: It's no secret what I'm here to talk about. I'm here to talk about what happened at The Stampede Cup.

[A sigh.]

N: For a long time now, Skywalker Jones has been a thorn in my side. An arrogant, entitled, disrespectful kid that represents everything wrong about this sport. But what happened at the Stampede Cup went beyond arrogance and disrespect. The way LION Tetsuo was treated by Jones and his cronies was a travesty and a disgrace...

...and it was my fault.

[November shakes his head.]

N: I should've had his back. I should've been there to protect him. Instead, one of the greatest legends to ever step inside a wrestling ring might have had his career ended at the hands of two worthless punks who did it just because they could.

[He sighs.]

N: I'm sick of it, Jones.

I'm sick of YOU.

[November takes a deep breath, trying to remain composed.]

N: I don't want vengeance and I don't revenge.

I just...

...want you gone.

[He pauses for a moment, finally nodding to himself before continuing on.]

N: And I'm willing to put everything on the line to make it happen, Jones.

You and me.

One final match.

LOSER LEAVES TOWN.

[There's gasps of shock from the crowd as November lays down his challenge. However, their surprised reaction quickly turns into loud jeers, as they see Skywalker Jones walk out from the back, followed closely by Hercules Hammonds and Buford P. Higgins. The high-flyer stops at the top of the aisle and holds out his hand to Higgins, who hands him the gold microphone.]

SJ: You're sick of me, November?

[Jones shakes his head furiously.]

SJ: Well, I'm beyond sick of you, little man! The sight of you disgusts me! Ever since you stepped foot in the AWA, all you've done is stand between Skywalker Jones and his destined rise to greatness!

[He quickly removes his suit jacket and whips it down hard to the ground, quickly looking back up towards November with a furious look on face.]

SJ: So believe me when I say that nothing would make Skywalker Jones happier then to send your butt packin' from the AWA!

[From the ring, November screams at Jones, yelling at him to accept his challenge. Meanwhile, Jones composes himself and wags his finger at November.]

SJ: HOWEVER! When you say you're willing to put everything on the line to make this match happen, little man...



...I need you to put EVERYTHING on the line.

[November has a confused look on his face.]

SJ: Don't play dumb, November. You know exactly what I'm talkin' about! You want Skywalker Jones gone from the AWA? You want Skywalker Jones to agree to put his career on the line?

Well...I wanna' be rewarded for takin' this risk.

I don't just wanna' take your career...

...I want it all!

I want what you STOLE from me.

[A sick grin forms on Jones' face.]

SJ: I want the SPOTLIGHT.

[There's a tired, resigned look on November's face.]

N: You want me to put the Steal the Spotlight contract up for grabs?

[November chuckles.]

N: Of course you do. All this was ever about was feeding your own ego-

[Jones cuts November off.]

SJ: Just say yes or no! Are you gonna' put it up or not!?

N: I said I was willing to put everything line, Jones...I want you out of the AWA in the WORST way. So...

...YES! I'll put the contract on the line!

[Huge shocked pop!]

N: Whatever it takes to get you inside this ring, Jones!

You can go ahead and steal the spotlight.

I will take your \_\_career.\_\_

[November spikes the mic to the canvas, mounting the second rope to shout more off-mic down the aisle at a grinning Skywalker Jones who turns to speak to his colleagues before vanishing through the curtain.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: November snapped! He went too far! And now it's going to cost him his AWA career, daddy!

GM: The Steal The Spotlight contract will be on the line but more importantly, it's Loser Leaves Town! What a huge stipulation these two have just agreed to... but when will this match happen? Where will it happen? We'll try to find out before we go off the air here tonight, fans. We're going to take a quick break right now and perhaps we'll know something when we get back.

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marcus Broussard...

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

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

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

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

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

...and fade back up to live action with a shot of Phil Watson standing inside the squared circle.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit... introducing first 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 each week as Irene Cara's synth pop wonder "Fame" begins.

#Baby look at me  
And tell me what you see  
You ain't seen the best of me yet  
Give me time I'll make you forget the rest #

[The curtains part and Shadoe Rage makes his entrance. He is wearing a powder pink sequined cloak with purple 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: Shadoe Rage has been on a tear since his return to the AWA, most recently, he secured a well fought victory over Tully Brawn. A lot of critics were questioning his opposition at first but a win over a Von Braun family member is about as impressive as they come.

BW: I'm sure he'll be back to beating the pulp out of some local talent again this week.

[Shadoe Rage makes it to the ring. He vaults over the top rope in an impressive display of agility to land center ring. He rushes past official Marty Meekly before he vaults onto the ropes diagonally across from his entrance, raising one finger in the air. He strips off his ring gear and then bounces down from the top rope, yanking on the top rope, before beginning his routine shadowboxing practice.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Static.]

GM: Wait a second...

[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. The Siren splits the entrance way, slithering into view wearing a low cut lavender blouse over a tight pair of black hip-hugging leather pants. Her tar rat tail hangs over her right shoulder while her infamous branding iron lays across the other.]

GM: We were not expecting Terry Shane III or any of the Shane Gang at ringside right now. Heck, we weren't even expecting them in the arena this evening after the bloodbath that ensued between the Ring Leader and Hannibal Carver at the Anniversary Show.

BW: It was a chain match for the ages.

GM: It certainly was... in fact I've been hearing from multiple sources that Hannibal Carver is out of action... possibly... indefinitely!

[The crowd's jeers are thunderous as Miss Sandra Hayes comes to a stop halfway down the ramp. Hanging in her right hand is a mic which she delicately lifts up to pursed lips.]

MSH: Mr. Rage...

[Whistles, howling, a couple "Marry Me Miss Hayes" cries.]

MSH: Gentlemen, please. Your mothers are watching. Yes, I am talking to you, young man.

[She singles out a boy in the front row, late teens, face pimped and reddened with embarrassment.]

MSH: Now then, Mr. Rage. It seems as though we have some business to address.

[Back in the ring Shadoe Rage's shadowboxing has come to abrupt halt. Miss Hayes definitely has his attention...his full attention.]

MSH: You have been quite impressive since returning to the AWA, Mr. Rage. Much more than many people gave you credit for after your, well, lets be honest... your less than impressive showing the first time around. Most girls wouldn't give a guy like you a second chance after a performance like that.

GM: Ouch.

BW: She certainly has panache.

MSH: Lucky for you, I'm not like most girls. In fact, lucky for you, not only do I believe in second chances, but I believe a proposition is in order for --

"Hold it."

[The whistling is soon replaced by a chorus of boos as Terry Shane III complete with Shane Gang and all comes waltzing into view. By his side stand the men responsible for earning the Ring Leader a gratifying victory two weeks ago.]

TS3: This little charade is over, Sandra.

[Miss Sandra Hayes spins towards Shane, half appalled, half smitten.]

TS3: You see I have recently come across a little bit of...extra time...if you will. I seemed to have rid myself of this huge, massive, ANNOYANCE that has been bombarding me with poor grammar, atrocious breath, and total disregard for proper grooming. With that said, do not think for a SECOND that I have not taken notice of this little -- well, whatever it is that is going on here.

[He narrows in on her, Anderson...Strong...Hyatt...White...matching his every step.]

TS3: The last time I checked, it was MY name that was written on our banner, not yours. As much as I appreciate you handpicking talent to join our band... and trust me, I do...

[He gestures to the men beside him.]

TS3: There is only one person who gets the final say of who joins our cavalry...who reaps the benefits of THIS family. So Sandra, please, allow me a moment with our dear friend Mr. Rage here.

[She grins, gesturing for him to pass her and head towards the ring.]

TS3: Do not think for a SECOND that I have not noticed you, Shadoe Rage. When a former champion walks amongst these walls, when a man with your pedigree shows up, I owe it to myself to watch, to listen, to prepare myself whether it be for today, or tomorrow.

I would not be the man that I am today if I did not take each threat seriously. Sure, Hannibal Carver is a raging lunatic, but he was a lunatic that was perfectly capable of ruining another man's career. As much I loathe and despise his very bane of existence, I may not be standing before you right now if it were not for the AID of my peers. I am certain it was only a matter of time before the madman tried to stab me with the latest kitchen utensil he purchased from the dollar store.

[His stare hardens as he draws closer to the ring.]

TS3: Because there is only ONE way, Rage... one way you will ever become a part of this...

[Shane, again, gestures to the Gang beside him.]

TS3: And it is real simple.

[Shane's voice pauses as he reaches the ring. The troops begin flanking the ring... Anderson front and center, White on the left, Hyatt on the right, and Strong on the far end.]

TS3: Wrestling. It is what we stand for. It is who we are.

GM: Oh please. That is the last thing that these thugs stand for.

BW: You can't deny Terry Shane and his pack's wrestling abilities, Gordo. This guy bleeds talent, you saw it two weeks ago against Hannibal Carver!

GM: What I saw was a cowardly attack, a cop out by Terry Shane III and his goons!

TS3: Wrestling defines ME, it defines Donnie White...it defines Harry Hyatt...it most certainly defines the Ring Workers, my friend. But what I want to know is simple...

...does it define you?

[Shane presses his body against the ropes.]

TS3: You are the crafty veteran in this occasion, Mr. Rage. I am sure there was a time and a place where you anointed yourself with your clever little

ring name but I will not deny that you have fulfilled its value. But being a part of US... it is much more than cutesy flips, acrobatics, twirly fingers, and landing on your feet no matter how hard or far you fall. We are a team of wrestlers. What I ask of you... hell, what I DEMAND from you is this...

[Pause.]

TS3: Wrestle your way in and you will have a family to stand beside you...

...forever.

[Slowly, Shane begins disrobing. He flings the long emerald sequined get-up to Aaron Anderson who snatches it out of the air.]

GM: Shane -- he's entering the ring! He's laying down the challenge right now! If Shadoe Rage beats him he's going to...let him in? To be what, a lackey? The arrogance of this man is --

BW: Brilliant. Simply brilliant, daddy-o.

GM: Rage is ready, he's begging for Shane to bring it on and --

\* THUD! \*

GM: No! Harry Hyatt! The Hangman attacked Rage from behind!

[Shane steps away from the ropes, signaling to Marty Meekly to start the match.]

GM: Meekly looks confused! Shane is shouting at him while Hyatt stomps away on the downed Shadoe Rage!

\*\* DING! DING! DING! \*\*

BW: It's official! Hyatt and Rage! Terry Shane III made it crystal clear... Rage needs to wrestle his way in for Shane to consider him part of the Shane Gang!

GM: Who's to say Rage even wants in?!

BW: Who wouldn't want in? They're the hottest thing this business has seen since Calisto Dufresne lit City Jack's face up!

[Rage claws at the canvas, inching himself towards the ropes while Hyatt stomps repeatedly on his left leg. Marty Meekly, still a bit confused as to what is going on, begins interjecting himself between Hyatt and Rage just long enough for Shadoe Rage to lunge and clasp his right hand on the bottom rope.]

BW: What was that about?! Meekly just cost Hyatt the upperhand!

GM: I think he's trying to get to the bottom of this and figure out if Hyatt is even the legal man!

BW: The bell rang. They're both in there. I don't understand the confusion.

[Rage gasps for air as his hand drapes over the rope. Donnie White narrows in on him, measuring him, and then dashes forward with a clubbing right hand through the ropes that batters Rage back down to all fours. Meekly redirects his attention back towards Rage and by the time he does, White is several feet away from the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has somehow found himself in quite the position. For several months now we have seen Miss Sandra Hayes scouting him. Eyeing him. Targeting him as a talent acquisition to bring to the Shane Gang and without a single word shared between the two he finds himself fighting for a job. Heck, he just might be fighting for his life out there after what we saw this Gang do to Hannibal Carver in what is now the infamous Chain Match.

[Hyatt grabs Rage by the left leg and quickly drops an elbow to the inside of his knee. He hangs on, picks himself up, and then drops a second elbow. As he pulls himself back he begins to wrench Rage's leg over before dropping a third elbow.]

GM: Hyatt is going right for the left leg of Shadoe Rage.

BW: Thank you, Captain obvious!

GM: I was about to commend his plan of attack.

BW: The Shane Gang doesn't need your compliments. My cat calls to Miss Sandra Hayes are enough to go around for everyone. Speaking of, doesn't she just look extra ravishing this evening?

[Hyatt back pedals and as he does so, Rage begins to pull himself up. Just as Shadoe steadies himself on both feet, Hyatt lunges for the knee...

...and JAMS his shoulder right into it, whipping Rage back down to the ground!]

GM: I've got to know what is going on in Miss Sandra Hayes' head. She was out here preparing to make Rage an offer, or so we think. Only to see the Ring Leader interrupt her and lay down this challenge. Shane has made subtle jabs at Rage in the past, even I'm perplexed as to what is transpiring in front of our eyes.

[Hyatt stomps at Rage's leg repeatedly. Each time Rage grimaces in pain. The Hangman lets up just long enough for Rage to reach for the ropes again...

...only to have Hyatt DRAG him back to the center of the ring.]



GM: He's toying with Rage now, he knows exactly what he is doing out there.

[Hyatt drives his knee into the inside thigh of Rage as he holds his leg up straight. A second knee and Rage winces, reaching out for his leg in desperation. Hyatt places his knee behind Rage's ankle and shin, hooking it around his own. He leaps...

...and DRIVES Rage's leg into the mat!]

GM: Another brutal shot to Rage's knee! Rage's leg can't keep taking the brunt of each and every attack like this. He's gotta get himself some space.

[Rage rolls around in the ring, clutching his knee. Hyatt begins circling him like a shark, waiting for him to make some sort of move. Rage shakes his leg a bit, pushing off the mat, right into the waiting arms of Harry Hyatt who waistlocks him from behind with one arm while grabbing Rage's bent leg with the other...lifting him up...

...and DROPPING his bent leg over his own knee!]

GM: MY STARS! What a shot to the knee! Rage is hobbling around the ring, he's desperate to find the ropes to hold himself up.

[Rage bounces on his right knee, finally within reach of the ropes where he heaves his body into them.]

GM: Rage is safe -- for a moment! Here comes Hyatt!

[The Hangman races across the ring and throws out his arm...

...CRUSHING it across the skull of Shadoe Rage and knocking him up and over the ropes onto the floor!]

BW: Big clotheslines, daddy! What force!

[Rage tumbles to the ground, landing hard on his side where he instantly clutches his left knee. Meekly stands in the way of Hyatt pursuing after him and the distraction quickly turns costly for Shadoe Rage as Aaron Anderson races to the scene and begins booting the leg of Rage!]

GM: Those shots are deafening! You can hear each one echo throughout the arena! I'm not sure I've ever seen a man kick as hard as Aaron Anderson does!

BW: Years of frustration from being overlooked by the front office.

GM: Well he's not overlooked anymore, neither is fellow Ring Worker Lenny Strong. The pair of them have put on quite a display as of late, even after falling short of victory against RyGunn. You can't forget that they ran the gauntlet just prior to the Stampede Cup in that tag-team qualifier.

[Anderson grabs a hold of Rage, jerking him up onto his feet before rolling him back into the ring. Hyatt quickly throws his body over him.]

GM: One! Two! Shoulder up! Shadoe Rage showing his will to survive!

BW: Or deathwish. Depends how you look at it.

[Hyatt screams at Meekly who holds up two fingers. He bumps his chest right into that of the official who doesn't take too kindly to this. Meanwhile, Lenny Strong rushes over to the ring, reaches in, and grabs the leg of Shadoe Rage.]

GM: He's dragging him to the corner! Get your head out into the-

\* THWACK!!! \*

BW: He just roped his leg around the ringpost! You could hear Rage scream throughout the arena!

GM: Unless your name is Marty Meekly -- turn around!

[Meekly must have heard Gordon as he instantly turns back towards Rage who is clinging onto his leg. Harry Hyatt pounces into the corner, grabbing the ropes, and driving his heel into the knee of Shadoe Rage.]

GM: He's pulverizing him with those stomps! Rage is in a world of trouble!

[Hyatt, still grabbing the ropes, uses them to propel his body up into the air...

...and then SMASHES both boots into the knee of Shadoe Rage on the way down!]

GM: He's still battering him with those stomps! This is far from a wrestling match -- this is turning into an execution!

[Meekly warns Hyatt as he stomps away, finally counting him down which draws a brief break from Harry Hyatt. Now seated, Rage slumps his body into the corner as Meekly scolds Hyatt.]

GM: Shane! Here comes the Ring Leader!

[Terry Shane III reaches around the post with both hands, clasping his hands around the jaw and digging his nails into the cheeks and mouth of Rage as he wrenches back. Rage's feet bounce up and down as he squirms in the corner.]

BW: Who says this guy doesn't get his hands dirty?

GM: Preying on the near lifeless Shadoe Rage barely constitutes as getting hands on.

[Shane lets up and Rage slumps forward. Hyatt, now on the far side of the ring, waves at Meekly to get out of the way. The official, having made his point, obliges. Hyatt sprints forward, racing towards the opposite corner where Shadoe Rage sits helplessly, leaping...

...and WRAPPING his own legs around the ring post as Shadoe Rage desperately dives out of harms way to the cheer of the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! RAGE MOVED! I don't know how he mustered the strength but he did!

[Hyatt's legs drape over the ropes and his chest falls back, leaving himself hanging upside down in the corner. Shadoe Rage, with the roar of the crowd behind him, pulls himself up and hobbles to the ropes.]

GM: Rage with a golden opportunity to get back into this match! He needs to attack!

BW: He can't even stand up straight!

[Bracing himself against the ropes, Rage takes a deep breath... exhales... and does his best to race towards Hyatt in the corner as he drags his left leg with him as he plunges feet first...

...and EXPLODES his feet into the torso of the hanging Harry Hyatt!]

GM: BIG DROP-KICK BY RAGE! I don't know who that took more out of... Hyatt or the bum leg of Shadoe Rage!

[Hyatt drops from the corner and lands on his chest. Several feet away, Shadoe Rage remains on all fours, his left hand reaching back to his leg and physically straightening it out to assist him in getting back to his feet just as Hyatt regains composure as well.]

GM: Hyatt with a lunging hook --

BW: Rage with a double axehandle to the brow of Hyatt!

GM: Another big blow! He's hammering Hyatt down into the canvas with those double axehandle blows!

[Terry Shane III yells out at his fellow Gang member who scurries to clear himself from the relentless attack of Shadoe Rage. Shadoe wobbles around, stalking him, continuously hammering him with clasped fists over the head.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is livid! He's laying into Hyatt with those fists, each one harder than the first as he regains some strength!

[Hyatt latches onto the ring ropes forcing Marty Meekly to step in-between him and Rage. Shadoe backs off momentarily but just as Meekly gives him an inch of space he grabs a hold of Hyatt from behind, rips him from the ropes...

...and CRUNCHES his knees into his spine as he falls back!]

GM: My stars what impact!

BW: I believe Lungblower is the word you are looking for.

[Rage hurls his body over Hyatt, covering him.]

GM: One! Two! Kickout by Hyatt!

[Both men do their best to race to their feet. Hyatt jabs his fingers towards the eyes of Rage but Shadoe deflects them away and slaps his elbow into jaw of the Hangman, backing him away.]

GM: On one leg he stands, still faster than ninety percent of the boys in the back!

BW: Rage is pelting him with elbows! Stop this madness, Meekly!

GM: Those are fair game!

[Hyatt begins to cover up, shielding his face with his arms and Shane begins to sense some real trouble. He jumps up onto the apron, drawing the attention of both Meekly and Rage.]

GM: He's on the apron again! This is getting ridiculous!

[Donnie White reaches up through the ropes and grabs Harry Hyatt by the legs, dragging him from the ring while Shadoe Rage is distracted.]

GM: He just yanked him clear out of the ring!

BW: Buying Hyatt some much needed air.

[Meekly scorns Terry Shane III who dramatically flails his hands into the air as Shadoe Rage turns back towards Hyatt, realizing he is now on the outside and being consoled by the rest of the Shane Gang.]

GM: You just can't compete with these numbers. Terry Shane III was a dangerous star on the rise before SuperClash IV, but since then, since the arrival of his Gang, he's become almost unstoppable! Guys like Shadoe Rage are finding this out first hand -- wait, what is he?

[Just as Gordon's words go silent, Shadoe Rage races across the ring, hurling his body into the air and OVER the top rope...

...and CRASHING on top of the Shane Gang!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! HE JUST WIPED OUT FOUR MEN!

[The wreckage on the outside includes the downed bodies of Aaron Anderson, Donnie White, Lenny Strong, Harry Hyatt, and even Shadoe Rage. All five men roll around, visibly effected by Rage's reckless dive to the outside. Terry Shane III is now on ground level and he rushes to the aid of his Gang members. He pulls the body of Donnie White off of everyone, somewhat heaving him to the side as he brushes limbs aside in search of Harry Hyatt.]

GM: Meekly is counting them both out! He's not wasting anytime in there!

[Meekly hits "three" as Shadoe Rage hobbles up to his feet, po-go'ing on his right leg as he bounces towards the ring. He does his best to heave his body up onto the apron as Meekly reaches "five" and rolls back into the ring.]

GM: Hyatt is buried underneath the rest of the Gang! He's got eight hundred pounds of dead weight smothering him.

[The official's count reaches "seven" as Rage hangs onto the top rope, his left leg giving out underneath him as he nearly collapses down. Shane finally peels Anderson off of Hyatt, yanking the "Hangman" back to his feet.]

GM: Meekly is at nine! Rage might have these thing won by countout!

[At the last possible moment, Shane hurls Hyatt into the ring just beating the ten count. Rage takes a deep breath as he desperately tries to straighten himself up.]

GM: What was that?! DQ him! That was blatant interference!

[Meekly begins shouting at Shane who happily exchanges words with the official.]

GM: Meekly is really giving him an earful and -- apparently Shane isn't taking it in stride! He's back up on the apron!

[Rage ignores the commotion and positions himself in the corner. Another big exhale as he dead leaps up to the top buckle, nearly losing his footing underneath his left leg as he lands in a squatted position. The crowd stirs as Rage, wobbly leg and all, begins to rise up on the top buckles.]

BW: He's crazy! He can't even stand on flat ground right now!

[Meekly and Shane continue to exchange words when suddenly the Siren races up the ring steps, positioning herself on the far side of the ring where she begins shouting out with little effect.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes is on the apron! Meekly has lost all control of this match!

[The Siren screams out but she is unable to draw the attention of either Hyatt or Shadoe Rage who is struggling to find proper footing on the top

rope. The brief hiccup is all the time Harry Hyatt needs to begin peeling himself off of the ring mat.]

GM: Hyatt is up! Rage has his back turned away from him! Meekly still has no idea what is going on behind him! Hyatt --

BW: YES! OH MY -- THERE IS A GOD!

[And in a moment that will forever be drilled into the mind of Bucky Wilde... Miss Sandra Hayes desperately claws her fingers into her blouse and rips it open across her chest revealing a furry pink bra that accentuates her chest in all the right places and draws the attention of not only Bucky Wilde...

...but Harry Hyatt who stops dead in his tracks, jaw hanging and all.]

GM: RAGE! HERE COMES SHADOE RAGE!

[Rage, facing away from the ring, leaps back and flips his body around...

...making a rapid fire adjustment as he clasps his hands together into one solid fist as he SMASHES them over the skull of Harry Hyatt who crumbles upon impact!]

GM: DOUBLE AXEHANDLE FROM THE TOP BY RAGE! He's got him covered!

[Meekly, oblivious to it all, breaks away from Terry Shane III as he hears the loud thud behind him from Shadoe Rage blasting Harry Hyatt over the top of the head.]

GM: ONE! TWO! HERE COMES THE RING LEADER!!!

\*\* DING! DING! DING! \*\*

GM: HE DID IT! SHADOE RAGE SCORES THE WIN OVER HARRY HYATT!

[Terry Shane III dives into the ring but it's a second too late as Rage rolls off of Hyatt and right out of the ring. Shane's body lays over the fallen Hyatt as he glares across the ring...

...seeing a blouse-less Miss Sandra Hayes standing there, branding iron at her feet, eyes struck with disbelief as to what just transpired.]

PW: The winner of this contest by pinfall...

SHADOE! RAAAAAAGE!

GM: Can you believe it?!

BW: ...

GM: For the first time in probably, well, forever... my partner Bucky Wilde is actually speechless. But I gotta know, fans, is that what Sandra Hayes

intended?! Did she actually intend to cost Harry Hyatt this match against Shadoo Rage?! And does this mean that Rage is joining the Shane Gang?

BW: You got a lot of questions, Gordo.

GM: Well, I suppos-

BW: You know who can get you answers?

GM: Jason Da-

BW: No, you idjit! Me! ME! Bucky Wilde can get you the answers! And I'm gonna do it! In two weeks, I'm bringin' back The Call Of The Wilde and my guests are gonna be the Shane Gang, daddy!

GM: Well, that should be VERY interesting considering what we just saw. There's quite a bit of disarray going on out here at ringside... let's go backstage while we try to get some control here.

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. A big piece of breaking news just came down. The AWA front office has announced that they have been informed by Royalty's lawyers that when Dave Cooper appears here tonight, he WILL be informing the world exactly who Mark Langseth has chosen to represent him in the Trial By Battle at Memorial Day Mayhem! And in fact, that match is NEXT! Let's go back down to Phil Watson right now!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall... introducing first, to my left, from Apple Springs, Texas, and weighing 250 pounds... RICK SCOTT!

[A young man with a compact build, black mullet and goatee, dressed in silver thigh-length trunks with triangular navy blue segments, raises his arms to the crowd just before "The Professional" by Leon plays, drawing loud boos.]

PW: And his opponent, from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and weighing 260 pounds... representing Royalty, this is "THE PROFESSIONAL" DAVE COOPER!

[The man known as "The Professional," Dave Cooper, walks out from the back and down the rampway. Cooper wears black wrestling trunks, black kneepads, white wrestling boots, and a brown vest with the words "The Professional" on the back in white lettering.]

GM: This crowd making it no secret they do not like this man.

BW: And do you think he cares?

GM: I guess not... what I want to know is... what about this apology he demanded from you during the Stampede Cup?

BW: I... have no comment at this time.

[Cooper's eyes are hardened and reveal no emotion as he walks down the rampway, paying no attention to the fans. He steps between the ropes, removing his vest, a cold look forming in his eyes.]

GM: Dave Cooper set for singles action... and he's rushing Rick Scott before the bell!

BW: He doesn't want to waste any time, Gordo, just as you would expect from a veteran like him!

GM: A veteran who used to play by the rules.

[Cooper pounds on Scott in the corner as the referee quickly signals for the bell.]

GM: Cooper dragging Scott out of the corner... a quick pickup and a slam!

BW: And look how quick he is to drop that knee right to the skull!

GM: Now he's just wrenching his knee into Rick Scott's head! Come on!

[The referee puts the count on Cooper, who pulls away at the count of four and jaws at the referee to mind his own business.]

GM: Cooper dragging Scott off the canvas... takes him over with a gutwrench suplex!

BW: And Cooper's not done... he's pulling him up again... into the ropes... there's that spinebuster!

[Cooper kneels over Scott, a slight smirk on his face, then rises to his feet and stomps Scott right in the throat!]

GM: Cooper driving the boot into the throat! There's no call for that!

BW: You think he cares?

GM: I think he cares about that apology, Bucky.

BW: I told you, Gordo... no comment.

[Cooper then drags Scott to his feet, hooking him in a front facelock.]

GM: Dave Cooper sets Rick Scott up... there's the gourdbuster!

BW: There's the end of the match, Gordo!



GM: Indeed, the three count is academic! Just like that, it's over!

BW: We have company, Gordo.

[As Cooper drags Scott off the canvas and throws him over the top rope, the Blonde Bombers and Larry Doyle make their way down the rampway. Doyle wears a black sequined suit with "MANAGER OF CHAMPIONS" written in cursive on the back of the suit coat, and a gold shirt and tie. The Bombers are carrying their world tag team title belts over their shoulder, and both wearing black slacks. Stanton wears a black leather vest as well, while Jacobs goes shirtless. Doyle grabs the mic from Phil Watson before he can make the announcement, then enters the ring, the Bombers right behind him.]

LD: Listen good, chickens, because I'm gonna say this after the Doctor of Love runs out of blue pills and gets pummeled by the Enforcer... YOUR WINNER! "THE PROFESSIONAL" DAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOPPPPPEEEEEERRRRRR!

[Larry hands the mic over to Cooper, who smiles.]

DC: And now let me introduce to you the men who grounded Skywalker Jones and took the fire out of RyGunn once and for all... the AWA World tag team champions and the men who are about to leave the Bishop Boys with nothing but the cousins they in-breed with... KENNY STANTON AND BRAD JACOBS, THE BLONDE BOMBERS!

[Stanton and Jacobs hold the titles up and shot at the fans, who shower them with boos despite the few people who are applauding their efforts at the Stampede Cup.]

DC: And finally, our manager, the man who wouldn't take Geno Smith as a client because he knows a seventh-round pick when he sees him and what really makes for a first-round talent... MR. LARRY DOYLE!

[Doyle climbs on the nearest turnbuckle and raises his hands, shouting to the crowd who hurl unfettered hatred at him. Doyle, for his part, loves it.]

DC: And, as Larry would be the first to tell you, Stanton and Jacobs are that first-round talent, as evidenced by the gold in possession! Congratulations, gentlemen!

[He exchanges high fives with the Bombers.]

DC: I knew that the Blonde Bombers were the cream of the crop at the Stampede Cup and that's why I didn't have to be there for the second night. Besides, somebody needed to be back at the five-star hotel to welcome the women who found out firsthand that Calisto Dufresne runs out of gas before the engine even gets warmed up.

[Stanton off mic: "IT'S A MARATHON, NOT A SPRINT, DUFRESNE!"]

DC: And now, it comes my turn to prove the same to everyone in the singles ranks... and yes, as Larry said, sooner or later, that so-called Doctor of Love is gonna have an appointment with The Professional and, when it's all said and done, he won't be demanding more matches, but he'll sure be demanding the nurses change his bed pan for him!

[Cooper holds up a hand, stopping for a moment.]

DC: But first, Royalty finally has its chance to see to it that justice is served, and I am more than happy to be the man who will represent Royalty in a singles match of our choosing, get Langseth reinstated and bringing the rightful AWA National champion back into the fold as he richly deserves. I don't care who the AWA wants to send my way, because the only outcome is that representative having to crawl back to O'Connor on his hands and knees and tell him how he failed.

[The fans boo loudly.]

DC: But that's not all that's gonna go down at Memorial Day Mayhem as far as it concerns me. A year ago, I had to fend for myself against the politicians and the pundits in the back, but now, I have backup I can count on. Therefore, I am hereby announcing my entrance into the Memorial Day Rumble, and I can promise you that all 29 others who are part of it... you can send out the Supreme Wrights, the Alex Martinezs, the Shadoe Rages, the Terry Shanes... doesn't matter what you call them, because I just call them lambs being sent to the slaughter and I'm the one who has the butcher's knife!

And now... be silent and show some respect for the only manager who keeps the promises he makes.

[He hands the mic to Larry Doyle, who tips his absent cap to Cooper.]

LD: This is one of the finest moments in my life. Because y'all know it's comin'.

What's comin', you ask, Dave Cooper?

[Cooper shrugs exaggeratedly.]

LD: A big fat "I told ya so."

Because I told ya, for months and months, that what we had here was a well oiled wrecking machine, a combo platter of size and strength, speed and stamina, we got sizzle and spice and EVERYTHING nice, because that's what World Tag Team champions are made of.

But somewhere along the way, you didn't wanna listen to old Larry. You didn't wanna pay me no mind, because the words I was sayin' didn't coexist in your world, well baby, you go put that Stampede Cup tape on and watch two legends in their own time go to work, and you'll realize that we stomped on your world and tore it to shreds. You may not like what Larry Doyle says,

but you can bet your bollocks to a barn dance that when I tell you a rooster can tow a dump truck, you can get you some chains and hook up the hitch.

I'd like to tell you it was all me, it is all because of the mind of the great Larry Doyle- but hold them belts up, fellas, show the world your spoils.

[Stanton and Jacobs hold the belts up, the lights bouncing off the freshly polished gold and silver.]

LD: I'd love to claim all this as my own doin', but the heavy lifting was done by these two physical specimens, these two studs, these two stallions, these two TITANS of the tag team world. And let me give some of you contenders to the throne a word of advice.

You can plan and plot and strategize all you'd like, and Lord knows we did. But at some point you gotta boogie. When the rubber meets the road, you gotta make it happen. And for all the talk about the super teams, the returning champions, the Aces, the sob stories, the feel good stories and the vaguely romantic comedy stories... the only team to make it happen was the Blonde Bombers. The team with the LEAST experience got the job done, because like an old friend of mine used to say...

Heart don't hang banners, ladies. Talent does.

[Stanton snickers at the saying, while Jacobs shows no emotion, flexing his pecs and flaring his nostrils like some kind of wild bull.]

LD: So Michaelson, you're welcome. You can put these two pictures up on the wall. Two guys from the Combat Corner who the AWA didn't give a DAMN about went out and cut a swathe through the greatest field of tag teams ever assembled. Two guys who were thrown out like yesterday's garbage defied the odds and made history.

You know what that makes them?

[Doyle shrugs and looks around.]

LD: Wrestling. ROYALTY.

[With that, Doyle and Cooper break into a round of applause as the Blonde Bombers hold their titles up once again.]

BW: You gotta hand it to 'em, Gordo, that was a once in a lifetime performance at the Stampede Cup.

GM: These two young lions are tough as nails, exceptionally well schooled by Larry Doyle and they've got a mean streak a mile long.

LD: And Cousin Bo-

[Doyle's got the microphone one more time.]

LD: Cousin Bo. Word on the street is that you boys want to unify those pieces of plastic you call tag team titles at Memorial Day Mayhem. Well consider your challenge accepted, rednecks. Because the Blonde Bombers take on all comers, we duck NO challengers and every team we beat goes home with our mission statement beaten into their face.

Take. No. Prisoners.

[Doyle spikes the mic to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: It's official! The challenge has been accepted and at Memorial Day Mayhem, the Blonde Bombers will meet the Bishop Boys in a tag team title unification matchup! What a match that's gonna be, fans, and we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back up to a panning shot of the interior of the arena just before a voice rings out over the PA system.]

"Ladies and gentlemen... your host of The Money Pit... TODD MICHAELSON!"

[A big cheer goes up from the crowd as we cut to the ring where one of the AWA co-owners is sitting on a wooden stool, mic in hand.]

TM: They tell me that Eric Preston has lowered himself to the level of us peons and has decided to grace us with his presence here tonight.

[Todd's sarcasm is easily detected as is the look of irritation on his face.]

TM: They also tell me that since Preston's here, I need to also make it clear what I intend to do about my challenge to him.

[Michaelson shakes his head, looking down at the mat.]

TM: My wife, Lori, tells me that my temper gets me in trouble... always has. From my days back in Los Angeles to the past five years here in the AWA, I've let my temper get the best of me over and over again. And what happened with Preston recently was no different. I look at that kid... a kid I thought had the potential to be a future World Champion... a kid that I thought this company could rely on to lead them into the future... and I see what he's become. He's become what James Monosso always said he'd become - a broken, bitter man who couldn't be relied on to lead a dog across a street, let alone lead a company to the next level.

[Michaelson fumes, pacing around the set.]

TM: Believe me, kid. I'd like nothing better to step inside this ring...

[Michaelson gestures down at the mat.]

TM: ...with you and take you to places inside a squared circle the likes of which you've never visited before. But when I look at what's at stake. When the new AWA President, Karl O'Connor, makes it abundantly clear to me that if I step into the ring with you...

[The back of his hand wipes across his forehead with the slightest of head shakes.]

TM: If I do that, I lose the Combat Corner.

[Michaelson pauses for an uncomfortable period of time.]

TM: There was a time in my life after the EMWC went under when I thought my time in this business was over. It was a dark time for me... personally. A time where even my own wife couldn't get through to me. I was in a bad place... a dark place... and I really wasn't sure if there was anything that could get me out of it.

But there was. There was a bright light in the darkness that led me to it. A bright light that became my sole purpose professionally.

And that was a place called M-DOJO... the Michaelson Dojo. A place where I could find the bright young men and women who wanted to someday make an impact in this business and I could help them achieve their dreams. A place where I could sit on the sideline, having been a World Champion myself, and help others get to that same level.

[Another pause.]

TM: The M-DOJO saved me in every way possible... and when the AWA rolled around... when I got that call from Bobby Taylor and my best friend, Jon Stegglet, offering to buy Pro Wrestling Revolution and make me a full partner in the AWA, I only had one question.

"Can I run the training school?"

The Combat Corner is my life... it's the only thing in this sport that I truly give a damn about.

And when I see men like Supreme Wright... like Skywalker Jones... like Aaron Anderson... or if you go back and look at my M-DOJO guys like Calisto Dufresne or Jaiden Andrews or KENTA Kitukawa and so many others.

When you see what they've been able to accomplish, what they've been able to do... then I know the Combat Corner is more important than it's ever been.

[Michaelson looks up, looks out at the cheering crowd.]

TM: It means too much to me, Eric. The Combat Corner means too much to me to have you ruin it... no matter how badly I want to get you in the ring for all that you've done to me... to these fans... to the AWA... and most of all, what you've done to the Combat Corner...

So, I've decided...

[A pause.]

TM: I've decided to bow out of my challenge to you, Eric... and I've decided that I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. I'm willing to step aside and let you do things your own way. I'll stay out of your business if you stay out of mine.

So, to make it official... to cement the deal... you come on out here, sign your AWA contract that the office sent over earlier today...

[Michaelson holds up a stack of papers.]

TM: I'll shake your hand and wish you the best of luck. Come on, kid... let's get this over with...

[Todd looks over his shoulder at the curtains, and they brush open after a moment, bringing forth Eric Preston. Preston actually is dressed to the nines, in a sweet grey suit with a red tie, and he slowly walks toward his old mentor, grin plastered on his face as he steps through the ropes into the ring, adjusting his tie as he straightens up.]

EP: Well thank you, Todd. Heck of a gesture, old chap, letting bygones be bygones, letting your head do the thinking instead of going with your heart.

But you and I both know what's going on here...

[Preston fully walks into the middle of the ring and stands about a foot away.]

EP: You know full well you can't hang anymore, Todd.

You're done.

[Preston grabs the microphone and circles Todd, slowly speaking at him.]

EP: You're old. You're out of shape. Your back hurts, your knees creak, your neck has about two more years in it. And you know, just like all of these people out here know, that if you walk in the ring with Eric Preston, you'll be carried out. And that's no way for the AWA fans to remember one of the founding fathers, that's not the hero's sendoff Todd Michaelson wants.

You're just too damn important to be broken in half by a former student. And if anyone forgets how important you are, I'm sure you'll be glad to remind them.

But don't think you've got me fooled, Uncle Todd. I'm no Supreme Wright, I can tell a shyster and a huckster when I see one, I know when I'm being fed the brown and squishy.

And that was a four course meal.

[Todd's hands ball up, but he instantly unclenches, as his former protege continues to talk at him.]

EP: Let the rest of the world think that you're backing off with honor and dignity. Let the rest of the world think you're doing the right thing for the Combat Corner and for the AWA by not getting in the ring with me. I'm sure you'll send out a press release about how valiant you are and how great your hair looks as soon as this is over.

But I know the white flag when I see it. I know what defeat looks like, bro, I know it all too well.

And this is a surrender, Todd. And you know it in the smallest corner of your black heart, you just gave up on a technicality and hid behind it for all you're worth. Blame the Combat Corner, blame your way of life, blame your love for the AWA.

You know, just like I do, that you don't have the spine to get in the ring and go toe to toe with me. And even if you weren't gutless, you don't have the game to take me down inside that ring.

But me?

[Thumb hook.]

EP: It would make my day to put one more crack in that vertebrae of yours and send you home to the missus in a wheelchair.

[Preston waves a finger at Todd and gets real close, talking in a low tone of voice.]

EP: And you know that more than anyone.

[Michaelson has heard more than enough, shoving Preston hard with both hands and drawing an "oooooh" from the capacity crowd. He sticks a finger out, jabbing it into Preston's chest.]

TM: I may have to back off from kicking your teeth down your throat to keep my job but that doesn't mean I have to put up with your crap!

[Big cheer! Preston looks a bit surprised... yet pleased at the reaction.]

TM: You've got a choice to make, kid. Sign the damn contract...

[Michaelson shoves the stack of papers into Preston's chest.]

TM: Or get the hell out of my ring.

[Preston smirks as he pages through the contract, nodding his head a few times.]

EP: Oh, I'll sign my name, don't worry about that. But before I do, I'm gonna need my legal representation to take a look at it.

You might know him. He's got a lot of experience dealing with contracts, and he knows just how much of a duplicitous pile of trash you are...

...Chris Blue. Ever heard of him?



[On cue... and to the opening sounds of Aerosmith's "Back In The Saddle"... walks former EMWC owner Chris Blue who somehow manages to wear a smile and an attitude problem simultaneously. He's dressed in what appears to be an expensive black suit, white dress shirt, and red tie as he walks the aisle to the ring]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

BW: Wow! What a coup for Eric Preston! You want to talk about getting one of the best wrestling minds in the business to help guide your career, this kid just made a major upgrade from Michaelson to this man!

[Blue steps through the ropes, grinning at Michaelson while shaking Eric Preston's hand to the jeers of the crowd. He takes the offered mic with the slightest of bows as he also accepts the stack of paperwork.]

CB: As my client, Mr. Preston said, I do have extensive experience with professional wrestling contracts...

[He holds up the stack of paper.]

CB: And as I can tell you without even looking at a single word of this one, this is totally unacceptable to us.

[Blue grabs the paper lengthwise, tearing it in half and throwing the remnants on the canvas before him.]

CB: My client will NOT sign a contract under duress.... under some threat of physical violence from the likes of you, Todd Michaelson. He will allow me, his designated talent representative, to review the terms of the contract and negotiate with the AWA front office without any interference from parties who might be biased towards him.

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: That includes you, Mr. Michaelson.

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: You think I'm biased against HIM?! Wait til I get you across a negotiating tab-

[Blue lifts a hand,]

CB: Please. You're embarrassing yourself. While I - and Mr. Preston - have full faith that I would wipe the proverbial floor with you in that scenario, I do not intend for it to take place. My negotiations will take place with either of my old friends, Bobby Taylor or Jon Stegglet, and you will have NOTHING to do with it or we walk!

[Michaelson moves to the ropes, sitting down on the middle to hold them open.]

TM: Then walk. There's no one stopping either one of you from getting out of here.

[Blue pauses, shaking his head.]

CB: I doubt your colleagues will feel the same way. In fact, I'm sure Mr. Stegglet and Mr. Taylor are pondering the sheer starpower and promotional firepower behind a union between myself, Mr. Preston... and in case you've forgotten... my Dragon, William Craven.

If it don't make dollars, then it don't make sense... and believe me... this?

[He gestures to Eric Preston and himself.]

CB: Makes all the sense in the world.

[Blue grins as the crowd jeers.]

CB: Ahh, I missed this.

[The boos get louder.]

CB: So, Mr. Michaelson, we will take our leave from this situation that you forced my client into and will handle our negotiations with true professionals. But let me make one final thing clear to you...

[Blue steps forward, getting into Michaelson's face as Eric Preston steps up closer to his new manager's back.]

CB: If you ever dare challenge my client again, we will bring forth a cure to the disgusting, breeding disease that is Todd Michaelson in the world of wrestling. You won't teach. You won't train. You won't promote. And you damn sure will not wrestle. We will put forth a beating on you the likes of which this company hasn't seen since Juan Vasquez made some... unwise... decisions.

We will make your wife weep over your broken, bloody carcass... again. She will beg you to walk away...

[Blue lifts a hand again.]

CB: I misspoke. She will beg you to stay in your Billion Dollar wheelchair and roll yourself into the den to dream of what could have been.

[Blue smirks.]

CB: Are we clear?

[Michaelson is absolutely shaking with rage now, glaring into the eyes of his former employer, his body quivering with the desire to break the men in front of him in half.]

CB: I thought so. Mr. Preston, the negotiating table awaits us.

[Blue drops the mic with a flourish, exiting the ring alongside a smirking Eric Preston as Michaelson continues to fume. The crowd is jeering loudly the new-found power duo as they start the long walk back up the ramp towards the locker room.]

GM: I can't believe what I just saw! What in the WORLD has gotten into Eric Preston?! He used to be such a fine, upstanding young man with the entire world ahead of him. Now he's aligned himself with one of the most twisted individuals in this entire sport!

BW: Twisted but brilliant! Do you really think Chris Blue won't be able to help guide Eric Preston to levels he never thought possible?! And what a coup for Blue, Gordo! He went from being on the outside looking in, just managing William Craven to adding Eric Preston to his group and making a clear gesture to the rest of the AWA about how he means business!

GM: It's certainly a strong statement here tonight about his future intentions. And we're told he's going to be back out here in just a few moments as well alongside his Dragon, William Craven. I suppose that's something to look forward to.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo! He's gotta be on cloud nine after what just happened and if Craven has a good night, he'll be walkin' on sunshine!

GM: I would imagine so. But coming up next, we're heading back to the Control Center with our own Jason Dane!

[Crossfade back to the bank of monitors with the Memorial Day Mayhem logo splashed across the corner.]

JD: Memorial Day Mayhem is just about six weeks away, fans, and we're already getting a good idea of what we're going to see on the deck of the USS Lexington in Corpus Christi, Texas on Monday, May 27th.

[A graphic comes up with all the details we just were given.]

JD: Of course, the big match that everyone is looking forward to is the annual Memorial Day Rumble with thirty men battling for the chance of a lifetime - an opportunity to face the World Heavyweight Champion and to cement your name in the history books of the AWA. Previous winners include Ron Houston, Stevie Scott, Raphael Rhodes, Supernova, and of course, last year's winner Supreme Wright. Who will be able to add their name to this list? We'll find out in six weeks' time.

[A graphic appears with photos of everyone already announced as competing: Supreme Wright, Shadoc Rage, William Craven, Alex Martinez, Robert Donovan, Terry Shane III, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, MAMMOTH Maximus, Chris Staley, Glenn Hudson, Alphonse Green, and Dave Cooper.]

JD: Twelve men entered into the big thirty man matchup but we've got three more to add to this list right here and now.

[A new photo gets added to the bunch.]

JD: Representing the Unholy Alliance, newcomer Tully Brawn will be in the Rumble!

[There's a pause before another photo appears.]

JD: Former winner Supernova will try to become the first two-time winner!

[With one spot remaining before the Rumble is half full, we wait...]

JD: And lastly, one of the biggest fan favorites of them all, Sweet Daddy Williams has entered the Rumble!

[The shot changes back to Jason Dane.]

JD: Fifteen spots are filled - fifteen spots remain! We're going to add more names to the list in the days and weeks to come so stay tuned because you will NOT want to miss that! But speaking of things that you won't want to miss, at Memorial Day Mayhem it'll be Winner Takes All in the match now known as the Trial By Battle. Mark Langseth has made his choice and it'll be Dave Cooper stepping into the ring to represent Royalty that night, to defend the future of Mark Langseth inside the AWA. Remember, a victory by Cooper will instantly reinstate Mark Langseth. But a loss means that Langseth is barred from the AWA forever. Now that Cooper has been named as Langseth's champion, you have to wonder who the AWA will counter with.

[Another pause as a graphic pops up reading "TITLE VERSUS TITLE!"]

JD: It's gonna be a busy night for Royalty as their newly-won World Tag Team Titles will be on the line when the Blonde Bombers defend their gold against the Bishop Boys, the AWA National Tag Team Champions, in a title unification match! That's going to be one for the ages, fans!

Plus, in a match just announced by AWA officials, Skywalker Jones will attempt to Steal The Spotlight once more... AND run November out of town when these two arch-rivals meet one-on-one in a LOSER LEAVES TOWN match. Of course, Jones demanded that the Steal The Spotlight contract be put up for grabs as well.

[Dane grins.]

JD: Four big matches and so much more still to come! Memorial Day Mayhem is shaping up to be THE event of 2013, fans! And the only place where you can get all the info on this huge event - May 27th in Corpus Christi, Texas - is right here on the Control Center. I'm Jason Dane and we'll see you next time!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from the Silicon Valley... weighing in at 235 pounds... he is the Wrestling Wiki...

WAAAAALLLTERRR WARRRRRRRENNN!

[The cheers are loud for young Mr. Warren who hops up on a midbuckle in his usual red trunks, kneepads, and boots. He jerks a thumb at his t-shirt that reads "BOBA FETT LIVES!" with a dopey grin on his face. He's still grinning as the cheers turn to boos. Without warning, without music, and without fanfare, Chris Blue simply walks out onto the entrance ramp, making the long, long walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Well, we knew he'd be out here eventually. I can't say I expected it right now. Isn't Walter Warren scheduled to face Mr. Sadisuto?

BW: That's what my format says but Blue ain't never been someone to follow the rules.

GM: Unless he was the one setting them.

[Blue steps through the ropes, taking the mic with the slightest of nods to Phil Watson.]

CB: My apologies for the interruption.

[Blue pauses, looking out at the jeering crowd.]

CB: Did you miss me?

[A louder burst of boos brings a smile to his face, nodding his head.]

CB: That's what I thought. Now, let's get down to business.

[The former EMWC owner turns to face Walter Warren.]

CB: The Wrestling Wiki. That's you, right?

[Warren nods.]

CB: Is there a page in your Wiki about these so-called Wise Men?

[Warren pauses, not really sure how to react. Blue stares at Warren, waiting and watching. Several moments pass before Blue looks away.]

CB: I see. For shame. I might have spared you what is coming your way. You see, as Jason Dane has told us tonight, my Dragon, William Craven, has been entered at my request into the annual Memorial Day Rumble. If he wins, he will receive a shot at the World Heavyweight Title that he has longed for. If he wins, I will get one step closer towards the vengeance that I long for.

[Blue pauses, tapping a finger on the point of his chin.]

CB: Ordinarily, when you tell me that my Dragon will step into battle with twenty-nine of the world's finest in a fight to see who reigns supreme, I wouldn't flinch. However, as of late, Mr. Craven has been absent from AWA television... absent from the squared circle altogether as he undergoes some...

[Blue smiles a creepy grin.]

CB: ...re-education at my hands. With that in mind, I have decided that Mr. Craven will need a warm-up of sorts before the Rumble. A warm-up that will begin right now. Mr. Craven, if you please...

\*WHUMP-ump-ump\*

[With the sound of a thunderclap, the lights go out, and the world is plunged into darkness. Wind can be heard, chimed in through the PA system.]

\*Thump-thump\*

#I'm over it!#

[Those words, screamed in a-capela by one David Draiman, precede only briefly an explosion of sound as "Forsaken" bursts out of the PA system and into the arena. The camera angle switches as tension builds; red spotlights brightly illuminating the entrance portal and the crowd waits. Soon enough, a cloaked figure emerges amidst a billowing cloud of smoke. Clad in a black vinyl robe, his hooded head stares down at his gnarled hands, bound as they are in red gauze, clutching a wooden katana in them just before he walks with purpose down the aisle towards the ring where Blue paces back and forth, a smile on his face.]

GM: The AWA's odd couple has arrived.

BW: Wha?

GM: Chris Blue and William Craven. I know we've heard them try to explain why they're working in tandem but I just don't get it.

BW: They're searching for power. For vengeance. For glory.

GM: But they... well, Blue... doesn't he hate Craven?

BW: Hate's a strong word. I believe they've buried their differences to make a common cause, Gordo.

[Craven steps through the ropes, taking up a protective stance behind his manager.]

GM: Six foot five and three-twenty. The One Man Revolution. The Dragon. The Avatar of Violence. Call him what you will but if Chris Blue has his way, you might be calling him the AWA World Champion in the very near future.

[Blue waits for the music to fade as he raises the mic again.]

CB: Mr. Craven, are you prepared for your warm-up?

[Craven smiles a toothy and evil grin as he turns to face Walter Warren who is looking a bit anxious.]

CB: Mr. Warren, are you prepared to give Mr. Craven his warm-up?

[Warren is non-committal, tugging at the ropes next to him.]

CB: Don't worry, Mr. Warren. You will not be alone in this.

[Blue dips into his pocket, pulling out a wad of cash.]

BW: Whoa!

GM: What's he gonna do with that?

[Blue taps the cash against the mic, causing a "THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!" sound to ring out through the Crockett Coliseum.]

CB: I hold in my hand the sum of ten thousand dollars. Ten thousand dollars to ensure that my Dragon receives a warm-up of... extreme... proportions. I stand here in the center of this ring and make a challenge... a challenge for an open invitational Battle Royal...

[Big cheer! Craven turns his head slightly, tilting it at Blue much like a confused animal would.]

CB: This Battle Royal will be won by my Dragon... or this stack of ten thousand dollars will go to whoever manages to eliminate him!

[Craven's eyes go wide at this news. He starts to say something when Blue lifts a hand to silence him.]

CB: This challenge is extended to anyone in the locker room... anyone who wants to come forth and try to win this money... to try to slay my Dragon here tonight.

Bring them! Bring them all!

[Blue hands the mic back to Phil Watson, turning to face an inquiring Craven.]

GM: A challenge has been issued! Ten thousand dollars to anyone who can eliminate William Craven in a Battle Royal! Who will accept the challenge? We'll find out after this break!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back to the ring where we find a ring filled with AWA competitors. A sharp eye will spot that Craven and Walter Warren have been joined by Mr. Sadisuto, both members of The Hive, Rene Rousseau, B.C. Da Mastah MC, Chris Choisnet, Rashan Hill, Clubfoot Jenkins, Albert Showens, Outback Zack Kelly, Dick Wyatt, Travis Lynch, Donnie White, both members of the Samoan Hit Squad, Hercules Hammonds, the monster



known as Brody, and finally Chris Staley comes jogging down the ramp, stepping through the ropes as the announcers begin to speak.]

GM: Well, ten thousand dollars and a chance to get a little warm-up in before the Rumble has brought a full house down to the ring and I've gotta say, Chris Blue's looking a bit nervous now.

BW: I don't know if he thought THIS many people would come down for this.

GM: It's a twenty man Battle Royal...

[And as the bell sounds, the battle begins!]

GM: Here we go!

[The crowd roars for the battles raging across the ring. Hercules Hammonds slamming forearms into the jaw of Rene Rousseau. Clubfoot Jenkins trading blows with Outback Zack Kelly. Dick Wyatt avoiding the grasp of Travis Lynch and shoving Scola into his path instead.]

And of course, William Craven being engulfed by five attackers - Mr. Sadisuto, Donnie White, Mafu, Chris Staley, and Rashan Hill.]

GM: The battle is underway and William Craven instantly falls into some serious trouble. Of course, everyone wants to win this matchup but the money comes when you toss the Dragon. Ten thousand dollars if someone can do it.

BW: I'm surprised the King of the Battle Royal ain't out here, Gordo.

GM: Alphonse Green probably wants no part of William Craven and I can't say that I blame him, Bucky.

[In mere moments, we see Craven stun Rashan Hill with a well-placed palm strike to the throat. Hill falls backwards, coughing violently...

...and a thrust kick from Mafu catches Hill under the chin, flipping him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Mafu, one-half of the Samoan Hit Squad, claims his first victim in this one!

BW: The Samoans haven't had the level of success here in the AWA that I know Rob Christie was hoping for which is surprising, Gordo. Mafu's one of the toughest guys in the locker room.

GM: Some of his antics outside of the ring are the stuff of locker room legend, Bucky.

BW: You're talkin' about the local drunk who is now short an ear?

GM: Let's not go into details.

[Chris Choisset and Rene Rousseau come together, battering Yellow Jacket with pairs of knife edge chops as Bumble Bee grabs Rousseau by the hair, dragging him away into a pair of leaping kneestrikes to the skull.

The camera cuts to show Craven sinking his fingers into the mouth of Donnie White, howling with rage as White chokes on the mandible claw.

Another cut finds Brody trapped against the turnbuckles as Dick Wyatt mounts the midbuckle, hammering him with fists...]

GM: OHHH! CHRIS STALEY ELIMINATES ALBERT SHOWENS!

[The camera cuts to Staley who grins at the reaction of the crowd. Showens lies on the mats on the floor as Staley celebrates the elimination.]

GM: I didn't quite see how it happened but Staley tossed Showens over the top rope and-

BW: Sadisuto!

[The wily Japanese veteran rushes Staley from behind, tossing him over the top where Staley scrambles to land on the ropes, avoiding elimination!]

GM: Staley's hanging on out on the apron... just barely managing to- ohh! Big chop from Sadisuto!

[Sadisuto throws chop after chop, trying to batter Staley down off the apron and down to the floor for the elimination. He reaches out with both hands, looking for a chokehold but Staley slaps it away...

...and suddenly drops down, bringing the top rope with him as B.C. Da Mastah MC grabs Sadisuto from behind, throwing him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: SADISUTO IS GONE!

[The Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound gives a little celebratory jig as he helps Chris Staley back into the ring. They exchange a handshake before Staley points out Craven who has managed to knock away all of his attackers for the time being.]

GM: Staley and BC are heading after Craven!

[Out on the floor, we can hear Blue shouting at Craven to "keep your head on a swivel!" Craven wheels around, catching the incoming BC with a backhand shot to the temple. He throws a right hand at Staley that is slapped away before Staley throws a series of forearm shots to the jaw...]

GM: Staley's hammering away!

[Reaching in from behind, Donnie White digs his fingers into the eyes of Staley, raking hard!]

GM: Ohh! The Atomic Blonde goes to the eyes!

BW: Donnie White's the only representative of the Shane Gang in there but you can bet he'd like to take home a chunk of change.

GM: If you look at this match from a different perspective, it becomes more than about money. Sure, all of these guys would like to pocket the ten grand for eliminating Craven but this is an opportunity for a lot of these guys to maybe get noticed by the Championship Committee. Perhaps even find their way into the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: It's a good point, Gordo, cause once you're in the Rumble, you never know what's gonna happen.

[White grabs Staley by the hair, dragging him towards the ropes where we see Rene Rousseau trying to muscle Yellow Jacket over the top in a body slam position...

...when suddenly Hercules Hammonds rushes into view, upending them both over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: HAMMONDS ELIMINATES THEM BOTH! OH MY!

BW: Where the heck did he even come from?!

GM: I have no idea but that was sheer power to toss two men over the top like that!

[Hammonds celebrates the elimination with a big double bicep pose before turning around...

...and getting caught with a running clothesline by Brody that knocks him flat! Big cheer!]

GM: BRODY DROPS HIM!

[Brody throws his arms apart, giving a roar that the crowd echoes as he leans down, pulling Hammonds up by the arm. He tugs him into a fireman's carry before walking to the ropes, trying to dump him over the ropes to the floor...]

GM: Brody's gonna try and toss Hammonds! These two have been trading words and trying to show one another up inside the squared circle for several weeks now. We've known they're on a collision course but unexpectedly, it's happening right here tonight!

[Hammonds grabs the top rope firmly with both hands, hanging on tight as Brody tries to upend him. Seeing a chance to get one of the strongest men in the match out, Scola rushes towards Brody to assist...

...but Brody brings up a foot in a kick, following through into a massive stomp down on the chest of Scola!]

GM: OHHH!

[Straddling Scola, Brody muscles Hammonds up and over, dropping him gutfirst down onto a prone Samoan!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! This Brody is something else, Bucky!

[Brody throws his arms apart, giving a big shout before turning around into a running crossbody from Bumble Bee. The big man snatches the masked man out of the sky, holding him across his muscular chest...

...and then LAUNCHES Bumble Bee over the top rope in a fallaway slam, sending him crashing down on the floor!]

GM: He's gone! Bumble Bee's eliminated by Brody!

[We cut to another part of the ring where Dick Wyatt has Walter Warren hooked in a side headlock and slams an extended thumb into the windpipe of the Wrestling Wiki, causing him to fall to his knees, gasping for air.]

GM: Dangerous Dick, one-third of the Beale Street Bullies who will face Sweet Daddy Williams, Clayton Shaw, and Yuma Weaver two weeks from tonight in six man tag team action.

BW: That'll be a fun one. I always enjoy watching the fat man get himself pummeled.

[Wyatt's assault on Warren is broken up by a pair of right hands out of Outback Zack Kelly that sends Wyatt back to a corner.

We cut again where William Craven is getting hammered on by Clubfoot Jenkins... but suddenly straightens up, backdropping Jenkins over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: Ol' Clubfoot is gone and we're down to thirteen!

BW: Twelve guys left who could spoil the night for Craven and Blue.

[Blue is instantly shouting at Craven, gesturing towards a recovering Scola as he shouts instructions.]

GM: Blue's like a spotter out there on the floor, trying to point Craven in the direction of someone who might be vulnerable which Scola certainly is after taking that powerful stomp to the chest from Brody.

[Pulling Scola from a knee to his feet, Craven sinks in a Muay Thai clinch, burying knees into the torso and then the head as Scola tries to free himself only to get thrown down to the mat.]

GM: Craven throws Scola back down to the mat and-

[The crowd cheers for BC Da Mastah MC as he leaps up, burying a double axehandle into the back of Craven's neck, knocking him towards the ropes.]

GM: BC's trying to take advantage of the distracted Craven, hammering away with right hands up against the ropes...

[BC grabs Craven by the arms, holding them behind him as Donnie White rushes into play, throwing a pair of right hands to the gut. BC shoves Craven towards White who lifts the Dragon up, dropping him down on a knee with an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: The Atomic Blonde goes old school with the atomic drop!

[And with Craven hurting, BC dashes off the ropes, arm extended...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[The crowd ROARS as Craven tumbles over the top rope but then buzzes with frustration as he hangs on, managing to get back on the apron as Blue loses his mind with worry!]

GM: Whoa my! Blue almost had to cough up that cash out at ringside!

BW: And to this fat tub of rapping goo of all people. Heavy D Minus is what his teachers called him in high school from what I understand.

[BC leans over the ropes, pulling Craven to his feet to hammer away with right hands...]

GM: Craven's in some serious trouble here. Remember, he went over the top rope so a fall to the floor would be disastrous. It would spell instant elimination for the Dragon.

[Sensing an opportunity, Donnie White nudges Dick Wyatt...

...and the dastardly duo leans over, lifting BC off the mat and flipping him out to the floor!]

GM: He's gone! BC is eliminated!

[White grins, exchanging a high five with Dick Wyatt...

...and then grabbing him from behind, hurling him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Heheh... you know, I love me some Dick Wyatt but he made one of the biggest and easiest mistakes in the book right there. Never trust anyone inside that squared circle, daddy.

[Having gotten back inside the ring, Craven has turned attention to Mafu from the Samoan Hit Squad and is trading blows to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: This is a fight! Two of the toughest men in the entire wrestling world are going at it!

[Mafu throws a pair of knife edge chops followed by a Mongolian double chop to the sides of the neck that buckles Craven's knees, taking him down to a kneeling position. The Samoan steps back, throwing a thrust kick to the jaw of the kneeling Dragon, knocking him flat!]

GM: Wow!

BW: That man is double-tough and then some, daddy!

[Sliding in behind Mafu, Brody hooks him in a rear waistlock, dragging him away from Craven over to the ropes where Scola intervenes, hammering away with several hard-hitting forearms to the back of the head.

A quick camera cut finds Chris Choynet and Walter Warren working in tandem with a running double clothesline, taking a shot at eliminating Chris Staley but Staley ducks under, tugging down a rope which sends Choynet falling over the top and down to the floor!]

GM: CHOISNET'S GONE!

BW: We're down to ten, Gordo! Craven, Walter Warren, Outback Zack, that stinkin' Stench boy, Donnie White, both Samoans, Hercules Hammonds, Brody, and Chris Staley!

GM: Ten men trying to get some much needed momentum on their side heading into Memorial Day Mayhem and that big thirty man Rumble.

BW: Nine men lookin' to walk out tonight with an extra ten grand in their pocket!

GM: You're exactly right about that.

[Staley and Walter Warren are trading forearm shots near the ropes when we cut to the other side of the ring where Travis Lynch has Donnie White in serious trouble. White's entire upper body has been shoved backwards over the top, his arms wrapped in the middle rope as Lynch tries to give his legs a big push and send him to the floor.]

GM: The Atomic Blonde is in a whole lot of trouble right here as Travis Lynch looks to send the Shane Gang member to the floor.

BW: White's hanging on for dear life, daddy!

GM: Lynch is pushing and shoving, using that powerful upper body strength to try and get him over-

[With Brody backed up against the ropes, Scola grabs Mafu by the arm on the other side of the ring, looking to whip him at the big man.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Mafu to send Scola INNNNNN!

[The crowd ROARS as Brody hooks Scola in a bearhug, popping his hips to throw him over the top with a belly-to-belly!]

GM: SCOLA IS ELIMINATED!

[An enraged Mafu charges in after him...

...and gets hiptossed over the top rope, thrown right down on top of his own partner! Another big cheer!]

GM: BRODY TOSSES ANOTHER ONE!

BW: We're down to eight!

[A quick camera cut shows Chris Staley being worked over by Walter Warren and Outback Zack Kelly, both who have a leg and are trying to upend the former Vagabond.]

GM: Now it's Chris Staley who is in a bit of trouble here...

[With a roar, the One Man Revolution stalks across the ring, leaning down to slip an arm up between the legs of both Warren and Kelly...

...and MUSCLES both men over the top rope with an impressive lift!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA! CRAVEN TOSSED 'EM BOTH!

BW: I can't believe he just did that! We're down to six, Gordo! Craven, Lynch, Donnie White, Herc, Brody, and Chris Staley are all that remains in this impromptu Battle Royal here tonight in Dallas! Who's it gonna be?!

[Having just saved Chris Staley, Craven wastes no time in grabbing him around the head and neck, jerking him violently away from the ropes...]

BW: Look out here!

[Attempting to muscle Staley up into a uranage, Craven is caught off-guard by a pair of sharp elbows driven back into his temple! Staley breaks away before leaping up, smashing a kick into the side of Craven's head which knocks him down to the mat.

A quick camera cut shows Hercules Hammonds and Brody squaring off again, tying up into a collar and elbow and muscling their way around the squared circle, bumping into several other combatants before coming to rest in the center.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky... they're like two bulls inside that ring, trying to force the other man to back down!

[Having escaped the clinches of Travis Lynch, Donnie White rakes the eyes of the Texan, scampering away...

...and bumping right into the tieup of Brody and Hammonds!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Brody and Hammonds break apart, knocked off balance by the Atomic Blonde who immediately realizes what he's done, raising his hands to beg off...

...but gets grabbed by the hair by both men!]

BW: NO!

[And LAUNCHED over the top rope where he crashes down on the wooden ramp for the elimination!]

GM: Donnie White is gone! We're down to five!

[Brody and Hammonds turn back towards one another, glaring at their rival. A grinning Brody reaches out, giving a powerful two-handed shove to Hammonds.]

GM: Ohh! Hard shove by Brody!

[Hammonds returns fire, shoving Brody backwards...

...right into Travis Lynch who spins around, hand at the ready!]

GM: CLAW! THE IRON CLAW IS LOCKED ON BRODY!

[Lynch hangs on, clenching his teeth as he digs his fingers into the temple of the mysterious powerhouse!]

GM: Travis Lynch has one of the most feared holds in all of wrestling applied on the skull of Brody and look at Hercules Hammonds! He's loving the sight of this!

[Lynch forces Brody back towards the ropes, the big man swinging desperately at Lynch, trying to free himself...

...and Lynch suddenly breaks the hold on his own, going into a full spin...]



GM: DISC-

[But Hercules Hammonds rushes into the scene, connecting with a big clothesline that takes Lynch over the top and down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! LYNCH IS GONE!

BW: YES! YES!

GM: We're down to the Final Four! William Craven, Hercules Hammonds, Brody, and Chris Staley! Two men already in the Rumble and two men not in the Rumble!

[Hammonds spins around, throwing his arms down in a big muscle pose...

...when William Craven comes tearing across the ring, lashing out with a thrust kick to the chest that sends Hammonds flailing backwards into the ropes...]

GM: Big kick by Crav-

[Craven keeps going, rushing forward to push Hammonds' upper body back over the ropes...

...which is Chris Staley's cue to duck down, grabbing Hammonds by the legs to lift him up.]

GM: Craven and Staley have got Hammonds in trouble!

[Brody rushes in for the killshot, connecting with a running shove that takes the off-balance Hammonds over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: HAMMONDS IS GONE!

[Hammonds lands on his feet on the floor, slamming his arms down on the apron in anger...

...and then leaps up on the apron, grabbing Brody by the torso, pulling him...]

GM: Wait! Wait a second! Hammonds was eliminated!

[The powerhouse keeps on pulling and soon enough, Brody slips over the ropes, crashing down to the floor with Hammonds!]

BW: AND NOW BRODY'S ELIMINATED TOO! HAHAH!

GM: We're down to two!

[The crowd is roaring for Brody and Hammonds trading blows out on the floor as Staley and Craven straighten up, opening fire on one another with big haymakers...]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Out on the floor, a frantic Chris Blue is slamming his hands into the ring apron repeatedly as he shouts at Craven.]

GM: Blue is trying to... I suppose "inspire" might be a good word choice... his client.

[A well-placed headbutt out of Craven knocks Staley down to a knee. Craven stands before him, raising both arms into the air to the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: Craven looks like he's setting him up for something...

[Craven suddenly swings his right leg up, parallel to his body...]

BW: AXE KICK!

[But as he starts to swing it down, Staley stands up, catching the leg over his right shoulder. He reaches out, hooking his left arm around Craven's head and neck. The right arm comes up under the leg, grasping the left wrist...

...and Staley uses the leverage to HURL Craven over his head, dropping him down to the canvas!]

GM: My stars! What a suplex out of Staley!

[Staley leans down, slapping the canvas with both hands as Craven staggers up to his feet. The former Vagabond lashes out, catching Craven with a roundhouse kick to the sternum... and a second... and a third...

...and then leaps up, smashing his shin into the back of Craven's head, sending the Dragon stumbling forward, landing with his chest on the middle rope!]

BW: Enzuigiri by Staley! Craven might be out cold!

[Staley again climbs to his feet, looking out at the cheering crowd. He pauses to point at the fans before turning back towards the dazed Craven. He leans down, slapping the canvas again as he measures the opponent...]

GM: Staley's measuring him! Setting up for something! Listen to these fans, they're solidly behind him, Bucky!

BW: Why?! Why would you EVER be behind Staley unless he was on top of a cliff?!

[Suddenly, Chris Blue grabs the ropes, pulling himself up onto the apron!]

GM: Blue's on the apron! He senses that his money is about to get dropped in the pocket of Chris Staley and he wants no part of that!

BW: What makes you think he's not just trying to help his man?

GM: It's all about the money with him and you know it!

[Blue's screams and shouts draws Staley's attention who approaches his former manager, ordering him to get down off the apron...

...which gives Craven a chance to dash towards him, connecting with a running forearm that knocks Staley over the ropes as Craven collapses to all fours...]

GM: STALEY GOES OVER-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: -BUT HE HANGS ON!! HE'S HANGING ON TO THE TOP ROPE!!

BW: Craven doesn't know!

[Craven has pushed up to his knees, celebrating his "triumph" as Staley extends his arms...

...and uses his upper body strength to skin the cat, pulling himself back over the ropes into the ring to the cheers of the crowd and the warning cries from Chris Blue!]

GM: Blue's begging him to turn around! Craven doesn't hear him! Craven doesn't-

[The Dragon forces himself to his feet, arms raised over his head...

...which is exactly how he stands when a running Chris Staley grabs a handful of tights...]

BW: NO!

[...and HURLS William Craven over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor below! HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: STALEY WINS! STALEY WINS!

BW: NO, NO, NO! That's not fair! That can't be right!

[Blue drops to his knees on the apron, burying his face in his hands as Chris Staley spins around, throwing his arms in the air to celebrate his victory...

...and then strides across the ring, snatching the stack of cash out of Blue's grasping hand!]

GM: Oh yeah! Staley's got the cash! He's got that ten thousand dollars!

BW: Give that back! That's not right, Gordo! Staley cheated!

GM: He did no such thing! He won this Battle Royal fair and square. He eliminated William Craven and he EARNED that money!

[A grinning Staley tucks the wad of cash into his tights before looking out at Blue with a wink, waving his hand at his enraged former manager.]

GM: Staley wins the Battle Royal and that may give him some much needed momentum heading into the Rumble next month, fans! We're going to take one final break but don't you go away because when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The lightning bolt that opens "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis brings the fans to their feet in boos.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Percy Childes, and representing the Unholy Alliance... from the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in at 235 pounds... he is the Pride of the Orient...

NENNNNNNSHOUUUUU!

["The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes steps from the back, wearing a navy blue sport jacket and pants, light blue dress shirt, and navy-and-silver tie. He's carrying a crystal-tipped cane. Nenshou heads straight on into the ring, divesting himself of his red robe to reveal baggy red pants, black boots, and black-bronze-and-white face paint in an intricate design. His wrists and fingers are taped, and he immediately adopts a ready position, extending two fingers on his left hand up in front of his face. Staring intently at his fingers, Nenshou begins his meditative pre-match ritual.]

PW: And his opponent...

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play as the crowd goes nuts at the sight of the former two-time AWA National Champion, Juan Vasquez, emerging from the entrance way. The former champ pauses at the top of the ramp, lifting both arms into the air and drawing another roar from the crowd! Dressed in his trademark white-and-black tracksuit, Vasquez makes his way down the aisle, slapping as many outstretched hands as he can.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing 238 pounds... he is...

JUAN VAAAAAASSSSQUUUUUUEEEEEZZZ!!!

[BIG FACE POP!]

GM: Here comes a man who's got his eye on a little payback tonight, Bucky. It was Percy Childes who orchestrated a nefarious plan to use Juan Vasquez as a pawn in his attempt to get Nenshou the AWA World title. A plan that

turned Vasquez from one of the most beloved wrestlers in AWA history, into a hated rulebreaker.

BW: And if it wasn't for that meddling Stevie Scott, he'd still be cool.

GM: Oh brother.

BW: Don't think Percy and Nenshou don't want some payback of their own, Gordo! Vasquez is the dirty rat that broke their deal! He's got no honor!

GM: Percy Childes and Nenshou are the last people who should be complaining about someone having no honor.

[As Vasquez enters the ring, he pauses at the ring apron and points a threatening finger at Nenshou and Percy Childes. The Asian Assassin doesn't seem to be intimidated, dropping to one knee and spitting a fine stream of red mist into the air in response.]

GM: OH!

BW: Nenshou's just showing Vasquez what he's got in store for him!

[As the bell rings, Nenshou and Vasquez slowly approach each other, walking to the center of the ring, where they both lock eyes, staring each other down.]

GM: Oh my.

BW: You could cut the tension in this building with a knife, Gordo. These two are about to go to war.

[Neither one makes a move, each looking for an opening, probing for the perfect moment to strike. The crowd gets a bit antsy, hungry for action. But then, without warning...

...Vasquez smashes his forehead right into Nenshou's face!]

GM: OH! Vasquez headbutts Nenshou!

[As one of the hardest skulls in professional wrestling impacts against Nenshou's, The Asian Assassin stumbles back. However, he's immediately caught by a lunging right hand, a looping left hook, and a HUGE overhand right by a wildly swinging Vasquez, that sends him flying back into the corner. Once there, the cornered wrestler can do nothing more than cover up as best he can, as Vasquez savagely wails away at him with rapidfire clubbing forearms, literally beating him into the canvas!]

GM: Juan Vasquez is all over Nenshou!

BW: Get in there ref! Get this animal off him!

[Finally, Marty Meekly manages to wedge himself between Vasquez and Nenshou, pulling the former two-time National Champion away from the corner as Vasquez shrugs Meekly off and lets loose a primal scream towards the crowd!]

GM: Listen to this crowd! Juan Vasquez has worked them up into an absolute frenzy!

[Grabbing Nenshou off the canvas, Vasquez shoots him off into the far corner, where Nenshou hits hard...]

GM: OH! BIG BACK BODYDROP!

[POP!]

GM: And a clothesline knocks Nenshou over the ropes to the outside!

BW: Maybe that'll buy Nenshou some time to regroup, 'cause right now, he needs it! Vasquez exploded all over him and he wasn't ready for it!

[Big pop!]

GM: I don't think so, Bucky...Juan Vasquez is ready to fly!

[Despite Percy Childe's frantic screaming, Nenshou doesn't heed his manager's warnings and rises to his feet, turning around in time to see Juan Vasquez launch himself off the top turnbuckle and taking him down once again with a textbook plancha!]

GM: OHHH! Vasquez with the daredevil crossbody! Nenshou is down again!

[Vasquez pulls a stunned Nenshou back up to his feet and grabs him by the arm, whipping him right into the guardrail!]

"CLAAAANG!"

GM: OH! INTO THE STEEL! Fans, we need to take our final commercial break. The cameras will continue to roll as this exciting match continues!

[The camera zooms in on a shot of Juan Vasquez high-fiving a fan at ringside, as we fade to black...]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

..and then back to live action in the ring, where we see Nenshou dropping Vasquez to his knees with a rolling solebutt to the midsection. The face-painted Asian Assassin then hops a step back, before catching Vasquez underneath the chin with a vicious thrust kick!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A KICK! NENSHOU COVERS! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OH!"

GM: No! Vasquez got the shoulder up!

BW: Nenshou was about half a second away from taking it!

GM: Fans, welcome back! When we left you, Juan Vasquez was dominating the early moments of this match, but a timely distraction by Percy Childes allowed Nenshou to take control!

BW: And it's been ALL Nenshou ever since, Gordo! He ran Vasquez's head right into that ringpost and he still hasn't recovered! And he's been dissecting Vasquez with those deadly kicks!

[Nenshou delivers a stomp to the downed Vasquez, before dragging him back to his feet. He hooks him in and takes him over quickly with a snap suplex. Quickly rising, Nenshou sprints into the ropes and rebounds off, driving a rapid elbowdrop into Vasquez's chest.]

GM: A quickly executed driving elbowdrop by Nenshou! He's running into the ropes again...and another elbowdrop!

BW: No one else in wrestling's got that quick snap in their elbowdrops like Nenshou, Gordo...he just drives all his weight down on a man with'em!

GM: Nenshou's going for another cover-No! Vasquez kicks out again!

BW: I don't think Nenshou thought he could've kept Vasquez down with those elbows, but you better believe he's wearing him down more and more each time he's forcing him to kick out of these pins.

[Pulling Vasquez to his feet, Nenshou lashes out with a stiff chop to the chest, before grabbing Vasquez by the arm and whipping him towards the opposite corner...only to have Vasquez reverse it!]

GM: Irish whip into the corner-NO! Vasquez reverses...OHH! He followed Nenshou right in with a big clothesline!

[As Nenshou stumbles out of the corner, Vasquez grabs a handful of hair and smashes skull onto skull once again, sending Nenshou back into the corner.

GM: And another one of those big headbutts from Juan Vasquez rocks Nenshou!

[Vasquez walks away from the corner, shaking out the cobwebs, as Nenshou slides down into a seated position against the turnbuckles. Once Juan turns his attention back to his former ally, a big smile forms on his face.]

GM: Oh boy, that is NOT a position that Nenshou wants to be in!

BW: Percy Childes is telling him to get outta' there! He knows what's coming next!

[The crowd roars with anticipation as Vasquez stands over Nenshou. He grabs the rope and holds up three fingers, counting down to zero before yelling, "HERE WE GO!" and lunges forward with a knee right into The Asian Assassin's face!]

GM: OH! Vasquez with those trademark knees in the corner!

[Juan drives knee after knee into Nenshou's face, as the crowd gleefully counts along, much to Percy Childes' chagrin. Once they reach "NINE!", Juan marches out of the corner and circles around...]

BW: Oh no! Nonono! Not this!

[...before breaking out into a full sprint and SMASHING his knee right into Nenshou's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"TEN!!!"

[Massive pop!]

GM: Good grief! No matter how many times I see it, it never gets any easier. Juan Vasquez has devastated Nenshou with those knee strikes!

BW: And look at Percy Childes! He's beside himself and I don't blame him! The entire Unholy Alliance might have to crawl around the whole arena lookin' for Nenshou's teeth after this match is over!

[Vasquez drags a limp Nenshou out of the corner and drops down for the pin...]

GM: And here's the cover! One! Two! Thr-OH!!! Nenshou got his foot on the rope just in time!

BW: Whew! I thought Vasquez had him there!

[Shaking his head, Vasquez pulls Nenshou to his feet and snapmares him over into a seated position. He then runs into the ropes and dropkicks both feet into The Asian Assassin's face!]

GM: Another cover! One! Two! No, kickout at two!

[Vasquez once again pulls Nenshou up to his feet and whips him HARD into the turnbuckles. As the Killer from the Orient staggers out of the corner, Vasquez grabs him by the arm once again, sending him into the opposite side of the ring just as hard!]

GM: Vasquez whipping Nenshou across the ring back and forth...OH! RIGHT INTO THE HIPTOSS!

BW: Oh no! Not this!

GM: First comes the hiptoss and then comes the senton!

[The crowd is sent into a frenzy, knowing what comes next, as Vasquez hits the near ropes...

...only to stumble forward, as his ankle is grabbed by Percy Childes! Massive boos!]

GM: He tripped him! Percy Childes blatantly interfered right there! How did the referee miss that!?

BW: I don't know about that, Gordo...Vasquez might've just got his feet tangled up or something!

GM: Oh, give me a break!

[Meekly goes over to the ropes, yelling at Childes, while the rotund manager denies he did anything. An angry Vasquez joins in, pointing a threatening finger at Childes, before turning his attention back to Nenshou...

...and taking a HUGE roundhouse kick to the side of the head!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A KICK!

[Nenshou then quickly strikes Vasquez with a kick to the midsection, a kick to the back, and a leaping spinning back kick right into the chest that sends the former National champion to the canvas!]

GM: Nenshou's educated feet have just given Juan Vasquez a lesson in pain!

BW: "Educated"? Those feet got a masters from Harvard!

GM: Percy Childes' interference has paid off in a big way, as Nenshou has regained complete control over this match.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Nenshou pulls Vasquez up and holds his head down, repeatedly kicking him in the face!]

GM: OH! Repeated short kicks to the face of Juan Vasquez!

[After a half dozen kicks or so, Nenshou pulls Vasquez up and then violently slams the back of his head into the canvas!]

GM: He had a fistful of hair, ref!

[Nenshou then drops down, placing his hand down onto Vasquez's throat as Juan violent flails his legs from a blatant choke.]

GM: And now he's just choking him!

BW: Nenshou and Childes got a lot of payback to dish out against Vasquez, Gordo. It wouldn't be surprising to anyone if the plan was to make him suffer!

[Breaking the count at four, Nenshou then drapes Vasquez's throat over the second rope and steps up onto his back to a massive chorus of boos from the crowd!]

GM: He's choking him again!

[While still standing on Vasquez's back, Nenshou makes a throat cutting gesture and slingshots himself over the top rope and out onto the floor. With Vasquez still draped across the second rope, Nenshou hauls back and slaps the taste out of the former champion's mouth!]

GM: OH!

BW: Nenshou just showed Vasquez what he thinks about him! He don't respect him at all, daddy!

[From the outside, a cackling Percy Childes shouts some instructions to Nenshou, as he slides back into the ring. Nenshou stalks Vasquez, waiting for him to slowly rise to his feet, before dropping down and viciously kicking the back of his legs out from under him!]

GM: Oh! Nenshou with that nasty leg sweep!

BW: SWEEP THE LEG!

[Nenshou stalks Vasquez once again, waiting for him to rise. As the former champ gets to one knee, Nenshou charges in...]

BW: SHINING WIZZZZ-

"OHHH!!!"

GM: NO! VASQUEZ SAW IT COMING!

[As Juan blocks the knee, Nenshou is sent staggering backwards. Caught off balance, Nenshou doesn't notice Vasquez rising back to his feet and taking a step forward and unleashing the most wicked punch in all of professional wrestling...]

"OHHH!"

[...and whiffing!]

GM: Nenshou ducked it!

"SMAAACK!"

GM: A kick to the kneecap takes Vasquez down to one leg!

[Running into the ropes with Vasquez's back turned to him, Nenshou then springs off Juan's raised knee and catches him with a Shining Wizard to the BACK of his head!]

GM: OHHH!!! A reverse Shining Wizard!

BW: There was no way of blocking that one!

GM: Cover for ONE! TWO! TH-

[The crowd cheers as Juan Vasquez kicks out with authority!]

GM: Not enough!

BW: But what brilliant thinking by Nenshou, there! Juan Vasquez and Nenshou probably know just about all of each others' tricks after teaming up for months. You saw how Vasquez countered the Shining Wizard and how Nenshou saw the Right Cross coming...but then Nenshou changed up the gameplan and pulled off the Shining Wizard from behind!

[Pulling Vasquez up from the canvas, Nenshou scoops him up and drops him with a backbreaker, before quickly moving to the nearest corner. He steps up to the middle rope and then to the top rope, pausing to make a throat-cutting gesture to the crowd...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE MOONSAULT!

[...but is suddenly knocked off-balance and falls onto the top turnbuckle, as Juan Vasquez takes his legs out from under him!]

GM: Nenshou wasted too much time! Juan Vasquez caught him up top!

BW: And now Vasquez is going up top! This ain't gonna' be good for Nenshou!

[The crowd rises in anticipation, as Juan climbs up to the second turnbuckle... and then to the top. He hooks both arms around Nenshou's waist and then lifts...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX FROM THE TOP ROPE!

BW: Nenshou just got bent like an accordion! And Vasquez didn't come away easy on that landing, either!

GM: Vasquez crawling over to make the cover...ONE! TWO! THR-SHOULDER UP!

BW: Oh man, that was close. TOO close.

[The crowd groans for the near fall as Vasquez pounds a frustrated fist into the mat. He gets back to his feet and lifts Nenshou over his shoulder, placing him on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is putting Nenshou up top again. Is he going for ANOTHER superplex!?

BW: Nenshou just escaped one hard fall off the top, but I don't think even he can take TWO suplexes off the top back-to-back!

[The crowd buzzes, as Vasquez steps to the second rope, slinging Nenshou's arm over his neck. However, The Asian Assassin suddenly springs to life, pounding Vasquez in the ribs with stiff palm strikes. Vasquez fights back, grabbing Nenshou by the hair and hitting a rapidfire succession of headbutts!]

GM: OH! They're fighting it out on the top!

BW: They better watch out...accidentally falling off the top is just as nasty as getting suplexed off the top!

[Vasquez steps up to the top rope, looking to power Nenshou off the top, but is suddenly stopped dead in his tracks by an upward thrust into the throat!]

GM: An illegal throat strike!

BW: Like Nenshou cares! This is about survival, Myers! Vasquez would stoop just as low!

[With a hard shove, Nenshou knocks Vasquez off the top rope...]

GM: Vasquez hits the canvas hard!

BW: Watch out, Air Nenshou's ready for takeoff!

[Steadying himself, Nenshou crouches on the top turnbuckle, waiting for Juan to get back to his feet. As the former National champion gets back to a vertical base, Nenshou leaps off, grabbing Vasquez's head in a front-facelock...]

GM: DDT-NO! He turned it into a chokehold!

BW: He pulled the guillotine choke out of nowhere! Nenshou took a page right out of Supreme Wright's playbook!

GM: Juan Vasquez needs to break this hold quickly, or he's in serious danger of losing consciousness!

[With Nenshou's legs scissored around his body and his supply of oxygen quickly getting cut off, Juan reaches out for the ropes, but he's simply too far away.]

BW: He's fading fast, Gordo! Nenshou's gonna' chokeout Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez drops to one knee, drawing a scream of panic from the crowd!]

GM: Down to one knee! Vasquez needs to fight his way out of this or this match is over!

BW: Clamp down on it, Nenshou! You've got this!

[However, gritting his teeth with determination, Juan powers himself back up to a standing position...]

GM: Wait! Vasquez isn't finished yet! He's still got some fight left in him!

[...and wraps his arms around Nenshou's waist, suddenly arching back, powering Nenshou up and over into a Northern Lights suplex!]

GM: OH! WHAT A COUNTER! SUPLEX AND THE BRIDGE! ONE! TWO! T-NO!

BW: Where'd he find the strength to do that!?

GM: Juan Vasquez had to reach down deep for that one. Nenshou was literally choking the life out of him as he came up with that counter!

[Both men are down on the canvas, trying to gain their bearings, as Marty Meekly begins to administer a ten count. At about the count of five, Nenshou grabs the ropes and pulls himself to his feet, while Vasquez has pushed himself up off the canvas into a kneeling position, still weary from the guillotine choke.]

GM: Nenshou's up...

[A shout of Japanese from Percy Childes can be heard from the outside, as Nenshou nods in affirmation and walks up to the kneeling Vasquez, damn near caving his chest in with a soccer kick!]

GM: DEAR LORD! WHAT A KICK!

[Nenshou then strikes a pose, measuring Vasquez up...]

"SMAAACK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and kicks him right in the head with a buzzsaw roundhouse kick!]

BW: THAT'S GOTTA' BE IT! NENSHOU JUST ABOUT TOOK JUAN VASQUEZ'S SKULL OFF...

...uh oh.

GM: I can't believe it!

[A DEFIANT Juan Vasquez stares up at Nenshou with wild eyes and a furious look on his face after taking the kick and spits on him!]

"OHHHH!!!"

JV: "THAT ALL YOU GOT!?!"

[Shocked pop!]

BW: HOW!? How is he not unconscious!? Any other man would have been knocked out!

GM: It's like that kick woke Juan Vasquez up! Like he didn't even feel it!

[Nenshou looks around in confusion, as Percy Childes screams at him to keep on attacking. The Asian Assassin goes right back on the attack, shooting another deadly roundhouse kick for Juan Vasquez's head...]

GM: Vasquez blocks the kick!

[As Vasquez rises to his feet, Nenshou tries for another kick with his other leg...]

GM: He blocks another!

[Nenshou then throws a front kick that catches Vasquez right in the chest, sending him staggering back into the ropes...]



GM: OH! That kick sends Vasquez into the ropes!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...but rebounding off right into the Right Cross! HUGE POP!!]

GM: THE RIGHT CROSS! THE RIGHT CROSS!

[Nenshou spins on his heel, before flopping face-first into the canvas. However, Vasquez is still down on his knees, still weakened from Nenshou's previous assault.]

BW: Vasquez caught him outta' nowhere with the right cross, but look at him! He put all his energy into that one!

GM: He just needs to crawl over and make the pin...Nenshou is out cold!

[After a moment, Vasquez lunges forward, dropping down and hooking the leg as Marty Meekly counts!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The entire arena becomes unglued as Nenshou just barely lifts a shoulder off the mat right before the three!]

GM: NOOOO!!! I don't know how he did it, but Nenshou survived the Right Cross!

BW: And look at Vasquez, he can't believe it either! He just gave Nenshou his best shot and it still wasn't enough!

GM: Juan Vasquez is SHOCKED and quite frankly, so am I!

[Slowly...SLOWLY rising to his feet, Juan Vasquez runs into the near ropes and then leaps high into the air, throwing himself back-first onto Nenshou!]

GM: A HUGE SENTON BACKSPLASH! SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS RIGHT THERE!

BW: I hate Tommy Stephens!

[With Nenshou holding his sides and kicking his legs in pain, Juan reaches down and turns Nenshou over, crossing his legs over his own into an inverted Indian deathlock...and then bridging back into a chinlock!]

GM: THE NENSHOULOCK! JuAN VASQUEZ HAS NENSHOU LOCKED INTO HIS OWN SUBMISSION HOLD!

BW: This is just pouring salt on the wound! Juan Vasquez is tryin' use Nenshou's own hold against him! Tryin' to force him to quit!

GM: This works the neck, the back, the legs...Nenshou's put so many wrestlers away with this hold, but now he's getting a taste of his own medicine!

BW: If anyone knows the escape to this hold, it's gotta' be Nenshou, but he's still out of it, Gordo! He's still seeing stars from that damned right cross!

[On the outside, Percy Childes seems to have come to the same conclusion as Bucky has, pacing wildly back and forth, before signaling to the back...]

GM: Wait, what's Percy Childes doing???

[...and causing the crowd to roar with boos as Tully Brawn appears, sprinting down the ramp!]

GM: NO! This match can't be ruined by interference! Someone get Tully Brawn out of here!

[Alerted by the wild jeering from the crowd, Vasquez breaks the hold and rolls to his feet, launching himself at Brawn just as he leaps up onto the apron...

...and TACKLES him to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: A SPEAR! JUAN VASQUEZ JUST SPEARED TULLY BRAWN!

[An irate Vasquez rains down punches on Brawn, as Marty Meekly screams at Childes and Brawn, trying to regain control of the match. Vasquez grabs Brawn and takes a running start, THROWING him over the guardrail!]

GM: OHHH! And there goes Tully Brawn!

[Turning his attention back to the ring, Juan looks up just in time to be wiped out by a breathtaking springboard moonsault from Nenshou!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!!! A MOONSAULT TO THE OUTSIDE!

BW: There's bodies everywhere, Gordo! It's like a dang car accident out here!

GM: Tully Brawn's interference might not have turned out how Percy Childes imagined it would, but it more than paid off!

[Getting up slowly, Nenshou tosses Vasquez back into the ring and follows him back inside. He bends down to pick Vasquez up...

...only to be plucked down into a small package!]

GM: WAIT! VASQUEZ WITH THE CRADLE! ONE! TWO! THREE-

[The referee holds up two fingers!]

GM: NOOO! ONLY TWO! I thought Vasquez had him there!

BW: That's what makes Juan Vasquez so dangerous...he's too stupid to stay down!

[Nenshou is back up quick, nailing Vasquez with a pair of frustrated stomps to the chest, before whipping Vasquez across the ring and hard into the corner. He follows in, completing a cartwheel and launching himself back-first towards Vasquez...

...only to find nobody home!]

GM: THE HANDSPRING ELBOW MISSES!

[As Nenshou stumbles forward from the impact of hitting the corner, Vasquez immediately comes up from behind...

...and sinks in the Assassin's Spike!]

GM: THE SPIKE! JUAN VASQUEZ HAS THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE LOCK IN!!!

[Burying his thumb into the side of Nenshou's throat, Vasquez holds on tight, as Nenshou flails around, desperately trying to break the hold. However, it's at this moment that Tully Brawn decides to once more interject himself into the match, climbing up onto the apron and drawing away Marty Meekly's attention!]

GM: Get him off of there! Juan Vasquez is on the verge of winning this match!

[Nenshou drops to his knees, fading fast, but the referee's attention is still turned towards Brawn. Meanwhile, on the other side of the ring, Percy Childes swings his crystal-topped cane, smashing it right into Juan Vasquez's back, causing him to break the hold!]

GM: NO! That snake! Nenshou was about to be put to sleep!

[However, the crowd suddenly ERUPTS with cheers as another figure suddenly jumps the railing, YANKING Tully Brawn off the apron, causing him to smash into it face-first!]

BW: NO! NOT HIM! ANYONE BUT HIM!

GM: IT'S STEVIE SCOTT! STEVIE SCOTT IS HERE!

[As Stevie Scott and Tully Brawn brawl on the outside, Juan Vasquez slowly pulls himself up with the help of the ring ropes. Meanwhile, Nenshou rises to his feet, gripping his throat...]

GM: OH NO! NENSHOU'S GOING FOR THAT DEADLY MIST!

[As Vasquez turns towards Nenshou, the Asian Assassin spews a cloud of blue mist...]

BW: MIST!

[...THAT VASQUEZ DUCKS!]

GM: NO! VASQUEZ HAS HIM UP! HE AVOIDED THE MIST!

[Having avoided the mist and lifted Nenshou up over his back in one swift motion, Juan Vasquez holds onto one of Nenshou's legs and cradles his head, before stepping forward and DRIVING the Japanese wrestler into the canvas with a spine-tingling Air Raid Crash!]

GM: THE CITY OF ANGELS!

BW: NO! NO NO NO!!!

[Vasquez lies back across Nenshou's body and hooks a leg as Marty Meekly turns around just in time to see the pin...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd is going wild as "They Reminisce Over You" starts back up.]

GM: Vasquez has won, but here comes the cavalry!

[The Aces hit the ring at a sprint, and nail a rising Vasquez with a double clothesline. Brawn continues to battle Stevie Scott on the floor, trading punches with him. Steven Childes and Daniel Tyler put the boots to Vasquez in the ring. The crowd boos the vicious attack.]

BW: Now we're gonna see some instant payback.

GM: Payback for what? Vasquez won cleanly!

BW: You go tell Percy that.

[Vasquez gets to his feet, and fires back on the Aces. He sends both men reeling with hard punches, bounds off the ropes... and is elevated by Tyler in a back body drop, only for Childes to leap up, grab his hair, and spike him face first to the canvas! Stevie tries to get in the ring to help out, but Tully grabs his boot. Scott kicks away at Brawn, only for Percy to hammer him in the jaw with the crystal tip of his cane!]

BW: Ha! That had to feel good for Percy after Stevie broke his jaw. What goes around, comes around.

GM: Even with a weapon, Percy Childes doesn't hit as hard as Stevie Scott. All he has done is daze him... and Tully Brawn may be in for a rude surprise in a moment!

[The boos turn to cheers as Brian Von Braun runs down to the ring, grabs his brother's shoulder, and spins him around! Tully backpedals as BVB shouts at him.]

GM: BRIAN VON BRAUN! He's come for his brother, Tulsa Von Braun...

BW: Tully Brawn! That old name is dead!

GM: BUT THE ACES!

[Daniel Tyler and Steven Childes run to the ropes and perform stereo planchas on Scott and BVB, sending both fan favorites to the mat. As they do, a man dressed in Pharaohs ring attire, complete with mask, hits the ring!]

GM: Wait, is this the same masked man we've seen at the Stampede Cup, and the last Saturday Night Wrestling?

BW: Obviously! And he's going to town on Vasquez!

[As Juan is trying to recover from the big double team by the Aces, this masked man enters and knees him in the head. He picks up Vasquez, whips him off the ropes, and performs a picture-perfect belly-to-belly suplex, laying him out!]

GM: It's four on three!

[Outside the ring, Tully Brawn walks over his brother, on his way to stomp Stevie Scott. Brawn nails Scott in the ribs, and picks him up off the mat. The Aces and BVB get up, but Von Braun rushes between the dangerous tag team before they can grab him, and tackles his brother from behind!]

BW: Hey! Tully went out of his way not to hit his brother, and this is the thanks he gets?

GM: He might be a bit intimidated by his older brother.

BW: He is not! That's family love, not wanting to hurt him in a wild brawl like this!

[The Aces pull BVB off of Tully, giving Stevie an opening to slide into the ring. Scott runs up and knees the masked man in the back as he chokes Vasquez on the canvas, and then jumps out through the ropes to grab hold of Percy Childes!]

GM: STEVIE HAS PERCY!

BW: Not again! This is how this whole mess got started!

GM: Stevie rears back for the Steviekick!

[\*WHACK\*]

[A superkick is indeed launched... but it's not by Stevie.]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD?!

[Stevie drops like a rock as his assailant had just hopped the railing. Rick Marley stands above his fallen target, having blasted him with a Casting Call. And he proceeds to lay in some vicious knees as Scott recoils on the mat. The boos go nuclear as Marley whips Scott back-first into the ring apron, and the Aces pummel Von Braun.]

GM: RICK MARLEY, TOO?!

BW: Marley attacked Vasquez at the Stampede Cup, but I thought he was just getting revenge for what happened in the World Title Tournament! This... this is something else!

[In the ring, Stevie's attack on the masked man has given Juan room to breathe. He lunges off the mat, and clotheslines the masked man down. He grabs the top of the mask, and yanks it off...

...to reveal a grinning face that has only been seen once on AWA television, but is intimately familiar to wrestling fans worldwide.]

GM: MY LORD, THAT'S JOHNNY DETSON! THAT'S...

BW: That's the last World Champion out of Phoenix! And everyone knows he's hated Vasquez for years!

[Juan angrily winds up the right cross, but Detson is far fresher, having not wrestled a match (and suffered an ambush) just now. He ducks the brutal punch and sends Juan down with a drop toehold... and Juan eats a hard kick from Nenshou as he falls!]

GM: Nenshou is recovered! It's six on three! A two-to-one advantage! We need help out here or this is going to be a slaughter!

[Marley and Tully are now doubleteaming Stevie while the Aces doubleteam BVB. They send their respective targets into the ring, and follow in. Detson grabs Vasquez' legs and turns him over into a high-angle Boston Crab... but recoils quickly when Brian Von Braun uses his desperation move!]

[\*FWOOSH\*]

GM: VON BRAUN THROWS A FIREBALL!

BW: It didn't hit anybody; he just threw it to clear space, but it got everyone's attention!

[The momentary distraction was enough for Stevie to slide out of the ring. Reaching in, he grabs the foot of Vasquez and drags him out. Von Braun also dives out of the ring. The three men hustle to the aisle and start walking back, with BVB grabbing a steel chair to cover their retreat.]

BW: They're running! Gordo... Gordo, THEY'RE RUNNING!

GM: It's six on three, Bucky! Why on Earth would anyone stay and fight?

BW: Well, ask Juan, he looks dumb enough.

[Yes, Vasquez is actually trying to run back to the ring to fight. Stevie is holding him back, though. We can pick up their conversation over the loud boos, because there's a camera right there.]

HSS: No! Juan, no! There's too many of them! Not tonight!

JV: I ain't running! I ain't running!

HSS: We ain't... aren't running! We're regrouping! Be smarter than this!

JV: I never ran from a fight!

HSS: We need backup! Then we'll fight!

JV: Backup...

[Juan stops struggling, and with a hate-filled glare, nods slowly.]

JV: Yeah. I know who. I know who.

[Cut to the ring. Percy is standing in the middle of the ring, as The Aces are standing near the ropes close to the aisle, holding the ropes open for their enemies to return. Tully is standing on the second rope, pointing threateningly at his brother. Nenshou stands with hands on hips, still disgusted at his loss. Marley and Detson shake hands in the middle of the ring, and stand on either side of Percy Childes, who grins an evil grin.]

GM: That... THAT is the Unholy Alliance?

BW: You want backup against that group? You better get the National Guard.

GM: Rick Marley and Johnny Detson. Two former World Champions...

BW: Actually, Detson's a current World Champion. I mean, nobody ever beat him for it, right?

GM: Langseth logic doesn't fly here, Bucky, but in any event, the Unholy Alliance is stronger than ever! Once again, we have a war of escalation in the AWA... but how could anyone top this?!

[The camera gets a long shot of the ring and aisle, with both groups staring down each other, and then a final shot of the Unholy Alliance standing as a group in the ring... and then we fade to black.]

\*\*\*

#### UPCOMING EVENTS

(all dates and lineups are subject to change)

---

#### SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

Saturday, April 27th, 2013

Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

AWA World Title Match

James Monosso vs TBA

Six Man Tag Team Match

The Beale Street Bullies

vs

Sweet Daddy Williams, Clayton Shaw, & Yuma Weaver

\*\*\*

#### SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

Saturday, May 11th, 2013

Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

\*\*\*

#### MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM

Monday, May 27th, 2013

Location: On the deck of the USS Lexington in Corpus Christi, Texas

30 Man Rumble

Winner gets a future World Title shot

-- Supreme Wright

-- Shadoe Rage

-- William Craven

-- Alex Martinez

-- Robert Donovan

-- Terry Shane III

-- MAMMOTH Mizusawa

-- MAMMOTH Maximus

-- Chris Staley

-- Glenn Hudson

-- Alphonse Green

-- Dave Cooper

-- Tully Brawn



- Supernova
- Sweet Daddy Williams

Winner Takes All - Trial By Battle  
Dave Cooper vs The AWA's Champion

Unification Match  
The Blonde Bombers vs The Bishop Boys

Loser Leaves Town - Steal The Spotlight contract on the line  
Skywalker Jones vs November