

## AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

DONALD TUCKER CENTER  
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA  
JUNE 22ND, 2013

[We fade up from black 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 "The Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne raising a steel chair over his head, rearing back as far as he physically can before SLAMMING the weapon down over the skull of James Monosso, capturing the World Heavyweight Title at Memorial Day Mayhem...

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of the exterior of the Donald Tucker Center in Tallahassee, Florida while a bright red, white, and blue "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" logo appears on the screen.]

GM: We are LIVE in the Donald Tucker Center in Tallahassee, Florida 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 to the interior of the building where the shot instantly shows a crowded building with the exception of some sections of the upper level that have been tarped off to prevent seating in those areas.]

GM: Over eight thousand fans are joining us here tonight in the Donald Tucker Center as we are just a couple short weeks away from Opportunity Knocks!

BW: Opportunity may be knocking in Atlanta on the 4th of July, Gordo, but there's gonna be plenty of fireworks right here tonight in Tallahassee.

[The shot cuts to a panning shot of the ring side area where we can see that 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. Behind the chairs are rows upon rows of permanent stadium seating where the majority of the fans are seated as well as the aforementioned upper level of seats.

We can see no sign of the elevated entrance ramp but we do catch a glimpse of a small raised interview platform near the back of one of the sections of ringside seats just before a fade down to ringside that 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 bright green sportscoat, blindingly white slacks and matching 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: It's going to be an exciting night here in Tallahassee as Dave Bryant puts the World Television Title on the line against Alphonse Green!

BW: That's right. Tonight, people are going to finally have to shut their traps about the Doctor of Love ducking the top challengers for his title 'cause GangGreen is going to be out in full force cheering on their man.

GM: In addition, we've got the winner of this year's Rumble, Terry Shane III, taking on that turncoat Yuma Weaver!

BW: Weaver may have seen the light two weeks ago in Lafayette but Shane'll be looking to turn his lights out here tonight.

GM: Plus, in tonight's Main Event, we're going to see Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez taking on The Aces in what should be a tremendous tag team affair!

BW: The Unholy Alliance would love to crush these baby-kissin' bugs under their boots once and for all tonight so that they can focus on bigger and better things!

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

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

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit...

[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 opponent...

[In the ring, a wrestler with a bulky build stands by. He has a dirty blond brushcut and is wearing long blue trunks, with red laceless boots. The name "HENRY" is printed down one side and a red fireball is printed on the other.]

PW: Hailing from Stone Mountain, Georgia, Weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

HENRY PORTEN!!!

[Porten punches the air to a smattering of cheers, that are quickly replaced by jeers, as Matsui reaches the ring. He hangs back, letting Maximus pass, pulling himself onto the apron and stepping 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!"

[Porten sidesteps as Maximus moves slowly towards him, eyeing him like a hunter circling his prey. Porten moves to his right as Maximus mirrors the step.]

GM: Maximus is stalking Porten...

[Finally, the two men come together in a tieup. Porten pushes hard against the much larger man who actually flashes a quick smile before shoving Porten away dismissively.]

GM: He just brushes him away like a bug.

BW: Porten can't outmuscle Maximus. He'd do well to learn that quickly.

[Porten gets back to his feet. Maximus stands before him, yelling, "HIT ME, BOY! GO AHEAD! GO AHEAD!" Porten throws a punch across Maximus' chest, which the masked man shrugs off, responding with a slap to the side of Porten's head that knocks Porten down to a knee.]

GM: Oh, come on! He's just toying with him!

[Porten springs to his feet as Maximus slaps himself across the cheek with a "HIT ME!" Porten responds, throwing another haymaker but Maximus absorbs it, lashing out with a slap across the temple that puts Porten down to a knee.]

GM: Down he goes again and...

[Maximus grabs Porten by the arm, ripping him off the mat to his feet where he **BLASTS** him with a short-arm clothesline that sends Porten toppling back down to the canvas...]

GM: Maximus has incredible strength... incredible power... incredible toughness. He is quite literally a monster inside that ring and for those who don't recall, he very easily could be the World Heavyweight Champion right now.

[The behemoth reaches down, dragging Porten up by the arm and yanking him up into a scoop, holding him across his chest...]

BW: Like you said, Gordo... pure power. He knocks the man down and he picks him right back up only to throw him down again!

[Maximus throws Porten overhead, sending him sailing across the ring where he crashes off the mat.]

BW: Fallaway slam! Did you see how high he threw him?!

GM: Absolutely awesome! Between Maximus and Mizusawa, you have to believe that the Matsui Corporation may be on the verge of gold in the AWA.

[He pulls Porten off the mat again, lifting him up into a gorilla press...

...and dropping him down where he bounces chestfirst off the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[Maximus stands over the motionless Porten with a "THE WORLD IS MINE! IT'S MINE!" The referee steps in, pointing at Porten and begging Maximus to make the cover.]

GM: The referee wants Maximus to make a cover here but Maximus shakes his head... he's not going for the pin.

[Maximus winds up his big right arm, dropping a heavy elbow across the back of Porten's head. He pushes up to a knee, flipping Porten to his back as he grabs a handful of hair...]

GM: What's he-?

[The crowd jeers as Maximus rains down hooking forearms that smash Porten in the temple repeatedly. They land over and over, snapping Porten's head around before Maximus shoves him down to the mat.]

GM: Porten's down and out and Maximus is on his feet again, shouting at these fans who are really letting him have it...

[Leaning down, Maximus grabs an arm, dragging Porten over near the ropes.]

GM: Uh oh. This can't be good news for Henry Porten.

[With Porten in position, Maximus steps up to the middle rope. He looks out at the crowd, lowering his hands into the "I want the belt!" gesture before leaning down to grab the top rope...]

GM: Maximus is setting up for that Prehistoric Plunge!

[Maximus starts to bounce, using the middle rope to spring up and down, building momentum...]

...and then leaps off, kicking his legs backwards to go horizontal to the mat, and CRASHES down atop a prone Porten!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SQUASHES HIM!! Just absolutely crushed the man underneath him!

[The referee dives to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Maximus pushes up, pulling Porten off the mat by the hair.]

GM: He pulled him up! Maximus pulled up Porten and refused to end this thing!

[Climbing back to his feet, Maximus immediately has referee Davis Warren jabbing a finger into his chest, shouting at him and gesturing at Porten.]

GM: The referee's trying to get him to end this... trying to get him to-

[The crowd "OHHHHHs" as Maximus reaches out, shoving Davis Warren down to the mat.]

GM: Oh, come on! He just laid his hands on an official!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And he just paid the price for it! Maximus has been disqualified!

[A furious Maximus barks at Warren who rolls out to the floor, earning an earful from Louis Matsui as Maximus stands near the ropes, shouting at the official who gestures at the AWA logo on his chest.]

GM: You can't put your hands on an AWA referee and Maximus knows it. He ignored it and he paid for it. And you better believe the disqualification isn't the last punishment he'll get for it. I believe Maximus is heading towards a fine and a potential suspension to boot, fans!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner, as a result of a disqualification...

HENRY PORTEN!!!

[A decent cheer goes up for the victorious Porten as an enraged Maximus turns his head towards the cheers, shouting at the fans...]

BW: I don't know about you, but Porten is not looking like much of a winner right now.

GM: This isn't done, fans.

[Maximus yanks Porten up by the arm as Louis Matsui climbs the ringsteps, moving into the ring as Maximus grabs Porten around the head and neck...

...and powers him into the air, throwing him down hard with a uranage slam!]

GM: OHHHH! Porten BOUNCED off the canvas after that!

[Maximus again stands over Porten, shouting again.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus says the world is his... and as dominant as he was in this match, he just might be right.

BW: They're gonna need to scrape Porten off the mat after that slam.

GM: Fans, Jason Dane is stepping in there... he's going to try to get some words from Louis Matsui and this monster of a man.

[Jason Dane pulls the mic into sight of a smirking Louis Matsui while MAMMOTH Maximus paces the ring, occasionally blocking the two men.]

JD: Louis Matsui, what was that all about? Your client just threw away his ma-

LM: That's MISTER Matsui to you! And that was not a match! That was a massacre! That was an insult to my client's talent and ability! Stop throwing these bottom-feeders in my client's way and let him get on with his task!

JD: And that task would be?

LM: Climbing the rankings and getting his shot... His FAIR shot; not one tainted by shenanigans by the likes of our current champion... At the World Heavyweight Title! Stop feeding him these nickel-and-dimers and let's put him in the ring against some real competition! The Last American Badboy, for example...

[The crowd cheers the mention of Alex Martinez.]

LM: Or Mister Steal the Spotlight, Skywalker Jones...

[The reaction is a bit more mixed this time.]

LM: Maybe the current Number One Contender, or, if he'd grow a pair and stop hiding behind Royalty, the current World Champion himself might want to come get some of what's due to him! Maybe, just maybe, come July 4th, opportunity won't just come a-knockin'.

This Independence Day, opportunity'll come right at you in the form of a 420-pound behemoth and I defy anyone to try and stop him!

[Matsui smirks at the camera, turning to walk away as Maximus turns at the camera, grabbing Dane by the arm, jerking the mic in front of him.]

"MINE! MINE! THE WORLD IS MINE! BRING ME MARTINEZ! BRING ME SHANE! BRING ME DUFRESNE! BRING ME ANYONE! ANYONE!"

[Maximus shoves the mic back into Dane's chest, knocking him back against the ropes as the big man turns to join his manager out on the floor. The crowd is jeering loudly as Maximus makes his exit up the aisle.]

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus and Louis Matsui are making it clear that they want the big dogs here in the AWA... they want Martinez... Jones... Terry Shane... Calisto Dufresne. The Matsui Corporation has declared war on the entire AWA... and after what just happened to Henry Porten, who will be the next to step up to the plate to face them? We may get an answer to that question on the 4th of July at Opportunity Knocks! But right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet with a special guest! Mark?

[Crossfade backstage. Cue the Steggster. Mark Stegglet stands resplendent in his stained finery, gushing into the microphone as the camera begins to slowly zoom back...the view enlarging with each passing second.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce to you our current number one contender to the AWA World Title and his entourage... Terry Shane III and the Shane Gang!

[The Ring Leader stands in the center of his pack. His black hair falls to his left shoulder, dripping down across the collar area of his green robe that hangs down to the floor. To his left are the Ring Workers, Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong, who sport emerald green track jackets with matching wrestling shorts with white flames shooting up the sides. Miss Sandra Hayes stands immediately to his right looking as refined and manicured as ever in a lime green sun dress that hugs her waistline and flairs out around her knees. Beside here, none other than the Atomic Blond, Donnie White who sports a loud green and white checkered suit complete with a feathered top hat and all that hides the bulk of his bleached blonde hair.]

MS: Welcome to Tallahassee, Florida!

[You can hear a faint cheer from the fans back at ringside.]

MS: I've got to ask... after the spectacle last week during your victory celebration following Memorial Day Mayhem, what in the world is-



[Shane leans in uncomfortably close to the microphone, drawing it away from Stegglet but not out of his hand. Mark, a bit unsure of how to react, leans back as Shane's jawline vanishes underneath his lowered head.]

TS3: What in the world indeed, Mark. We could ask Sandra how she feels. We could ask Lenny and Aaron what it was like to have those bottom feeding florescent haired scumbags embarrass them. We could ask a lot of questions, Mark. But if you want the truth... if you want the cold, hard, honest to god real truth...

...what in the world am I doing in a match with Yuma Weaver?

[Shane snorts, quickly spitting to the ground.]

TS3: The High Chief wants opportunity? He wants his..."shining moment" if you will. He has sworn vengeance on the fans and EVERYONE for over looking him. Look at these men, Mark. Look at Aaron Anderson... at Lenny Strong... at Donnie White. These men were not given HALF the opportunity that Yuma Weaver was GIVEN!

But the AWA.... you... EVERYONE... has OFFICIALLY taken notice.

The RAVE want to get their hands on us. Shadoe Rage wants us dead. Hannibal Carver would like nothing more than to embalm the skull on my very shoulders and hoist it up on his fireplace. That is REAL vengeance, Mark. That is REAL hate.

Since the moment I have arrived, long before I lay victorious in the ring at Memorial Day Mayhem... I have been pushed. I have been prodded, dissected, and had Hannibal Carver try me through and throughout to get me to expose to him a side of me he wants to see. And I have battled, and crawled, and scraped, and fought my way through his ministration for nearly a YEAR. But he, much like Yuma Weaver, can not accept defeat. So if mutilation and crippling injuries are the only language he can communicate with...

...well then that is too DAMN bad.

[His chin tilts up a hair, demeanor proud. Confident.]

TS3: He will NEVER bring me down to his level, Mark. You HEAR me, Hannibal?! DO YOU HEAR ME, YOU TWISTED FREAK?! If I have to choke you to death with a thousands defeats, then that is EXACTLY what I am going to do. I am not going to humor your tantrums and run ins anymore. You hate OUR world because you know deep down that you NEED your can openers and your barbed wire and your chains and chairs and baseball bats and still... STILL... it will NEVER be enough to stop me!

So you can sit at home like you did last week or you can drag your ugly carcass down to ringside and watch me dismantle the great HIGH CHIEF like only I can do. Or.. OR you can just ROT TO HELL for all I care, Hannibal.

[His chest pounds outward, Shane is seething.]

MS: And... Yuma?

[Shane looks almost taken back by the audacity of Stegglet; infact it takes long moments before he formulates a response.]

TS3: He has chosen his path but unfortunately for him...

...it runs into ME.

If twenty nine other men can not bring me down, Mark. Then what kind of CHANCE does Yuma Weaver have to escape Tallahassee with a victory?

[In a flash, Shane tears the microphone from Stegglet's hand.]

TS3 [low, teeth grinding]: No. Escape.

[Shane makes a choking motion with his hands, signifying his signature neck crank submission as the camera fades 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...

As we fade back up, we come to the backstage area, where Jason Dane stands with microphone at the ready.]

JD: Folks, I'm about to be joined by Glenn Hudson, a man whose path seems to take twists and turns that no one can predict...

[Hudson is suddenly by his side and way too quick off the mark.]

GH: Jason Dane, you're a man who needs answers. Have you found out yet where Yuma Weaver's hiding? 'Cause he's supposed to be here tonight and I can't find the bloke anywhere.

[The clearly irritated Australian glances around while Dane recovers.]

JD: Glenn Hudson... Yuma Weaver's scheduled to be in action here tonight, taking on the Memorial Day Rumble winner, Terry Shane III... But I can't say I'm surprised if he's keeping a low profile. We saw on-

GH: It's okay... I'm not gonna burn this place down, I'm just looking for him. I just want to talk, believe it or not.

[Hudson stops, then chuckles at his own ironic remark.]

GH: Okay, so maybe that's not so hard to believe. Sorry, mate. Carry on.

[Dane's eyebrows raise with expectation. A few moments of dead silence pass before our host commits to trying to do this.]

JD: We saw on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, a fortuitous turn of events with Ryan Martinez granted and then passing up a shot at Dave Bryant's World Television Title... His first singles title shot... Stepping aside for you to finally have your chance to get a piece of Bryant! The closest you've been since SuperClash, only for that chance to be snatched away by another brutal assault. This has to feel like deja vu, Glenn. First Alphonse Green and now Yuma Weaver...

GH: I'd need to stop and think before I called anything Alphonse Green dished out a "brutal assault", but...

JD: But! You must be upset though? The frustration must be unbearable.

[Hudson nods, slowly and far too calmly.]

GH: I'm absolutely furious, Jason, let me tell you. Didn't even get within swinging distance of Bryant. Our next dance wasn't meant to happen yet, and I have to believe it didn't happen for a good reason. Whatever it means, Yuma Weaver is that reason.

[He shrugs.]

GH: Maybe I need to try to help Yuma... before I help myself.

[While Hudson slaps clenched fist into open palm, Dane frowns with bemusement at this prospect.]

JD: You actually want to help Yuma Weaver after he attacked you? Turned his back on the fans? That surprises me, to be completely honest. How is this situation different to Alphonse Green, that night in February when Dave Bryant was recognized as the first AWA World Television Champion? He attacked you, cost your shot at Bryant and he got a fight and then some in return.

GH: Let me explain, Jason. The war dance... The feather headdress...

[He throws a hand vaguely backwards over his head.]

GH: That's been his meal ticket and I think it's obvious now that it's things like that... that's been eating away at him. Maybe for years, little by little. Now, mate, I did some very silly things in my time to earn a dollar... and a Los Angeles dollar at that. So maybe I can empathize with Yuma, just a bit. Just enough to have some time for him.

[Finally, a grin.]

GH: Anyway, it's been two weeks and I still didn't see his face on any t-shirts out there... Maybe Yuma's had a chance to reconsider, so I want to give him that chance. Just gotta find him first.

JD: Well... Good luck with that, Glenn. Let's hope you can bring Yuma Weaver back into the fold and give him a chance to apologize. Speaking of the two men you don't have so much time for, Alphonse Green steps up tonight to challenge the self-styled "Doctor of Love" for his World Television Title. How do you feel about this match-up? It mustn't sit well, given your past with Green?

[The Australian considers this for a moment.]

GH: I'm trying to look at this situation as win-win. I want Bryant, no matter what. If the World Television Title is on the line, that's the cherry on top. If not, well... We can't have everything go our way in life. The good news though is that Alphonse is still flapping his gums about me almost as much as I've been flapping my gums about him. The Championship Committee

know we don't get along and they know that gold on the line is just the incentive we'd need to fire up again. That's if Chris Staley didn't beat me to the punch.

JD: Another man who's had a war of words with Green of late.

GH: He sure has. Chris Staley could be our next, next World Television champion. One we could actually be proud of and that'd be one hell of an improvement.

[He waves a hand of dismissal.]

GH: But let's not get ahead of ourselves. Alphonse Green. Dave Bryant. One of those two men are going to be disappointed... bitterly disappointed before this night's over. I really don't want to miss that, so I've gotta care of my business quickly.

[Hudson gives Dane a friendly slap on the shoulder and continues his search for the troubled Weaver.]

JD: Glenn Hudson is prepared to give Yuma Weaver a second chance... IF he can find him. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[Crossfade back to ringside where the announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. After what went down two weeks ago, Glenn Hudson is willing to forgive and forget what Yuma Weaver did to him. That guy is something else, Bucky.

BW: A real moron if you ask me. Weaver cost him a shot at the Television Title and he wants to give him a hug and tell him how much he understands. I've always thought Hudson was an idiot... even those days in LA that he's talking about where he around jabbing guys with a fork... but this is too much.

GM: I think it's pretty honorable of him to attempt to give the young man a second chance, Bucky.

BW: You would. But I saw a piece of footage a little earlier that our cameras managed to pick up that might change your opinion.

GM: Oh?

BW: Roll it!

[We abruptly cut to a shot of a slightly opened door, obviously in the backstage area somewhere, that has a voice emerging from it.]

??: Did I call it or what, my friend?

[There's no audible response, just a barely discernible grunt. The voice, however, is recognizable as the TV champ, Dave Bryant.]

DB: C'mon, man! You knocked that jerk Hudson loopy, you helped ensure that justice prevailed, and most of all, you showed the world that...

[The camera moves in a little closer, poking into the door and seeing two people. The aforementioned Television champ, Dave Bryant, and...]

DB: ...the name "Yuma Weaver" isn't a joke. You showed them that you're a man to be feared...and respected. More people have had the name Yuma Weaver cross their lips in the past two weeks than you've ever heard them mention it in years! I told you that I thought you had something, and you've proven that I was right.

[Weaver is in fact standing opposite Bryant, who is holding out a large manila envelope to the big Native American.]

DB: Now, I know you're interested in things besides money, but you're working with me now, MISTER Weaver, so you'll need to look the part.

[Bryant smirks as Weaver takes the envelope, nodding. Bryant turns towards the door, seeing the camera, and then furiously turns to Weaver. Bryant opens his mouth, obviously ready to chew out his new employee, then stops.]

DB: All right, Mr. Weaver, lesson number one. If you want to have a secret meeting with someone...

[Bryant looks over to the door, leading Weaver's gaze to it.]

DB: Make sure you shut the damn door!

[Weaver quickly strides over to the door, pushing the camera back by its lens, effectively piefacing the cameraman to the floor and slamming the door shut in his face.

Crossfade back to live action where Bucky is cackling madly as Gordon Myers shakes his head in disbelief.]

GM: Are you trying to tell me that Yuma Weaver did this - he betrayed the fans AND Glenn Hudson - for money?!

BW: I don't know about that. We'll have to wait and hear what Bryant and Weaver have to say about what we just saw but Glenn Hudson stands back there thinking that Weaver may be regretting his decision from two weeks' ago... well, if that envelope had what I think it had in it, I'm guessing Yuma Weaver ain't regretting a single thing, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that later tonight when he collides with Terry Shane III in the center of the ring! But right now, let's go back up to the ring for tag team action!

[Up in the ring, Phil Watson is ready to give the intros. Already in there are two wrestlers. One is a tanned man with shoulder-length blonde hair, red trunks, and black boots. He looks like he needs a shave. The other wears a two-strap singlet with a white-and-green checkerboard pattern, and white boots... he's got a black V-shaped buzzcut and a thick mustache.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, from Jacksonville, Florida and Galway, Ireland respectively. At a total combined weight of four hundred sixty-six pounds. The team of...

...Allen Allen and Mort Murtaugh!

[Allen flips his blond hair while Murtaugh does some shoulder stretches. The fans boo tepidly, then react loudly as the opening organ ditty of "So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys starts to play.]

GM: Here come your favorite senatorial constituents.

BW: You're just rubbing it in, Gordo. After what they did last week, I may have to issue a Congressional decree absolving myself of this!

PW: About to come down the aisle, from New Seattle in the year 2032. At a total combined weight of three hundred ninety-nine pounds...

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

[In the middle of the introduction, a burst of blinding color is emitted from the entranceway. No, that's not strobe lighting, that's the Rave.

Jerby Jezz, a pale reddish-skinned man with hair bleached white and tied back in a ponytail with pink and purple stripes like a raccoon tail, is on the left. He's wearing an open jacket covered in sequins: magenta on the upper third, pale gold in the middle, and deep blue on the bottom, in wavy patterns. His baggy pants are green with red, blue, and brown 'explosion' blotches painted on them in various parts. Along with that, he's wearing shiny silver Roos with blue lining, orange armties, and a huge pair of electric yellow shades.

Shizz Dawg OG, a light mocha-skinned man with a near-Erving-sized afro which is colored blue with brown shapes that try to mimic the continents of Earth (but you can't really get that right on a hairstyle), is on the right. He's wearing a 'robe' which consists of strips of multicolored fabric knitted onto a chrome shoulderframe, kneelength stonewashed jeans with a green dragon painted on one half and a red knight painted on the other half, blue legwarmers with yellow lightning bolts on either side, and chartreuse laceless ankle-high boots. He is accessorized by black, grey, brown, and purple shoelaces tied around his arms in a fishnet pattern and octagonal goggles which have a blue base and red lenses.

Both men have their brass steampunk-looking wristlaunchers. They half-strut and half-dance to the ring in a way that suggests that scoliosis is common in 2032.]

GM: The Rave seem to make a concerted effort to outdo themselves every week in finding the weirdest attire humanly possible.

BW: My favorite part of The Rave is how they bring out your repressed side, Gordo.

GM: They look like what would happen if someone tried to dress up as the Rockefeller Center Christmas Tree.

BW: Just like that.

[The fans are cheering the Rave much more than usual as they gyrate, shimmy, slide, and quiver down the aisle and up the ring steps. They start dancing on the apron, if indeed that can be called dancing.]

GM: And The Rave now showing why electrified underwear never caught on in 2013.

BW: Why aren't you like this more often?

GM: Well, I try to maintain professionalism at all times. And while Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG are more professional than they would have anyone believe, it is very difficult to take them seriously. I know they're doing it on purpose, and it's still difficult.

BW: I still think they're really from the future. In fact, it makes more sense now than ever. There's no way they'd do anything as stupid as they did on the last Saturday Night Wrestling if they didn't believe that the fate of all time was at stake.

[The music dies down, and the rave leap into the ring as one. They head to center ring, go back-to-back, pose, and fire off their streamers from their wrist launchers with a loud POP noise. The crowd gives that a cheer.]

GM: The fans seem to be behind them after their crashing of Terry Shane III's Memorial Day Rumble victory party.

BW: And the crashing of that cake on poor defenseless Miss Sandra Hayes!

GM: She's hardly defenseless, and that was hilarious.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The beefy Irishman, Mort Murtaugh, steps up into mid ring and waves The Rave on to come fight him. Shizz gives him a dismissive backhand wave as the two alleged time-travelers are removing their wrist units, eyewear, and jackets.]



GM: You know they're being serious when they're not wrestling in their ring jackets.

BW: Stalling for time at the open. It's a good mind game. Kinda surprising from the Rave.

GM: Bucky, everything they do is a mind game. The strange vernacular, the bizarre attire, the ludicrous backstory. All of it is a mind game. It looks like they have both put on a couple pounds of musculature in the past couple of weeks, but they're both still around the two hundred pound mark and need to rely on strategy and guile to win most matches.

BW: Or they're from the future and use advanced 2032 techniques to win with advanced 2032 training regimen and diets to make their two-hundred pounds more...

[As Bucky speaks, Murtaugh turns in disgust to the referee and complains that the bell has rung, and his opponents should be made to come fight. As soon as he turns his head, both Jezz and Shizz stop what they're doing, sprint at him, and thumb him in the eye.]

GM: Double eye poke by the Rave! Some advanced 2032 technique.

BW: Science has discovered new nerve clusters in the eye that can damage the entire body if they're both hit at the same time!

GM: Please. Jerby Jezz out and the Dawg OG kicking Murtaugh in the chest. Snapmare, and a dropkick to the back of the head.

BW: Murtaugh fighting his way up. He's staggering but doesn't want to stay down.

GM: Look at Mort Murtaugh. He's about two-fifty-five, and is a young wrestler who apprenticed in Europe and is now touring the US for experience. He's a tough young man but absolutely does not know what to make of what he is seeing.

BW: He just saw a spinning heel kick by Shizz Dawg, and now he's seeing ring lights because he's flat on his back.

GM: The Dawg drags Murtaugh to his corner and tags in Jerby Jezz. The Dawg has Murtaugh's legs...

[As Shizz tucks Murtaugh's legs in slingshot position, he drops back. Jerby Jezz rushes in and leaps to drop an elbow to the sternum of the Irishman as he is launched from his shoulders, driving him back down with the knees of the Dawg buried into the small of his back!]

BW: Vicious double team there! This is the edge a true tag team has against two singles or a less experienced team. This is why Vasquez and Scott can never beat the Aces.

GM: That remains to be seen. The OG is out and Jerby Jezz is in. He drags Murtaugh to the ropes and starts choking him on the second rope. One thing for sure is that The Rave haven't changed their tactics because the fans are cheering them.

BW: Well, I don't see any bicycle chains. But the people cheer because Jerby and Shizz have finally lost their minds and are attacking true stars. I mean, Terry Shane? Why would anyone provoke Terry Shane?!

GM: Jerby tags the Dawg, and runs off the far ropes. The Dawg OG walks down the apron to where Murtaugh is. What are they setting up? OH MY STARS!

[With Murtaugh's chest and neck resting on the second rope, Jerby thunders in and jumps between the top and middle rope as Shizz slingshots himself over the top. Shizz Dawg OG turns in midair and crashes down on Mort's back with a hobby horse as Jerby's feet swing around for a Sayama Feint Kick!]

BW: THAT'S IT, GORDO!

GM: If Mort Murtaugh knows his own name after that, I'll be impressed! But the coordination required to pull off that move is even more impressive. Jezz had to factor in the slingshot when hooking the top rope and had to factor in the hobby horse when aiming that kick! One mistake by either man would have been embarrassing and painful!

BW: Shizz picks up Murtaugh, and throws him out through the ropes! Superior Countout Victory coming up! Er, no, wait, to be a Superior Countout Victory there has to be both opponents out and both Rave in. Otherwise it's a normal doublecount.

[The Rave start showboating as the count is laid on poor Mort.]

GM: How on Earth do you know that?

BW: They gave me a glossary a while ago.

GM: ...there's a glossary?!

BW: I only read the first couple lines, but yeah.

GM: And you never thought to share this with the rest of us who are trying to decipher their insane rambling?

BW: A good broadcast journalist never shares his sources!

GM: But that journalist does USE them, instead of reading just a few lines. Mort Murtaugh makes it back in, and tags Allen Allen. I have to say, that's a great show of toughness from the Irishman because that last doubleteam move was brutal. Allen Allen in, and offers a hand for a handshake.

[Allen gives a big cheesy smile. Shizz Dawg decides to give his own big cheesy smile and reach for the handshake, only to pull his hand up and give Allen some strange hand signal with his index and ring finger crossed behind his middle finger which he waggles up and down. Allen stands up, absolutely perplexed at what this is supposed to mean. He starts to ask what that is supposed to mean, but Shizz sends a haymaker into his mouth with his other hand as soon as he starts talking!]

BW: OW! That's how ya lose teeth, Gordo!

GM: That's another example of that 2032 mystique perplexing opponents and giving the Rave an edge. They are far, far more intelligent than they act. Shizz Dawg scooping Allen by the waist and driving him down with the side backbreaker. The Jacksonville native is much closer to the Rave's size than most of their opponents are.

BW: Very small guys, two-ten and under, are at a massive disadvantage in this sport. There ain't no weight classes. So a guy that size hasta have inhuman drive and desire to make it in a sport where they might have to face a MAMMOTH on any given day. It makes more sense for them to be in tags where that teamwork and tactics can make up the difference.

GM: The tag was made and a double vertical suplex by The Rave. Jerby Jezz runs over to the corner and kicks Murtaugh off the apron, then runs back at Allen... sunset fl-OHHH!

[As Allen Allen went down with the sunset flip, Shizz Dawg launched a running knee to the back of his head as he went down! The result was a loud WHAP and visible whiplash! That gets a loud pop from the crowd!]

BW: HO HO! They just knocked Allen Allen into the middle of next week, and they probably hit him again then to send him on back!

GM: That was a concussion waiting to happen, and the Dawg now exits. Jerby Jezz with a scoop slam, and going up to the second turnbuckle on the inside!

[Jezz makes a quick motion to the crowd, and jumps off, swooping down with a flying baseball-slide dropkick to the side of Allen's head as the crowd cheers.]

BW: Crazy move! How do you dropkick a guy when he's on his back?!

GM: We just saw it! Quick tag made. Two things we know for sure: the Shane Gang's Ring Workers have been assigned to take down the Rave, and they are going to have to bring a lot of mental focus in order to do the job. The Dawg OG... what is he doing?

[What he's doing is putting Allen Allen on his shoulders, as if setting up a Doomsday Device. Jerby Jezz runs off the far ropes, and Shizz backs up to the ropes and drops to his knees. Jezz leaps into a flying forearm that

connects with Allen as Shizz stands up, sending Allen flipping over the top rope at high velocity! Huge cheers follow that vicious-looking move!]

GM: GOOD LORD!

BW: The Rave is going for the jugular, daddy!

GM: They always go for the jugular, which again is one of the ways they compensate for their size. But Allen Allen was lucky he didn't land on his head on the concrete, and I'm sure he's down for the doublecount, as they say.

BW: They're gonna make sure, Gordo.

[Jerby Jezz, who ended up on the apron after his flying forearm, slides down to the floor as Shizz Dawg rolls under the bottom rope. They scoop up Allen in a double scoop, and drop him chest-first on the railing. Murtaugh comes rumbling over and exchanges blows with Jerby as Shizz positions Allen with his waist on the railing; Allen's feet hang a couple of inches off the floor as he is draped there.]

GM: They're setting up their eponymous finisher, which really ought to be banned.

BW: Glad you're staying consistent with that now that they're going after guys you have a grudge against.

GM: I do not have... DOUBLE SLAM ON THE CONCRETE! The Rave overwhelming Murtaugh with numbers and slamming him on the floor!

BW: And now they're draping him, too! We're gonna get a two-fer!

GM: Both Murtaugh and Allen are hanging exposed as the Rave ascends to the top ropes on either side!

[The cheers are loud as Jezz and Dawg stand above the crowd. They look down at their targets, nod, and jump. Jezz comes down across the back of Allen as Dawg comes down across the back of Murtaugh, and each one reaches across to nail the other opponent in the back of the head with an axehandle blow. This causes Dawg's axehandle to hit Jezz's arms which diminishes the impact, but the result is nonetheless impressive. Murtaugh remains draped on the railing unmoving while Allen flops over the side at the feet of the fans in the first row. The spectacular move gets a loud reaction from the crowd.]

BW: \_THE RAVE\_! BY THE RAVE!

GM: The move they named after themselves connects, and that will be all for Murtaugh and Allen. The Rave are themselves a bit stunned, but they slide back into the ring.

BW: And THIS is the Superior Countout Victory!

GM: Technically, the referee shouldn't count with both members of The Rave in the ring, but this is so academic at this point that there's no reason to prolong the match.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: So what I need to do is broker a peace. I'm a Senator, and that's what Senators do. I don't want to see the Rave end up going the way of all the other baby-kissin' suckers who get brainwashed by the fans and lose their killer instinct.

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

[The Rave grab Phil and stop his announcement. A brief explanation follows. Phil grits his teeth and restarts.]

PW: I stand corrected.

The winners of this match, by SUPERIOR COUNTOUT VICTORY...

...THE RAVE!

["So What'cha Want" starts back up as Jerby and Shizz climb the turnbuckles to do their future dance moves.]

GM: We just saw a great deal of killer instinct. They jumped down fifteen feet to crush two men between themselves and the guardrail, after almost giving their opponents a concussion and a broken neck.

BW: But they might get changed, Gordo! I need to talk to Terry, talk to Sandra, and get this smoothed over. I'm sure there's a good explanation that don't involve Terry Shane III's son from the future comin' to take his daddy's place in the Rumble because he read about how it was won and wanted to change history.

GM: I thought you believed they were time travelers?

BW: Well, maybe it was somebody else that came from the future and screwed it up! It coulda been anybody!

GM: Jason Dane is at ringside with The Rave. If you'd share that glossary, maybe we'd get some answers.

BW: Nope.

[Up to Dane, who stands by with Jerby and Shizz, who are catching their breath after their match.]

JD: Another victory for The Rave. Gentlemen, after your interruption of Terry Shane III's victory celebration, you know that Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong, the Ring Workers, are coming for you. Why did you do that,

and why did you pull a switch with the Hive at Memorial Day Mayhem to fight them in the first place?!

[At the sound of Memorial Day Mayhem, the Rave get agitated.]

JJ: DON'T SPOIL WHAT WILLDID HAPPENED THERE!

JD: Pardon?

SDOG: You dimscrew, you almost flutzed timespace! We haven't done that yet!

JD: Haven't...

SDOG: Jerb and me have been strategerizing ways to rixx the Ring Workers out of the timeflow so we can get at the roilspur, Terry Shane IV! One of the ideas we had was to switch with those dumb drones and go back to Memorial Day Mayhem to rocknihilate those gyzzrus loafs, but apparently it didwon't work. But if we satellate to the flow and learn how we willdid fail, and we willdon't do exactly the same things, it'll spawnagate a stable time loop!

JJ: Don't you protosheep flow with ANYTHING?! Now we have to flow back to Memorial Day and flutz the mission up just to save the timeline! But then (linearly speaking), we'll be so war-raged that The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior will demand that we not only proceed to rocknihilate the Ring Workers in linear time, but also remaxfenestrate them!

SDOG: Remaxfenestration is serious buisness!

JD: Just... look, can't you get a dictionary and speak anciespeak like the rest of us?

[The Rave look at each other with eyes wide in shock.]

JJ: Shizz! The primitate finally flowed with some modernlang!

SDOG: Even a scrapped chronoslide is right at least thrice per megacycle.

JD: I guess that's a no. One last question. Since you're now facing off with the hated Ring Workers, the fans seem to be behind you. Many of them always found your, ah, idiom amusing, and now they're openly cheering you. What do you have to say about this newfound popularity?

[Now the duo seem absolutely perplexed.]

JJ: What's an idiom?

SDOG: I think it's anciespeak for being winhaving.

JJ: We are winhaving! And our winhaving jaggos always supported us through the many timetransversions that didhave happened. Every

timecycle, more and more protosheep evolve into intellipees. For all our intellipees, the Rave obey the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior and always fight to the spectacular doublecount! And always rave!

Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

JD: I... think they just said that they appreciate the cheers. Gordo and Bucky, back to you.

[When we go back, Bucky is fiddling with an item that looks like a cross between an iPad and a Star trek tricorder.]

GM: It sounds like the Rave is indeed aiming for the Ring Workers. Bucky, what IS that?

BW: It's the glossary. This is what they read stuff on in 2032. I, uh, of course I know how it works, I just can't turn it on with the camera running because some engineer would get ideas from it and, like they just said, stable time loop.

GM: Of course. \*sigh\* Fans, two weeks ago, we saw a most explosive situation with Shadoe Rage taking on the South African, Colonel P.W. de Klerk. Rage, quite obviously, was enraged by the racist and bigoted action of de Klerk and took it out on him in a very violent fashion before comparing de Klerk to Terry Shane. Earlier this week, Jason Dane sat down with Shadoe Rage to get his thoughts two weeks later on this very matter. Let's take a look...

[We fade away from Gordon to a shot on a studio set, perhaps at the WKIK Studios back in Dallas. In the top right corner of the screen, a red telltale flashes previously recorded. The studios are fairly empty except y for a few posters of AWA wrestlers. The two directors chairs are occupied by the AWA's Jason Dane and a rather subdued Shadoe Rage. Rage is dressed in hot pink jeans and Jesus sandals. Unusually he wears a burgundy sports jacket and an open-collared crisp whiteshirt. He wears fuchsia tortoiseshell glasses with pale grey lenses that fail to contain the energy of his wild hazel eyes. His decorated dreadlocks are pulled back into a ponytail. This is probably as businesslike and somber as you could expect from the Haligonian Wildman.]

JD: Shadoe, last week we saw you in perhaps your most intense match to date against P. W. de Klerk. what happened? what were you thinking during that controversial matchup?

SR:(voice subdued) P. W. de Klerk went too far with some of the things he said to me in that ring. He's a relic of old, prejudiced thinking. He insulted me, my family, my ability based solely on my race. I wasn't going to let that stand. I kicked his head off to teach him a lesson. I will not tolerate men like him. No, I will not.

JD: So you said. You also said that de Klerk reminded you a lot of Terry Shane III. Now that you've had some time to calm down do you still hold to those comments?

[Rage removes his glasses and tucks them into his inside pocket. He leans forward towards Dane, his eyes blazing.]

SR: I don't take back a word. de Klerk thinks he's so pure and privileged that he shouldn't be touched by a man like me. Terry Shane may not care about race, I don't know, but he believes he is entitled to succeed in the AWA strictly based on his geneology. (Smirking) Didn't think I had that in the vocabulary, did you?

JD: I know you're full of surprises, Mr, Rage.

SR: Nepotism is no basis for success, Dane. Wrestling should be based on merit. But we always have men who believe that their merit is based on their name and not on their deeds. I cannot hold with that.

JD: You talked a little bit about your father, Adrian Rage. He was a cautionary tale in wrestling.

[Rage pauses, looking down for a moment.]

SR: This is no secret. My father was an outlawed professional wrestler. He had nine children to feed. He traveled the world looking for work, looking for that break that would vault him to the top. It never came because no one would give him the big break. He struggled through small independent gig to gig, believing that maybe one day he'd get the break. It never came. Nobody in the big time ever came knocking. Our family was falling apart and he believed that one big break would change everything. Nobody ever gave him that break. He died a broken man. Two ex-wives, nine children, no means of support.

JD: And that's affected you ever since?

SR: That has motivated my entire career. I've had a lot of success in wrestling throughout my career. I've made enough money to fix my family, but I'm after the AWA championship to honor my father and I have a score to settle with Terry Shane who embarrasses his family name with every passing week.

JD: Those are strong words.

SR: Terry Shane III has embarrassed his father's name. What has he done except run and hide like a scared coward. He wants to hide behind a gang and pretend he's doing something noble. There is nothing noble about what he's doing. It's a shame on the Shane name. And I'm going to dismantle his gang and force him to be a man and stand on his own two feet. That's when he will be forced to prove that Terry Shane Jr. actually gave birth to a man not this sniveling crawling thing.



[Dane nods.]

JD: And that's why you turned down Miss Sandra Hayes' offer to join the Shane Gang?

SR: Jason Dane, I am a man. I don't need to be a flunky like Donnie White. I am a man not a pack mule to carry Terry Shane to the top. I'm a man that is going to stand on his own two feet and walk his way to the top.

[Rage stands up, yanking his microphone from his shirt. He points in Jason Dane's face.]

SR: You tell Terry Shane III that I'm coming for him and I'm going to humble him. I'm going to embarrass him. I'm going to prove that the Shane name means nothing. Believe that!

[And with that he's gone. The camera fades back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... from Bonesteel, South Dakota... he weighs in at 280 pounds...

MADHOUSE MCWESSON!

[The jeers pour down on McWesson as the ring announcer continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Tom Sawyer" by Rush hits the speakers.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... he hails from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 260 pounds...

TRAAAAAAVISSS LYNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngest of the Lynch brothers and as it does so the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out the music. The youngster is, as always, dressed in his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white. Rounding out the attire is a brand new AWA Lynch t-shirt. The white T-shirt has the image of Texas upon it and imposed over it are the words "TEXAS BORN." As Travis goes to the ring in a slight jog, the back of the shirt can be seen and it says "RAISED A LYNCH."]

GM: Travis Lynch is on his way down the aisle in the brand new Lynch family t-shirt... I bought one myself earlier today.

BW: You've been working here for over five years and you don't merit a free t-shirt? You really need a new agent.

GM: I proudly put down my money for that shirt. These Lynch boys are the kind of young men to be proud of inside that wrestling ring... and outside it for that matter.

[Lynch jogs down the aisle as the fans reach over the barricade to slap his arms. He pauses a couple times en route to hug a pair of enthusiastic young ladies before he slides under the bottom rope into the ring.]

GM: Travis has a look of pure determination in his eyes tonight.

BW: Determination? I call it realization, Gordo. He, just like all the other Stenches, realize they are no match for the Beale Street Bullies after the beating they took two weeks ago.

GM: They jumped the Lynches and used a cast and belt to get the advantage over James and Travis!

BW: Excuses, excuses. Rogers, Donovan and Wyatt are just plain better than the Lynches.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The bell sounds as Travis Lynch begins to pull off his usual two sizes too small t-shirt...

...but gets met with a quick kick to the gut by a fiesty McWesson who snatches a side headlock.]

GM: McWesson attacks Travis out of the gate, not allowing him to get that t-shirt off...

BW: It's amazing he can even get that Child's Size Small off and on, Gordo.

[Travis backs McWesson into the ropes, muscling him off into the far ropes.]

GM: Travis shoves him off... McWesson goes under a clothesline attempt, hitting the far side...

[McWesson keeps on a-comin' but runs right into a spinning powerslam out of the powerful Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch with the big powerslam! McWesson attempted to gain a cheap advantage but Travis quickly puts the momentum on his side with that big powerslam!

[Lynch scampers back to his feet, staying on the attack with an elbow drop to the chest... and a second... and a third...]

BW: He's all over ol' Madhouse with those elbow drops... and you'd think for someone who loves these idiots cheering for him that he'd be able to follow the rules, Gordo. The referee's ordering him to lay off the mat.

GM: A half dozen elbow drops connect before Lynch backs off, arms raised as he allows Madhouse McWesson get up off the mat...

[As McWesson struggles up to a knee, Lynch grabs him by the arm, powering him into the corner where McWesson hits hard...

...and Lynch rushes in, connecting with a big running clothesline! He stays in the corner, gritting his teeth as he hooks a side headlock and hammers away with clenched fists to the skull!]

GM: Travis Lynch showing that trademark Lynch fire!

BW: Fire? Come on, Gordo... this is that trademark Lynch hypocrisy! Breaking the rules and expecting these idiots to cheer him for it!

GM: Breaking the rules? Did he use a cast to smash a man over the head? Did he use a leather strap to whip a man?!

BW: I ain't talkin' 'bout the Bullies, Gordo. I don't see Madhouse McWesson doin' any of that so Lynch ain't got no right to break the rules against him!

[Travis raises his arms, showing the referee a clean break. Marty Meekly gives Lynch a few words of warning...

...which gives McWesson a chance to stick a thumb in the eye of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Cheap shot out of McWesson!

[As the referee wheels around to warn McWesson for the illegal blow, the burly brawler opens fire with a right hand of his own to create some space between he and the fan favorite. A second right hand knocks Lynch back a pair of steps and down to a knee where a third one puts Lynch down onto both knees.]

GM: McWesson's trying to seize the moment here and turn this thing around for himself.

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, McWesson yanks him up, shoving him back into the corner...]

GM: Lynch backed into the corner... look out here!

[With the referee shouting at him, McWesson just opens up with a series of big rights and lefts, connecting over and over on the skull on Lynch.]

GM: Get him out of there, referee! McWesson continues to fire off the rights and lefts in the corner and-

BW: Lynch should be used to being beaten now - you ever heard what the ol' man used to do to them?

GM: BUCKY!

[Ignoring the official, McWesson leans over, driving his shoulder into the gut of Lynch...]

GM: The referee's trying to get McWesson to back off... this is looking eerily familiar. Just like MAMMOTH Maximus did earlier tonight against Henry Porten.

[McWesson lands two more shoulders before straightening up, earning crazy jeers from the crowd as he reaches out to wrap his hands around the throat of Lynch!]

GM: He's choking him now! This guy's going too far, Bucky!

[Forcing Lynch to sit down in the corner, McWesson plants his boot on the windpipe on Lynch...]

GM: He's using his boot to choke the air out of Lynch! And finally, the referee's able to back him off!

BW: Look at Lynch coughing, gasping for air. I love it. McWesson's in charge and I can feel it, Gordo! He's gonna rid the AWA of one of the Stenches!

GM: Is that a fact? I wouldn't count out Travis Lynch just yet.

[An angry McWesson backs to the middle of the ring before pushing past the official to rush in on Lynch...]

...who sidesteps, throwing McWesson chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE CORNER GOES MCWESSON!!

[Grabbing McWesson by his long hair, Lynch doesn't miss a beat as he SLAMS it into the top turnbuckle...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[A dazed McWesson staggers back as Lynch grabs an arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Ohh! Into the corner goes McWesson again...

[A charging Lynch throws a back elbow into the jaw, bouncing off the stunned McWesson. He wheels around, throwing a boot to the gut...]

GM: He's puttin' the boots to McWesson!

[The kicks force McWesson to his rear in the corner as Lynch opens fire, stomping the heck out of him...]

BW: Look at this, Gordo! Just look at it!

GM: I'm looking.

BW: It just figures you aren't screaming injustice when it's the pretty boy who has a man trapped in the corner and is just stomping him into a pulp!

GM: Well, Travis IS showing a bit of a mean streak right now. The official forcing him back...

[McWesson struggles up to his feet as Lynch goes into a full spin...]

GM: OHH! DISCUS PUNCH!!

[The force from the spinning haymaker sends McWesson snapping back into the corner, staggering back out...]

BW: Come on, ref! That was an illegal closed fist!

[Travis lifts his hand in the air...]

GM: THE CLAW!

[The crowd roars as Travis locks the Claw onto the forehead of the Madhouse. Travis grabs his left wrist with his right hand and begins to squeeze harder.]

GM: McWesson is trapped and he has nowhere to go! And if you think this doesn't hurt, someone should ask Robert Donovan! Donovan knows exactly what this feels like!

[McWesson drops to a knee and begins shouting at the official.]

GM: He's giving up! McWesson just gave up to the Iron Claw!

[The referee calls for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers for the bell but starts to buzz with surprise as Travis still does not release the Claw, the pressure of the hold sending McWesson down to both knees.]

BW: Look at this! Lynch is refusing to release the hold!

[After a few moments more, Travis finally releases the hold and thrusts his arms into the air.]

GM: Travis Lynch is your winner, fans... but that was something we're not used to seeing out of the Lynch brothers. We're used to that high level of sportsmanship and fair play but...

BW: Finally, he releases that death grip but who knows what type of damage has been done to the head of McWesson and... oh jeez, who gave this idiot a microphone?

[Travis taps the top of the microphone and begins to speak.]

TL: So Beale Street Bullies...

[Travis exhales a few times, trying to catch his breath after the tough matchup.]

TL: You know the Lynches' dirty secrets ... you know all about us? Well, did you know I would do that? DID YOU?

[The crowd cheers as Travis paces the ring back and forth as he speaks.]

TL: Ol' Madhouse there felt the Lynch fury 'cause of you boys... you see, you've crossed the line!

[Lynch nods.]

TL: First, Donovan tries to be the next big thing in the AWA by making his mark on the Lynches! Then Wyatt thinks he's a big boy and tries to break my neck... and who knows what grave Rogers crawled out of but... boy, you aren't in Los Angeles anymore!

[Big cheer! Travis continues to pace around the squared circle, his breath echoing over the mic.]

TL: Week after week, I have to listen to the clowns of Beale Street belittle my brothers, myself and more importantly, our FATHER!

[Travis stops dead in his tracks and stares directly at the camera.]

TL: Jack, James and myself... we're big boys and we can defend ourselves but you three? You run your mouths about our ol' man?

I understand the jealousy your fathers had with him. I get it... a man as decorated as him, winning the hearts of the fans all over the South... I mean, I get it. They couldn't lace his boots on their best day... and neither can any of you!

[The crowd cheers the fire out of Travis.]

TL: That's why they had to battle one another... they had to be better than someone. Boys, you're brought together by one common thread... and it's not a legacy of greatness, it's the green eyed monster!

And let's face it that monster will only carry you so far... while Jack, James and myself are bound by blood!

[Again, the crowd roars.]

TL: When you decided to whip James like a government mule... well, now that blood is boiling and boys, you will PAY!

[Travis throws the mic down, getting another big cheer from the Florida crowd before he steps through the ropes to the ring apron, dropping down to the floor.]

GM: Wow! Travis Lynch is fired up after the actions of the Beale Street Bullies two weeks ago... and we're expecting to hear from Jack and James tonight as well. The Bullies may have bitten off more than they can chew with this particular family! Fans, we've got take another break but we'll be right back with more AWA Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to pre-taped footage marked "JUNE 15 - MOBILE, ALABAMA." The ring has Pete Colt being thrown across it in a head-and-arm suplex by Supreme Wright. A voiceover from Mark Stegglet is heard.]

MS: Earlier this week, Supreme Wright took on Pete Colt in Mobile, Alabama in the Mobile Civic Center. Wright used his array of high impact throws and slams to have Colt reeling.



[A well-placed elbow strike sends Colt spinning away, falling with his torso draped over the middle rope. Wright approaches fast, sliding under the legs to the floor where he spins back, throwing a front elbow to the temple before spinning to deliver a back elbow to the other temple, knocking Colt down to the mat.]

MS: Wright was bringing the pain with a high impact, high intensity offense that had Pete Colt trying to cover up...

[Wright rolls back into the ring to find Colt down on his knees, shaking his head as he slowly raises his hands in an apparent begging off motion but before he can get that far...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...Wright lays him out with a snapping kick to the side of the head!]

MS: Oof! A devastating kick out of Wright... but he wasn't quite done yet!

[Before Colt can slump to the mat, Wright snatches him up into a rear naked choke, holding on tight as Colt weakly fights it for a moment...

...and then taps out.]

MS: The chokeout win for Supreme Wright there, fans... and as Wright continues to try to work his way back into the World Title picture after eliminating himself from the Rumble back at Memorial Day Mayhem, he also continues to lay waste to anyone who has stepped into his path. But the question remains - why did he eliminate himself that night rather than battle Eric Preston? And what will happen when he meets Alex Martinez in one-on-one action?

[We crossfade from a still shot of Wright choking out Pete Colt...

...to Phil Watson standing in the ring. The bell sounds as he starts to speak.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 10 minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Guadalajara, Mexico, weighing in at 239 pounds, EL FANTASMA NEGRO!

[A rather sizable luchador dressed in red and black makes the cut-throat gesture to the crowd, who boos in reply.]

BW: Ooh, the Black Phantom. I like the sound of this guy, daddy.

PW: And his opponent...

[The fans are already on their feet as “Jesus Christ Pose” blares over the loudspeakers.]



BW: They should be illegal.

GM: Huh?

BW: You don't kick a man in the face, that's his moneymaker, Gordo!

[Silence for a second.]

GM: You do realize El Fantasma Negro's wearing a mask, right?

BW: Um, yes.

GM: You are incorrigible.

[Staley backs off a bit, going to the center of the ring. He runs forward with an attempted knee to the face, but EFN moves, leaving Staley to JUST miss slamming his knee into the turnbuckle.]

GM: Whoa! Staley's able to hit the brakes and avoid the buckles!

BW: So much for that focus.

[Staley glances over his shoulder and sees EFN facing the other way. He waits to pounce, like a caged tiger. EFN finally turns around and Staley hops to the middle rope, diving off with a crossbody!]

GM: Crossbody off the middle rope... but he rolls right off the man and back to his feet...

BW: It's a sham. The old Staley would've been on him like syrup on some sweet, sweet pancakes.

GM: You...paint an interesting picture.

BW: And I make myself hungry too!

[The masked man gets back up, scrambling to his feet as he points to his mask.]

GM: Now what is El Fantasma Negro's problem? He's complaining about something to referee Marty Meekly.

BW: He pulled his mask! I saw it! You never take a luchador's mask. It's the ultimate insult!

GM: Would you stop? He did not!

[Staley looks on, amused, as Meekly is attempting to to draw EFN's attention back to him. When he does turn around, Staley moves in, grabbing EFN around the upper thighs, lifting him into an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! That'll send a jolt down the spine!

[With EFN staggered, Staley leaps up, lashing out with a kick to the back of the skull which causes EFN to do a full front flip, landing on his back!]

GM: Goodness! What a kick to the skull!

[Staley climbs back to his feet, looking around, wondering if he should go for the finish yet. He makes the spinning finger gesture, which draws a pop from the fans.]

GM: Oh boy, here we go!

BW: No! Not just yet! Fantasma's not letting him lock it in!

[Staley looks to be going for the Lethal Injection, but EFN is kicking away on his back, backing Staley off.]

GM: The luchador fought his way out of it... ohh!

[Having failed to lock in his submission, Staley swung the luchador's legs to the side and drove an elbow down across the bridge of the masked man's nose. EFN rolls back and forth, clutching his face in pain...]

GM: Staley's got him hurting after that and...

[A grin crosses Staley's face as he looks down at EFN, looking at the nearby ropes...

...and slowly starts clapping his hands together.]

GM: Staley's got these fans on their feet! Clapping their hands along with him... waiting to see what he's got in store for EFN right about now...

[With the claps getting louder and faster, Staley rubs his hands together, nodding and waving for EFN to rise. As the luchador pushes up off the mat, Staley dashes to the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back...

...and LASHING out with a kick to the skull, causing the luchador to slump backwards motionless to the mat!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: HEY! He just stole the Ground Chuck from Alphonse Green!

GM: I don't believe Alphonse Green has a trademark on that move.

BW: That move belongs to Alphonse Green and you know it! I know it! Even these idiot fans know it! And you better well bet that Chris Staley knows it!

[A grinning Staley applies a cover, reaching back to hook a leg as the referee makes the three count. The Florida fans cheer loudly as Staley gets back to his feet, pumping a fist in the air.]

PW: Here is your winner... CHRIIIIS STAAAAAALEYYYY!

[Staley salutes the cheering fans before stepping through the ropes.]

GM: Chris Staley is your winner, and here he comes! Chris, come right on in here...

[The cameras follow Staley as he makes his way to the announcer's table. Gordon greets him with a handshake, and Bucky just rolls his eyes.]

GM: Yet another victory for you, Chris.

[Staley nods and smiles.]

CS: Yep, continuing to make my case to the top brass of the AWA.

GM: Yes, I'm sure they have to be impressed. You'll get your match with William Craven soon, I'm sure.

CS: Well, Gordon, I hope so. I've chased him for so long that I know he has to give in sooner or later. See, this is where he gets dangerous. When you don't know where he's coming from. He'll have his reckoning day though, I guarantee it.

[Chris holds a finger up.]

CS: But, Gordon, the match with Craven is not what I'm making my case for.

[Gordon is caught a bit off guard by that one.]

GM: Oh, I see. So you want Alphonse Green.

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: I still need to make him pay for what he did to me.

[Bucky butts in.]

BW: By what? Stealing moves?!

CS: Ah, you liked that, huh, Bucky?

[Bucky grumbles.]

CS: I'm sure I'll get my hands on him soon. But he's not who I'm making my case for either. Sort of...

[Gordon looks confused.]

GM: Well, then, who are you after?

[Staley holds up a finger.]

CS: Ah, see, you're looking in the wrong direction. It's not who I want, it's WHAT I want. And I've gotta say, Gordon, there's something that's looking mighty nice to me these days.

GM: Are you talking about the-

CS: Gold!

[The fans cheer this proclamation.]

CS: It's been so long since I've been a champion in wrestling that I'd forgotten how glorious it is. And that TV title? That's looking mighty nice. I know there's a bit of a logjam up top, but I think it's about time I threw my name into the mix.

[Staley smiles at Gordon.]

CS: That oughta make ol' Alphonse happy, huh? I was watching the last Saturday Night Wrestling, and I was appalled that Dave Bryant somehow escaped unscathed. If you want to be TV champion, you've gotta fight every single week to prove it. If you can't face your scheduled opponent, go and find one yourself. There are plenty of deserving men in the locker room.

[Staley smiles again.]

CS: Like me, for instance. I'll fight my hardest for the title, and then I'll be out there every single week taking on \_anybody\_ who's looking for a shot. I don't care who they are, or where they're from, bring them on, and I'll take them down.

GM: Well, certainly an interesting proclamation there, Chris. We'll see if you can squeeze in there and get your chance.

CS: Oh, I will, Gordon. One day, I will.

[Staley nods at the camera and leaves the scene.]

GM: Chris Staley has tossed his hat into the ever-growing ring of competitors looking for their shot at the World Television Title... but will it be Dave Bryant in his sights after tonight? Or will it be Alphonse Green? Fans, coming up next we've got-

[Gordon pauses, putting a hand up to his headset.]

BW: What? What are they telling you? And why ain't they tellin' me, Gordo?!

[Gordon nods.]

GM: Okay, I'm being told that Jason Dane has stumbled upon a situation back in the locker room area. Jason, take it away.

[We cut to Jason Dane who is standing in front of a locker room door marked "THE BISHOP BOYS." There are voices coming from within the room... very, VERY loud voices.]

JD(speaking low): Thanks, Gordon. A few minutes ago, we came here to try and get some words from the Bishops about their loss to RyGunn and... well, as you can hear, we got more than we bargained for. We haven't really been able to get too many details but... well, let's see what we can do about that.

[Dane gestures to the cameraman who peeks the lens through the doorway, revealing Cousin Bo and Duane Henry Bishop - both red-faced and angry, shouting at each other from just a few feet away.]

CB: ...and how many times did I have to tell you two to go for the damned Elixir?! You blew it!

DHB: Are you kiddin' me, cuz?! We DID go for the Elixir! And look what happened! It cost us the match! I ended up getting pinned AGAIN!

CB: Dammit, you two. I was the man who you could always count on to keep his promises. Now you're making me look bad!

[Duane Henry turns away for a moment, shaking his head.]

DHB: Aw, you and your stupid promises. Y'know what?

[He turns back, raising a finger to point his cousin.]

DHB: Your promises can go to hell! I am so sick and tired of you having everybody think we're just some dumb rednecks that need to have their hands held through all of our matches. We've proven that we can get the job done in the ring. How the hell do you think we ended up winning the National Tag Team Titles twice? All because of YOU?! That's just flat out bul-

[Bo throws up his hands.]

CB: There's no talking to you two these days! I'm sick of this!

[Bo suddenly turns away, storming towards the door where the cameraman does his best to back off and gets clear just before the door swings open. Bo raises an eyebrow at the cameraman... then at Dane...]

CB: I hope you got the scoop you were looking for, Dane. Now, if you'll excuse me...

[Without waiting for a response, Cousin Bo storms off out of the camera shot, leaving a surprised Jason Dane behind as we crossfade 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...

[Static.]

GM: Oh brother.

["Dance Of The Knights" trumpets over the loudspeakers which can only mean the arrival of... well, a bunch of guys... and a girl.]

BW: Hail, hail... the Gang's ALL here, daddy!

GM: They certainly are. The Shane Gang is in full effect here tonight as we can see Miss Sandra Hayes leading the way for Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, Donnie White, and of course, Terry Shane III!

[The aforementioned fivesome is in the aisle before Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Being accompanied by the Shane Gang... from Independence, Missouri... weighing in at 213 pounds...

TERRY SHAAAAAAAAAANE THE THIRRRRRRD!

[Shane pauses in the aisleway, allowing his cohorts to applaud for him as he does a full spin, allowing his emerald robe to flair out on all sides. He flashes the nearest camera a glare before the group continues to make their way towards the squared circle.]

GM: Terry Shane currently stands as the Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title held by Calisto Dufresne by virtue of his victory in the Memorial Day Rumble. But he may have a long road ahead of him before he gets to that match... thanks to Hannibal Carver.

BW: We all thought Shane had ended Carver's career in that steel chain match at the Anniversary Show but Carver came back at the Rumble and made sure Shane knew that it wasn't over between them.

GM: Carver waits for Shane on the horizon but tonight, he's got a pressing issue in the form of Yuma Weaver who shocked the world two weeks ago with a brutal assault on Glenn Hudson that seemingly came out of nowhere.

BW: But if you listened to the kid, you'd realize that stuff has been brewin' for a long while, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. A very angry, bitter man in Yuma Weaver... which could prove to be very dangerous for Terry Shane. Remember, this match was signed several weeks ago... long before Weaver shocked us two weeks ago... but if Weaver is following the guidance of Dave Bryant, this could be-

[Watson speaks up as the Shane Gang enters the ring.]



PW: And his opponent... from Bernice, Oklahoma... weighing in at 258 pounds...

YUUUUUUMAAAA WEEEEEEAVERRRR!

[The sounds of a Native American war chant is heard over the PA system along with some rhythmic drumming. There's a pretty solid mixed reaction to the announcement of Weaver as all eyes turn towards the entryway to see the arrival of the former Combat Corner student.]

GM: The crowd here in Florida is waiting for the arrival of Yuma Weaver... as are we, I might add.

BW: Where is he?

GM: I have no idea.

[Phil Watson looks puzzled, shrugging as he lifts the mic again...]

PW: YUUUUUUMAAAA WEEEEEEAVERRRR!

[The crowd is getting a bit edge now, waiting for Weaver to arrive. But again, there's no sign of the Native American grappler.]

BW: I don't get this. Where is Yuma Weaver?

GM: I'm getting word from the back that Weaver is... he WAS here but he's leaving the building! Yuma Weaver has elected NOT to compete in this match so... well, I guess Terry Shane is going to win this one by forfeit but-

[Suddenly the crowd begins to stir. It begins with a soft chatter before escalating into rabid screams and fans standing from their seats as they point to the individual standing in the aisle way...

...the Boston Strangler.]

GM: Forget about Weaver - it's Carver! Hannibal Carver is making his way down to ringside!

[Black hood, camouflage pants, steel toed black boots. Carver stands, one arm at his side, one arm jetting forward, index finger drawing a hole in the heart of Terry Shane III who stands in the ring none too pleased.]

BW: Sic' the boys on him!

GM: I think that's exactly what the so-called Ring Leader has in mind!

[Shane looks to both Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson, snapping his head towards Carver and just as the Ring Workers ready themselves to charge towards the madman, Carver speaks, his voice low, his words direct.]

HC: Heh.

[Carver pauses.]

HC: Yeh might want to hold yer horses there.

[Strong and Anderson ignore Carver's simple request, pressing their bodies through the ropes and hopping down from the ring apron to the floor.]

HC: Yeh see, despite all the notches on my skull, I can still put two and two together. I knew yeh jackals would be on me like white on rice if I showed my face out here. So... yeh could day I took out an insurance policy.

[The Ring Workers continue their pursuit, marching down the aisle.]

HC: And to get it...

[Carver hooks his thumb, indicating towards the backstage area.]

HC: I went BACK...

[Grins.]

HC: ...TO THE FUTURE!

[Just as Anderson and Strong narrow in on Carver two familiar faces come streaking out from the back, purple and florescent hair colors and all!]

GM: THE RAVE! Jerby Jezz and the S-Dawg OG! The fans are-

BW: Confused! What is this?!

[Jezz and Shizz Dawg race forward before propelling themselves up onto the guard rail just long enough to SPRING off of it...

...and CRASH across the bodies of the Ring Workers, flooring them to the ground!]

GM: Look at Carver, he's loving this! Shane is furious back in the ring!

[An irate Terry Shane III stomps down on the center of the ring and grabs the "Atomic Blonde" by the collar, screaming at him "WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!" and White jerks his ear away from the boss' shout.]

BW: This is absurd!

GM: This is justice!

[Carver peels Lenny Strong off the ground and HURLS him into the railing, buckling him over it and causing his head to dangle into the front row where fans pedal away as Shizz Dog hammers him across the back with both hands. The crowd suddenly begins to buzz again, redirecting their attention away from the men in the aisle and back to the ring where Shane stands

center-stage...gritting his teeth...veins bulging out from his neck....eyes frozen on the wreckage in front of him...

...and totally oblivious to one Shadoe Rage who has perched himself up on the far turnbuckle behind him.]

GM: RAGE! SHADOE RAGE IS BEHIND TERRY SHANE III!

[Buckly Wilde literally jumps out of his seat and tries to signal towards Shane who continues to scream at Donnie White who, for an unknown reason to him, is beelining back in his direction. Rage rises up behind him, clasping his hands high over head as he begins to leap...

...just as Miss Sandra Hayes screeches out for Shane to turn around...]

GM: RAGE OFF THE TOP!

[Rage sails through the air...

...and SMASHES his hands into the skull of Donnie White who shoves Terry Shane III out of harm's way and eats a faceful of fists for his efforts!]

GM: Good grief, White saved Shane! What a SHOT by Shadoe Rage! Terry Shane III nearly went tumbling out of the ring! Rage is stomping his boots into Donnie White who is desperately trying to get back to his feet!

BW: Someone put a stop to this! Security! Where are they when you REALLY need them, daddy?!

[The Siren escorts Shane out of the ring as he rolls back to his feet and shrugs himself from her grip. She throws her hands out and Shane replies with a similar gesture. He locks eyes with Carver who tosses Aaron Anderson aside and into the waiting hands of Jerby Jezz who lowers his head and sends him crashing to the floor. Shane and Carver, almost in unison, point down the aisle towards one another and just as Hannibal Carver readies himself...

...security comes blasting through the back! A handful of zebra striped shirts mixed in with guards rush to the scene, throwing themselves between the Shane Gang and the Rave though more importantly between Carver and Terry Shane III.]

BW: Carver is saved by the higher ups!

GM: Weren't you just screaming for security?!

BW: I expect a thank you card.

GM: Listen up fans, we are going to try to sort out this chaos here at ringside. We will be right back with more AWA action!

[With chaos reigning at ringside, we promptly fade to black.

And fade back up on a series of beach shots - a pair of young children building a sandcastle, young men out on their surfboards, a spirited game of volleyball with shapely young ladies... you get the idea.

A voiceover begins.]

"As the summer begins and the temperatures rise, the beach isn't the only place where things are heating up."

[Cut to a series of weathermen saying the same phrase over and over again - "A Heat Wave is coming!" before the screen cuts to a nice graphic of a scorching hot sun.]

"The AWA's annual Heat Wave tour started at Memorial Day Mayhem but will be making its way throughout the United States all summer long and you will not want to miss the biggest stars of the AWA galaxy when they come to your town."

[A graphic pops up to show "JUNE 29th - GRADY COLE CENTER - CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA."]

"The AWA hits one of the biggest wrestling cities EVER in Charlotte, North Carolina as we invade the Grady Cole Center on the 29th for a live arena event. In a rematch from later tonight, Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott take on The Aces in tag team action! Plus, Dave Cooper will be in action!

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JUNE 30th - NEWBRIDGE BANK PARK - GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA."]

"Greensboro will be red hot in a special outdoor event on the 30th at the NewBridge Bank Park. Johnny Detson will meet Brian Von Braun in one-on-one action that night plus we'll see the Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles and Dave Bryant takes on Chris Staley!"

[Another graphic comes up, this one advertising the July 4th mega-event.]

"Opportunity will come a knockin' on the 4th of July in Russ Chandler Stadium in Atlanta, Georgia! Come early for the wrestling, stay late for post-show fireworks for the entire family! Opportunity Knocks promises to be one of the most unpredictable events in AWA history and you will NOT want to miss it!"

[The graphic fades to reveal a Heat Wave logo.]

"The AWA is on the road all summer long so keep your eyes open for new dates added in your town because when the American Wrestling Alliance is in your area, you do NOT want to miss it!"

[Some info about buying tickets appears before the graphic fades to black...

...and back up to live action where we find Jason Dane standing on the in-arena interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time please welcome my guest, or... give him whatever welcome you think he deserves... Eric Preston!

[The crowd erupts in boos as Eric Preston strolls out from behind the curtain, wearing black jeans, a black shirt, and still carrying the pale green "Property of James Monosso" t-shirt. He holds it up to the crowd solemnly and then throws it over his shoulder and pats it like a championship belt, walking over to Dane as he does so. The crowd is unrelenting as Preston sidles next to Dane, and Jason actually has to hold up his hand to quiet the crowd down.]

JD: Fans, fans, please, can we- thank you. Eric Preston, I am having a hard time remembering the last time one single act caused the uproar of dismay like your assault on James Monosso did. The internet, social media, the AWA even had hand written letters sent to us by the boxload asking for you to be suspended! You might just be public enemy number one in the AWA!

EP: If I'm not public enemy number one, Jason, you show me the man who is.

You say that like it's a bad thing, but that's because not a lot of people have the stones to embrace the mantle. If people want me suspended, if people want me put out of business, if there's a line of people who think they have the right to fight for the name of James Monosso, all you have to do is sign your name on the dotted line.

But remember this. I do things on my terms, on my time. Anyone wants a shot at the Monosso Killer, you'll just have to wait til I can clear time in my busy schedule... but I guarantee, when the time comes-

[Preston snaps his fingers and smiles.]

EP: You won't like what you find. Careful now, boys, the traps are hungry...

[Dane just looks at Preston and shudders as Eric just smiles at him.]

JD: That is only minorly disconcerting, but it should be noted that this interview time was scheduled for two people.

[Preston shoots his head around and looks at Jason cross ways.]

JD: So let's bring out the other part of this interview...

[Lumbering in from stage right comes the AWA's answer to Frankenstein's Monster; William Craven. Low-energy, Bill's face is dominated by a frown and fatigue from some unknown source. Momentarily he makes eye contact with Dane before looking offsideways at something or, perhaps, nothing. Dane recoils slightly, confused at Craven's body language.]

WC: You make reference to me, I believe, Jason? The Dragon who became a Revolution who became ... the figure that stands before you now.

JD: That is correct. When Chris Blue requested this time, he did state that both of you would be here. Did you not know?

[Brow knitting in annoyance, Preston says nothing. Craven smirks slightly, the first sign that he's engaged in the scene.]

WC: I knew, yes. You see, now that both Preston and myself are represented by the Emperor of Professional Wrestling--

JD: Chris Blue?

WC: Of course, yes, where have you been? Now that the both of us rest beneath his banner it becomes necessary for us to show a sort of unity. We are ... what is the phrase? To get on the same page? Yes. I am easily distracted, Dane, and this I admit. Chris Staley was like a shiny bauble, a piece of broken glass, fit to distract a crow. This is the last time I shall utter his name, Dane, for it is now fully clear to me that he is beneath me. I am no crow ... it is already established ... I am the Dragon.

I baptized the American Wrestling Alliance in blood and fire. I terrorized her. I changed her, irrevocably, and brought the Emperor back to the world of wrestling. For this you, the AWA, and all who call this world of ours home owe me a debt of gratitude. Now ... the Emperor's power grows. The addition of this young man is evidence of that.

[Preston eyes Craven warily as Dane raises the mic.]

JD: I see. I suppose at this time, it would be a good idea to reveal that Mr. Blue asked me to get you both here for this interview time... because he wanted to address the both of you... together.

[Preston arches an eyebrow while Craven looks almost gleeful, his head darting back and forth. Dane notices, raising a hand.]

JD: No, no... he's not here... not yet at least although we do expect him in the building shortly. But he has asked to speak to you both via satellite.

[Dane gestures to the video scoreboard in the building where after a short moment, the face of former EMWC owner Chris Blue appears. He is smiling which makes the fans angry. He doesn't react to their rage before he speaks.]

CB: Mr. Preston... Mr. Craven... a good evening to you both. Mr. Dane is correct in stating that I wanted to address the both of you together. I have something to say to both of you... something you both need to hear.

[Blue pauses, a solemn expression crossing his face.]

CB: Mr. Preston...

[Blue's solemn expression quickly dissolves.]

CB: Young man, when we first spoke about you falling under my guidance, I have to admit I was concerned. I had seen the "old Eric Preston" - that youthful, enthusiastic do-gooder who was more concerned in the reaction of the fans than in the size of his paycheck or the amount of glory coming his way for his latest actions.

After what happened to James Monosso, I can safely say the old Eric Preston is dead. Quite dead.

[Quick cut to Preston who is beaming, nodding his head.]

CB: In one masterful stroke - unassisted by me, I might add - you have become the most talked about person in the world of wrestling. You are breaking page impression records all over the Internet. You are a YouTube sensation. And every reporter is falling all over themselves to get the first interview with you.

You're welcome, Mr. Dane.

[A quick cut to Dane shows him looking a little sheepish.]

CB: Eric Preston, you are a manager's dream come true... and a promoter's dream come true to boot. My phone has been ringing off the hook with the AWA front office trying to figure out what to do next with you. A match with Supreme Wright?

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: An immediate shot at the World Title?

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: Whatever the decision is, trust in me that it will be in your best interest and it will be the right decision to keep your name out there as the hottest professional wrestler on the planet...

[Blue pauses, shaking his head.]

CB: ...which is right where your name USED to be, Mr. Craven.

[Craven looks puzzled, his head tilting as he looks up at the screen.]

CB: You and I have a checkered past, Mr. Craven. It is well known and documented. However, I made the decision to look past that history in the interest of business. Because, Mr. Craven, as you stood there - a monster amongst men... as the Dragon... my Dragon. As you took a Hall of Famer and reduced him to a broken shell of himself, you had the world at your feet.

But when he came back... when Martinez rebuilt himself and came back...

[A shake of his head.]

CB: YOU were the one who was broken. You lost at SuperClash and despite my best advice, you've continued to be a shell of yourself since then. You are NOT making headlines. You are NOT creating a buzz. You are NOT the man that ANYONE is talking about.

What you are... is a joke.

[The crowd starts to boo Blue's browbeating of his charge.]

CB: What you are is a laughing stock. And what you are, Mr. Craven, is an embarrassment. You are an embarrassment to whoever signed your AWA contract. You are an embarrassment to the front office. You are an embarrassment to yourself...

[Dramatic pause.]

CB: And you are an embarrassment to me!

[The boos pick up as Craven looks pained at the screen.]

CB: Mr. Craven, I make a suggestion. Look away from the screen... look right across that platform...

LOOK at Eric Preston.

[Craven does as he's told, staring dead ahead at the former Combat Corner student.]

CB: Do what he does. Be what he is. Make yourself a legend... as he did two weeks ago.

[Blue's image slowly fades out, leaving a confused William Craven staring at a smirking Eric Preston as we slowly fade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: A most... interesting... development there, fans, as Chris Blue has essentially called out William Craven in a very public fashion. He wants Craven to be in the news... he wants Craven to make the headlines.

BW: He wants William Craven to do EXACTLY what Eric Preston did two weeks ago when he put James Monosso in the hospital once and for all!

GM: For those of you who were not with us two weeks ago and missed that moment, let's take you back right now to the conclusion of it. James Monosso was giving a farewell address to the fans of the American Wrestling Alliance when suddenly...

BW: Something wicked this way came.



GM: A fitting choice of words. Fans, let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage from two weeks ago to the Saturday Night Wrestling that took place inside the Cajundome in Lafayette, Louisiana. It is the conclusion of Monosso's address as he has just handed the mic back to Jason Dane. The fans are delivering a respectful standing ovation, paying tribute to the man who sacrificed his body for their entertainment...]

GM: Maybe a new found respect for Monosso from these fans, Bucky, as they have begun to stand in respect for the AWA's very first-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd goes from loud waves of respect to torrential downpours of booing, as James Monosso drops like a ton of bricks from the chair to the back of the skull...

....courtesy of Eric Preston. Preston, dressed in black jeans and a black shirt, screams a flood of muted profanities at Monosso, and then slams the chair down as Monosso gets to one knee, then wobbily gets to two.]

GM: Eric Preston, good Lord, a cold blooded attack to the back of Monosso's head, taking advantage-

BW: Doing EXACTLY what Monosso made a living on! Do you think Preston has forgotten, do you think he'll EVER forget how Monosso injured him? How he tortured him, how he made him suffer?

[Preston pulls Monosso off his knees, shoving him under the ropes back into the ring. The former Combat Corner student rolls into the ring, climbing to his feet as he glares down at his most hated rival, measures him up...

...and then boots him right in the throat. Even Monosso isn't immune to that and he goes into a coughing fit as Preston grabs the hand of Jason Dane and brings the microphone over, even though Dane was going his best to blend into the crowd in the corner.]

EP: Did you forget, you strung out junkie maggot? Did you forget what brought me back?

[Preston kicks Monosso one more time, and goes back to Dane.]

EP: I'll end this, you son of a bitch. Not you.

[Preston lets go of Jason Dane's arm, then whips off his shirt and throws it at Monosso, who brushes it aside.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for-

BW: Preston's lost it, Gordo! He's lost control! You can look into those crazy eyes and realize the truth of it all... what goes around comes around and Gordo, you know what they say about payback!

[Preston may indeed have lost it and as the camera zooms in it easily picks him up as he screams at Monosso...]

"LOOK AT ME! LOOK ME IN THE EYES BEFORE I CRIPPLE YOU! I WANNA KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!"

GM: My god, this guy is... I can't believe this is the same Eric Preston that we all saw so much potential in a few years ago. The same Eric Preston that many believed could put this company on his back and lead us into the years and decades to come.

BW: Monosso's getting up, Gordo.

GM: Don't do it, James... for the love of God, stay down!

[Monosso pushes up to his knees, flipping his stringy hair out of his eyes as he looks up at Preston, completely lucid...

...and spits right in his face!]

GM: Oh god. Oh god no.

BW: This is bad, Gordo... this is real bad. Look at his eyes! Look at him!

GM: What's he gonna do? What is this maniac going to-

[Preston lashes out, smashing his knee into the face of Monosso, sending him falling back down to the mat.]

GM: Good grief! The Dream Machine connects... and well, all things considered, if he stops there, I guess we should consider ourselves really lucky.

BW: Oh, he's not done... not by a longshot.

[A hate-filled Preston grabs two hands full of Monosso's hair, dragging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: NO!

BW: He's gonna kill him!

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta stop this right now!

BW: Who the heck is gonna save James Monosso, Gordo? Who?!

[Preston nods as Jason Dane pleads with him off-mic to let Monosso go. With a lift, he hoists the big man straight up into the air, holding him so all can see...

...and actually leaps up before SPIKING Monosso skullfirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd explodes from shock to a deafening chorus of booing, screaming their hearts out as Preston gets to his feet, slowly, taking it all in as James Monosso quivers and shakes beneath him.]

GM: That move... the piledriver is the ultimate attempt to end a man's career!

BW: Monosso's career was already over... Preston just made sure he's going to spend the rest of his days in a wheelchair!

GM: The man has an injured neck that made him wrestle against a doctor's orders for MONTHS! A neck that doctors swore could put him in a wheelchair - like you said - for the rest of his days if he was hit wrong... in the wrong spot, in the wrong way. Believe me when I say that the piledriver is ABSOLUTELY the wrong way!

BW: It's the ultimate sign that you just don't give a damn about the man you're in the ring with. You're okay with them being injured... crippled perhaps. We've seen it only a handful of times in AWA history and... well, there's a damn good reason for it, Gordo.

GM: There's absolutely a damn good reason for it! He might have broken Monosso's neck with that damn move!

BW: And Eric Preston is thrilled, daddy, look at him! This is why he came back to the AWA!

[Preston struts around the ring, arms opened wide, mile wide grin plastered on his face. The fans are incensed, and as a cup whizzes by his head, Gordon has had enough.]

GM: We need some help out here, we need some medical attention! Get Monosso out of here, get \_Preston\_ out of here! I'm being told we're going to take another break but we'll be back after that... don't go away, fans!

[We crossfade back to live action where Gordon Myers is shaking his head at what they just replayed.]

GM: Of course, following that break, we showed James Monosso, the very first man to wear the AWA World Heavyweight Title, being carried from the Cajundome on a stretcher... unable to walk on his own power. In the days that followed, we were informed that Monosso was rushed to a nearby hospital where he remained for several days. The current status on James Monosso is that Eric Preston may have indeed forced him to spend the rest

of his days in a wheelchair. The doctors are examining the condition of Monosso's neck and spine, looking for an answer, but fans, we're being told by inside sources that the outlook for Monosso ever walking again... it's just not good.

[Myers turns to Bucky who shrugs.]

BW: James Monosso lived his life in this business trying to dissuade people from wanting to become a part of it. He wanted the Combat Corner kids to see the light and go home. He wanted the kids at home to look up to heroes in another sport. He wanted to show the world that this sport destroys lives... and he may have taught the ultimate lesson in his own final night in wrestling.

GM: I assure you that that was NOT his intention. Eric Preston, according to AWA management, has done nothing wrong. He executed a perfectly legal wrestling maneuver inside the wrestling ring. His use of the steel chair earned him a fine from what I understand but this monster will not be suspended... he will not be terminated from his contract. Eric Preston will remain a member of the AWA roster... and I just hope that someone, someday makes him pay for what he did two weeks ago to James Monosso, fans. But somehow, I suppose that it's fitting that after one of the most horrific moments we've ever seen on Saturday Night Wrestling - an incident featuring Eric Preston and James Monosso - that we look back to the year 2010 for this week's SNW Match Of The Year to a match featuring the very same men. Remember, every show, we're going to be counting down the very best matches from SNW history - all leading up to the 100th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling later this year where we will attempt to put together a rematch of the match that you, the fans, select as the best match in Saturday Night Wrestling history! We've seen two great matches so far during this countdown... but let's go back to November 13th, 2010 and see Eric Preston collide with James Monosso.

[We crossfade to footage marked with the same date as the familiar high-pitched piano of John Carpenter's "Theme From Halloween" plays over the PA to the loud boos of the capacity crowd. The six-foot-seven, wide shouldered beast named James Monosso lumbers from behind the curtain, wearing his black-and-silver single strap singlet. Over this is the familiar pale green "PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION" cutoff T-Shirt. He wears black boots with shiny silver trim, and is carrying a large picture frame.]

GM: What is that in Monosso's hands?

BW: I can't see what it is, but it's a picture frame. Could be a mirror, a painting, or whatever, but all I can see is the back of it the way Monosso is holdin' it. Fifty bucks says he breaks it over Preston's head.

GM: If you find a taker for that, I may put in fifty of my own on that same proposition.

[Behind Monosso, the squat, round physique belonging to Percy Childes comes waddling out. Dressed in his all black 'funeral' attire, Childes is using his crystal-tipped cane to get along. He seems fairly cheerful considering how his evening is going so far.]

GM: Percy Childes was not with Monosso earlier, but with Nenshou's business done, he is here for this. And he looks quite pleased with himself. You have to wonder if the joy at seeing what Anton Layton did earlier tonight plus Nenshou's big victory to move on to the Finals of the Longhorn Heritage Title tournament will cloud his vision here in this one.

BW: Percy is a man of intelligence and focus, Gordo. His mind is right here on Monosso and Eric Preston. Believe that.

[James steps into the ring, and looks around at the fans with a disdainful sneer on his blocky, clean-shaven face. They return that expression with jeers, and a chant:]

"PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON!"

GM: Listen to this!

"PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON!"

BW: Aw, these fools are just like Monosso said. All they want is blood. That's why they're chantin'.

GM: I disagree. James Monosso has been so cruel, and has said and done so much evil... these fans cannot wait for Eric Preston to finally, finally give him the justice he has coming to him!

"PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON!"

BW: Please. Preston has as much chance of doin' anything serious to Monosso as you do. None.

"PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON! PRES-TON!"

[The music dies down, but the chant goes strong. Monosso plugs his ears and stomps around the ring, yelling at the fans to shut up. Childes stands at ringside, looking around with a disgusted expression.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: The following contest, scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit is the Main Event of the evening!

Introducing first, in the ring: seconded by his manager Percy Childes... from The State Of Confusion... weighing two-hundred eighty-eight pounds...

...JAMES MONOSSO!

[Monosso continues to rant and rave and stomp about the chant, which continues on. But it soon dissolves into a huge ovation as "Show Me How To Live" by Audioslave hits the PA.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Greenville, South Carolina... weighing in at two hundred and forty-eight pounds...

EEEEERRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSTON!

[The cheers grow louder as Preston emerges from the curtain. He glares down the entrance ramp to the ring where Monosso paces back and forth like a caged animal. Preston runs a hand through his short hair, shaking his head. Slowly, he starts to bounce back and forth from one foot to the other.]

GM: This is it, Bucky. The moment of truth for Eric Preston. Everything he is... everything he's done in the AWA so far comes down to this one match just twelve days before SuperClash.

[Preston seems to be trying to psyche himself up, bouncing faster from foot to foot, eyes locked on Monosso as the crowd whips itself into a frenzy...

...and he breaks into a full sprint, charging the length of the ramp.]

GM: HERE WE GO!!

[And HURLS himself over the ropes in a Superman dive, tackling Monosso down to the mat as referee Michael Meekly signals for the bell to start the match as the crowd goes NUTS!]

GM: PRESTON WIPES OUT MONOSSO!!

[The Combat Corner graduate immediately takes the fight to Monosso, grabbing his stringy hair and throwing haymaker after haymaker into the skull of the madman!]

GM: PRESTON'S ALL OVER HIM!!

[Percy Childes, sensing trouble, immediately climbs up on the apron, angrily gesturing at Preston with his crystal-topped cane...

...which causes Preston to break off of Monosso, grabbing Childes by the suit jacket to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: He's got Childes!

BW: Hey! Let go of him! Percy didn't do anything wrong to him!

[Monosso rolls to the floor, trying to recover from Preston's quick start. The referee tries to wedge himself between Childes and Preston, forcing the Greenville native to back away, fists balled up and ready to throw 'em.]

GM: Monosso's out on the floor and-

[Preston angrily stomps across the ring, grabbing the top rope...

...and Monosso grabs the object he had brought to the ring with him, holding it up for Preston to see!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: That's his family! He's got a family photo!

GM: James Monosso, that sick son of- why?!

[Monosso holds the frame up so Preston can clearly see it, pointing to it.]

"FOR THEM!! WALK AWAY FOR THEM!!"

[A furious Preston grabs the top rope, slingshotting over them towards a waiting Monosso...

...who SWINGS the picture frame full force, shattering the glass on the torso of the incoming Preston!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it! Ring the bell right now!

BW: The referee didn't see it, Gordo! Percy had the referee tied up and he didn't see any of that! That picture frame just got busted up over Eric Preston and the ref missed all of it!

GM: I can't- Percy Childes is smiling like a maniac! He knew EXACTLY what he was doing up there, Bucky!

BW: Of course he did! He's a genius!

[The camera zooms in on Preston as he uses the steel railing to pull himself off the floor, revealing a small cut on the right arm, a nick on the chest, and a slash in the cheek.]

GM: That glass, that broken glass did some damage and there's still a bunch of it on the floor out here at ringside. Just look at it, ref! How the heck do you think broken glass got out here?

[The referee seems to be thinking along the same lines, loudly questioning Monosso who is leaning against the apron, a sick grin on his face as Percy Childes drops back off the apron, shouting instructions to his man. Monosso nods, grabbing Preston off the floor...

...and catching a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Preston goes downstairs on the big man!

[Grabbing Monosso by the hair, Preston spins around and SLAMS him shoulderfirst into the steel railing!]

GM: And Eric Preston's taking a page out of Monosso's playbook, Bucky!

BW: He better be careful with that. I don't think Preston should be out there tangling with Monosso on the floor no matter how tough Michaelson made him think he is.

[Preston grabs Monosso by the arm, hauling him over towards the ring apron with the referee warning both men to get back inside the ring. But Preston ignores him, spinning around and FIRING Monosso spinefirst into the steel barricade with an Irish whip!]

GM: OHHH! HARD INTO THE STEEL GOES MONOSSO!!

[The crowd roars as Preston hooks a loose side headlock, driving fist after fist into the face of Monosso...

...and then sinks his teeth into the forehead of the madman!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting Monosso!

BW: Where's your hero now, Gordo? This guy has snapped!

GM: Monosso's driven him to it! And to bring a photo of the man's family out here? How could he? How DARE he?

[Preston finally fires Monosso back under the ropes into the ring before rolling under them himself. He climbs to his feet, delivering a hard kick to the ribs.]

"How's that feel?"

[A second kick to the same spot connects.]

"How about that one?"

GM: Eric Preston turns his attention to the ribs - perhaps a little payback for when Monosso assaulted Preston in the Combat Corner so many months ago to go after those ribs.

[A third kick causes Monosso to roll over towards the ropes where Percy Childes is angrily shouting orders to his man...

...and Preston connects with a sliding dropkick to the ribs that knocks Monosso out into Childes, sending both men sprawling down to the floor to the cheers of the crowd!]



GM: He knocks Childes flat as well! Eric Preston is all over BOTH of these men tonight, Bucky! This is a different Eric Preston!

BW: If you think you can't recognize him now, wait until Monosso gets up and tears into him. His own mother won't recognize him then!

GM: Preston steps out on the apron, going out after Monosso again.

[Hauling Monosso off the mat, Preston delivers a boot to the gut. He quickly dips down, scooping Monosso up...

...and SLAMMING him down on the concrete floor!]

GM: OHHH! BODY SLAM ON THE THINLY-PADDED CONCRETE!! That cold, hard, unforgiving floor!

[Monosso howls in pain, clutching his lower back as Preston stands over him glaring down with a hateful stare. He delivers a kick to the ample midsection of the downed Childes as well before hauling Monosso to his feet by the hair again, firing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Monosso's down - Preston back up on the apron...

[Preston grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes and crashing down on the chest of Monosso!]

GM: Slingshot splash! I don't think I've ever seen that from Preston before and he's going for a pin!

[The referee dives to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Monosso fires a shoulder off the mat before the three count comes down, barely breaking the pin.]

GM: He almost got him, Bucky!

BW: I think Monosso's in shock. There's no way Preston's worn him down enough to pin him. James Monosso was surprised by the pin attempt, I believe.

GM: Preston pulls him- ohh!

[The crowd groans as Preston recoils, having had a thumb jabbed into his eye. Monosso slowly stumbles up, looking like something out of a horror movie as he stalks towards Preston's exposed back...

...and SMASHES a double axehandle across the back of the neck, knocking Preston down to his knees.]

GM: The referee is- get Childes down from there!

[Suddenly, Percy Childes hops up on the apron again, drawing the referee's attention...]

GM: The referee is trying to get Childes off the apron... I don't understand what he's doing up-

[But James Monosso understands and without warning, he charges the exposed back of the official...

...and SMASHES him with a running forearm to the back of the skull!]

GM: OHHHHH! Ring the bell!

BW: What in the world did he do that for?

GM: I'm not sure - heck, HE may not even no!

[And for a moment, he seems confused as to why he did it but a few shouts from Percy Childes regains his focus. He nods, dropping to the mat and rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Where is he going?

[Monosso digs under the ring apron for a moment or two...

...and pulls out the badly dented and damaged spotlight he busted up earlier in the night!]

GM: Wait a second.

BW: The spotlight, Gordo! James Monosso has stolen the spotlight!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot!

[Monosso shoves the metal spotlight under the ropes, crawling in behind it.]

GM: Now, hold on here... this isn't a no DQ match! We need to get some control of this thing!

BW: The referee's down! Childes and Monosso have plotted this perfectly.

GM: I have a feeling it's more Childes than Monosso.

[Monosso climbs to his feet, picking up the metal spotlight, and holding it high overhead...]

"If you want the spotlight so badly, Eric..."

[A sick grin crosses Percy Childes' face.]

"STEAL IT!"

[...and Monosso HURLS the metal projectile into the face of the kneeling Preston, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHHH! Come on! Where the heck is the referee when you need him?

[Childes shouts a few more orders at Monosso who drags Preston into a seated position, reaching down into the dented metal spotlight...

...and pulls out a shard of glass!]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Parental discretion is advised! Oh, never mind. What parent would let their kids watch this nutcase in the ring?

GM: No, please... please stop him... NOOOOOO!

[The crowd shouts along with Gordon as Monosso digs the shard of broken glass into the forehead of Eric Preston.]

GM: HE'S DRIVING THE GLASS INTO THE FOREHEAD OF PRESTON!!

[Monosso drags the broken glass across the forehead, slicing open the flesh of the downed Preston. After a few more moments, he throws the broken glass aside, kicking the metal spotlight to knock it through the ropes to the floor. The bloodied Preston collapses to the mat, hands covering up his head as Monosso stands over him.]

GM: Eric Preston just had his head torn open by this maniac!

[Monosso grabs his head, shaking it back and forth like he's trying to "clear the cobwebs." Childes shouts at him, trying to keep him on focus as he drags Preston, now bleeding from the forehead, up to his feet. A well-placed right hand to the gut knocks Preston back into the turnbuckles. Monosso leans over, grabbing the middle rope...

...and DRIVING his shoulder into the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! And James Monosso is going after those ribs he injured months ago!

[A second shoulder drive has the bloodied Preston wincing and trying to grab his ribs...

...but Monosso straightens up, slapping Preston's defending hands away before driving a knee up into the midsection.]

GM: Good grief, James Monosso is a savage animal.

[Grabbing the arm of Preston, Monosso fires him from corner to corner. Backing to the buckles, he gets a full head of steam...

...and DRIVES a knee into the midsection of Preston again!]

GM: Running knee to the ribs! Monosso just rocked him!

[Monosso grabs the arm again...]

GM: Another whip... wait a second!

[The crowd roars as the athletic Preston leaps to the middle rope, steps up top...

...and hurls himself off, twisting backwards towards the rampaging Monosso!]

GM: CROSSBOD-

[But Monosso uses his head as a harpoon, lunging forward to drive his own skull into the torso of Preston, taking him out of the air and back down to the mat.]

GM: OHHH! What a counter by Monosso!

[Out on the floor, the camera catches Childes shouting "GUTBUSTER!" ]

GM: Did he just call for a gutbuster?

BW: He certainly did. And now we know for sure that they're going after those ribs.

GM: Monosso drags the bleeding Preston off the mat... what's he-?

[The crowd buzzes as Monosso powers Preston up into a military press, holding him high above the ring...

...and then drops him straight down onto his own bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! GORILLA GUTBUSTER!!

[Monosso shoves the gasping Preston off his knee to the mat, leaning forward to apply a lateral press as the recovering official crawls into position.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd roars as Preston fires a shoulder off the mat before three.]

GM: Close. Too close perhaps for fans of Eric Preston.

[Monosso slowly gets to his feet, grabbing Preston by the back of his purple trunks, yanking him back up to his feet.]

GM: Another whip to the corner by Monosso...

[The madman backs up, charging in with a roar...

...and runs directly into two raised boots from Eric Preston!]

GM: OHH! HE RAN RIGHT INTO THE FEET OF PRESTON!!

[Preston promptly hops up on the middle rope, sizing up the staggered Monosso...

...and leaps OVER Monosso, hooking his head on the way over and taking him down with a somersault neckbreaker!]

GM: Oh yeah! And that might be a major turning point in this one! Eric Preston used Monosso's aggressiveness against him and made him pay the price right there!

[The bloody Preston gets to his feet, raising an arm to salute the cheering AWA fans before he leans down to haul Monosso off the mat.]

GM: Big right hand by Preston! And another! And another! He batters Monosso all the way back against the buckles...

[Grabbing Monosso's arm, Preston fires him so hard into the buckles that the Greenville native actually drops down to a knee from the effort involved. Monosso slams against the corner, staggering out...

...and EATING a lunging clothesline across the collarbone that knocks him flat!]

GM: Preston knocks him down... a cover...

[The referee lunges over to make the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Monosso powers out of the pin attempt, actually throwing Preston out of the lateral press. An angry Preston goes right back in, grabbing the hair of Monosso and throwing rapid-fire right hands to the skull of Monosso before shoving him back down to the mat.]

GM: Preston's back to his feet and-

[The Greenville native leaps as high as he can into the air, bringing both legs down across the chest of Monosso!]

GM: OHH! Both legs crash down on the chest of the madman! A legdrop of sorts that by Preston.

[Preston rolls off the downed Monosso, pointing to the buckles.]

GM: And I think Eric Preston's going up top!

[But he doesn't get a chance as Monosso grabs his ankle, pulling at his leg.]

GM: Monosso blocked his- ohhh! Preston with a savage kick to the face!

[The crowd buzzes as an angry Preston hauls Monosso to his feet. He drags him to the ropes, hooking a front facelock.]

GM: He may be setting up a slingshot suplex here...

[Preston tries to do exactly that...

...but fails, grabbing his ribs in pain just before Monosso delivers a headbutt to the bridge of the nose, knocking Preston to a knee. Monosso grabs the front facelock instead.]

GM: Wait a second here... look out!

[Monosso hoists Preston up, turning slightly like he's going for a slingshot suplex of his own...

...but shoves Preston out over the ropes, sending him crashing chestfirst onto the wooden entrance ramp!]

GM: OHHHH! He went facefirst down on the ramp!

[Monosso stumbles back, dropping down to a knee in the middle of the ring. Outside the ring, Childes is screaming for him to continue - to go out after Preston and the ribs.]

GM: Monosso looks confused - he looks puzzled...

BW: Percy Childes is SCREAMING at him, Gordo!

[The crowd gets all over Childes as he gets up on the apron, shouting at Monosso...

...and then holding up the crystal-topped cane, jabbing it in the air right where Monosso can see it. Monosso stares long and hard at the crystal for a moment.]

GM: What in the world...?

[And then suddenly the light comes on for Monosso, his eyes wide as he storms through the ropes, driving a kick into the ribs of the recovering Preston out on the platform.]

GM: Ohh! Big punt kick to the ribs!

[The kick rolls Preston onto his back which allows Monosso to back into the ropes, slowly walking off...

...and leaps high in the air, bringing his 280 plus pounds down in a King Kong kneedrop with the knee crushing the ribs of Preston!]

GM: OHHHH! What a kneedrop!

[Monosso stays kneeling on the ramp, looking out at the jeering crowd with disdain. He slowly gets to his feet, pulling an injured Preston up with him...

...and hurls him over the ropes, sending him crashing down to the mat.]

GM: Monosso brings him back in - and now he's going back in as well. Both men back inside the ring now.

[Preston pushes up to a knee...

...where a running kick to the skull connects, knocking him flat!]

GM: Ohh! A savage kick by Monosso! Absolutely brutal!

[Dropping to his knees, Monosso crawls over the downed Preston, leaning over him.]

"Now I'm gonna do it!"

[He pulls Preston up by the hair, connecting with a brutal haymaker to the skull.]

"Your brain!"

[Another right hand lands.]

"I'm going to give you a concussion so bad..."

[A huge haymaker connects, snapping Preston's head back to the mat. Monosso grabs him by the hair, lifting his head off the mat...]

"...you'll forget who you are!"

[...and SLAMS the back of Preston's head into the mat! The crowd jeers wildly.]

"You'll forget who your family is!"

[He goes to slam Preston's head into the mat again but Preston throws a right hand from his back that catches Monosso on the ear, knocking him backwards...

...at which point Preston dives atop him, rearing back his right hand and letting it fly!]

GM: MONOSSO WENT TOO FAR! HE MENTIONED PRESTON'S FAMILY AND-

[The crowd is roaring as Preston connects with right hands over and over, his knuckles smashing into the temple of James Monosso.]

GM: PRESTON'S BEATING THE HELL OUT OF HIM!!!

[The crowd goes nuts as Preston pops back up to his feet, throwing his arms apart with a loud roar. He spins back to Monosso, dragging him up by the hair. He grabs the arm, firing him off to the ropes...]

GM: Off the far side...

[A collective gasp is heard as Preston powers the big man up, spinning fast, and DRIVING him into the canvas!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! SPINNING POWERSLAM!!

[Preston dives atop Monosso, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! MONOSSO GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

[An angry Childes is shouting from the floor, smacking his cane over and over into the ring apron as Preston pulls Monosso to his feet again, firing him into the corner...]

GM: Into the buckles goes Monosso - look out!

[Preston breaks into a full corner-to-corner sprint, leaping up at the last moment to drive his elbow back into the jaw of Monosso!]

GM: OHH! HE CAUGHT HIM ON THE CHIN!!

[Staying in the corner, Preston hooks a side headlock...

...and stampedes out of the corner, leaping into the air, and DRIVING Monosso's skull into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG! A page out of his friend Vernon Riley's playbook!

[Preston rolls Monosso to his back, leaning over for a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd deflates once more as Monosso fires the shoulder up. An angry Preston buries his head in his hands, shaking his head in disbelief as the referee holds up two fingers.]



GM: Still not enough!

BW: He can't do it, Gordo! He can't pin Monosso! He can't keep him down!

[Monosso crawls away from the fired-up Preston, dragging himself to his feet in the corner...

...which brings Preston charging in once more!]

GM: HERE HE CO- OHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's response as Monosso sidesteps at the last moment, HURLING Preston shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: He got out of the way! Monosso caught him coming in and made him pay for it!

[The hulking Monosso slips out to the apron, backing to the adjacent ringpost as he points down the apron at Preston who is still leaning with his head against the steel...

...and rampages down the apron!]

GM: NOOOOOO!

[Monosso lifts his leg, determined to deliver his dreaded ringpost kick...

...but at the last moment, Preston pulls himself backwards, causing Monosso to kick the ringpost, just barely avoiding the charge!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Monosso crumples to a knee on the apron, clutching the leg he just drove into the steel. A fired-up Preston approaches, reaching over the ropes to grab the madman in a front facelock...]

GM: Are you kidding me?

BW: He can't do it, Gordo! The ribs are shot!

GM: He's gonna try to bring in Monosso the hard way!

[Preston struggles and strains, desperately trying to power his hated rival up into the air...

...but fails miserably, clutching his ribs as he sets him back down. A hard punch connects through the ropes, smashing him in the ribs.]

GM: Ohh! He caught Preston!

[Grabbing the hair, Monosso drags him over the ropes out onto the apron. He drills him with a pair of right hands before raising both hands high overhead...]

GM: Double axehand-

[The crowd cheers as Preston fires a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Preston caught him in the breadbasket!

[A second right hand stuns Monosso. Preston backpedals a few feet and charges back in, connecting with a running kneelift that knocks Monosso back through the ropes and down to the mat!]

GM: WHOA!!

BW: Where the heck did that come from?!

GM: I have no idea but Preston caught all of that kneelift!

[With Monosso down on the mat, Preston points to the buckles and starts to climb slowly.]

GM: Preston's heading up top!

[A stunned Monosso rolls to his stomach, pushing up to his knees where he spots his rival stepping up to the middle rope outside of the ring. He surges to his feet, staggering forward where a hard forearm across the ribs stops Preston in his tracks.]

GM: Monosso caught him! He stopped his ascent up the ropes- ohh! Another shot to the ribs!

[With Preston trying to protect himself, he quickly finds his torso wrapped up in the massive arms of James Monosso who backs away from the corner holding Preston high in the air...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

BW: DESCENT INTO MADNESS!

[He holds him over his shoulder, looking like he could dump Preston down to the mat on his head and neck in the aforementioned backdrop driver at any moment...]

GM: Preston's fighting it! Right hand to the head! Another! Come on, Eric!

[Monosso sets Preston down on the mat for a moment...

...but quickly powers him back up with the momentum needed for the Descent Into Madness backdrop driver!]

GM: DESCENT INTO MADN-

[But at the peak of the lift, Monosso loses his grip on Preston who somehow twists his body...

...and yanks Monosso down to the mat in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!! SUNSET FLIP!!

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A furious Percy Childe is almost immediately in the ring, getting right into Michael Meekly's face and shouting about the count as Eric Preston bursts to his feet, pumping his arms into the air in victory.]

GM: PRESTON WINS! PRESTON WINS!!

BW: That wasn't- that was a fast count, Gordo!

GM: It looked pretty good from where I'm sitting!

[Preston is celebrating his win...

...but James Monosso immediately drills him from behind with an axehandle to the back of the head. The madman grabs Preston by the back of the head, smashing his knee into Preston's head once, twice, three times.]

GM: Come on! Get off the man! He won the match!

BW: He doesn't look like much of a winner now!

[Grabbing Preston by the arm, Monosso flings him to the ropes...

...where Preston grabs the ropes, blocking his rebound, and snatches the crystal-topped cane out of Percy Childe's hands.]

GM: CANE!!

[The crowd roars as Preston smashes the cane across the face of Monosso, knocking him a step back.]

GM: He drilled Monosso between the eyes with the cane and-

[Preston swings the cane again, connecting squarely between the eyes a second time, sending Monosso staggering backwards.]

GM: A second one!

[And a third sends Monosso falling through the ropes to the floor, leaving Eric Preston standing tall with the cane in hand. He pauses for a moment before throwing it down to the mat, sinking to a knee with his head in his hands.]

GM: Eric Preston has vanquished his rival! Eric Preston has defeated James Monosso!

BW: But at what price? Look at him, Gordo. He's bloodied. His ribs are busted up. He took a couple nice shots to the skull too. Look at him, Gordo - is that really a winner?

[As a furious Childes leads Monosso back up the aisle, the camera zooms in on a bloodied Eric Preston who is kneeling on the mat, clutching his skull and ribs as he watches his rival retreat and we fade...

...back to live action where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: It was a brutal match... and many of us thought it would end the war between Preston and Monosso right there. Unfortunately, we were very, very wrong.

[Gordon falls silent for a moment, looking down.]

GM: Fans... we'll be back after this.

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where Jason Dane is backstage standing alongside Alphonse Green. Green's simply wearing his wrestling gear, as his match with Dave Bryant is only a short time away. Green does not look to be in the best of moods, despite getting the opportunity he so craved.]

JD: In just a little while tonight, the man standing next to me has the biggest opportunity of his career...

[Green interrupts, holding up a hand in Dane's face.]

AG: Did you see what Staley did, Dane?

[Dane nods his head.]

JD: Of course, he picked up yet another convincing victory..

AG[interrupting, again!]: He stole my move! That chump hit that other chump with MY Ground Chuck! Why is everyone using my Ground Chuck now?? First Hudson, now Staley! Who's next? Hercules Hammonds? MAMMOTH Maximus??

[Dane chuckles at the mental image of Hammonds and Maximus pulling off the Ground Chuck. Green stares a hole through Dane, and shakes his head.]

AG: This ain't funny, Dane!

[A brief pause, as Green puts his hands on his hips, and lets out a deep sigh.]

AG: Deep breaths, happy thoughts, puffy little trees.. buffet tables..

[Dane reluctantly steps closer to Green, interrupting his moment of zen.]

JD: As I was saying before you interrupted me twice, you have the biggest opportunity of your career as you step into the ring with a man you consider your idol, the AWA Television Champion, Dave Bryant. I know this is probably gonna be a big mistake to ask, but your thoughts?

AG: I ain't gonna let what Staley just did bother me. It's not gonna break my stride. After all, this is the biggest night in my wrestling career. This is the night the original Olympians foretold thousands of years ago when they created the sport of wrestling. This is going to be the kind of match that people everywhere are going to stop what they're doing, turn on their smartphones from wherever they are, and watch this match unfold live on the AWA app!

[Dane raises an eyebrow.]

JD: Do we even have an AWA app?

AG[not missing a beat]: People will stop walking their dogs, all these fancy clubs will turn off their music and turn on this match.. people will stop their tender little moments just to watch us battle. Heck, wars are going to stop as this epic match unfolds! This is going to be the match that teaches the world to sing in perfect harmony. Thousands of years from now, archeologists will discover copies of this match in ancient ruins, and point to the match as the moment everything in this mixed up, jumbled up world fixed itself. The Rave can go back to the future, knowing that their efforts were not in vain! Everyone calls me "The Choice of a New Generation", and I'm going to go up against a man who will be performing at a top level long after 99% of us are all dead and buried...

[Dane looks off camera with an incredulous look on his face.]

AG:"The Choice of a New Generation...." new t-shirt! Let's roll with it!

JD: You're certifiably insane!

AG: No, I'm certifiably awesome!

[Green winks to the camera, that creepy smile forming on his face.]

AG: When it's all said and done, Dane, and this world unites us all as one, everyone's gonna be asking the same question for generations to come: "Where were you when we rode with Alphonse Green as he became the AWA Television Champion?".

[Green thrusts his right arm straight up in the air, curling his hand downwards. He holds his left hand up to his mouth, and gets in Dane's face.]

AG[quietly.]: Oooooooooohhhhhh!!!!

[With that, Green quickly pivots and marches off stage. Dane looks on, a look of disgust on his face. Dane turns back towards the camera.]

JD: Unfortunately, Chris Staley using the Ground Chuck didn't quite shake Green's overconfidence. Will his overconfidence cost him against the Television champ? Stay tuned! Back to you, Gordon and Bucky!

[Crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Alphonse Green is lacking no confidence heading into his World Television Title challenge later tonight. But before we get to that, we've got more in-ring action so take it away, Phil Watson!

[Fade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring at this time, from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 265 pounds... THE RED STAR!

[A fairly bulky masked man dressed in red skintight spandex from head to toe raises an arm to a small reaction.]

PW: And now, Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[A massive roar of cheers and boos greets Higgins, as he steps into the ring with gold microphone in hand.]

BPH: TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA!

["That's OUR city!" face pop!]

BPH: It's time, ONCE AGAIN, to pay homage to the MAN!

[Higgins motions for the crowd to stand up.]

BPH: Up on your feet playa's, up on your feet! Outta' your seats for the greatest showman to ever exist inside the squared circle! He is the one TRUE human highlight reel of professional wrestling! November gave quite the fight, but now and forever, he shall be Mr. STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT! He weighs in tonight at a spine-tinglin', body shiverin', ego crushin', woman flusterin'...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He is accompanied to the ring by the strongest man in allll the land... Hercules... Hercules... HERCULEEEEESSS HAMMONDS! Hailin' from Hot Coffee, Mississippi...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breathe now!]

[illegible]

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid begins to play as a throng of cheerleaders burst forth from the entrance, standing in two rows on opposite sides of the aisle with their pom-poms shaking high in the air. The lights then dim down low, as we see a figure emerging from behind the curtain, dressed in a hooded jacket covered with blinking lights and neon wire on it. He spins around and holds his arms out, as we see "MR. STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT" written on the back suddenly light up in all its illuminated glory through the darkness.]

BW: WOAH!

GM: Well, that's certainly an interesting change in wardrobe.

BW: That's the most stylish thing I've ever seen! I'm jealous, Gordo! I could've been advertisin' myself in bright lights all along!

[The lights come back on, as we see Skywalker Jones, followed closely behind by the monstrous Hercules Hammonds. Jones "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars high into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. He makes his way down the aisle and sheds his robe, handing it off to Herc, before slinging himself up onto the top rope and then backflipping into the ring. He proceeds to drop to one knee and does the "Tebow" pose as the crowd reacts with its approval/disapproval.]

The bell sounds as the Red Star moves swiftly from the corner, hoping to trap Jones in his corner. A swinging right hand comes up empty as Jones sidesteps it, lashing out with a jab of his own!]

GM: Jones avoids the big right and fires back!

[The masked man throws a left that Jones ducks under before throwing a rapid series of rights and lefts to the midsection before dropping down to a knee...

...and EXPLODING upwards in an uppercut that sends the masked man stumbling backwards towards the center of the ring!]

GM: Ohh! He rocked him with that right hand!

[Jones rushes towards him, leaping up for a pump kick that the masked man sidesteps, hooking Jones in a side waistlock as he goes by.]

GM: Suplex!

[But Jones flips out of it at the peak of the lift, landing on his feet behind the masked man and pasting him with a short elbow to the back of the skull before the Red Star can turn around. The blow dazes the man which allows Jones to hurdle up, landing on the shoulders in victory roll position where he rains down the point of his elbow on the crown of the masked man's head!]

GM: Repeated elbows finding the mark from way up high and-



[With the masked man dazed, Jones jerks his weight backwards, yanking the Red Star off his feet and SPIKING his skull into the canvas with a reverse rana!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief! That’s it right there! No doubt about that one!

[Jones pops back to his feet, looking out at the crowd. He raises his arm, pointing to the fans while doing a full 360 spin...

...and then deadleaps into the air, flipping backwards before crashing down across the chest!]

GM: The Standing Shooting Star Press connects! And that’s all she wrote, fans!

BW: I think the masked man is out COLD after that rana!

GM: One... two... and there’s the three.

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Skywalker Jones has made short work of another victim here tonight in Tallahassee... and the man who holds the Steal The Spotlight contract in his pocket continues to impress. But when will he cash it in, Bucky? And against who?

BW: Calisto Dufresne’s days with the World Title may be short-lived if this man gets him inside that squared circle anytime soon.

GM: Jones looks like he’s about to say a few words...

[Jones stays in the ring, looking satisfied with his performance, as Buford P. Higgins and Hercules Hammonds enter. Buford is all smiles, as he begins to speak into his gold microphone.]

BPH: My goodness, Jones! If that performance was any more spectacular, everyone here would need to change into a new pair of pants! But ever since Skywalker Jones reclaimed his rightful place in the world as "Mr. Steal the Spotlight", the world's been wondering...

...what's next?

[Hammonds tosses Jones a towel, as wipes the sweat from his face before answering.]

SJ: Well, Skywalker Jones'll tell ya' what's next, Buford.

Everything.

BPH: Everything?

[Jones nods.]

SJ: Everything!

[He wraps the towel over his neck, laughing to himself.]

SJ: Now, Skywalker Jones knows that Royalty is shakin' in their boots waitin' for him to make a decision. 'Cause either Calisto Dufresne is gonna' get Westwego'd upside the head once again or Larry Doyle and his pack of jiggadolts are gonna' face the wrath of the TRUE greatest tag team in the world!

Well, me and Herc came to this simple conclusion.

[He chuckles.]

SJ: WE WANT IT ALLLLLL!!!

[In the background, Herc's shout of "All the titles!" can be heard throughout the arena.]

SJ: The World Title! The Tag Team titles!

[Jones gives a quick glance towards Herc and nods, before turning his attention back to the microphone.]

SJ: And hell, Davey Bryant...you listenin', old man? Tell'im what we think of him, Herc!

[The big man removes his fedora and speaks into the mic with his booming bass.]

HH: We want that Television title, too, old man!

[Jones nods.]

SJ: And we'll get it! We're putting every single one of you fools on notice! 'Cause Mr. "Steal the Spotlight"...

[He points to Herc.]

SJ: ...and Mr. "Steal your Girl"...

[A wide grin forms on Jones' face.]

SJ: ...are gonna' take ALL the gold!

[And with that, the trio exit as we crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: With me now is a man who didn't have a whole lot to say to us earlier tonight but he DID have quite a bit to say to his nephew, Duane Henry Bishop. Mr. Allan, if you please...

[Cousin Bo snarls at Dane as he steps into view.]

BO: Make it fast, Dane... I ain't got time for the likes of you tonight.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Fair enough. I think my question is quite clear - what in the world is going on between you and your cousins?!

[Bo grumbles.]

BO: Well, you and your nosy cameraman heard quite a bit of it, I guess. Why don't YOU tell ME what's going on?

[Dane shrugs.]

JD: It sounded like a very heated disagreement about the loss two weeks ago to Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines... among other things.

[Bo nods.]

BO: Among other things. I like that. Dane, the truth of the matter is-

[Bo's words trail off as his sight drifts off camera. Dane turns slightly to follow the gaze and visibly winces at what he sees.]

BO: Something on your mind?

[The camera pans to reveal former EMWC owner Chris Blue just slightly out of the shot. He is looking off into the distance, almost as if he's zoning out. He's wearing a pretty expensive looking black suit and white dress shirt that is slightly buttoned down from the neck. A hardcover copy of "A Game Of Thrones" is tucked under his arm. Blue suddenly snaps out of it, taking a step forward into the shot.]

CB: Mr. Dane, I need to speak with you about the... interview... later tonight with the person we obtained in Los Angeles.

[Bo looks irritated at being ignored.]

BO: I asked you a question.

[Blue still doesn't turn towards Bo.]

CB: The person in our interview is quite reluctant to appear on camera for obvious reasons and I'm afraid they may be losing their nerve. They are extremely concerned about me performing the interview so I'm going to require your services out there with-

[Bo is steaming mad now.]

BO: HEY!

[That did it. Blue slowly turns towards Bo, arching an eyebrow in his direction. He tilts his head, almost as if he's looking a petulant small child.]

BO: You think you can interrupt MY time out here with Dane to talk about... whatever the hell you're talkin' about?!

[A flicker of a smile crosses Blue's face but quickly vanishes.]

CB: I'm so sorry, Mr. Allan. Please accept my apology.

[Bo looks a little bit calmer but is still on edge.]

BO: It's fine. Just let me get back to-

[It's Blue's turn to interrupt, lifting an open hand to stop Bo as he does.]

CB: Did I interrupt you, Mr. Allan? Did I interrupt your moment to tell the world why the Bishop Boys are still relevant?

BO: Look here-

CB: Did I interrupt your explanation about how they lost to three tag teams in a relatively short period of time this year... yet still deserve a rematch for the World Tag Team Titles that they've blown two opportunities to earn? I'm sure it was going to be a riveting tale as you attempted to explain away those losses to Jones and Hammonds... and the Bombers... and last week, the oldest man in wrestling and the quite literal son of a bitch...

[We can hear a "OHHHHHH!" from inside the arena.]

CB: Perhaps it's all a ploy... a plot to lull the rest of the tag team division into a sense of overconfidence only for you and your cousins to rain down hellfire over the entire American Wrestling Alliance and retake your...

[Finger quote time.]

CB: ..."rightful" place atop the mountain.

[Blue smiles... a disturbing and evil smile if there ever was one.]

CB: Did that just about cover it?

[Bo is furious now, stepping forward with a raised finger of his own as he points at the former executive.]

BO: I don't know who the hell you think you're dealing with here but I ain't some cowpoke punk that you can walk all over. I ain't one of those pathetic

squirts of a man that used to fall at your damned feet to tell you how great you are before you used 'em as a doormat. I ain't impressed by you. I ain't intimidated by you. And I damn sure ain't afraid of you!

[That smile is still on Blue's face by the way.]

BO: You stand here runnin' your mouth about me and my boys and I just gotta wonder... maybe you didn't get WKIK in your ivory tower in Los Angeles... maybe you ain't got time to do your homework. 'Cause if you had, you'd see the list of tag teams that me and my boys have laid to waste in the past few years here in the AWA. You'd see exactly what we're capable of. But since you don't seem to see that, I've just gotta wonder...

Maybe you don't know who you're dealin' with.

[The smile shifts as Blue holds silent for a moment, lightly tapping the hardcover book with a fingertip.]

CB: No, Mr. Allan. No, I'm afraid I know EXACTLY who I'm dealing with. I think, perhaps, the real question is...

[Blue turns his back on Bo, pausing to give the manager a moment to assert himself physically if he so chooses...

...and then turns to look over his shoulder at him.]

CB: ...do you?

[With another discomforting smile, Blue simply walks away, leaving a livid Cousin Bo standing next to Jason Dane for a few moments before Bo too storms off.]

JD: A most... interesting... situation unfolding right there. Fans, let's go back down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky!

[Crossfade back to the ringside announce table.]

GM: I'm not sure interesting even begins to cover that interaction we saw between Cousin Bo and Chris Blue right there. A very tense environment for sure.

BW: That's gotta be a mistake. They should be on the same side!

GM: I don't think that's about to happen considering what we just saw. But coming up next, fans...

[Gordon looks down at the sheet of paper in front of him, doing a double-take.]

GM: Is this correct?

[Gordon's question seems to be directed at no one in particular.]

BW: What is it?

[Bucky cranes his neck to take a look, his brow furrowing as he sees what Gordon sees.]

GM: If this is right, fans, we're in for a very... unique... experience. Mr. Watson, she's all yours...

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil stands at the ready, flanked by referee Ricky Longfellow. He raises the mic to his mouth.]

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 Macon, Georgia, weighing in at 219 pounds... Mike Chase!

[A very skinny man wearing a black singlet, white pants, and black boots with specks of gold on them raises an arm to the crowd and nods his head.]

GM: Mr. Chase, you may very well regret taking this match.

[Phil raises the mic again as some light music starts playing.]

PW: And his opponent... from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 260 pounds... PORRRRTERRR CROOOOWLEYYYY!

[There is a reaction of name recognition from parts of the crowd - some boos, some gasps of surprise...

And then, he enters.]

BW: This guy? I've heard of this guy!

GM: Judging by the reaction of the fans here in Tallahassee, I'd say quite a few people have.

[Crowley is your average "everyman" in build. There's no bulging biceps or really anything distinctive about his physique. He wears a simple combo of black tights, black kneepads, and black boots. His black hair is cut in a shaggy bowl cut - almost like he has cut it himself. And his eyes? Well, his eyes are cold, vacant, and quite creepy. That is, the one we can see. The right side of his face is covered in a black cloth, obscuring it from view.]

GM: Porter Crowley has arrived in the AWA... and this has gotta be one of the strangest men I've ever encountered in my entire broadcasting career, fans.

BW: I was just trying to place... I've seen some of his old matches from the Pacific Northwest... the Pacific Wrestling Company, I think. He's... he's held their top title a few times also, right?

GM: He's a very accomplished professional wrestler. There is no mistaking that.

BW: But?

GM: But he's about fifty cards short of a full deck.

[The piece of music is now recognizable as the haunting "The Shape Of Things To Come" from the reimagined Battlestar Galactica. The crowd is deathly silent as Crowley kinda lurches through the entry, cocking a head to the side as he looks out over the crowd. He wobbles down the ramp, looking like he might fall over at any moment. The fans back off as Crowley decides to shuffle his way around the ring, always keeping that one eye on Chase.]

GM: This is just disturbing. And we still haven't seen the worst part of it.

BW: Hey, he never asked for this, Gordo.

[Crowley rolls under the bottom rope and slowly gets to his feet, still watching Chase. The music fades as Crowley moves to the center of the ring.]

GM: What is he doing?

BW: I think he's asking for Mike Chase to come closer.

GM: Oh no.

[Crowley is pointing to the cloth on his head in annoyance. He seems to be asking if Chase is making fun of him.]

GM: Just say no, Mike!

BW: Say yes!

[A confused Chase looks at the referee. Longfellow waves his hands wildly, wanting no part of this. Chase points to the cloth, seemingly asking why Crowley doesn't remove it. Bad move, kid. Crowley removes the cloth very slowly and tosses it aside. Chase's eyes go wide as he backs off. The crowd murmurs as they see what Crowley wanted hidden. One hell of a badly scarred right side of the face, covering from chin to forehead. Crowley whips his head around, thinking the fans are laughing. He makes a confused screeching noise and then charges Chase, slamming his skull into Chase's with a running headbutt!]

GM: Ohh! A running headbutt! You don't see something like that very often!

[Crowley swings back to his feet, grabbing a handful of his own hair before dropping down in a full layout diving headbutt.]

GM: Oh! Another one!

[The bell sounds as Crowley pushes up to all fours, throwing himself into another headbutt!]

GM: The bell has sounded... this one's underway.

BW: Man, can you imagine that scarred face touching yours? That has to be creepy.

[Pulling Chase off the mat under the armpits, Crowley throws him bodily into the turnbuckles. He stomps towards him, grabbing a handful of hair to slam his skull into Chase's again... and again... and again...]

GM: He's all over him in the corner and- get in there, referee!

[Longfellow moves in to start a five count when Crowley suddenly turns, rushing towards him, causing Longfellow to back up VERY quickly, tumbling backwards to land on his rear end on the mat.]

GM: Look out, Ricky Longfellow! Crowley made a move towards the ref and he just about got himself disqualified just seconds into the match, Bucky.

BW: He's loonier than the ol' Saturday morning cartoons I used to watch.

[Crowley jerks his head back towards the corner where Chase is pulling himself back to his feet...

...and lunges forward, sinking his teeth into the forehead of Chase!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting Mike Chase's forehead!

BW: I think this guy's trying to disfigure his opponent as bad as he is!

[Edging in a little slower this time, Longfellow starts another five count, getting up to three before Crowley yanks his head back towards him, sending Longfellow stepping back, raising his hands...]

GM: I don't think this match is going to last much longer if Crowley keeps chasing Ricky Longfellow off.

[Crowley breathes heavily as he looks out into the audience. And then, the chant he dreads from his old PWC days comes back to haunt him, as a small portion of the crowd starts chanting "Pret-ty Por-ter." He immediately reaches up, covering his ears with both hands.]

GM: Uh oh. That chant of "Pretty Porter" has followed Crowley wherever he's gone over the years... and quite obviously, some of the fans here in Florida have picked up on it.

BW: And just as obviously, he doesn't like it one bit.



[Crowley stomps around the ring, holding his hands over his ears, shaking his head back and forth.]

BW: Does this crowd WANT Crowley to snap?! What's wrong with them? That scar is something he never asked for. These people are just a bunch of bullies! For once, Gordo, you have to agree with me, Porter Crowley doesn't deserve such treatment.

[Gordon stammers a bit.]

GM: I...well...I don't know what to think. There is such a thing as free speech, but there are consequences that can come with that.

[Crowley screams in anger, scooping up Chase and throwing him down in a powerful bodyslam.]

GM: Big slam out of Crowley... and then he SLAMS his fist down between the eyes for good measure in a fistdrop!

[Down on his knees, he grabs a handful of Chase's hair, slamming his fist into the face of his opponent repeatedly, making some sort of bizarre guttural sound all the while.]

GM: Crowley's tearing into him... and now he's looking out at the crowd, looking for those fans who were taunting him...

[Crowley's vacant eyes drift over the crowd as he slowly pushes up off the mat...

...and then STOMPS down on the cheekbone of Chase.]

GM: These fans have fallen silent... perhaps not trying to inspire more rage out of Crowley.

BW: Hey, Gordo... have you noticed this guy just keeps attacking the face of Mike Chase? That can't be a coincidence, can it?

GM: I don't believe it is in the slightest.

[Dropping back to a knee, he flips Chase over, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the mat!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[Using the hair, he pulls him back up... and slams him back down. Pulls him back up... and slams him back down. Pulls him back up one final time... and slams him back down one final time with a terrifying scream as he delivers the big faceslam.]

GM: It's very unorthodox, this offense he's using. But it's also very effective.

BW: He just keeps hammering him in the face. He's gotta feel like a boxer in there as much as he's getting hit in the face, Gordo. Only there ain't a bell that lets him go sit in the corner on a stool.

[With Chase down on his chest, Crowley swings a leg over him, taking the mount from behind...

...and then VIOLENTLY swings his forearm across the face of his opponent!]

GM: Ohh! Big crossface out of Porter Crowley!

[Crowley continues to deliver blow after blow, smashing his forearm into the cheekbone... then switching to the bridge of the nose as the official tries to get him to back off.]

GM: Get him off the man!

[Crowley pushes up to his feet, reaching up to cup his ears again, swinging his head back and forth...]

GM: These chants are really getting to him, Bucky. He's gotta be feeling like he wants to end this soon.

BW: I don't blame him. I'd want to get out of this hostile environment too.

[Using two hands full of hair, Crowley hauls Chase off the mat, using the hair to throw him into the corner...

...and then charges the short distance in, throwing an elbow back into the mush!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard shot to the face and...

BW: And if you look, Gordo, you'll notice that Chase's face is starting to puff up from all the abuse it's taken.

[Crowley backs off, watching as Chase staggers out towards him. He ducks down, lifting him up across his shoulders...]

GM: Crowley's got him in the fireman's carry... walking around the ring with him. He looks absolutely livid at these fans and-

[In the middle of the ring, Crowley pushes up, bringing Chase up over his head, plummeting downwards...

...as Crowley swings his leg up, smashing his knee into the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What the heck do you call that?!

BW: I know what other people might call it but in Crowley's messed up head, it's called Damaged Goods... but you can call it the end of the match for certain.

GM: We've got one... we've got two... and there's the three. Mercifully, this one is over.

"DING! DING! DING!"

["The Shape Of Things To Come" starts up again as Crowley pushes up to his feet.]

PW: Here is your winner... PORTER CROOOOWLEY!

[The crowd is still uncomfortable, but they boo the disfigured Crowley. Crowley makes another guttural sound, as he rips his hand away from Ricky Longfellow, who was only trying to raise it in victory. Crowley stares at him with those creepy eyes. He says something light, that the camera doesn't pick up. Crowley rolls from the ring and avoids the touch of the fans' hands.]

GM: Porter Crowley is victorious in his AWA debut and... uhh... I believe he's making his way over here.

BW: Uh oh.

[Crowley grabs the black cloth and places it back on his face.]

BW: Very sensitive about his looks.

GM: Mr. Crowley, come on in here.

[Crowley enters the picture at the commentary station where Gordon Myers holds a mic out. He surveys the appearance of both Gordon and Bucky, and decides they're of no threat to him...

...and just keeps on walking, heading back up the aisle to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Well, apparently Mr. Crowley has decided that he has no desire to speak to us here tonight.

BW: That might be best for everyone, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps. Right now, fans, we're going backstage where I understand that Mark Steglet has FINALLY tracked down the whereabouts of Yuma Weaver. Mark?

[The shot cuts to the back, where Yuma Weaver, still in his street clothes and carrying a duffel bag, is clearly on his way out of the nearby door handily marked "EXIT". Mark Steglet hurries into the shot.]

MS: Yuma! What's going on? You had a match scheduled with Terry Shane, III and you never showed up!

[Weaver pauses, obviously thinking of continuing through the door before stopping and staring a hole in Stegglet. He then steps up to the microphone-wielding interviewer.]

YW: First of all, that's Mr. Weaver to you, Mark.

MS: Uh --

YW: -- and second, unfortunately for the AWA, who has pretended Yuma Weaver is a second class citizen for far too long now, I had a prior engagement scheduled for tonight. I let people know weeks ago when they started advertising the match...

[Weaver laughs bitterly.]

YW: But hey, I'm not anyone anybody cares about, right? Why should anybody bother doing Yuma Weaver the courtesy of relaying a message to those who need to hear it?

[Stegglet hasn't got an answer for that.]

YW: We're finished here, Stegglet. I've got an appointment to keep.

[With that, Weaver pushes Stegglet aside, then shoves the door open and steps out.]

MS: Yum-... make that, MISTER Weaver apparently has other plans here tonight and couldn't be bothered to face Terry Shane III inside that ring. Gordon, Buck...

[Stegglet's words trail off as his gaze moves off-camera.]

MS: Uhhh... I'm not sure I...

[The camera turns slightly, revealing that Porter Crowley has rather quickly made his way through the arena, still in his ring gear, and is heading for the exit that Mark Stegglet just happens to be standing in front of. Stegglet works up his courage before speaking.]

MS: Mr. Crowley, I have to ask... why the AWA? What brought you here?

[Crowley blinks, although we only see one eye, thus making it look like a wink. He cocks his head, perhaps thinking of Mark's question. He answers in a broken-sounding voice.]

PC: Why the AWA? I just ruined a man's face and you want to know why the AWA? What kind of question is that? Do you not care about how his looks will be affected? I know you care about my looks. I can see it in your eyes.

[Stegglet looks suddenly a lot more nervous. He raises a hand.]

MS: Please, Mr. Crowley, let's not make this into something it isn't.

[Crowley is about to respond when the sound of a thick cane clacks along the floor. Both Mark and Crowley look over and a man dressed in fine black clothes with a red dress shirt and black hair slicked back enters the picture. Also noticeable is said cane, which this mystery man leans on, made out of brass, with a silver winged gargoyle topping it off. He has a very disarming smile on his face, as he turns to Crowley.]

???: They laughed at you, didn't they?

[Crowley goes to answer, but this man keeps talking.]

???: You knew they would. I knew they would.

[Crowley narrows his one eye.]

???: Would you like to make them stop laughing, Porter?

[Crowley's eye goes wide, though it still looks vacant.]

???: I thought you would.

[This man starts to walk away with Porter Crowley, when Mark Stegglet interrupts, drawing a raised eyebrow from this individual.]

MS: Um, sir... just who are you?

[The man produces a card with a flourish and gives it to Stegglet before moving to open the door. Stegglet holds up the card to read it, revealing a black card with red ink.]

MS: "Victor T. Nolan Esq. For when you feel like life's passed you by." Okay. Mr. Nolan, what does that mea-

[Stegglet is cut off when he looks up and notices Nolan has left with Crowley.]

MS: Hrm.

[Stegglet turns back towards the camera.]

MS: Fans, we'll be right back after this break.

[Fade to black.]

And fade back up on a series of beach shots - a pair of young children building a sandcastle, young men out on their surfboards, a spirited game of volleyball with shapely young ladies... you get the idea.

A voiceover begins.]

"As the summer begins and the temperatures rise, the beach isn't the only place where things are heating up."

[Cut to a series of weathermen saying the same phrase over and over again - "A Heat Wave is coming!" before the screen cuts to a nice graphic of a scorching hot sun.]

"The AWA's annual Heat Wave tour started at Memorial Day Mayhem but will be making its way throughout the United States all summer long and you will not want to miss the biggest stars of the AWA galaxy when they come to your town."

[A graphic pops up to show "JUNE 29th - GRADY COLE CENTER - CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA."]

"The AWA hits one of the biggest wrestling cities EVER in Charlotte, North Carolina as we invade the Grady Cole Center on the 29th for a live arena event. In a rematch from later tonight, Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott take on The Aces in tag team action! Plus, Dave Cooper will be in action!

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JUNE 30th - NEWBRIDGE BANK PARK - GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA."]

"Greensboro will be red hot in a special outdoor event on the 30th at the NewBridge Bank Park. Johnny Detson will meet Brian Von Braun in one-on-one action that night plus we'll see the Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles and Dave Bryant takes on Chris Staley!"

[Another graphic comes up, this one advertising the July 4th mega-event.]

"Opportunity will come a knockin' on the 4th of July in Russ Chandler Stadium in Atlanta, Georgia! Come early for the wrestling, stay late for post-show fireworks for the entire family! Opportunity Knocks promises to be one of the most unpredictable events in AWA history and you will NOT want to miss it!"

[The graphic fades to reveal a Heat Wave logo.]

"The AWA is on the road all summer long so keep your eyes open for new dates added in your town because when the American Wrestling Alliance is in your area, you do NOT want to miss it!"

[Some info about buying tickets appears before the graphic fades to black...

Fade back up from black to where Jason Dane is standing on the interview platform with Tully Brawn and Percy Childes.]

JD: Welcome back, fans... as you can see, I have been joined at this time by the Collector of Oddities and the black sheep of the Von Braun family, Tully Brawn. Tully, two weeks ago, your brother, Brian Von Braun, made a

challenge for a match that was supposed to happen in Alabama. You never showed up. He still wants his match. Your thoughts?

[Percy steps in to answer.]

PC: The answer is simple, Dane.

No.

[Boos from the crowd.]

PC: I'll say this and leave it at this; the Von Braun family has never seen fit to give this man his destiny. They GLEEFULLY said "no" to Tully ALL of his life. Now, Tully is telling Brian, "No."

JD: But the challenge...

[Childes interrupts Dane.]

PC: This interview is over, Jason. We have bigger and brighter things for Tully.

[Brawn and Childes go to exit, but are cut off by BVB. The crowd cheer as BVB stares a hole through the two men and points an accusing finger. Tully points right back and starts yelling. Percy steps between his charge and BVB, pushing his cane into Tully's chest.]

BW: Just like a Von Braun, can't take "No" for an answer.

GM: Brian has long wanted to get his hands on Percy Childes after what happened to his father. He had his opportunity, but that was taken away from him when Tully Brawn duped his older brother.

[Percy lets go of the cane and turns around to find BVB right in his face. The crowd cheers sensing BVB is about to put his hands on Percy who takes a step back, holding up his arms.]

GM: I think Percy just found himself in the wrong position!

BW: He ain't a wrestler, Gordo! He's a manager, and Von Braun ain't got no business putting his hands on a manager!

[The cheers turn to boos as BVB gets blindsided by a shot from the crystal tip of Percy's cane.]

BW: That's why ya don't threaten Percy Childes!

GM: Tully Brawn just hit his brother with that cane!

BW: What's he supposed to do? Stand aside while his manager and mentor is beaten up by a crazy man?

[BVB falls to the stage where Tully delivers another shot with the crystal tipped cane. Before he can wind up for a third, Percy steps in his way and shakes his head. Tully looks at his manager and then stares at BVB for a moment. The two exit the stage.]

GM: Percy Childes called Tully off of Brian. What in the world?

BW: BVB ain't worth his time, Gordo. It's wasted energy. Tully needs to put that energy into winnin' gold. Heck, everyone else is tossin' their name in the hat... maybe Tully wants him a piece of that World Television Title too!

GM: Speaking of which, it's time for the World Television Title match here tonight pitting the Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant, against his challenger Alphonse Green. Earlier tonight, we heard from the challenger but right now, let's hear from the champion!

[A swift cut to the back finds us in the presence of Mark Stegglet, microphone in hand, and "The Doctor of Love", AWA Television Champion, Dave Bryant. Bryant's in his ring robe and has the AWA Television title slung over a shoulder, and is looking especially insufferable today.]

MS: We're here with the Television Champion, Dave Bryant, who has a match in mere moments with Alphonse Green with the title on the line. Mr. Bryant, you look almost happy about tonight...might I ask why?

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Well, it would be a nice fit with your slightly predictable nature, Mark, but that's all right. You think I look happy? You think I'm pleased about what happened two weeks ago, and what's happening tonight?

[Bryant pauses, staring at Stegglet for a moment before laughing.]

DB: Well, you'd be right on target, Stegglet Lite. First of all, two weeks ago Glenn Hudson got what he deserved from the hands of a man who saw an opportunity and decided he'd take it. I wish I'd known what was going to happen before it went down, though...I'd have loved to be in a place where I could've helped that big lug rid us of Hudson for good, but sadly, it didn't go down that way.

[Bryant's smirk returns and Stegglet looks skeptical, to say the least.]

MS: Are you trying to say you had nothing to do with-

DB: Excuse me! Are you about to try to insinuate that I had something to do with what happened to Hudson?

MS: Yes. We saw you meeting with Yuma Weaver earlier toni-

[Bryant looks a little surprised, interrupting quickly.]



DB: A direct answer? Are you sure you aren't violating the terms of your contract or horning in on Dane's "truth-seeking" territory with that one, Mark?

[Bryant visibly relaxes.]

DB: All kidding aside, the man had enough and took it out on the first person he thought looked ripe for it, I'm guessing. Hudson talked about wrestling that "Warhawk" guy, maybe reminded Weaver that other men with similar heritage have gotten past the bullcrap foisted on them by scumbag promoters and made real names for themselves in the wrestling business. Maybe he reminded Mr. Weaver that real opportunity comes to those who look to take it...which circles around nicely to Mr. Alphonse Green.

[Bryant reaches up, patting the title belt on his shoulder.]

DB: You want to know what really makes me happy about tonight, Mark? Tonight, there's a real challenge in defending the Television title. Someone in the office finally got brains enough to realize that the real money in the AWA is in this title, currently untainted by the likes of James Monosso or Calisto Dufresne. Someone finally realized that week in and week out they can put on matches that any other organization would kill to host -- all they have to do is go out and find me real competition. I begged the company to find someone, anyone willing to step in this ring and face me for this title...and they finally delivered.

[Bryant slides the strap off his shoulder, holding it up.]

DB: Alphonse Green, the KING of the battle royals! Think about it, Mark, think how many wrestling promotions would love to have that match. The resurgent veteran champion faces down the young upstart challenger!

[Bryant laughs.]

DB: Sorry to get all dramatic on you there, Alphonse, but you don't know what it means to me to have a real challenge for this. I started out this trek facing down an old enemy and finding him ready, willing, and able to avenge a humiliation that was over ten years old. I lost your favorite kind of match and had to resort to petty thievery and destruction of property to even get my foot in the door here, and then I had to beat the toughest opponent I've ever faced twice in two of the most grueling matches I've ever wrestled in, and I thought that was just the beginning, the tip of a hellish but gratifying iceberg...and I was wrong. I don't know if someone wanted me to flame out, if they were testing me or if they just didn't know what to do with me after I gave them a performance that would've been a match of the year on any continent, and I don't care. All that matters is this...

[Bryant hefts the belt meaningfully.]

DB: There's no friendships, no alliances, no acquaintance that matters more to me than remaining the Television champ. You, Alphonse Green, you are

the King of the Battle Royals. That's a title you can wear proudly...the only title you'll be laying claim to after tonight, sadly.

[Bryant's face creases in a sinister grin.]

DB: Me? I'm the AWA Television champion, and tonight, Alphonse, you're going to learn how I earned this, and you're gonna find out how far I'm willing to go to keep it.

[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 and it is for the AWA World Television Title!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, the challenger...

[The familiar voice of one Freddy Mercury begins to boom over the PA.]

# Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.

# I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii-vvvveee

# And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.

# I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.

# Don't. Stop. Me..

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a chrous of boos as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.]

PW: Coming down the aisle, now hailing from Windermere, Florida, weighing in at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds.. here is..

ALPHONSE GREEEEEEEEEEEN!

[Green starts to swagger down the aisle, waving his arms up and down like he's trying to rally the fans to his side. Green is dressed in Kentucky Wildcat blue shorts, with blue kneepads, and white boots. He's also wearing a blue studded leather jacket, with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and for some strange reason, a hard leather black patch on the right shoulder.]

GM: It looks like Alphonse Green is trying to get these fans to cheer for him and I can't imagine a reason why they would do that, Bucky.

BW: No? They live in Florida... he's from Florida! Where's their hometown spirit?!

GM: I'm not sure that applies when you're the kind of guy that Alphonse Green is, Bucky.

[Green looks around at the fans, annoyed at their lack of cheers as he pulls himself up on the apron. He gestures at himself, waving a hand in disgust at

them as they jeer. He ducks through the ropes, removing his jacket as he does the "I want the belt" gesture towards the camera.]

GM: That's what this one is all about - the World Television Title - and Alphonse Green is about to get the biggest shot of his career at a championship title.

[The music starts to fade as it is replaced by the opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed." The crowd begins to boo once more as this, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the vitriol being rained down upon him.]

PW: Coming to the ring...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 Doctor of Love"...

He is the AWA World Television Champion...

DAAAAAAAIVE BRYYYYYYYYYANNNT!

[The boos get louder as the Las Vegas native makes his way down the aisle. He seems to be more serious on this night, not pausing to berate or taunt the fans as he makes his way to the ring swiftly, moving up the ringsteps.]

GM: Dave Bryant won the Longhorn Heritage Title at SuperClash IV from Glenn Hudson in that brutal ladder match... and shortly thereafter, aided in the end of that particular title, replacing it with the World Television Title which he has held since. Tonight, though, I have to believe he's facing his toughest challenge to date, Bucky.

BW: You're absolutely right about that.

[Bryant pauses on the apron, turning towards the corner and raising his arms in victory. Green can be seen in the background, applauding one of his in-ring idols as Bryant unties his robe, handing it off to a ringside attendant before he steps through the ropes. He unclasps the TV Title from around his waist, planting a kiss on the faceplate before handing it over to AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger who lifts the title belt for all to see, earning a nice cheer.]

GM: Bryant has managed to keep a pretty light schedule as of late... do you think he's ready for this?

BW: He'd better be because I believe Alphonse Green absolutely is, Gordo.

[Bryant backs into his corner, running a hand through his short beard. He tugs at his midnight-blue wrestling trunks with "Doctor Of Love" scrawled across the rear before leaning over to pull up his matching kneepads into place. A couple stomps of his same-colored boots on the mat completes his "warm-up" as he nods to the waiting official who turns to Green who

gleefully nods, bouncing back and forth from foot to foot in nervous anticipation...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go!

[A giddy-looking Green strides out to the center of the ring and proudly sticks out his hand...]

GM: How 'bout this, Bucky? Alphonse Green is looking for a handshake out of his opponent... possibly one of the last people I'd trust enough to shake his hand, Dave Bryant.

BW: You know, Gordo... a lot of people thought Green was kidding when he talked about Bryant being one of his heroes but I've been told by my sources that that's legit. Alphonse Green worships Dave Bryant and you've gotta wonder if that'll mess with his mind a bit.

GM: Mess with Alphonse Green's mind? Is that even possible?

BW: Real funny.

[Bryant walks out to the middle of the ring, eyeing Green warily. Green grins, sticking out his hand with more insistence...]

...and Bryant slowly raises his to meet it, shaking the challenger's hand.]

GM: The handshake is made and... right into a collar and elbow tieup!

[Bryant uses his size advantage to muscle Green back against the ropes before stepping back, lighting him up with a knife edge chop across the chest...]

GM: Big chop out of the champion!

[The World Television Champion grabs the wrist of Green, looking for an Irish whip.]

GM: Irish whip by Bryant...

[Green hits the ropes, bouncing back as Bryant throws a second chop that Green ducks under, rushing across where he leaps up to the middle rope, blindly springing backwards while twisting around...]

...and catching Bryant squarely across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: Ohh! Big high cross body out of Green!

[Green doesn't even attempt the cover though, rolling out of the pin attempt and back to his feet...]

...where he knocks Bryant down a second time with a running clothesline!]

GM: Green takes the champion off his feet again!

[The challenger claps his hands together, turning back towards the recovering Bryant...

...and throws himself into a big dropkick that catches Bryant on the chin, sending him staggering backwards, falling through the ropes and down to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: Ohhh... and all the way out to the floor he goes!

[Green pops back up, running in place and giving a fistpump with both arms as he waits for Bryant to stir...]

GM: Bryant's getting back up...

BW: He's got no clue what's waiting for him, Gordo!

[Green breaks into a sprint, hitting the ropes behind him, dashing across the ring at full speed...

...and THROWS himself into a suicide dive that wipes out Bryant, sending the champion sprawling backwards, crashing backfirst into the steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY ALPHONSE GREEN!!

[Green pops back to his feet, throwing back his arms with a triumphant roar as the crowd... cheers?]

GM: These fans may be starting to rally behind Alphonse Green a bit in this one.

BW: I thought you couldn't think of a reason the fans would cheer him.

GM: Well, I may have underestimated how much people dislike the current World Television Champion.

[Green pulls Bryant off the railing, dragging him towards the ring where he chucks him under the ropes inside the squared circle.]

GM: The challenger has got the champion in some serious trouble in the early moments of this one. We're only about two minutes into this ten minute time limit and Dave Bryant is in serious jeopardy of losing his title right here tonight.

[Green climbs up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands as he wipes his feet on the apron, waiting for Bryant to stir again.]

GM: Green's setting up for something, fans, and it could mean serious trouble for the Doctor of Love...

[Bryant pushes up off the mat, shaking his head to try and clear the cobwebs as Green leaps up, springing off the top rope, sailing through the air...

...snaring Bryant in a front facelock, twisting around in a tornado DDT attempt...]

GM: TORNAD- NO!

[Bryant spins with it but lunges forward, driving Green back into the turnbuckles!]

BW: A beautiful counter out of the champion and you've gotta think that those matches with Hudson who uses a tornado DDT as well had to help Bryant right there. He knew the right counter and he knew the right time to use it.

[In the corner, Bryant lays in knee after knee into the midsection of Green, doubling him up for a hard overhead elbow to the back of the neck that knocks the challenger down to a knee.]

GM: Bryant's trying to slow things down a bit... maybe ground the high flying offense of Alphonse Green that we've been seeing so far in this one.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Bryant rears back his right hand, smashing it down between the eyes of his challenger. He uses the hair to pull Green up, hooking a front facelock, and snapping him over in a suplex.]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex...

[Bryant sits up on the mat, nodding his head at the jeering fans as he works his way back to his feet. He slowly walks the full length around the downed Green, stopping at the head as he balls up his fist...

...and DRIVES it down between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Fistdrop finds the mark - and Bryant makes a cover!

[The referee drops down to the mat, counting once then twice before the shoulder comes up.]

GM: Two count only for Bryant... and look at this...

[Bryant grabs the hair again, slamming his right hand into the skull of Green repeatedly!]

GM: He's all over him, hammering away with those right hands!

[The referee switches up, making his five count which reaches only four before Bryant lets go, shoving Green back down to the mat. He climbs to his feet, gesturing at his waist...]

GM: Bryant's telling Green that he's the champion... he's the best in the world and he'll be damned if he'll let Green prove otherwise.

[Bryant stomps Green a few times, forcing him to roll towards the ring ropes as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Bryant stomps him right out to the apron...

[And it's Bryant's turn to spin around, dashing to the ropes where he rebounds off...]

...and drops down into a baseball slide, jamming his feet into the ribcage of Green, forcing him off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Good grief!

[A smirking Bryant sits up, hanging his arms over the middle rope as he looks out at his fallen challenger who is clutching at his ribcage.]

GM: Dave Bryant just likes to hurt an opponent, Bucky. Of course, he's out for the win... and with that TV Title around his waist, he wants the win more than ever... but you know deep down that Bryant really likes to make an opponent suffer.

[With the referee's count at three, Bryant drops to his back, rolling out under the ropes.]

BW: He does, Gordo. He likes to make people suffer so that they realize that he spent all those years trudging around trying to get his career back after being blacklisted by those folks in Los Angeles. He wants the pain to serve as a constant reminder that Bryant thinks he's the best wrestler in the world... and he wants the rest of the world to agree with him.

[Bryant leans down, pulling Green (who had gotten to all fours) the rest of the way to his feet. He throws a pair of knees into the midsection of Green as he grabs him by the arm...]

GM: He's gonna put him into the steel!

[Bryant digs down deep, grabbing Green's wrist with both hands to increase the power behind the whip...]

GM: Big whip coming up!

[But as Green goes charging towards the railing, he leaps into the air, clearing the steel barricade with ease. He slams on the brakes, spinning around to spot a shocked Dave Bryant...]

GM: Bryant can't believe-

[Green leaps back up, landing on the steel barricade where he balances himself before springing off...

...and catching Bryant across the collarbone with a flying clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE CHALLENGER TAKES HIM DOWN AGAIN! What an unorthodox move out of Alphonse Green and just like that, he turns the tide in this one, fans!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: You could hear the call there from our timekeeper as we've hit the halfway point in the time limit for this one. Alphonse Green could be five minutes away from being the World Television Champion... or Dave Bryant could be five minutes away from keeping that title around his waist for another night.

[Green is fired up again as he drags Bryant off the mat, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. The challenger pulls himself back up on the apron...

...and points to the corner!]

GM: Alphonse Green is heading up top! We've seen Green go for more high flying tonight than I think we ever have before... but so far, it's working for him, Bucky.

BW: The thing that's surprised me the most about this match is that Green hasn't bent a single rule yet. Not one.

GM: A refreshing change for one of the dirtiest players in the game.

[Green reaches the middle rope, giving a fistpump to some cheers as Bryant struggles to get up off the canvas, staggering to his feet...]

GM: Green's up top! HE LEAPS!

[The challenger sails through the air, catching Bryant squarely across the chest, toppling him down to the canvas with a flying bodypress as Green reaches back for the legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars, fans! We were about a half a count away from having a new World Television Champion right then and there!



[Green claps his hands together in frustration as he gets back to his feet. He turns towards the corner, pointing at it again...]

GM: He's going up again!

BW: No, he's not... he's looking for the Hunger Strike!

[A nodding Green tugs Bryant into a three-quarter nelson, looking like he's about to snapmare the Doctor of Love down to the mat but drags him towards the corner instead...]

GM: If Green hits this, I think we've got a new champion!

[Green starts scaling the turnbuckles, keeping his grip on Bryant...

...who suddenly jerks himself out of Green's grip, reaching up to smash him across the back a few times, breaking Green's hold on him.]

GM: Bryant slips out and now he's hammering away on Green!

[The Doctor of Love suddenly steps up, hooks a side waistlock, and before Green can retaliate, he's hoisted up into the air...

...and DUMPED on the back of his head and neck with a belly-to-back superplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big counter out of the World Television Champion... and look at Alphonse Green! What a great show of ring generalship that was, fans! He hit the mat and he immediately starting rolling for his life, trying to avoid any pin attempts off the suplex off the top.

BW: We're closin' in on three minutes left, Gordo!

GM: We certainly are and now time becomes of the essence for both champion and challenger as they attempt to get the three count and put their opponent away.

[An angry Bryant gets to his knees, glaring at Green who has rolled near the ropes to escape the pin. The champion climbs to his feet, hands on his hips as he stares at the challenger who has slid out to the ring apron...]

GM: Bryant's moving in on him... he's gotta have an idea that time is not on his side right now.

BW: It's not? The way I look at it, Gordo... if we hit the time limit, Bryant retains the title, right?

GM: Yes.

BW: If Bryant retains the title, that's a win in my book!

GM: You're saying that a time limit draw is as good as a victory for Dave Bryant?

BW: I ain't sayin' that's how he feels about it... I'm sayin' that if he was my client, that's what I'd preach to him, daddy.

[Bryant leans over the ropes, physically pulling Green off the mat by the arm...]

GM: It's rare for Bryant to enjoy a size advantage in a match but he's got one here tonight - about five inches and 30 pounds on his opponent, Alphonse Green.

[The champion pulls Green into a front facelock, looking for another suplex...]

GM: Bryant sets...

[And nearly snaps Green out of his boots with a vertical suplex!]

GM: Ohh! A whole lot of impact on the suplex... Bryant covers for one! He's got two! He's got-

[Green again lifts a shoulder off the mat, avoiding the three count.]

GM: He can't get the three count.

BW: He don't have to, Gordo. He only has to survive just over two more minutes and he gets to keep that Television Title wrapped around his waist.

[Bryant grabs a handful of hair, hammering Green with a series of clenched fists until the official forces him to break off the attack. The champion glares at the referee as he gets back to his feet...]

GM: Bryant is giving the referee some lip about having to break up those closed fists to the skull. Typical. He breaks the rules and then gives the referee a hard time about doing his job.

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[Bryant smirks at the timekeeper's call, pointing to an imaginary wristwatch as he drags Green off the mat by the hair, grabbing the wrist with both hands, using them to whip Green in...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Bryant swings up his right leg, looking to deliver a wind-taking knee to the gut...]

...but Green leaps up, hooking Bryant as he rolls through into a schoolboy. He kicks his legs wildly, trying to get enough leverage.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BRYANT GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

[As Bryant scrambles to his feet, he's met with a pair of right hands to the jaw from Green before a boot to the gut doubles him up.]

GM: Green hooks him!

[Green stands up straight, holding Bryant in a front facelock. He nods to the crowd who actually cheer the offensive move.]

GM: He's looking for something here, Bucky...

[But before he can attempt it, Bryant rushes him back into the turnbuckles, slamming his back into the corner! The Doctor of Love straightens up, throwing a big chop across the chest...]

GM: Bryant counters whatever Alphonse Green had in mind there... ohh! Big right hand from the World Television Champion! And there's another one!

[Bryant drills Green with another haymaker, sending Green staggering out to the middle of the ropes.]

GM: He's gonna shoot him in again... grabs the arm, big whip...

[As Green approaches the ropes, he leaps up, landing on the middle rope...]

GM: COUNTER!

[...springing back, swinging his leg towards Bryant's head for what could be a match-ending and title reign-ending move...]

GM: GROUND CHUCK!

[...but the wily veteran bottoms out, dropping down to the mat and causing Green to sail overhead, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: He missed! Green missed the Ground Chuck and-

“ONE MINUTE! SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!”

GM: One minute left! And Alphonse Green may have just missed his best chance at becoming the World Television Champion, fans! He missed the Ground Chuck...

[Bryant gets back to his feet, "dusting off" his shoulders as he leans down, dragging the shaken-up challenger back to his feet, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Bryant's going for the DDT!

BW: We've seen him knock out a whole lot of opponents with that, Gordo.

GM: We certainly have and-

[Green suddenly straightens up, backdropping Bryant over his head and down to the mat...]

GM: OHH! Big counter by Alphonse Green!

BW: He's got one chance left! We're running out of time but the challenger may have a chance for one big move to win the World Television Title!

"THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN! THIRTY SECONDS!"

[Green staggers over towards the ropes, stepping out onto the apron. He turns to the ring, slamming an arm into the top rope as Bryant struggles to get up off the mat...]

GM: Bryant's trying to get up!

BW: Stay down, Dave! STAY DOWN!

GM: If he gets up, he's going to find Alphonse Green waiting for him!

[Bryant stumbles up to his feet, slowly staggering around as Green leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: GREEN TAKES TO THE AIR!

[Green sails through the air, extending his arm for a clothesline...]

GM: AIR GREEN!

[...sailing through the air, floating down towards a stunned Doctor of Love who suddenly switches his stance, uncorking a superkick DIRECTLY onto the jaw of the flying challenger!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!

[Bryant collapses to his knees, diving across the prone challenger!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!!

GM: I'm not sure if he did, Bucky. I think I heard the bell before the three count came down.

BW: No way, Gordo. Dave Bryant uncorked one of the damndest counters I've ever seen and he got the three count!

GM: Hold on... the referee and the timekeeper are huddling up here...

[Then they huddle up with the ring announcer who lifts the mic to make it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the TIME LIMIT has EXPIRED!

[The crowd jeers!]

PW: This match has been declared a draw. Still the AWA World Television Champion... Dave Bryant!

[More jeers rain down on the Doctor of Love as he rolls off of Green, raising an arm...]

GM: Look at Bryant... he's acting like he won.

BW: He did, Gordo! He's still the champion and to me, that's a victory! You better believe that Dave Bryant feels the exact same way. If he walks out of a building with the World Television Title draped over his shoulder, he's a winner, daddy!

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

[We cut backstage, where Jason Dane stands alongside the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of dark blue jeans and an extra smedium t-shirt that simply reads "WRESTLE HARD". His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders and the World Championship belt is wrapped around his waist. A smug look plays across the Ladykiller's face as Dane is given the green light to begin.]

JD: Fans, I'm backstage with the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Calisto, where is the rest of Royalty?

CD: They're off doing what Royalty does – being the most superior collection of wrestling talent on the planet. The Bombers have got business to take care of tonight, while Dave and I anxiously await...

[Dufresne tosses in a roll of the eyes.]

CD: ...The conclusion of your interview with the big bad wolf in Los Angeles.

[Dane purses his lips for a moment before continuing.]

JD: Chris Blue is promising that the mystery man himself will be here tonight.

CD: And guess what? Royalty is here, too. He's a very brave man from 1,500 miles away; sitting in the dark in some ramshackle office in L.A. Perhaps we'll see how brave he really is tonight.

[Dane, eager to switch subjects, does just that.]

JD: As we know, you won the World Heavyweight Championship a month ago at Memorial Day Mayhem, and you've yet to defend the title. But, as Karl O'Connor announced two weeks ago, on our country's birthday, the AWA will be hosting an event called Opportunity Knocks; where any wrestler can challenge another and they'll be forced to accept. You've got to think that someone is going to challenge you for the World Heavyweight Title.

CD: Oh, I'm sure they will, Dane. There's no shortage of also-rans in the locker room that would love nothing more than to get a shot at the Champ. In fact, I'm sure they'll be lining up like these Tallahassee inbreds outside of a Walmart the day after Thanksgiving; sleeping in tents just for the opportunity to be railroaded by yours truly.

Well, boys – if you're feeling froggy, jump.

[A shrug.]

CD: Let's be clear: I already slayed Frankenstein. Guys came to the arena praying that James Monosso's name wasn't across from theirs on the billing. Getting inside the ring with him basically was inviting a hospital bill. He ended career after career. But guess what?

I ended his.

Oh sure, Eric Preston may have pulled the trigger; but I gave him the gun. There's nobody left in the locker room that presents a threat to Calisto Dufresne. Stevie Scott? I'd love to finally settle that score. Terry Shane or Skywalker Jones want to cash in their shots? No problem; I've run through the flavor of the month in the past

It doesn't matter who challenges me, Dane. Opportunity knocks, after all.

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: Just be careful who answers.

[On that note, Dufresne strolls off camera, leaving Dane standing alone with the microphone as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

Fade back up and we open to a rather crowded interview area.

Jason Dane stands in front of the entire assembled Unholy Alliance. The "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes, who has lost a good deal of weight over the past two years but is still on the chubby side, stands to Dane's right (the camera's left) leaning on his crystal ball tipped walking stick. Childes wears a navy blue suit with a white undershirt and striped mahogany and old gold tie. Directly behind him is the hooded form of Nenshou, wearing a red hooded robe from which we can only see the lower half of his face (painted black with red and gold kanji).

Next up stands "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired cruiserweight has his hair back in a ponytail and is wearing a black pinstriped suit with an electric blue shirt and red tie, along with a pair of Italian loafers. Johnny Detson stands to Marley's right and he is wearing a black hooded sweat shirt with blue jeans and black shoes. "Sweet" Steven Childes is wearing a purple shirt, black dress slacks, and a purple and black thin stripe tie. "Delicious" Daniel Tyler is wearing a power blue button-down and tan dress slacks. Behind them is Raven, dressed in a black evening gown with her dark hair flowing down her back. Tyler's bright red hair is slicked forward. Tully Brawn, who is a thickly built man with loosely tousled hair, a fu-manchu mustache, and somewhat lanky arms and legs, is dressed in his wrestling gear: blue trunks, kneepads, black boots, and taped fists. He also has on a black shirt with "BRAWN" etched in bronze letters across the front.]

JDane: Percy Childes, the new and improved Unholy Alliance has made a lot of headlines in the AWA thus far. You've antagonized a number of AWA superstars, but it looks as if your enemies are beginning to come together themselves.

PC: First of all, Jason Dane, I remind you that Juan Vasquez antagonized me. Stevie Scott antagonized me. Brian Von Braun antagonized me. Luke Kinsey antagonized me. Supernova antagonized me. I gave Vasquez what he wanted, and he betrayed me. Scott broke my jaw in a fit of self-righteous pique. Von Braun tried to burn me. Now we have Kinsey and Supernova intervening in our business. We did not start with them. THEY started with US. You always gloss over that. WE DID NOT START THIS WAR. But we will end it.

JDane: I think you've forgotten; Rick Marley absolutely did start with Supernova. Isn't that true, Mr. Marley?

RM: I don't know how you could say that, Jason Dane - all I did was point out some uncomfortable truths about Supernova... truths that he didn't seem to be willing to accept.

Was I wrong?

HASN'T Supernova been handed EVERY opportunity? Hasn't he had accolade after accolade heaped on him... and why? Because he's tall, blond, has a painted face and started off in the Combat Corner... that's why. Any guy with an iota of talent would be a multiple time champion for all that doors that have been held open for that fraud... but the fans in the AWA seem to have embraced his failures like some sort of personality quirk... like he's the wrestling version of the Chicago Cubs.

[Boos rain down as Marley shakes his head.]

RM: These people are disgusting, Dane. I tried playing by their rules... did my best to be what the AWA faithful wanted me to be.

But no. They want Supernova. Hell, now they're cheering Luke Kinsey! Kinsey!



You liked to dig at me after Bucky trashed me live on AWA TV, didn't you Dane? Here's your chance to go all Investigative Reporter again: You want to get to the bottom of questions? You want Kinsey to show you what sorta guy he REALLY is?

[Marley turns and starts poking Dane in the chest with each demand.]

RM: Cool... Ask him about that time back in New York in 2001 when he dressed up as The Masked Krishna so that a guy named The Mercenary could go to Paris to help out a buddy of his.

Ask him about breaking Chris Courtade's leg.

Ask him about stalking Caleb Temple. Ask him about breaking into the man's house... that's a felony, Dane.

Ask him how many times him and Vasquez have been buddy buddy in the past, only to have Kinsey turn on Juany-boy. I'm not even sure that Kinsey knows at this point.

[Marley pauses... and then a smirk crosses his face.]

RM: How 'bout you ask him about his divorce? Ask him when's the last time he saw his boy? Oh... wait... the court said he's not allowed to till he hangs up the boots... and ask him why, instead of retiring to spend time with his kid he decided to mentor Gavin Cassel instead.

THIS is a hero? THIS guy gets cheered?

[For a second time, Marley shakes his head as the fans boo very loudly.]

RM: I didn't think it was possible to have a worse role model than Supernova, but AWA managed to dig one up in Luke Kinsey.

You keep on talking about me turning my back on this organization? Wait for the double cross from that guy... it'll be EPIC.

[Dane looks a bit uncomfortable, then turns once again, backing away from Marley and looking back at Childes...]

JDane: Well, while you criticize Kinsey and Supernova for intervening without provocation (among other things), one man who did the same is Johnny Detson. Mr. Detson, why in the world did you enter the AWA by getting involved in this conflict?

JDetson: Little bit of brash egocentric behavior, and that is only the tip of the iceberg when it comes to Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez...

[Detson, as always, spits out the name with venom.]

JDetson: Two weeks before the Cup, weren't those the same two, you know, the greatest tag team to have never wrestled, that declared themselves great? Living Legends? Gods?

[Laughing, Detson continues.]

JDetson: I think not. And while the Alliance nearly put his best friend in traction and they continue to barely escape with their lives, Vasquez wants to talk about World Titles. Scott wants to talk about rematches. I got involved because I had to. The passing definition of the word "great" here in the corporate offices in Dallas isn't really based in reality.

[The fans boo as Detson shakes his head.]

JDetson: Supernova? Van Braun? Scott? Vasquez? Each of them handed opportunity after opportunity. I earned my opportunity, I earned the opportunity to be considered great. It took me fifteen years of my life, so excuse me if I don't join the procession for their fifteen minutes of fame. So you say without provocation?

[Detson looks at Percy Childes with a bewildered expression. Childes simply shrugs his shoulders.]

JDetson: Two lying, conniving, cheats say they're the greatest ever known and that's not provocation? They did this to themselves! The fact that its only us eight brave souls fighting for what's right is the discerning part. Another is that they actually believe it when they say that garbage about being great. Well it got Stevie Scott dropped right on his head.

[The boos continue. Detson chuckles as Dane moves over to Tully Brawn.]

JDane: I also think it is fair to say that Tully Brawn was the instigator of the bad blood between himself and his brother. Mr. Brawn, weren't you the one who escalated that issue?

[Tully's eyebrows sink as the question strikes a nerve.]

TB: This is the second time tonight you've come to me for a comment when you know I'm not giving you one. Why?

JDane: I'm an interviewer, and you're here for an interview.

[The voice Brawn responds with is edgy. He's not raising his voice, but there is undeniable menace in his tone.]

TB: No, I'm not. I'm here to bust heads, make money, and win championships. Your obsession with my family's issues with me doesn't help me do any of that. What this is, Dane, is a complete lack of respect. You understand my wishes, and you disrespect me by ignoring them. As if my feelings don't matter. What's personal is personal, and the Unholy Alliance is all business.

Why don't you ask me about my drive to be the best I can be? Why don't you ask me about my title aspirations? Why don't you ask me legitimate, valid questions about my career rather than trying to dig up dirt like a living, breathing issue of People Magazine? I will not be defined by my family. Now get out of my face until you figure out how stupid it is to disrespect Tully Brawn.

JDane: As you wish. Then from there, the Aces. Gentlemen, tonight you face Vasquez and Scott once again. What in the world do you hope to gain from this conflict?

[Raven produces the barricade and holds it up. Childes and Tyler step behind it, each grabbing one of the rungs. To the horror of the crowd, they start singing. It's worse than you can imagine.]

DT: # Swing loooooow.... suh-weet cherry....oooooot. Comin' for to carry me home!

SC: # Swing loooooow... sweeeeeet charrriot! Comin' for to carry me home!

DT: # I looked over Dallas. And WHAT did I see!?

SC: # Comin' for to carry me home!

DT: # A bunch of no-good scoundrels coming after the Unholy Alliance!

[That last lyric turns into a spoken sentence about halfway through, and the Aces break down laughing. Not Raven, though; she's stoic and serious. Dane looks none too thrilled.]

SC: What do we hope to gain by beating Vasquez and Scott for a SECOND time?

Understanding, Jason. An understanding from ALL of the AWA wrestlers. We can drop in rankings. We can not get shots at the tag titles we were PROMISED over a year ago. You can TRY to hold the Aces down, but adversity only makes us fight harder. Fight longer. Fight nastier. Tonight, the rest of the tag team division needs to raise their heads and take notice. Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez are the FIRST step to the Aces getting back into title contention... AGAIN.

DT: We've been caged against our will, Jason.

[Raven drops the barricade.]

\*THUD\*

DT: No more. You can't cage the Aces, daddy. We're tired of being stepped on, overlooked, and treated with no respect of dignity. You listen to what Rick Marley says, and a lot of things start to make sense. Tonight, we're sending a message. That message is the Aces want what's ours, those

fifteen pounds of gold called the WORLD Tag Team Titles. As Steven said, we start with Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez.

WHEN we beat them a second time, people are going to take notice. We're going to be vicious and nastier than previously. I used to hear Stevie Scott referred to as the dirtiest player in the game. I hope you remember how to do that, Stevie, and that ya taught Juan some of those tricks. You two are gonna need it later tonight.

JDane: Lastly, Nenshou. After failing to obtain the World Heavyweight Championship and suffering some high-profile losses this year, Nenshou, isn't it true that you're instigating this whole gang war in an attempt to remove some obstacles to your quest to get back to the championship picture... on both sides?

[Dane holds the mic to Nenshou as if he expects the Japanese star to answer. Nenshou glares hatefully, his head tilting backwards in an angry reaction and making his face visible. Childs hurriedly attempts to grab the mic from Dane, but the interviewer persists.]

JDane: No. I know he speaks English! And after nearly blinding me once... we both know what will happen if you go off the leash again. Don't we, Nenshou? Or should I say, Mr...

[Nenshou cuts off Dane by blowing mist at him... this time hitting his shirt rather than his face. A huge black stain is left on Dane's formerly white shirt. Jason looks down and seems taken aback by this.]

JDane: ...the black mist?!

PC: Yes, Mr. Dane. We both know what will happen: he will make it worth losing his job for. You... and everyone else... would do well to remember that. If you stick your neck out to oppose a man with an axe, don't be shocked when heads roll.

[The Alliance exit the platform to the jeers of the crowd. Dane looks down at his shirt with a nervous stare as we cut back to the booth.]

GM: That black mist can blind a man for life! How dare he...

BW: Easy, Gordo. That was a message. If he was tryin' ta take out Dane, Dane'd be in pieces around the arena. But that was a message for everyone. The Alliance ain't playin' games. Somebody's gonna get hurt in a permanent way. They've done it before. Ron Houston, Vernon Riley, Anton Layton... that group has already ended careers, right here in front of us! Why would anyone think they'd stop?

GM: They may not want to stop... but when they collide with this team of the AWA's superpowers that have come together, they may be stopped cold! We'll find out later tonight when Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott team up to take on The Aces.

BW: But where the Aces are, you better believe that the rest of the Alliance ain't too far behind, Gordo.

GM: Oh, I most certainly believe that. Fans, let's go up to the ring to see the World Tag Team Champions in action!

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

PW: The following non-title tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 473 pounds... the team of Johnny Rocks and Sawyer Tate!

[Two well-built guys raise their arms to some cheers. There's not a lot to distinguish either man other than Tate in red trunks while Rocks wears full-length blue tights with silver trim.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The crowd is buzzing as the music fades and is replaced by the distinctive opening to "F\*\*\*in' In The Bushes" by Oasis. The fans ROAR to their feet in boos as the curtain is pushed aside and the Treacherous Three make their way out, led of course by "Hollywood" Larry Doyle. Doyle wears the red, white and blue get up shown previously.]

Kenny Stanton is first, toned and tanned, with long blonde hair and downhome charm. He wears the black tights with the hair-and-bombs insignia on the thighs and seat, with white boots and black knee pads. The AWA World tag team title is strapped around his waist.

Behind him comes Brad Jacobs, built to the hilt with tremendous traps, sculpted upper body and dark brown skin, with a big "305" tattooed on his left shoulder, short black hair freshly dyed into a blonde faux hawk. He wears traditional short trunks, same color blue as Stanton, with the insignia on the seat of the trunks, black kneepads and white boots. His title is also strapped around his waist. They high five each other...]

PW: They are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... being accompanied to the ring by "Hollywood" Larry Doyle and representing Royalty...

KENNY STANTON... BRAD JACOBS...

THE BLONNNNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMBERRRRRS!

[The trio quickly make their way to the ring, taunting the ringside fans before scaling the ring steps and moving through the ropes into the ring. Stanton and Jacobs huddle up, leaning down to listen to their manager.]

GM: Larry Doyle giving some final instructions from the corner, telling Kenny Stanton to start things off inside the squared circle against Sawyer Tate.

BW: Two like-sized guys squaring off. Good call by "Hollywood" Larry.

[As the bell sounds, the two men come together in the middle of the ring for a tieup but Stanton ducks under, sliding around Tate where he paintbrushes him across the back of the head and delivers a shove that sends Tate stumbling away. Stanton smirks at the jeering crowd.]

BW: Pure speed... pure intelligence. You gotta love some Kenny Stanton.

GM: Hmph.

BW: Not a big fan of the World Tag Team Champions, Gordo?

GM: They've got incredible talent - I just wish they'd use it instead of letting Dave Cooper, Larry Doyle, and now Calisto Dufresne, the World Heavyweight Champion, lead them down the wrong path.

BW: The wrong path?! They're the World Tag Team Champions! They're part of the most successful stable in the entire AWA - heck, in the entire WORLD of wrestling! And when Dave Cooper gets his hands on the World Television Title, Royalty will have to be considered one of the strongest units in the history of our sport!

GM: When he gets his hands on the title? I thought you were a Dave Bryant fan.

BW: I am, Gordo... but Dave Cooper has waited a long, long time to wrap singles gold around his waist here in the AWA. I have a feeling that with his new allies, that wait is just about over, daddy!

[While the announcers had bantered, Stanton took Tate out of another tieup attempt into a rear waistlock takedown where he had floated into half Boston Crab, yanking back on the leg of the opposition...]

GM: Stanton showing some of the technical skills he learned in his days in the Combat Corner.

BW: Oh please. Why is it whenever someone shows some talent on the mat, you give credit to Michaelson?

GM: Kendall Stanton WAS a student of the Combat Corner, Bucky.

BW: And where did it get him? Jerkin' the curtain and being the hardest worker in the opening match. But when Larry Doyle took over and he became the Sultan of Swing, Kenny Stanton... now he's one-half of the best tag team in the world, Gordo!

GM: The Sultan of... give me a break. Speaking of Sultans, our thoughts are with Sultan Azam Sharif who we're told is still recuperating from the broken ankle he suffered at the hands of Royalty back at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: Also known as the night that Royalty took control of the entire AWA!

[While more announcer bantering was ongoing, Stanton switched his stance, keeping the half Crab while stomping the back of Tate's head repeatedly. He pulled him off the mat, taking him down with a back suplex before tagging in Brad Jacobs.]

GM: The big man, Brad Jacobs, is in off the tag... and this guy is pure power, pure intensity.

BW: Intense is the perfect word to describe him, Gordo.

[Jacobs stepped in, rushing to the far ropes, rebounding back as Tate staggers up...

...and connects with a running, lunging clothesline while Stanton throws a spinning legsweep from the rear, taking Tate down with a devastating doubleteam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! What a doubleteam out of the Blonde Bombers!

BW: They call that one the Sidewinder, Gordo! Jacobs and Stanton working together like a well-oiled machine!

[Stanton gives a little shimmy, getting a few cheers from the females as he steps out to the apron, leaving Brad Jacobs to drag Tate off the mat by the arm. He reaches under the arm, tossing him bodily into the corner in a hiptoss style toss...]

GM: Jacobs sends him to the corner where Tate tags in.

BW: That's how confident they are, Gordo. They don't even care if this kid makes the tag to his partner.

[Johnny Rocks comes rushing in, full of fire as he throws a series of big right hands at the jaw of Brad Jacobs...

...who buries a knee into the gut of Rocks, doubling him up, before he throws a big clubbing forearm down across the back, knocking Rocks down to the mat to the approval of Larry Doyle who can be heard shouting.]

GM: Larry Doyle sure seems to like what he's seeing here.

[Jacobs stomps Rocks a few times, forcing him under the ropes and out onto the ring apron. The referee steps in, backing the big man off...

...which allows Kenny Stanton to run down the apron, leaping into the air...]

GM: What in the...?

[...and DROPS a big elbow into the torso of Rocks as he falls off the apron to the floor!]

GM: A daredevil diving elbowsmash by Kenny Stanton!

BW: I've seen that move delivered to opponents who were down on the floor before... but I've never seen it delivered to someone lying on the ring apron before. Innovative offense out of Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs.

[Stanton moves over to the ringside barricade, laying the badmouth on a few fans as Larry Doyle rushes to join him, jabbing a finger into the air in front of a quite-vocal front row fan.]

GM: Stanton should focus on the match and his opponent - not on the ringside fans.

[Jacobs leans over the ropes, pulling Rocks up by the arm. He slings said arm over his neck while applying a front facelock...]

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

[The big man powers Rocks up into a vertical suplex, holding him straight up and down...

...and then drops his right arm away, leaving Rocks being dangled upside down with one arm!]

GM: Wow! Look at the power out of Brad Jacobs!

[Jacobs walks out to the center of the ring, still holding Rocks in the suplex...

...and then suddenly drops back, jolting his opponent's spine with the delayed suplex!]

BW: It takes a whole lot of raw power to do something like that, Gordo. Incredible power!

[Jacobs gives a big roar, flexing his muscular arms in front of him to the jeers of the crowd before he marches to the corner, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made and Stanton steps back in as Jacobs pulls Johnny Rocks off the mat...

[Each Bomber grabs an arm, firing Rocks across the ring.]

GM: The double whip sends him in...

[Jacobs lifts the incoming Rocks into a military press as Stanton drops to a knee...]

GM: Jacobs sends him up...



[The big man lets go, sending Rocks crashing gutfirst down onto the bent knee!]

GM: ...and bring him crashing down hard!

[Jacobs steps out as Stanton flips Rocks into a lateral press.]

GM: Stanton's got one... he's got two... no, the shoulder comes up!

[Stanton angrily gets to his feet, repeatedly stomping the midsection of his downed opponent before he leaps up, dropping one final stomp into the gut before he walks across the ring, shouting at Sawyer Tate.]

GM: Stanton's really running his mouth here tonight, Bucky.

[He turns his back on Tate who takes a swipe at him before Stanton rushes across the ring, leaving his feet as Rocks gets up, and CRACKING him with a flying lariat!]

GM: LARIAT! He got ALL of that!

[Stanton turns to the corner, slapping Brad Jacobs' outstretched hand.]

GM: Jacobs is in off the tag...

[Jacobs pulls Rocks off the mat. He signals his partner who nods, backing into the ropes as Jacobs fires Tate into the opposite ropes. Stanton breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes shortly after Rocks does. The rebounding Tate gets lifted up into the powerful arms of Jacobs who twists around for a spinebuster just as Stanton leaps into the air, spinning into a leg lariat...]

GM: WHAT THE...?!

[The leg lariat connects just as Jacobs violently throws Rocks down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it, fans! It's over!

[Jacobs drops down, planting his open palms on the chest of Rocks and fully extending his arms in a press as the referee makes a swift three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: An impressive victory for the World Tag Team Champions as they knock off this young team of Rocks and Tate but at some point, Bucky, Jacobs and Stanton are going to be standing across that squared circle with a team the likes of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez and the result on that night may be much, much different.

BW: Maybe... or maybe it's just gonna be another night at the office for the Bombers.

GM: Larry Doyle has joined his young team in the ring, celebrating their victory. The Blonde Bombers returned to the AWA back at SuperClash IV in November and have really been on one heck of a roll since then, fans.

[Doyle leans close to a camera.]

"Oh, mystery maaaaan! Come out, come out wherever you are! Come threaten these men now why don'tcha?! You grab your buddy, Blue, and tell 'im to get out here and-"

[Suddenly, a voice rings out...]

"Royalty, oh, Royalty..."

[The camera shot cuts to the top of the aisle where former EMWC owner Chris Blue has emerged from the shadows, a handheld mic in his grip and a twisted grin on his face.]

CB: You wound me, gentlemen. I heard what Dufresne had to say tonight... what you all said two weeks ago when you lumped me in with those who threaten you from afar with their video messages... when I'm the one who has spent time and resources since SuperClash IV trying to uncover their identities.

Don't you see that I'm actually HELPING you?

[Doyle shouts something off-mic in Blue's direction.]

CB: If my help isn't appreciated...

[Blue pauses, scratching his head.]

CB: Well, quite frankly, I don't care. Because the identity of the men producing those videos - these so-called "Wise Men" - is of great interest to me for my own personal reasons. You'll benefit from my actions, no doubt... but do not mistake that I do any of this for you.

[Blue stops again, letting those words hang there.]

CB: Two weeks ago, I made the first major step towards uncovering the truth behind the Wise Men... and tonight, I let you all make that step with me. Gentlemen, if you will...

[He turns towards the entrance, watching as William Craven and Eric Preston emerge from the locker room, essentially dragging a man between them towards the interview platform where Jason Dane is already standing. The man in question is wearing a wrestling mask over his face. Blue takes one more look at the ring before following them over towards the platform.]

GM: Who is it, Bucky? Who are they bringing out here and why is he wearing a mask?

BW: Apparently Mr. Blue feels that anonymity is still valuable.

[The camera cuts to the platform where Craven shoves the masked man into a platform. He stands behind him, one hand on the shoulder to prevent an escape as Jason Dane, looking as uncomfortable as can be, raises the mic.]

JD: Fans, as you know, I have been asked to come out here tonight to conduct an interview of sorts with this man behind the mask. It was two weeks ago when Chris Blue and myself uncovered his identity and his role in the mysterious video messages we've seen time and again since SuperClash IV. There are many questions that could be asked, I suppose, but at the end of it all, there really is only one question that everyone wants answered.

Sir, who are the Wise Men?

[The masked man slowly raises his head, moving very gingerly like he may be in a lot of pain. He looks through his mask at Dane.]

???: I refuse to answer that question.

[Dane looks at Blue who frowns, gesturing to Preston who suddenly leans in, sticking his thumb through the eyehole of the mask and gouging at the eye as the masked man screams in pain.]

CB: We had an agreement! You answer these questions or I turn you over to my Dragon!

[The masked man can be heard screaming for mercy when Preston backs off at a gesture from Blue.]

CB: Ask him again.

[Dane gulps, nodding.]

JD: Please... can you tell us... who are the Wise Men?

[The masked man is gasping in pain as the mic pushes up under his chin.]

???: You don't... you don't understand! You can't! You don't know what they'll do to me! Please don't make me... please don't-

[Dane yanks the mic away, turning to Blue.]

JD: Maybe he's right. Maybe we shouldn't-

[Blue snatches the mic away from Dane.]

CB: Shut your mouth. You have been paid a very handsome sum to play your part in this, Dane... and you're not about to back out on me now. This

man has information that we need to know... that the world needs to know.  
And I want that information now.

[Blue turns back to the masked man.]

CB: Let's ease into this. Were you the one who spoke the words we heard at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[The masked man looks up.]

???: No.

[Blue nods.]

CB: Who was?

[The masked man looks down before Blue gestures to Craven with the mic, watching as Craven yanks up on the chin, making the masked man look at Blue.]

CB: WHO. WAS?!

[The masked man is silent for a moment.]

???: I can't... I can't do it.

[Blue gestures at Craven again who grabs the edge of the mask, ripping it off to reveal...]

GM: BILL MASTERSON?!

BW: Holy... he used to be a co-owner of this place, Gordo! He sold his share of the company last year but... he used to own this place! What the heck?!

GM: How in the world is Masterson involved in all of this? Is he one of the Wise Men?!

[Blue allows everyone to see Masterson's face before he kneels down, leaning in closer.]

CB: Bill, we've known each other a long time. You know what I'm capable of, right?

[Masterson's head slumps over in a weak nod.]

GM: Has Masterson been beaten? He looks just exhausted!

BW: It's been two weeks since we saw Blue and Dane uncover him in Los Angeles. Who knows what Blue has had done to him since then?

GM: Are you insinuating that he's been tortured?!

BW: Hey, I watch Homeland!

[Blue reaches up, lightly slapping Masterson on the cheek.]

CB: Are you one of the Wise Men?

[Masterson looks down, staring at Blue. He's slow to respond, reluctant to incriminate himself.]

BM: No... no.

[Blue nods.]

CB: Of course you're not. You're too weak. Too much of a coward. Too much of a follower to stick your neck out that far. But yet... you're involved. Somehow, you're involved...

[Blue straightens up, looking at Masterson... then to Dane.]

CB: You're an investigative reporter. Figure this out.

[Dane nods as he takes the mic back.]

JD: The origin of the video's signal was traced back to your apartment in Los Angeles. So... if you're not the man who recorded the video... you must've at least been the man who distributed it.

[Dane's words fall on deaf ears as Masterson's head is slumped down.]

JD: That means that if you're not one of the Wise Men... you at least saw one of them in your apartment on Memorial Day when you made that live broadcast.

[Still no response from the former EMWC and AWA executive.]

JD: It's time, Bill. It's time to end this. Tell me... tell us... tell the entire world. Who are the Wise Men?

[Masterson slowly raises his head, shaking it back and forth. He opens his mouth...

...and the feed abruptly cuts to static.

After a few moments, the screen goes black before we fade back up on a series of beach shots - a pair of young children building a sandcastle, young men out on their surfboards, a spirited game of volleyball with shapely young ladies... you get the idea.

A voiceover begins.]

"As the summer begins and the temperatures rise, the beach isn't the only place where things are heating up."

[Cut to a series of weathermen saying the same phrase over and over again - "A Heat Wave is coming!" before the screen cuts to a nice graphic of a scorching hot sun.]

"The AWA's annual Heat Wave tour started at Memorial Day Mayhem but will be making its way throughout the United States all summer long and you will not want to miss the biggest stars of the AWA galaxy when they come to your town."

[A graphic pops up to show "JUNE 29th - GRADY COLE CENTER - CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA."]

"The AWA hits one of the biggest wrestling cities EVER in Charlotte, North Carolina as we invade the Grady Cole Center on the 29th for a live arena event. In a rematch from later tonight, Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott take on The Aces in tag team action! Plus, Dave Cooper will be in action!

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JUNE 30th - NEWBRIDGE BANK PARK - GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA."]

"Greensboro will be red hot in a special outdoor event on the 30th at the NewBridge Bank Park. Johnny Detson will meet Brian Von Braun in one-on-one action that night plus we'll see the Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles and Dave Bryant takes on Chris Staley!"

[Another graphic comes up, this one advertising the July 4th mega-event.]

"Opportunity will come a knockin' on the 4th of July in Russ Chandler Stadium in Atlanta, Georgia! Come early for the wrestling, stay late for post-show fireworks for the entire family! Opportunity Knocks promises to be one of the most unpredictable events in AWA history and you will NOT want to miss it!"

[The graphic fades to reveal a Heat Wave logo.]

"The AWA is on the road all summer long so keep your eyes open for new dates added in your town because when the American Wrestling Alliance is in your area, you do NOT want to miss it!"

[Some info about buying tickets appears before the graphic fades to black...

Fade back from black to the interview stage, where Jack and James Lynch stand, the fans cheering them, though neither Lynch seems aware of the crowd's adulation. Both brothers are wearing blue jeans and cowboy boots. James has on a very loose fitting yellow T-shirt, while Jack is wearing a black, button down dress shirt, his father's black cowboy hat on his head. Microphone in hand, Jack begins to speak.]

Jack: Last time... last time....

[Bile and rage choke Jack up, and he is quiet for a time, trying to compose himself.]

Jack: Last time, y'all saw what was done to my brother!

[Boos echo from the Tallahassee crowd.]

BW: Damn right we saw. Jimmy Stench got the beating his daddy shoulda given him a long time ago!

GM: Bucky! That's disgusting! Even you can't condone what the Bullies did to James Lynch last week!

[Lynch continues.]

Jack: Adam Rogers took a leather belt and beat my brother, like he was some kinda dog! And then I had to listen to you Bullies bragging about what you did. I bet y'all think that was a really funny bit of business, don't ya?

Jimmy...

[Jack looks to his brother.]

Jack: Show 'em.

[Slowly, James peels his yellow t-shirt away from his back. The younger Lynch winces in pain, and the microphone picks up his agonized sounds. James discards his shirt and looks at his brother, turning around with great reluctance.]

BW: Hah! Look at that! Ain't that great?

GM: I... I don't think I can look. Fans, this is just too disturbing.

[Across James' back are at least a half dozen distinct red stripes. Angry, livid red welts. The skin is raised, and it seems to throb in agony.]

GM: Those Bullies, they've gone too far with this.

BW: You ask me, they didn't go far enough!

[The camera lingers on James' inflamed back, until at last, it cuts to a shot of the crowd. Slowly, it zooms in on a single fan. Young, blonde, pretty, the girl looks on with blue eyes as wide as saucers. Her lovely face is distorted, first in a grimace and then in a look of sympathetic agony. Her wide eyes slowly fill with tears and turn red. A moment later, the tears are running freely down her face. Friends next to her try to comfort her as she devolves into paroxysms of tears, but she is inconsolable. She weeps openly, screaming for "Jimmy" and repeating the word "no!" over and over again.]

GM: I speak for all right minded people when I say that we share in that fan's pain, and we hope that James Lynch recovers quickly.

[Jack stands behind his brother, his hand gripping the back of James' head as he holds his brother to him. Jack is trembling with rage.]

Jack: I know you were in the ring doin' it, but I want you to look. I want you to look at my brother's back.

Now look at my eyes.

[Jack tears his cowboy hat off, and the camera zooms in on his eyes. Angry, intense, a raw red to match his brother's back.]

Jack: Donovan betrayin' me ain't nothing compared to this. Bullies, you went too far this time. All the back bitin', all the sneak attacks, that was one thing.

This is somethin' else entirely.

And the time for a reckonin' has come.

[James turns around, taking the microphone from his brother.]

James: It's time for you Bullies to face us. Me and Jack in the ring. You like coming at us from behind, and you know why?

Because none of you are as good as us.

I can't drive now. Can't wear a shirt unless its two sizes too big. Can't even sit down and have a meal. You Bullies, you took something from me. And I won't get it back until I've got your blood on my knuckles.

You took my dignity. You took my pride. And I want it back!

So Bullies, you tell us where to be. You tell us what you want. Any kind of match you want. -Any- kind of match. You just give me a chance to get back what you took. Just don't make us wait too long.

Because we Lynches aren't known for our patience.

[Jack takes the microphone back.]

Jack: Ball is in your court, boys. You be sure to let us know.

[And with that, the Lynch Brothers step away from the platform, to go back and wait for their challenge to be accepted as we crossfade to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Wow. The Lynch Brothers are out for payback - out for blood after what we saw two weeks ago and you've gotta wonder if the Beale Street Bullies have bitten off more than they can chew, Bucky.

BW: Nah, I think they bit off the perfect amount.



GM: Fans, let's talk about what happened right before the commercial break. We had just seen Bill Masterson, as we said, a former owner here in the American Wrestling Alliance until last summer when he sold his share of the company to the other members of ownership. He was revealed to have been the man who broke into the AWA's signal at Memorial Day Mayhem to broadcast that message from the so-called Wise Men. But just when it seemed as though Blue and Dane were going to be able to get him to spill the truth... to tell the world just who these Wise Men are... the screen abruptly cut out... the signal went to black.

BW: It ain't wise to get in there too deep into that situation, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps it's not but I have to wonder... we've been told by the production truck that they had no part in cutting away from that segment. We've been told that somehow, that kill of the signal was orchestrated by someone else. Could you be right, Bucky? Could it be that these Wise Men have more power than we ever thought possible?

BW: And if Blue was steamed before about the Wise Men, I can just imagine how hot under the collar he is at having them cut off his big interrogation of Masterson.

GM: You've got that right. We've both known Chris Blue a long time and we know that he's not a man who takes lightly to having his agenda spoiled. Stay tuned to that story, fans, 'cause it's gonna be a wild one, I have a feeling. Right now, let's head back to the ring for more action!

[We cut to the ring where Phil Watson is ready with the call. Already in the ring is a young man with messy black hair and a bulky build. He wears baggy black pants and a T-Shirt, with wrestling boots and taped fists.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring. From Houston, Texas... weighing two-hundred sixty-seven pounds... JOSEPH PUCKETT!

[The fans give some slight cheers, before the distinctive strings of the koto are heard over the PA. The Japanese stringed instrument plays the traditional folk melody "Sakura Sakura" unaccompanied as the fans boo.

From the back, the short, pudgy, unassuming form of Mr. Sadisuto enters the ring area. He smiles widely as if the fans were cheering him, and bows gracefully. Then he marches to the ring, idly stretching his arms and taking a few warm-up swipes into the air at an almost leisurely pace. Mr. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped.]

PW: His opponent, making his way towards the ring... from Tokyo, Japan... weighing two-hundred fifty-one pounds... MR. SADISUTO!

[Upon reaching ringside, Mr. Sadisuto climbs the steps, turns to the crowd, and bows again to the fans. He then enters the ring and offers a bow to his opponent as well as the referee.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto has been on quite a roll of late, racking up several victories in non-televised events.

BW: And he ain't lost much on TV when he does appear on Saturday Night Wrestling, either, Gordo. This is a guy who has got to be a contender for the TV Title, wouldn't you think?

GM: Quite possibly. It would be interesting to see how Dave Bryant handled someone who is just as devious as he is.

BW: Devious? Mr. Sadisuto is a man of honor! Look at him! He bows and shows respect.

GM: I notice you didn't defend Dave Bryant there.

BW: Er... stop putting words in my mouth! If you want an example of someone dishonorable, Glenn Hudson and Ryan Martinez conspired to keep our TV champion off the show altogether two weeks ago!

[\*DING\*DING\* The competitors circle one another warily as the announcer banter continues.]

GM: And what about Yuma Weaver's part in that?

BW: I notice you didn't defend Hudson or Martinez there.

GM: Because your claims are patently absurd.

[As they continue, there's a collar and elbow tieup. Puckett backs Sadisuto into the ropes, only for the veteran to wait and pivot at the last minute so that Puckett ends up backed against the ropes. Sadisuto then offers a clean break, smiling broadly and bowing to his opponent.]

BW: See? That's a sportsman.

GM: That's a man who is setting his young opponent up for later.

[The two men go back to the middle of the ring, where Sadisuto expertly applies an armwringer out of the collar-and-elbow tieup, and transitions to a back crescent kick to the well-padded midsection of Puckett. This drives the wind out of the Texan, allowing Sadisuto to throw him by the arm with an expert shoulderthrow. He maintains a grip on the arm and clamps on an armbar tight near the shoulder.]

GM: Excellent chain wrestling by Sadisuto, who has won more matches than Puckett has been in.

BW: That's an understatement. He's probably won more matches than Puckett has ever even watched.

GM: True, but that means youth is no longer on his side. Mr. Sadisuto has a great sense of urgency. He wants another title run before he calls it a career, and earlier today, he spoke to us about just that!

[As Sadistuo transitions to an arm scissors, we get the picture-in-picture view of a Mr. Sadisuto interview in the upper right hand corner of the screen. He's wearing a nice suit and a bowler hat as he speaks in his rough Japanese accent.]

MS: Mistah Sadisuto watch vely vely carefully, TV Title situation. It is DISHONAH, that nobody brave enough to face honorable champion, Dave Bryant, last Saturday Night Wrestling. Glenn Hudson, you not worthy to fight for TV Title, but Mistah Sadisuto would do ANYthing for championship match. Ryan Martinez, you coward to hide behind old man and avoid championship match; you would shame your father but he does not care about you! Hahahah! You both watch real man, like Mistah Sadistuo, and then you will see just how far challenger for TV Title should go to get championship match. Hahahahahah!

[The picture in picture goes away just in time to see that Mr. Sadisuto has transitioned from an arm scissors to a combination arm scissors and choking Puckett with his wrist tape but disguising it as a chinlock.]

BW: There you have it. Somebody puts those cowards in their place.

GM: Yuma Weaver is the reason Glenn Hudson didn't get a match! If he had tried to fight Bryant after getting cold-cocked by a sneak attack...

BW: Not willing to do anything! Like Mr. Sadisuto, who has a brilliant combination, almost like a crossface submission but with a chinlock and more of the pressure on the arm...

GM: He's choking him with his wrist tape! Come on, referee!

BW: And what's Ryan Martinez' excuse?

GM: Loyalty! Is that really a foreign concept?

BW: Among people with goals and the will to be a champion, yes. I think Mr. Sadisuto should get the next title shot. Or Alphonse Green. He came close to winning the title earlier tonight - surely he deserves another shot.

GM: I definitely can't deny that but the TV Title scene is crowded.

BW: You couldn't tell by the way people keep ducking Dave Bryant!

GM: Will you stop! Finally the referee sees the choke, and Sadisuto picks up Puckett... snapmares him blatantly with the tape around his neck! And a hard kick to the base of the skull!

[Sadisuto bows to the crowd as they boo him vehemently. He then clamps a nerve hold on Puckett.]

BW: You know, in two weeks at Opportunity Knocks, Sadisuto or Green could challenge Bryant.

GM: So could Hudson, or even Martinez if he wanted to go for a double while pursuing tag gold.

BW: No, no, only people with guts make challenges to Dave Bryant, Gordo.

GM: Sadisuto definitely has more of a gut than Hudson and Martinez, that's for sure.

BW: Ouch. Glad to see I'm rubbin' off on ya.

GM: It was a moment of weakness.

[By now, Puckett has powered up to his feet with the encouragement of the crowd. Sadisuto releases and hammers a short overhand chop into the back of his neck. Backing the burly Texan up to the ropes, Sadisuto fires him off with an Irish-Whip. He ducks down for a back body drop, but Puckett kicks him coming in... or tries. Sadisuto straightens up to avoid it and blasts Puckett with a tiger-palm strike, both hands to the chest flooring his young opponent who yelps in pain.]

BW: WHOA!

GM: Sadisuto hits much, much harder than you'd ever believe by looking at him.

BW: And that's why we always say, when a guy gets caught goin' for a back body drop, that he made a mistake by puttin' his head down. Sadisuto had his head up. He don't make rookie mistakes. Puckett's counter was seen coming and he paid for it.

GM: An expert spinning back kick right to the bread basket of Puckett as the young man tried to rise, and now the Japanese star with an abdominal stretch.

BW: He's just torturing his man now.

GM: Sadisuto is sadistic. He loves to make his opponents suffer. Puckett uses his power edge to fling the veteran over with a hip toss! This may be an opening!

BW: Well, he better make the most of it. Sadisuto don't make mistakes; he's only gonna get one chance.

GM: Puckett pulling Sadisuto up, and nailing with a forearm uppercut to the sternum. The veteran is reeling! Puckett bulls him back into the ropes, going for the Irish-Whip... no, Sadisuto blocks by hooking the ropes.

BW: And spun him around with a clinch. Smart defense, shutting down Puckett's momentum.

[Clinched in the ropes, Puckett spreads his arms out for a clean break... upon which point Sadisuto hauls off and nails him with a knife-edge chop right to the Adam's apple, dropping his man like a rock!]

GM: TO THE THROAT! Right to the larynx! That's grounds for a disqualification!

BW: Oh, come off it. The dummy opened himself up for that so wide, he deserved it. I'd have disqualified Sadisuto if he DIDN'T take that huge opening!

GM: That's what he was setting Puckett up for by feigning fair play early. It's too bad this young man fell for it. Sadisuto pulls Puckett out into the ring, winds up, and nails a crescent kick to the temple!

BW: Good-bye, junior. He can pin him right now.

[Sadisuto asks the referee to check Puckett's condition. The referee obliges, and Sadisuto reaches into his trunks. He pulls out a length of chain, and... drops it near the corner?]

GM: WHAT? What is he doing?!

BW: I... don't know.

[When the referee turns back and orders the match to continue, Sadisuto points at one of the grips at ringside.. the guys who keep the wires and ringside mics straight. He says the man threw the chain at him. The ref confronts the absolutely perplexed staff member as Sadisuto quickly lines up Puckett, hops up on the second turnbuckle, makes a motion of some kind with his hand, and jumps into a diving headbutt... right into the groin of Puckett! The fans boo this loudly.]

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: KOTEI NO KEN, DADDY! That's the "Emperor's Sword", Gordo.

GM: That's a blatant low blow that the referee missed because of Sadisuto's ridiculous story! He didn't even need to do that, he could have pinned Puckett in the time it took him to set that up!

BW: It's not a question of "need", daddy. He did it because he WANTED to.

GM: The three count is academic, but I hope the Championship Committee reviews these antics when considering Sadisuto's candidacy for a title match.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: Oh, yeah they will. His antic? Is a victory on Saturday Night Wrestling. That's the only antic that matters.

[Mockingly, Sadisuto rises and bows to the fans, slowly and in each direction, with a huge grin on his face. They respond with hate and jeers.]

PW: Here is your winner... MR. SADISUTO!

["Sakura Sakura" begins over the PA again as the instant replay of the crescent kick is shown.]

BW: Look here at the replay. He caught Puckett RIGHT in the temple. How accurate is that? A crescent kick like that, you're not even looking at your opponent. You just know where to hit based on the guy's body position and experience.

GM: Yes, Sadisuto's body control is amazing to be able to pinpoint his strikes that way. But he could have easily pinned the man after that! Why didn't he? And why did he feel a need for a blatant low blow?

[The replay now shows the flying headbutt, the Kotei No Ken. Sadisuto hops to the second rope with it and jumps immediately, because of the need to hit the move before the referee turned around.]

BW: Didn't you hear what he said earlier? He's showing the world how far you have to go to be a champion. He didn't need it this week, but what if he did? What if the chips are down and only a killshot will do? Sadisuto showed us that he doesn't care about ethics or the well-being of his opponents. He has no mercy.

GM: He risked disqualification just to inflict torturous pain on a man! That wasn't a message, that was sadism! Fans, I've been asked to conduct a very special interview inside the ring right now so Bucky, the floor is yours for a moment.

[We can hear Gordon's headset hit the table as he gets up from his seat.]

BW: It's about time 'cause I've got a lot I want to talk about. First off, let's talk about these so-called megapowers of the AWA. Juan Vasquez? I can't figure out why you people are back cheering this guy. He was so much cooler when he was in the Unholy Alliance smacking people around. Stevie Scott? See the entry for Juan Vasquez. When the "Hotshot" was runnin' the Southern Syndicate, he was on top of the world. Now he's Juan Vasquez' backup singer! Oh, and don't get me started on-

[Gordon's voice rings out to interrupt the diatribe.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time made his return to the wrestling ring at Memorial Day Mayhem, teaming up with Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott! Ladies and gentlemen, Luke Kinsey!

[A blast from the past. A single guitar riff strikes out and "Everything Zen" by Bush begins to play over the loudspeaker, as Luke Kinsey comes out from behind the curtain. Luke is dressed relaxed and casually, in blue jeans and a white dress shirt untucked, with a faded black choker around his neck. His brown hair is cut short around the sides and businesslike up top, kept in place by some hair care product no doubt. He approaches Gordon with a wary glare, then busts out into a cautious smile and nods at the revered announcer.]

BW: (Over the headsets) You know he's getting the red carpet treatment, daddy, when he got Gordo conducting an interview.

GM: Luke Kinsey, your arrival here in AWA has set the wrestling world on its ear and has really garnered extra attention to our company. I'm sure someone as plugged in as you are has to have been taken aback by all the attention and the frenzied fan reaction.

LK: It happens to all of us, Gordon. You look at yourself in the mirror one day and you wonder, "Will they remember me?" "Will they miss me when I'm gone?" I've never denied that I got an ego, my man, and those questions bit at me and my ego for a long time. And I was nervous as hell when I came out here, because I wondered if the people would remember the bad times more than the good times. But it's safe to say that the reaction I've gotten, the embrace of a fan base, Gordon, I gotta tell ya, it feels like I never left and I couldn't thank all you fans enough for it.

[The fans cheer and applaud at Kinsey, who puts his hand up in thanks.]

LK: And it's made me realize that I've got something left in the tank, Gordon, I've got something more to give.

GM: I'm sure that is a delight to the fans, but surely you heard the remarks of Rick Marley earlier on in the broadcast. He is someone who most DEFINITELY remembers the bad times. How do you respond?

[Luke's brow furrows for a moment, and he brushes a hand across his face as he thinks.]

LK: I heard everything Marley had to say earlier on, and frankly I've heard every crack made about my personal life since I came back. The funny thing is that throughout my career, I've been dishonest, unloyal, jealous and duplicitous. But I've been honest and open about being dishonest, unloyal, jealous and duplicitous, I never tried to say that I wasn't. And Rick Marley hit it right on the nose man, I've got a rap sheet a mile long.

I have never been somebody who was afraid to get down and dirty. I was never afraid to get blood on my hands. Which is why Stevie, Juan and Brian

know they called the right guy, because guerrilla warfare never bothered me.

But anyone who knows me, who knew me in the old days... they know that I was obsessed with being the best. And they knew that I was aware of the things I sacrificed to get to the top. Not just the blood and the injuries, we all sacrifice that. But I traded my soul to climb to the top of the wrestling world. I used to always say that my soul was bought and paid for, baby, I had nothing left to sell out because it was gone long ago. If I wasn't laughing, I'd be crying about it.

[Luke scratches the back of his head, clearly not comfortable.]

LK: And Rick Marley was right on, they all are. I made thirty million and spent forty million. I've been engaged four times and married twice. I couldn't see my own flesh and blood for a while because THAT is the sacrifice I made to be the very best in the wrestling world, I mortgaged my LIFE to be the best.

And I paid the price, more times than you can imagine. You can't make up for those lost years, Gordon, you can't get them back. So if I didn't walk away when I did, there was a good chance I'd have been damaged goods forever. You can break my arm, you can cut my face, you can hit me with a chair, but when your own son calls you Luke because you're not around enough for him to call you Dad... that's the kind of pain you can't take Aspirin for. There's no doctor for a broken heart and a fractured soul, Gordon. There just isn't.

So I walked away. At the top of my game. My last match before I walked away was a World title defense. John Elway doesn't have anything on me. And slowly, but surely, I reconstructed the life I missed out on. I reconnected with the family I'd left behind for fame and fortune, and became the man I should have been all along. And all was great... until the questions started to flood in.

"Dad, is it true? Did you really break that man's leg? Did you really break into that man's house? Why did you do all these things Dad, how can you tell me to be honest and strong and tough when you WEREN'T?"

[Kinsey clears his throat.]

LK: And once again. Throw me through a table, stab me in the eye, hit me with brass knuckles, that's nothing compared to the eyes of your own flesh and blood looking down on you. Ashamed.

So I had to look at my boy and tell him that yes, Dad did all those things. Yes, Dad was hurtful and deceitful. Dad was not strong, not tough. Dad cowered and hid and used people, Dad shot his mouth off and said some horrible things. At the time, I thought it was worth it. Because you can check the books, if you can find 'em, I was never too far away from a gold belt or a high ranking,



As it turns out... they didn't mean a damn thing. They were hollow. Just like me.

[Luke goes quiet and looks at the mat, then back up at Gordon.]

LK: And it was in those dark moments that I decided to put these boots on one more time. To return to the business that made me and broke me at the same time. To show the people in the crowd, who I love, and to show the people at home, who I love more, that it can be done the right way.

I am not the man who walked away in 2008 as a world champion.

I am a BETTER one. And I know, right now, there are people in the crowd and at home watching this broadcast who aren't proud of the way things went down in the past, who want a second chance to prove that they've learned from their mistakes and grown into bigger, stronger people, and THAT'S who I'm here for. For the outcasts, for the rejects, for the people who want one more chance.

I'm here for ya, I fight for you. Luke Kinsey was MADE by the people and Luke Kinsey will FIGHT for the people. And for my people at home, who have gone through so much with me, who have given me love and kindness and compassion and worlds of patience, I owe it to you to be the very best once more, and to be someone you can be proud of.

And Unholy Alliance...

[Kinsey points his finger at the camera.]

LK: In case you didn't realize, things just got real. It starts with YOU. My map goes right through your living room and doesn't end until the Unholy Alliance is closed for business. The only thing worse than a reckless Loose Cannon is one with a purpose.

And that purpose is one that you can't POSSIBLY understand. But I promise you, as I stand here today, you will damn sure know the results of it. Thank you Gordon, thank you everyone here for listening and for keeping the name alive, even when I wasn't sure I wanted it to be. There is still a chapter or two to be written in the Book of Luke, and I promise you, you won't want to miss it. Thank you all!

[Kinsey stands in the ring, taking on cheers from the crowd for a while before we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

The screen fades to static, the slowly, the color fades into a sepia tone as the jangling steel guitar from the "Once Upon a Time in the West" theme plays in the background. The static fades into a long shot of a gallows standing vigil in the middle of an old west boom town's main street...the full moon casting the grim wooden structure in stark silhouette as the wind blows dust and grit across the camera shot.

After a moment, the camera pans slightly, revealing an older, white man with stringy white hair standing next to the structure. Thin...frail to the point of cadaverousness even, he is dressed in a black suit and rounded wide brimmed hat that went out of style in the late 1800's. He regards the camera for a moment, then nods and begins to speak, his voice coming out high and thready with an almost sing-song quality to his southern drawl.]

"It seems ta me that you fahn folks in th' American Wrestling Alliance have a bit of a problem...not since the cattle barons and claim jumpers turned

towns from Dodge City to Tombstone into shooting galleries have Ah seen s'much uncontrolled and undirected violence.

Unmitigated lawlessness spills outta your fahn wrestling organization an' it places all of ya'll in great daynjuh...ya see...in the West, they had a way o' dealin' with that sorta vigilantism...with that sorta lawlessness...

An' that answer was simple, mah friends...as simple as it was final."

[The camera pulls back, revealing a tall figure standing atop the gallows. Impossibly tall and wearing a large duster and wide brimmed stetson, it stands silently for a moment, backlit by the light of the moon...then slowly raises its right arm out to a 90 degree angle from its body...revealing the long noose hanging from its right hand.]

'The tahm is comin', mah friends...and your judgement is at hand."

[The camera zooms in on the figure...then the noose before it fades to four words: The Hangman is Coming...

We fade from the block print to Jason Dane standing by backstage with the tandem of Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez. Both are in their ring attire, moving around anxiously for the main event that is moments away from taking place.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon, I am indeed here with Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott and gentlemen, I am sure you are very much looking forward to the opportunity to get a win back from Steven Childes and Daniel Tyler.

[Stevie steps forward first to address Dane's statement.]

HSS: Looking forward to it doesn't even begin to describe what we feel tonight, Dane-o. You see, for months now, we've had to listen to The Aces gloat about their win over us at the Stampede Cup. We've had to watch them thump their chests and slap each other on the butts, all because they pulled one over on me and Juan.

[The Hotshot shakes his head, maybe a little disappointed in himself and his partner for that loss.]

HSS: But see, Dane, here's the thing.

You've got on the other side of the ring, two guys who have done little else than work together as a tag team. And then? Then you've got us.

[He motions at himself and then at Juan.]

HSS: You've got two guys who are used to doing things on their own in the ring, wrestling in main events at SuperClash with what was at the time the biggest prize in the AWA on the line. And more than that, two guys who weren't used to teaming together.

[Stevie shrugs.]

HSS: Is it an excuse, Jason Dane? Maybe. Is it a means of justifying the fact that we did lose to The Aces back at the Stampede Cup? Perhaps. But there's also at least a kernel of truth in that assessment.

Which also means if we get beat tonight, that explanation won't fly.

Because tonight? Tonight, boys, it's going to be totally different.

[Stevie stands up a little straighter, speaking with more fire in his voice.]

HSS: Tonight, you're going to get Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott at our very best. Tonight, you're going to find out why we are regarded as the two best wrestlers the AWA has ever seen, bar none. You're going to experience, first hand, the Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott that held the AWA National Title for over two years combined.

[A confident nod and glance toward Vasquez.]

HSS: What that all adds up to, boys, is that tonight? Tonight, there's no chance in hell that you're gonna beat us again.

[Jason Dane nods, as he turns his attention to Juan Vasquez.]

JD: Strong words from Stevie Scott. Juan Vasquez, you said that you and Stevie Scott have been waiting for weeks to redeem yourselves from your performance against The Aces at The Stampede Cup. Your thoughts going into the main event?

JV: I'm not gonna' make any excuses for why we lost at The Stampede Cup. But I AM gonna' tell you that the biggest mistake The Aces made...

...was not FINISHING the job.

[He turns his attention directly to the camera.]

JV: You see, Aces...when you beat two egomaniacs like Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott...

[Stevie raises an eyebrow and gives Juan an offended look.]

HSS: "Egomaniacs"?

JV: What? That ain't accurate enough for you?

[Stevie chuckles.]

HSS: Actually, it might be too accurate.

[Juan grins and shakes his head before continuing on.]

JV: As I was saying...when you humble men like us, when you burst their ego with a humiliating defeat, there's only two possible outcomes...

[He holds up one finger.]

JV: 1. They shrink away from the world, curl up in a ball and disappear. Or...

[He raises a second finger.]

JV: 2. They get mad. They get angry. They step their game up to that level of greatness that truly defines the heart of a champion and they won't rest, they won't stop, they won't QUIT until they've finally taken back what they've lost.

[He points to himself and then to Stevie.]

JV: Considering the fact that me and Stevie are two of the most stubborn, resilient, and egotistical bastards the sport of professional wrestling's ever seen...do you wanna' take a guess which route we've decided to take?

[Stevie raises his hand like an excited kid in a classroom.]

HSS: Oh! Oh! Lemme' guess! Lemme' guess...

...it's number two, right?

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: Give this man a gold star, 'cause he's absolutely right!

[Stevie gets a cocky expression on his face and buffs his nails on his shirt as Juan turns back to the camera.]

JV: Childes...Tyler...

[A sigh. Juan seems reluctant to say this...]

JV: ...I'm not gonna' lie. You're a good tag team. Hell, what am I talkin' about? You beat us.

You're a GREAT tag team.

[He squeezes his eyes shut for a split second, almost as if it pained him to admit it.]

JV: But you took something important from us. Something that Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott hold near and dear to our hearts. The most IMPORTANT thing to men like us.

[A more serious look forms on his face.]

JV: You took our pride.

[His eyes squint in anger.]

JV: And tonight, we're taking it back.

[A dangerous-looking grin forms on Juan's face.]

JV: I meant every damn word I've said. Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott ARE mad. Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott ARE angry. Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott will NOT stop...we will NOT quit...

...until you've been defeated.

[He stares directly into the camera for several uncomfortable seconds.]

JV: And that's all there is...to it.

[And with that, Juan and Stevie turn away and exit stage left.]

JD: Oh boy. VERY strong words from both former National Champions. They will be taking on The Aces next! Let's go down to the ring to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a one hour time limit. Introducing first...

[Guitars cut through the arena signaling the beginning of Red Kross' cover of "Dancing Queen." The crowd begins booing. "Radiant" Raven is the first to emerge into view, holding a mirror just below her head. She eyes the crowd with apathy. Raven wears a black evening gown. She has black hair. Her hair and eye make up accentuate her blue eyes making her seem exotic.]

GM: The mysterious young lady known only as Raven. After all this time and seemingly, we know absolutely nothing about her.

BW: Oh, I know quite a bit.

GM: Care to enlighten us?

BW: No.

GM: Bucky Wilde, servant to the masses, fans.

[At twenty-two seconds into the song, "Delicious" Daniel Tyler emerges from the entrance portal increasing the boos. He holds his arms out to let his purple and black sequined cloak billow out behind him as he twirls around the entrance ramp letting the fans see "The Aces" across the back of the cloak. "Sweet" Steven Childes and Percy Childes follow out behind Tyler, keeping back a few steps so Tyler can twirl. Childes is also wearing a purple and black sequined cloak. Both men have the hoods pulled up to obscure

their faces. Childes looks into the mirror and reaches into the deep hood and primps his hair. Tyler stops spinning when the first chorus of the song hits, his back to the ring and his arms out.]

PW: Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifteen pounds. They are accompanied to the ring by "Radiant" Raven and the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes. Representing the Unholy Alliance... here are "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler... THE ACCCCCCEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The foursome makes their way to the ring at forty-nine seconds into the song. Tyler and Childes lead the way ignoring the boos and taunts from the crowd. Both men grab the top rope and pull back, leaping over the top rope and into the ring. Raven hands the mirror to Tyler. Childes steps on the bottom rope and pulls up on the middle rope to allow Raven and Percy into the ring.

Raven gets the mirror back and Tyler breaks into another twirl in the ring. As Tyler breaks into the twirl, both men throw their hoods back revealing their makeup, black eye shadow and purple eye liner. Tyler continues twirling around the ring making his way to where Raven is holding the mirror. Tyler drops to a knee and strikes a pose as Childes stands behind him, primping his feathered hair. Percy claps as he watches on.

After nearly ten seconds, the Aces get to their feet and go to different corners. They climb to the middle turnbuckle and raise their arms in the air. Their music stops playing as the Aces remove their cloaks and drop them onto the ring apron for the ringside attendants. Raven hands the mirror to Tyler as Childes holds the ropes open for her and Percy to step out. Once on the apron, Raven is handed the mirror back and heads to the ringside area.]

GM: Another pair of Florida natives... but they too are not feeling any love from their home state fans.

BW: Treacherous knaves.

GM: Pardon me?

BW: I don't get these Florida fans. The only reason anyone gives a damn if this state falls off into the ocean or not are Disney World and South Beach. They should be damn proud of anyone who comes out of this swamp-infested mudpit and makes something of themselves... but no, they sit here and boo Steven and Daniel! The Childes family is LEGENDARY in Florida! They should be on their feet right now!

GM: Yes but when you consider what the Childes family is legendary for...

BW: I'm tellin' Percy you said that.

GM: Of course you are.

[With Tyler and Childes in the ring, Percy stays on the apron for a moment and then with a grin on his face, gestures towards the locker room with his crystal-topped cane...]

GM: Now, what is this all about?

BW: Hah! You didn't really think the Aces were going to be flying solo out here against these backjumpers and cheaters, didja?!

[The boos pick up, even louder than before, as the curtain parts to reveal the arrival of Nenshou, Tully Brawn, Rick Marley, and Johnny Detson as the foursome makes their way down the aisle.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is coming to the ring... and they're coming in full force! Fans, we're going to take one final break and when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Johnny Detson walks by, flashing an evil grin at the camera before we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where the entirety of the Unholy Alliance has surrounded the ring. The Aces are inside, looking extremely confident as Phil Watson raises the mic.]

PW: And their opponents...

[A momentary pause until we hear the sounds of C.L. Smooth and Pete Rock. The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Steven Childes angrily kicks at the bottom rope, shouting at his home state fans.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California and St. Louis, Missouri respectively... at a total combined weight of 475 pounds...

"HOTSHOT" STEEEEEVIE SCOOOOOTT

and...

JUAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAAASQUEEEEEZ!

[The cheers intensify as Scott and Vasquez burst through the curtain into view. Both are down to their ring gear, ready for the fight to come. They pull up, staring down the aisle where Tully Brawn and Johnny Detson have decided to block their path. Scott grins, leaning over to whisper to Juan Vasquez who nods, glaring at the Unholy Alliance. Scott straightens up, craning his neck as he counts up the men around the ring on his fingers...]

BW: They're outnumbered and they know it! They're just gonna turn around and walk right out of here, Gordo.

GM: I don't think so!

[To a thunderous roar from the crowd, Scott and Vasquez come tearing down the aisle towards the ring...

...where Brawn and Detson are waiting for them, fists at the ready!]

GM: HERE WE GO! WE'VE GOT A FIGHT IN THE AISLE!!

[The momentum is behind the two former National Tag Team Champions though as a series of haymakers from Scott and Vasquez create some space,

allowing them to dive under the ropes into the ring where Tyler and Childes come quickly.]

GM: Referee Marty Meekly signals for the bell and we're off and running in this one, fans!

[Childes backs Vasquez against the ropes, laying into him with a series of big chops across the chest as Tyler throws short forearms to the jaw of Scott a few feet away. At a nod, they each grab an arm...]

GM: The Aces send 'em both across...

[Scott and Vasquez both hang onto the ropes, causing Tyler and Childes to crash and burn as they miss dual standing dropkicks...]

GM: Ohh! They missed the dropkicks and-

[And a running pair of clotheslines take both Childes and Tyler over the top rope, dropping them down to the floor below!]

GM: OH YEAH!! THE ACES GET TAKEN OUT TO THE FLOOR!

[Scott spins around, slamming his arms down on the top rope as he waves Nenshou into the ring with a, "GET YOUR ASS IN HERE!"]

GM: Fans, we apologize for the language of Stevie Sco-

[Gordon gets cut off by Juan Vasquez hitting the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and HURLING himself through the ropes into a suicide dive on a huddling Rick Marley and Johnny Detson!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ WITH THE DIVE!!! OH MY STARS!!!

[With Vasquez in the pit of vipers, Tully Brawn rushes in to intervene...

...and gets dispatched with a pair of right hands by Vasquez before the fan favorite can scamper back inside the ring! The crowd cheers the escape as Vasquez and Scott trade a high five. The referee leans through the ropes, warning Percy Childes.]

GM: The referee just told Percy that if any member of the Unholy Alliance touches either Juan Vasquez or Stevie Scott, he'll disqualify the Aces! Tully Brawn got a little overzealous there, I think, and he was going to assault Vasquez after the bell had rung. That would have been a notch in the loss column for the Aces who need every win they can get if they want to work themselves into a title match with the Blonde Bombers, fans.

[Childes quickly calls his men into a huddle, gesturing wildly as he spits words through his angry red face at them.]

GM: Percy Childes is trying to get his men under control. He doesn't want a disqualification... that's for sure.

[Inside the ring, Juan Vasquez gives his partner some final words before stepping out to the apron, leaving the Hotshot inside the squared circle, waiting for their opponents.]

GM: Stevie Scott will be starting it out with... it appears as though Daniel Tyler is going to start it out for his squad.

[Tyler pulls himself up on the apron, laying the badmouth on Stevie Scott before turning towards the jeering fans...

...which allows Scott to rush up behind him, grabbing two hands full of hair to yank him backwards over the top rope, dumping him facefirst on the mat! Big cheer!]

GM: Scott brings him in the hard way!

[The former National Champion drags Tyler off the mat by his hair, rushing across the ring...

...and SLAMMING his head into the top turnbuckle! Tyler goes sailing backwards through the air off the impact, crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh!

[Scott turns back to the ring as Tyler stumbles up to his feet, catching a boot to the gut as he does. The Hotshot hooks a front facelock, snapping Tyler down to the mat with a suplex.]

GM: Stevie Scott takes him down hard...

[Scott rolls to his knees, grabbing Tyler by the hair and hammering him with right hands to the skull! The referee steps in, ordering Scott to break off his attack. Scott waits until the count of four and gets back to his feet, holding up an open hand to the official who shakes his head.]

BW: There's Stevie Scott with a blatant lie to the referee.

GM: You used to like when he'd do that.

BW: Never! Law and order, every time, Gordo.

[Scott's argument with the official is short-lived as Tyler regains his feet. The Hotshot turns back towards him, balling up his fist as he measures Tyler...

...and DRILLS him between the eyes with a haymaker that sends Tyler staggering backwards, falling into the neutral corner.]

GM: Tyler falls back to the corner... and a big whip is comin' up!

[Scott fires him across, causing Tyler to leave his feet, SLAMMING his spine into the turnbuckles before staggering out...

...and getting launched up, over, and down to the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[The Hotshot claps his hands together, dropping back into the neutral corner as he waves for Tyler to get back to his feet...]

GM: Tyler stumbles back up... here comes Scott!

[Scott rushes in, looking for a clothesline but Tyler ducks down, sending Scott hurtling past him towards the opposite neutral corner. Tyler rushes in, leaving his feet with a leaping knee that hits between the shoulderblades, knocking Scott chestfirst into the corner where he staggers backwards...]

GM: Tyler with a great counter there and look at this!

[Tyler rushes past the stunned Scott, leaping up to the midbuckle before springing blindly backwards and catching Scott on the chin with an elbow!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution on the springback elbow!

[Tyler promptly throws himself into a cover but barely gets a one count before Scott slips out the back door.]

GM: Stevie Scott kicks out before the ref even got to slap the mat once.

BW: Tyler thought he might catch him by surprise and score the quick win but it wasn't to be.

["Delicious" Daniel gets to his feet, moving to his corner to slap the hand of his partner...]

GM: "Sweet" Steven in off the tag...

[Childes slingshots himself over the top rope as Tyler drags Scott up off the mat to his feet. Tyler quickly ties him up in position for a Russian legsweep as Childes gets a running start, pushing Scott's torso back as he sweeps the other leg...]

GM: OHHH! CRACKERJACK BY THE ACES!!

[Scott rolls around on the mat, grabbing at the back of his head as Tyler slips out to the apron, leaving Steven Childes to taunt his downed opponent.]

GM: Childes seems quite pleased with himself, Bucky.

BW: He should be! He's one-half of one of the best tag teams in the business AND a part of perhaps the greatest faction ever assembled in the world of wrestling - the Unholy Alliance!

[Childes leans over Scott, shouting at him. He reaches down, slapping the Hotshot across the face!]

GM: Oh, what a jerk this guy is! There's no call for that, Bucky. Absolutely no call for it at all!

[A smirking Childes drags Scott off the mat...]

"I got him, Uncle Percy! I got him!"

GM: Steven Childes telling his uncle that he's got Stevie Scott but that remains to be seen if you ask me.

[Childes leans in, hooking the front facelock as he slings Scott's arm over his neck. He braces himself, sucking up his strength...]

...and SNAPS Scott over, sending him crashing to the canvas with a spine-rattling snap suplex!]

GM: Ohh! What a snap suplex! He could snap a man right out of his boots with that one, Bucky!

BW: I think I might've caught one of Scott's boots with that! Is he missing one?

GM: No, he certainly isn't.

[Childes kips back up to his feet, putting his hands on the back of his head and swiveling his hips to jeers from the vast majority of the crowd yet some females do cheer. He struts over into the neutral corner, eyeing Scott as the Hotshot tries to roll to his stomach, looking to push himself back to his feet...]

GM: Scott gets to his knees...

[Up on all fours, Scott struggles to get up as Childes rushes across the ring, leaping into the air, sails over the downed Scott, and leaps right back up into a backflip...]

...CRASHING down across Scott's back with a moonsault!]

GM: OHHH!

[Childes nods at the jeering fans as he rolls Scott onto his back, taking the lateral press.]

GM: Childes gets one! He gets two!

[But Scott gets a shoulder off the mat as Childes claps his hands together in frustration.]

GM: Stevie Childes thought he had him with the backflip onto Scott who was up on all fours. A very effective, high impact move but it wasn't enough to get a three count.

BW: STEVEN Childes, Gordo.

GM: Of course. My mistake.

[Childes gets back to his feet, laying in a few stomps before he walks over to the corner, tagging in Daniel Tyler.]

GM: The tag is made again... the Aces switching in and out...

BW: Like a great tag team should. This is why the Aces beat them at the Cup, Gordo. A great tag team will always beat two great singles wrestlers in a tag team match.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Tyler hops up on the middle rope as Childes drags Scott off the mat, holding his arms behind him...]

GM: Double axehandle!

[The crowd cheers as Scott bails out, causing Tyler to crown his own partner with a double axehandle!]

GM: He missed! Scott got out of the way and-

[The Hotshot grabs a handful of each Ace's hair, slamming their skulls together to a big cheer!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[Childes takes a dazed big swing at Scott who ducks under, hooking him around the waist, lifting him up...]

GM: Atomic drop!

[The atomic drop sends Childes pitching forward, crashing into his own partner, sending Tyler through the ropes and out to the apron as Scott grabs a dazed Childes by the hair...]

...and HURLS him over the top rope, crashing down at the feet of Rick Marley and Tully Brawn!]

GM: OVER THE TOP!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Scott moves to the ropes, leaning over to grab Tyler...]

BW: See, Gordo? This is where Stevie Scott should be looking for a tag but as a singles wrestler - and a good one - he's used to doing everything on his own.

[Scott pulls Tyler to his feet, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and catapults Tyler over the top rope, causing him to do a full flip before crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! HE BRINGS HIM IN HARD!!

[Scott claps his hands together, getting a big cheer from the fans as he turns his focus back towards Tyler who is crawling away from him, trying to get to the neutral corner...

...where Scott rushes in, catching him with a back elbow on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot in the corner by the Hotshot!

[In the corner, Scott slips an arm around the head and neck in a side headlock, swinging his other arm around to a DEAFENING cheer!]

GM: He's calling for the Riley Roundup and here in Florida, that's gonna earn you a lot of fans!

[Scott grabs his wrist, securing the headlock...

...when suddenly Raven is up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention. It opens up a chance for Rick Marley to pull himself up on the apron, rushing down the length of it...]

GM: MARLEY!

["Showtime" uses the ropes to swing his legs up, cracking Scott in the back of the head with a kick!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Marley drops down off the apron as Scott staggers out of the corner.]

GM: Rick Marley just blatantly interfered in this match and Juan Vasquez is beside himself, shouting at the referee who just managed to get Raven down off the apron...

[Tyler rushes forward, connecting with a big clothesline to the back of Scott's head, taking him off his feet!]

GM: Daniel Tyler takes advantage of the interference by Rick Marley that the referee just completely missed!

[Tyler flips Scott to his back, attempting another lateral press.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! But that's all!

[Scott again kicks out at two which brings cheers from the crowd...

...cheers that only get an incredible amount louder at the entrance through the curtain!]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA IS COMING OUT HERE!

[We cut to Percy Childe who looks irritated, shouting at his men as he points with his crystal-topped cane down the aisle. Rick Marley nods, squaring up as he points down the aisle, threatening the incoming Supernova!]

GM: Supernova is coming to the ring... maybe hoping to even the odds a little bit for his allies in Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez.

BW: Supernova goes back a ways with both of those men, Gordo. Remember, it was Juan Vasquez who saved Supernova from Calisto Dufresne back at SuperClash III when he made his return from injury... and of course, Stevie Scott and Supernova have been long-time allies and occasional tag team partners.

GM: Some might say that Supernova helped pave the way for the fans to accept Stevie Scott after his days with the Southern Syndicate.

[Supernova stalks into the ring, pointing a warning finger at Rick Marley as he moves to Juan Vasquez' side, trading a high five with his ally.]

GM: Juan Vasquez seems pleased to see Supernova here... maybe looking for some backup in this one.

[Vasquez slaps a hand on the top turnbuckle, cheering on his partner as Tyler drags Scott off the mat, lifting him up and dropping him down in a side backbreaker.]

GM: Big backbreaker by Tyler... and he's heading back into the neutral corner, fans. Hops up on the middle rope...

[Tyler stands tall, spreading his arms wide and gesturing at himself to the jeers of the crowd...

...and then leaps off, burying the point of his elbow in the throat of Scott, causing the former National Champion to cough violently, flailing about on the mat as Tyler attempts another cover.]



GM: ONE!! TWO!!! But again, that's all he's got! Stevie Scott is showing a lot of fire in there, refusing to stay down after these repeated blows from Childes and Tyler.

[Tyler drags Scott up by the hair, walking him into the Aces' corner where Tyler makes the tag to his partner. Childes scales the ropes as Tyler backs off, lifting Scott up off his feet and slamming him down to the canvas...]

GM: Big slam by Tyler... Childes is gonna fly!

[Childes points a pair of fingers at Juan Vasquez before leaping into the air, tucking his arms and legs...

...and CRASHING backfirst across the sternum of Stevie Scott!]

GM: OHHH! Flying backsplash off the top rope!

BW: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

GM: I don't think so!

[Childes takes a knee, smirking at a fuming Juan Vasquez who is pacing back and forth on the ring apron, shouting for his partner to get to the corner and make the tag. Childes gets up, mockingly clapping his hands to try and rally Scott.]

GM: Steven Childes and Daniel Tyler are really enjoying this one, Bucky.

BW: They're absolutely dominating this match so far, Gordo. Why WOULDN'T they be enjoying it?

[Childes drags Scott up by the arm, flinging him into the opposite neutral corner. He backs to the corner, pointing out to Nenshou...]

GM: He's pointing at the Silent Assassin... look at this!

[The Florida native tumbles and flips across the ring in the handspring, flipping back...]

BW: HANDSPRING ELB-

GM: OHHHHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!!

[The crowd cheers for Scott who managed to stagger out of the corner, allowing Childes to slam spinefirst into the turnbuckles. The Hotshot continues to wobble down the length of the ring, using the ropes for support as he heads towards the outstretched hand of Juan Vasquez...

...and collapses into it, slapping the hand!]

GM: TAG!

[Supernova cheers the tag on the outside as the fans do the same, roaring as Juan Vasquez steps in, rushing the corner, leaping up to smash a forearm into the jaw of a cornered Childes!]

GM: Big leaping forearm by Vasquez!

[Vasquez backs off as Childes staggers towards him...

...and elevates him up and over!]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[The crowd cheers as Vasquez hits the ropes, rebounding off, and leaving his feet, dropping backfirst across the chest of a prone Childes who convulses, kicking his legs on impact!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[Vasquez flips over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[This time, it's Steven Childes' turn to kick out!]

GM: Two count only by Vasquez...

[Vasquez promptly takes the mount, hammering Childes repeatedly!]

GM: He's beating the heck out of Steven Childes - getting a little bit of payback for all that taunting out of Childes we've seen tonight!

[The former National Champion gets back to his feet at the four count, raising the big right hand...]

GM: He's calling for the right cross! If he hits this, he'll knock Childes into the middle of next week, fans!

[Vasquez stands at the ready, wiggling the fingers on his right hand as he watches and waits...]

GM: He's setting up... he's getting ready as Childes rolls over, trying to get off the mat...

[From outside the ring, Percy Childes is SCREAMING at his nephew to avoid the punch but Steven doesn't give any sign that he hears him...

...which sends Nenshou up onto the apron, grabbing at his throat. Vasquez spins to confront him as the referee rushes to get in between the two of them. Supernova comes rushing around the corner, trying to get at Nenshou...]

GM: Get in there, Supernova!

[But Tully Brawn cuts him off with a big clothesline!]

GM: Ohh!

[Brawn draws the jeers of the crowd as he repeatedly stomps Supernova down on the floor. He drags him off the floor, grabbing a handful of the very short hair...]

GM: No, no! He's gonna put him into the post and-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: VON BRAUN!!

[Brian Von Braun comes on fast, fists balled up...

...and CRACKS an incoming Rick Marley on the jaw. He shoves past Marley, grabbing Johnny Detson by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES DETSON!!

[Von Braun turns, ready to attack his younger brother but Tully was ready for him, taking him down with a lunging double leg takedown!]

GM: We've got the brothers takin' it to one another out on the floor!

[The camera holds on Von Braun and Brawn hammering away at each other as Supernova tangles up with Johnny Detson, trading right hands near the barricade. Rick Marley slips in behind Supernova, burying a knee into the kidneys!]

GM: We've got fighting all over the floor out here at ringside!

[Juan Vasquez turns his attention back towards the floor, shouting at the official as he points to the fighting...

...and then decides he's going to help!]

GM: Vasquez is heading out to the floor!

[But before he can get there, Steven Childes drills him with a running forearm to the back of the head from behind. He spins him around in the corner, throwing three quick European uppercuts!]

GM: Childes is all over him!

[Childes grabs Vasquez by the hair, hauling him out of the corner to the center of the ring. He delivers a pair of overhead elbow smashes to the back

of the skull before snapmaring Vasquez down into a seated position on the mat...]

GM: Vasquez put down on the mat... Childes to the ropes...

[And leaves his feet, connecting with a low dropkick to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! Nice dropkick out of Childes and quickly to a cover for one! Two!

[Vasquez lifts the shoulder off the mat, angering Childes enough for him to get right back up, stomping Vasquez repeatedly...

...and then takes a step back, leaning down to slap the mat with both hands as he shouts, "GET UP, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

GM: Tensions and tempers are running high here tonight as these two dueling factions raise the bar in intensity every time we see them square off, Bucky.

BW: Someday, somehow this is gonna end, Gordo... and it ain't gonna be for the weak at heart when it does.

GM: Perhaps it'll end at Opportunity Knocks, Bucky. I could very easily see these two sides squaring off in some fashion on the 4th of July in Atlanta, Georgia.

[As Vasquez wobbles to his feet, Childes throws a savate kick to the gut, doubling up the L.A. native.]

GM: Hard kick downstairs by Childes... and a second one!

[With Vasquez gasping for air, he slips down to a knee, grabbing at his midsection...

...which allows Childes to snap off a devastating thrust kick to the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Childes lays him out and makes a diving cover! ONE!! TWO!! T- no, just the two count there!

[Childes climbs to his feet, marching across the ring where he slaps the hand of "Delicious" Daniel.]

GM: The tag is made to Daniel Tyler...

[Out on the floor, we can see that Von Braun and Supernova have made their way to standing in the corner, conversing with Stevie Scott as he waits for his partner to get to him. The other side of the ring has the Unholy Alliance huddled up, gesturing across the ring as Tyler scales the turnbuckles...]

GM: Tyler's heading up top... Steven Childes is usually the high flyer for his team but Tyler's taking a page out of his playbook as he heads all the way to the high rent district...

[Childes is standing Vasquez up, trying to get him up into a bearhug type hold but Vasquez battles back, throwing elbows to the skull of Childes...

...and then a skull-splitting headbutt connects, sending Childes staggering back into the corner...]

GM: Childes gets knocked back!

[Tyler nearly loses his balance, leaning down to grab the top rope with his hands to steady himself. Vasquez approaches the corner quickly, leaping into the air...

...and SLAMMING his knees into the chest of Childes as he smashes his skull into the head of Tyler's, causing Tyler to slip from his perch...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TYLER'S GONNA BE SINGIN' SOPRANO!

[Vasquez backs off, waiting as Childes staggers out towards him, getting hoisted up into a fireman's carry...

...and gets HURLED over the top rope, down atop a waiting Brawn and Marley who protect Childes from too brutal of a fall!]

GM: Childes is out... and Vasquez is going up top!

BW: Again, you've got the singles guy who needs to make the tag thinking about doing it all on his own!

[Vasquez steps up to the middle rope, grabbing a crotched Tyler in a front facelock, slinging Tyler's arm over his neck...]

GM: Vasquez is looking for the superplex!

[But as he does, Tully Brawn leaps up on the apron, drawing the referee's focus...

...which allows Johnny Detson to get up on the apron, digging his fingers into the eyes of Vasquez before Supernova arrives to chase him off!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get these guys out of here, referee! Get them-

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: KINSEY!! LUKE KINSEY IS HEADING OUT HERE!!

BW: And he ain't comin' alone, Gordo!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Luke Kinsey tearing down the aisle, steel chair in hand...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: OHHH! HE NAILED RICK MARLEY ACROSS THE BACK!!!

[Kinsey swings around, taking a cut at Nenshou who avoids it, scampering off as Kinsey stands guard near the corner where Vasquez has fallen down to the mat, clutching at his eyes...]

GM: The gang’s all here, Bucky! The Unholy Alliance on one side... Kinsey, Von Braun, and Supernova backing up their allies on the other side of the ring! We’ve got gang warfare come to Tallahassee!

BW: But they’re still outgunned, Gordo! The Unholy Alliance still has a numbers advantage even when they’re at full strength against `em!

[Tyler steadies himself, stepping up to the top rope and turning his back on the ring...]

GM: Here it comes!

[Tyler takes flight, launching himself in a breathtaking high-arching moonsault...]

BW: MOONSAULT!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE MOONSAULT!!

[A temporarily-blinded Vasquez crawls towards his corner where Stevie Scott is waiting with his hand outstretched...

...and makes a diving tag!]

GM: TAG!!

[Scott steps in, rushing in to catch a rising Tyler with a pair of big right hands before a tremendous uppercut sends Tyler falling back into the turnbuckles. The Hotshot moves in.]

GM: Childes up on the apron!

[And Scott simply reaches out, sticking his fingers into the eyes of Childes who falls off the apron to a big cheer!]

BW: Illegal! Blatantly illegal!

[The Hotshot grabs the arm, turning for an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whip sends Tyler crashing into the corner...

[Scott rushes across, stepping up on the middle rope...

...and SNAPPING Tyler's head forward with an enzuigiri to the back of the skull!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A HEAD KICK BY SCOTT!!!

BW: You could hear that one down on South Beach, daddy!

[Grabbing the arm again, Scott fires him across, rushing in after him, leaping up and DRIVING his knee into the jaw!]

GM: OHHH! HIGH KNEE IN THE CORNER!!!

[Scott hooks the side headlock again, giving a swing of his arm to the roar of the crowd...

...and then charges from the corner, leaping into the air, and SMASHES Tyler facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP! RILEY ROUNDUP OUT OF THE CORNER!!

[Scott rolls Tyler to his back, diving across the chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A diving save by Steven Childes breaks up the pin attempt! Childes pulls Scott up, hammering away with chops and forearms, backing him into the ropes. He gives a shout to Tyler who is trying to get up after the high impact offense.]

GM: Childes wants a doubleteam but Tyler is still down!

[Childes opts to go it alone, throwing Scott across for an Irish whip...]

GM: Scott off the far side, ducks the clothesline...

[Childes wheels around to see Scott barreling back in on him, leaping up for a crossbody just as Tyler gets to his knees behind his partner's back, toppling Childes down to the mat to another big cheer!]

GM: Scott takes him down again!

[Scott grabs the hair, hammering Childes with right hands as Tully Brawn gets up on the apron...

...and gets YANKED down by Supernova who drops him with a right hand! Big cheer! Juan Vasquez steps back in, grabbing a rising Daniel Tyler by the hair and throwing him back into the corner!]

GM: All four men are back inside the ring! The referee may be losing control of this one, fans!

[Vasquez starts throwing knees to the body of Tyler, chopping him down into a seated position in the corner where the knees continue, this time cracking Tyler repeatedly in the face...]

GM: Vasquez is takin' the fight to Daniel Tyler in a king-sized way!

[The Los Angeles native spins away, walking out to the middle of the ring with a big double wave of his arms to the crowd and a shout of "COME ON!" which gets a HUGE cheer...

...and then tears back into the corner, SMASHING his knee into the face of Tyler!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KNEE TO THE MUSH!

[Vasquez spins away from Tyler towards Childes who is staggering up to his feet. Vasquez slams his forearm into the back of Childes' neck a few times before hooking a rear waistlock...

...and Scott rushes forward, throwing a dropkick to the jaw as Vasquez lifts Childes up, taking him down hard with a released German Suplex that bounces Childes on the back of his head and neck before he flips over to his stomach!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Vasquez pops back up to his feet where he spots Johnny Detson climbing up on the apron...

...and dashes across, throwing a baseball slide dropkick between the middle and bottom ropes, connecting solidly and knocking Detson down to the floor where Luke Kinsey dives on him, hammering him with closed fists! Nenshou dives into the fray, ripping Kinsey off by the hair...]

GM: We've got a fight raging on the floor! They're all going at it on the floor and-

[Vasquez suddenly gets up, walking over to the corner where he climbs the ropes...]

GM: Oh my god...

BW: What the hell is he thinkin', Gordo?!



GM: I don't know but-

[Vasquez turns his back on the brawling on the floor...

...and blindly leaps backwards, throwing himself into a sloppy moonsault that connects solidly with the entirety of the brawl!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD!! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!! JUAN VASQUEZ JUST DOVE OFF THE TOP ONTO THE ENTIRE UNHOLY ALLIANCE!!

BW: He took down some of his own men with it too!

[Stevie Scott gives his partner a cheer before pulling Steven Childes off the mat, reaching back to hook his head, pulling Childes' chin down onto Scott's shoulder...]

GM: HOTSHOT HAMM-

[But Childes feels it coming, shoving Scott towards the opposite corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! TYLER CAUGHT ALL OF THAT!!

[The thrust kick sends Scott staggering back at Childes who hooks a waistlock, rushing Scott into the ropes where they bounce off together, Childes dropping back and rolling into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: White Lightning rollup! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Scott delivers a powerful kickout, sending Childes sailing away from him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

BW: WHERE THE HECK DID VASQUEZ COME FROM?!

[Childes' head snaps to the side, staggering back towards Scott who leaps up, hooking the head...

...and JACKING the jaw down onto his shoulder!]

GM: HOTSHOT HAMMER! HOTSHOT HAMMER!!

[Scott dives into a cover as Luke Kinsey reaches in from the floor, grabbing Tyler by the foot to prevent his breakup of the pin...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! SCOTT AND VASQUEZ HAVE UPSET THE ACES!

[Scott pushes up to his knees, throwing his arms up into the air...

...right as Nenshou slides in, grabs his throat...]

GM: NO!

[...and SPEWS the green mist into the eyes at point blank range!]

GM: AHHH! THE MIST IN THE EYES!!

[Scott drops to his back, rolling back and forth and screaming in pain as Nenshou stands over him. Juan Vasquez steps through the ropes, rushing in fast to throw himself into a full tackle on Nenshou!]

GM: SCOTT AND VASQUEZ HAVE WON THE BATTLE BUT...

BW: But the Unholy Alliance is about to take the war to the next level!

[Vasquez is hammering away on Nenshou when Johnny Detson slides in behind him, smashing him in the back of the head with a boot to the skull. Detson starts the stomping attack as we spot Supernova and Rick Marley trading blows in one corner as Tully Brawn holds Von Braun in another. Luke Kinsey slides in, chair in hand as he winds up with it...]

GM: Kinsey's in with the chair and-

[Daniel Tyler grabs the chair, snatching it away. He slams the edge of the seat into the gut of Kinsey, winding up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: OHH! CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF KINSEY!!

[Scott rolls out to the floor, rubbing his eyes and screaming in pain as Vasquez is held by Detson while Nenshou tees off with thrusts to the throat.]

GM: Vasquez is being worked over by Detson and Nenshou... Supernova and Marley are tangled up. Kinsey's at the mercy of the Aces! Von Braun's trying to get out of the corner to help his allies but Brawn and Percy are keeping him back!

[The crowd is jeering as Percy Childes climbs up on the apron, smashing Von Braun in the back of the skull with his crystal-topped cane, knocking him down to the mat. Tully Brawn pulls him off the mat, lifting him up across his body...

...and then swings him down, driving him down across his knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: OHH!! What a backbreaker by Brawn!

[Brawn stomps Von Braun, kicking his elder brother out under the ropes to the floor as he turns his attention to Supernova with an overhead elbow to the back of the skull.]

GM: Now Brawn is working over Supernova alongside Rick Marley!

[Detson drags Vasquez away from Nenshou, turning him around into a standing headscissors as he double underhooks...

...and DRIVES Vasquez facefirst into the canvas while dropping to his knees!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: THE DOYLE DRIVER!! Vasquez is out, Gordo!

GM: He certainly might be after that devastating facedriver!

[Detson gets up, all grins as Nenshou continues to stomp Vasquez relentlessly.]

GM: Vasquez is down... Scott is down... Von Braun is down...

[With a dazed Luke Kinsey before them, Tyler does a legsweep as Childes leaps up with a spinning leg lariat, flipping Kinsey back onto the back of his head!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: TOTAL INNOVATION!

[The Aces get up, trading a high five and chuckling as Rick Marley locks Supernova in the Showstopper in the middle of the ring...]

GM: They’ve got Supernova tied up in his own hold! They’re just trying to humiliate him as they’ve laid out everyone else! As they’ve-

[Suddenly, the lights in the building cut out...]

GM: What the...?

BW: It’s the night when the lights went out in Tallahassee, daddy!

GM: We can hear... what’s that noise? What’s that godawful noise?

[It’s the sound of screaming... loud, earsplitting screaming coming over the PA system.]

GM: What in the world is going on here?

BW: I have no idea. I can't see a thing!

[Suddenly, the screaming stops...

...and a quite familiar sound to longtime AWA fans replaces it.]

"Eheheheh... EHEHEHEHEH... EHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHE!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[The darkness suddenly lights up as a burst of flame erupts in the middle of the ring, followed by the screams of someone. The lights come back on to reveal...]

GM: ANTON LAYTON!

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[The Prince of Darkness is standing in the center of the ring, a screaming Daniel Tyler at his feet. He looks around him, staring at the Unholy Alliance members completely surrounding him...

...and then locks eyes with Percy Childes whose jaw has dropped.]

GM: CHILDES CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

[Layton slowly lifts a tape-covered hand, pointing at the Collector of Oddities, his former ally...

...and then lifts the other hand to reveal a gleaming and sharpened Golden Spike!]

GM: Oh my god! Oh my god!

[Layton suddenly rushes forward, catching Johnny Detson squarely in the chest with a clothesline that flips Detson over the top rope, sending him down to the floor where Daniel Tyler continues to scream in pain.]

GM: LAYTON ATTACKS!!

[He swings around, spotting an incoming Rick Marley and ducks down, flinging Marley over the top rope with a backdrop!]

GM: MARLEY GOES OVER THE TOP!!

[Percy Childes can be heard screaming at his men, begging for them to back off. Tully Brawn does exactly that, leaving Nenshou inside the ring alongside Steven Childes.]

GM: Childes and Nenshou are all that remains in there!

[Percy continues to scream, getting his nephew's attention. Steven looks furious, like he wants to go right at Layton for what the Prince of Darkness did to his partner. A grin from Layton hits Steven like a ton of bricks and he rushes in...]

BW: NO!

[Layton greets him coming in with a taped fist between the eyes. A second one follows, knocking Childes back into the corner. Layton rushes in, smashing a clothesline across the chest...]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner!

[Layton muscles Childes up, hanging him upside down from the ropes.]

GM: He's got him up! He's got Childes in the Tree Of Woe!

[The Florida native peels away, dragging a taped thumb across his throat as he rushes back in, throwing a knee into the torso of Childes!]

GM: OHHH!

[Nenshou rushes in, throwing an overhead chop that Layton lifts his hands to block. He fires back, jabbing a taped thumb into the throat of Nenshou, sending him staggering away, gasping for air.]

GM: Layton's got Nenshou staggered!

[Grabbing the Golden Spike in both hands, Layton rushes forward as Nenshou turns...

...and SLAMS the edged weapon into the chest of Nenshou, knocking him off his feet and sending him crawling out of the ring to the floor where the entire Unholy Alliance has gathered, staring up in the ring in shock!]

GM: I can't believe it! Anton Layton just cleared the ring of the Unholy Alliance!

BW: Percy called 'em off! He called off the dogs of war! He can't believe that Layton's here! They finished him off, Gordo! Anton Layton hasn't been seen from in... in...

GM: He's been out of the AWA for almost a year and a half, Bucky! The Prince Of Darkness is here... he's back... and he came straight for the Unholy Alliance. He obviously caught Childes by surprise and that element

of surprise kept him from being the victim of a group beating... but why? Why is here?

BW: Uhh... we may be about to find out, Gordo.

[Back in the ring, Juan Vasquez has taken the mic. He looks tired, exhausted even. He also looks pretty pissed off.]

JV: CHIIIIILDES!

[Percy looks up, glaring at Vasquez who is staring right at him.]

JV: You think we don't know what it takes to beat you? You actually believe we thought we had enough to put you guys down once and for all?

[Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: We knew, Childes. We knew, you sick son of a... we knew that in order to get this done, we might need a little bit of...

[Vasquez grins.]

JV: Darkness. On our side.

[The crowd cheers as Layton can be heard cackling off mic. He's rubbing the Golden Spike obscenely, almost fondling it as he leans over the ropes to stare at Percy Childes.]

JV: We needed someone who knows how Percy Childes thinks... we need someone who knows the Unholy Alliance outside...

[Vasquez gestures at Layton.]

JV: ...and in.

[Layton nods, grinning evilly at Childes who is shaking his head in shock.]

JV: Earlier tonight, you said you didn't start this war... but you were going to end it.

[Vasquez sneers, shaking his head.]

JV: It ain't over, Percy. I said it over three years ago to that man right there...

[Juan gestures to Stevie Scott who is being tended to by AWA medical personnel out on the floor.]

JV: And I mean it now as much as I did then...

[Vasquez steps up on the middle rope, looking around as he's joined by Supernova, Brian Von Braun, and Luke Kinsey. All beaten up, all battered... but nowhere near broken.]

JV: The war... has just... begun.

[Vasquez spikes the mic to the floor as the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: My stars, fans! The superpowers of the AWA have just taken this war to a whole other level! Anton Layton has returned! The darkness has returned! The war has just begun? You got that right! Fans, we're out of time! We'll see you on the 4th of July in Atlanta! Good night, everybody!

[Vasquez is still on the middle rope as the camera pulls back to show the unified forces in the ring. Stevie Scott has even joined them, rubbing at his eyes as he leans on Luke Kinsey's shoulder. A unified front in the war to come.

The fans are roaring as the Unholy Alliance backs down the aisle, wondering what their next move is...

...as we fade to black.]

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June 29 - Non-Televised Event - Charlotte, North Carolina  
June 30 - Non-Televised Event - Greensboro, North Carolina  
July 4 - Opportunity Knocks - Russ Chandler Stadium - Atlanta, Georgia  
July 6 - Non-Televised Event - Richmond, Virginia  
July 13 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Louisville, Kentucky  
July 27 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Tupelo, Mississippi  
August 3 - Non-Televised Event - Nashville, Tennessee  
August 10 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Memphis, Tennessee  
August 24 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Kansas City, Missouri  
September 2 - WKIK Special Event - St. Louis, Missouri  
September 14 - AWA Homecoming - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas