

# AWA Saturday Night Wrestling

**BanCorpSouth Arena  
Tupelo, Mississippi  
July 27th, 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 BanCorpSouth Arena in Tupelo, Mississippi while a bright red, white, and blue "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" logo appears on the screen.]

GM: We are LIVE in the BanCorpSouth Arena in Tupelo, Mississippi 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. 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 stripes 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: Over eight thousand fans are joining us here tonight in the BanCorpSouth Arena as we come to you live on WKIK for the very first time since the 4th of July and Opportunity Knocks in Atlanta!

BW: The BanCorpSouth Arena? Who the heck is naming these places these days, Gordo?

GM: I honestly don't know.

BW: Remember the old days when not every stadium or arena had to be named after some blood-sucking corporation?

GM: I do.

BW: Remember places like Wrigley Field?

GM: Uhh.

BW: Busch Stadium? These ringin' a bell?

GM: I'm not even going to try. Fans, it's been nearly a month since we've been on the airwaves thanks to a pre-emption two weeks ago that bumped us from our usual airing of Saturday Night Wrestling but the AWA action has been red hot on the road throughout the South ever since!

BW: That's right, Gordo. We've been in Virginia... Kentucky... more places where the restaurants have more stars on Yelp than their cooks have teeth!

GM: Would you stop? Throughout the night, we're going to be showing you highlights of the action in both of those states but right here tonight in Mississippi, we've got two huge tag team matches scheduled. Tonight, we'll see a No Disqualification Rematch from Opportunity Knocks when Eric Preston and William Craven team up to take on The Bishop Boys... and I'm told that Chris Blue IS in the building tonight!

BW: That's gonna be somethin' else... but we've also got that big six man tag with Dave Bryant, Yuma Weaver, and Alphonse Green taking on Sweet Daddy Williams, Glenn Hudson, and Chris Staley!

GM: That one is coming up in just a bit but right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening contest!

[We cut to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by. In the ring are a pair of young men. One has a decent build, a military style black buzzcut and a square jaw. He wears camouflage trunks, black knee pads and black boots. The man next to him is a young Mexican with short curly dark brown hair and a pug nose. He wears colorful long tights, yellow with intricate red and brown designs. His boots and wristbands match the trunks in color scheme. They're both working on firing up the crowd.]

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

Introducing first, in the ring. From Watertown, New York and Montemorelos, Mexico respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred forty four pounds... the team of PRIVATE CHARLIE STEPHENS and CASPIAN ABAROA!

[The fans give some polite cheering, until the driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA, and immediately two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as

the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Gun Barrel City, Texas... at a total combined weight of five hundred forty two pounds...

..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown haircolor. Pete is the bulkier of the two; he's barrel-chested, with thick muscles up top and a bit of a beer gut down below. His hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim is taller, and is quite lanky. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Both men go to center ring and lift their arms to the fans, as if declaring that this is their turf.]

GM: It has been a while since we saw the Longhorn Riders, Bucky.

BW: They were hot about not making the Stampede Cup field, daddy. I heard rumors that the AWA sent 'em off to Japan because they were afraid that they'd crash the Cup and jump somebody.

GM: I also heard that. They did tour Japan and had some memorable clashes with the War Pigs. Jim Colt was injured near the end of the tour, and so Pete Colt has been taking on singles matches since their return, such as his effort against Supreme Wright a few weeks back.

[\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: Heads up, rookies!

GM: The Colts rush Stephens and Abaroa! I suppose this is an improvement from the usual before-the-bell assault, but uncalled for! All four men are in!

BW: Pete Colt is hammering Charlie Stephens in the ribs and kidneys. Jim Colt kneed Caspian Abaroa in the ribs and the face, and now he's chokin' him on the top rope!

GM: The referee has to get the Longhorn Riders under control, or they'll turn this into a street fight.

BW: That's how they roll, daddy. Come ready to fight or get mowed down.

GM: The Colts grab Abaroa, and launch him from the ring! Now they have Stephens... they send him off the ropes.

[The former Army private is sent skyward by Pete Colt, who ducks down for the back body drop but just shoves him skyward. Jim Colt waits, and jumps to meet Stephens with a knee to the ribs as he falls!]

GM: BRUTAL DOUBLETEAM!

BW: Charlie's probably wishin' he was back in boot camp right now.

GM: Charlie Stephens is a tough customer, but that had to take a lot out of him. Pete Colt exits the ring, and "Slim" Jim Colt remains. He digs his knee into Stephens' spine and pulls up on the chin. Punishing Charlie with a modified surfboard.

BW: That military wrestling background isn't doing him much good. You know the Colts' daddy taught them how to deal with punks from the amateur ranks.

GM: I wouldn't call a man who served our country proudly a "punk". But yes, Sam Colt trained his sons well. Stephens has the bottom rope, and Jim Colt breaks it... what a kick to the ribs! You could hear that in the cheap seats, Bucky.

BW: Jim Colt's legs are deadly, daddy. He can outkick a mule. That kick he's got, Boot Hill, would KO just about anyone.

GM: Possibly. "Slim" Jim snapmares the Watertown native over, and drives the point of the knee to the back of the head.

BW: He's snappin' into him.

GM: I knew that was coming. Jim tags "Texas" Pete Colt, and please, no hot sauce references.

[Pete puts the boot up on the top turnbuckle, and Jim bashes Charlie's face into it. The big man of the Longhorn Riders enters the ring, grabs a staggering Charlie, and puts a big bear hug on him.]

BW: I dunno about hot sauce, but Stephens is in hot water! As strong as Pete is, a bear hug can do some serious damage to the ribs.

GM: Pete Colt has an immense amount of raw power. He is likely in the category of a Hammonds, a Morton, or a Brody on sheer brute strength. Charlie Stephens is in intense pain here.

BW: The tag team division is so deep right now, Gordo. The Riders have yet to lose on Saturday Night Wrestling, aside from highlights of house shows. They're one of the most promisin' young teams in years. And they're barely in the top ten right now.

GM: The Blonde Bombers, the Bishop Boys, Violence Unlimited, the Aces, the Rave, the Ring Workers, RyGunn, the Lynches, the Beale Street Bullies, SkyHerc, the Northern Lights, and the list goes on.

BW: Whoa, ear clap by Stephens got him out of Pete's clutches!

[Private Stephens, attempting to get past Pete and to his corner, moves left, but Pete cuts him off with a forearm to the chest. Staggering into the ropes, Charlie rebounds and tries to go right, but catches another forearm in the chest. Once again flopping back into the ropes, the Army man uses the momentum to bounce off into a dive roll under Pete's legs! The fans cheer as he tags his Mexican partner, who springs in over the top rope.]

GM: Makes the tag! Caspian Abaroa is in, and he's taking it to Pete Colt with a dropkick!

BW: Pete barely moved.

GM: Abaroa not giving up, and hitting Pete with a chop. Pete fires back with a meaty right hook to drop the Mexican luchador.

BW: Uh, don't luchadors wear masks?

GM: There is a very interesting story behind Abaroa. The young man gets up, but is scooped by Pete, and a mighty slam. Tag in to Jim Colt, and the Longhorn Riders stay in control. Pete clamping on a full nelson, and Jim unloading with lefts and rights.

BW: I hear cracking open a pinata is big in Mexico. That's pretty much what the Colts are doing.

GM: Come on, ref, that's way over five seconds!

[The crowd boos loudly as the Riders intentionally disregard the five count. Pete tosses Caspian Abaroa to the mat, and gives the ref a threatening shout as he exits the ring.]

BW: The Riders are intimidators. That ref is only gonna throw a DQ when he has no choice, because they'll hurt him bad. Especially Jim. Jim Colt is a scary man. He don't raise his voice none, he just sort of gives off an evil, evil vibe. Like he'd cut your throat open for five bucks.

GM: And right now, he's got a neck wrench on Caspian Abaroa. Pulling up on the chin and pushing down on the head. Very painful.

BW: So what's that interesting story about Abaroa? That's a weird name.

GM: He was trained by the legendary Mascara Casanova, but in his rookie campaign, he was unmasked by the current Mexican champion El Danado in order to offend and disrespect Casanova. Abaroa is now an exile from Mexico until he earns a mask again. That's why his current pseudonym is "Caspian".

BW: Is that name from a book?

GM: Yes. CS Lewis.

BW: Then I don't care. Eggheads who got time to read books and use symbolism should have spent that time learning to crush people, like the Colts did. That's why the 'Prince' is flat on his back and Jim Colt's droppin' an elbow in his face.

GM: And how did you know the literary Caspian was a prince?

BW: ...uhhhh, WOW, LOOK AT THAT MOVE!

GM: It's a headlock.

BW: But what a headlock, daddy!

GM: Jim Colt moving Abaroa to his corner reaching back and tagging Pete Colt, who is in to execute the double team. Pete hits the Mexican in the back with a double axehandle as his brother holds the headlock. "Texas" Pete picking Abaroa up... way up!

BW: Press slam comin' up... hey!

GM: Abaroa over the back, lands on his feet, and tags Stephens! Caspian Abaroa jumps at Pete for a flying headscissors!

BW: Ha ha! Good luck with that, dummy.

[The fans cheer Abaroa on as he tries a flying headscissors, but Pete holds his ground. So Charlie Stephens runs in, grabs Abaroa's upper body, and swings him around into an assisted satellite headscissors which takes the big man down hard to the delight of the crowd!]

GM: THEY GOT HIM DOWN! PETE COLT WENT DOWN HARD!

BW: Hey!

GM: Stephens and Abaroa with a double flying forearm on Jim Colt as he ran in! They have a chance!

BW: So does a snowball. In Hell. This is about the same thing.

GM: Pete Colt getting up, and Charlie Stephens plows into him with a shoulderblock to the breadbasket! Pete's doubled over. Charlie goes up to the second turnbuckle... FLYING SUNSET FLIP!

BW: Uh oh! Not this way!

GM: Great roll-up, but Pete's too strong! That was only a one! Pete getting up, but Stephens with a cradle!

BW: La Majistral Cradle! This negates the strength of the opponent but Pete's still too fresh. He got out of that at barely two.

GM: Stephens peppering Pete with right jabs as he rises... Pete's powerful build makes getting up quite slow. He's not flexible at all. Stephens landed six shots uninterrupted! He jumps up... rollup!

[Nope. Before Stephens can pull off the Victory Roll, Pete puts on the brakes, and falls backwards with a hard fallaway slam!]

BW: Those roll-ups only work when they're a surprise. Stephens was never gonna succeed that way.

GM: Big "Texas" Pete back up, picking up Charlie... Charlie takes a swing, but Pete hooks the full nelson... **HARD FULL NELSON SLAM!** Stephens splattered to the canvas like a water balloon!

BW: Well, not JUST like a water balloon. That'd be messy.

GM: Tag to Jim Colt, who is going up top! Pete putting Stephens on his shoulders... and we all know what this is!

[So does Caspian Abaroa, who rushes in the ring and jumps at Pete, trying to knock him down with a knee to the upper back. Pete soaks it, and stands fast as Jim soars in with the flying clothesline to flip Stephens off of Pete's shoulders! Charlie's body bumps into Abaroa on the way down, staggering the Mexican. Jim Colt lands on his feet and immediately runs off the far ropes, coming back to crash a Yakuza kick into Caspian's face at high velocity as Pete covers Stephens (not caring that Jim is the legal man). Abaroa slides almost all the way out of the ring as the three-count is put on to the boos of the crowd.]

BW: \_COLT REVOLVER\_! And nobody gets up from that!

GM: An extraneous Boot Hill to Abaroa! That was unnecessary!

BW: Well, now he can't break up the pin.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

GM: And a pin it is indeed. Chalk up another win for the Longhorn Riders.

PW: Here are your winners... ..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... **THE LONGHORN RIDERS!**

[The boos are loud as Pete roughly deposits Stephens over the top to the floor as Jim shoves Abaroa out with his boot. "Ride" starts again.]

BW: And they cleaned up the ring to boot.

GM: Jason Dane is going to ringside to speak with the Colt brothers.

[Dane gets there as the Colts give the camera a menacing look.]



JD: Gentlemen, an impressive victory. With the tag team division hotter than ever, how do you plan to make your mark in 2013?

[Jim approaches the microphone, giving a cold, steely look to the camera. He speaks in a low tone with a very audible edge to it.]

JC: That's a good question. Real good. Seems like the AWA wanted us out of the way not long ago. Sent us to Japan. What do you know about that?

[Pete bursts out in a loud, boisterous voice which is unlike his brother in every way except that it sounds threatening.]

PC: I know what it is! It's they got a lot of pretty boys who they don't wanna see get all messed up. It's they got some old-timers that they don't wanna put out to pasture just yet. It's they got a lot of managers pullin' a lot of politics and games to get the Colt boys outta town!

JC: We don't play politics, Dane. Fact is, we just don't play. And we got a long line of open contracts all over the country comin' up to prove it. We put our money where our mouth is.

PC: We want 'em all! We want RyGunn! We want the Rave! We want the Young Guns! And we especially want them boys from Arkansas! They like to fight, we like to fight, so let's fight! We want 'em all, and we're gonna get 'em, too!

JC: You take a good look. Good long look. The Longhorn Riders are comin' to your town.

PC: Tupelo! Nashville! Kansas City! St. Louis! All points in between! You wanted to see a fight?! Get them tickets, because when this tour gets through, we might not have nobody LEFT to fight!

JC: But at least you can tell your grandkids someday; you got to see real men fight in person. Back when there still were two of 'em on this godforsook mudball.

[The Colts exit as Dane finishes.]

JD: The Longhorn Riders are back on the tour. Things just got much more chaotic. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

BW: I like them boys. Just like their dad. If they don't like you, they'll just knock your teeth in. And the great thing about it is they don't like anybody.

GM: It has to be one of the strongest tag team lineups anyone's had in many years and we're going to see a lot more of the tag team division right here tonight as the best tag teams in the world are all lining up for a shot at the Blonde Bombers and the World Tag Team Championship! Fans, let's go backstage right now where Mark Stegglet has caught up to one of the men who'll be competing in that big six man tag team match later tonight - Sweet Daddy Williams! Mark?

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Sweet Daddy Williams is dressed for battle - which for him means white trunks and a red windbreaker jacket. Mark Stegglet is in a navy blue suit and beams at the camera before speaking.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Sweet Daddy Williams, later tonight you step inside the ring with Chris Staley and Glenn Hudson on your side to take on Alphonse Green, Yuma Weaver, and the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant. Your thoughts?

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: My thoughts is that I thought I was gonna walk into Tupelo tonight with the World TV Title strapped around my pretty lil' waist, Marky. My thoughts is that I thought I had Dave Bryant right where I wanted 'im and that he was a Riley Roundup away from coughing up that chunk of gold.

I was wrong.

[He claps his hands together.]

SDW: I dropped the ball in front of my hometown fans and I feel awful for it. That ain't how I wanted the 4th of July to go but... heck, to be honest, that ain't never been a real good night for me here in the AWA.

[Williams rubs his head, remembering a 4th of July that seems like forever ago.]

MS: Speaking of that... sore subject, I was a little surprised to hear you accept this challenge. I know you're not exactly fond of tag team wrestling since...

[Williams interrupts.]

SDW: Since Stevie Scott showed the world his true colors, stuck a blade six inches deep 'tween my shoulderblades, and made a fool out of me.

[Stegglet shrugs as Williams nods.]

SDW: Things change, Marky. Sometimes a lot of things change. Glenn Hudson used to run around stickin' people in the can with a fork. Don't see that no more. Chris Staley used to be all dark and gloomy and hung around with a dead guy. Don't see that no more. Alphonse Green used to be popular...

[He pauses.]

SDW: Well, no... but he used to think he was. Yuma Weaver used to be a good guy - the kind of guy you liked to share a car with on the road, share a beer with after the matches. Now he's a punk kid with entitlement issues.

And Dave Bryant... Dave Bryant used to be a shell of a man signing Polaroids in the VFW Halls for ten bucks a pop.

Now he's on top of the world.

[A nod.]

SDW: Some things change, Marky. But Stevie Scott...?

[Williams grimaces, rubbing his forehead again.]

SDW: Boy, I don't know. I just don't know.

MS: Where is this coming from? You haven't mentioned Stevie Scott in ages.

[A nod.]

SDW: All I'm sayin' is that if I was Juan, Supernova, and the rest... I ain't so sure I'd wanna lock myself inside a cage where I had to depend on Stevie Scott to watch MY back.

Take it from someone who already made that mistake.

[Williams walks out, leaving a surprised Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: A big six man tag team match later tonight but Sweet Daddy Williams' mind seems... pre-occupied. Stevie Scott's been suspended for his actions at Opportunity Knocks so he will NOT be here tonight in Tupelo but I'd be curious to hear what he has to say about this. Can the Hotshot be trusted? We'll be right back after this timeout so don't you dare go away!

[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 backstage where Chris Staley stands, looking off-camera, wearing an old "Redemption" shirt from his days in Los Angeles. He rubs the back of his neck with his right hand. It seems he's not paying any attention. A few silent moments pass before the cameraman speaks up.]

Cameraman: Hey, Chris?

[Staley looks in the direction of the camera.]

CS: Yeah?

Cameraman: We're on the air.

[Staley nods and looks down at the floor.]

CS: Six-man tag team action tonight. Don't know how I feel about that. I've been snake bitten every time I've teamed up with somebody.

[Staley shakes his head.]

CS: Tonight, though? I know I can count on Sweet Daddy to watch my back, he's a hell of a guy.

[Staley nods, then exhales.]

CS: Glenn Hudson? He wants the same thing I want. To take the TV title off of Dave Bryant's waist. To be honest? I don't know where his head's gonna

be at. Is he in this for personal glory or are we going to be a united front? Like I said, I don't know.

[Staley raises an eyebrow.]

CS: Don't get me wrong, he's a hell of a guy, been full of advice. It's just that I personally think he'd sacrifice victory for a shot at kicking Bryant's butt.

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: And speaking of Bryant...

[Staley shakes his head again.]

CS: ...Dave, Dave, Dave, if I'm such a nobody, why would you bother taking the time to bring me up, huh?

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: I'll bet you think I'm a sitting duck given my strife with Alphonse lately. You're gonna just steamroll over me, huh? Hey, that's good, you keep thinking that. Keep being delusional. It'll make it that much sweeter when I pin your shoulders to the match, and prove that I'm the most serious threat to your title. As for you, Weaver, hey, wrong place, wrong time. I know you've got an axe to grind and lots to prove. But it's not coming at MY expense, buddy.

[Staley laughs now.]

CS: Keep chopping me. Hell, I've taken worse. I'll just kick you right back. And we'll see who has the best strikes.

[Staley's face goes serious again.]

CS: And then there's you, Alphonse. So I see you've ditched the Ground Chuck in favor of the Hunger Strike. Hey, that's fine, I wouldn't mind stealing another one of your moves.

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: See, you keep picking at me like a gnat. One that just won't go away. And I know you want the TV Title soon as well. Hey, join the party. But if you think sneak attacking me is going to get the job done, you're sadly mistaken. You know as well as I do, Green, that we're going to face off one-on-one some day. And I'm going to kick you so hard, your brain'll turn to gelatin. There is NOTHING in your arsenal that can keep me down.

[Staley slaps his chest.]

CS: I'm begging you to take your best shot tonight. Let's see what you've got when you have to face me like a man. I'm willing to bet you'll just hide

behind Weaver too. You're not a man, just a scared little kid, taking shots whenever you can find an opening.

[Staley points at the camera.]

CS: Before, you ticked me off. You made me laugh a bit. Now? Now I'm mad.

[Staley rips off his shirt.]

CS: Tonight is the night I take the three of you, whether I've got help or not, and kick you into unconsciousness. And there is not a **THING** you can do about it, besides take it and like it. Prove me wrong, boys, prove me wrong. I dare you. TV title? It's got a future place of honor right in my living room.

[Staley walks off camera. Fade back to a nice panning shot of the interior of the building.]

GM: Chris Staley is a man determined and focused to make an impact in here tonight in that six man tag. You have to believe that if someone was somehow able to pin Dave Bryant or make him submit in that match, they would cement themselves an opportunity at the TV Title, Bucky.

BW: I suppose that's true but Alphonse Green took Bryant to the time limit. He **DESERVES** the next shot at the title!

GM: That's up to the Championship Committee, I suppose. This Heat Wave tour has the action here in the AWA hotter than ever. We've got so many top contenders aimed at all the titles here in the AWA... and on top of that, we've got all these new additions to the roster as well trying to make their first impact. In fact, up next, we've got a special look at something that happened during one of our live events leading up to tonight's show. Last week in Louisville, Curt Sawyer made his AWA debut.

BW: Gordo, why is the bartender from the bar by the Crockett Coliseum lacing up the boots?

GM: Well, Bucky, I understand Sawyer went to the Combat Corner on a very special scholarship.

BW: Yeah, the Todd Michaelson free margarita program.

GM: Would you stop? Let's take a look at the highlights right now!

[As the footage comes up, Allen Allen stands in the ring, flipping his luxurious blonde mane.]

PW: And his opponent... hailing from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at two hundred seventy pounds... **CURT SAWYER!**

[As the opening snare beat of "Run Like Hell" by Pink Floyd hits, Curt Sawyer appears at the top of the aisle, hoisting his trusty wooden axe-handle to the sky. Sawyer's dressed simply in a pair of white boots and red trunks. His short, shaggy brown hair is unkempt. To the ring, he also wears a black Member Only jacket with two patches sewn on. On the right arm is a logo for the Rusty Spur bar in Dallas. On the left is the "Rangers Lead The Way" skull and wing seal of the US Army Rangers.]

BW: This guy looks like he's been sampling the merchandise.

GM: Curt Sawyer is one of the older wrestlers we've seen make their professional debut, but he's got quite the resume outside the ring. He's a former college football star and an Army Ranger.

BW: And I'm Prince George. Just because you say something doesn't mean it's true. This schlub looks like he should be sweeping the floors, not getting in the ring.

[We cut ahead to the beginning of the match. Allen tries to trade punches with Sawyer, but quickly finds himself losing that battle. A big wind-up punch sends him reeling!]

GM: Curt Sawyer has plenty of experience breaking up bar fights. Allen Allen learned the hard way you don't want to trade punches with him.

[As Allen staggers back to his feet, Sawyer sprints towards him, hands clenched, with a running double-axe handle smash! And a second! Then, he drags his dazed opponent up, whips him against the ropes... and ELEVATES him with a big back body drop!]

GM: Sawyer likes to carry around that wooden axe-handle, but it was his own man-made axe handle that got him the early advantage. However, Allen Allen eventually found an opening and capitalized.

[Allen gouges Sawyer in the eyes, stopping the big man in his tracks. He quickly follows with clubbing forearms to the back, doubling Sawyer over. A running knee-lift takes Sawyer down!]

GM: It looked like Curt Sawyer's inexperience might cost him his first match.

BW: I hear Sawyer's only fighting for a paycheck to feed his fat wife and five kids. Five, Gordo! Let me tell you, daddy, never bet on a wrestler with an ugly wife.

GM: Well, that's one philosophy. But Curt Sawyer would not be denied.

[Sawyer SWATS away a dropkick from Allen. He then dead-lifts Allen around the waist in a gut wrench... but holds him! Then, with a yell to the crowd, Sawyer begins to SPIN! One revolution... two, three, four... picking up as much speed as his wide frame can muster...

... and then finally suplexing Allen over to a mild applause! Sawyer staggers to his feet, dizzy, giving the crowd a big thumbs up.]

GM: The brute strength of the bartender proved to be the difference maker. And his... unorthodox moves seemed to gain him a few fans.

[Sawyer sends Allen into the far corner with an Irish whip, then follows him in with a big running clothesline! As Allen slumps forward, Sawyer hooks a side-headlock and points to another corner of the ring. He drags Allen with him, smacking him into the turnbuckles like a battering ram.

Then, he points to another corner... and does it again! With each corner, the crowd gets a little louder. Finally, after the fourth battering ram, Sawyer DROPS Allen with a bulldog.]

GM: With Allen on the ropes, Sawyer finished off his foe with what we understand he's calling the Rusty Lariat.

BW: Rusty? That's being generous.

[Sure enough, the big running lariat Sawyer hits is bowling-shoe ugly, connecting to the side of the head. But it hits with authority, flipping Allen head over heels. The pin is a formality. One, two, three!]

GM: It got the job done, Bucky, and that's all that matters. Curt Sawyer with a solid performance in his AWA debut.

[Sawyer grabs his cherry-red wooden axe-handle from ringside. The referee raises one hand while Sawyer holds it up with the other. Then, with a big grin, he starts SWINGING the axe-handle wildly, sending the ref ducking for cover. The crowd seems to enjoy it.]

GM: We'll have to keep an eye on this old rookie, one of a handful of new superstars the AWA is bringing to you great fans. But now, we go from a rookie in the ring to someone who is a veteran of the squared circle - let's go backstage and hear from the former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion who will be in action later tonight, Glenn Hudson!

[We fade backstage to the sight of an animated Glenn Hudson bouncing on his toes front of an AWA banner. The Australian competitor is already in his ring gear and loosening up for his match ahead. A few quad stretches, then a roll of the shoulders as Hudson casts his focus upon the camera. Despite a slight frown, he cracks a small but perhaps inevitable grin.]

GH: On the fourth of July, opportunity knocked in Atlanta... Sweet Daddy Williams was there to answer the call, and Yuma Weaver? You slammed the door in his face.

[A quick, disappointed shake of the head.]

GH: Weaver, I offered you something more valuable than Dave Bryant ever could. I offered to turn the other cheek. Offered to listen, really listen to



what'd been bothering you. Offered to bring you back into the fold, but now... I've had a gutful of you, mate.

[With no small degree of exaggeration, he symbolically dusts his hands off in front of himself.]

GH: Run with Bryant if you like, but you know what they say happens when you lay down with dogs. The only help you'll get from me now? I'm gonna knock those fleas off you, Weaver.

[Hudson clenches his fists and takes a moment to glare over them into the camera. The point made, his hands flick open with index fingers pointing as he continues his spiel.]

GH: So now we've got this six man tag team match tonight. After all hell breaking loose last time we all showed up, we're coming back for more of the same.

[He nods with enthusiasm and looks to his left...]

GH: Sweet Daddy Williams, the heart and soul of the locker room, on one side and on the other...

[Then to his right.]

GH: ... the man you and I call Chris Staley. Now, no-one can question that Chris Staley has done the hard yards in this business. He's seen success and he's had dark times and he's come through it fighting to redeem himself. We would have one hell of a match with the World Television Title up for grabs, and I hope that day isn't too far off. But tonight our only contest is who gets their hands on the other three first. We'll look across that ring, we'll look them in the eye and they'll know without a doubt they've got a fight coming.

[The veteran takes a few slow steps towards the camera, a question loaded in the breach.]

GH: So... Dave Bryant, I ask you... Who's in your corner tonight, who stands behind you?

[He then shrugs, playing reluctant to offer his own answer.]

GH: You've got Alphonse Green on your side. Good luck, Dave. We both know he'll knock you cold without a first thought and right now he's the Number One Contender to that belt you wear. You'd better watch out for this fella. Don't forget, he took a beating for you.

[Hudson wags a finger at the camera.]

GH: So did Weaver for that matter and several more to come, I reckon. But we could ask Weaver the same question - who stands behind you? Truth is, we know the only thing behind Yuma Weaver that counts is the stuffed wallet

in his back pocket... and Dave's dollars will only get Dave so far. I'd say the World Television Champ may need a few extra pairs of eyes in his head tonight... But when the dust clears, he should look straight ahead 'cause that's where I'll be. While I can still walk, while I still know which direction is up and what direction is Bryant... Well, you can put two and two together... 'cause our numbers don't add up, Dave. I've got a score to settle with you, mate.

[A confident Hudson stares at the camera as we fade back into the interior of the arena where we get a nice panning shot of the ring when suddenly a familiar throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

# IT'S MINE... #

# IT'S MINE... #

# THE WORLD IS MINE! #

[The crowd erupts into jeers, as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play.]

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

[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, is a light-brown haired man with slightly receding hairline and mustache. He is wearing tights and black sneakers, as well as a leather jacket.]

PW: Hailing from Dallas, Texas, Weighing in at 244 pounds, he is...

BRUCE "WILD AND CRAZY" GUY!!!

[Guy removes the leather jacket, dropping it to the outside, 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 referee Davis Warren.]

GM: Maximus is coming off a thirty-day suspension after laying his hands on the official, Davis Warren, last month.

BW: I understand he was also slapped with a fine large enough to make Louis Matsui cringe.

GM: Let's see if that's taught him a thing or two about assaulting officials and non-wrestlers.

BW: Maybe you can test his restraint after the match, Gordo.

[We hear Matsui yelling, "IGNORE HIM! KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE OTHER CHUMP!"]

"DING! DING!"

GM: Maximus and Guy circling each other... Maximus just shoved Bruce Guy to the mat!

[Laughing, Maximus shrugs, then motions for Guy to get up. They lock up in a collar-and-elbow, but Maximus releases Guy almost immediately, opting instead for a handful of hair and slamming his meaty fist into the side of Guy's face, followed by a headbutt. Davis Warren gets in Maximus' face, warning him about the closed fist, but Maximus simply wraps Guy's neck under his flabby arms.]

GM: Suplex!

BW: How long did he hold him up there?

[Maximus holds his arms out to either side of him, then mimes wearing a belt around his waist. We barely hear him saying, "GIVE ME JONES! GIVE ME WRIGHT! GIVE ME SHANE! VASQUEZ, THIS ONE'S FOR YOU!" as he picks Bruce Guy up, holding him across his massive chest...]

GM: WHOA!

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

[Maximus pulls Porten off the mat once more, and snapmares him over near the corner. This places Guy in prime position for the Prehistoric Plunge, as Maximus climbs to the middle rope, bounces on it and launches himself off...]

BW: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!

GM: Cover! One! Two! And he pulls him up! We've seen Maximus do this before...

BW: URANAGE!

[With just one knee across the chest of Bruce Guy, Maximus motions for Davis Warren to make the count...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this one is over.

BW: And why don't you get in there and see if you can get a few words out of the behemoth?

[MAMMOTH Maximus holds out his right hand towards Davis Warren, yelling at him to raise it. Louis Matsui climbs into the ring and holds up Maximus' left hand. Warren bends down to check on Bruce Guy, as Gordon Myers enters the ring with a mic.]

GM: Louis Matsui, it's been weeks since you told the AWA fans just exactly what you and Maximus were planning on doing, but it does not appear like your client is any closer to title conten-

LM: That's because this company is scared! This company is scared of the potential my client presents! This company is scared of the talent my client possesses! This company is scared of the threat my client poses! This company CANNOT handle MAMMOTH Maximus as champion, because this company knows he's going to be champion for a very long time, and that they aren't going to be able to pawn off the belt to any of their golden boys so easily!

Why else would they have slapped him with that thirty-day suspension? Why else would they have denied him the chance to lay down a challenge at Opportunity Knocks? Simply because his pinky happened to graze the side of that twerp, Davis Warren, who had a chip on his shoulder so large, it was just begging to be knocked off!

Let me put this simply for O'Connor and the rest of his flunkies to understand: if you don't want Maximus laying his hand on officials and non-wrestlers, put some proper competition in front of him! Give him what he wants! Give him Skywalker Jones! Give him Supreme Wright! Give him Juan Vasquez! Give him Terry Shane III! Give him the Television Champion, Dave Bryant! Give him his shot at the World Heavyweight Champion! Do that, while you still have bodies to spare! In fact, Myers...

[Maximus looms over the Voice of the AWA, breathing heavily down his neck.]

LM: For the sake of your health and well-being, you had better make sure the front office gets this message... Loud... And clear...

MM: GORDON...

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play, as Louis Matsui exits the ring. He turns around to yell at Maximus, who finally steps away from Myers. He exits the ring and takes his place next to Matsui, who raises his hand in the air, to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus and Louis Matsui have made their message quite clear - they want the top competition here in the AWA and they want it right now. Is the Championship Committee listening? We'll find out in the weeks to come but right now, Jason Dane is standing by with the answer we've all been waiting for. Jason?

[We pan over to the interview platform, at which stands the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes alongside Nenshou. Percy, a bald goateed man, short and stout, is wearing a grey tweed jacket and matching slacks, a white undershirt and a sienna tie. He is clutching his (new) crystal-tipped cane in one hand and has an expression of annoyance on his face. Nenshou is wearing a black jacket with a tall pointed hood, baggy sleeves, and red-and-gold ornate trim. His facepaint is red with black kanji, and his baggy pants are black. Red boots and copious wrist and finger tape complete his attire. Jason Dane is here with the microphone; he is keeping Percy between himself and Nenshou.]

JD: Percy Childes, it has not been a banner year for Nenshou thus far.

PC: I'm sure that pleases you.

JD: Yes, but I'm surprised that you're admitting it.

PC: Every day is a new day, Dane. On the Fourth Of July, we heard and saw much. Certainly, my Alliance is in the midst of it all. We saw the AWA blatantly violate its own rules to protect Stevie Scott from losing to Johnny Detson...

JD: What?!

PC: Stevie Scott kicked the referee of the match in the face. That is an automatic disqualification. It certainly is whenever one of my men do it. But the AWA handed down an inane "no contest" decision because Johnny Detson, blinded by the rain and mud, mistook a man who entered the ring without warning as an enemy. This would never have been a no contest if the situation were reversed.

JD: And what about your interference, costing Juan Vasquez the AWA World Title?

PC: No one seems to complain when Juan Vasquez interferes in matches, or does whatever he pleases. He cost Rick Marley the World Title last year and was not even fined.

JD: Because of you! He was acting on your behalf!

PC: It was an easy sell because he was still Juan Vasquez. Because all of these people buy his T-Shirts and action figures. That is what matters to the AWA: the cheers of the fans. But those cheers will no longer be relevant come Labor Day. Oh, no they won't.

JD: You're referring to War Games? You accept Vasquez' challenge?

PC: Mr. Dane, it would be our genuine pleasure.

When the cage descends, the power to influence the outcome is out of the AWA's hands. There will be no reprieve, no politics. Only pain and torment and submission. Oh, how quickly did Vasquez and Scott sell their souls for the ability to meet the Unholy Alliance on their own terms? They loaded up with the hypocrite Kinsey, and then dealt with the devil himself, Layton. Will you cheer such men?

[The fans cheer, because yes, they will cheer such men.]

PC: They are betrayers and thieves, serving the interests of betrayers and thieves. I have already gone into much detail about this. Juan Vasquez, you once aligned with me of your own free will. It was no forced arrangement based on your loss to Monosso. You made the arrangement knowing that you would get what you desired either way. You would either eliminate me or use me; you had nothing to lose that night in New Orleans. You violated your contract as soon as it was convenient. And now you betray your fans again by siding with a Satanist. You are the lowest form of life, and that does not earn you my scorn... no, I respect your Machivellian malevolence. These people earn my scorn for believing in you.

Stevie Scott, are you not the same? Isn't the pattern of your career this way? Didn't you wave the flag of this nation years ago, only to trade it in to Vladimir Velikov and wave the flag of a dead nation afterwards. And then you repented and apologized, just to set yourself up for a chance to side with Ben Waterson. And then, only once you had lost your iron grip on the National Title, only when all hope of regaining it was gone, did you apologize and now? Now you lie in wait for your moment. The fans fell for it again, they always do. You can do this forever, because they'll always believe in you.

Luke Kinsey, your career played out the same, didn't it? For years, you were perennially defined by your inability to win the big one. You were obsessed. Whatever it took, whomever you had to annihilate, any means and any

methods. Frequently, you would ride the fans to glory and let them carry you to the big title shot, only to throw them aside once that became the fastest way to the top. That is how you succeeded in the end, is it not? Who were your allies aiding you when you won your World Title? Ah, was it not Juan Vasquez and Brian Von Braun? Convenient. And yet, these fans see you come in as a white knight, and believe in you.

Brian Von Braun, let me see if I recall how you came into the spotlight. You started by apprenticing to a former World Champion, then burning his face, scarring him for life, and ending his career. You then hooked up with a gang of champions who were "invading" your own promotion, went on to do the same with Kinsey and Vasquez, and then you spent nearly a year trying to cripple one of the most popular men in AWA history before going after me in a fit of pique because we did it first. You live in envy of your own brother, and you rage at us for crippling a man you wanted to cripple first, and still these fans believe in you.

Anton Layton, tell us again... who is your Master? Let me show you your Master. Nenshou was your Master. Everything you did was for his benefit, not some imaginary red monster with cloven hooves and horns. But you betrayed him, betrayed me, betrayed everyone really. All for a creature who, in his own source material, is doomed to everlasting failure. It is actually too absurd to be funny. And yet, this man who devoted his life to an anthropomorphism of evil and to destroying Vernon Riley, shows up to support these other cretins and you immediately believe in him.

Supernova. You're the only one here, Supernova, who has yet to betray anyone. So look around you, young man. Take a long, hard look. What are you fighting for? What are you fighting against? Look at us, and look at your partners, and tell me what the difference is. TELL ME. Do you have a vendetta against Rick Marley? Face him. But do you want to go to war with the most evil of men? My Unholy Alliance tells you exactly what we are and where we stand. On Labor Day, Supernova... you will be all alone. Desperately, hopelessly alone.

Look at who you believe in. Look at who you put your faith in. Is this not the highest comedy? How pathetic are your lives, that these are the heroes you accept? What standards are these?

[The fans are booing like mad now, but that just makes Percy smile even more broadly.]

PC: Supernova. Get out now. Get out before they either drag you to their level, or they sacrifice you to their ambition. I am willing to admit that, thus far, you and you alone have been someone the fans can believe in and be justified. But if you are a fraction of what you claim to be... have nothing to do with those evil men.

Or... admit that you belong with them. That you will eventually make the decisions they make. That you're not here to fight against evil, you're just in it for yourself.

[Percy's grin is cheshire-like as he wraps up his long speech.]

JD: That's sick.

PC: I agree. And they [\*gestures to the fans\*] have no idea.

JD: We're over our time, but I have to ask you. Do you know who the Wise Men are? Do you know who has been making these statements? You were mentioned as a friend in this last one.

PC: Of course I know who that was.

JD: Who was it?!

PC: I believe it's time for Nenshou's match. He's growing impatient with your questioning, Dane. We all remember what that means, yes?

[Nenshou makes a sudden movement in Dane's direction, and the interviewer bails out, fleeing the scene. It was just a feint, and the Japanese superstar calmly walks down the aisle as "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis begins to play.]

GM: What a twisted bunch of I...

[Gordon trails off. Bucky picks up on it after a brief pause.]

BW: You were about to say "lies", weren't you?

GM: He's distorting facts!

BW: FACTS. He's letting the facts speak for themselves. You seem awful comfortable in picking and choosing what you want to believe, Myers.

GM: That's exactly what Percy Childes just did! He omitted every other supporting fact that explains the reasons for all of those incidents with all of those people. And now he's trying to shame Supernova into abandoning his team!

[The boos have neither stopped nor abated as Percy and Nenshou reach the ring. Nenshou walks slowly up the steps, gazing into the ring which is already inhabited by Phil Watson and a fresh-faced wrestler with brown curly hair and pale skin. The newcomer wears full length silver tights with a scale pattern, matching boots, and green elbowpads.]

BW: Supernova should abandon his team, if he's such a goody-two-shoes! He's really gonna team up with this group of mercenaries? Anton Layton? The things Anton Layton has done is normally stuff you'd only find in abnormal psychology books.

GM: It is a slippery slope.

BW: Exactly! That goof is gonna tumble right on down if he keeps going.



GM: Childes would love to see that. Let's go up to the ring for introductions.

[\*DING\*DING\*]

[The music cuts but the booing goes on. Apparently, Childes' scathing words for the fans really has the crowd riled up. Nenshou ditches his jacket, revealing his brushcut black hair with the kanji for "Darkness" shaved in. He seems to be actually distracted by the fans, for once, as he makes threatening motions to fans who are throwing trash at him.]

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

Introducing first, to my left. From Topeka, Kansas... weighing two hundred thirty pounds... GEORGE TALBOT!

[The wrestler raises both hands, and slowly twists back and forth at the waist to salute the whole crowd.]

PW: His opponent. Introducing first, to my right, the manager... the "Collector Of Oddities" PERCY CHILDES!

He represents... from The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing two hundred thirty five pounds... NENSHOU!

[Nenshou's head snaps back from the crowd to his opponent. He extends his arms in front of him, and puts two fingers up in front of his face in a meditative stance.]

BW: Talbot needs to get him now, before he gets in that trance.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

GM: That's what he's doing!

[The young Kansas native rushes Nenshou, and leaps into a big arm-swinging jumping clothesline that catches Nenshou off-guard!]

GM: HE NAILED HIM WITH IT!

BW: Nenshou got distracted by the fans! He didn't set up that weird "battle meditation" that makes him near unbeatable in time, and he got taken down!

GM: Nenshou up to his feet but Talbot is there! Clubbing forearm by the rookie!

BW: This woulda NEVER happened to the old Nenshou!

GM: George Talbot sending Nenshou off the ropes, and a hiptoss... NENSHOU LANDS ON HIS FEET!

[Flipping all the way with a front somersault, Nenshou easily thwarts the hiptoss, and throws a jumping spin crescent kick right to Talbot's face, leveling him!]

BW: Ha ha! Maybe that woke up the old Nenshou.

GM: By his own standards, Nenshou has had an abysmal year. I wonder if these lapses are signs of frustration.

BW: They definitely are.

GM: Nenshou scooping up Talbot, and ramming a brutal chop to the pectorals! And another! Side kick to the ribs! One to the other side! The Asian Assassin is a blur of motion... off the ropes and a bicycle kick to the face of George Talbot!

BW: You ain't in Kansas no more, Toto.

GM: George Talbot's tights resemble scale mail armor, and he is going to wish he was wearing the real thing if this assault continues. Powerdrive elbowdrop by Nenshou, who has kicked it into high gear here.

BW: This man's always in high gear. He's one of the fastest guys in the sport.

GM: One cannot argue with Nenshou's sheer speed, which is overwhelming. Irish-whip by Nenshou, to the corner, and the crushing handspring elbow! All of his weight, all of that momentum, behind the elbow to the face, and this match is already in danger of ending.

BW: There's the backbreaker, daddy. I think it's over.

[The fans stand as they know that the backbreaker always leads to the moonsault. Nenshou goes to the corner, hops up, and spits a cloud of red mist over the audience before leaping back into his soaring, awe-inspiring moonsault!]

GM: \_\_MOONSAULT\_\_! And that will be all. Emphatically.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: He never did go into the trance. That wasn't the calm killer we know. That was pure anger.

["Raijin's Drums" begins again, as Nenshou gets up, drags a thumb across his throat, and makes the thumbs down sign. The fans boo as he stomps on his fallen enemy until Percy Childes uses his cane to get Nenshou's attention.]

GM: Nenshou seemed to want to do some post-match damage to his opponent but Percy stops him with that crystal ball on his cane.

BW: That's exactly how he used to control Monosso. Remember that? He had a little engraving of his insane asylum in the ball of his cane, and he used that to remind Monosso of what happens if he stopped listenin'. I never seen Nenshou react to it before.

GM: Childes and Nenshou leaving, and you're right, Bucky. Something is going on with Nenshou. I don't know what it is. It could be frustration, it could be pressure, but there is a difference in his demeanor lately. Remember how he fixated on Dufresne in that melee on July Four? I wonder if Percy Childes feels a need to get an insurance policy to control his man.

BW: He'd do it. But that's speculation. Let's talk about how Supernova is a hypocrite for teaming with Team Evil.

GM: No. Let's go to commercial. Fans, we'll be right back with more 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 live action where we see our announce team seated at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and just before the break, we heard the big announcement that the Unholy Alliance has accepted the challenge! They will be in WarGames on September 2nd in St. Louis against... well, we don't quite know yet.

BW: WarGames is traditionally a five-on-five battle but the Alliance has seven men on their side - not counting Percy - and Vasquez has six men on his side including himself. So, as of right now, we just don't know who will make up the two teams for WarGames.

GM: This will be the third WarGames in AWA history and St. Louis, you better get ready because WAR is comin' to town for you! Buy your tickets now because you do NOT want to miss out on what promises to be one of the biggest nights of the year for the AWA! I'm sure we'll be talking a whole lot more about that night in the weeks to come but right now, we have... am I reading this right, Bucky?

BW: You sure are! After Opportunity Knocks, I had a long sit-down with Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, after they were robbed by the Northern Lights. I gave them some advice, and they're running with it. They haven't lost a match since, and now they're taking it to television.

GM: I do confess that it is heartening to see young men who have suffered through the rookie years of their career grow and develop, but I worry about the direction they're growing in.

BW: Kind of a dichotomy there, Gordo.

GM: I repeat: I do not think that word means what you think that word means.

[We go up to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing alongside two pasty-white blonde-haired men in jeans and Wolverine brand hiking boots.]

PW: The following tag team match is set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit!

To my left, from Anderson, South Carolina... at a total combined weight of three hundred seventy one pounds...

...ANDY AND WILL... THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[The Blues circle the ring with arms held high, and the crowd cheers them a bit. Then, the techno-organ beat of "Derezzed" by Daft Punk opens up over the PA. This is not familiar music to the fans, so they stand to see who it is.]

PW: And their opponents...

[After a short time, the curtain parts to reveal two figures. The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol. He's wearing a Black Mesa polo shirt and heavy wrist tape, which he's adjusting.

The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white. He's wearing a World War

Z T-Shirt. The two men stop at the top of the aisle and survey the scene, conversing a bit before proceeding down the aisle.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Cambridge, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty-seven pounds...

...MATT GINN... MARK HOEFNER... they are DICHOTOMY!

[The duo take their time proceeding to the ring. Ginn gives several of the fans disgusted looks and dismissive gestures while Hoefner shouts insults and makes threats. They stop a couple times on the way to do this, taking their sweet time.]

GM: New attitude, theme music, and team name. But as of yet, they've never won a match on television.

BW: They're fighting the Blue Brothers, Gordo.

GM: I admit, this is likely to be the start they need. But isn't this putting the cart in front of the horse?

BW: Not at all. I'd argue it's what they need. Confidence. The feeling that they are big time will help them be big time. That match at Opportunity Knocks, even though they were robbed, is exactly what they needed to realize that they didn't have to sit there and take it no more.

[When they arrive at ringside, Dichotomy heads for the ringsteps. They cautiously ascend the steps, keeping a wary eye out for their opponents. Both men enter the ring from opposite sides of the cornerpost, and proceed to center ring. Ginn immediately starts accosting the referee while Hoefner hops to the second turnbuckle to yell at the booing fans some more.]

GM: Dichotomy taking their sweet time with their entrance. It looks like the Blue Brothers are unhappy about it.

[Andy and Will Blue are complaining to Davis Warren that he needs to get Ginn and Hoefner to start the match. Suddenly, Ginn grabs Will Blue from behind, and throws him into a back suplex as Hoefner stops yelling at the fans and falls back from the turnbuckles into an elbowdrop! Blue hits the mat and then Hoefner nails him. The fans boo the sneak attack as the music ends and Dichotomy ditches their shirts. Warren calls for the bell.]

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: HA HA HA! These guys are smart, daddy! They played around, waited, and let these idiot Blues take their eyes off them.

GM: It was an illegal before-the-bell attack, and Will Blue has been devastated! Now it is two-on-one on Andy Blue, with Ginn executing the drop toehold while Hoefner leaps into the kneedrop to the back!

BW: That's exactly the kind of killer instinct you need in the AWA. This is where the big fish swim. If you wanna survive here, you better be bad.

GM: Hoefner depositing Will Blue to the concrete floor through the ropes as Ginn is stomping on Andy Blue. His attack is right to the base of the skull. Very precise from the MIT graduate.

BW: Well, you'd expect that, right? He's a scientist.

GM: He is not a scientist. He's a professional wrestler. Ginn dragging Andy Blue off the mat by his ample hair, and snapmaring him into Dichotomy's corner.

[Only now is Hoefner retreating to the apron as Ginn chokes Andy Blue with his boot. He spreads his hands out in a "what do you think about that" pose to the fans, who boo him.]

BW: He is too a scientist. He told me so himself. An academian would not lie about such things.

GM: I'll look into that claim, then. Tag made, and Ginn gathers up the South Carolina native. Dichotomy sends Andy Blue off the ropes. Hard double back elbow! Ginn hits the face as Hoefner hits the ribs. Mark Hoefner is now the legal man.

[Spending a moment to circle the ring and jaw at the fans, Hoefner seems to be looking around for something. He gives Will Blue a knee to the chest as the young man tries to get up on the apron, drawing the ire of the crowd.]

BW: I think Hoefner has a lot of potential, but wow, is he paranoid. You know, he's looking around to see if anyone is going to attack them.

GM: Why would...

BW: Also looking out for zombies.

GM: I... that... what?

BW: Oooh! He laid Andy Blue out with a Mongolian Chop, daddy! A shot on each temple. Why am I doin' play-by-play, daddy?

GM: Okay, fine. Andy is trying to get up, but a second Mongolian Chop by Mark Hoefner, and both shots leveled Andy Blue.

BW: As well they would, from a descendent of Genghis Khan.

GM: A... what?

BW: Mark Hoefner is a descendent of Genghis Khan.

GM: How would you know that?

BW: He told me.

GM: Of course. I'll look into that one, too.

[Hoefner takes a quick look around before gathering up Andy Blue and tagging Matt Ginn. Ginn swings his boot up on the top turnbuckle, and Hoefner rams Andy Blue's head into it.]

GM: Sound exchange from Dichotomy. Ginn is now the legal man, and he scoops up Andy Blue in a gutwrench... tremendous gutwrench suplex on Blue, and a cover!

BW: Here comes Will to break it up. Dummy should have saved himself a butt-kicking and let his brother get pinned.

GM: Will Blue breaks up the pin, and Matt Ginn throws Andy at him! The tag is made, as it seems that Ginn wants Will in the ring to pay for breaking up the pin attempt.

[Ginn circles Will, who responds by circling in the opposite direction. Which leaves him wide open for Hoefner to plow into him with a knee to the back. Boos rain down as Dichotomy gives Will Blue a double stomping.]

BW: Ha ha. Idiot.

GM: Make no mistake, Will Blue fell into that trap. Hoefner is so fast that he can go from the apron to center ring in no time. He's back out, and no tag was ever made there.

[Sneering, Ginn puts a foot in between Will Blue's shoulderblades, reaches down to his arms, and pulls up on them while Will is face down in the mat. Will screams in pain as the hold is excruciating.]

GM: Surfboard variant here, and Will Blue is helpless.

BW: Ginn calls this the Review Board!

GM: I see.

BW: Because he's a scientist.

GM: He is not! What he is doing is using this hold to stomp Will Blue's face into the canvas! That is brutal to an extreme! It is perfectly legal, though... the sickening thud every time Ginn stomps down is making me wonder if the referee shouldn't think about a stoppage. This match is very one sided.

BW: And how many one sided matches did Ginn and Hoefner have to suffer through? Nobody stopped matches to help them!

GM: I'm not sure about that. Anyway, Dichotomy has learned and improved greatly, while the Blue Brothers apparently have not yet matured.



BW: They'd need to put on some muscle to start. The Rave and Hive both outweigh them! There oughta be a minimum weight limit in the AWA.

GM: I could get behind that idea myself. Ginn is... look at this!

[Matt Ginn is walking to his corner, without letting go of the Review Board. That means he's basically using Will Blue as a shoe. Every step with his right foot scrapes Blue across the mat and plants him facedown in the canvas. When he reaches the corner, Hoefner slaps his shoulder to tag in.]

BW: Ha ha ha... he just gave Will Blue first degree mat burns!

GM: Hoefner off the ropes, and a sliding dropkick to the face while Will Blue is helpless in that hold! Finally, Ginn releases Will, and I'm impressed that young man did not submit!

BW: The ref probably can't hear him over the boos, and it ain't like he could tap out.

GM: Hoefner picks up Will with two hands full of hair, bashes his face in the turnbuckle, and spikes him back to the mat! Viciousness on display there. He's gathering his man up again, and shoves him into the corner.

[After planting Will into Dichotomy's corner, Hoefner takes a walk along the ropes, looking around for enemies again. He makes a quick ninety degree turn and hammers Andy Blue on the apron with a jumping haymaker, then sprints across the ring, slamming into Will Blue's chest with a jumping double kneesmash while tagging Ginn!]

BW: CRUSHED HIM! That's the Shotgun Blast, Gordo. Great for zombie extermination, I hear.

GM: I'd like Mark Hoefner to join us in the real world, Bucky. No one is out to get him.

BW: I know darn well that Rene Rousseau and Chris Shwanay are, in fact, out to get Dichotomy.

GM: The Northern Lights and Dichotomy are scheduled for some big tag team matches through the rest of the summer tour, fans. They have not met since Opportunity Knocks, but when they do, it will be a barnburner, I'm sure. Ginn with a very measured elbow to Will Blue's neck, and immediately tags Hoefner back in. What are they setting up here?

[The six-foot-seven Ginn ducks down and scoops Will Blue up in a seated position on his shoulders, facing in towards the middle of the ring. Behind them, Hoefner scales the top rope. The fans rise, wanting to see what this will be.]

BW: He's facin' the wrong way for a flyin' clothesline...

[Screaming, Hoefner jumps off the top rope, snatches Blue by the head, and drills his face to the mat with a spectacular flying bulldog that draws a huge reaction from the crowd.]

GM: OH MY WORD!

BW: Ho-HO! DID YOU SEE THAT, DADDY?!

GM: Flying elevated bulldog, and Will Blue is finished! There is the three count, and you could have counted all night!

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: That must have been the move they said they were working on. They were callin' it Apocalypse Now. And it sure is as far as Will Blue is concerned!

[The fans boo, but Hoefner is super pumped about the first televised victory. he runs around shouting and screaming that he told everyone that this was going to happen and nobody believed him. Ginn, in the meantime, just has a smug look on his face as he wipes his hands in a way that suggests that they've been befouled by having to fight these people.]

GM: An impressive outing for Dichotomy, but there is a long way to go for these two men. The Blue Brothers is not the kind of competition that will help them gain ranking.

BW: No, but it is how you gain momentum, daddy. And the winner's cut of a TV paycheck. That's a big deal for these guys now. The next step is to get to where it's an every day thing, but if they keep listenin' to me, it'll happen.

PW: The winners of this contest... MATT GINN AND MARK HOEFNER... DICHOTOMY!

["Derezzed" begins anew, and Miles Warren attempts to raise their hands. Hoefner backpedals as if Warren is trying to ambush him, while Ginn yanks his hand away in an offended manner and chides him for trying to touch him.]

GM: Well, there is one thing these young men don't know how to do yet: accept victory.

BW: When you win, daddy, you can do it any way you want to. Warren better not put his hands on any wrestler that don't want him to.

GM: Jason Dane is at ringside to get a reaction from Dichotomy on their first televised victory.

[We go up to Dane, as Ginn and Hoefner are walking past.]

JD: The first televised win for Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, now known as Dichotomy. Gentlemen, how does it feel?

MH: Oh, now we're people, Matt. Now they want us to talk. Jimmy Dane, have we met?

JD: My name is Jason.

MH: How would we know that?! You never wanted to talk to us before. You were always too good to talk to us. But now the bandwagon has left the station, and you want a ride. Do you want a ride, John?

JD: No, I want an interview! That's childish! You had never won a match before, and all you've done is beaten the Blue Brothers! You ought to be grateful for interview time!

MG: Ah, it's just as Mister Buckthorn Wilde explained. This is the establishment, and the establishment looks down its nose at those it can not comprehend. Which is ironic, because the establishment of professional wrestling is filled with intellectually bereft subhumans who consider themselves highly intelligent because they've spent half a lifetime being struck in the cranium. Jason Dane, how many times have you been struck in the cranium?

JD: I'm not a wrestler, so not very often.

MG: I admit that answer surprises me, as your attitude is the kind that tends to invite blunt force trauma responses.

MH: So the next time you patronize us, JASON, why don't we catch you up to speed with the rest of your crew? Maybe your brother-in-law will stop talking to you the way you just spoke to us, if we help you relate to him just a little bit. We're not children. We're not going to be lectured. We've beaten the Blue Brothers, and you've never beaten anyone. But if you want us to talk, let's talk. Let's talk about the future, because we're done with the past.

MG: Negative. There is one past event of pertinence. Specifically, the Fourth Of July. Where the intellects who schedule our events determined that we should compete outdoors in a rainstorm. I can only assume that the match stipulation was Precipitation Falls Anywhere. The rules of that match type are as follows: it will be conducted outdoors in the rain, and you don't need to gain a fall on the legal man to be declared victorious.

JD: You're referring to your loss to the Northern Lights.

MH: Nooooo, really?

MG: I didn't feel a need to encourage the slack-minded individuals who lack the attention span to deduce context. Yes, of COURSE that is what I am alluding to. Mark and myself intend to wipe this stain from our record in the only acceptable manner.

MH: We're going to beat those two male cheerleaders so bad, their pom-poms will feel it!

MG: Now, I hope you simpletons will enjoy the remainder of the show, as well as your meaningless lives.

MH: I don't. Suffer and die, you creeps!

[With those words, Dichotomy exits to the boos of the crowd.]

JD: Just what the AWA needed... more bad attitude. Bucky, Gordon, back to you.

BW: Them's my boys!

GM: They need a lesson in manners, and I think that the Northern Lights will give them just that!

BW: Sure, if the referee decides to let them do anything they want to again.

GM: Fans, buy your tickets now to the Heat Wave events coming to your town if you want to see the Northern Lights and Dichotomy collide once more! Right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet has caught up with a very special guest. Mark?

[We crossfade backstage where an uneasy Mark Stegglet is standing alongside a man covered in a bright white cloak. His back is turned to the camera, revealing a yellow crescent moon surrounded by blue stars that has been stitched into the silky material.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. With me now is a man who made his shocking return to the AWA just over a month ago and made it clear why he's back, the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton!

[Layton wheels around, tossing his head back to fling off his hood. His stark blonde hair is contrasted by some streaks of badly-applied red facepaint that runs from just beneath his eyes to his jawline... at least, we hope it's paint.]

AL: Mark Stegglet, the time draws near. Percy Childes stands before the masses and spreads his web of deceit over one and all. He tells my new allies to fear me... to be concerned over my past.

[A violent shake of the head.]

AL: They have no need for concern... no need for fear. For it is not them I have returned for. They may seek my wisdom, my guidance in the ways of battling true darkness and I am glad to supply it in spades but do not forget the real reason I have stepped foot into this place once more.

The blood of Childes.

[Stegglet's eyes go wide.]

MS: I'm sorry... did you just say-?

[Layton interrupts angrily.]

AL: I stand before you a changed man in many ways, Mark Stegglet. Percy speaks of the creature I once referred to as my Master. Time heals wounds and the wound I suffered spiritually upon the revelation that my Master was simply... a voice...

[Layton's head dips down as he grows quiet.]

MS: Are you saying you no longer believe in a Master?

[He snaps his head back, eyes wide with anger.]

AL: I am saying that I am the Master now. I guide my own destiny. I bring forth my own fate. Fate brought me back to the AWA... I see that now. But it did not bring me to save the AWA from the Unholy Alliance and Percy Childes. It did not bring me to serve as the white knight for Juan Vasquez and his Merry Men.

It brought me back for the blood of Childes.

[Stegglet shakes his head, wading in once more.]

MS: That's the second time you've said that. Are you physically threatening Percy Childes?

[A grin splashes across Layton's face.]

AL: I have said all that needs to be said, Stegglet. Percy, no doubt, has heard my words and at this moment is driving himself mad wondering what I intend.

My intentions will be known soon enough, old friend.

[The grin grows wider.]

AL: Ehehehehe.

[And wider...]

AL: EHEHEHEH!

[And WIDER!]

AL: EHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!

[Layton suddenly surges forward, covering the camera lens with his hand as we abruptly cut from the backstage area back to the ring.]

BW: Did he say the...(gulp)... BLOOD of Percy Childes?!

GM: The blood of Childes... good grief. Maybe Percy's right. Maybe Juan Vasquez made a big mistake in bringing Anton Layton back to the AWA.

BW: Remember you said that. Remember it the moment Layton snaps and not even Vasquez can keep him in check. He brought Layton here for some unknown purpose and no one... not even the great and powerful Vasquez... can keep Anton Layton under control.

GM: Fans, in a few moments we're going to see the return of B.C. Da Mastah MC, who went off on a tour since BCIQ lost to the Bishop Boys at the Stampede Cup. After doing a few favors for friends in the Northeast, B.C. went off to Europe to hone his skills, and from what I have heard, the fans took to him much like the fans here in the AWA have!

BW: Way to spoil the mood, Gordo!

GM: B.C. can only brighten the mood of these fans here tonight! He's in action right now, so let's get down to the ring!

[Fade to Phil Watson, who is in the ring. A heavysset man in a large mohawk paces back and forth anxiously.]

PW: This next contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Bonesteel, South Dakota, weighing in tonight at two hundred and eighty pounds, here is.. MADHOUSE MCWESSON!

[The fittingly named Madhouse raises his arms in the air and bellows something that nobody really seems to understand. The crowd boos him anyway.]

PW: And his opponent....

# YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Those boos turn to cheers, as something that sounds like an instrumental knockoff of "Same Song" by Digital Underground hits the speakers.]

PW: From Alpharetta, Georgia, and weighing in at three hundred and sixty six pounds, give it up for B.C. DA MASTAH MMMCCCCCCCCCCCC!!!!

[B.C. steps out onto the aisle as the crowd cheers. He's wearing a black Adidas jacket, a pair of aviator sunglasses, and some gold chains. The light skinned young man raises his hands to his hair, running his fingers through the hi-top fade. After a brief pause, he starts getting his rap on.]

BW: Can we stuff him in a crate and ship him off to Abu Dhabi already?

BC: YO! IT'S BC BACK ON YO TV  
AY YO, BUCKY, DID YA MISS ME?

IT'S BEEN AWHILE, THAT'S FOR SURE  
I FELT THE NEED TO GO ON A WORLDWIDE TOUR!

[Fade to a kid in the crowd dancing to the beat as B.C. continues his dance down to the ringside area.]

BC: WENT TO NEW YORK, FLEW TO LONDON, PARIS, MUNICH  
EVERYONE WAS LISTENIN' TO MY MUSIC!

BW: Boy, Gordo, I sure hope M's legal department isn't watching this mess.

BC: I HAD ALL SORTS A BIG FUN  
CRUSHIN' SUCKAS, ONE ON ONE

IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK, I AM GLAD TO SAY  
I'D RATHER BE HERE WITH ALL THE GREAT FANS OF THE AWA

STEPPIN' IN THE RING, MAN, THAT'S A BIG OL' LOUSE  
BY THE TIME I GET THROUGH WITH HIM, THEY'LL BE CALLIN' HIM  
SADHOUSE

[McWessen leans over the ropes, taking offense to B.C.'s rhymes. B.C. reaches ringside, and wags his finger in the air towards McWesson.]

BC: HEY, YO FACE IS WACK, THAT 'HAWK IS TRASH, YA GOT NO SEX APPEAL  
ON TOP OF THAT, I AIN'T HEARD OF BONESTEEL

BW: Bonesteel exists! Look it up, stupid! Do your research!

BC: IF APPLE MAPS CAN'T FIND IT, IT AIN'T A PLACE I'D WANNA GO  
HEY BOYS AND GIRLS, GIMME A YO. YYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[The crowd 'Yo!'s' along!]

BC: YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Again! BC hops on the apron and waves his arms around like he just don't care.]

BC: YO YO YO YO GO GO GO GO!

[B.C. grins, and turns to enter the ring...

....McWesson, taking offense to B.C.'s dissing, charges, hammering the back of B.C. as he steps through the ropes.]

"DING DING DING"

BW: Yes! Beat that research into him!

GM: McWesson looking to get the advantage early on here.. Whoa!

[B.C. straightens up, and heaves the 280-lb McWesson clear across the ring. McWesson clammers to his feet, charging at B.C, who stands his ground as McWesson runs into him. The shoulder tackle does not work as McWesson falls to the canvas!]

GM: Not quite an example of irresistible force meeting the immovable object right there.

[B.C. steps back, motioning for McWesson to get up. McWesson does so, and charges at B.C., raising his arms over his head in an axe-handle. B.C., however, grabs McWesson, lifting him up and driving him down to the mat!]

GM: Side suplex from B.C, and impressive show of strength early on! B.C. on his feet, and.. oh! He jumped straight up in the air, and spun around to deliver a beautiful corkscrew elbowdrop! Here's the cover! One! Two! Th.. no, McWesson barely able to get out of it!

BW: Rats, McWesson should have stayed down! The less we all see of B.C., the better!

[B.C. backs off, waiting for McWesson to get to his feet. He hops in anticipation as the crowd starts buzzing, knowing that they're about to see B.C. throw himself through the air in a gravity defying dropkick. McWesson raises his head, knows what's coming and rolls to the outside. The crowd boos in disapproval.]

GM: Looks like McWesson's saw all he wanted to see of B.C. himself as he rolls to the outside.

[Now that McWesson rolled to the outside, B.C. finally gets a chance to remove his gear, handing his sunglasses, gold chains, and his Adidas jacket to someone at ringside. B.C.'s ring gear is a maroon singlet, with "YO!" written across the front graffiti style. B.C. looks out over the crowd and yells out "I'm gonna finish this!"]

BW: Good!

GM: B.C. making his way over to the side of the ring where McWesson rolled out. McWesson is back on his feet, and B.C. reaches over the ropes.. NO! McWesson hopped on the apron and gouged B.C.'s eyes! A handful of that hi-top fade, and he drops down, snapping B.C.'s neck across the top rope!

[B.C. slingshots back, hitting the canvas with a thud. McWesson rolls into the ring, and quickly starts stomping away!]

BW: Beautiful scientific offense out of McWesson here, he might have shut up the fat man permanently!

GM: Scientif... what?

[McWesson pulls B.C. to his knees, and drives his bootlaces right across B.C's eyes!]



BW: Hah! McWesson just cleaned his boot with B.C.'s face! McWesson's showing everything he learned on the Bonesteel High School wrestling team that once had a winning record back in 1998.

GM: I'm.. not quite sure Bonesteel ever had a high school.

[McWesson pulls B.C. to his feet, only to take him down with a snap mare. McWesson keeps B.C. in a seated position, and drives the point of his elbow into B.C's forehead.]

GM: McWesson in control here, OOF! Another elbow down across the forehead. Those elbows aren't padded, kids. In fact they look rather sharp..

BW: I have a theory that I hope McWesson can prove.

GM: What's that?

BW: That B.C.'s not filled with blood, but Cadbury Egg cream filling. I think he's gonna crack him open any minute now! I hope I'm right, I got five on it.

GM: [groans] I don't even know what to say sometimes.

[Looks like finding out if Bucky's theory is correct will wait another night, as he stops driving elbows into B.C.'s face. McWesson cinches in a rear chinlock instead. McWesson lets out a yell to the crowd, indicating that he's got the Round Mound of Hip-Hop Sound beat, and is met with a chorus of boos.]

BW: Well, B.C. Da Massive MC came back from a European tour to hone his skills, right?

GM: Correct.

BW: He's gotta be well aware of what's been going on in the AWA. I mean, you've got a guy like Alphonse Green, who B.C. beat quite a ways back, and now he could very well be the Television Champion on any given night, thanks to motivation from a crowd that simply hated him! Look, he's even got some representatives of Gang Green in the audience right now!

[Camera pans to a group of about six fans, all decked out in "Gang Green" T shirts, cheering on McWesson. Obviously, the cheers are drowned out.]

BW: Let's not forget guys like Yuma Weaver, who can only benefit from being in the employ of Dave Bryant, and we all know how much Weaver needed help just to break to the next level.

GM: Though he really disappointed all these fans in doing so.. meanwhile in the ring, B.C. is trying to fight out of the chinlock applied deeply by McWesson!

[B.C. starts pounding the mat with one of his beefy fists, hoping to draw energy from the crowd!]

BW: He's tapping! Ring the bell!

GM: Will you stop?

[It looks like B.C.'s getting willed to break out of the chinlock, as he starts rising to his feet. However, sensing that B.C. is trying to break free, McWesson temporarily releases the hold to gouge the eyes and then quickly locks the chinlock back in.]

GM: A cheap shot stops that rally really quickly.

BW: Ya know, maybe McWesson realizes that there are plenty of opportunities now too! Heck, Gordo, you got Rene Russo and Chris Shaw-net making waves in the tag team division.

GM: Did you just call Rene Rousseau "Rene Russo"?

BW: Not much of a difference, eh? Well, you also got Dichotomy looking to make their marks at well. Those four guys are sick of their position and are doing something about it! Not only that, but a lot of great talent is just getting started here in the AWA. This is the place to be, and you gotta be thinking that the window of opportunity for B.C. Da Super Size MC, and maybe BCIQ as a whole, is closing rather quickly.

[The fans are rooting on B.C., who is fighting out of the chinlock again. McWesson once again tries to go for the eyes, but B.C. buries an elbow in McWesson's ribs!]

GM: If you listen to the crowd, Bucky, you know for sure that there is a place for B.C. and BCIQ here in the AWA!

BW: Bah! You know I'm right!

GM: Opportunities will come knocking for B.C. and Manny, that's for certain! He's got McWesson piggybacked!

[The crowd roars as B.C. lifts McWesson in a piggyback, and quickly rushes back, sandwiching McWesson in between B.C. and the turnbuckle!]

GM: B.C. trying to shake the cobwebs out but McWesson's back on his feet..

[McWesson charges at B.C., who ducks, grabbing McWesson and lifting him up!]

GM: Got him up... and takes him down with a crushing Samoan Drop!

[B.C. slams the mat with his right hand, and quickly pulls McWesson to his feet. McWesson can barely stay on his feet, and B.C. backs off a couple of steps.]

GM: Get those flashbulbs ready, we're about to see..

[Suddenly, B.C. leaves his feet, catching McWesson right in the chest with a dropkick!]

GM: DROPKICK!

[The crowd roars, as McWesson is launched backwards into the turnbuckle. McWesson slumps into a seated position, as B.C. backs into the opposite corner.]

GM: We've seen this before from B.C.. he's pumping up this crowd!

[With the crowd supporting him, B.C. takes off into a sprint, turning at the last minute, sending his ample bottom into McWesson's face! B.C. backs off, turns around, and starts twerking as McWesson remains slumped in the corner.]

GM: Shake that groove thang, B.C.!

BW: AAAAAAAHHHHH!! It's shaking like a bowlful of rotten jelly!

[B.C. stops shaking his groove thang in McWesson's general direction, and slaps his butt cheek as if he's telling McWesson to kiss it. Suddenly, B.C. breaks into another sprint, slamming his bottom in McWesson's face again!]

BW: You know, except for that disgusting "dance", I'd like the aggression out of his kid all of a sudden..

[B.C. grabs McWesson, dragging him a safe distance from the turnbuckle. With a nod of his head, he steps out onto the apron.]

BW: But this is too much!

GM: Looks like it's time for the Turntable, Bucky!

[B.C. climbs the ropes, and pumps his fist as the entrance tune from earlier starts up once again.]

BW: Come on, Gordo! McWesson's unconscious here! He could have pinned him right then and there!

[With that said, B.C.'s about to pin McWesson all right, as he leaps from the top, crushing McWesson under his 366 pound frame!]

GM: TURNTABLE! There's the one, two, and three!

"DING DING DING!"

PW: Here is your winner.. B.C. DA MASTAH MC!!!

[B.C. climbs to his feet, dusting off his hands. The referee raises B.C.'s right arm in triumph, and B.C. makes an "I want a belt" motion with his free arm.]

GM: B.C. Da Mastah MC with an impressive comeback to win the match, Bucky, and he appears to be letting us all know what he wants! He's young, hungry-

BW[interrupting]: He's ALWAYS hungry, Gordo! I better slip backstage during the next break and make sure he hasn't gone through all the food already.

GM: No! He's hungry for recognition, for titles.

BW: Gordo, lemme be up front with you. The AWA's gonna have to fire some of our low level front office grunts just to afford the amount of leather it would take to even make a belt for that guy!

GM: Bucky, you're unbelievable. Welcome back, B.C.! Stay tuned for more AWA action, fans, as 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 "AUGUST 3rd - NASHVILLE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.]

"The AWA steams into Nashville, Tennessee next weekend for a special live arena event which will see a big tag team battle royal! Plus, Anton Layton meets Tully Brawn in one-on-one action!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "AUGUST 10th - FEDEX PARK - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE."]

"Memphis, Tennessee - look out 'cause the AWA is coming to town for another night of Saturday Night Wrestling action featuring Supernova vs "Showtime" Rick Marley! In addition, see Eric Preston in one-on-one action!"

[Another graphic comes up with "AUGUST 17th - JACK STEPHENS CENTER - LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.]

"In an event just added, we'll be storming into Little Rock, Arkansas on Saturday, August 17th, at the Jack Stephens Center for more professional wrestling action when The Beale Street Bullies are in action!

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

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

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

...and as we fade back up to live action, we come up on footage marked "RICHMOND, VIRGINIA" where "The Professional" Dave Cooper stands in the ring with mic in hand. He is dressed in his wrestling attire.]

DC: I'm taking over this ring to get something off my mind as it pertains to Opportunity Knocks. Now, you see, I was all ready to call out one Dave Bryant that night, but I got there late to the building because somebody slashed the tires on my rental, siphoned the gas tank and cracked the windshield, so I got delayed getting to the building. And then I find out that Bryant already faced somebody that night, and wouldn't you know, I would later learn from the police that Sweet Daddy Williams' fingerprints were all over my rental!

[The crowd boos, making it clear they don't buy Cooper's claim.]

DC: So I figured I could either challenge Bryant or Williams right here tonight, except I find out they got the night off, allegedly because they need to prepare for the six-man tag they got coming up. Well, I don't buy it, because we know Bryant is hiding at the local Motel 6 and Williams is stuffing his face at the Cold Stone Creamery.

But since I'm here, I'll offer a proposition. I'm challenging any of the morons in the dressing room to come on down here so I can whip your hide into shape.

So come on down, because I don't have all night for one of you to grow a spine, and that is the END of the discussion!

[The fans boo as Dave tosses the mic aside and motions with his hand to the back, a smirk on his face.]

But the smirk goes away as the Marine Corps anthem plays, the crowd's boos turning quickly into cheers. We hear the voices of Jason Dane and Colt Patterson on commentary.]

JD: Dave Cooper wanted a challenge... here's "Stars and Stripes" Clayton Shaw to give him one!

CP: Shaw is a tough man, but then again, so is Dave Cooper. I just hope Shaw realizes what he's getting into.

JD: The same could be said for Cooper, Colt. He could regret making that open challenge.

CP: And Shaw could just as easily regret accepting it!

[Shaw comes down the aisle, U.S. flag over his shoulder, high-fiving fans.

We then cut to later in the match, where the action is underway and Shaw is in control.]

JD: Look at those hard right hands! Dave Cooper is getting more than he bargained for!

CP: Cooper expected a wrestling match, not a fistfight!

JD: Shaw whipping Cooper into the ropes! A big hiptoss takes Cooper down! Cooper up to his feet... but it's Shaw with a clothesline!

CP: OH! COOPER GOES OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[Cooper tumbles outside the ring, where he pulls himself up and slaps the apron in frustration.

We cut to later in the match as both men are outside the ring, Shaw with the upper hand at the moment.]

CP: This isn't what Cooper asked for! Shaw has done nothing but turn this into a street fight!

JD: Maybe next time Cooper should not lay out an open challenge like he did!

CP: Maybe the referee should get Shaw to understand this is supposed to be a wrestling match!

JD: Shaw has Cooper by the arm... an Irish whip... no, a reversal!

CP: And into the barricade Shaw goes! That'll teach him!

JD: Cooper going after him... he slams Shaw's head into the barricade! What was that you were saying about this being a wrestling match?

CP: Shaw was the one who wanted to make this a street fight, so he's getting exactly what he deserves!

[The referee has gone outside the ring to admonish Cooper, who jaws with him.]

Cut to later in the match as Cooper is in control, working over Shaw's back.]

JD: Cooper has done a lot of damage to the back area... stomping away repeatedly on the back! Now he's pulling him up... got him over the shoulder... and look at that powerslam! Cooper drives Shaw right into the canvas! A cover... one... two... but Shaw kicks out at two!

CP: Cooper thinks that's a slow count.

JD: The referee stands firm, though... now Cooper with a chokehold! Come on!

[The referee puts the count on Cooper, who breaks off at four and then jaws with the official again.]

Cut to later in the match as Cooper has Shaw trapped in a Boston crab.]

JD: Dave Cooper leaning back... that Boston crab has got to be painful!

CP: Shaw can't hold on for long, Jason!

JD: Shaw trying to get to the ropes... listen to these fans get behind the former Marine!

CP: I bet Shaw was wishing he was back in the Marines right now!

JD: Shaw crawling toward the ropes... Cooper trying to hang on... but Shaw gets there! And the hold must be broken!

[The referee puts the count on Cooper, who breaks at four and again jaws with the official.]

Cut to later in the match as Cooper has just taken Shaw to the mat with a belly to belly suplex.]

JD: Nice belly to belly by Cooper... wait, he's not covering?

CP: Because he's not finished with him yet!

JD: Cooper going outside the ring... is he really going to the top rope?

CP: Sure looks that way... imagine if he hits that kneedrop of his from there. Shaw would be finished!

JD: But Shaw is up to his feet! Cooper's taking too much time!

[As Cooper reaches the top rope, Shaw catches him. Cooper has a stunned look on his face as Shaw slams him off the top to loud cheers.]

Cut to later in the match as Shaw has send Cooper into the corner, then rushes in after him.]

JD: Shaw hits a clothesline right in the corner!

CP: He caught Cooper hard! I hate to say it, but Cooper is in trouble!

JD: Cooper staggers out of the corner... Shaw with another clothesline to take him down!

CP: What is he doing now?

JD: A quick salute to the crowd... there's a fistdrop! And the cover... one... two... but that's all Shaw will get!

[Shaw shakes his head as he drags Cooper up, taking him back down with a belly to back suplex.]

Cut to later in the match as Shaw hoists Cooper over his shoulder.]

JD: Clayton Shaw has Cooper in trouble! He runs forward with him... what a running powerslam!

CP: He could have him here!

JD: One... two... three! NO! The referee says it's only two!

CP: Cooper got the shoulder up! And Shaw doesn't look happy!

JD: He thought he had this match won!

[Shaw protests to the referee, who continues to signal a two count.]

JD: Shaw shaking his head in disbelief... turns right back to Cooper and pulls him up.

CP: He's sending him into the corner... he's measuring him up again.

JD: Shaw charges... Cooper moved!

CP: And Shaw went into the ringpost!

[Shaw's shoulder connects with the post and the former Marine slowly staggers out of the corner.]

JD: Cooper catching his breath... he's measuring up Shaw...

CP: Shaw turns... and Cooper comes right at him with the roaring elbow!



[Cooper then drags his thumb across his throat.]

JD: The tide of the match has turned! Cooper has Shaw by the arm... Irish whip... SPINEBUSTER SLAM!

CP: How impressive is that, Jason? Shaw is a big man and Cooper just took him over with ease!

[Cooper gets to his feet, turns to the camera and says, "Now it's time to show how a man gets it done, as opposed to the boys!"]

JD: What is he talking about? Who is he talking about?

CP: Think about it for a minute and maybe you'll get it, Jason.

JD: Cooper has Shaw pulled up... he may be ready to finish this!

CP: You better believe he is... one gourdbuster coming up!

JD: Cooper has Shaw... can he get him up for the gourdbuster?

[Indeed, he does, as Cooper lifts Shaw for the suplex but instead drops him face first to the canvas.]

JD: He does! And there's the cover... one... two... three! This one is over!

CP: What an impressive victory! Like I said, Shaw is a tough man... but Cooper just proved how tough he was!

JD: Dave Cooper with the win tonight here in Richmond, Virginia... and we've got a lot more action coming up!

[Fade out as the referee goes to raise Cooper's arm in victory but Cooper pulls his arm away, then turns to the fans and starts jawing at them.

And fade back up to live action.]

GM: A big win for Dave Cooper in Richmond, Virginia during this Heat Wave tour and Royalty has certainly had one heck of a summer so far. You look at the Blonde Bombers continuing to keep the titles around their waist... you look at Calisto Dufresne winning the World Title... you look at Dave Cooper cementing himself as one of the top challengers to the World Television Title.

BW: You look at Larry Doyle going undefeated for the summer.

GM: He's had one match, Bucky... and one that ended under controversy. Royalty stands atop the wrestling world but there's a thorn in their side that continue to be trouble... and that's whoever is responsible for these videos we've been seeing on our broadcasts ever since last year's SuperClash IV.

BW: Are you sure you want to talk about those?

GM: I am.

BW: Are you sure it's WISE to talk about those?

GM: What Bucky is subtly referring to is the theory that these videos are being produced by the so-called Wise Men that Bucky - and others - have shown fear of for quite some time here in the AWA. No one knows their identities... no one knows their power or influence although it seems to be fairly great. But we do know that if the Wise Men are behind these videos, they seem to be putting Royalty right in their sights.

[Suddenly, a voice rings out from the entranceway.]

"That's enough of that, Gordon Myers."

[An irritated Gordon looks off-camera as we cut to the aisle where Chris Blue, flanked by William Craven and Eric Preston, is making his way down the aisle towards the ring, mic in hand.]

CB: You want to talk about the Wise Men? You come talk to me. With the aid of Jason Dane, I have discovered everything that is currently known about these alleged Wise Men. I uncovered that Bill Masterson, formerly an owner of this company, is a pawn for their group, using his influence with employees of this company to do their dirty work. And with a little... persuasion... I even got Masterson to name names.

[The crowd buzzes at that.]

CB: These Wise Men didn't want those names known and arranged for the feed to be cut before Masterson could spill his guts... but they couldn't cut the feed back in the locker room where I allowed my Dragon to... extract... the information I needed.

[Craven smiles a sharp-toothed grin at that comment as the trio draws closer to the ring.]

CB: I know what you're all sitting there thinking... "If he knows the names of the Wise Men, why is he keeping it quiet?"

[Blue smirks.]

CB: Because I operate on MY timetable... not yours.

[Boos pour down on the former EMWC owner.]

CB: When I feel the time is right, I'll shine the bright light of truth right on these Wise Men and cast them out of the shadows for the whole world to see.

[He looks around at the jeering fans.]

CB: And believe me, when I break the biggest story in this company's history, it will NOT be in Tupelo, Mississippi.

[Blue chuckles off-mic as Eric Preston pats his representative on the shoulder. The fans are really fired up after that one, booing their hearts out.]

CB: Which brings my attention to Bo Allan and his... boys.

[By this point, they've reached the ringsteps which Blue quickly scales, ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

CB: I chose not to be at Opportunity Knocks because I had other business to attend to. That...

[Blue turns to glare at Craven.]

CB: ...was apparently a mistake. Eric and my Dragon came out here to answer a challenge laid down by Bo Allan and... the result was not what we would have desired. I think we all know who we can blame for that.

[Blue's eyes are still locked on Craven who shies away from his "Emperor's" gaze.]

CB: I assure you that tonight will NOT have the same result. I have worked with my team, we have discussed a strategy, and plans have been made... an unbeatable gameplan.

[Blue chuckles off-mic again, suddenly gripping his hardcover copy of "A Game Of Thrones" in his hand.]

CB: A war is approaching and with every moment that passes, those who lead are gathering their forces for the battles to come. They're making moves, making decisions, offering alliances... all in the name of being the leader with the most weapons at their disposal when the war arrives.

It's coming... it's coming soon.

[Blue gestures to his team.]

CB: And we'll be ready. Will you, Bo Allan?

[A twisted smile crosses the former executive's face.]

CB: There's one way to find out. Come on out here, Allan... and bring your boys with you...

[Blue tosses the mic aside, moving to talk to his charges as the fans continue to boo.]

GM: Well, leave it to Chris Blue to decide that our format is meaningless. This match certainly wasn't scheduled to go on right now but he's calling Bo

Allan out! He wants this No Disqualification match to happen right now! I'm told that we got some footage of Bo Allan giving the Bishop Boys a little peptalk earlier tonight... let's roll that now and when we come back, it'll be time for a No Disqualification Tag Team War!

[Cut to a shot of The Bishop Boys locker room. "Earlier Tonight" is stamped on the upper left hand corner of the screen. Duane Henry is taping up his fists, while Cletus Lee is tying his boots. And Bo? He's giving the pep talk of all pep talks.]

CB: Boys, we have got this in the bag. You saw what happened. You had victory in that match well at hand. Your losing streak? It was over. If only it wasn't for that stupid referee.

[Bo looks at the Boys, who don't seem to be responding.]

CB: Look, guys, I said I was sorry. But look at it this way. You didn't really lose. It was up to Preston and Craven to prove they could beat you. And they couldn't! Now, tonight, we get NO DQ. This is OUR territory. The streak ends, and we finally shut that idiot Blue up.

[The Bishops now look up, each one folding their arms. Their faces, however, are expressionless. Bo narrows his eyes at them, seemingly trying to figure them out.]

CB: Aren't you guys excited?! The road to regaining the titles begins here tonight! We've got this! I guarantee it. And you \_know\_ how my promises turn out!

[The Boys continue to stare at Bo.]

CB: I can't believe this. I really can't. Normally, I get you all riled up when it's time to kick some butt. But...this? This is what I get from you? Expressionless? Come on, at least get somewhat riled up!

[Bo looks from one Bishop to the other and throws his hands in the air.]

CB: Alright, I give up! If that can't motivate you, I don't know what will! Just know this.

[Bo raises a finger.]

CB: If you give me anything less than your absolute best, the blood will be on your hands! It will be YOUR fault! Now get it into gear!

[And with that, Bo storms out of the locker room. But the camera stays on the Bishop Boys.]

DHB: You think he's right?

[Cletus Lee looks at his brother and slowly nods. Duane Henry looks back at him and nods back, reassured. Cut back to ringside where Phil Watson has entered the ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is a NO DISQUALIFICATION MATCH! It is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... accompanied by their manager, Chris Blue... they are the team of WILLIAM CRAVEN and ERRRRIC PRESSSTON!

[Boos pour down on the duo as Preston takes a stance on the middle rope, looking out at the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" blasts out over the PA system to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Not a popular guy in the ring at all for this one, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure they're all heartbroken about that.

[The curtain parts to reveal Cousin Bo Allan, arms held out to his sides as he shouts, "LET'S DO THIS, BLUE!" A smirking Blue ignores him, turning back to Preston and Craven again and huddling up as Bo waves towards the locker room...]

GM: It looks like Cousin Bo's having some trouble getting his team out here for the match, Bucky.

BW: I don't know what's gotten into those two lately.

GM: Well, you have to admit they've got a reason to be angry after Bo cost them the match at Opportunity Knocks when he yanked down the ropes.

BW: I suppose but he's led them to two reigns as the National Tag Team Champions, Gordo! It's the ultimate case of what have you done for me lately!

[After several more moments, an angry-looking Duane Henry Bishop and a cold-as-ice Cletus Lee Bishop emerge into the aisle, getting even more jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Here they come... as you mentioned, these two men are two-time holders of the now-defunct AWA National Tag Team Titles, the final men to wear those championships before they were unified into the World Tag Team Championship.

[Duane Henry reaches the ring first, the bell sounding and Blue running for it as Preston and Craven storm him, both stomping him repeatedly into the canvas as Cletus Lee climbs up on the apron...]

...and immediately catches a standing dropkick from Eric Preston that knocks him back down, landing on his feet on the floor.]

GM: Preston sends Cletus Lee back down and-

[Cletus Lee angrily reaches under the bottom rope, ripping Preston's legs out from under him. He hauls him out onto the floor before SLAMMING a heavy forearm into the sternum!]

GM: Goodness! What a shot by the big man out on the floor!

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine hooks Preston under the armpit, elevating him high before he splats down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: PRESTON GOES DOWN HARD!!

[With Preston laid out, Cletus Lee pulls himself up on the apron again, stepping over the ropes where he cracks a distracted Craven with a double axehandle to the back of the head. He promptly hooks Craven's arms, holding them back as a fired-up Duane Henry slams forearm after forearm into the jaw of Craven...

...and then breaks into a sprint, hitting the ropes...]

GM: Duane Henry off the far side...

[Cletus Lee switches his grip to a rear waistlock as Duane Henry leaves his feet with a spinning leg lariat, cracking Craven across the face as the big man lifts Craven up...

...and DUMPS him on the back of his head with a German Suplex!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: Now THAT'S how you start a match, Gordo!

GM: William Craven just got folded up like an accordion with that suplex! He might be done right now!

[Duane Henry lunges forward, hooking both legs in a jackknife cradle as the referee makes a two count before the Dragon muscles out.]

GM: Craven slips out at two. That suplex really rang his bell though. Look at him holding the back of his skull after that.

[The smaller Bishop lunges at him, driving a front elbow into the back of Craven's skull, preventing him from getting off the mat. Cletus Lee waves a big arm as Duane Henry grabs Craven by the legs...]

GM: Slingshot comin' up!

[Duane Henry falls back, launching Craven up into the air where Cletus Lee smashes a straight right hand into the jaw!]

GM: OHH! He sent him right into that monstrous right hand out of Cletus Lee and-

[Winding up his big right arm, Cletus Lee watches as Craven slumps back onto the propped-up knees of Duane Henry...

...and leaps up, burying the point of his elbow into the chest of Craven!]

GM: The Bishops are bringing the double-teams early in this one and doing some damage in the process!

[With Craven reeling and Blue screaming at him, the Bishops haul the Dragon up by the arms...]

GM: Double whip!

[Grabbing each other by the wrist, the Bishops mow Craven down with a running double clothesline!]

GM: OHHH!

[Cletus Lee stops in his tracks, gesturing at his brother who runs at him, getting scooped up...

...and then PRESSED UP!]

GM: CLETUS LEE'S GOT HIS OWN BROTHER PRESSED HIGH ABOVE!

[He steps closer to Craven and then DROPS Duane Henry down onto the chest of Craven!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Man, the Bishops are on fire in the early part of this one! Maybe that peptalk worked, Gordo!

GM: Maybe it did... look out here!

[Cletus Lee drags Craven off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's setting Craven up for some kind of powerbomb, I think!

[Duane Henry nods, waving for him to plant the Motor City Madman but before he can...]

BW: PRESTON!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF CLETUS LEE BY PRESTON!

BW: It's no DQ, Gordo! Anything goes!

GM: It certainly does and that's exactly how Cousin Bo wanted it! You've gotta wonder if he's rethinking that idea right about now.

[An irate Cousin Bo screams at Duane Henry, slamming his balled-up fists into the canvas in anger. The smaller Bishop catches Preston in the ribs with a short right hand before Preston can wind up again. A second and third punch has Preston falling back into the ropes, grabbing at his ribcage...]

GM: Duane Henry cut off Preston who drops the chair down on the mat...

[Grabbing Preston by the arm, Duane Henry shoots him across...]

GM: Backdr- no! Preston leapfrogs over!

[And promptly leaps up to the middle rope where he blindly springs back, catching Duane Henry on the chin with an elbow!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move out of Preston... and Duane Henry rolls out to the floor!

[Preston yanks Craven off his knees by the arm, gesturing at Cletus Lee.]

GM: Craven pulls Cletus Lee up, shoving him back to the corner...

[With Cletus Lee cornered, Craven tees off with a series of short back elbows, followed by open hand palm strikes to the chest. He stumbles back, gives a shout...]

GM: CRAVEN!

[...and DRIVES a leaping front kick into the sternum of Cletus Lee, smashing him back into the buckles where he slumps down to a knee.]

GM: What a kick out of Craven!

BW: He might've caved in Cletus Lee's sternum with that!

[Craven grabs the fallen chair, holding it in front of Cletus Lee's face as Preston dashes from the opposite corner, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: He kicked the chair into Cletus Lee's face!



[Preston scampers up, flashing a thumbs up to Blue who nods approvingly, gesturing at the Combat Corner alumni who drags Cletus Lee off the mat by his stringy hair. He shouts to Craven who hops up on the middle rope, standing tall as Preston hooks a front facelock...

...and then leaps off, driving his knee into the ribs of Cletus Lee!]

GM: Ohh! Nice doubleteam out of Preston and Craven as well!

BW: Blue wasn't lyin' when he said they had a gameplan, Gordo.

[Preston slings Cletus Lee's arm over his neck, shouting to Craven who scampers back to his feet, taking an identical spot...

...and together, they power Cletus Lee up into the air, putting him down with a double suplex!]

GM: WOW! They shook the ring with that one!

[Craven quickly gets up, stomping Cletus Lee repeatedly as Preston circles around, picking up the fallen chair again...

...and then spots Duane Henry up on the apron...]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The heavy chairshot across the shoulder sends Duane Henry back down to the floor again. Cousin Bo is quickly around the ring, shouting at his fallen cousin.]

GM: Cousin Bo's laying the badmouth on Duane Henry, screaming at him to get in there and help Cletus Lee but the man just got hit with a steel chair! I don't think he's getting up any time soon.

BW: Luckily, he only took it across the shoulder rather than over the head or something.

[Preston shouts at Craven to pull Cletus Lee up and the Dragon obliges, holding the big man's arms back as Preston smacks the steel chair into the mat a few times, getting ready to swing away. The crowd is buzzing as Preston backs up, swinging the chair back over his head...]

GM: My stars, he's going to club him over the head with that!

BW: If he does that, it's over and Cletus Lee's headin' to the hospital!

GM: This is just like Calisto Dufresne did to James Monosso at Memorial Day Mayhem to win the World Title! There's no call for this inside a wrestling ring and that's exactly why Eric Preston's trying to do it! The man is sick...

he's twisted... he's demented... and he's lost every bit of himself that made him a hero to these fans!

[Preston stomps forward, ready to swing...

...but Cletus Lee swings a leg up, catching the incoming Preston in the midsection. He snaps his head back, smashing it into the bridge of Craven's nose, breaking the hold...]

GM: Cletus Lee breaks free of the hold!

[He spins around, grabbing Craven by the arm...

...and whips him towards the doubled-up Preston, causing Preston to backdrop his own partner!]

GM: Oh my!

[Cletus Lee grabs a surprised Preston from behind in a side waistlock, powering him up and dropping him down in a back suplex!]

GM: Down goes Preston on the suplex... and Cletus Lee is taking both of these men on at the same time.

BW: Which might mean that Preston and Craven are outnumbered!

GM: The Redneck Wrecking Machine isn't just a clever nickname. At six foot nine, three hundred and twenty-eight pounds out of Kingsland, Arkansas, Cletus Lee Bishop earns that name every time he steps inside the squared circle, fans.

[As Craven stumbles back to his feet, Cletus Lee approaches, connecting with a right hand that sends Craven falling back into the ropes...

...where a running clothesline takes him over the top, dumping him down on the floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE BY CLETUS LEE AND CRAVEN GOES TO THE FLOOR!!

[Cletus Lee wheels around, leaning back against the ropes. He slaps his right leg a few times, waiting for Preston to get back to his feet...]

GM: He's calling for the Big Boot!

[Preston hears Blue shouting a warning at him though and lunges backwards, diving through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Preston clears out. He knew the big boot was coming and he knew he needed to get out of there.

BW: Brilliant managerial move by Chris Blue. The man gets a lot of credit for running the EMWC, turning it from a fledgling niche promotion into arguably the biggest promotion of all time... but very rarely do we hear his managerial skills come into discussion. He's had a lot of experience managing some of the best wrestlers of all time - men like Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple... even AWA competitors like Robert Donovan, Adam Rogers, and Chris Staley...

GM: Look at Duane Henry!

[With Preston and Blue huddling up on the floor, Duane Henry Bishop scales the ringsteps, quickly climbing the ropes as well...]

GM: HE'S UP TOP! PRESTON DOESN'T-

[Duane Henry gives a shout as he hurls himself into the air, flipping forward...]

BW: SOMERSAULT DIIIIIIIVE!

[Blue dives aside, allowing Duane Henry to make full contact with Preston, wiping the former Combat Corner student out at ringside!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!! A SUICIDAL DIVE TO THE FLOOR OUT OF DUANE HENRY BISHOP!

BW: Preston's down on one side of the ring! Craven's down on the other! The Bishop Boys are standing tall, Gordo!

GM: Duane Henry joins his brother in the ring... and they are indeed standing tall at this point in time! We've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more of this No Disqualification showdown!

[As Duane Henry and Cletus Lee plot their next move inside the ring, 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 Duane Henry Bishop has Eric Preston trapped in the corner, throwing short right hands to the ribcage before switching up to a series of side kicks to the same area.]

GM: We're back here LIVE in Tupelo, Mississippi and it's been all Bishops during the break, fans. They've completely dominated Preston and Craven during our commercial and you can see that Duane Henry continues the attack on Preston even now.

[Duane Henry steps out, leaping into the air and burying the heel of his boot into the ribcage of Preston with a spinning back kick! He turns back, grabbing Preston by the arm and whipping him across the ring as Cletus Lee lumbers towards the corner where Duane Henry is standing...]

GM: Another doubleteam on the way...

[Duane Henry whips Cletus Lee who reverses it, sending Duane Henry crashing into Preston with a running clothesline before Cletus Lee barrels in behind him, crushing Preston with a running avalanche!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: The doubleteam maneuvers of the Bishop Boys are completely dominating Preston and Craven who are struggling to be on the same page.

They may share a manager but it takes more than that to be a successful tag team.

GM: And in accepting this match, Preston and Craven may have made a horrible mistake. With the no DQ rules, that means that the Bishops don't have to abide by a five count. They can stay in the ring together and doubleteam as much and as often as they'd like.

BW: It's a good point, Gordo. I don't think anyone has left the ring at all yet by choice. This is turning into a Tornado Tag match.

[As Preston staggers from the corner, Cletus Lee boots him in the gut, pulling him into a standing headscissors. Duane Henry begins climbing the ropes as Cletus Lee spins around...]

GM: Uh oh! They might be going for the Razorback Special here!

BW: No way. They're too far away from the corner.

[The big man powers Preston up onto his shoulders in powerbomb position, holding him steady as Duane Henry reaches his perch...]

GM: Look out here!

[Duane Henry leaps off, driving his feet into the chest of Preston, sending his weight toppling backwards...]

...which allows Cletus Lee to DRIVE him down with a powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB!!

BW: That might do it, Gordo!

GM: Cletus Lee with the cover! ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to the sight of William Craven back inside the ring, his wooden sword in hand that he just drove down across the back of Cletus Lee Bishop to break the pin!]

GM: Where the heck did he get that?!

BW: Blue handed it to him! I think they had it stashed under the ring!

[Craven quickly wheels around, catching a rising and charging Duane Henry across the ribcage with it. He stands tall, raising it overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN ACROSS THE BACK OF DUANE HENRY!!

[At ringside, Cousin Bo buries his head in his hands, screaming at the official who simply shrugs.]

GM: Cousin Bo wanted a No DQ match and now he's got it! There's not a thing the referee can do about it either!

[Craven stands over the downed Duane Henry, watching as Cletus Lee staggers up to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Right across the shoulderblades!

[Cletus Lee pitches forward, falling chestfirst into the ropes where Craven quickly goes to work.]

GM: Craven puts down the sword... but he's tying Cletus Lee up in the ropes! He's using the ropes to tie up those arms, trapping Cletus Lee in the ropes!

[Cousin Bo leaps up, shouting at the official who again does nothing. The manager races around the corner, trying to help his cousin...

...but Chris Blue steps right in the way, steel chair in hand.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: The managers are gonna get it on too! Blue's got the chair and from his background, I'd bet he knows how to use it!

[Cousin Bo seems to think the same thing, appraising the situation carefully before backing away, shaking his head...]

GM: He wanted no part of Blue and that steel chair!

BW: Can you blame him?

GM: I cannot but he's left Cletus Lee in a very precarious position as Craven reclaims his bo'ken... that wooden sword... and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Craven grins wickedly as he admires the red welt growing on the back of Cletus Lee Bishop. He nods at the jeering crowd as he takes up a stance like a batting champion...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good god!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Enough is enough already! He's tearing apart the back of Cletus Lee Bishop with that wooden sword and the referee is trying to get him to back off the man. The referee might need to step in there and see if Cletus Lee wants to give it up.

[Craven ignores the referee as he steps closer, slipping the wooden weapon across the windpipe of Cletus Lee and pulls back, using the ropes for leverage as he strangles the air out of the big man!]

GM: He's choking him, fans! Craven's using that wooden sword to choke the life out of Cletus Lee Bishop!

[Back on his feet, Duane Henry throws himself at Craven from behind, smashing his forearm into the back of the head. Three more forearms to the base of the neck follow before he drags him away from the ropes, knocking the sword down in the process.]

GM: Duane Henry bails his brother out of some serious trouble right there...

[He snapmares the Dragon down to the mat before sprinting to the far ropes, rebounding off...

...and throwing himself into a kneesmash to the face!]

GM: OHHH!

[He drops down, applying a cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! NO! Preston breaks up the pin!

BW: It took Preston a while to get up after that big powerbomb but he managed to get up and make the save on his partner in the nick of time right there.

[Preston hauls Duane Henry off the mat by the arm, flinging him into the corner...]

...and barreling in, leaping into the corner with a spear-like tackle to the ribcage!]

GM: Goodness! Big tackle in the corner...

[Preston steps back, gesturing for Duane Henry as he staggers out into the waiting arms of Preston who hooks a bodylock, snapping around so that his back is to the corner...]

...and LAUNCHES Duane Henry up and over into a released belly-to-belly throw that DESTROYS Duane Henry as he slams into the buckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BELLY TO BELLY INTO THE CORNER!!! GOOD GRIEF!!!

[Grabbing an ankle, Preston drags Duane Henry out of the corner and seems about to go for a cover when Craven takes the mount, grabbing Duane Henry by the hair and hammering away with forearms as a frustrated Preston stands nearby, hands on his hips.]

GM: Craven’s all over him! Like a savage animal!

[After a dozen or so blows land, Craven climbs to his feet, pacing around the ring wildly as Preston drags Duane Henry off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Blue is shouting at Craven! Telling him to get his head back in the game!

[Preston lifts Duane Henry up but quickly brings him back down as Craven hooks the legs in a wheelbarrow...]

GM: What is this?

[With Craven holding Duane Henry, Preston steps out of the front facelock, twisting his hips and BLASTING Duane Henry with a kneelift that snaps him back...]

...INTO A WHEELBARROW SUPLEX FROM CRAVEN!]

GM: OH MY GOD!! WHAT A DOUBLETEAM!!

[Preston dives atop the downed Duane Henry as Blue leaps up and down, pumping his fists...]

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



[The crowd "OHHHHHHs" as Cousin Bo reaches under the ropes, pulling the referee out of the ring!]

GM: COUSIN BO JUST SAVED THE MATCH FOR HIS COUSINS!!

[The referee is right up in Bo's face, shouting at him for the interference as Preston angrily gets back up...

...and then hits the ropes behind him, barreling across the ring at top speed...]

GM: PRESTON!

[...and THROWS himself through the ropes, diving right out onto a shocked Cousin Bo!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PRESTON WIPES OUT BO!!!

[A fired-up Preston pumps a fist as he climbs to his feet, pulling himself up on the ring apron where he starts climbing up to the top rope...]

GM: And now it's Preston going to the top!

[The Combat Corner alumni reaches the top rope, shouting at Craven who is a little slow to respond as he pulls Duane Henry up, ducking under to pull him up into an Electric Chair lift...]

GM: He's got him up and-

BW: CLETUS LEE!

[The big man barrels across the ring, leaping up into the air to throw a Superman punch into the gut of Preston who grabs at his abdomen...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then crotches himself up top! Cletus Lee spins around, charging the surprised Craven...]

GM: CHARGING BIG BOOT!!

[The boot connects, allowing Duane Henry to turn the momentum into a spiking reverse rana on Craven, smashing his skull into the mat!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Duane Henry throws himself across Craven in a lateral press...

...and then realizes that the referee is still out on the floor, tied up with Cousin Bo who is trying to use the referee to pull himself to his feet.]

GM: Duane Henry might have Craven pinned here but the referee's tied up with Cousin Bo!

[An irate Duane Henry gets to his feet, screaming at his cousin who can barely hear him as he tries to recover from the dive that Preston laid on him. The referee is struggling to get away as Cletus Lee approaches the corner where Preston is, laying in a few big haymakers before stepping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Cletus Lee's going for a superplex!

[Preston's struggling, trying to find a way out of it as Duane Henry leans over the ropes, shouting at his cousin...]

GM: Duane Henry's totally irate!

BW: I can't say that I blame him a ton, Gordo. Cousin Bo may have just cost his boys the match AGAIN!

[Up on the ropes, Preston sinks his teeth into the ear of Cletus Lee!]

GM: HE'S BITING HIM!! HE'S BITING HIM!!

[We hear a rare cry of pain from Cletus Lee who hops down, clutching the side of his head as Preston steadies himself on the middle rope, leaping off with a double axehandle between the eyes of the Redneck Wrecking Machine, staggering him!]

GM: Preston catches Cletus Lee... he doesn't drop him... it takes more than that to put Cletus Lee down but he's got him stunned and-

[Spotting Duane Henry with his back turned, Eric Preston squats down, waving for him to turn...]

GM: Preston's behind him! He's begging him to turn around!

[And as Duane Henry does, Preston EXPLODES into a lunging clothesline that rocks Duane Henry, taking him all the way over the ropes and down to the floor at ringside!]

GM: WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!! WHAT POWER AND IMPACT BEHIND THAT!

[Preston throws his arms apart, giving a roar as Chris Blue races around the ringpost...]

GM: Blue's going after Duane Henry! He's-

[But the wily manager doesn't attack the downed opponent, he kneels down next to him.]

GM: What's he doing?

BW: It looks like he's talking to him, Gordo.

GM: Why? Blue's down there next to Duane Henry and-

[The one-sided conversation does not last long though as Cousin Bo is back on his feet...

...and SHOVES Blue down to his rear on the floor! Big cheer!]

GM: Cousin Bo just put Blue down on his tail! Hah!

BW: I don't know what the heck is going on here, Gordo, but inside the ring, Preston just grabbed Cletus Lee by the arm, whip to the corner...

[As Blue backs away from an irate Cousin Bo on the floor, the referee slides back into the ring as Preston charges the corner...

...and runs right into a raised boot!]

GM: OHHH! CLETUS LEE GETS THE FOOT UP!!!

[Cletus Lee slaps the turnbuckles once before charging out...

...and FLIPS Preston inside out with a Charging Big Boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

BW: That might do it, Gordo!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've hit the halfway point in the time limit but... Cletus Lee needs to cover! He needs to make that pin attempt and see if he can the three count on Preston!

[Cousin Bo rushes over to the downed Duane Henry, shaking him violently, dragging him off the floor and pointing towards the ring...]

GM: Cousin Bo's trying to get Duane Henry back in there...

[With Craven sprawled out motionless on the ring apron, Blue does some shaking of his own, trying to revive his Dragon...]

GM: Blue's trying to get Craven back into the match as well! It's a race to see who can revive their man first!

BW: It ain't no race at all! Bo's got Duane Henry on his feet!

[Duane Henry rolls under the ropes. He tries to get to his feet, staggering and falling to a knee as he does so.]

GM: Duane Henry's having a hard time getting up.

[He grabs the ropes, pulling himself to his feet. Cletus Lee looks over at Duane Henry who gives a short nod as the big man pulls Preston up, shoving him to Duane Henry...]

GM: They're going for the Elixir!

[Duane Henry leans down, lifting Preston up into the torture rack...

...when Cousin Bo leaps up on the apron, screaming and shouting at Duane Henry.]

GM: What's he-?!

BW: He wants the Razorback Special! He says they need to use their other finishing move!

[An irate Duane Henry dumps Preston off his shoulders, glaring at Bo who insistently points at the top rope. Duane Henry puts his hands on his hips, shaking his head at his manager...

...and then turns to the corner, climbing the ropes as Cletus Lee pulls Preston off the mat, glaring at Cousin Bo as he tugs him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: They're going for it! Cousin Bo talked 'em into it!

[Duane Henry reaches the top rope, facing away from the ring as Cletus Lee backs towards the corner, ready to lift Preston into the air...]

BW: CRAVEN!

[Having successfully revived his Dragon, Blue gives a whoop of joy as Craven picks up the fallen steel chair...

...and HURLS it across the ring, catching Cletus Lee square in the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The stunned Cletus Lee falls back, knocking Duane Henry off-balance as Craven barrels across the ring, rushing past Preston who has lunged forward to pin Cletus Lee into the corner...]

GM: Craven runs up the ropes!

[He hooks Duane Henry in a side waistlock, pushing off the top...]

GM: SUPLEX!

[...but gives a little too much “oomph” on his lift, launching Duane Henry backwards, flipping over where he CRASHES chestfirst to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Craven hit the mat hard, grabbing at the back of his head as Preston wheels around...

...and sprints in, securing a cobra clutch, tugging the arm across Duane Henry’s own throat...]

GM: CROSSFACE!

[...and leans back, using Duane Henry’s own arm to strangle the air out of him!]

GM: Preston’s locked in the Cobra Clutch Crossface, taught to him by Todd Michaelson in the past but used to perfection right now!

[The crowd is buzzing as Duane Henry’s arm grows weaker... and weaker... and weaker...]

BW: He’s gonna choke him out!

[The referee kneels in, checking the arm...

...and then signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: THAT’S IT!!

[Preston releases the hold, rolling to his back with his chest heaving. A few feet away, William Craven rolls to his knees, throwing his arms up into the air.]

PW: Here are your winners...

WILLIAM CRAVEN and ERRRRRIC PRESSSTON!

[Preston sits up on the mat, a big grin on his face as Blue applauds at ringside. He has almost the same grin as he claps for the victory from his squad.]

GM: Craven and Preston score what I have to consider a major upset here tonight in Tupelo and with two wins over the Bishop Boys in a row, you have to think this puts them into contention for the World Tag Team Championship as well.

[Cousin Bo rolls under the ropes into the ring, climbing to his feet. He immediately jumps up and down, stomping his feet as Craven and Preston

roll out to the floor. Blue turns to leave... then pauses, turning back towards the ring where Bo Allan is shouting at Cletus Lee who is in the corner, stunned at yet another loss.]

GM: Cletus Lee can't believe it... and Cousin Bo is really letting him have it, fans.

[The bigger Bishop shoves past Cousin Bo, helping his brother off the mat. Duane Henry looks completely out of it as his big brother pulls him to his feet.]

GM: That Cobra Clutch Crossface is so effective, so lethal inside that squared circle.

BW: Preston locks it on so easily and it's just a matter of time before you tap out or get choked out. Tonight, it was a choke out 'cause Duane Henry's too stubborn to give it up.

GM: A big win here for Craven and Preston and a big loss for the Bishops who were hoping to turn things around here tonight in Tupelo.

[Bo marches across the ring, sticking a finger into the chest of Duane Henry, jabbing hard as he shouts at him.]

GM: Cousin Bo is laying the blame for this loss right at the feet of Duane Henry and Cletus Lee who gave it their all here tonight.. and one could argue, they might have won it if not for Cousin Bo getting involved time and again.

BW: I think I'd lay off the boys if I was Bo. This ain't the time for this.

[Stepping back up on the ringsteps, Chris Blue looks inside, pointing at Bo, shouting...]

"YOU SEE?! YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?!"

[Bo wheels around, glaring at Blue. He turns his fire on him, letting loose a stream of words that cause our audio to go mute for a moment or two.]

GM: We apologize for that, fans. There's no call for the language being used by Bo Allan.

[Bo continues to let it fly in Blue's direction. He is fuming mad, turning red in the face as he spins back towards his men. Blue steps into the ring as Bo gestures at him...]

"GET HIM! FINISH HIM OFF!"

[Duane Henry stares across the ring at Blue who looks on, a smirk on his face as he gestures for Craven and Preston to stay back...]

GM: Bo wants his boys to go after Blue!

BW: This could get real ugly in a hurry, Gordo.

GM: He's ordering Duane Henry to take out the former EMWC owner and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd gasps in shock at the sight of Cletus Lee Bishop standing over a motionless Cousin Bo who just got wiped out with a Charging Big Boot from the Redneck Wrecking Machine!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! Cletus Lee Bishop just stabbed his own blood right in the back! He laid out Cousin Bo with that Charging Big Boot and... oh my god...

[Duane Henry drags a motionless Bo off the mat, lifting him up into the torture rack as Blue looks on with a grin...]

GM: They've got Bo up!

BW: We're witnessing the end of an era right here in Tupelo!

[Cletus Lee charges in again, throwing a second big boot, this one connecting with the temple of the hoisted Cousin Bo, allowing Duane Henry to swing him out into a seated powerbomb!]

GM: DOC ALLAN'S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR!

[Duane Henry pushes up to his knees, looking down at an unconscious Cousin Bo as he takes his hand, places it on Bo's face...

...and then closes his eyelids.]

GM: Dear god... what did we just see here? The Bishop Boys have quite obviously parted ways with Cousin Bo in a very violent fashion and- oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Blue steps forward, grabbing each Bishop by the wrist, and raises their arms in triumph!]

GM: Did he do this?! Did Chris Blue just engineer this split between the Bishops and their own blood?!

BW: Blue's showing off... is this his new tag team!?

[Preston and Craven slide back in, looking a bit surprised at what they're seeing as well... but slowly, they exchange slight nods with their apparent new partners-in-crime.]

BW: Go back to before this match, Gordo... remember what Blue said. He said that a war is coming... and that everyone is working to be the leader with the most weapons at their disposal when the war arrives. Is that what we just saw? Did Blue just add one of the biggest damn weapons in the entire company to his arsenal?!

GM: Now when you look back in the match to Blue leaning down, talking to Duane Henry when Bo got the referee out of position. How long has he been plotting this? He didn't just take advantage of this situation tonight, Bucky. He's been planning this since... when?

BW: Maybe the moment that Bo gave him attitude in that interview with Jason Dane?

GM: Perhaps it was even before that! Maybe he interrupted that interview just to draw Bo into this situation! This guy is a schemer, a plotter, and now... well, now he's the leader of one of the most fearful groups in the entire AWA.

BW: If a war truly is coming, he's gonna be ready!

GM: Fans, we need to take a break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black on the shot of Blue with his four warriors inside the ring.

The commercial opens to what looks like the inside of some old industrial warehouse. Boxes and rows of computer technology line the walls, as do psychedelic multi-colored lighting.

In front of this is The Rave. Jerby Jezz, a pale red-skinned fellow, is wearing what looks like a Lycra suit jacket in banana yellow and neon green, with a bright red undershirt and an LED-covered tie which changes color every few seconds. He's wearing emerald green safety glasses with a purple frame, and white pants with orange jagged vertical stripes. Jerby's hair is done in three small ponytails... one red, one yellow, and one blue, which lead to orange, purple, and green patches of hair. Next to him is Shizz Dawg OG, the very pale brown-skinned member of the Rave. The Dawg is wearing a violet leisure suit top with forest-green trim, open to expose his chest which sports a flamingo pink cutoff tee with aqua tiger-stripping. He's wearing brown and red pants, blue fingerless gloves, and orange-and-grey goggles. His hair is a poofy afro which is half-red and half-white.

When they speak, they are subtitled.]

JJ: Greetings, protosheep! The Rave are in the flippety floppety floo, so satellate your earlobes while we distribute the upload!

SUBTITLE: "Greetings, primitive person with little knowledge! The Rave are here, so listen while we explain things to you!"



SDOG: Our mission from 2032 to defend the timestream from translitization by a gyzzrus roilspur needs your slapback! Wildstyling is only one of the niques we use to regulate the timeflow; we also have to make sure timegularities flow the way they were in the history holovids.

SUBTITLE: "Our mission from 2032 to protect history from being changed by an evil time traveller needs your help! Wrestling is only one way we keep history safe; we also have to make sure specific historic events happen the way our history books say."

JJ: And that takes creds, jaggos! We can't snarf 2032 megatech and scoopit to the futurepast, because we'd flutz the timeflow! We gotta possback, and we can only shill with our futurefax so much without vascabrating the credservers.

SUBTITLE: "That takes money, good people. We can't bring much future technology to the present because that would damage the timeline. We must procure on site, and we can only use our future knowledge for gambling so much without destabilizing the economy."

SDOG: But The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior makes the demandment that all credflips must be a rawkus deal! So we're hayesing out the most winhaving hempshreds that the teens ever plotted!

SUBTITLE: "Our belief system requires that all money transfers be fair deals. So we are selling the best clothing this decade has ever seen."

[Jerby pulls open a crate, and multicolor shirts can be seen inside. They all read RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT in various glow-in-the-dark colors.]

JJ: Frally! Each bodsheath is rainbowlderized with a codecation of no less than eight distinct shades! In 2032 that is sircebezz!

SUBTITLE: "Really! Each shirt is randomly colorized with a guarantee of having at least eight distinct colors. In 2032, that is SERIOUS BUSINESS."

SDOG: We have them in every fit from shrump to quintuple-gyzzrus fatbody! Because we flow that this era has a lot of shrumps and a lot of fatbodies.

SUBTITLE: "We have them in every size from extra small to 5XL! Because we know that this era has a lot of midgets and a lot of obese people."

JJ: And if that wasn't buhdass enough for everyhumie, we also satellated to the primitates' teargrieking about your scrap inability to flow with our winhaving vocalingo. So we amadably decided to use frackish 2D media, just for you, and producted an official Rave 2032 vocalinganary!

SUBTITLE: "And if that wasn't awesome enough for everybody, we also heard the primitive people whining about their inability to understand our great 2032 language. So we kindly decided to use outdated 2D media, just for you, and created an official Rave 2032 language dictionary!"

[Shizz reaches into another box with a pair of tongs, and pulls out a softcover book. It reads "OFFICIAL RAVE 2032 VOCALINGANARY" in multi-colored print.]

SDOG: Snarf these rawkus deals now from the Intersquib at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, and give the slapback so we can RAVE!

SUBTITLE: Get these great deals now from the Internet at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to our belief system, and help us so we can...

RAVE: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

SUBTITLE: ...we're still not sure what that's supposed to mean.

[And we cut to black.]

We come back up on a graphic advertising SUPERNOVA vs "SHOWTIME" RICK MARLEY on the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

GM: You heard it earlier tonight and now it's official, Supernova will collide with "Showtime" Rick Marley on the next Saturday Night Wrestling and that's gonna be something else, fans. But speaking of something else, let's talk about this influx of new talent that we're seeing in the AWA as of late.

BW: I'm told that there was an initiative floating around the front office to bring in some new competitors from a wide range of places. A lot of these guys are wrestlers I've never even heard of before but what we've seen so far has been pretty impressive.

GM: Later tonight, we're going to see Porter Crowley in action again but right now, let's take a look a competitor who we saw debut at Opportunity Knocks when he hopped the barricade to issue a challenge, which was answered by veteran and former World Champion, Tommy Fierro. Last week, in Knoxville, Tennessee, we saw Callum Mahoney do the same thing again. This time, Rick Scott answered.

[Cut to the ring in the Knoxville Coliseum, where Callum Mahoney, dressed in dark blue jeans, black muscle shirt and black sneakers, has got Rick Scott on his knees, in a chinlock. He grabs Scott's right wrist and stretches Scott's arm behind him. He does the same to Scott's left arm, as Scott pushes himself onto his feet. Mahoney spins Scott around and drives a forearm into his breadbasket. We hear Jason Dane and Colt Patterson on commentary.]

CP: Callum Mahoney is just vicious. There's nothing pretty about his offense.

JD: Mahoney with a snapmare. Rick Scott rolls through, but here comes Mahoney with a shoulder tackle! Nothing pretty about that either.

[Rick Scott staggers to his feet. Callum Mahoney grabs him by the mullet and tries slam him face-first into the top turnbuckle, but Scott steps on the middle turnbuckle to stop the forward momentum...]

JD: And Mahoney eats turnbuckle, instead!

CP: Mahoney's begging off... No. Forearm to the face of Rick Scott!

[Mahoney slaps on a headlock and drags Scott to the mat. Still with his arms wrapped around Scott's neck, he slides under the bottom rope, dragging Scott to the ring apron. Again, Mahoney grabs a handful of hair and smashes Scott throat-first across the apron. He flips Scott over and lands a clubbing forearm across his chest.]

JD: Mahoney is back in the ring... He sends Scott face-first into the turnbuckle!

[With Rick Scott leaning against the turnbuckle, his right arm draped over the top rope, Callum Mahoney steps through the ropes, onto the apron. He grabs hold of Scott's wrist and hops off the apron, impacting the arm against the top rope...

Cut to later in the match, where Mahoney has Scott in the center of the ring. He has his right arm wrapped around Scott's extended right arm, as he rains forearm shots with his free arm across Scott's shoulder.]

[Face pop!]

JD: Oooh! Mahoney leaned in too far with that last shot and caught an elbow to the face!

CP: Rick Scott is on his feet! Forearm shots to the face! Rick Scott is building a head of steam here.

JD: He whips Mahoney to the ropes... Clothesline! Mahoney ducks!

[Mahoney rebounds off the ropes on the other side of the ring, leaps in the air and catches Scott's right arm in a scissor, dragging him down to the mat.]

CP: ARMBAR!

[Having worked on the arm all match long, it is only a matter of seconds before Rick Scott taps.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cut to the BancorpSouth Arena, where Jason Dane is standing by with Callum Mahoney, who is dressed in a black leather jacket, grey T-shirt, dark blue jeans and black boots.]

JD: Twice now you've come out of the crowd, issued a challenge and put away the competition convincingly with that dreaded armbar. But, really, Callum, we don't know very much about you.

[Mahoney reaches for the mic, grabbing hold of Dane's hand in the process. He draws it closer to him, as he speaks into the mic.]

CM: My name is Callum Mahoney...

[The crowd begins to jeer. Mahoney angrily rips the mic out of Dane's hand.]

CM: My name is Callum Mahoney and I am a proud son of Ireland...

[More jeers.]

CM: Just like my father, and his father before him, and so on. Except we weren't no soldiers. We weren't no sportsmen. Barely owned a thing between us... Didn't have the smarts to run a proper business... We were humble folk working the fun fairs of Ireland, up and down Britain: Blackpool, Brighton, Bournemouth, Newcastle; all over the Continent: France, Germany, Poland, Hungary, Russia; even as far as Australia and New Zealand. You could call us carnies, though we prefer the term showmen...

[The crowd has quietened somewhat, allowing Mahoney to continue.]

CM: Mind, there was nothing fun about these fairs; they might have been fun for the likes of you, but not when you're a part of the circuit. Then it's work... More than a decade of blood and sweat. Thankfully, when you're a strapping young lad with a penchant for fighting, you find a way to make work fun: stretching out some loudmouthed drunk too stupid to know what he was walking into when he accepted your challenge. Then the circuit started drying up... The fairs started closing, one by one... And, suddenly, there was scarcely any work to be found...

So, what's a strapping young lad with a knack for fighting to do, y'know? Can't find no building work any more, thanks to the immigrants coming in and stealing our jobs. Can't farm nothing without the EU laying down some law telling you what you can and can't do. So I did the only thing I could... I hoisted my bag over my shoulder, bought me a plane ticket and flew over here... To the Land of Opportunity!

[Pro-America pop!]

CM: Jason, you want to know who I am? My name is Callum Mahoney, and I'm here to fight!

[A few fans begin chanting, "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"]

CM: After my last two showings, I understand I've got someone in the front office lobbying for me to be signed to a long-term AWA contract. Hey, I'll take any job I can find, but I can't say I've been impressed by the last two opponents. Hopefully, when I make my official television debut two weeks

from now in Memphis, Tennessee, the suits will see fit to put me in there against someone who will put up a better fight!

[More fans join in the chant, as Callum Mahoney hands the mic back to Jason Dane. Mahoney raises his fist in the air.]

JD: Callum Mahoney is here... and he's here for a fight! Who will the AWA bring to the fight against Mahoney in two weeks? Whoever it is, they're in for a rough night, I promise you that. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[Crossfade back down to ringside to the announce team.]

GM: Fans, earlier this evening, Percy Childes accepted the challenge issued by Juan Vasquez at Opportunity Knocks. On Labor Day, we will see the return of WarGames. And coming up next, the Unholy Alliance are going to be getting in some work for the match in six-man tag team action.

BW: That's because they're a real team, unlike that cast of misfits on the other side.

GM: Many of those "cast of misfits" have teamed much more extensively over the years than the Alliance members have.

BW: But it ended. They've also fought each other quite a bit. I'm just sayin', there's gonna be an obvious cohesiveness gap when we see them all in action.

GM: There had better be. Percy Childes did not sign them up to take on inferior competition. Their opponents will be Walter Warren and the Surfer Dudes, so this is far from a sure thing.

BW: It won't be easy, daddy, but I still think the Alliance has got this.

GM: Let's go up to the ring and see whether that is so.

[Standing alone in center ring, Phil Watson waits for the bell to bring the crowd to attention, and begins.]

[\*DING\*DING\*]

PW: The following contest is a six-man tag team contest! It is scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit.

[The jaunty summertime classic, "Surfin' USA" by the Beach Boys, starts up as the fans cheer.]

PW: Introducing first, about to make their way down the aisle. From Encintas, Huntington Beach, and Silicon Valley, California respectively... at a total combined weight of seven hundred twenty pounds...

...the team of TRAMPUS KENNEDY AND VANCE RICKS, THE SURFER DUDES!  
And "THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[Jogging down the aisle are the three Californians, slapping hands with the fans.

Kennedy is your prototypical 80's southern California surfer guy. He's got a blonde hair and blue eyes. His hobby as a body builder is evident in his build; he's cut with washboard abs and definition in all the right places. He's got a very dark tan. His hair is just shy of being long enough to put into a ponytail, and his bangs hang in his eyes. Trampus' ring attire consists of yellow-red-blue tie-dyed bicycle shorts with matching kneepads (over a thin black rubber padding). He also sports black elbowpads, white wrist tape, and white finger tape. A backwards yellow-blue-orange tie-dyed color baseball cap, and a shiny pearl-white jacket with "Surfer Dudes" embroidered on the back in orange round out his ringwear. He's carrying a red skateboard.

Ricks has short, spiked blonde hair, obviously bleached as his darker roots are visible. He's also a cut specimen, but not as cut as his partner. Ricks sports a tattoo on his right shoulder of a yin and yang with kanji script underneath translating into "Life & Death". Visually speaking, is another stereotypical southern Cali surfer kid. His ring attire consists of tie-dyed standard wrestling trunks that match his partner's shorts, but with white kneepads and white elbowpads accompanying it. He wears the same jacket to the ring as his partner with "Surfer Dudes" scrawled across the back, and the same tie-dyed baseball cap worn backwards.

Warren sticks out in the group, easily. His lean build, short slicked-back black hair, and thick-rimmed glasses provide a huge contrast to his partners. His wrestling attire consists of red wrestling trunks, kneepads and boots. What is Walter's concession to the Surfer Dude theme? He's wearing a white Silver Surfer T-Shirt.

Trampus jumps on the skateboard shortly after entering, and skates ahead of the group. He does a circuit of the ring, slapping hands at high speed before meeting up with Ricks and Warren where the aisle meets the ring. The Dudes throw up the "shaka" signs while Warren throws up the "live long and prosper" sign.]

GM: You have to give Walter Warren credit for trying to blend in with his partners.

BW: I give him credit for not being stupid enough to try and accept Calisto Dufresne's challenge at Opportunity Knocks.

GM: The Surfer Dudes look fabulous. They wrestle primarily in Southern California and the Pacific Northwest, so when they come around here they inject a welcome dose of new blood.

BW: Which is about to get spilled all over town.

[As the trio enters the ring, "Surfin' USA" is replaced by a very different California tune: "Saints Of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue. The fans boo as Phil Watson makes the introduction.]

PW: And their opponents, about to come down the aisle! Introducing first, the manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOOOOOOOO!]

PW: He represents... from Allentown, Pennsylvania, Jacksonville, Florida, and Huntsville, Alabama respectively... at a total combined weight of six hundred sixty-nine pounds...

...the team of "SHOWTIME" RICK MARLEY, "DELICIOUS" DANIEL TYLER, and TULLY BRAWN... the UNHOLY ALLIANCE!

[The first out through the curtain, as soon as Phil begins, is Radiant Raven. The tall, dark-haired valet for the Aces is wearing a dark blue sequinned split-legged dress, and is holding the Aces' mirror aloft. She turns to the side and holds the mirror out as the Aces walk through and the booing really gets loud. The athletic, spiky red haired Tyler wears the Aces' standard purple trunks with a black "A" on the side of the trunks. That goes with neoprene knee braces that are black with the actual kneepad over the brace in purple, black boots with a purple stripe outlining the front, black wrist tape, purple elbowpads, and purple armbands that circle just above his bicep. Black eye shadow, purple guyliner, blush and a natural toned lipstick adorn his cleancut face. To the ring, he wears a deep-hooded cloak that's purple with black trim and black sequins. The clasp for the cloak is a gold letter "A" that rests right below the neck and right above the sternum. "The Aces" is written across the back in black. Alongside him is "Sweet" Steven Childes, who is not competing in this match. Nonetheless, the muscular brown-haired Ace is also wearing his ring attire and robe to match his normal tag partner. Oh, and the guyliner. Unfortunately.

Percy Childes follows. The short, squat, bald manager is wearing the same attire we saw him in earlier.

After Percy comes Tully Brawn. Tully is a thickly built man with loosely tousled dark hair, a fu-manchu mustache, and somewhat lanky arms and legs. He 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.

Lastly, "Showtime" Rick Marley enters the arena. The fair-skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue pair of tights with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt in pale yellow. Pale yellow (transitioning to white) spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.

Each member of the Alliance, save Percy, give an approving nod and smile to their reflection in Raven's mirror as they head past her. She pushes the mirror back overhead and brings up the rear as the Alliance (sans Nenshou

and the suspended Detson) ambles down the aisle, berating and mocking the booing fans as they go.]

GM: Interesting combination of Alliance members.

BW: But it makes all the sense in the world. Percy wants the Aces to get experience teaming with other Alliance members when they may not be able to rely on one another directly. Tully needs as much ring time as possible to develop. And with Johnny Detson unfairly suspended, you have Marley as the veteran anchor.

GM: From that view, it does make tactical sense.

[The Unholy Alliance arrives at the ring, and all but Percy enter the ring. Raven circles with the mirror, keeping it aimed at the Alliance members. Tully Brawn points a finger in the face of Trampus Kennedy as the Aces spin around to show off their robes. Rick Marley leans back in the corner, waiting patiently. The crowd is quite loud and negative towards the Alliance. The music dies down, and referee Ricky Longfellow begins the process of trying to run out the extras.]

BW: One thing's for sure. Just havin' the Surfer Dudes on the other side means the Unholy Alliance's opponents will have more continuity than at War Games.

GM: I don't know about that, but Percy making a bold move to split the Aces tonight for training purposes. It looks as if Trampus Kennedy wants to start for the California contingent, as Tully Brawn has gotten him fired up with whatever he said.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: The California Contingent it is. You're good at accidentally namin' teams, Gordo. I like that one.

[Warren and Ricks exit the ring as the bell rings. Radiant Raven sits on the second rope, holding the top rope up for Stevie Childes to exit. But as he starts to head out, he brushes Trampus' shoulder... like the classic bully move in a hallway. Kennedy turns to point at him... and Tully Brawn and Rick Marley jump on him the instant he turns his back!]

GM: Oh, come on! Stevie Childes with the blatant physical distraction!

BW: He barely touched him, and it was an accident!

GM: It was not!

BW: Prove it! Stevie Childes is getting out quick, and taking his place in the corner. If Trampus (gawd what a name) is stupid enough to turn his back on the Unholy Alliance, he deserves this!



[Brawn and Marley had knocked him down and were stomping away. Ricks and Warren enter before long, upon which time both Brawn and Marley bail to the corner, exiting the ring. Longfellow turns to run out Warren and Ricks. As he does, Daniel Tyler... who has been taking his robe off slowly... swings it at Kennedy. It connects with an audible THUD as there is clearly a large flat object concealed in his robe! The fans boo madly, but Tyler ditches the robe before Longfellow turns.]

GM: DID YOU SEE THAT?! Daniel Tyler smuggled something in under his entrance robe! And he hit Trampus Kennedy with it!

BW: Nah, he just hit him with the robe. The sheer expense of that work of art floored the dummy.

GM: That thing may have been expensive, but you could put something better together at Hobby Lobby for twenty dollars with sequins, felt, and Elmer's glue.

BW: Ha. I love it when you give in and get snide.

GM: Tyler applying a double underhook and using it to pull Kennedy off the mat. Several hard knees to the face and ribs. The Surfer Dudes and Aces are no strangers to one another, so this was an egregious oversight on Kennedy's part not to prepare for shenanigans. Great double underhook suplex by Daniel Tyler to plant Trampus Kennedy in his team's corner!

BW: Tag team expertise on display. Tag to Brawn, and Tully's in there now.

[As he tags, Tyler runs off the far ropes. Brawn squats down to pull up on Kennedy's head with a modified camel clutch, and the "Delicious" one dives down with a dropkick!]

GM: Sound transition work there. Tyler is out and the black sheep of the Von Braun family, Tulsa, is going to work.

BW: Seriously, don't call him that.

GM: Hard body slam by Tully Brawn, hammering Trampus Kennedy to the canvas.

BW: He didn't throw him down, daddy, he DROVE him down.

GM: Brawn pulling up Kennedy, and applying the reverse chinlock... tagging Marley as he does.

BW: Now Trampus (are you kidding me with this name) is in real trouble. Marley putting the boots to his head as Brawn holds him wide open. Not to mention that Tully's choking with that chinlock.

GM: I am surprised you mentioned that. Brawn breaking at four, and now it is Showtime, one might say. Rick Marley gathers up Trampus Kennedy, shoves him into the corner, and begins pelting him with chops!

BW: Don't expect Marley to slip up with tag work, either. Not only was he a World Champion in Phoenix, but he was a World Tag Team Champion in Saint Louis, back when they had some big time talent.

GM: Like Vasquez and Kinsey, you mean.

BW: Well, them too.

GM: Marley with a snapmare... remember, fans, Marley will meet Supernova in one-on-one action in two weeks' time as he makes the tag to Tyler.

[Marley stomps the gut of Kennedy, forcing him to sit up as Marley leaps over the back, snapping his head down!]

GM: Ohhh!

[With Kennedy flailing back to the mat, Tyler slingshots over the ropes, burying an elbow into the chest!]

BW: Expert timing!

GM: Daniel Tyler's ability to find the timing of other people lets him work well with others. Both Aces will be very dangerous in War Games for this reason. Tyler now strutting around the ring... and this is something that Percy is going to have to address before Labor Day!

BW: I don't think so. That level of super confidence is needed in a steel cage, daddy.

[The fans jeer with great energy as Tyler swivels his hips before dashing to the corner, tagging Brawn as he steps up to the middle turnbuckle, to the top turnbuckle, and jumps back, spinning into a flying axehandle on Trampus Kennedy! There is a loud reaction to the spectacular body control.]

GM: WHAT A MANEUVER!

BW: WOW! Gordo, I think this match is over already!

GM: Against lesser competition, possibly, but the Surfer Dudes are not exactly the Blue Brothers. They have held championships in several smaller promotions and I believe hold one such title now. Tully Brawn entering the ring, and has the leg of Trampus Kennedy. HE'S GOING FOR THE VON BRAUN LEGLOCK!

[The fans shriek as Tully tries for the figure-four, but Trampus reaches up and rolls him back with an inside cradle. Brawn quickly reverses into a pinning predicament of his own, but that sequence carried them across the ring... instead of kicking out, Trampus reaches out... and Vance Ricks sticks his head between the ropes and tags him! Huge cheers go up!]

BW: Tully's gotta pay more attention to ring position!

GM: A rookie mistake by the youngest Von Braun, who is still pinning Kennedy and doesn't realize he's no longer the legal man!

[Brawn bolts up and demands that Ricky Longfellow explain himself. Ricks runs up behind Brawn, hooks a chinlock on, and drops straight down, driving him back-first to the canvas! He hooks a leg in an immediate pin attempt!]

GM: Blindside move by Vance Ricks, and that was a near fall! Tully Brawn almost made a fatal mistake, and as it is, the momentum of the match is shifting!

[An outraged Brawn storms to his feet and pursues Ricks, who takes him down with a deep armdrag to counter the charge. Brawn recovers quickly, but repeats the same error.]

BW: Tully can't let this happen! He's runnin' head on into Ricks' moves and that ain't gonna work out for him. Three armdrags and an armbar by Vance, whose best attribute is that he ain't named "Trampus".

GM: The superb stamina and sound fundamentals are probably better attributes. Vance Ricks controlling Tully Brawn with the armbar, and tagging in Walter Warren. The "Wrestling Wiki", whatever that is, is in for the first time. Double team in progress!

[An enthused Warren grabs Brawn's free arm and armwringers it. Both Ricks and Warren then do a double armwringer to flip Brawn over onto his back, and then double elbowdrop him! Cheers go up as Ricks exits and Warren rises.]

BW: Well, now it looks like the California Contingent has some continuity together, even though Warren sticks out like a handful of sore thumbs. If you put this guy on a beach, he'd end up buried head-down in the sand just on general principle. He probably hasn't seen two hours of sunlight in the last two years!

GM: Walter Warren hooks up Tully Brawn for the vertical suplex... gets him up and over! And tremendous transition into an overhand wristlock! The "Wiki" rolled backwards on impact and gathered Brawn's arm up into a nice hold. It looks like the Contingent, if we're calling them that, is targeting the left arm of Tully Brawn here.

[The camera gets a closeup of Walter Warren, who notices and takes his opportunity to shout into it.]

"WW"WW: Hey! Calisto Dufresne! I accept your challenge! Since 1989, twenty nine percent of first-time World Champions won in matches they were challenged to by the reigning champion!

BW: Quick, Gordo, start talkin' so we don't have to hear any more made-up stats.

GM: At Opportunity Knocks, Dufresne claimed that he was challenging Warren in an attempt to duck Juan Vasquez. It sounds like the "Wrestling Wiki" is not going to let that go.

BW: Didn't Dave Cooper already almost kill him once? Is he that dumb that he wants it to happen AGAIN?

GM: Conversely, maybe Warren intends to make Royalty pay for bullying him.

BW: That's be a great mindset if he was capable of doin' it. But he ain't. Anyway, Tully Brawn's powerin' up to his feet, so Walter better focus on the here and now.

GM: Warren uses the wristlock to put Brawn in his corner, and tag back to Vance Ricks. Ricks climbs to the top!

[The bleached-blond Surfer Dude throws the "shaka" sign up to the crowd, who cheer for it. He then drops down, chopping Brawn in the shoulder with the shaka sign still extended.]

GM: Shaka Drop to the left shoulder by Vance Ricks, and Warren snaps him back with a modified Russian legsweep using the arm instead of the head. Ricks takes over the armbar as Warren leaves. Isolation and control shown here by the Surfer Dudes and Walter Warren, who has studied his tag team tactics for this match. Ricks pulls Brawn to the corner... Brawn fighting with some right hands, but Trampus Kennedy tags in.

BW: Let's see if he's recovered from his beating.

GM: The Surfer Dudes send Tully Brawn off the ropes, and a double hip toss! And stereo kicks as Brawn sat up, one to each side, sandwiching him!

BW: Ow! Those kicks looked painful, daddy. And Kennedy's got him with the stepover armbar. That big wide base will make it hard to get out.

GM: Even if Tully Brawn gets out of this scrape, fighting with one arm will ruin his utility.

BW: He's tough, Gordo. The toughest Von Braun... not that he is one anymore! But when he was a Von Braun, he was the toughest. You just watch, he'll be fine.

GM: Trampus Kennedy straddling the back of Brawn, who is trying to fight his way up. Brawn up... but Kennedy transitions into a double chickenwing! Great wrestling transition and Tully Brawn is in trouble!

BW: This is a cruel hold, daddy. You know Trampus Kennedy has cruelty in his DNA if his parents would name him Trampus.

GM: \*pfft\* That's...

BW: I made ya laugh! Ha ha, I did it!

GM: That's irrelevant, though arguably true.

BW: Gordo's corpsin'. SEND FOR THE MAN!

GM: What does that even mean? Never mind, Brawn trying to get to the ropes... DOUBLE ARM SUPLEX BY KENNEDY! AND A BRIDGE!

BW: Quick save by Tyler! I see that the California Contingent wanna get a pin off Brawn with his arm hurt, but both Tyler and Marley are too fast to let that happen.

GM: The great difficulty of a six-man tag: so many people that can break up a pin. This could be a sneak preview of what we'll see later tonight when Dave Bryant, Yuma Weaver, and Alphonse Green team to take on Sweet Daddy Williams, Glenn Hudson, and Chris Staley. In the meantime, Kennedy tags back to Ricks, and the Surfer Dudes again on the double team! Ricks on the second turnbuckle on the inside... WHAT WAS THAT?!

[That was Trampus Kennedy applying an armwringer into a singlearm DDT on the shoulder, with Vance Ricks coming off the second rope to use an elbowdrop to drive him down. The fans cheer the big move, and Ricks goes for an amateur-style half-nelson cradle pin.]

BW: Uh, oh! Could be... no, Marley in that time. He got all the way across before the Wiki could get in the ring.

GM: Vance Ricks picks up Brawn, and kicks him in the shoulder. Off the ropes, sunset... WHAT A COUNTER!

[Ricks went for a sunset flip, but Brawn simply sat down as the Surfer Dude jumped, leaving poor Vance to hit the mat headfirst! The crowd boos, although the brutal tactic does get a loud reaction just for the shock of it.]

BW: HA HA! Vance took himself out!

GM: Devastating counter, almost a lesser version of a City Of Angels by Tully Brawn. He rolls over to his corner and tags Rick Marley, and the complexion of this match has changed entirely.

["Showtime" wastes no time running across the ring and superkicking Walter Warren in the face, sending the "Wrestling Wiki" falling off the apron.]

BW: CASTING CALL! The Wiki got caught on a loadin' screen or somethin'.

GM: Trampus Kennedy in, but that is exactly what Marley wanted to do. Longfellow stopping Kennedy, and Marley grabs a stunned Vance Ricks... Daniel Tyler is on the top rope!

[The fans scream bloody murder as Marley picks up Ricks as for an atomic drop... and Tyler hits a missile dropkick right between Vance's legs as he's up in the air, sending him tumbling over Marley's shoulder to the mat.]

BW: HA HA HA! How nasty can you get?!

GM: That was blatant! Grounds for an automatic disqualification!

BW: Well, if the ref wasn't runnin' off Trampus.

GM: Vance Ricks is now the one in a world of trouble. Rick Marley hooks the legs... he's going for the Showstopper, which is his version of Supernova's Solar Flare, but Kennedy gets back in and breaks it up. That would have been the end of the match for sure!

BW: That's an awful lot of Trampus Kennedy ignorin' the ref and stayin' in the ring. Why ain't you yellin' about him getting disqualified?

GM: You can't be serious. Rick Marley drags Ricks to his corner, and tags in Daniel Tyler. What are they doing?

[Marley Irish-whips Tyler to the California team's corner, where Tyler knees Trampus Kennedy off the apron. Marley then runs at Tyler, who runs out, spins him into an Irish-whip to reverse his momentum, and sends him barreling at Vance Ricks with a flying avalanche at incredible velocity!]

BW: Now THAT is a Heat Wave!

GM: The velocity off the dueling Irish-whip was magnificent...

[And it gets worse for Ricks, as Marley goes to all fours so Tyler can springboard off of him with a high-jumping flying forearm in the corner!]

BW: Ha! This is teamwork, daddy! Vance Ricks doesn't know who he is or why! He'd tap out to a headlock about now!

GM: Highly unlikely. Ricks has been hit with devastating move after devastating move the past minute and a half, but he has tremendous heart.

BW: Tyler taggin' in Brawn. Told you he was tough.

GM: Tully Brawn favoring that shoulder, but he's working over Ricks in the corner. Laying in the big jumping kicks. He's angry about the damage he took, and this is a savage assault. Blatant rake of the eyes... he's just digging in there with the eyerake, stretching it out! Come on, referee!

BW: Don't make Tully Brawn mad, Gordo.

GM: Brawn hooking Ricks, hoisting him up on his shoulders, and a Samoan Drop into center ring! High impact from Brawn, who goes over and tags Tyler back in!

BW: This is it, daddy. Tyler's goin' up! Moonsault City!

GM: Shades of Nenshou... MOONSAULT... MISSES!

[With his last energy, Vance Ricks turns over, wiping Daniel Tyler out. The fans cheer as Ricks drags himself towards his corner... as the cheers grow, Ricks gains more and more steam.]

BW: Aw, nuts.

GM: The fans are moving Vance Ricks! And... there's the tag! Walter Warren is the legal man! The crowd going wild as Warren unloads on Tyler! Three punches... atomic drop... into a back suplex!

BW: Here comes the cavalry, they're not gonna let this go on.

GM: Hiptoss on Rick Marley! Hiptoss on Tully Brawn! Walter Warren is on fire! He sends Daniel Tyler off the ropes... belly-to-belly suplex! Very well executed!

BW: Taggin' in Trampus, they're settin' somethin' up!

GM: Walter Warren puts Daniel Tyler on the top rope and Trampus Kennedy climbs up behind him. Superplex coming up!

[Kennedy gets Tyler up for the belly-to-back superplex, and falls back with it... but Tyler slips the grip, floats over the back, and lands on his feet in the middle of the ring! The crowd is shocked by the counter. ]

BW: WHAT A COUNTER!

GM: Incredible body control by Daniel Tyler! Kennedy up... \_\_RAZZLE DAZZLE\_\_! THE RAZZLE DAZZLE BY TYLER! Reverse neckbreaker out of nowhere, and that will give Tyler the chance to roll over and tag.

BW: Rick Marley is in, and he's not gonna give Trampus an inch.

GM: Marley hooks the head... \_\_LIMELIGHT\_\_! The swinging ace crusher! This match is over.

[Marley goes for the pin, but Walter Warren breaks it up.]

GM: Warren is not going to quit on the match, but I do not think he's doing his partner any favors.

BW: He's the smartest idiot in the AWA.

GM: Marley assaulting Warren... what is this?!

[With Ricky Longfellow trying to pull Marley off of Warren, and Ricks still recovering from the brutal beating he took, Stevie Childs slides into the ring. Daniel Tyler follows, and both Aces hook one of poor Trampus

Kennedy's arms, lift him, and drop him right straight on his head with the lifting double singlearm DDT!]

GM: OH MY STARS! \_\_\_ACED OUT\_\_\_! WHAT WAS THE POINT OF THAT?!

BW: That was making them pay. They coulda got out of this match by accepting defeat.

GM: Steven Childes had no business doing that! Finally, Rick Marley has thrown Walter Warren to the floor... and there is an extraneous roundhouse kick for Vance Ricks, who had just pulled himself to his feet on the apron! He falls to the floor!

BW: Well, nobody's gonna break the pin now.

GM: Indeed not. But why is Tully Brawn insisting on a tag?! This match is over! Trampus Kennedy has taken a Limelight and an Aced Out!

BW: Why should Tully be left out?!

GM: Because there's nothing left of Trampus Kennedy! marley tagged him, and he's applying... \_\_\_VON BRAUN LEGLOCK\_\_\_! THERE IS NO REASON FOR THIS!

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: Of course there is. It's a submission hold. The reason you do it is to get a submission and win. Which they just did.

GM: Longfellow didn't wait for a tapout because Kennedy is out! And Brawn is keeping the hold on! This should be a reversal! Vance Ricks in to save his partner, but the Aces intercept and they're beating him down! He was already decimated from the match.

BW: Warren's got a chair, daddy!

[\*WHACK!\*

GM: Walter Warren brought in a chair to save his comrades, but Rick Marley with the Casting Call sent it right into his face! The Unholy Alliance are leaving this team in ruins!

BW: That's what's gonna happen on Labor Day, too, daddy. You watch.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

GM: Finally, Brawn breaks the hold... and throws Kennedy out of the ring! And then he throws Ricks on top of him. Merciless.

BW: No, merciless woulda been puttin' the Von Braun Leglock on Ricks, too.



GM: There should be a reversed decision, but I have a feeling there won't be. Let's get the official word.

PW: The winners of the match, by way of submission... "SHOWTIME" RICK MARLEY, "DELICIOUS" DANIEL TYLER, and TULLY BRAWN... THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE!

["Saints Of Los Angeles" begins again. The fans boo very loudly and some throw trash at the Unholy Alliance, who stand tall in the ring.]

GM: Four of the six Unholy Alliance members making a statement here.

BW: And that statement is: "Run."

GM: Highly unlikely that Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Brian Von Braun, Supernova, Luke Kinsey, and Anton Layton would feel a need to run from ANYTHING. But if ever a unit could defeat them, we're looking at it. Fans, we'll be back after this.

[Fade to black.

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloopers are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could \_really\_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: \*gasp\*

[And... is that Stevie Scott running through the broken window to attack him again?!!]

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[RyGunn does a double throw to send The Rave over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the RyGunn and Rave action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[And cut.

We come back up to live action where we find Phil Watson in the ring. Phil raises the mic to his face as a rather pudgy-looking individual stretches in the background.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is scheduled for one fall with a 15 minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, he hails from Asheville, North Carolina, and weighs in at 272 lbs., Michael Anderson!

[Anderson, wearing a red singlet and white boots, raises a meaty fist to the air to little reaction.]

PW: And, his opponent...

["The Shape Of Things To Come" from the Battlestar Galactica soundtrack starts up to murmurs from the crowd.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by Victor T. Nolan Esquire, hailing from Parts Unknown and weighing in at 260 lbs., PORTER CROWLEY!

[Boos follow as the man himself enters ringside. Crowley is your average "everyman" in build. There's no bulging biceps or really anything distinctive about his physique. 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. The right side of his face is covered by a black cloth.

Crowley kinda lurches through the entry, cocking a head to the side as he looks out over the crowd. He wobbles down the aisle, looking like he might fall over at any moment. He is followed out by Victor T. Nolan Esq., creepy smile plastered on his face. A rather slim and fairly young looking individual, Nolan has slicked back black hair and always wears a black suit with a red dress shirt underneath. Also, he walks with the aid of his brass cane topped by a silver winged gargoyle.]

GM: There's just something I don't like about that man.

BW: What? He's just an honest businessman, daddy. Nothing wrong with that.

GM: I don't think it's that simple, Bucky. I think there's something sinister to him.

BW: Pish posh. You're talking crazy, Gordo.

[Crowley rolls underneath the bottom rope, and slowly rises to his feet. Nolan gets up on the apron behind him, as the music fades.]

GM: Oh boy, here we go.

[The bell rings and Nolan removes the cloth. Crowley does have one hell of a badly scarred right side of the face, covering from chin to forehead. Immediately, he screams and charges his opposition, headbutting him repeatedly.]

GM: Headbutts! A whole mess of 'em out of nowhere, hammering Anderson down to the canvas...

[Crowley suddenly spins away, grabbing at his face as Anderson does the same thing on the mat, dazed by the attack. Nolan says nothing, just smiling.]

GM: What IS his deal?

BW: He's a businessman, Gordo. And this is his business. Has to make him feel good to know that Crowley is following his plan so successfully.

GM: What plan?

BW: You'll have to ask him yourself.

[Swirling around in a looping circle, Crowley moves back in on a now-kneeling Anderson, grabbing two hands full of hair and dragging him to his feet...

...where he promptly sinks his teeth into the cheek of Anderson!]

GM: Ahh! He's biting him!

[The referee starts the five count, getting up to four before Crowley lets go, shoving Anderson back to the buckles. Crowley lurches towards the official who quickly backs off, hands raised as he warns Crowley...]

GM: Here he goes, risking disqualification again.

[The "PRET-TY PORT-ER" chants start up, making Crowley wide-eyed and enraged. He looks to Nolan, who nods at him.]

BW: And there goes these cruel people again. Why won't they learn to leave him alone?

[Crowley spins around again, racing at the rising Anderson who is up to a knee...

...and throws a messy looking forearm smash to the bridge of the nose, knocking Anderson back down in the corner.]

GM: Let the man out of the corner for pete's sake!

[Crowley grabs the top rope, stomping the face viciously as the referee shouts at him. At the four count, he backs off, raising his hands as Nolan nods in approval.]

GM: He's all over the man in the corner. He's gotta be close to a disqualification if you ask me...

[Leaning down, he grabs Anderson by the foot, dragging him away from the corner. He backs to the ropes, slowly walking out...

...and DROPS a knee right down on the face!]

GM: Goodness! This face-based offense is certainly unique.

BW: And effective too, daddy.

[Still kneeling, Crowley grabs a handful of hair and slams his closed fist into the cheekbone... then one to the bridge of the nose... then one right in the mouth as the referee protests. Crowley gets up, backing off once more with his hands raised.]

GM: This guy is absolutely vicious. A real thug inside that ring.

[The chants grow louder, driving Crowley to cover up his ears with his hands, screaming with rage...

...and then pulls Anderson up by the hair, holding him on his knees as Crowley stands behind him, winding up his right arm...]

GM: OHH!

[And SMASHES Anderson across the face with the crossface forearm... and again... and then one from the other side... and then an overhead elbow aimed down at the nose before shoving Anderson facefirst to the mat.]

GM: Good grief. Why doesn't he just stop? You know, he could actually win this thing right now if he wanted to.

BW: He's not ready yet, Gordo.

[Nolan signals for the finish, and Crowley nods.]

BW: I stand corrected.

[Crowley picks Anderson up. He holds him in a fireman's carry position, then drops him into a kneelift aimed RIGHT at the face!]

BW: Damaged Goods!

[Crowley makes the cover and gets the three count.]

PW: Here is your winner, PORTER CROWLEY!

[Despite the sound of the bell, Crowley doesn't relent, throwing haymakers at the downed Anderson, striking him all over the face repeatedly. The bell rings again but Crowley seems not to hear it. The referee steps in, threatening to reverse the decision when Nolan reaches in, throwing the cloth over Crowley's head which instantly calms him down.]

GM: What in the world...? You're trying to tell me there's nothing bizarre, nothing sinister about that? That's like... it's some kind of mind control or something!

BW: Mind control? You're a nutjob, Gordo. Next you'll be telling me the truth is out there and goin' on about alien probe jobs.

[Nolan gestures for Crowley to follow him which he does without protest. They exit the ring, heading down to ringside...]

GM: And here comes the dastardly duo right now.

[Nolan and Crowley enter the picture at the announce table.]

GM: Mr. Nolan, your client seems to show no regard for anyone or anything. Why can't you rein him in?

[The creepy smile stays on Nolan's face.]

VTN: Why ever would I want to?

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Okay, fair enough. Let's talk about the cloth.

VTN: Let's not. All you need to know is that it modifies Mr. Crowley's mood intensely.

[An exasperated Gordon raises his voice.]

GM: Do you plan to really answer any questions during this interview? What are your plans for this man?

[Nolan flashes that creepy smile with a nod.]

VTN: Ah, finally, an excellent question. My plans for Porter are to make him my own precious jewel. He shall be the center of my family. The world can be so cruel, but only I can provide what he needs. He is the apple of my eye. I'm his only friend. Sincerely. Stated more simply, my plans for Porter Crowley are to one day make him the World Champion, just like any good businessman would do.

GM: Yes, a businessman. Just what is your business anyway? We've heard reports of a "VTN Industries", but no one seems to know what that entails.

[The smile erases from Nolan's face.]

VTN: Don't you EVER question my business affairs like that again! Lest you incur Porter Crowley's wrath.

[Nolan gestures to the cloth on the seemingly zoned-out Crowley's head.]

BW: Gordo, why don't you let me take over this interview?

GM: With pleasure.

[The smile returns to Nolan's face.]

VTN: Ask away, Mr. Wilde.

BW: Okay, Mr. Nolan. Well, first of all, when you say that Porter is the center of your family, what exactly does that mean?

VTN: Ah, a good question. See, my family has not stopped growing. More are to come. But that will all be in due time.

BW: Okay. Sounds good. Do you have any intentions of choosing someone for Porter to go after?

VTN: Well, Mr. Wilde, there are many among the AWA that could use a good facelift.

[Nolan chuckles.]

VTN: But I say they should come to Porter Crowley instead. Let's see just how much they think they can do to a man who's already been dealt an unfair blow in life.

[Nolan gestures to Crowley.]

VTN: Let's see what your so-called heroes can do against my charge.

BW: That's a relief. There's this one guy that I just can't stand. Fat guy, likes to dance around a lot...

[Nolan interrupts.]

VTN: I know exactly who you mean. Let's just say that I've considered him a target. Let's see how jolly the fat man is when he's missing chunks of his face!

BW: I knew I liked you for a reason.

[Nolan nods.]

VTN: Thank you very much, Mr. Wilde. The feeling is mutual. Please continue to spread the truth about me and my client.

[Gordon decides to get back into this interview.]

GM: Speaking of your client, doesn't he have anything to say?

[Nolan raises an eyebrow, but doesn't respond.]

GM: We know what you want, but what does Porter really want?

[Nolan shoots Gordon a look that says "You asked for it". With a flourish, Nolan removes the black cloth, sending Crowley into a frenzy.]

PC: You want to know what I want?! YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I WANT?!

[Crowley gets uncomfortably close to Gordon.]

PC: I want the world to know my pain! I want every single one of these so-called “fans” to understand just what it’s like to live the hell that is my life! I did not ask for this!

[Crowley's voice gets lower.]

PC: But now, all shall suffer for the injustices done to me. All shall tremble before the pain that I know.

[And then, he starts screaming again.]

PC: AND ALL SHALL FEEL THE WRATH OF PORTER CROWLEY!  
AAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Suddenly, Crowley goes nuts again and starts in on Gordon Myers. Bucky quickly gets out of the way. But before Crowley can do anything to poor Gordon, Nolan throws the cloth back over his head, calming him down immediately.]

VTN: I hope you're happy, Gordon Myers.

[And with that, Nolan directs Crowley to leave. Crowley hesitates, but does leave, followed by Nolan, who stares at Myers the whole way through.]



BW: Change of Depends for Gordo, daddy!

GM: Let's...please, can we go to a break?

[Gordon takes a deep breath as we fade to black.

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

A voiceover begins.]

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

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

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

[A graphic pops up to show "AUGUST 3rd - NASHVILLE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.]

"The AWA steams into Nashville, Tennessee next weekend for a special live arena event which will see a big tag team battle royal! Plus, Anton Layton meets Tully Brawn in one-on-one action!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "AUGUST 10th - FEDEX PARK - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE."]

"Memphis, Tennessee - look out 'cause the AWA is coming to town for another night of Saturday Night Wrestling action featuring Supernova vs "Showtime" Rick Marley! In addition, see Eric Preston in one-on-one action!"

[Another graphic comes up with "AUGUST 17th - JACK STEPHENS CENTER - LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.]

"In an event just added, we'll be storming into Little Rock, Arkansas on Saturday, August 17th, at the Jack Stephens Center for more professional wrestling action when The Beale Street Bullies are in action!"

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action where Phil Watson is in the center of the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from parts unknown, weight unknown, this is MR. ANONYMOUS!

[A man dressed in a black mask and bodysuit raises his arms to the crowd.

"You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: And his opponent, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...  
IS...  
SUPERNOVA!

GM: Supernova will be one of the men set to step up into the double cage that is War Games when the AWA comes to St. Louis Sept. 2.

BW: And he and his teammates may as well be preparing for their funerals. The Unholy Alliance will tear them apart!

GM: That remains to be seen. Don't forget that Supernova will be taking on "Showtime" Rick Marley two weeks from tonight as well in a WarGames preview match!

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

As he heads down the aisle, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

BW: Oh no, do we have to deal with him shouting at the top of his lungs again? I forgot to bring my Advil.

GM: Supernova looks quite fired up... considering all the trouble the Unholy Alliance has caused as of late, I can't say I blame him!

[The bell rings as Supernova circles the masked man known as Mr. Anonymous, but as they approach each other, the masked man pokes him in the eye.]

GM: And Mr. Anonymous going right to the shortcuts.

BW: Nah, he just saw something in Supernova's eye and was pointing it out to him.

GM: You've got to be kidding me... Mr. Anonymous now fires off a right hand... but look at Supernova!

[As Mr. Anonymous throws another right hand, the face-painted fan favorite just simply stares back at him.]

BW: Well, of course... you can't hit him in the head. There's nothing up there to hurt!

GM: The masked man known as Mr. Anonymous doesn't seem to know what to do. Now Supernova with a hard kick to the midsection... sends him into the ropes and a clothesline takes the masked man down!

[Supernova runs into the ropes, then leaps up into the air, dropping an elbow across the chest.]

GM: And look at the height on that elbowdrop!

BW: Yeah, it was OK... but this goof is gonna find it a lot harder against the likes of Rick Marley, Nenshou and everyone else in the Unholy Alliance!

GM: Supernova dragging Mr. Anonymous to his feet... he's got him set up... a nice vertical suplex!

BW: He's pulling him up again... hey, he caught him low!

GM: No, Bucky, that was an atomic drop and Mr. Anonymous is staggering!

BW: He caught him low! I got 21-21 vision, you know! One better than 20-20!

GM: You're one of a kind, Bucky, you know that, right?

[Supernova then takes his masked opponent and backs him into the corner.]

GM: Irish whip to the opposite corner... and here comes Supernova... HEAT WAVE!

BW: He caught him hard! Mr. Anonymous is down and he may be out!

GM: I'll agree with you this time! And Supernova is setting up for the Solar Flare!

[Supernova ties Mr. Anonymous up in his version of the Texas cloverleaf and leans back.]

GM: There's nowhere for Mr. Anonymous to go! And he's giving up!

BW: How do you tell when a guy wearing a mask is giving up? You can't see his face!

GM: But the referee can hear him saying he's had enough! Let's get the official word!

[The bell rings as Supernova slowly releases the hold, then allows the referee to raise his hand in victory.]

PW: The winner of the match... SUPERNOVA!

[The face-painted wrestler cups his hand to his mouth and lets loose a howl.]

GM: An impressive victory for Supernova! And the fans love it!

BW: It's not gonna be that easy come Labor Day, Gordo! The fans may not love what they see go down in War Games, especially when you know what the Unholy Alliance is capable of! Heck, we SAW what they were capable of earlier tonight!

GM: I'm afraid I know all too well what the Unholy Alliance is capable of, but I can guarantee you that Supernova won't back down, just like Stevie Scott, Juan Vasquez and the rest of the men who will face the Alliance on Labor Day! Let's go to Mark Stegglet!

[We cut to Mark Stegglet who is standing at the podium.]

MS: All right, fans, we've got WarGames on the horizon and one of the men who will take part in one of the most dangerous matches in our sport is about to join me... Supernova!

[Supernova walks into the camera shot.]

MS: Supernova, you know you have a tough task ahead of you... Juan Vasquez laid the challenge down at Opportunity Knocks. I have to ask you... are you prepared for what may be the most dangerous challenge you've had in your AWA career?

S: Mark, I'm no stranger to being in a dangerous environment! Why, it was just three years ago that I was stepping into a Tower of Doom, a match that isn't for the faint of heart, and having to reach deep down to find a way to get the job done! And if you remember, I came out on top. And when you consider several of the men who I will stand alongside have had experience in a lot of dangerous environments... not just War Games... that I like our chances!

MS: It's interesting, though, that you've been pretty straight up with everyone from the moment you stepped into the AWA. Yet when you look at your teammates, each of them has had what some might call a shady past in their careers. Do you believe you can trust your teammates to stand together against the Unholy Alliance?

S: Mark, you're not the only one to ask that question. I've had plenty of people come up to me and ask, "You're gonna team with guys like Luke Kinsey, Brian Von Bruan, and especially Anton Layton?" And then they ask me, "Are you crazy?!"

Well, let me first say...

[His eyes grow wide and his voice rises.]

S: OF COURSE I'M CRAZY! WHAT DO YOU THINK?!

[He then turns to the crowd, cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl.]

MS: Supernova, be that as it may, you know about the history Anton Layton has had in AWA. I'm sure you know what men like Kinsey and Von Bruan have done elsewhere. Why do you believe you can trust them?

S: Mark, let's get serious for a minute, because it's time for history with your teacher, Supernova! If you go back to that Tower of Doom match, you'll remember Sultan Azam Sharif was one of the men opposing me... and then, just a few months ago, I was teaming up with him against Royalty! And what Sultan proved to me was that, despite our differences, he was a man of his word.

And if you remember, I had asked Stevie Scott to step forward and be on my team in that Tower of Doom match... and later, I teamed with him in the Stampede Cup. And it may have been a bumpy ride at first, but over time, Stevie proved to me he was a man of his word.

I know Juan Vasquez well enough that he is always a man of his word... and one who was more than happy to admit to the mistakes he's made.

And when I listened to Luke Kinsey a few weeks ago, I knew he may have done some questionable things in the past, but I could tell he was honest with how he sees things now. As with Stevie and Juan, I could tell he was a man of his word.

As for Brian Von Braun, I think he gained some perspective when he watched his own family get dragged through the mud... and one of them was one of his own family members! More importantly, he hasn't done anything to show me that he isn't a man of his word and I believe he will be standing right by our sides!

Now, when you come to Anton Layton, you probably have the one man who is crazier than I am! But I remember looking into his eyes, having a little doubt about where he really stood, and I just asked him what he really wanted. And I'm paraphrasing a bit, because Layton has own way of conveying his thoughts, but it was along the lines of wanting Percy Childes' head on a silver platter!

[Supernova laughs slightly.]

S: Most of all, when I looked into his eyes, he looked straight back without blinking and I didn't take long to figure out that he was also a man of his word!

And given that I have no reason to doubt that the five men I'll team with are anything but men of their word, then you better believe I trust in them all and that we will be a united front against the Unholy Alliance! And I can tell all five men that I, too, am a man of my word, so they know they can trust me when I say that there's only one thing that's going to happen to the Unholy Alliance in War Games.

[Then Supernova's eyes widen and his voices rises again.]

S: THEY'RE GONNA FEEL THE HEAT!

[He turns back to the fans, cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then departs the podium.]

MS: Supernova declaring he and his teammates are men of their word and will be united come Labor Day when they look to settle things with the Unholy Alliance! And right now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is joined by a very special guest via satellite! Jason?

[Crossfade to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in front of a generic AWA backdrop.]

JD: Thanks, Mark. On this wild night in Tupelo, it is my distinct honor to welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling the President of the American Wrestling Alliance - Karl O'Connor!

[A small picture in picture window pops up revealing the elderly O'Connor, smiling and well-dressed in a dark brown suit.]

KOC: Thank you, Jason. It's my pleasure to be with all the great fans of the AWA.

JD: Mr. O'Connor, the AWA is in the middle of one of its hottest summers ever as the Heat Wave tour has been drawing big crowds wherever it goes. Memorial Day Mayhem was historic, Opportunity Knocks was unpredictable, and now we head into Labor Day talking about one thing - WarGames!

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: We, here in the AWA offices in Dallas, could not be happier about the summer we've been seeing. We've been doing big numbers at the box office and the fans of the AWA are seeing some of the greatest action that any of us have ever seen. And with WarGames wrapping up the summer, that's gonna be something else, Jason.

JD: Do we have a name for the Labor Day event being held on September 2nd in St. Louis, Missouri yet?

[A smile from the President.]

KOC: We do indeed. Considering one of the teams that will be participating in WarGames, we found it only fitting to proclaim this an Unholy War.

[Dane nods.]

JD: An Unholy War indeed. Now, we've heard rumors and there's been a lot of confusion over the fact that traditionally, WarGames is held under five-on-five rules. But both of these squads boast teams bigger than that. What is the official AWA stance on that matter?

KOC: I have met with the Championship Committee to discuss that very issue and as far as we are concerned, WarGames will be contested under five-on-five rules. Both teams will need to submit rosters for their teams PRIOR to September 2nd so that the whole world knows exactly what they'll be seeing.

[Dane nods again.]

JD: A good decision, in my opinion. But speaking of knowing exactly what we'll be seeing, what else do you expect us to see at Unholy War on Labor Day weekend?

KOC: Earlier today, we were informed by the team of Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines that they intend to take their shot at the World Tag Team Titles on that night as well. It will be the Blonde Bombers versus RyGunn with the gold on the line!

JD: Wow! A big title defense for the champions there.

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: In addition, the World Heavyweight Title will be on the line.

[Dane pauses, waiting. Hearing nothing else, he speaks up.]

JD: That's it? Who will be the challenger?

[O'Connor smiles and then shrugs.]

KOC: I can tell you who will NOT be the challenger. As of today, Skywalker Jones has informed the Championship Committee that he will not be challenging Calisto Dufresne on that night.

JD: He knows he has until SuperClash V to use that Steal The Spotlight contract, right?

KOC: We made sure he was aware of that, yes.

JD: Okay... but what about Terry Shane?

[O'Connor grimaces.]

KOC: As you informed the fans earlier tonight, neither Terry Shane nor Hannibal Carver are in the building in Tupelo tonight for Saturday Night Wrestling. And as you mentioned, there WAS what can best be described as an "incident" at a recent live arena event in Louisville that we're legally not allowed to discuss in any greater detail at the moment.

However, because of that event, we have decided to hit both Carver and Shane with a short suspension. Both competitors will be eligible to return to action on our next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Dane nods.]

JD: I feel a "but" coming on.

[O'Connor chuckles.]

KOC: Always the investigative reporter. Yes, Jason... there is a "but" in that. They will be eligible to return to action in Memphis BUT as part of Shane's punishment for instigating that "incident", he will be BARRED from using his guaranteed World Title shot in St. Louis as well.

[Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: So, who gets the shot?

KOC: That has... yet to be determined.

[Dane looks like he's going to press the issue... but instead backs off.]

JD: Fair enough. Mr. O'Connor, before we let you go, I need to ask you one final question...

[O'Connor visibly winces, knowing what's coming.]

JD: After what we saw at Opportunity Knocks, is AWA management FINALLY prepared to address this situation with the Wise Men?

[O'Connor pauses, sitting silent.]

JD: Sir?

[Still nothing until finally...]

KOC: No comment.

[With O'Connor staring silent at the camera, we slowly 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 backstage where Jason Dane awaits!]

JD: Fans, what a great night of action this has been, and-

[Interrupting Dane is Alphonse Green, who appears to be on his cell phone, muttering to himself.]

AG: Menu options have changed, when don't they change? Sheesh!

JD: Excuse me..

[Green quickly snaps his head towards Dane.]

AG: Phone.

[Green gets back on the phone.]

AG: Oh! Someone answered! Hey! You guys are leading astronomers? Uh huh. Uh huh. Hey listen. I think you guys would definitely be interested in the discovery I just made. Yes. Yes. I just discovered two rather large planets earlier this evening!

[Dane raises his eyebrows in curiosity.]

AG: I can assure you after a brief observation that these planets are definitely devoid of any form of intelligent life. Uh huh, where I discovered these new planets? Uh huh.. well, I discovered them in orbit with each other near the Bancorp South Arena, those two planets are called Sweet Daddy Williams and B.C. Da Masta... hello?

[Green hangs up, and raises his head towards Dane.]

AG: The reception in this place is terrible!

JD[rolling his eyes.]: Unbelievable!

AG: I know, right? You figure scientists would go crazy when a local yokel like myself discovers a new planet or two.

JD: I meant... oh, never mind. Well, since you're here, I might as well ask you about the six-man tag you'll be involved in later this evening.

[A grin forms on Green's face.]

AG: Gonna be great, ain't it? I go from puttin' on a match with my idol that had more edge-of-your-seat action in 10 minutes than most have in 60, and now I team up with my idol! I also team up with some guy named Yuma Weaver. I heard of the guy, and he seems angry a lot so I think I should say that it would be my pleasure to have his back.

JD: Probably a wise idea.

[Green nods in agreement.]

JD: You three will be stepping in the ring with two guys you have had a history with over the last few months in Glenn Hudson and Chris Staley, and Sweet Daddy Williams. As far as I know, you and Williams don't have a history, so why did you start mocking him?

AG: The dude's a pervert, with a capital pervert! "Who wan' sit on Sweet Daddy's lap tahnight?"

[Green rolls his eyes.]

AG: Did Mushmouth write that song? I hope Bill Cosby shows up and teaches me a thing or two, like what exactly that song's all about. I'm hoping that someone in production puts subtitles on the screen so everyone can understand him! How long did it take him to come up with that song anyway?

JD: I.. dunno.

AG: He probably came up with it one late night when he took his hover-round down to the local Wal-Mart. I think he might have been on that People of Wal-Mart website at one point. A lot of the women on that site, I tell ya, I don't even want to think about what any of them on his lap would look like. Hell, I can go on all night long, but I swear, if Sweet Fatty Freakin' Williams does MY Ground Chuck..

[Green shakes his head.]

AG: So help me, Dane, I'm gonna up and quit and go work in a cubicle somewhere.

[Dane tries to hide a chuckle. Green shoots a dirty look towards Dane.]

AG: And Glenn Hudson, yeah, I gave the guy props for beating me fair and square, even if you he had to steal my move to do it. I figured I'd take a step back, figure out my next move, and the moment that I saw him gettin' consideration for the Television Title, I knew that things were gonna heat back up once again! The war's back on! Imagine someone like Hudson as Television Champ?

If Hudson's gonna be on television every week, then better look the part. I was hopin' he'd learn some one weird trick for perfect hair through osmosis, but I guess my influence didn't stick. I mean, look at his hair, do Australians use vegemite or somethin' for shampoo? That's not a hair style becoming of a Television Champion!

[Green runs his fingers through his curly hair.]

AG: Now this is the hair-do that belongs on television every week! This is a hair-do of champions! Now as for Staley...

Not that long ago, I went to visit my old man. I walk through that door, and first thing he said to me was this.. "Hey punk, Dead Lift wants to know why another sucker stole your move? Ya failed against the last chump who did that to ya, ya gonna fail again against this other chump?".. or something, I dunno, I was playing Candy Crush Saga on my iPhone, but I was paying some attention!

[Dane rolls his eyes.]

AG: Whatever my dad said that day did stick to me. We have a couple of fools out there not afraid to bust out a cheap knockoff Ground Chuck, complete with bad, broken English, and I haven't really done anything about it! Sure, I've hit them with the real deal, genuine article, do not steal, made in the U.S.A. version, but not in a context where I can pin their shoulders to the mat as my adoring public counts along! Kicking Staley's head in is somethin' I've wanted to do since he woke up one mornin' and decided that he would like to ride with Alphonse Green.

[A creepy smile forms on his face.]

AG: And tonight, when I show Chris Staley once again what a perfect Ground Chuck is supposed to look like.. he will not want to ride with Alphonse Green ever again.

[The creepy smile disappears, and Green turns and walks off screen, leaving a bewildered Dane behind.]

JD: At least Green didn't do the..

[Off in the distance, a faint "OOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!" is heard.]

JD: Never mind. Well, Alphonse Green is making his intentions known. A lot potentially could be on the line in tonight's six-man tag team match! Back to you guys.

[Fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Fans, over the past few months, we've been counting down your favorite matches in Saturday Night Wrestling history leading up to the historic 100th edition of this show which we now know will take place back home in Dallas, Texas on the very special night each year that we like to call Homecoming. The summer Heat Wave tour will be over and we'll be back home... and what a party that's gonna be! Tonight is the 97th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and it's time to take a look at the match that you, the fans, voted as the best SNW match in 2011!

[Crossfade to footage marked "OCTOBER 15th, 2011" where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining! Introducing first...

[The sounds of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" fill the air as does a cascade of boos from the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 497 pounds...

First, from San Jose, California... he was the first man to ever hold the AWA National Title... the San Jose Shark... MARRRRRRRCUS BROUUUUSSSSSSAAAARD!

And his tag team partner... from Avery Island, Louisiana... he is the current AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION... the Ladykiller... CAAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUUFRESNNNNNNNE!

[The crowd jeers even louder as Dufresne and Broussard make their way through the curtain dressed for battle. The National Title belt is secured around the waist of the Ladykiller as he and the San Jose Shark make their way down the elevated platform through a hostile crowd.]

GM: These two men are no fan favorites, that's for sure.

BW: Good thing too. If there's anything that sucking up to these fans has shown us over time, it's a first class ticket to Nowhere. Just ask Juan Vasquez! Ahahahaha!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot.

[Broussard steps through the ropes first, going into a short spin before shouting something at a ringside fan. Dufresne follows behind, taking off his title belt and striking a pose, holding the gold above his head as the crowd showers him with boos (and the occasional partially-filled water bottle)]

GM: Two of the most unpopular men you will find in or out of a locker room.

BW: How can you say that? Did you see how many men rushed to their aid when Juan Vasquez tried to sneak attack them at Wrestlerock?!

GM: Sneak atta- you're delusional!

[The music fades as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Metallica's "Seek And Destroy" kicks in to a phenomenal reaction from the AWA faithful.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 488 pounds... first, from St. Louis, Missouri... he is a former two-time AWA National Champion... "HOTSHOT" STEEEEEEEEEVIEEEEEEEE SCOOOOOOOTT! And his tag team partner... from Venice Beach, California...

THIS...

IS...

SUUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The face-painted young lion bursts through the curtain to a huge reaction from the crowd. After a moment, the veteran former National Champion steps out behind him. Scott stands at the top of the aisle, smirking with his hands on his hips in the direction of their opposition as Supernova goes crazy, moving from side to side on the ramp, howling to the cheering fans as he pummels his own chest...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging down the aisle towards the ring where Broussard and Dufresne are waiting for him. Stevie Scott gets a "What the eff" look on his face and then breaks into a dash as well.]

GM: HERE THEY COME!!

[Supernova rushes closer and closer, the opposition waiting for him...

...and TAKES FLIGHT, soaring over the ropes and wiping out a shocked Calisto Dufresne with a flying tackle!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[The AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, quickly signals for the bell to start the match as Marcus Broussard grabs Supernova by the hair, hammering him with a double axehandle across the neck as the young man starts to rise. A second blow sends Supernova falling back into the buckles...

...but a third never lands as Stevie Scott steps in, grabbing Broussard's arms. He swings the first National Champion around, dropping him with a right hand on the button!]

GM: Ohh! We've got a fight on our hands in the Main Event!

[Scott pulls Broussard up, signaling to his partner.]

GM: Double whip...

[And the Scott/Nova duo sends the Shark sailing through the air with a double backdrop, sending him crashing down hard on the canvas. Supernova lets loose another howl, hammering his own chest as he pulls Calisto Dufresne off the mat.]

GM: Another whip by both men...

[A well-placed double back elbow knocks the National Champion off his feet as Scott steps out to the apron, slapping his partner on the shoulder before he does so.]

GM: Stevie Scott steps out and Broussard rolled out after the big double backdrop. That leaves the National Champion inside the ring with the man he says will never wear that title belt, Supernova.

BW: Marcus and Calisto seemed to be caught off-guard there. Where the heck is Ben Waterson? Ben would NEVER have let that happen!

GM: It's a good question, Bucky. Where the heck IS Ben Waterson? The Agent To The Stars is nowhere to be seen and has not been seen all night for that matter. Shouldn't he be out here to help guide his team, Bucky?

BW: Why ya asking me?!

GM: You're a former manager! It's an insight you can provide! As a former manager, would you have EVER not been at ringside for a match of this magnitude for your clients?

BW: Well, I wouldn't... but I ain't Ben Waterson. If Ben's not here, he's got a damn good reason for it, Gordo. He ain't the smartest man in the business for nothing. Plus, remember, neither of these men are under contract with Ben Waterson. He may have common goals with them but he's under no obligation to be out here with them.

GM: I suppose that much is true.

[While the announcers debated, Supernova scooped Dufresne into the air, dumping him down in a big slam...

...and then leaps sky high, dropping a high impact elbow down in the chest!]

GM: OHHHH! So much impact there!

BW: Get out of there, champ!

[And wisely, Dufresne does exactly that, rolling out to the floor...

...and waving off Supernova, heading towards the elevated rampway.]

GM: Dufresne's... is he leaving?!

BW: Darn right he's leaving! This punk kid shows him no respect and the Ladykiller's EARNED respect, Gordo!

GM: Calisto Dufresne hasn't earned a single thing including that title belt he stole from a man who'd been assaulted by nearly a dozen men!

BW: Are you still crying about that? Get over it, Myers!

[Dufresne gets around the corner, heading towards the ramp...

...but Stevie Scott is having none of that, dashing down the length of the ring apron and diving off with a sloppy crossbody on a shocked Dufresne!]

GM: STEVIE WIPES HIM OUT!!

[An angry Hotshot takes the mount, hammering away at the skull of the National Champion with right hands...

...which leaves him exposed from the backside where Broussard grabs Scott by the hair, hauling him to his feet...]

GM: Broussard just saved-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEFIRST INTO THE RAMP!! RIGHT INTO THE ELEVATED WALKWAY!

[Broussard stands over the downed Scott whose back just slammed into solid wood, laying the badmouth on him...

...when suddenly, Supernova arrives at ringside, drilling Broussard with a pair of right hands that puts him down on the protective mats right next to Stevie Scott.]

GM: Supernova puts down Broussard!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Supernova swings him back under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself back up on the apron...

...where the San Jose Shark rushes into action, grabbing the leg and preventing Supernova's return to the ring!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get in there, referee!

[Dufresne quickly gets back to his feet, drilling Supernova with a right hand to the skull. He grabs the face-painted young lion around the head for a snap mare...

...and then drops straight down, snapping his throat down on the top rope!]

GM: OHH! What a move by the champion!

[Broussard gives a hard shove from the floor, sending a stunned Supernova crashing down to the mat. Dufresne quickly applies a cover, waving for the referee to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! And that's all!

BW: That's a slow count, Jagger!

GM: It was not! Fans, remember, this match has a time limit of TV Time Remaining. We gotta be off the air on time this week due to college football airing right after us so that gives us about six minutes of air time left to go.

[Dufresne regains his feet, laying in some hard stomps on the upper body of Supernova, driving him under the ropes and out to the floor where Broussard is waiting for him.]

GM: Oh, come on! Broussard needs to get back up on the apron! This is a tag team match - not a legalized mugging!

[A pair of knees to the gut leaves Supernova easy prey as Broussard grabs a handful of tights...

...and HURLS him over the barricade into the ringside area!]



GM: What the-?!

[The San Jose Shark rolls back into the ring, regaining his feet next to Dufresne and joins the champion in waving like madmen for the official to count out the young lion.]

GM: We've got a count going on Supernova. And I think Broussard believes if Supernova gets counted out, HE'LL get the shot at Calisto Dufresne as SuperClash III in Memphis, Tennessee!

BW: He should! If Dufresne and Broussard win this thing, they should face each other on Internet Pay Per View! How great would that be!

GM: Not great at all in my opinion.

BW: What?! They're two of the best wrestlers in the world!

GM: Oh, I don't doubt their abilities. And it very well could be a fine match. But these people DESERVE to see either Stevie Scott or Supernova get that shot at the title. They want to see it and they SHOULD see it at SuperClash!

BW: I disagree. If you give these morons out here what they want, they'll always think they can get it! Make 'em suffer a bit!

[The count reaches six as we spot Supernova climbing to his feet, trying to clear the cobwebs as he approaches the ringside barricade. Inside the ring, Broussard implores the referee to count faster but at the count of seven, Supernova is back inside the railing...

...and Marcus Broussard slides out to go after him!]

GM: Right han- blocked!

[BOOM!]

GM: 'Nova with a right hand of his own!

[The process repeats a few times. Broussard with a right hand that is blocked aside in favor of a Supernova haymaker instead. A trio of big blows from Supernova knocks Broussard back a bit...

...which allows a handful of hair and a big throw over the metal railing into the ringside area!]

GM: SUPERNOVA RETURNS THE FAVOR!!

[Swinging around, Supernova points a finger of warning at Calisto Dufresne who backpedals a bit, lifting his hands to beg off as the young lion slides back into the ring.]

GM: And I don't think Calisto Dufresne wants ANY part of Supernova, fans!

BW: Can you blame him?! The man paints his face! He's obviously got something to hide!

[Supernova paces across the ring, stalking Dufresne back into the corner...

...where the Ladykiller lashes out with a boot to the gut, swinging Supernova back to the buckles.]

GM: Look out here...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A hard chop by Dufresne connects solidly on the chest of Supernova who simply glares at the Ladykiller.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: He didn't feel it, Myers! GM: He certainly didn't!

[Dufresne shakes his head in shock, throwing a second big chop...

...and getting another glare in response. An angry Dufresne throws a third.]

GM: Three big chops and-

[Supernova steps out of the corner, going in a big power flex with a howl as he approaches and drills Dufresne with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by Supernova!

[The Ladykiller scampers back to his feet...

...and gets dropped again!]

GM: Another knockdown! Supernova's just getting set up and he's just droppin' him over and over again.

[This time as Dufresne gets up, Supernova surges forward, scooping him up...

...and pressing him high overhead!]

GM: Gorilla press! He's got him WAAAAAY up there!

[Supernova holds him high for several moments, letting the crowd soak in the moment...

...and then hurls him down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Big slam by a big man!

[Nova looks out to the crowd, throwing his head back in a howl as he drags Dufresne to his feet, pushing him back to the corner...

...and slaps the hand of Stevie Scott who just got up on the apron.]

GM: The tag is made to the Hotshot!

[Scott quickly takes a spot on the middle rope, balling his fist.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[And then Scott leans over, sinking his teeth into the forehead of the Ladykiller!]

BW: He's biting him! He's biting him!

[Scott jumps down, grabbing Dufresne by the arm.]

GM: Big cross-corner whip by the two-time former champion... here he comes!

[The Hotshot races in, arm outstretched.]

GM: Running clothesline in the corner! A whole lot of impact behind that one!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Scott rushes across the ring again, SLAMMING Dufresne's face into the top turnbuckle, sending him staggering out of the corner and down facefirst to the mat to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: He's got him down and-

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Stevie Scott walking to the corner...

...and swinging around, stomping his foot once!]

GM: He's calling for the Heatseeker! If he hits the superkick, it's good night for Calisto Dufresne! If he hits the superkick, it's good night for ANYONE he hits with it!

[Scott stands at the ready, prepared to let the big kick fly. Dufresne slowly climbs to a knee, pushing up to his feet...

...slowly turning around as Scott coils up.]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[But before he can uncoil the superkick, Stevie Scott has his planted leg grabbed by Marcus Broussard who yanks it out from under him, taking Scott down.]

GM: Ohh! Broussard trips him up and-

[Scott lashes out with a kick to the mush of the San Jose Shark, knocking him back down on the floor as Scott tries to get back into the fight...

...and gets drilled with a superkick from the Ladykiller, a blow that sends him falling back into a tag!]

GM: TAG! TAG!

[Supernova quickly rushes in, dishing out right hands all over Dufresne.]

GM: He's beating the tar out of the National Champion!

BW: We've got less than three minutes to go in the time limit!

[An angry Broussard pulls Stevie Scott under the ropes to the floor, hammering away on him as Supernova drops Dufresne with a running clothesline... and then with a running back elbow...]

GM: Dufresne just can't seem to get on track against Supernova!

[Supernova pulls him up again, firing him to the ropes.]

GM: Off the far side...

[The face-painted young lion hoists Dufresne up by a leg, dropping him hard facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: FLAPJACK!! FLAPJACK!!

[Supernova climbs to his feet, pounding his chest with another big howl as he drags a dazed Dufresne back to his feet by the arm, firing him into the ropes...

...and then rushing back to the opposite corner, throwing his back into them!]

GM: He's calling for the Heat Wave!

[The youngster breaks into a dash, leaping high into the air several feet out of the buckles, crushing the Ladykiller against the corner turnbuckles!]

GM: HEAT WAVE! HEAT WAVE!!

[Supernova steps back, allowing Dufresne to stumble out of the corner, collapsing down on the mat. The Venice Beach native leans over, flipping the Ladykiller onto his back. He grabs the National Champion's legs, tying them up...

...and then stepping through into the Texas Cloverleaf!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE!! SOLAR FLARE!!

BW: Oh my god, there's too much time left!

GM: Supernova's got this hold applied with over a minute to go in the time limit! Dufresne is trapped in the center! It's last over a minute or it's give this thing up!

BW: You forgot about Plan B!

GM: What's Plan B?

BW: BROUSSARD!!

[The crowd roars as the San Jose Shark peels away from Scott, climbing up on the apron. But as he attempts to step through the ropes, Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps in, blocking his path, keeping him from getting involved in the outcome of the match.]

GM: Jagger blocks his path! Johnny Jagger won't let Broussard make the save!

BW: What?! Why?! Why does he get to do that?! What right does he have to do that?!

GM: It's a judgment call! The referees in the AWA are trying to regain some law and order around this place! They're making decisions to try and keep matches from getting out of hand!

BW: GET OUT OF HIS WAY, JAGGER!

[But the temporary delay is all Stevie Scott needs to grab Broussard by the leg, yanking it out from under him, causing the San Jose Shark's jaw to bounce off the apron!]

GM: OHHHH!

[With Broussard cleared out, Stevie Scott stands guard, keeping an eye on the ring as Supernova leans back, Dufresne screaming in agony as the referee drops to all fours, checking for a submission.]

GM: The Ladykiller's trapped! He's got nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, and no one to save him!

BW: We've got just under a minute remaining!

GM: Supernova's got it locked! You'd need the Jaws Of Life to break this hold right now, fans!

BW: Hang on, champ! Hang on!

[The referee is in the perfect position, watching and waiting...

...and then suddenly, he leaps up, waving his arms!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Supernova releases the hold, looking to Johnny Jagger with disbelief in his eyes as Jagger grabs his arm...

...and raises it in the air!]

PW: Your winners of the match by submission... the team of Stevie Scott and SUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOVAAAAA!

[The crowd EXPLODES again at the announcement!]

GM: He did it! He did it! Supernova made the champion submit!

[The shot slowly fades...

...and then comes back up to live action.]

GM: You remember that one, Bucky?

BW: I sure do.

GM: Supernova shocked the world that night when he made Calisto Dufresne submit and then would go on to face the Ladykiller at SuperClash III. You just have to wonder though... who will face Dufresne for the World Heavyweight Title at Unholy War coming up in just over a month's time?

BW: There's a lot of great challengers that are possible, Gordo. How about someone like MAMMOTH Maximus who nearly beat James Monosso for the World Title not that long ago?

GM: Wow... what a match that would be and if it happens, we might see the Matsui Corporation strike gold for the very first time. A lot of top contenders are lining up to get their shot at the World Title and it's just a matter of time before we find out who will get that shot at Unholy War. Fans, Jason Dane is standing by developing news. Jason?

[We fade backstage where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon... and this is indeed the very definition of Breaking News. My sources are telling me that neither Terry Shane nor Hannibal Carver are in the building tonight. Both were scheduled to be here at one point but no one has seen them anywhere.

We know there was a recent incident during a Shane and Carver encounter during our recent arena event in Louisville, Kentucky but we have been unable to confirm that incident is related to this absence here tonight.

[Dane nods.]

JD: We will continue to investigate this story and will bring you the latest developments as they come in. Let's head back down to the ring for the debut of the newest tag team to hit the AWA - The Young Bloods!

[We crossfade back to a shot of ring announcer Phil Watson as the high energy of Five Finger Death Punch's "The Pride" rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

[Sauntering out from the back, with some energetic haste, come a pair of men dressed in matching cardinal red/gold trim bomber jackets. The first looks like a clean cut, boy next door. He has light brown hair parted to the right, pale skin, very noticeable musculature without being cut or ripped by any means.

The second wears a matching singlet with "Flawless" written down the spine. He has piercing blue eyes and well sculptured stubble.]

PW: Weighing in at a combined 497lbs, making their AWA debut, they are Larry Wallace and Bobby O'Connor...

...THE YOUNG BLOODS!

[The two, though focused, clap hands on the way to the ring as the camera switches to an average pair in the ring. Both dressed in black pants, both with black gloves and both with white trimmed black masks... looking menacing of course.]

PW: And their opponents, at a combined weight of 550lbs...

THE MASKED MANIACS!

[The two point and roar at the crowd, trying to get them riled up.]

BW: This is going to be a good one, Gordo... and unique! Two students of the game making their AWA debut and NOT from the Combat Corner.

GM: Very true, Bucky. These two second generation wrestlers were trained by Oliver Strickland and Terry Shane Jr. Though, don't let what we are saying NOT impress you on the skills these two young men have.

[The bell rings and before Gordon can espouse anymore on the merits of the two, the Maniacs rush across the ring and attack the two!]

GM: The Masked Maniacs are trying to end this quickly! They are all over this pair of newcomers!

[They take the pair into opposite corners and beat on them with heavy forearms. Looking for a signal they Irish whip them but are instead reversed and ram into each other's chests! The Maniacs stumble away, turning back... and both are leveled with clotheslines!]

GM: One of the Masked Maniacs is dumped by Larry Wallace, son of "Battlin'" Burt Wallace, one of the all time greats!

[That leaves the other, Bobby O'Connor, to concentrate on the other Maniac, lacing into him with a SMACKING pair of chops, taking him to the ropes.]

BW: This kid is the son of Cameron O'Connor and the grandson of the boss around here, Karl O'Connor. Talk about pedigree... and perhaps a little favoritism.

GM: Too early to tell for that, Bucky.

BW: You know how it goes in this business!

[Grabbing the Maniac, he gives him a whip across the ring and drops down under him. The Maniac leaps over and into the arms of a waiting Wallace who lifts and hits him with an atomic drop.]

GM: The Maniac is in pain, O'Connor back up...

[And grips the back of his neck before sweeping his legs out and driving him forward, face first into the mat!]

BW: Talk about a nose breaker!

[And a cover!]

GM: The Maniac kicks out of that one, but these Young Bloods are on a roll!

[With the action ongoing in the ring, 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 the ring...]

GM: We are back and during the break, The Masked Maniacs were able to get the upper hand and have third generation star, Bobby O'Connor in trouble!

[And currently one of them has him down in the middle of the ring in a chinlock. From the apron Larry Wallace reaches out for an impossible tag, urging his partner on. When that doesn't work he starts stomping, getting the crowd into it with him.]

BW: O'Connor's got a lot of fight left in him! If you've ever seen his Pop or Granddaddy fight, you KNOW he is not done yet!

GM: O'Connor is fighting! He's fighting to his feet, trying to get out of this hold, trying his hardest to get up! Elbow to the gut... another... oh! The Maniac stops him right in his tracks with one of those meaty forearms across the small of the back!

BW: Irish whip!

[The Maniac ducks to catch O'Conner with something on the way back, but the youngster stops in his tracks, winds back and hits a LOUD chop across the shoulders of the masked man!]

GM: DID YOU HEAR THAT?!

[And as the Maniac arches in agony, he laces one chop after another into his chest, each one reddening the skin and driving the bigger man back into a corner.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor is on fire!

BW: Him and the Maniac's chest!

GM: Irish whip... reversed and O'Connor hits the turnbuckle hard! The Maniac charges... boot up!

[Catching the Maniac right in the chin, the stunned Youngblood grabs him, turns him around and jumps to the top turnbuckle, placing a knee right in the Maniac's spine, SMASHING him to the canvas face first!]

GM: OHHH MY!

[And he rolls...]

BW: The tag!

[Fists pumping, running in place, Larry Wallace enters the ring, calls on the other Masked Maniac and levels him with a clothesline, then a second, before ducking a wild swing from the first one and leaping up, wayyyyyyyyy up, extending his legs straight out and drilling the first Maniac in the draw to a POP!]

GM: Whoa my! What a dropkick! That's one of the best dropkicks I've ever seen! Larry Wallace is a house o' fire right now!

BW: The kid has some springs in those legs of his.

[He goes for the cover, getting to two before the other stops him in mid count.]

GM: The other Maniac breaks the pin!

BW: Which one is even legal?

GM: Whichever one this is, he tosses Wallace...

[But Wallace holds on and lands on the apron. The Maniac charges him but Wallace instead slides under the bottom rope, swings his legs up and pulls him down in a pin!]

BW: Another cover!

[And another broken up at two, but this time Bobby O'Connor is there on the apron and reaches in tagging the shoulder of his partner. He jumps into the ring, blocking a punch...]

GM: Big headbutt by O'Connor! Another!

[While Wallace recovers, the second Maniac tries to get into the fight but his punch is blocked and O'Connor also laces HIM with a headbutt before grabbing BOTH of the Maniacs by their masks, turning them towards the hard cam for the whole crowd and audience at home to see before whipping their heads together!]

GM: Double noggin knocker!

[As the two stagger around the ring, Larry Wallace comes flying in with a BIG running knee lift, taking one Maniac over the ropes and to the floor before turning, ducking a dizzy haymaker and grabbing him in a belly to back position.]

GM: The Young Bloods are in full control, Wallace has the Maniac, O'Connor off the ropes... OHHHH!

[The exclamation comes on the heels of O'Connor hitting the Maniac with a bulldog style lariat while Wallace drops him backwards, nearly on his head!]

BW: That is it! Dear lordie lord!

[And it's an easier cover for O'Connor as Wallace watches, counting along with the referee.]

GM: A successful debut for the Young Bloods here!

[The two young men high five, giving each other a bro hug before hitting opposite turnbuckles for a climb and fist pump to the crowd. Another high five and the two meet in the middle of the ring to get their arms raised by the referee.]

PW: YOUR WINNERS... THE YOUNG BLOODS!

[The two, excited young men go back to back, giving the cameras the finger pistols before sliding out of the ring.]

BW: Gordo's going to talk to these two second gens after quite the exciting debut!

[The two start heading up towards the aisle, high fiving some young fans and ladies before being stopped by Gordon Myers.]

GM: You two have to be proud of yourselves after that performance. I am sure your fathers and grandfather are.

BOC: Gordon, it was one in a million!

LW: There is nothing in the world like an AWA audience, Gordon! We're just happy to be here!

BOC: Keep an eye on us, folks! We're bringing some excitement, some fire...

LW: ...tradition!

BOC: We're second and third generation wrestlers, Gordon! We've lived this business our whole lives.

[Wallance once again leans in.]

LW: Damn rights!

BOC: And we're here not for individual glory. We're here to show the world true tag team wrestling. Unity, team work, cohesiveness. We're going to take the tag team division by storm!

LW: Damn rights!

BOC: We're the working class heroes of the division, of the AWA...

[Wallace goes from leaning in over O'Connor's shoulder to standing right beside him.]

LW: ...of the business. We ARE the Young Bloods. We're here to be the best tag team in the world. EVER...

[Both of them lean in to the microphone.

BOTH: ...'TIL THE DAY WE DIE!

[And the two make their way up the aisle, fist pumping, high fiving and back slapping each other in celebration.]

GM: A new exciting team to watch out for here in the AWA - the Young Bloods who certainly have the pedigree to be one of the best things going.

BW: Names on a paper, Gordo. That's all they got so far. We'll see how they do against some REAL competition.

GM: That much is true, I'll give you that. Fans, let's go backstage where Jason Dane has caught up to the World Heavyweight Champion! Jason?

[We cut backstage to where Jason Dane is standing alongside the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of gray slacks and a white and green checkered dress shirt. His blond hair falls down past his shoulders, over which rests the World Championship. A smug look is plastered across his face as he awaits Dane's introductions.]

JD: Fans, I'm backstage here with the AWA World Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne, looking fully recovered after his victory – albeit a controversial one – over Juan Vasquez at Opportunity. Calisto, any remarks from July 4th?

CD: Opportunity Knocked – again – for Juan Vasquez. Unfortunately for him, – again – Calisto Dufresne was there to answer. Juan, that's three times now that we have squared off in one-on-one fashion. And three times you have failed. No matter what little tricks you employ, no matter what gimmicks the front office dreams up, the facts are the facts:

You failed. Again.

JD: It could be argued, Calisto, that he failed due to the Unholy Alliance making their presence known, blatantly interfering in the match.

CD: Please, Dane, let's not act like I have the Unholy Alliance in my back pocket. I'm a champion of unquestioned moral standing. Percy Childes stabbed me in the back regarding Juan Vasquez once; you think I'd have anything to do with that snake now? They were planning on attacking me after a grueling title defense, seven on one, before my band of brothers showed up to intervene. Royalty is a group of men who have banded together because of the skill that we each possess; not because we're interested in backjumping people with numbers. We're above that, Dane, as champions should be.

[An eye roll from Dane before continuing.]

JD: On another subject, we saw – well, heard – the appearance of the infamous Wise Man at the end of Opportunity Knocks, who seemed exasperated that despite the continued warnings about Royalty, that nobody has done anything to stop you.

[A knowing smile from Dufresne.]

CD: This supposed Wise Man shouldn't be shocked by this. There's Royalty...

[Dufresne lifts a hand to eye-level.]

CD: ...and then there's everyone else.

[Dufresne's hand drops to his waist.]

CD: Why do you think the masses are busy cannibalizing themselves with silly things like WarGames? They stand a much better chance of surviving that than they do a run-in with Royalty. So, while you boys are all shortening your careers, we'll go on waiting for Dave Bryant, or RyGunn, or Miss Sandra Hayes to step up and get steamrolled by the greatest collection of wrestling talent this industry has ever seen. And if they don't come to us, well...

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: ...maybe we'll come to them.

[Dufresne waltzes confidently off camera, leaving Dane standing alone as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: The World Champion is as confident as always, Bucky.

BW: He's got every right to be. He's the World Champion riding on top of the world with the World Tag Team Champions and the best enforcer in the game, Dave Cooper... not to mention one of the wisest men that I know in Larry Doyle.

GM: Wisest... are you saying that Larry Doyle is-?!

BW: Stop jumpin' at shadows, Gordo. Not everyone's gonna be a Wise Man... no matter how much they rule the wrestling world.

GM: I see. Well, we'll see how confident Calisto Dufresne is come September 2nd when he has to put that World Title on the line once again. But right now, let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... weighing in at 278 pounds and hailing from Cape Town, South Africa... he claims to represent all that is pure...

COLONEL P.W. DE KLERRRRRK!

[Standing inside the ring, de Klerk is dressed in his military fatigues complete with a camo t-shirt that has the sleeves cut out. He wears heavy black gloves that completely cover his skin as he twists at his mustache, gesturing for the mic...]

GM: Don't give it to him, Phil. No one wants to hear the trash coming out of his mouth.

BW: Speak for yourself. This is America! He's got the right to speak his mind.

[de Klerk snatches the mic from a reluctant Phil Watson, earning jeers for simply opening his mouth.]

PWdK: You misspeak. I do not CLAIM to represent all that is pure... I DO represent all that is pure!

[The boos pour down on de Klerk who looks around in disgust.]

PWdK: I do not expect common trash like those gathered here in Mississippi to understand. Everywhere I look tonight, I see impurity!

[The boos get louder.]

PWdK: I see savages... mongrels... unwashed trailer trash. The kind of filth that I wouldn't deign to lay my bare flesh on.

[de Klerk holds up a gloved hand.]

GM: That explains the gloves, I guess.

[The South African speaks once more.]

PWdK: You keep this filth inside your building instead of out back in hogpens with the common farm animals that they should be with!

[More boos!]

PWdK: Not that the rest of you inside this building are any better. You deserve to lay in mud and slop as much as your unpure neighbors. But why should Mississippi be any different?

You uneducated trash simply follow the lead of your own White House... which no longer deserves that name!

[de Klerk smiles at the reaction he gets this time.]

GM: This guy's too much. Can we cut his mic or something?

BW: Censorship! You may not like what he's got to say - heck, I might not like it either - but he's got the right to say it, Gordo!

GM: I understand that but these fine people in Tupelo don't deserve to be subjected to this!

[de Klerk does a dismissive gesture at the jeering crowd.]

PWdK: Nonetheless, I must lower myself to compete in front of you animals and mindless drones so that I can strike a blow for all that I believe in. There is one of your own... likewise a mindless, unwashed savage... who seeks to lay his hands on me again...

[He spits on the canvas.]

PWdK: As disgusted as I am by the idea, I must put hands on this animal and set him straight! I must-

[Before de Klerk can go further, the sounds of Irene Cara's "Fame" blasts over the PA system to a big cheer. de Klerk clenches the mic tightly, refusing to give it back to the ring announcer as a flamboyant man appears at the top of the aisle in the glittering burgundy and gold sequined robe and aviator glasses. Rage stares daggers through de Klerk as he strides towards

the ring. The fans reach out to touch him and he slaps their hands back, but he never takes his eyes off de Klerk.]

PWdK: I know you like to look angry... you like to show off for these...

[de Klerk seems at a loss at how else to describe the Mississippi crowd as Rage pulls himself up on the apron. The South African raises his gloved hand, holding it up...]

PWdK: I suggest you stop right there... boy.

[The South African hurls the last word like the insult it is, causing Rage to grit his teeth as he steps one leg through the ropes, ignoring de Klerk's order.]

PWdK: Perhaps I was mistaken. I thought you to be smarter than you quite obviously look... but I was wrong. You seek another tangle with me so you are very much the fool. In fact...

[de Klerk twists his mustache as he smirks.]

PWdK: It seems you're as stupid as your father was.

[The crowd "OHHHHHHs" at the insult which finally causes Rage to pause as he draws off his sunglasses, fixing his insane eyes on de Klerk and staring a hole right through him.]

PWdK: You, of course, would not know considering your lack of education but I knew your father... more importantly, I knew what he was. He was an animal! He was a savage! He deserved to be at the bottom of the wrestling business just like he was!

And in the end, kaffir... he died like he should... like an animal in the gutter!

[The crowd is all over de Klerk now, really letting him have it.]

PWdK: If only he hadn't taken your mother with-

[He never gets to finish those words. Because Shadoe Rage is on him. He explodes out of his ring robes and over the ropes to pound de Klerk in the mouth.]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Rage knocks de Klerk down to the mat where he lands three big right hands, bringing a trickle of blood from the corner of the South African's mouth. He digs his fingers into the eyes, gouging at them and screaming like a madman as the crowd cheers the carnage!]

BW: Get him off the Colonel!



GM: Rage had heard enough! The man disparaged his father... his mother for crying out loud! Who knows what he was about to say about her?!

[de Klerk fights Rage's fingers from his eyes but Rage switches his grip, grabbing the throat of the bigot. He squeezes hard, pushing his thumbs into the windpipe while screaming at de Klerk!]

"You're going to die! You're going to die!"

[The referee tries to pry his hands away, but Rage is too strong, too locked in. The bell hasn't even rung yet to start the contest and there's no chance to ring it. Not with Shadoe Rage wringing de Klerk's rapidly reddening neck. de Klerk starts to sputter and claw at Rage's hands, struggling for air. The referee signals for help from the back. ]

GM: We're going to need some help out here before Rage silences de Klerk permanently!

[Referees and security come pouring out of the back, rushing the ring.]

GM: Here comes some help and- wait a second!

[In the midst of all the AWA officials and security, we can see a spiked blond mohawk...]

GM: That's Donnie White!

BW: The Atomic Blonde is in... THE... HOUSE!

[White sprints through the pack, rolling into the ring. He's clutching the stolen branding iron in hand as he rears back with it...]

GM: NO!

[...and CRACKS Shadoe Rage in the back of the head with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow causes Rage to slump to the mat, clutching the back of his head. White winds up a second time, bringing the steel bar down on the right elbow of Rage!]

GM: Across the arm!

[A third blow lands, this time on the left knee of Rage!]

GM: On the knee this time! White's lost control! He's snapped!

[Rage writhes back and forth on the mat, clutching his head in pain. He swings his arms up, trying to protect himself as the officials make a lunge at White, trying to hold him back...]

GM: These officials came out to help de Klerk but now they're having to help Shadoo Rage!

[With the flood of bodies swarming Donnie White, de Klerk swoops in from behind, red-faced as he pulls Rage off the mat. The South African is unsteady on his feet from the assault but he's still a veteran with a mean streak who has revenge on his mind...]

GM: de Klerk lifts him up!

[Holding him in cradle piledriver position, de Klerk lurches forward, pancaking Rage facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! de Klerk with a brutal attack!

[The South African climbs to his feet, stomping Rage repeatedly as the officials turn their attention back to him...

...which allows White to scamper away, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: What the-?! Donnie White's up top!

[And Donnie White sails off the top to drive his blond Mohawked head straight into Rage's head and shoulder. Rage flops feebly and then lies still. It's only at this point that the officials cover Rage and threaten de Klerk and White to leave the ring.]

GM: They're forcing de Klerk and White out of here... finally!

[With Rage covered up, a smirking de Klerk raises his arms, drawing some heavy jeers from the crowd as Donnie White grabs the nearest camera, pulling it towards him...]

"He ain't equal to the Shane Gang! He ain't no match at all!"

GM: Get the camera off him! Let's... let's go to break, let's get out of this mess!

[We abruptly 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 "AUGUST 3rd - NASHVILLE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.]

"The AWA steams into Nashville, Tennessee next weekend for a special live arena event which will see a big tag team battle royal! Plus, Anton Layton meets Tully Brawn in one-on-one action!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "AUGUST 10th - FEDEX PARK - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE."]

"Memphis, Tennessee - look out 'cause the AWA is coming to town for another night of Saturday Night Wrestling action featuring Supernova vs "Showtime" Rick Marley! In addition, see Eric Preston in one-on-one action!"

[Another graphic comes up with "AUGUST 17th - JACK STEPHENS CENTER - LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.]

"In an event just added, we'll be storming into Little Rock, Arkansas on Saturday, August 17th, at the Jack Stephens Center for more professional wrestling action when The Beale Street Bullies are in action!"

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

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

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

...and as we fade back in to a panning shot of the BanCorpSouth Arena, "We Own It" by 2 Chainz and Wiz Khalifa begins to play, as the Mississippi crowd suddenly ERUPTS with cheers as they see the team of Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and their hypeman, Buford P. Higgins, emerging from behind the curtain. Following behind them, is AWA referee, Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: There's not many places where I would say that Buford P. Higgins, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds would have the complete support of the crowd, but listen to this ovation for this trio in their home state of Mississippi!

BW: The rest of the nation'll get with the program sooner or later, Gordo! Greatness can't be denied!

GM: I don't know why Ricky Longfellow is following them out here, though... they're not scheduled for a match tonight.

[Jones and Hammonds are dressed in their wrestling gear, looking ready to for battle. Buford, as usual, is dressed to the nines in his all-white suit. He takes out his gold microphone and begins to address the crowd.]

BPH: TUPELLLLLLLOOOOOOOO, MISSISSIPPPPPPIIIIII!!! Your heroes have returned!!!

[A big pop!]

BPH: Now give your greatest respect to my main man, playa's! He's your FUTURE AWA World Champion and the man that's ALWAYS stealin' the spotlight...

Sky. Walker.

[Buford holds the golden microphone high into the air, as the hometown crowd finishes it for him.]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEESSSS!!!"

[Jones cackles, as Higgins hands him the microphone.]

SJ: Ya' know, a few weeks ago, the AWA ran "Opportunity Knocks". And ever since it went down, Skywalker Jones's voicemail's been blowin' up with his fans all around the world, askin' where we were. Well...the weather was terrible, people! The only way me and Herc would've made it to Atlanta was if we built ourselves an ark! And because of this freak act of nature, we didn't get our chance to knock on that door of opportunity! But tonight, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds will NOT be denied!

[In the background, we can hear Buford shout, "WE KNOCKIN' ON THAT DOOR!"]

SJ: See, while everyone in the universe can't deny the fact that Skywalker Jones is DESTINED to become the AWA World Champion, they're neglectin' the fact that me and Herc are STILL the greatest tag team in the world!

["THE! WHOLE! WORLD!"]

SJ: You can talk 'bout your Blonde Bombers and your Bishop Boys and your Aces and even your Juanny Vasquezes and Stevie Scotts, but pound for pound and in a straight up fight, there ain't anyone that can run with us! And at Opportunity Knocks, we wanted to prove it! We wanted to do it against a team that just about everyone in the world considered one of the best.

Herc! Tell'em who we wanted to call out!

[Jones holds up the microphone to Big Herc, whose voice booms throughout the arena.]

HH: Violence Unlimited.

[A huge roar comes from the crowd at the mention of the former AWA National Tag Team Champions.]

SJ: That's right! Danny Morton and Jackie Haynes! We wanted a shot at THEM! But then you know what we heard? Tell'em what we heard, Herc!

HH: O'Connor said they were goin' back to Japan, Jones.

SJ: Are you kiddin' me? Japan!?

HH: Contractual obligations, Jones.

SJ: Nah! Nah! Skywalker Jones ain't buyin' that! You're a genius, Herc, so tell us all what the REAL reason's gotta' be!

[The big guy smirks.]

HH: I think they're SCARED, Jones.

SJ: You just might be right, Herc! 'Cause they saw how we dismantled The Bishop Boys! They saw how not even one hour later, we took the supposed "greatest tag team" in the world, The Blonde Bombers to the limit and BEYOND. And now, I think they're runnin' off to Japan to avoid US.

But I saw'em, people! I saw Haynes and Morton in the back, sayin' goodbye to the guys! Well, Skywalker Jones says, why don't you say goodbye to US...

...in the ring?

[HUGE POP!]

SJ: Yeah...yeah! That's right! We're callin' you...

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" suddenly fills the air.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The crowd ROARS to life as Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes stride into view from behind the curtains, dressed in street clothes. Haynes is wearing his trademark cowboy hat and a Violence Unlimited t-shirt written in

Japanese kanji. Danny Morton is in blue jeans and a neon yellow tanktop with a huge blown-up image his face plastered on it. ]

JH: Did I just hear ya' right, kid? You're sayin' we're scared...of you?

[He chuckles...for a moment. Suddenly, Haynes whips off his cowboy hat, revealing a wide-eyed crazed look of rage on his face.]

JH: WE AIN'T SCARED OF NOBODY!!! I don't give a damn if 'yer my mother, if you're callin' me a coward, I'm kickin' your teeth down your damn throat!

[Haynes begins to advance towards the ring, only for Morton to hold up his hands and stop him. He tries to calm down Haynes as he takes the microphone away from the quick to anger Tennessee native..]

DM: Woaaaah. Calm down, Jack! There's no need to get so worked up over this. They just want a fight with us. There's nothing wrong with that.

[He turns to Jones and Hammonds in the ring.]

DM: 'Cause if these two want a fight...

[He slaps himself in the face a few times, becoming noticeably more excited.]

DM: IF THESE TWO WANT A FIGHT...

[Suddenly, Morton spins around and CHOPS Haynes right in the chest! Haynes responds in kind, as Morton turns back to Jones and Hammonds, wound up tighter than a two-dollar watch.]

DM: WE'LL GIVE THEM A FIGHT!!!

[MASSIVE POP!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! Violence Unlimited has accepted Skywalker Jones and Hercule Hammonds' challenge!

BW: And they're comin' right for them!

[As Morton and Haynes make their way down to the ring, Jones and Hammonds don't wait for them, as Hammonds lifts Jones up into a military press...]

GM: OHHHH!!!

[...and throws him out of the ring and onto both members of Violence Unlimited!]

GM: They're not going to wait for the bell! A daredevil dive from Skywalker Jones takes down Morton and Haynes before they even make it to the ring!

BW: Violence Unlimited is one of the toughest tag teams to EVER step inside a wrestling ring, Gordo! Former National Tag Team champions and former Stampede Cup champions...and champions in just about every continent in the world! Jones and Hammonds gotta' take advantage of any opening they get!

[Hercules Hammonds rolls out of the ring to join Jones, as Jones hammers away at Morton and Haynes with punches. Hammonds comes over and scoops up Haynes, charging towards the ringpost...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!!"

GM: OH!!!

[Jones then shoves Danny Morton under the ropes and into the ring, as Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

"DING!"

GM: And there's the bell!

BW: This might be over before it even gets started, Gordo, 'cause Mr. Steal the Spotlight's ready to fly!

[Jones has climbed to the top rope as Danny Morton pushes himself to his feet. The cocky high-flyer leaps off the top, looking to drop a double-axhandle right between the eyes, only to be caught right into a bearhug!]

GM: MORTON CATCHES HIM!

[A look of panic forms on Jones' face as he furiously shakes his head and waves his arms frantically while caught in Morton's clutches. Suddenly squaring up, the Oklahoma native TOSSES Jones over his head with a release belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OH! A BIG TIME SUPLEX FROM DANNY MORTON!

[Meanwhile, on the outside, Hercules Hammonds tries to whip Jackson Haynes into the guardrail...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...only to have it reversed!]

GM: Hammonds hits the steel hard!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND A CLOTHESLINE SENDS HIM OVER THE RAILING!

BW: Big Herc is as strong as they come, but the last place you want to be fighting Jackson Haynes is outside the ring!

[Haynes dusts his hands off and turns his attention to the ring, where he sees Morton has gained the upper hand on Jones. He slides in and motions to his tag team partner, yelling, "GET 'IM UP!" as he heads to the nearest corner and climbs up to the second turnbuckle, seating himself up top.]

GM: Morton and Haynes look like they're setting up for something big here!

BW: This ain't good, Gordo! When's the last time you've seen Jackson Haynes climb the ropes?

[Setting Jones up for a vertical suplex, Morton lifts Jones up into the air...and into the waiting arms of Jackson Haynes, who holds him over his shoulder. Haynes then stands up while holding onto Jones...

...and leaps!]

"THHHUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! A POWERSLAM OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

BW: He almost put him through the damn ring!

[As Haynes rolls off Jones, Morton immediately drops down and hooks a leg...]

GM: Morton with the pin! ONE! TWO! TH-

[The crowd roars, as Hercules Hammonds suddenly slides back into the ring and dives onto Morton, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Hammonds with the save!

[A pissed off Jackson Haynes charges Hammonds, missing with a wild lariat as he rebounds off the ropes...

...and is launched up into the air, before being caught across Hammonds' shoulders and driven into the mat with a Samoan drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: MY STARS! WHAT STRENGTH!

BW: That ain't some lightweight he's throwing around, either! Haynes is well over three hundred pounds and he tossed him up like a baby!



[As Haynes rolls out of the ring grabbing at his back, Hammonds turns his attention towards Morton, pulling him up to his feet and putting both hands under his armpits, before muscling Danny Morton up and over...

...tossing him nearly halfway across the ring in the process!]

GM: OH!!!

BW: Hammonds is a freak of nature! We talk about Danny Morton being the strongest man in wrestling, but I don't I've ever seen him do that!

[The referee then begins to yell at Hammonds, ordering him out of the ring.]

GM: Hammonds isn't the legal man and Referee Ricky Longfellow is telling him to get out of there!

[Dragging a still-dazed Skywalker Jones towards the corner, Hammonds steps through the ropes and onto the apron, before grabbing Jones by the wrist and making him slap his hand!]

GM: Wait, just a minute!

BW: The ref wanted Hammonds to tag in and he did, Gordo! What's the big deal?

GM: I'm not sure that's legal!

[Not wasting any time, Hammonds steps in through the ropes and charges at a rising Morton, who explodes into him with a lunging lariat!]

GM: Hammonds ran right into that lariat from Morton!

[Big Pop!]

GM: Oh my goodness...Hammonds is up! He's back up on his feet! It's like he didn't even feel it!

[As Morton whoops it up, Hammonds grabs him by the shoulder and spins him around, screaming in his face. Morton wipes his hand down his face, clenching his teeth and giving Hammonds a wide-eyed look...before the two let the fists fly!]

GM: Morton and Hammonds! Morton and Hammonds are throwing bombs at each other and neither one is backing down!

BW: These are two of the strongest men in all of wrestling, Gordo, and they're pounding the hell out of each other!

[Morton begins to back Hammonds up, alternating between fists and chops, keeping the hometown boy off-balance with his assault. Finally, he grabs Hammonds by the back of the head and crushes him with a headbutt, that leaves Hammonds temporarily stunned.]

GM: Oh! That headbutt catches Hammonds right on the nose!

BW: He's saying that he's gonna slam Herc!

[Morton motions that he's going to gorilla press Hammonds, but as he lifts, Hammonds smashes down a clubbing forearm across Morton's back. He follows up with a big knee to the gut, before scooping Hammonds up. Holding Morton across his chest, Herc shouts out to Buford...]

"SHOULD I BREAK HIM IN HALF, BUFORD!?"

[Shockingly, as Buford answers, thousands of voices mimic his answer...]

"INTO A MILLION PIECES!!!"

[Higgins and Hammonds both pause for a split second, momentarily caught off-guard by the crowd's reaction, before a big grin forms on Herc's face.]

GM: My stars, this partisan Mississippi crowd has thrown their full support behind Jones and Hammonds!

BW: Why shouldn't they? They're the two greatest things to ever come outta' this state!

[Hammonds then takes a step forward and drops Morton across his knee with a big backbreaker! He holds on, repeating the motion and dropping Morton across his knee once more! Still holding on, he struts around the ring for a bit, before throwing Morton over his head with a fallaway slam!]

GM: Hammonds with an overhead slam! That might do it! ONE! TWO!! T-

[Mixed pop!]

GM: No! Jackson Haynes breaks it up with a stomp!

[Slapping his hand on the mat in frustration, Hammond grabs a handful of hair and yells a few choice words at Haynes, before pulling Morton to his feet and slamming another hard clubbing forearm across the Oklahoma native's back. He gutwrenches Morton, before powering him up over his shoulder and charging full-speed into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Stomach-first into the corner goes Danny Morton!

BW: That sorta' move just drives the air outta' a man's lungs, Gordo!

[Seeing Morton hung out to dry, Skywalker Jones holds out his hand and screams, "Tag me in, Herc!", as the big man strolls over and slaps his hand to a huge roar from the crowd!]

BW: Oh yeah! Here comes Mr. Steal the Spotlight!

[Jones slingshots himself over the top rope and into the ring, backing up into the far corner away from Morton. He holds his arms out, imploring the crowd to cheer louder, before making a full-speed dash towards an upside-down Morton...

...and leaping up, driving BOTH knees into his exposed back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE KNEES IN THE CORNER! Danny Morton just got crushed!

[Morton slides off the turnbuckles and back onto the canvas, as Jones drags him towards the center of the ring. There, he pretends to brush some imaginary dirt off his shoulder, before leaping HIGH into the air and dropping a huge elbowdrop down onto Morton!]

GM: Jones hits his patented leaping elbowdrop and here's the pin! One! Two! T-NOO!

[Slapping his hands quickly three times towards Longfellow, demanding that he count faster, Jones shakes his head in disgust and gets to his feet, pulling Morton up and backing him up into a neutral corner with a cross-chop to the throat. He then whips Morton across the ring into the far corner, following in almost immediately after with a spinning leg lariat that carries Jones over the top rope and landing onto the apron!]

GM: OH! What a maneuver!

[With Morton stumbling out of the corner, Jones then leaps up onto the top rope and quickly flies off, catching him right between the shoulderblades with a missile dropkick that sends him face-first into the far corner!]

GM: Morton hits that corner hard and Jones is calling for the superkick!

BW: He's called it "The Calisto Killer" before and heck, whenever he decides to cash-in his Steal the Spotlight shot, it just might live up to the name, daddy!

[Jones slaps the side of his leg as a stunned Morton spins around. He glides towards the Oklahoma native, with his boot aimed straight for Morton's chin...

...only to have it caught!]

GM: No, Morton saw the kick coming! He's got Jones in a bad spot!

[A big grin forms on the Oklahoman's face, as he pulls Jones in and wraps an arm behind his neck, suddenly bridging back and tossing Jones over his head, suplexing him right into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: HE SUPLEXED HIM RIGHT INTO THE TURNBUCKLES!

BW: That was a capture suplex, Gordo! And there ain't many in the world that throw a meaner suplex than Danny Morton!

GM: They call him "Professor Pain" and he showed us exactly why right there!

[Shaking out the cobwebs, Morton crawls over and tags in an eager Jackson Haynes, who makes a straight beeline towards Jones. He pulls the high-flyer to his feet and whips him into the far corner, running in close behind him and sandwiching him with a clothesline!]

GM: Jones gets crushed in the corner with the clothesline!

[He then grabs Jones by the arm and slings him off into the corner once again and sandwiches him with yet another clothesline!]

GM: Corner-to-corner clotheslines from Jackson Haynes and I'm not sure Skywalker Jones knows where he is right now!

[Haynes backs up, as Jones staggers into his arms. Haynes lifts him high into the air and SLAMS Jones back down into the mat with an angry man's spinebuster!]

GM: And a spinebuster! Jackson Haynes is on fire!

[Haynes then makes a fist with his thumb raised into the air as the crowd lets loose a mixed pop!]

GM: He's calling for the Whiskey Lullaby! He's ready to drop the hammer on Skywalker Jones!

[However, just as he begins to rush in, prepared to crush Jones' throat with his thumb strike, Hercules Hammonds rushes into the ring...

...only to receive a boot in the gut for his troubles! Haynes then places Hammonds into a standing headscissors, bringing an excited roar from the crowd!]

GM: HAYNES IS GOING TO POWERBOMB HAMMONDS! His interference just might backfire in the worst possible way!

[Just as Haynes bends down to lift Hammonds up, Skywalker Jones roars to life, catching Haynes right under the chin with a devastating superkick!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: WHAT A SUPERKICK!

[Jones quickly winds his right leg back and then snaps off a standing Shooting Star Press right onto Jackson Haynes as Longfellow counts!]

GM: ONE! TWO! THR-

[Haynes powers out at the last possible moment, drawing a disappointed groan from the crowd.]

GM: So CLOSE!

BW: I thought he almost had him right there, Gordo! He hit the superkick right in the sweet spot and then he followed it up with that standing Zero-G!

GM: Violence Unlimited have long been considered one of the greatest tag teams in all of professional wrestling and a lot of it can be credited to the sheer grit and determination that Jackson Haynes just demonstrated right there!

[Jones stares at the referee in disbelief, holding up three fingers, only to have Ricky Longfellow hold up two. Slapping his hands down on the canvas in frustration, Jones drags Haynes over to the nearest corner, before leaping up to the top turnbuckle in a single bound.]

BW: It doesn't matter how tough he is, 'cause if Jones hits what I think he's going for here, it's gonna' be all over!

[Facing the crowd, Jones cups his hands around his mouth and screams...]

"STANDING O!

[...before leaping backwards and somersaulting forwards with his imploding 450 splash...]

GM: OHHH!!!

[...and hitting Haynes' knees!]

GM: Skywalker Jones went for it all right there and he crashes and burns!

[As both men roll around in various states of pain, Danny Morton begins slapping the top turnbuckle, shouting for his partner to make the tag. Meanwhile, Herc sticks his right hand out to Jones, shouting at him to get him into the ring.]

GM: Both men are down, trying to make it to their corners...

[Big Pop!]

GM: ...IN COMES MORTON!

[An even BIGGER Pop!]

GM: AND HERE COMES HAMMONDS!

[The two bulls charge in at each other, with Hammonds coming in with a leaping bicycle kick. Morton side-steps Hammonds and grabs him in a waistlock. Before the hometown hero even knows what's going on, he finds himself lifted up into the air and dropped with a release German suplex!]

GM: OH MY!! DANNY MORTON WITH A HUUUUGGGEEEE SUPLEX!!!

[Morton backs into a neutral corner, dropping into a three point stance.]

GM: Oh boy, we've seen this before!

[A dazed Hammonds rises to his feet, turning around just in time to see two hundred and eighty-five pounds of Danny Morton running straight at him...

...and barreling him over with a massive shoulderblock!]

GM: Hammonds is sent flying!

BW: Morton bounced Hammonds right off him like a ball off a wall, daddy!

[Amped up beyond belief, Morton slaps himself repeatedly in the face, DEMANDING Hammonds rise to his feet.]

GM: Danny Morton wants to end this match NOW! He's going for The Stampede!

[Hammonds climbs to his feet, as Morton ducks down and scoops him up into his arms. With a guttural roar, Morton charges across the ring and smashes Hammonds' back into the corner...]

GM: Morton slams Hammonds into the corner!

[...and spins around, charging across the ring and smashing Hammonds into the corner once again!]

GM: And into the other corner!

BW: This is a near three hundred pound man he's doing this to!

[And spinning around one more time, Morton takes two steps forward and LEAPS into the air, DRIVIING Hammonds into the canvas with a running powerslam!]

GM: BY GOD, HE'S CRUSHED HAMMONDS WITH THE STAMPEDE!

[Morton plants two hands on Hercules Hammonds' chest and sticks out his tongue as Ricky Longfellow counts...]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THRE-

[HUGE SHOCKED POP!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!! HAMMONDS KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT OF THE OKLAHOMA STAMPEDE!

BW: That's where the power lies, Gordo! Danny Morton just hit Hercules Hammonds with his best shot and the strongest man in alllll the land, survived!

[Holding his head in disbelief, Morton turns to Jackson Haynes, kneeling on the apron, who gives him a nod and shouts, "DROP 'IM ON HIS DAMN HEAD!"]

GM: Did he-?

BW: Jackson Haynes just told Danny Morton to dump Hammonds on his head with the backdrop driver! The crazy bastard wants him to break Hammonds' neck!

GM: Hammonds might have survived the Stampede, but he's not getting up from that!

[Morton pulls a limp Hammonds to his feet, wrapping his arms around the strongman's waist. However, as he does so, Hammonds suddenly springs to life, struggling desperately to block the move, reaching out and grabbing for the ropes.]

GM: No! Hammonds is fighting this!

[As Hammonds flails for the ropes, Skywalker Jones reaches out and slaps Hammonds on the arm, just as Morton squares up and powers Hammonds into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: BACKDRRRRROOOOP DRIIIIVVVAaaaaAHHHH!!!

GM: AHHHH!!!

[As Hammonds is dumped on the back of his head and neck at a disgusting angle, Morton chooses to hold on, completing the bridge. However, as he does so, he doesn't realize that Hammonds is no longer the legal man, as Skywalker Jones breaks the bridge...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM and BW: OHHHHHH!!!

[...with a moonsault stomp!]

GM: JONES TAGGED HIMSELF IN! HE'S THE LEGAL MAN...AND HE HAS THE PIN!

[Jones quickly dives onto Morton and tightly hooks a leg...]

GM: ONE! TWO! TH-OHHH!

[...only to have Jackson Haynes break up the pin!]

GM: HAYNES!

BW: Jones was half a count away from stealing the win!

[Haynes pulls Jones up by his mini-fro and roughly whirls him around, sending him flying through the turnbuckles and right into the ringpost shoulder-first!]

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: Jackson Haynes just tried to maim Skywalker Jones!

BW: He's not the legal man! Get him out of there!

[Ignoring the referee's protests, Haynes pulls Jones from the corner and slings him hard into the opposite side of the ring. With Jones slumped against the turnbuckles, Haynes stomps hard on the ground, readying himself to charge in.]

GM: Jackson Haynes wants to give Jones that big boot in the corner!

BW: No, someone stop this! Buford! Anybody!

[Haynes then rushes in, a runaway train hellbent on destruction...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...only to be derailed by a flying Hercules Hammonds!]

GM: HAMMONDS! HAMMONDS OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THE TUPELO TORPEDO!!

BW: Where'd he get the strength to do that?? After he took the Stampede and the backdrop driver, I thought he was done for! Hammonds is a freak of nature!

[The diving shoulderblock sends Haynes flying through the ropes and straight out of the ring. Meanwhile, Hammonds is motionless on the canvas, having put everything he had left into launching himself at Haynes. With bodies lying all around, the only man left standing is...]

GM: DANNY MORTON! MORTON'S ON HIS FEET!

BW: This ain't looking good for Jones!



[The American Murder Machine staggers over to Jones and scoops him up. He walks to the center of the ring and makes a complete circle, before suddenly charging towards one of the corners!]

GM: He's going for the Stampede again!

[Morton hits the corner, sandwiching Jones against the turnbuckles.]

GM: That's one! Here comes-...

[Holding onto Jones, he spins around and sprints towards the opposite side of the ring as he did earlier in the match..]

GM: ...NO! JONES WITH THE CRADLE!

[...only to find himself rolled up into a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Mississippi crowd ROARS with cheers as Buford P. Higgins slides into the ring, throwing his hands into the air in joy and running around, looking like he doesn't know what to do with himself. An exhausted Skywalker Jones remains lying on the canvas, staring at the lights, looking like he just survived a near-death experience, while Danny Morton pounds the mat with his fists in frustration.]

GM: What a victory for Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds! There's not many teams in the world that can lay claim to defeating Violence Unlimited, but now they're one of them!

[Composing himself long enough to get the words out, Buford P. Higgins announces the winners...]

BPH: Your winners of the match...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLLLLEEEESSSS HAMMONDS!!!!

And...

[The entire crowd decides to join in.]

"SKY. WALKER."

[An entire building taking a deep breath all at once? That's the sound you're hearing right now.]

"JOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEESSS!!!"

[Jones and Higgins start to exit the ring, while helping an unsteady Hercules Hammonds to his feet.]

BW: A win like this has to turn some heads in the Championship Committee, Gordo. Heck, even the Bombers are gonna have to take notice. I know Jones is gunning for Dufresne's world title, but after tonight, those tag team titles ain't safe either!

GM: What a great match. And these fans in Mississippi got to see their home-state heroes grab a win over one of the very best tag teams in the world!

[However, suddenly Jackson Haynes has grabbed the house mic and yells after the exiting trio.]

JH: HEY! Get 'yer butts back in this ring! We ain't done with you yet!

[Jones turns around, supporting Hammonds, who has his arm over his shoulder. ]

GM: Wait, what in the world!?

[Behind Haynes, Danny Morton has risen to his feet and joined his tag team partner's side.]

JH: You think you can call us out, beat us like that and just walk away!? If ya' walk away now, me and Danny are just gonna' go and hunt you down!

[Haynes and Morton walk up to Jones and Hammonds, who don't look to be in any shape to continue the fight.]

JH: We ain't lettin' you leave this damn ring...

[Suddenly, Haynes and Morton...

...hold out their hands to Jones and Hammonds!]

JH: ...without shakin' our hands!

[POP!]

JH: You're one hell of a team! And ya' just came out here and beat the best! So man up and shake our hands for givin' us one hell of a fight!

[Jones and Hammonds stare at each other, with dumbfounded looks on their faces. Behind them, Buford is yelling, "Don't fall for it! It's a trick!", but with the crowd cheering them on, Jones and Hammonds shrug their shoulders...

...and shake Haynes and Morton's hands!]

GM: Oh my! What a show of respect from Violence Unlimited! They lose the match but they win the respect of all of these fans who have got to appreciate a show of sportsmanship like that, Bucky.

BW: Morton should've finished 'em off. Another Backdrop Driver or two woulda done it.

GM: Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds with arguably one of the biggest victories they've ever achieved and this team is something else. We found out earlier tonight that the Blonde Bombers will be defending the World Tag Team Titles at Unholy War against Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines. Well, whoever makes it out of St. Louis with the titles around their waists may be in for a very tough challenge if they have to take on this duo, fans.

[Jones and Hammonds celebrate their win as Morton and Haynes clap for them.]

GM: We've gotta take one final break but we'll be right back. And when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling with our big six man tag team matchup!

[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 "AUGUST 3rd - NASHVILLE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.]

"The AWA steams into Nashville, Tennessee next weekend for a special live arena event which will see a big tag team battle royal! Plus, Anton Layton meets Tully Brawn in one-on-one action!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "AUGUST 10th - FEDEX PARK - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE."]

"Memphis, Tennessee - look out 'cause the AWA is coming to town for another night of Saturday Night Wrestling action featuring Supernova vs "Showtime" Rick Marley! In addition, see Eric Preston in one-on-one action!"

[Another graphic comes up with "AUGUST 17th - JACK STEPHENS CENTER - LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.]

"In an event just added, we'll be storming into Little Rock, Arkansas on Saturday, August 17th, at the Jack Stephens Center for more professional wrestling action when The Beale Street Bullies are in action!"

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

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

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

...and when we come back, we find all six participants in the Main Event already inside the squared circle. On one side of the ring, Chris Staley has called for a huddle with Sweet Daddy Williams and Glenn Hudson to discuss strategy. On the other, Dave Bryant is grinning arrogantly as Yuma Weaver tries to ignore the words of Alphonse Green.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... it is now time for our MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is a six man tag team contest scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... the team of CHRIS STALEY, GLENN HUDSON, and SWEET DADDYYYY WILLLLIAMS!

[Big cheer for the fan favorite trio!]

PW: And their opponents, in the corner to my left... the team of YUMA WEAVER, ALPHONSE GREEN, and the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION... DAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYANNNT!

[The cheers are replaced by boos. Referee Johnny Jagger steps into the middle of the ring, giving some final instructions to both teams before turning to the timekeeper and calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[The crowd roars to life as Dave Bryant and Sweet Daddy Williams circle around one another, looking for an opening to get an advantage. The fan favorite pumps his fist as he walks, pulling the crowd into a rhythmic clap. Bryant looks around in annoyance, shouting at the fans...]

GM: We've got a rematch from Opportunity Knocks about to go down right here,fans!

[Bryant lunges at the legs of Williams who dances away without worry, clapping his hands together with a big grin on his face. The Television Champion climbs to his feet, full of fire as he stomps his foot down on the mat. He shouts at Williams, pointing at the rotund fan favorite who turns his back, kissing his palm and slapping his rear to a big cheer!]

GM: I guess we know what Sweet Daddy Williams thinks of Dave Bryant's threats!

BW: Total show of disrespect from that fat piece of trash.

[Bryant rushes in full of anger...

...and gets popped on the chin with a right hand! Big cheer!]

GM: Right hand! And another! The Hotlanta native is taking the fight to the World Television Champion!

[A series of stiff uppercuts backs Bryant into a neutral corner where Williams grabs an arm, flinging the Doctor of Love across the ring into the opposite set of turnbuckles...]

GM: Bryant hits the corner hard!

[He staggers out...

...and gets run right over with a overhead elbow smash between the eyes!]

GM: And down goes the World Television Champion!

[Bryant rolls to his side, pulling up off the mat near the ropes...

...where Glenn Hudson reaches in to deliver a right hand of his own!]

GM: Glenn Hudson gets him some as well!

[Bryant stumbles away into the waiting arms of Chris Staley who grabs the Doctor of Love by the back of the head, dropping off the apron to snap Bryant's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Haha!

BW: Oh, you're just loving this! Illegal double and triple teaming and you just laugh your head off!

[Bryant staggers back towards Williams who armdrags him down to the mat, taking a knee and hooking an armbar on the Doctor of Love.]

GM: Nice armdrag out of the man from Atlanta, Georgia... and right into that armbar, cranking the left arm of the Doctor of Love.

[The champion slaps at his bicep a couple of times, shouting towards his corner where Alphonse Green steps up on the middle rope, offering up a tag that has no chance of happening.]

BW: Look at Alphonse trying to get in there! He wants him a piece of these guys in the worst way!

GM: Are you serious? He can't make the tag from there and you know it! HE knows it!

[Bryant struggles his way up off the mat where Williams grabs hold of the wrist, twisting it around into a wristlock...]

GM: Bryant battles his way up to his feet... and Williams takes him back to the corner. The tag is made to Chris Staley...

[Staley promptly scales the turnbuckles, dropping off with a forearm across the twisted arm. Bryant grabs at his arm, wincing in pain as he staggers away towards his own corner...

...but gets hooked from behind with a handful of trunks.]

GM: Staley grabs him, hammerlock applied...

[With the arm hammerlocked, Staley lifts Bryant in the air, dropping him down in a back suplex on the same trapped limb.]

GM: Ohh! That'll do a number on that arm!

[Bryant shouts out, waving his arm around wildly as he tries to get away from his attacker...

...but Staley grabs the wrist, twisting it around into an armtwist, dragging him back towards the buckles where he tags Glenn Hudson.]

GM: The former Longhorn Heritage Champion in off the tag...

[Hudson steps into the ring, dashing to the ropes as Staley leans down. The Australian leapfrogs over Staley from behind, crashing crotchfirst down on the twisted arm.]

GM: Ohh! Another nice doubleteam!

[Hudson grins as he grabs the arm, twisting it around again...

...and gets a rake of the eyes from Bryant!]

GM: Oh, cheap shot out of the champion!

[Bryant throws a quick uppercut, stunning Hudson before he turns to the corner, slapping the hand of Alphonse Green. Green grabs the top rope, slingshotting over into the ring.]

GM: Green comes in quick...

[The second generation star barrels towards a blinded and stunned Hudson...

...who leapfrogs over the incoming Green, forcing him into the far ropes.]

GM: Green off the far side...

[A standing dropkick connects right on the chin of Green, knocking him flat. Hudson springs back up, slapping his leg as he looks to the ropes...]

GM: He's setting up for Ground Chuck!

[Hudson rushes towards the ropes as Green starts to stir, leaping up to the middle rope but as he springs back, he finds no one waiting for him as Green bottomed out to the mat. Hudson lands on the mat safely, angrily clapping his hands together as Green pops back up, throwing a back elbow into the chin of the turning Hudson.]

GM: Green stuns him with an elbow!

[Reaching back, Green hooks Hudson like he's going for a snapmare...

...and then rushes towards the corner!]

GM: HUNGER STRI-

[As Green flips off the buckles, he lands on his feet behind Hudson. Green throws himself at the back of Hudson with a double axehandle, knocking Hudson into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Green's moving so quick in there right now... just a flash of movement as he tries to get an edge on the former Longhorn Heritage Champion.

[Leaning over, Green grabs the middle rope, slamming his shoulder into the small of the back once... twice... three times...]

GM: Alphonse Green is putting a beating on the back of Glenn Hudson, pulling him out of the corner by the arm now...

[Wheeling around, Green fires Hudson into the corner where Bryant and Weaver step aside, allowing Hudson to slam into the buckles. Green backs off to the far side, striking a double bicep pose...]

GM: What in the...?

[Green lets loose a roar as he barrels across the ring, leaping up, and slamming shoulderfirst into a stunned Hudson!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: A running flying shoulderblock in the corner? I'm not sure I've ever seen that!

[Green backs off, striking the double bicep pose a second time as the referee backs him off...

...which allows Bryant to slip an arm around the throat, choking Hudson who kicks his feet desperately.]

GM: He's choking him, ref! Turn around!

[Bryant releases the choke just as Senior Official Johnny Jagger turns away from Alphonse Green. Green moves in on the gasping Hudson, throwing a knife edge chop across the chest. He looks at Weaver with a "Not bad, eh?" that gets no response from the stoic Native American.]

GM: I don't think someone with the chopping power of Yuma Weaver is going to be impressed by Alphonse Green no matter how much his striking ability has improved.

[Green connects with two more big chops across the pectorals before pulling Hudson from the corner by the hair. He gives a whoop before ducking in, scooping Hudson up, and slamming him down on the mat.]

GM: Big bodyslam!

[The son of "Dead Lift" Green hops up on the middle rope, giving a shout, and leaps off, burying the point of his elbow into the chest of Hudson before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Green covers for one! He gets two! But that's all!

[Green rolls back to his feet, reaching up and tagging in Yuma Weaver. The Native American steps through the ropes, glaring down at Hudson who starts crawling away, trying to get across the ring where Staley and Williams are waiting for the tag.]

GM: Weaver drags Hudson up off the mat...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[The staggering knife-edge chop pitches Hudson backwards, falling into the ropes. Weaver steps in, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Goodness! Yuma Weaver lays in some of the most devastating chops that I've ever seen in all my years in this business, Bucky.



BW: The guy's taking all that frustration and anger over how this business has treated him - a guy that Todd Michaelson called a "natural" for the squared circle - and he's letting it out with those chops.

[Weaver grabs Hudson by the arm, firing him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip... big chop ducked by Hudson!

[Hudson springs off the far side, rebounding off into a cross body that topples Weaver down to the mat in a pinning predicament.]

GM: ONE!!!

[Weaver shoves Hudson off, allowing the smaller man to roll up to his feet. The Native American gets up to his feet a little slower, catching a quick side kick to the midsection.]

GM: Hudson goes downstairs on him...

[Hudson dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off and leaping over the doubled-up Weaver, dragging him down into a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Weaver powers out at two, again trying to scramble to his feet as Hudson rushes to the ropes...

...and Bryant slips a knee into his back to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on! Blatantly illegal interfer- ohhh!

[The crowd roars as Hudson wheels around and DRILLS Bryant with a right hand, knocking him down off the apron. He spins back towards Weaver, rushing at him...

...and getting lifted up under the arm, spun around in a full circle, and then DRIVEN down across a bent knee!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!!

BW: AND A BEAUTY!

[Weaver slaps an open palm down on the chest of Hudson, leaving a red welt as the bigger man lumbers to his feet, slapping the hand of his benefactor.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the World Television Champion!

[Bryant stomps and stomps and stomps from the moment he gets in the ring, forcing Hudson to roll to his stomach where he covers up his head with his arms.]

GM: Bryant pulls him up by the trunks... ohh! And buries a forearm into the kidneys!

[Hudson stumbles away, leaning against the ropes as Bryant winds up, slamming a second forearm into the same location. He straightens up, raining down axehandles on the back, forcing Hudson down to all fours.]

GM: He puts Hudson down on his hands and knees...

[Bryant leaps up, burying an elbow into the kidneys of Hudson, knocking him flat on his chest on the canvas. The Doctor of Love rolls him over, looking for a cover.]

GM: Bryant gets one! He gets two! But that's all as his long-time rival gets a shoulder up. Remember, fans, this one goes all the way back to Homecoming last year when Bryant won the Longhorn Heritage Title from Hudson. They went on to have an instant classic in the first ever AWA Ladder Match at SuperClash IV where Bryant retained the title. And now, almost a year later from their first encounter, these two men still are at one another's throats.

[Dragging Hudson off the mat, Bryant hooks a facelock, slinging an arm over his neck, and taking Hudson down with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Suplex! Nicely done by the TV Champ who floats over into one... now two... but again, Hudson gets a shoulder up.

[Bryant grabs Hudson by the ankle, dragging him back to the corner where he tags Alphonse Green back into the match. Green slips through the ropes, giving a shout before he drops a knee into the kidneys.]

GM: Kneedrop to the back by Green... and look at this!

BW: Eat your heart out, Sharif!

[The crowd buzzes as Green settles in, hooking Hudson's arms over his legs and gripping him around the chin in a standing version of the camel clutch.]

GM: A modified version of the Camel Clutch is hooked in and Hudson's in trouble, fans!

BW: They're in the middle of the ring - there ain't no escape to the ropes!

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is shouting to Hudson, trying to rally these fans behind him.

[The fans are clapping and screaming, trying to get Hudson to break the hold. The tough veteran slips one arm off the leg, rolling to his back, and lashing out with a right hand to the jaw that snaps Green's head back and sends him stumbling to the ropes...]

GM: Hudson's loose and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[Chris Staley comes rushing into the ring, pushing Green back against the ropes where he uncorks a series of stiff kicks to the ribcage...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Staley backs off, giving a shout as Green stumbles towards him. The former Vagabond hooks Green around the neck while grabbing a leg...

...and HURLS him up and over with an Exploder Suplex!]

GM: Ohh my! What a throw out of Chris Staley!

[The New Jersey native climbs to his feet. He claps his hands together with a, "COME ON!" as the crowd responds. Staley crouches down, waiting for Green to get back up as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

GM: Green's trying to get back to his feet but when he gets there, Chris Staley's going to be waiting for him!

[Green wobbles to his feet as Staley swoops in from behind, hooking him for a Russian legsweep...

...but tucking his head, moving into a front roll that puts both men down on the canvas. Green is in a seated position as Staley SWINGS his leg back, cracking him in the skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF STALEY!! I've never seen that before! He rolled him right down to the mat in perfect position for that head kick!

[Staley rolls into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Green fires a shoulder up, flipping to his stomach where he begins crawling across the ring.]

GM: The second generation star is heading for the corner, trying to get the heck out of there. He wants no part of Chris Staley!

[Back on his feet, Staley measures the crawling Green and BLASTS him with a punt kick to the ribcage!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: He's using Green like a soccer ball in there!

[Staley leans down, dragging Green up by the hair. He holds the grip on the hair, keeping Green doubled up as he slams his foot up into the head... again... and again... and again... and again. The crowd is roaring for the series of kicks that has Green dropped down to a knee.]

GM: Staley's all over him with those kicks... to the ropes...

[He sprints towards a kneeling Green, ready to boot his head clear off his shoulders...

...but Green pops up, catching the right leg under his left armpit. He grabs Staley by the throat with his right hand, somehow lifting Staley into the air, and sitting out in a modified spinebuster with him!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: I think that was Green's version of a Firebomb!

GM: He's got Staley down for one! He's got two! He's got-

[But Staley's shoulder comes flying off the mat in time!]

GM: Two count only! Chris Staley just barely got the shoulder off the mat...

[Green climbs to his feet, jumping up and down several times. He points to the ropes as Staley starts to climb up to his feet...]

GM: He's going for Ground Chuck!

[Green races to the ropes, leaping up to the middle...

...where Hudson reaches up, cracking him with a right hand on the jaw that sends him falling back down to the mat!]

GM: OHH! HUDSON CUT IT OFF!!

BW: HEY! THAT'S NOT FAIR!

[With Green down, Staley stumbles forward, slapping the outstretched hand of Sweet Daddy Williams.]

GM: TAG!

[Williams comes in fast...

...and catches the incoming Dave Bryant with a pair of right hands before grabbing him by the trunks and HURLING him over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: HE CLEARS OUT BRYANT!! Bryant came in illegally but Sweet Daddy Williams was ready for him!

[Williams spins back to a rising Green, throwing a pair of haymakers that sends him back into the neutral corner.]

GM: He fires him in... here comes the big man!

[Williams leaves his feet, spinning around to drive his hind quarters into the face of the stumbling Green!]

GM: THE D TRAIN CONNECTS!!

[Williams spins, diving into a lateral press...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GREEN GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

[The fan favorite from Atlanta climbs to his feet, clapping his hands together in frustration. He reaches down, hauling Green up by the hair, and pulling him into a side headlock.]

GM: He's calling for the Riley Roundup!

[Williams backs to the corner, swinging a hand around...]

GM: Here it comes!

[He rampages out of the corner, leaping into the air, and DRIVES Green facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG!

[Williams flips Green over, diving across the chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd groans as Yuma Weaver stomps Williams on the back of the head, breaking up the sure pin.]

GM: He had him, fans! He had Alphonse Green pinned right there - I promise you that! But Yuma Weaver comes in to break up the pin and... Williams is hot!

[Up on his feet, Williams uncorks a right hand to the jaw...

...to no effect!]

GM: Uh oh!

[The Southern superstar throws two more but Weaver holds his ground, rolling his neck...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

[Williams winds up one more time but Weaver squares up, cracking him across the chest with a knife-edge chop, taking the big man off his feet!]

GM: Oh my! Weaver knocks him flat!

[Scooting back on his rear, Williams tries to get back to the corner as Weaver stalks him...

...and walks right into Glenn Hudson coming off the top with a moonsault, knocking the Native American down to the mat!]

GM: OHHH! HUDSON WIPES OUT WEAVER!!

[Hudson pops back up, pumping a fist as he spots Dave Bryant stepping through the ropes...

...and kicks the rope up into the groin of the Doctor of Love to a huge cheer!]

BW: LOW BLOW! RING THE BELL!

GM: Bryant wasn't legal! The referee's waving for the match to continue and-

[With Bryant down on the floor clutching his groin, Hudson grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself over the ropes and down onto the World Television Champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HUDSON WIPES OUT BRYANT!!

[A dazed Williams climbs back to his feet, dragging Alphonse Green off the canvas. He snaps off a jab to the jaw... and another... and another... and another. The Atlanta fan favorite swings his hands around one another...

...and SMASHES an overhead elbow down between the eyes, sending Green falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Green's in trouble, fans!

[Williams mounts the middle rope, raising his right hand...]

"ONE!"  
"TWO!"  
"THREE!"  
"FOUR!"  
"FIVE!"  
"SIX!"  
"SEVEN!"  
"EIGHT!"  
"NINE!"  
"TEN!"

[He hops down off the midbuckle, reaching for the side headlock again...]

GM: He's going for the Riley Roundup for a second time!

[But as he steps out of the corner, he finds Yuma Weaver, burly and angry, standing in his path...]

GM: Weaver's blocking him! He won't let him-

[Green slips out, shoving Williams towards Weaver who scoops him up on his broad shoulders...]

...and DRIVES the big man down to the canvas with a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WEAVER PLANTS SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS!!

[Weaver exits the ring, leaving Williams down on the canvas as Green backs up, waving his arms, calling for the fan favorite to get to his feet.]

GM: Green's calling for the Ground Chuck! He's trying to finish off Williams right here and now!

[Green leaps up and down, stomping his feet, screaming "GET UP! GET UUUUUP!"]

GM: Williams rolls to his stomach...

BW: Which makes him about six feet tall.

GM: Give me a break!

[As Williams starts to push off the mat to his feet, Green surges forward, leaping up to land on the middle rope...]

...which is suddenly pulled out from under him by Glenn Hudson, a move that sends Green crashing down to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Hudson should be disqualified, Gordo! He's cheating all over the place out here!

[Grabbing Bryant off the floor, Hudson shoves him under the ropes into the ring to where Sweet Daddy Williams lifts him off the mat, sticking him with a series of jabs that knocks Bryant into the ropes where the fan favorite grabs an arm...]

GM: Williams shoots in Bryant!

BW: He ain't the legal man!

[Bryant comes sailing off towards Williams who reaches up, catching him as he dashes by...]

GM: SLEEPER!

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams hooks in the sleeperhold and this crowd in Tupelo is on their feet!

BW: What the heck is Jagger doing?! Bryant ain't the legal man!

GM: I think our Senior Official may have lost track of what's going on out there in this one. He may not know who the legal man is at this point in the match, Bucky.

BW: Then he should be fired! He should ALWAYS know!

GM: Your unrealistic expectations for our Senior Official aside, I think he's doing a tremendous job in this one so far despite the chaotic atmosphere.

[The referee is right there as Williams swings Bryant back and forth, crimping the neck and trying to render the Doctor of Love unconscious.]

GM: Bryant's trying to hang on but he-

BW: He needs to find a way out of this!

GM: He absolutely does.

[Yuma Weaver, seeing his man in trouble, steps into the ring to intervene...

...and promptly gets his ankle hooked by Chris Staley. Staley yanks Weaver's legs out from under him, dragging him out to the floor.]

GM: Staley pulls out Weaver! They're brawling out on the floor!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Weaver is throwing chops and Staley is throwing kicks to the body. We cut to the other side where Glenn Hudson



has pulled himself up on the apron and is climbing the turnbuckles. The referee is shouting at Staley and Weaver as Bryant throws a pair of elbows to the ample midsection of Williams, battling his way out...]

GM: Bryant fights free... he throws the big man to the corner...

[Williams hits hard in the corner where Hudson is climbing. The Australian grabs the top rope to steady himself as Bryant charges in on Williams, running right into a boot to the gut...]

GM: Ohh! Williams caught him coming in!

[Hudson straightens up on the top rope, standing tall, and then leaps off, snaring Bryant in a top rope sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP OFF THE TOP!!

BW: Bryant's hanging on! He's fighting it! He's-

[Hudson switches his grip, reaching up to grab two hands full of Bryant's trunks...

...and YANKS 'em straight down! The crowd ROARS in shock!]

GM: IT'S A FULL MOON IN TUPELO!!

[Bryant reaches back, trying to cover up his wardrobe malfunction as Hudson drags Bryant down in the sunset flip, slipping his legs over Bryant's arms! The referee spins around, spotting the pinning predicament and dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Hudson gets to his feet, raising a triumphant arm as he falls into an embrace with Sweet Daddy Williams. A fuming Bryant rolls to the floor, yanking his trunks back into place. His face is bright red as he paces back and forth.]

GM: They did it! Hudson, Staley, and Williams score a big win here tonight in Tupelo, Mississippi and-

[Bryant is stalking the ringside area, pushing aside a cameraman as he moves over to the timekeeper's table. Hudson looks out at Bryant, tugging at the back of his own trunks while making an embarrassed face.]

GM: Haha! And Glenn Hudson is having a good time!

BW: He humiliated Dave Bryant and he's loving it!

[Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

PW: Your winners of the mat-

[Watson is cut off by Bryant shoving him down, snatching the mic away from him.]

DB: You son of a... you think you're funny, huh? You think you're a real riot, don'tcha?!

[Hudson smirks, waving at Bryant.]

DB: You know what I think is funny? What I find hysterical is the fact that after almost a year of chasing me, you STILL haven't put THIS...

[Bryant pats the title belt over his shoulder.]

DB: ...around your waist.

[The crowd jeers as Hudson smirks, amused by Bryant trying to get a rise out of him. Hudson points a finger, gesturing to his waist.]

DB: Yeah, yeah... you've been telling everyone since SuperClash IV that all you needed was one chance... one opportunity... one shot at this... and my World Television Title would be going home with you.

But the fact of the matter is, Hudson... there ain't ever been a time when I brought something to the building and watched it go home with someone else...

[Bryant chuckles, making sure everyone gets the double entendre.]

DB: I don't intend to start now. So, you say you need one chance... one shot?

[Hudson nods. A still-embarrassed Bryant nods in response.]

DB: YOU GOT IT!

[The crowd ROARS!]

DB: And when Dave Bryant decides to do something, he doesn't decide to put a waiting period on it. I'm not out here saying I'll defend the title at Unholy War against you. I'm not saying "Wait until Homecoming!"

I'm saying... you... me... the most important title in this company...

[A quick pat, pat, pat on the title belt.]

DB: Right... now!

[The crowd EXPLODES into cheers! Hudson looks shocked but quickly nods, waving his partners out of the ring as the referee checks with Bryant who is putting down the mic, making sure he really wants to do that.]

GM: Dave Bryant says he's gonna defend the title right now!

BW: Wait! Dave, come here! Lemme go talk to him!

GM: You stay right there! Fans, we've gotta get this sorted out and make sure this match is officially sanctioned! We're going to take one final break and we'll be right back with... well, hopefully with a World Television Title match!

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants,

and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action where AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger is standing in the middle of the ring, the World Television Title held high above his head!]

GM: There it is, fans! It's official! Dave Bryant will be defending the World Television Title against Glenn Hudson... RIGHT NOW!

[Both Bryant and Hudson are pacing back and forth in their respective corners as the referee makes sure that all of the other participants in the previous match have been escorted back to the locker room.]

GM: Everyone else has been sent to the back. These two have got ten minutes to settle their differences in front of the entire world with the TV Title on the line!

BW: A bonus Main Event! You gotta love the AWA, daddy!

[Jagger strides out to the center of the ring, gives both men a final check...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The two men, full of fire, charge out to the center of the ring and exchange fisticuffs. The crowd roars for the showdown, cheering for each blow landed. Champion and challenger trade blows for several moments until Hudson starts building momentum, landing punch after punch after punch!]

GM: Hudson's all over the champion!

[Bryant fades back, taking multiple shots to the head before falling back against the turnbuckles. Hudson keeps on coming, throwing more heavy right hands to the skull, forcing Bryant down to a seated position in the corner...]

GM: Hudson's beating him down like a Whack-A-Mole!

BW: Get in there, ref!

[The referee finally steps in, forcing Hudson to step back...

...but he charges right back in, grabbing the top rope as he steps up to the midbuckle, kicking his legs out behind him and using the rope to swing his legs back in, driving his feet into the face of Bryant!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What innovative offense out of the veteran, Hudson, who made his AWA debut last summer during the World Title tournament and shocked the world by winning the Longhorn Heritage Title in his debut against "Red Hot" Rex Summers. That title meant so much to Hudson who spent his glory days in this industry in South Laredo only to see Dave Bryant engineer the change away from that title to the World Television Title we see now.

BW: It was time to stop looking at the past and move on to bigger and better things. Bryant said to forget about South Laredo and the days long gone and focus on the AWA becoming the best wrestling on television. He's a symbol of that.

[Hudson grabs Bryant by the legs, dragging him out of the corner, and flipping through into a double leg cradle.]

GM: He hooks the legs for one! He's got two! But Bryant's out at two!

BW: It's gonna take more than that to wrest the TV Title off Bryant's waist. You talk about how much the Longhorn Heritage Title meant to Hudson. What about how much the World Television Title means to Dave Bryant? That belt is a symbol of everything Bryant's been through to climb back up from the gutters of this business to stand on top of it.

GM: Both men treasure that title so much. It means so much to these two aging veterans who know that every time they step inside the squared circle could be their last time in.

[Hudson climbs back to his feet, catching a rising Bryant with a stinging left jab... and another... and another...]

GM: Hudson looks like a Golden Gloves boxer in there, sticking that jab in the face of Bryant over and over again... ohhh! What a right hand!

[The big haymaker sends Bryant falling back into the ropes where Hudson is quick to approach, smashing a back elbow into the chin before grabbing the champion by the wrist...]

GM: Irish whip by Hudson...

[The Australian lays a big right hand into the midsection of the rebounding Bryant, doubling him up. He slips in behind Bryant, leaping up to land on his shoulders...

...and then drags him down into a Victory Roll!]

GM: ROLLUP!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Bryant kicks out hard, breaking up the pin again. Both men scramble up off the mat, trying to get up before the other...

...but Hudson hooks Bryant by the head, dragging him down into a small package!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[Bryant again kicks out, avoiding defeat. He moves quickly, climbing off the mat as Hudson rears back, throwing another right hand. The champion ducks it, causing Hudson to fly past. Bryant reaches back, snaring both arms with his own...

...and pulling Hudson down to the mat in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE BY BRYANT! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[This time, it's Hudson who has to kick hard to break the pin attempt.]

GM: Near falls going back and forth between these two men as they attempt to find a way to get the other man down for the count.

[Both men scramble up again as Hudson dashes into the ropes, rebounding off towards a surprised Bryant...

...who BURIES a knee into the gut of Hudson, flipping him over and down to his back on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Big knee right in the abdomen! That'll knock the wind out of your sails!

BW: You talk about a move that can turn a match around completely and you just saw it, Gordo.

[Bryant stomps the gut a few times before dropping to his knees where he grabs Hudson by the hair, hammering him with closed fists to the skull.]

GM: Bryant's going to work on him! The referee's right there though, starting his five count... and the Doctor of Love breaks it up at four.

[The champion climbs to his feet, raising his arms to the jeers of the crowd who jump all over him.]

GM: Dave Bryant has turned the tide in this one... pulling Hudson up off the mat...

[A big whip sends Hudson crashing backfirst into the turnbuckles as Bryant barrels in after him, connecting with a leaping knee to the sternum. He backs off, cracking Hudson in the jaw with a right hook!]

GM: Good grief! Bryant's developed one of the most devastating right hands in the game!

BW: He just snaps it off out of nowhere... really catches you by surprise.

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Bryant hauls Hudson from the corner out to the middle of the ring where he hooks a front facelock...]

GM: Suplex coming up... he takes him up... and down HARD to the canvas!

[Bryant floats over, applying a cover.]

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

[Hudson lifts a shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin. Bryant swings a leg over the torso of the challenger, pinning him down to the canvas where he opens up with a series of big right hands from the mount.]

GM: The champion's hammering away on his challenger! Get in there, referee!

BW: You weren't anywhere near as concerned about it when Hudson was the one throwing closed fists.

GM: He wasn't doing it like this!

[Bryant again breaks off the attack at four, climbing to his feet with his hands raised...

...and then leaps up, stomping the sternum of Hudson!]

GM: Ohh! That'll make it tough to get a deep breath for sure.

[Bryant stomps Hudson a few more times, forcing him under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Hudson's trying to get out of there but Bryant stopped him, pulling him up on the apron. We just passed the four minute mark in this one, fans. Remember, these World TV Title matches carry a ten minute time limit on them and there's nothing we can do about that.

[Bryant goes to set up Hudson but the challenger swings himself between the ropes, smashing a shoulder into Bryant's gut.]

GM: Ohh! Hudson goes downstairs!

[Slingshotting over the ropes, Hudson goes to pull Bryant down for a sunset flip but the champion is fighting it!]

GM: He's going for the sunset flip but-

[With the referee kneeling down, Bryant is able to grab the top rope with both hands, dropping down into a pin on Hudson!]

BW: COUNTER!

GM: No, no! He's got the ropes, ref!

[The referee's count reaches two before Johnny Jagger spots Bryant with his hands on the ropes. Jagger waves it off as he gets to his feet...

...and kicks the arms of Bryant, breaking his grip and allowing Hudson to pull him down in the sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, Bryant just narrowly avoids defeat by lifting a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another near fall there for Dave Bryant as the World Television Champion looks for a way to retain his title here tonight in Tupelo, Mississippi. Listen to these fans, Bucky. They think they're on the verge of seeing history.

BW: They might be. I heard that sweat hog in the fourth row is going to try some mouthwash. True history in the making.

GM: You're a real riot, you know that?

[Breaking apart on the mat, both men scramble to get to their feet first.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"



[Back up, Hudson throws a few quick right hands before whipping Bryant into the ropes again...]

GM: Backdrop!

[But Hudson sets too early, allowing Bryant to snap him up to a standing position with a front kick...]

...but the challenger immediately leaps up, lashing out with his boot to the back of the skull!]

GM: OHHH! GLENNZUIGIRI AND A BEAUTY!!

[Hudson instantly starts crawling, throwing himself into a cover.]

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

[Bryant inches the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: Two count only but as this match progresses, these two men are getting closer and closer to finding the magic number to finish one another off.

[Dragging Bryant up, Hudson throws a pair of chops, knocking him back into the corner. A few more chops follow before Hudson grabs the arm, whipping Bryant across.]

GM: Bryant hits the buckles hard!

[Hudson settles back into the opposite corner, giving a whoop as he dashes across the ring, throwing himself into a high impact dropkick up against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Running dropkick in the corner! Bryant got rocked off that one!

[The challenger gets right back up, ducking down to lift Bryant up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Hudson puts him up top... now he's just gotta find a way to finish his opponent off.

BW: It ain't gonna be easy, Gordo. Bryant's shown that he's willing to do WHATEVER it takes to keep that title belt wrapped around his waist.

[Hudson lays in a few right hands before stepping up to the middle rope. He hooks a front facelock, slinging Bryant's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Hudson's looking for a superplex! About four minutes left in the time limit and remember, Bryant considers a time limit draw as good as a victory since he keeps the title in the event of one.

[Hudson grabs a handful of trunks for leverage, muscling Bryant up into the air...

...and SLAMMING him down to the canvas with a spine-rattling superplex. Hudson floats over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[Bryant FIRES a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the count!]

GM: Another nearfall right there for the challenger!

[And this time, it's Hudson's turn to swing a leg over Bryant's torso, opening fire with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Big right hands! One and after another!

BW: Illegal right hands! Get in there, referee! Do your job, ya maroon!

[Jagger steps in, starting a count. Hudson lets up at four, getting back to his feet with an angry expression. He looks at the downed Bryant and then points to the corner to a big cheer!]

GM: Hudson's going up and these fans are loving that idea!

[Hudson turns to the other side of the building, pointing to the corner and getting another big cheer.

BW: He should stop taking a survey and get up there if he's going for it.

GM: I've gotta agree with you there. The former Longhorn Heritage Champion is wasting far too much time if he's going to climb the ropes.

[Finally, Hudson walks towards the corner. He grabs the top rope with both hands before placing a foot on the bottom rope, nodding to the cheering crowd.]

BW: Still wasting time! This is a golden opportunity for Bryant to get off the mat and make something happen!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Just three minutes left!

[At the cry of the time limit, Hudson starts moving a little quicker, getting up to the middle rope. He places a foot up top, steadying himself as he steps up to the top...

...at which point, Dave Bryant scampers to his feet, rushing the corner...]

BW: BRYANT WAS PLAYIN' POSSUM!

[The champion lays in a heavy forearm to the back of Hudson, stopping him in his track. A second one connects as well, knocking Hudson down to a seated position on the top turnbuckle which allows Bryant to climb up to the second rope behind him...]

GM: Hudson's in trouble now. He's in a spot he doesn't want to be in and Dave Bryant's looking to take advantage of the situation.

[Bryant wraps his arms around Hudson's waist in a side waistlock, looking to suplex his challenger off the top rope.]

GM: Bryant's looking for the belly-to-back superplex and- ohh! Left hand by Hudson!

[Pulling Bryant into a side headlock with his right arm, Hudson opens fire with a series of fast left hands to the forehead. He gives a big shove, sending Bryant falling down to the mat, dropping to a knee. Hudson climbs up, standing on the top...]

GM: HUDSON'S BACK UP!

[...and as Bryant pushes up to his feet, Hudson leaps backwards off the top rope, flipping through the air, crashing hard into the chest of Bryant and toppling him down to the canvas!]

GM: MOONSAULT OFF THE TOP!

[Hudson makes a lunge, hooking a leg in North-South position as the referee dives to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRYANT GOT OUT!! He just barely got out in time! We almost had a new TV Champion right there, fans!

[Bryant takes advantage of the break in the action, rolling under the ropes to the safety of the floor.]

GM: Oh, come on! Get the man back in the ring!

BW: Hey, he's got every right to get out there and try to regroup. Hudson's caught him off-guard with this impromptu match-

GM: Bryant ASKED for the impromptu match!

BW: Hudson used some kind of Jedi mind trick on him. I know he did. I heard he was at Comic-Con. Some of those geeks taught it to him.

[Back on his feet, Hudson looks out with frustration at Bryant who is leaning against the ring apron, taking deep breaths. The Australian suddenly breaks into a sprint, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and THROWS himself between the ropes, wiping out a stunned Bryant with a suicide dive!]

GM: WIIIIILD DIVE TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!!

[Hudson climbs to his feet out on the floor, clapping his hands together to a big cheer from the fans. He shouts out, "LET'S FINISH THIS!" as he pulls Bryant off the ringside mats, shoving him back under the ropes as the ring announcer's voice calls out again.]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[Hudson quickly pulls himself up on the apron, dusting himself off as he heads towards the turnbuckles.]

GM: The challenger's going to take another chance here!

[He scales the turnbuckles with a lot more urgency this time, pulling himself up to the top turnbuckle as Bryant starts to get back to his feet inside the ring...]

GM: Hudson's poised and-

[The challenger leaps off, snaring a front facelock...]

GM: NO HARD FEELINGS!

[...twisting around for the Tornado DDT but Bryant pushes off, sending Hudson facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant reverses it! He saved himself right there!

[The Doctor of Love sets as Hudson quickly gets up...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[The Call Me In The Morning comes sailing towards the jaw of Glenn Hudson as he gets to his feet...]

GM: OH! HUDSON CAUGHT THE KICK!

[Hudson uses Bryant's leg to swing him around, turning him a full spin...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! HUDSON HITS A SUPERKICK OF HIS OWN!!

[The thrust kick knocks Bryant flat on his back. Hudson pumps a fist before turning back to the corner...

...and nods his head as he steps out to the apron, starting to climb one more time...]

GM: Just over a minute remaining in this one, fans!

[Hudson steps up to the top rope, giving a big shout to the crowd who roars in response...]

GM: Hudson's up top again... Bryant's starting to stir!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees, head down as Hudson steadies himself on the top rope...

...and leaps off, just as Bryant gets to his feet, doubled up...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP OFF THE TOP!!

[Hudson grabs the legs, trying to pull Bryant down...

...but Bryant kneels on the shoulders, reaching back to hook the legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[Hudson somehow reverses the cradle, pulling Bryant down with his legs hooked over the shoulders...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sound of the bell!]

GM: HE DID IT!! HUDSON WINS THE TITLE!

[Hudson springs to his feet, throwing his arms up in the air. He looks almost shocked as he checks with the official who grins, holding up three fingers.]

GM: Glenn Hudson can't believe it! After nearly a year of battles, he FINALLY has done it. He's defeated Dave Bryant in the center of the ring and he has won the World Television Title!

[A shocked Bryant pushes up to his knees, staring at a celebrating Hudson. Bryant shakes his head back and forth before dropping his head down to the mat, covering it with his arms.]

GM: Dave Bryant can't believe it either! He thought he had this thing in hand but Glenn Hudson perseveres and comes out with the World Television Title!

[The cheers get louder as Hudson is handed the title belt. He clutches it to his chest in a huge embrace, rushing to the corner to stand on the midbuckle, soaking up the roaring love from the Tupelo crowd. Dave Bryant pushes back up to his knees, looking on in shock... but with a slightly strange expression on his face. Is that respect we see? Hrm.]

GM: What a night it's been here in Tupelo, fans! We are counting down the days to Unholy War in St. Louis but on this night, the AWA belongs to Tupelo, Mississippi for one of the greatest moments in AWA history! Fans, we're way out of time... we've gotta go! We'll see you next time from Memphis, Tennessee... at the matches! So long everybody!

[The flashbulbs are popping. The crowd is roaring. And Glenn Hudson is standing on top of the world, still mounted on the midbuckle with the title held over his head...

...as we fade to black.]

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#### Tentative Heat Wave schedule

August 3 - Non-Televised Event - Nashville Municipal Auditorium - Nashville, Tennessee

August 10 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Memphis, Tennessee

August 24 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Kansas City, Missouri

September 2 - Unholy War - St. Louis, Missouri

September 14 - AWA Homecoming - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas