

AWA Saturday Night Wrestling

**Municipal Auditorium
Kansas City, Missouri
August 24th, 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 snapping Glenn Hudson's head back with a Call Me In The Morning to regain the World Television Title 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 Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City while a bright red, white, and blue "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" logo appears on the screen.]

GM: We are LIVE in the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City for the very first time for another jam-packed edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all of the stars in the AWA galaxy!

[The graphic fades as we take a look at a panning shot of the ringside area where we can see that steel chairs are set up all over hardwood floor, surrounding the red, white, and blue roped ring (which is rapidly filling with the participants in the night's first match) that has black mats laid out at ringside and a steel barricade to keep the masses at bay. Behind the sea of chairs are several risers of seats just before the permanent stadium seats that make up the rest of the building.

We can see no sign of the elevated entrance ramp but we do catch a glimpse of a small raised interview platform just before a fade back down to ringside shows the timekeeper's table as 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 yellow 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: Welcome fans, to the final edition of Saturday Night Wrestling of the 2013 Heat Wave tour! This is the 99th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling - one more until the historic SNW 100 back in Dallas but as we stand here in Kansas City for the very first time, the AWA is on the brink of war, Bucky!

BW: That's right, Gordo. We're just over a week away from the biggest event of the summer - Unholy War! St. Louis is gonna be rockin' on that night but before that, we gotta give Kansas City one heck of a show.

GM: And we're not gonna waste a single second in doing exactly that because it's time to find out who's going to face the World Heavyweight Champion, Calisto Dufresne, at Unholy War on Labor Day! In fact, joining us

at this time at the broadcast table IS that very man, the World Champion!
Welcome, Mr. Dufresne, to Kansas City!

[The World Champion, stylishly dressed as always, steps in from off-camera with the World Title belt slung over his shoulder. He grins at Bucky, warmly shaking hands with the color man before slinging an arm over Gordon's shoulders.]

CD: Thanks, Gordon... and of course, the pleasure is all yours.

GM: Of course. Mr. Dufresne, as you look inside at that rapidly-filling ring at twenty competitors who would stop at absolutely nothing to take the World Heavyweight Title from around your waist and put it around their own, what are you thinking?

CD: I'm thinking that over the years here in the AWA, I've faced down some of the meanest, toughest, and best wrestlers in the world and none of them have managed to send me running for the door. That means that none of these guys will either. But I'm also thinking that this is typical of Karl O'Connor and the AWA... trying to trick me and deceive me to get this title off my perfectly-toned waist. I should've been informed of my opponent weeks ago so that I could properly prepare but it's only fitting that they're going to jerk the rug out from under me and try to pull a fast one.

GM: I don't think that's the goal at all.

[We cut to a shot of the ring where we see Alphonse Green stepping through the ropes.]

GM: A very diverse group of competitors getting involved in this one - you have smaller competitors in there like Alphonse Green and monsters like MAMMOTH Maximus along with all things in between.

[There's a momentary pause in the entries, revealing the bulk of the men inside the ring - MAMMOTH Maximus, Supreme Wright, Sweet Daddy Williams, Dave Bryant, Hercules Hammonds, Alphonse Green, Callum Mahoney, Curt Sawyer, Porter Crowley, Yuma Weaver, Mr. Sadisuto, Charles S. Rant, Futurestar...]

GM: Most of the competitors have entered the ring already but not...

[Gordon's voice trails off as the next competitor strides confidently into view.]

GM: Nenshou?!

BW: Wait a second...

CD: That doesn't make any sense. Isn't he a part of WarGames?

GM: We all assumed he would be on the WarGames team but perhaps... well, perhaps the Asian Assassin has other ideas!

BW: There's no sign of Percy out here with him either. I don't get this one.

[Nenshou steps through the ropes as the crowd erupts in jeers. The camera cuts to the top of the aisle where Chris Blue walks into view, an arrogant grin on his face with his arms spread wide. Immediately behind him stands Cletus Lee Bishop, William Craven, and Eric Preston.]

CD: That's not a group I want to tangle with.

GM: Chris Blue has three of the twenty entries in this match associated with him and Mr. Dufresne, which of those three would you like to get inside that ring?

CD: Those are three real dangerous guys. You can just look at Craven and pretty much know everything you'd need to know about him. I may have been the guy to end Monosso's career but Preston was the guy nuts enough to try and put him in a wheelchair for the rest of his life. And Cletus Lee? Well, Cletus Lee and I go way back and I've got no desire to get back in there with the Redneck Wrecking Machine.

GM: With those three, that makes eighteen men in the ring and...

[The voice of Phil Watson rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the nineteenth entry into this Battle Royal... a professional wrestling legend and a hero to the people right here in Kansas City...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: HAMILTON GRAAAAAAAHAM!

[The Kansas City crowd ERUPTS at the hometown surprise entry into the Invitational Battle Royal. Graham comes jogging into view, sporting navy blue trunks and a red windbreaker jacket with "HANDSOME" written across the back in gold stitching. He pumps a fist at the cheering crowd, still sporting the ever-present perm and big ol' sideburns on his head. He tugs off the jacket before rolling under the ropes...]

GM: Hamilton Graham, a former World Champion in his own right, is looking to win this Battle Royal tonight to head to St. Louis - another area where he'd get a hometown reaction - to take on our broadcast colleague, Calisto Dufresne in a World Title match.

CD: Graham? Where do they dig up these fossils?

GM: These fans certainly seem happy to see him.

CD: You could roll a double chili cheeseburger out here and they'd cheer too, Gordo. It doesn't mean the cheeseburger deserves to wrestle for the World Title.

GM: I see. And now all eyes are on the ring to see who the 20th entry in this match will be...

[The sounds of the Toadies' "I Come From The Water" kicks in to a puzzled reaction from the crowd.]

GM: This sounds... familiar.

BW: I know I've heard this music before but who is it for? I can't place-

[The fans buzz with puzzlement as the ring apron suddenly snaps up, revealing a... creature.]

GM: What in the...?

[The creature in question's face is covered with a green mask that has long brown and green hair sewed into it. The entire headpiece seems to be wet as the hair is dripping with a mixture of water and some kind of slime. The masked man climbs out from under the ring apron, showing off a bodysuit that basically has the same style. With the apron dropping back down, the masked man throws his arms apart and back in a wild roar!]

GM: That's the Mud Monster!

CD: The who?!

GM: He was in the Main Event of Showtime I for the EMWC! He was in the very first World Title Tournament Finals!

CD: This guy? Seriously?

GM: Nobody's seen him in years although I believe his son has competed throughout the South under the same ring name.

CD: This guy procreated?!

[The masked man spins around, diving under the bottom rope into the ring. He pops up to his feet, revealing a pretty decent size - about six and a half feet and something approaching 280 - as he throws a right hand at the first person in sight, Porter Crowley in this case!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The bell sounds as Eric Preston throws a knee into the gut of Sweet Daddy Williams, shoving him back into the corner where William Craven moves alongside, bringing the doubleteam into play.

Across the ring, Yuma Weaver is chopping Hercules Hammonds over and over across the chest as World Television Champion Dave Bryant is tangled up with Chris Staley in a collar and elbow, pushing and shoving.]

GM: Twenty superstars all vying for the opportunity to face Calisto Dufresne for the World Heavyweight Title.

CD: It's not often you see twenty guys fighting for the chance to get their tail kicked but that's the AWA for ya.

[In the middle of the ring, a handful of competitors encircle MAMMOTH Maximus, all swinging wildly to try and take the big man down.]

GM: We've got a four on one on Maximus! Somewhere in the locker room, Louis Matsui's watching this and he's gotta be a bit nervous for his charge in there tonight.

BW: We know that Matsui and Maximus have been talking about you and the World Title for weeks now, champ.

CD: Matsui's had some kind of problem with Royalty since pretty much Day One. If they want to jump on the best thing going today, all they gotta do is ask.

GM: I'm pretty sure they've been asking for weeks now.

[Maximus begins fighting back, lashing out with a hooking forearm to the side of Futurestar's head, sending the masked man falling backwards into the ropes...

...where the wily veteran, Hamilton Graham, reaches down to grab a leg while Callum Mahoney grabs the other leg, flipping Futurestar over the top rope!]

GM: Whoa! And just like that, Futurestar is eliminated!

[Mahoney doesn't take time to celebrate before smashing a right hand into the eyebrow of Graham, sending him falling to a knee. He grabs a handful of hair, smashing Graham with a headbutt...

...which brings Graham up to his feet, throwing an uppercut on the chin!]

GM: Oh! Hamilton Graham's striking prowess ain't too shabby either, fans. And if Callum Mahoney wants a fistfight, he might have picked the wrong guy to tangle with!

[The crowd watches as Supreme Wright muscles Alphonse Green up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry, walking towards the ropes...

...but Eric Preston buries a boot in the gut of his former classmate, freeing Green from his grasp.]

GM: Eric Preston's going right after Supreme Wright. You think back to SuperClash IV when these two were on the same side - when Preston was trying to help Wright defeat James Monosso for the World Heavyweight Title. A lot has changed in a little less than a year's time, fans.

BW: But I'm thinkin' back to the Rumble when Wright eliminated himself from the match rather than tangle with Preston. I still don't understand that one.

CD: He really just didn't want any part of the champ, baby! And who can blame him? Supreme Wright doesn't want to step into the ring at Unholy War either and have a brush with greatness.

[Preston throws Wright back into the corner, lashing him across the chest with a backhand chop... and another... and another...]

...and then sidesteps as Cletus Lee Bishop rushes in, squashing Wright with an avalanche!]

GM: Ohh! Cletus Lee Bishop immediately paying dividends for his new manager as he helps out Eric Preston right there.

[We cut back to MAMMOTH Maximus who grabs Dave Bryant by the hair, smashing his skull into Curt Sawyer's and knocking them both down to the mat. He swings around, throwing a haymaker to the jaw of William Craven, knocking the Dragon back to the buckles...]

GM: Nineteen men still inside- ohhh!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's response as Alphonse Green rushes in behind an off-balance Yuma Weaver, tossing him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Weaver's eliminated!

[Green throws his arms up, backing away with a "OHHHHHHHHHHH!"]

GM: Alphonse Green, the self-professed King of the Battle Royals, scores an elimination early on in this one.

CD: Green's a good kid. Some talent there for sure. I think we'd put on a battle for the ages.

[Green turns around into a quick snap kick to the ribs from Chris Staley, a blow backing him into the ropes. Staley grabs the top rope, throwing kick after kick after kick...]

GM: Staley's got Green in some trouble!

[We cut back to another part of the ring where Supreme Wright throws a barrage of elbows to the skull of Cletus Lee Bishop before shoving past him, staggering back to the middle of the ring as Callum Mahoney catches a surprised Eric Preston with a headbutt to the eyesocket!]

BW: A match like this is right up the alley of an old street fighter like Mahoney.

CD: Sonic boom.

[Mahoney smashes the point of his elbow down across the bridge of Preston's nose, forcing him down to a knee. We cut to a corner where Curt Sawyer has Porter Crowley cornered, hammering away with right hands to the jaw.]

GM: Sawyer's all over Crowley! Two newcomers to the AWA trying to make a name for themselves right here!

[Another quick cut finds Mr. Sadisuto choking Charles S. Rant in the corner with a maniacal smile on his face. A few feet away, we see Sweet Daddy Williams trading blows with Nenshou...

...who catches the fan favorite with a cross-armed thrust to the throat and then tosses the gasping Williams over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! The man from Hotlanta is eliminated!

[Suddenly, the crowd roars to life as Mud Monster wades through the pile, diving at MAMMOTH Maximus with a swarming attack of rights and lefts, throwing his fists as fast as he can manage. He leaps up, hooking his arms around the big man's neck in a sloppy embrace...

...and then sinks his teeth into the masked man's forehead!]

GM: He's biting him! The masked man is on the attack!

[William Craven suddenly swarms in from the blind side, wrapping his arms around Maximus' head and neck in a rear naked choke as he leaps up on the back!]

GM: Mud Monster's hanging off the front of Maximus! Craven's hanging off the back!

[The four hundred pounder staggers backwards...

...and LUNGES back, smashing Craven into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Maximus wheels around...

...and then SMASHES Mud Monster into Craven!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHH!

[Maximus steps back, pointing at Dufresne and giving a "THE WORLD IS MINE!" shout before rushing back in, leaping up, and SQUASHING both men under his weight in the buckles!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[The big man steps back, throwing a standing clothesline on a dazed Mud Monster...

...and sends him sailing backwards over the top rope, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: MUD MONSTER'S GONE!!

[A dazed Craven stumbles out as well...

...and suffers the same fate, tumbling over the top after a standing clothesline by Maximus!]

GM: CRAVEN'S GONE AS WELL!

[A furious Chris Blue slams his open palms down on the ring apron, glaring at Craven who is sprawled out on the floor at ringside.]

GM: We're down to fifteen men! One of these fifteen men will challenge Calisto Dufresne for the World Heavyweight Title at Unholy War in just over a week's time.

CD: I'm glad those two just got eliminated. I couldn't bear the thought of wrestling some goof from the 90s covered in slop.

BW: Mud Monster's pretty nasty too.

CD: Hehehe. Good one, Buckster.

GM: You two should go on vacation together. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more of this big Battle Royal!

[With the ring filled with struggling superstars, 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 we see Nenshou dangling from the middle rope, his legs wrapped around the top rope as Chris Staley repeatedly kicks him in the back.]

GM: Staley's trying to break Nenshou away from the ropes - welcome back, fans! We're still in the midst of this Battle Royal and during the break, Callum Mahoney went over the top rope and down to the floor thanks to MAMMOTH Maximus as well who is really on a roll in the early part of this one.

CD: These guys don't understand how a match like this works. None of them want to be in there at the end against Maximus so at some point they need to work together to stop him.

[Cut to Alphonse Green rushing Chris Staley from the blind side, hooking a handful of trunks...

...and HURLING him over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GREEN TOSSES STALEY!

BW: This is Alphonse Green's match to lose!

GM: It's... what?!

BW: He's the King of the Battle Royals, daddy!

GM: He gave himself that name! His win-loss percentage in them isn't really very good if you check.

BW: Bah!

CD: I'm with Bucky on this one. I'm picking Alphonse Green to win this thing and move on to challenge me for the World Title at Unholy War. It's gonna put WarGames to shame.

GM: Speaking of WarGames, you've been a part of the first two WarGames in AWA history. Any words of advice for those ten men climbing into the double cage on Labor Day?

CD: My words of advice for them is to find a way out of it 'cause a match like that will take years off your career. If you're lucky, it's a career-shortening match. If you're unlucky, it's a career-ending match. Go back and look at the list of the guys who've competed in the WarGames in AWA history, Gordo.

GM: The first WarGames back in August of 2008 saw yourself, Adrian Freeman, Stevie Scott, and the Russians take on Rick Marley, Despair, Werewolf Gregorson, Tin Can Rust, and City Jack.

CD: That's right. Ten guys... only three of them are still lacin' boots. Me, the Hotshot, and Ricky Marley.

GM: Well, technically, I believe Adrian Freeman is still competing for another company.

CD: Tucked his tail and ran to compete in places where they wouldn't throw him inside a steel hell. What about the second WarGames?

GM: September 6th, 2010. Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, Adrian Freeman, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, and Brian Von Braun against Ron Houston, Kolya Sudakov, Raphael Rhodes, Marcus Broussard, and Juan Vasquez.

CD: Team Vasquez there? He's the last guy left in the business, Gordo! Houston? Sudakov? Rhodes? No one's heard from any of them in ages. And Broussard just hangs around the locker room now hoping that someone remembers who in the hell he is.

GM: Of course, the other side of that team is fairly intact still.

CD: Right but of the eighteen men who've laced up boots and stepped inside that double cage, there's only six of them still left competing in the AWA. Six out of eighteen ain't the best of odds for those guys heading in there on Labor Day, Gordo.

GM: It's the most dangerous match in the history of our sport and we'll see it again in just over a week's time... but right now, we're in the middle of this Battle Royal where we're down to thirteen men battling it out for the right to challenge for the World Title.

[Eric Preston has Dave Bryant trapped in the corner, throwing elbows into the jaw as Cletus Lee nods approvingly from behind Preston.]

GM: The World Television Champion is taking some punishment from Eric Preston right now.

CD: Good.

GM: Of course, that anger towards Bryant is a result of him coming after Royalty two weeks ago.

CD: That was none of his business, Gordon. We were busy sending the world a message through that Aussie punk, Glenn Hudson... a message I think everyone got loud and clear by the way since it'll be a long time before anyone sees him in action again. Bryant got himself involved and if he thought that was going to scare us, he'd better think again.

GM: Bryant's fighting out!

[A series of stiff jabs followed by a right roundhouse sends Preston falling back...

...which allows Cletus Lee to rush in, swinging a double axehandle but Bryant ducks down, throwing a blow to the gut to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Bryant's trying to get out of the corner there!

[And Bryant sidesteps, allowing Alphonse Green to score with a running, leaping forearm to the jaw of Cletus Lee!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Alphonse Green just jumped on Cletus Lee! He may be about to test that standing as the King of the Battle Royals!

[A quick cut across the ring shows MAMMOTH Maximus being pushed back against the ropes where Supreme Wright and Hercules Hammonds both have a leg, trying to upend the big man...]

GM: Wright and Hammonds working together - you can't imagine that Wright actually accepted the offer of Skywalker Jones from two weeks ago though.

[The crowd bursts into a big shower of cheers as Hamilton Graham grabs Porter Crowley by the hair, smashing big overhead right hands into the bridge of Crowley's nose!]

GM: Hamilton Graham, the living legend, is trying to bust up Porter Crowley.

[Graham gets grabbed by the perm'd hairdo by Mr. Sadisuto who swings him around, throwing a stiff-fingered blow into the windpipe of Graham. The legend returns fire with a blow to the eyebrow, sending the Asian veteran stumbling backwards...

...where Nenshou grabs a handful of tights, chucking Sadisuto over the ropes!]

GM: Sadisuto's gone! He's eliminated and- ohh! Rant's right behind him thanks to Curt Sawyer!

[Sawyer pumps a fist, celebrating his elimination...

...when Victor T. Nolan starts swinging his cane back and forth, catching Sawyer's attention. Sawyer barks something in response, shaking his head at Nolan...]

GM: Wait a...

[The owner of the Rusty Spur Saloon gets tossed over the top rope, dumped out to the floor by Porter Crowley!]

GM: CROWLEY TOSSES SAWYER! He used the distraction provided by his manager to eliminate the newcomer!

CD: Heh. That guy should head back to his bar where he might be able to beat up some drunks because he just fell for the oldest trick in the book, baby.

GM: We're down to ten, Mr. Dufresne! Care to make a prediction?

CD: I predict that on the Tuesday after Labor Day as the entire AWA roster heads back to Dallas, Texas for a Historic Homecoming - the 100th episode of this very show - that they won't be talking about WarGames, they'll be talking about how Calisto Dufresne kept the World Title around his waist and kicked off the road to SuperClash in a most royal fashion! I won't be outshined, Gordon Myers, I promise you that. Royalty WILL be the most talked about thing at Unholy War. They'll talk about the Bombers beating RyGunn. They'll talk about Dave Cooper being the best in the world at what he does. They'll talk about Calisto Dufresne being the greatest professional athlete in the world today. And they'll talk about Royalty being the best collection of professional wrestlers since John Wesley Hardin dined alone! WE will be the talk of the town on Facebook! WE will be trending on Twitter! WE will have our own Pinterest board!

GM: I think we get it.

CD: I'm not sure you do, Gordon. Royalty is sick and tired of being overlooked by you, by the locker room, by the AWA front office, and by

these idiot fans! We do NOT play second fiddle... not to Vasquez and his idiots... not to the Unholy Alliance... not to the Wise Men!

[Dufresne's rant gets a bit cut off as Porter Crowley wobbles walks his way into Supreme Wright, throwing a series of short forearms before sinking his teeth into Wright's forehead. Wright abruptly breaks away, ducking down to hoist Crowley into a fireman's carry...

...and shoves him over his head, dropping him on his raised knees as he falls to his back!]

GM: OHHH! FAT TUESDAY!!

[Crowley bounces up to his feet, clutching at his ribcage...

...as a rampaging Alphonse Green connects with a clothesline, taking Crowley over the top rope to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DO YOU WANNA RIDE WITH ALPHONSE GREEN?!

[The crowd reacts in a big way to Green's elimination as Green bounces back, swinging his arms up and down...]

GM: We're down to nine and-

[Green's celebration is short-lived as Cletus Lee Bishop tears towards him, swinging his long leg up...

...and DRIVING his boot into the jaw of Green, flipping him backwards where he crashes down on his stomach!]

GM: CHARGING BIG BOOT!

[Cletus Lee glares out at the crowd as Eric Preston picks the remains, pulling Green off the mat and chucking him to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! Preston eliminates Green!

BW: The King of the Battle Royals has fallen! Long live the King!

GM: Eight guys left! Eight of the best in the world remaining in there.

CD: Well, seven... and Hamilton Graham.

GM: Hamilton Graham is one of the best of all time.

CD: So was Haystacks Malloy but he's dead and buried and so is Hamilton Graham's career!

[A quick cut to Hercules Hammonds shows him trying to shove Maximus over the ropes...

...but a headbutt to the back of the neck backs him off. Maximus steps out of the ropes, throwing a hooking blow to the side of the head!]

GM: Maximus is battling back against Hammonds!

BW: There's a lot of great competitors in there still, champ. You could be facing a really tough challenge if someone like Maximus or Wright or Nenshou wins this.

CD: Bryant's the World Television Champion. I'd like to get a piece of him after what went down a couple weeks ago too.

GM: What about a guy like Hercules Hammonds? He could be the wild card in all of this. Imagine being in there with that level of power, strength, and innovation in his offense.

[With Supreme Wright trying to push Nenshou over the ropes, Eric Preston strikes from behind again with an elbow to the back of the head. He grabs Wright's arms, stepping back to hold him for Nenshou.]

GM: Look at this. Ever think you'd see these two working together?

BW: Wrestling makes for strange bedfellows at times.

CD: You're not kidding, Bucky. You should've seen what I woke up to back in Tupelo. Man alive...

[Nenshou grabs at his windpipe...]

GM: MIST!

[...but Wright ducks aside, allowing Preston to get a faceful of green mist!]

GM: HE GOT PRESTON!

CD: And with Nenshou, who the heck knows if that was an accident?

[With a blinded Preston swinging wildly, Hamilton Graham grabs a handful of trunks and CHUCKS Preston to the floor!]

GM: PRESTON'S GONE!

[Wright grabs a turning Nenshou around the torso...

...and TOSSES him over the ropes with a released Northern Lights, causing the Asian Assassin to bounce off the hardwood ringside flooring!]

GM: NENSHOU'S GONE AS WELL!!

BW: We're down to six!

GM: And Chris Blue is totally irate out here at ringside! He came into this match with three guys taking aim at the World Title and now he's down to one man remaining!

CD: Maybe running a promotion where people treat themselves as human pincushions for you is easier than actually leading someone to a World Title.

GM: You really have no fear about what enemies you make, do you?

CD: You expect me to be afraid of Chris Blue? He may have been one of the most powerful men in this industry once upon a time but that day is dead and gone. Now he's just another manager and when I look at him, I see a second rate Larry Doyle... if I'm being nice!

[Wright lunges forward, smashing a forearm into the jaw of Hamilton Graham who stumbles backwards before lashing out with a straight right hand to the eye!]

GM: Oh! What a shot by Graham!

[Grabbing Wright by the hair, Graham slams his skull into Wright's, knocking him down to a knee...]

GM: Graham and Wright hit REAL hard, fans!

BW: We're down to six men - Maximus, Wright, Dave Bryant, Hercules Hammonds, Cletus Lee, and Hamilton Graham!

GM: And can you imagine the support that Hamilton Graham would have in his old stomping grounds of St. Louis if he was challenging Calisto Dufresne for the World Heavyweight Title?

[With Wright down on a knee, Graham winds up, opening fire with a stiff right hand to the eyebrow. A second one follows it, managing to split the brow and start a trickle of blood down the eyelid of Supreme Wright.]

GM: What a battle between those two! I'd love to see those two go one-on-one at some point. Hamilton Graham may be nearing the end of his career-

CD: NEARING the end?!

GM: -but he's still one of the toughest men to lace a pair of boots, MISTER Dufresne.

CD: You get a bit touchy in defense of these old timers, don't you, Gordon?

GM: I just wish you would show a modicum of respect for the individuals who paved the way for you to even HAVE a career in this sport. Men like Hamilton Graham, like Oliver Strickland, like Terry Shane Jr., like John Wesley Hardin, like Joe Reed, like Gunnar Gain-

CD: Enough! I can't take this any more. Buckster, the show's all yours.

[Dufresne drops his headset with a loud "THUNK!" as he climbs to his feet, taking his chair with him.]

BW: Good work, Gordo! You got rid of the best announcer to ever put on a pair of headphones since yours truly!

GM: Good riddance. I can't believe the level of disrespect that man has towards his past opponents, his future opponents, and quite frankly, anyone that's ever been inside the squared circle except for himself.

BW: And the Bombers and the Professional.

[With Graham pursuing him, Wright spins, burying a kick into the abdomen. He grabs a handful of the veteran's perm, slamming his knee up into the face over and over and over as the crowd "OOOOOHs!" with every blow landed. Wright shoves Graham back into the corner, revealing a split lip on the former World Champion.]

GM: What a physical encounter between these two!

[Wright grabs an arm, whipping Graham across the opposite corner. Wright backs to the corner, giving a shout as he dashes out...

...and Maximus interrupts, leaping into the air, swinging his arms together on the head of the Combat Corner alumni!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAXIMUS CUTS IT OFF!

[Maximus gives a shout, wheeling around, gesturing at his waist to the entire crowd in Kansas City who boo in response. He points a finger out to Calisto Dufresne who waves him on with a, "Come get some, fat boy!"]

BW: Dufresne ain't afraid of Maximus either! He's telling Maximus to come get him right now!

[Maximus seems about to before he turns back, catching an incoming Cletus Lee with a forearm to the side of the head!]

GM: Uh oh! Maximus and Cletus Lee!

[Cletus Lee throws a right hand of his own...

...and as the crowd erupts, Cletus Lee and Maximus become a blur of motion, landing blow after blow after blow to the skull of one another!]

GM: They're beating the tar out of each other!

[With the two big man going to war, Dave Bryant climbs to his feet. He stomps his foot once, nodding to the cheering crowd. Maximus connects with a right hand but Cletus Lee rocks him with a stiff headbutt to the bridge of the nose that spins Maximus around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!!

[Maximus staggers backwards towards the ropes as Cletus Lee shoves Bryant aside, hitting the far ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: BIG BO-

[The incoming Cletus Lee swings his leg up, looking for the high kick when Maximus drops down, using his four hundred pounds to pull the ropes down, forcing Cletus Lee to stumble over the ropes, landing on the apron...]

...where Hercules Hammonds comes sailing in out of nowhere, connecting with a big time shoulder tackle that sends the former tag team champion sailing off the apron to the floor!]

GM: HE’S GONE! CLETUS LEE IS GONE!! We’re down to five! We’re down to Maximus, Wright, Bryant, Hammonds, and Hamilton Graham if you can believe it!

BW: This is nuts, Gordo! Five men left - all looking to take their shot at the World Heavyweight Title in nine nights in St. Louis, Missouri! Who’s going to get it?! Who is going to get the chance of a lifetime?!

GM: Chris Blue is out here at ringside. He’s lost it! He’s screaming at us, he’s screaming at the timekeeper, he’s screaming at the fans! Three men in the match on his part and none of them could get the job done as we head into the Final Five!

[With Hammonds barking down at the shocked Cletus Lee Bishop, MAMMOTH Maximus cracks him with a clothesline to the back of the head, forcing Hammonds to fall over the ropes out onto the apron.]

GM: Hammonds goes over! But he’s out on the apron!

[Maximus leans over, trying to grab Hammonds off the apron...]

...which causes Graham to nudge Wright, shoving him towards Maximus.]

GM: Look at this! Hamilton Graham and Supreme Wright are trying to upend MAMMOTH Maximus, trying to put him out over the top rope!

[Graham and Wright each grab a leg, trying to pull Maximus up off the mat. Dave Bryant rushes in, trying to help. He squats down underneath Maximus, pushing his torso up as Hammonds climbs up, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Hammonds has got the top half and the rest are trying to push him out from inside the ring!

BW: Can they get him out?!

[Hammonds starts pulling Maximus' head and neck, trying to drag him over the ropes...

...but Maximus suddenly lashes out, swinging an elbow down into the back of Hamilton Graham!]

GM: Ohh! Maximus knocks him-

[Maximus gets his leg back down on the mat, grabbing Wright by the back of the head and SMASHING his face down into the big man's knee!]

GM: What a shot!

[Bryant crumples underneath Maximus' weight, falling down to the mat as the big man uncorks a swinging right hand that catches Hercules Hammonds flush on the temple, sending him sprawling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: HAMMONDS IS GONE!

BW: We've got the big man! We've got the Number One Contender! We've got the World Television Champion! And we've got... Hamilton Graham?! What in the world is going on here?!

GM: Hamilton Graham is trying to push that sun back up in the guy and enjoy one more day of summer on a legendary career! He wants to win this Battle Royal in front his hometown fans that are cheering his every move in there tonight! He wants to head to St. Louis where he really became a star in this business and face Calisto Dufresne with the World Heavyweight Title on the line! Can you imagine if Hamilton Graham could get that shot in St. Louis? What kind of reaction would await him there?

[Maximus grabs Graham, throwing him into the nearest corner where he begins to tee off, throwing right hands to the body. He switches his stance, uncorking a pair of hooking lefts to the temple that knocks the legend down to a knee...

...when suddenly Supreme Wright rushes in from behind, leaping up to wrap his arms around the neck of Maximus!]

GM: WHOA! WRIGHT HOOKS A SLEEPER!!

[Maximus backs off, grabbing Wright's legs and holding him up on his back. Wright grits his teeth, trying to hook the rear naked choke in as Bryant pushes up off the mat, hanging onto the ropes as he watches the action unfold.]

GM: The World Television Champion looks like he's trying to get a breather in there... he doesn't want to rush in and make a mistake that might cost him a shot at the World Title.

[Bryant stumbles away from the ropes, steadying himself as he waves at Wright who suddenly drops off the back, shoving Maximus a few steps forward into a savate kick into the breadbasket!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant goes downstairs on Maximus!

[The Doctor of Love hooks a front facelock, looking for his snapping DDT.]

GM: DDT!

[But Maximus is having none of it, lifting Bryant up into the air, still in the front facelock. The big man walks across the ring...

...and shoves Bryant off, sending him over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHHH! The TV Champ is gone! We're down to three!

BW: Supreme Wright, MAMMOTH Maximus, and Hamilton Graham! One of these three men will be fighting Calisto Dufresne with the World Heavyweight Title on the line on Labor Day in St. Louis! Who's it gonna be, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure, Bucky, but the champion is suddenly looking a bit nervous.

[Wiping a sweat-covered brow, Dufresne places both hands on the apron, staring up at the action as Maximus turns back into the ring where Supreme Wright rushes him, leaping up to throw a forearm to the temple... and another... and another...]

GM: Wright's bringing the thunder!

[With Maximus dazed, Wright quickly spins to his right, cracking the big man in the temple with a spinning back elbow!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Wright spins back the other way, throwing a rolling elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Good grief!

[A dazed Maximus falls back, draping his arms over the top rope to stay on his feet as Wright measures him.]

GM: Wright steps in... grabs the back of the head...

[The crowd ROARS as Wright explodes upwards with a European uppercut!]

GM: Goodness!

[Wright nods to the cheering crowd as he repeats it, earning a countdown.]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Maximus clings to the ropes, barely able to stay on his feet as Wright backs off. He gets his shoulder grabbed, swung quickly around into a stiff right hand to the jaw that knocks him down to a knee. Hamilton Graham swings his leg up, smashing a knee into the jaw that puts Wright down on the mat.]

GM: Hamilton Graham attacks from behind! We're down to three men and Graham's trying to turn that into two!

[Graham backs off, spreading his arms wide as he falls forward, smashing his skull into the downed Wright's!]

GM: Falling headbutt by Hamilton Graham! Oh my!

[Wright flails about on the mat as Graham gets back to his feet, moving towards the stunned Maximus. Graham grabs the back of Maximus' head, smashing a right hand into the skull. He winds up again, measuring his man...]

GM: Ohh! Another big right hand to the skull of Maximus!

[Grabbing Maximus by the ears, Graham winds up and drives his perm-covered skull into the bridge of Maximus' nose!]

GM: Another headbutt by Hamilton Graham!

BW: Graham hasn't varied his offense very much here in this Battle Royal but what he's used has been very effective, Gordo. I gotta admit that Graham's gotten a whole lot further into this match than I thought was likely to happen.

[Graham gives a shout as he leaps up, smashing his head into Maximus' again!]

GM: Leaping headbutt! Oh my!

[Maximus stays in the ropes, still with his arms draped over the top as Graham steps back, looking for a way to get Maximus up into the air.]

GM: Can he get Maximus up? Can he get him over the top?

BW: If he can, we'll down to Supreme Wright or Hamilton Graham taking on Calisto Dufresne for the World Title at Unholy War on Labor Day.

[Grabbing hold of the mask, Graham drags Maximus out to the middle of the ring. He grabs a handful of tights, rushing towards the ropes in an attempt to toss the four hundred pounder over the top rope...]

...but Maximus pulls up short, stopping in his tracks to grab Graham around the throat.]

GM: NO!

[Maximus lifts Graham up into the air, giving a shout as he chokeslams him down to the mat!]

GM: A massive chokeslam out of Maximus and Hamilton Graham may be out cold after that!

[The big man leans down, dragging Graham up by the arm and tugging him into a fireman's carry.]

GM: Maximus has got him up! He's gonna dump the legend to the floor!

[Maximus turns to the side, trying to toss Graham out to the floor. The former World Champion grabs hold of the top rope tightly, his knuckles turning white as he tries to avoid elimination...]

...when suddenly, Calisto Dufresne leaps out of his ringside seat, rushing forward to grab Maximus' ankle from outside the ring!]

GM: Dufresne grabs Maximus! He's trying to prevent Maximus from eliminating Hamilton Graham!

BW: Why?!

GM: He knows that Wright and Graham both need each other in there if they're going to stand a chance to eliminate MAMMOTH Maximus! I think Dufresne has no desire to take on the four hundred pounder with the World Title on the line!

[Back on his feet, Supreme Wright rushes into the fray, hammering an off-balance Maximus with an elbow to the ear. He repeatedly drives his elbow into the ear, stunning the big man who finally drops Graham out of the lift.]

GM: They're going for it, Bucky!

[Graham and Wright each grab a leg again, looking to upend Maximus over the ropes as Dufresne lets go, scampering away as the ringside referee shouts at him.]

GM: The World Champion's getting an earful from the official and- they've got him up! They've got Maximus up off the mat!

[With Maximus' arms draped over the top rope, Wright and Graham work together to get his feet up to about waist height, tugging and pulling through clenched teeth as they try to get four hundred pounds up off the mat...

...when a desperate Maximus lashes out, connecting with a right hand across the cheekbone of Wright, spinning him away and down to the mat, dropping the leg.]

GM: Wright gets dropped!

[On one leg, Maximus swings his left hand in a backhand that catches Graham on the cheek, knocking him back against the turnbuckles...]

GM: Maximus battles free again! How many times have we seen him do that in this Battle Royal, Bucky? How much does MAMMOTH Maximus want a shot at the World Title in St. Louis?

[Maximus lunges forward, connecting with a clothesline that takes Graham over the top rope where he crashes down to the floor to a disappointed reaction from the fans!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Hamilton Graham is eliminated! The veteran came as close as you possibly can to winning a shot at the title but he comes up just a little bit short as-

[Supreme Wright springs to his feet, lunging into a leaping forearm smash on the surprised Maximus. A few more follow before Wright climbs up to the midbuckle, raising his right arm over his head with a bellow...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: Oh my! What an elbow!

BW: It's raining elbows, daddy!

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NI-"

[The crowd collectively gasps as Maximus slips one arm up through the legs of Wright while using the other to wrap around Wright's upper thigh,

stepping out of the corner as he holds the Combat Corner alumni up in powerbomb position...]

GM: He's got him up for the powerbomb! He's gonna plant him!

[Maximus steps out of the corner, turning slightly as Wright straightens up, hooking his hands behind the back of the big man's head...

...and scissoring his legs into a figure four around the neck!]

BW: TRIANGLE CHOKE!! HE'S GOT THE TRIANGLE LOCKED IN FROM WAY UP HIGH!!

GM: Maximus got caught! The big man is surprised and- I'm not sure he can get out of this!

BW: Fall forward, you big ape! Just powerbomb the kid to hell and back!

[Maximus stumbles, trying to catch himself as Wright cinches the hold in deeper.]

BW: You can't survive long in a hold like this, Gordo. This is the kind of thing that cuts off the flow of blood to the brain and knocks you out in a hurry. If Maximus is gonna get out of this, he needs to do it quickly.

GM: Maximus is wobbling... he's barely able to stay on his feet!

[Maximus abruptly pitches to the side, grabbing at the top rope with one hand to stay up as Wright pulls down hard on the back of the head and neck. He looks around, trying to figure out his next move...

...and then falls back, using his momentum to pull Maximus with him!]

GM: HE TAKES MAXIMUS OVER!

[Maximus grabs the top rope with his free arm, hanging on tight as Wright hangs upside down from around his neck, pulling down on the head!]

GM: Wright's in a dangerous position also! They're both in some trouble here... I don't know who's worse off.

[Wright's hands slip from around the head, using just his legs now as he grabs the middle rope with both hands, trying to brace himself. He grits his teeth, giving a shout of "GO DOWN, DAMN IT!" as he tries to knock the big man out...]

GM: Wright's hanging on... Maximus is- I think his grip is slipping!

BW: He may be out!

[Suddenly, Calisto Dufresne jumps up, grabbing Maximus by the arm and yanking hard. Maximus slumps over the ropes, falling to the apron where Wright hits on his back...

...before both men fall off the apron to the floor at the feet of a surprised Calisto Dufresne!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What the...?!

BW: What just happened?! Who hit the ground first?!

[The two ringside officials climb into the ring, each making their way towards the timekeeper...

...and then pausing, looking at each other in disbelief.]

GM: I'm not sure but I believe Davis Warren and Ricky Longfellow have declared DIFFERENT winners, Bucky!

BW: It was REAL close, Gordo. They went down right here next to me and I sure couldn't tell who hit first. I thought it was Wright but I wouldn't swear to it.

GM: The referees are arguing about it in the ring. Can we get a replay on... okay, I'm being told that we're going to take a quick commercial while we try to get this all sorted out, fans. Don't you dare go away 'cause we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back to live action at ringside where there are a cacophony of voices. Gordon and Bucky are standing in the middle between two arguing officials. Supreme Wright and MAMMOTH Maximus (now joined by Louis Matsui) are on either side of them.]

GM: Welcome back, fa- gentlemen, please! We're trying to get to the bottom of what just happened out here at the conclusion of this Battle Royal to determine who will face the World Champion at Unholy War. We've got Davis Warren and Ricky Longfellow here. Gentlemen, can you please explain what you saw?

[Gordon offers the mic to Davis Warren.]

DW: Gordon, I had a pretty good look at it and I say that MAMMOTH Maximus hit the floor first after falling off the ring apron.

[The crowd cheers but the youthful Ricky Longfellow steps in, shaking his head.]

RL: No way, Davis. I was closer to it than you were and I clear as day saw Supreme Wright hit the floor first.

[The crowd boos this time as Longfellow shrugs, pointing at the striped referee's shirt. Gordon turns to Louis Matsui who grabs the mic.]

LM: This is a travesty, Gordon Myers! It was clear to everyone in this building that my man, Maximus, won this Battle Royal fair and square and now this official who's in the front office's pocket is saying that this... this...

[Gordon snatches the mic away.]

GM: Obviously, tempers are hot out here at ringside right now but we need some kind of solution to this. The winner of this Battle Royal was to get the shot at the World Title at Unholy War and we simply cannot have two winners, right?

[Wright shakes his head in disgust.]

GM: I'm being told that Jason Dane is standing by with some news on this situation. Jason?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. During the commercial break, I called my sources in the AWA President's office and I was told that Karl O'Connor has requested to speak with both of the officials for the match and has ordered that the production truck send him as many angles in as many speeds as they can manage of the finish to that match. Karl O'Connor WILL address the AWA fans tonight via satellite and WILL give us the answers we need for Unholy War. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[Crossfade back to the ringside area.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. President O'Connor will address this situation later tonight so we'll have to wait and see whether it'll be Supreme Wright or MAMMOTH Maximus challenging for the World Title in St. Louis. But right now, let's head back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following match has a ten minute time limit and is scheduled for one fall. Currently in the ring... weighing in at two hundred forty-seven pounds... "Outback" Zack Kelly!!

[Kelly does the obligatory wave to the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play to an almost immediate negative reaction. Out of the curtain comes Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed in a black hoodie which he immediately throws off. He has long gold tights with black boots as he hurries down to the ring.]

GM: After last week, I don't think anyone in the Unholy Alliance is in a very good mood. As you can see, folks, Johnny Detson is not being accompanied by Percy Chides this week.

BW: And why is that Gordo, why don't you tell all the people out there why Percy Chides isn't here with his charge?

GM: Well Bucky, Percy Chides was brutally attacked-

BW: I didn't think so!

[Detson rolls into the ring and rushes over to Kelly who has his back turned placing his hat on the ring post. Detson smashes a double axe handle down on the back as the ref signals the start of the match.]

GM: Johnny Detson is out here tonight and he looks to be all business.

BW: We're already having a shortage of Australians here in the AWA and Detson looking to make it one less.

GM: Bucky, have some respect for former Television Champion Glenn Hudson who announced he was leaving the AWA after suffering an injury at the hand of Royalty two weeks ago.

[Detson turns Kelly around and whips him hard into the opposing corner. Detson comes charging in with a running knee to the midsection of Kelly.]

GM: Ohh! Big running knee to the breadbasket!

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

[With a sneer, Detson straightens Kelly up with a vicious European uppercut.]

BW: Detson taking out all of last week's frustration out of this "bloke" here tonight. Another knee right in the gut!

[Following up, Detson creams Kelly with another big European uppercut, sending him staggering back into the buckles.]

GM: Zack Kelly appears to be out on his feet slumped down in the corner. Detson now pulls him back towards the middle of the ring... hooks him up and... he snaps him down with a textbook suplex!

[Detson rolls into a cover as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: One! Two! Come on now. There's no call for that!

[Myers and the crowd react because at two Detson yanks Kelly up, shaking his head at the official who starts lecturing him. The former World Champion whips Kelly into the ropes...]

GM: The Australian bounces back... ohh! Belly to belly and a beauty out of Detson!

BW: I haven't seen a belly-to-belly that pretty since Broussard hung 'em up, daddy! Maybe what happened to the Unholy Alliance, specifically to Percy and Steven Childes, will wake up the sleeping beast so to speak.

GM: I hate to think that the Unholy Alliance, as dangerous as they are, have been sleeping all this while.

BW: I know, scary ain't it?

[Kelly is lying face down on the canvas as Detson lifts him up by the back of his hair and starts clubbing Kelly in the face with repeated forearms again and again to the point where the official starts a five count.]

GM: Get him off the man, ref!

[Detson breaks at four, shoving Kelly towards the ropes as he gets up in the referee's face, pointing a finger at him.]

GM: Look out here. Johnny Detson already has a history here in the AWA of attacking officials and no matter how talented he is, I don't think the front office would let him off as easy the next time around.

BW: Attacking officials? He was defending himself! How was he to know another official came down? You see how Vasquez, Scott and the likes of them act? It was simply self-preservation!

GM: You expect anyone to believe that?

BW: What? Johnny told me himself.

[Detson turns away from the official after several 'choice' words as Zack gets to his feet. The Unholy Alliance member slips in behind Kelly, wiggling his fingers with anticipation as he boots the turning Aussie in the gut, quickly hooking a double underhook on the doubled-up Kelly...]

GM: He hooks him!

[Detson leaps up, landing down on his knees as Kelly's face gets DRIVEN into the canvas!]

GM: Hoyle Driver! And this one is academic, fans!

[A quick three count is followed by the sound of the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: The winner of this match... Johnny Detson!

[Detson rips his hand away from the official raising it and after a few more quick words slides out of the ring to walk up the ramp.]

GM: Johnny Detson apparently has no patience for our referee here tonight as he heads up the ramp... and it looks like Jason Dane is going to try and get some words from him.

[We cut to the top of the aisle where Jason Dane is waiting, mic in hand.]

JD: Congratulations on your victory, Johnny Detson. But I think the question on everyone's mind is-

[Detson rips the microphone out of Dane's hand.]

Detson: Shut up!

[The crowd boos as Detson sneers at them.]

Detson: And the rest of you can shut up for all I care as well. Jason Dane, you want to know something? You want to get the truth?

[Detson's voice drips with sarcasm as he glares at Dane.]

Detson: Here's some truth... a non-wrestler was attacked, brutally attacked last show. Where is your crusade for justice?

[Dane opens his mouth but Detson immediately holds up his hand.]

Detson: That's right... Percy Childes is the devil to you people so justice be damned! No justice for him...

[Detson holds up a finger and puts it in the chest of Jason Dane.]

Detson: Hypocrite!

[Circling his finger around to point at the arena he continues.]

Detson: All of you, hypocrites!

[The crowd responds in kind as Detson rolls his eyes.]

Detson: What do you think Juan Vasquez and his Merry Men proved two weeks ago? Absolutely nothing! We already knew that Juan and anyone associated with him was a liar and a cheat! They claim war time behavior in a war that was started because Juan Vasquez couldn't keep his word! That was started because Stevie Scott couldn't mind his business! Now people wonder if they can be a cohesive unit? You can't trust any of them, right, Dane?

[Dane tries to speak again but gets nowhere near the mic.]

Detson: Of course not! But don't worry, Juan, I'm with you, I don't think Kinsey or Scott or Von Braun will betray you.

[Moving in closer Dane speaks in surprise.]

JD: You don't?

[Annoyed, Detson looks at Dane before smirking.]

Detson: Of course not because at the end of the day, Juan gives them all something they can't possibly get on their own any more.... RELEVANCY!

[Laughing as the crowd boos him, Detson goes on.]

Detson: Because whatever name you give yourselves you always belong to Juan. Juan Vasquez's friends, Juan Vasquez's Immortals, Juan Vasquez's army. You need him just to make it seem like you belong.

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: You people think you're great because you come out here and break people's bones. Well at Unholy War, the Unholy Alliance is going to break your SPIRIT by beating you in that cage! You say you want a war?

[Detson glares at the camera now.]

Detson: I say you don't know what you're asking for, but you're damn sure gonna get it!

(With that, Detson slams the microphone back in the chest of Jason Dane before storming off.)

JD: Johnny Detson making bold claims and accusations in preparation to Unholy War. Let's go backstage where my good friend, Mark Stegglet, has caught up with yet another man who suddenly finds himself busy at Unholy War next week in St. Louis!

[We head backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by. Standing next to him in a sleeveless white "BUDWEISER - KING OF BEERS" shirt, heavily taped hands and a nasty expression on his face is Hannibal Carver.]

MS: Hannibal Carver, we all watched the terrible footage last time. You were attacked from behind mere seconds after capturing victory, Terry Shane III putting you in the No Escape to the point of unconsciousness. More than that, a fan got involved and the fallout was that both you and Terry were suspended. Your thoughts?

HC: Thoughts? I got robbed of the chance to collect a paycheck, and I wasn't even awake for it. Now I've had some benders... but that one's GOT to take the cake.

[Carver grunts.]

HC: Yeh, he went too far. Might sound strange coming from me, with some of the things I've done... but whether it was slicing someone open with my old friend, wrapping a steel chair around their head or even tossing them off a balcony just for kicks... that was all business. They knew what they were getting into, they were a professional athlete and they signed their name on the dotted line. What he did, was to some kid filled up on too much beer and vinegary running through his veins. But then again, when has Terry Shane ever been known to do the right thing?

[Mark nods before continuing.]

MS: Also last time out, Terry Shane III issued a challenge to you. For a second time, a No Escape Challenge. Do you have an answer for him?

[Carver chuckles.]

HC: Are yeh kidding me? Is that supposed to be a joke? This punk ducks me at every opportunity when his Cub Scout troop isn't around, and yeh wonder what my answer is? He tries to end my career --

[Carver throws up two fingers up towards the camera, nearly backhanding Steglett.]

HC: -- TWICE and yeh wonder what my answer could possible be?

[Carver whips his head to the side to glare at Mark, who begins to back off.]

HC: Of COURSE I accept. Am I looking forward to it?

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: No. What I'm looking forward to, is what that snot nosed kid has denied me time and time again, ever since I hopped the rail and cut him and his little girlfriend from putting the crowd to sleep nearly a year ago. I'm looking forward...

[Carver punches his chest.]

HC: ... TO A FIGHT. But he can't have that. Time and again he needs some bells and whistles, he needs some birthday cake in the ring, he needs an athletic competition to see if I can get out of his submission. But never a fight. Even when I FINALLY get him to sign on for one, his little goon squad has to come in and interfere. Anything but facing me nose to nose, like a man. But fine. Fine Terry, we'll play yer game since whether it's a No Escape Challenge or a game of jarts, I will sign on for ANYTHING that gets me in that ring with yeh, yeh little creep.

MS: After feeling the effects of the hold so recently, are you worried about your ability to withstand and escape it?

HC: Heh. I ain't about to stand here and call it a joke. I ain't gonna pretend that Terry Shane is a joke. He's a helluva athlete and that submission hurts like hell, which I can give yeh firsthand confirmation on. But no, I ain't worried about that.

I'm worried about what I'll do to yeh after I get out, Shane. And if ANYONE will ever be able to get me to stop.

[Carver walks off, as a concerned Mark Stegglet glances back at the camera.]

MS: He appears as ready... as intense as ever, folks. Let's go back down to the squared circle for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Glen Falls, New York... weighing in at 260 pounds... Boof Banner!

[A goofy looking guy with a bowl hair cut and what appears to be a tattoo of Pac-Man on his left bicep leaps into the air, cupping his hands around his mouth and shouting "BOOOOOOOOOOOOF!" to some chuckling from the crowd.]

GM: The enthusiastic brawler out of New York, Boof Banner, making his AWA debut here tonight in Kansas City.

[Banner drops back to the corner, battering his chest with his fists as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The unmistakable guitar riff from the beginning of ZZ Top's "La Grange" belts out over the PA system...

#Rumour spreadin' a-'round in that Texas town
'bout that shack outside La Grange
#And you know what I'm talkin' about.
#Just let me know if you wanna go
#To that home out on the range.
#They gotta lotta nice girls ah.

[As they enter into "Pow pow pow pow", "Dangerous" Dick Wyatt appears at the entrance way, wearing a pair of long legged black tights, red boots and a black warmup jacket.]

PW: From Memphis, Tennessee... weighing in at 255 pounds... he's part of the Beale Street Bullies...

"DAAAAAANGEROUS" DIIIIIIICK WYYYYYYYYYATT!

[The Georgian's long blond hair hangs loose at his shoulders as he saunters from the back, a smirk playing on his features as he nods his head along with the music as he struts down the aisle towards the ring...climbing the stairs, he pauses on the apron to wipe his feet on the mat on the outside, then winks at one of the women at ringside before entering the squared circle...]

GM: Dick Wyatt competing inside the ring for the first time in a while, fans. I'm pretty sure this is his first match back from that arm injury he suffered at the hands of the Lynches earlier this summer.

BW: Those no-good stinkin' Stenches put a man on the shelf for months and these idiots still cheer them! Disgusting!

[Wyatt smirks at the official as he removes his black jacket, revealing his arm still covered in a protective cast.]

GM: Now, wait a second!

BW: I talked to Dick before the show about this. This is totally legal, Gordo. It's been approved by O'Connor's office. They said he's good to go.

GM: Good to go?! The man's wearing a weapon on his arm!

BW: That "weapon" is a medically-required protection for his arm! The doctors gave him clearance to compete but said he still needs the cast.

GM: For how long?

BW: Indefinitely.

GM: INDEFINITELY?!

[Wyatt seems to be having the same conversation in the ring with the referee who mimes not using the cast as a weapon.]

GM: I think referee Marty Meekly is telling Wyatt that he can't hit his opponent with it or it'll be a disqualification. Seems fair to me.

[Wyatt nods as he tosses the jacket aside, waving a hand at an anxious Boof Banner across the ring.]

GM: Both men are ready... and there's the bell!

[Wyatt struts out of the corner, earning some boos from the fans as he pulls up and buries a boot in the gut of an incoming Boof Banner. He winds up, cracking Banner on the chin with an uppercut.]

GM: Nice right hand out of Wyatt... ohh, and a big elbowsmash down between the eyes!

BW: See, Gordo? He didn't even use the cast to do it.

GM: How nice of him.

[With Banner down on a knee, Wyatt secures the side headlock, using his cast to press against the ear of the brawler from New York.]

GM: He's using the cast now!

BW: Well, yeah! How else do you apply a headlock? With one arm?

[Banner throws a pair of forearms into the ribs, forcing the break on the hold. He winds up, throwing a wild haymaker that catches Wyatt on the chin as he shouts "BOOOOOOF!" Wyatt sprawls out on the mat on his rear, looking surprised as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Boof Banner showing some fight here in Kansas City.

[Grabbing the cast-covered arm, Banner hauls Wyatt back to his feet...

...and gets a thumb stuck in his eye for it!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot out of Wyatt!

[Wyatt quickly grabs the side headlock again, this time turning away from the official to slam a thumb up into the throat, leaving a gasping Banner staggering away into the ropes. Wyatt pleads innocence as the referee questions him.]

GM: I couldn't quite see it from our vantage point but it certainly looked like Wyatt slipped a closed fist or something in during that headlock.

[Approaching the ropes, Wyatt plants his cast against the back of Banner's neck, pushing down on it.]

GM: That's a choke, ref! Get in there! Wyatt AGAIN using that cast to his advantage even though he was warned not to.

BW: Pretty sure Meekly only told him not to brain ol' Boof with that cast. He didn't say anything about using it in a hold like this.

GM: A hold? You act like this is some kind of Greco-Roman submission.

[At the count of four, Wyatt tugs the top rope, snapping Banner back down to the mat as the crowd boos. Wyatt smirks at their reaction, doing a little strut to the middle of the ring where he kisses his hand and slaps his rear in the direction of the crowd which only boos louder for it.]

GM: Wyatt sure does know how to make friends.

BW: He's got all the friends he needs in the Beale Street Bullies and when the Bullies meet the Lynches in six man action at Unholy War, the whole world's gonna know who the better team is.

[Wyatt grabs a rising Banner, scooping him up off the mat and slamming him down with a bodyslam.]

GM: Big slam by Wyatt... he's off the ropes...

[The Memphis native rebounds off, again strutting out to the middle of the ring where he leaps up, stomping the sternum of Boof Banner.]

GM: Ohh! Big leaping stomp! That'll knock the wind right out of your sails, fans.

[Wyatt flips his hair, leaning back against the ropes where he waves for Banner to get back to his feet.]

GM: Look at the arrogance on Dick Wyatt. Not following up on his move at all. Just standing there and waving for Boof Banner to get back up off the mat.

[As Banner struggles to his feet, Wyatt rushes at him, extending the arm...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Banner!

[Wheeling around, Banner's already throwing the haymaker which lands with a loud "BOOOOOF!" A second big right hand lands, again accompanied with "BOOOOOF!"]

GM: Boof Banner's firing away, trying to get back into this thing!

[Banner grabs a handful of hair, throwing Wyatt back into the corner where Banner approaches, fists at the ready. He winds and throws, giving the quick-learning crowd something to shout with each blow landed.]

"BOOOOOOF!"

"BOOOOOOF!"

"BOOOOOOF!"

"BOOOOOOF!"

"BOOOOOOF!"

"BOOOOOOF!"

[Banner looks around, a big grin on his face as he reaches for Wyatt's arm, flinging him across the ring with an Irish whip.]

GM: Banner shoots him to the corner... charging in after him!

[But as Banner closes the distance, Wyatt rears back and throws a stiff right jab that makes a loud "WHAAAAACK!" echo through the building. The blow is so strong, it spins the charging Banner back the other way, turning his back to Wyatt...]

BW: DANGEROUS CURVE!

[...which allows Wyatt to leap up, grabbing the head and neck of Banner and pulling it into the Bully's shoulder before dropping down to his tailbone, jolting the spine of Banner with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: OHH! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[A smirking Wyatt flips Banner over, pressing the cast against his cheekbone as he applies a press for an easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wyatt pushes himself up, allowing the official to raise his arms to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Dick Wyatt with an impressive victory just over a week away from Unholy War, fans. But I have a feeling he's in for a rough night when he climbs inside that squared circle with the Lynch Brothers.

BW: I can't wait for that one.

GM: Nor can I. Fans, we've got to take another break but before we do, let's go to Jason Dane who has caught up with another special guest. Jason?

[We go up to the interview area, where Jason Dane stands by with the devious Mr. Sadisuto.

A middle-aged Japanese man with a mustache and goatee, Sadisuto is wearing a nice black tuxedo and a bowler hat. He bows repeatedly to Dane and the camera as the fans boo him.]

JD: I am standing by with Mr. Sadisuto, who tonight will be facing off against a man you called a coward some weeks ago, Ryan Martinez. It seems like Mr. Martinez did not take kindly to your remarks.

MS: Hahaha! Only truth hurt, boy-san. Ryan Martinez, I will call him, Ryan-kun. Ryan-kun, you had opportunity that Mistah Sadisuto vely much desire, to fight for Wold Television Champship. But you turn it down to be tag team with Gunnar-senpai. Shame to you for hide behind old man. But that not suprise; you would hide behind your old man if he let you! Hahahahaha, but he is like a broken reed in the wind, and you are like candle in same wind. Without big body old man to hide behind, you vely quickly be...

[Sadisuto reaches out his hand and closes it quickly, as if extinguishing a flame.]

MS: ...snuff out! Hahahaha!

JD: Please.

MS: Only one who will ask 'please' is Ryan-kun. He will say, 'Please, mastah Sadisuto, no more! No more torture! No more suffahriiiiing! No more paaaaiiiiiiin!' But I will laugh and give him MORE PAAAIIN. Because I have vely long conversation today with vely good friend of mine.

[Sadisuto turns back towards dane, grinning in a very mischievous manner.]

JD: I'm afraid to ask.

MS: Mistah Larry Doyle, boy-san! Doyle-san and Mistah Sadisuto talk all about Ryan-kun. About how it would be such a shame if Ryan-kun were injure, only two week before Wold Tag Team Championship match! Hahahaha! Such a shame! Vely vely easy to...

[Sadisuto positions his hands, as if holding something, and then one of his hands twists sharply.]

MS: ...accidently slip kneecap out of place! Could vely easy have accident in ring, Ryan-kun. Doyle-san and I, we talk about many many accident that could happen to you! Hahahahaha!

JD: Are you saying that Larry Doyle hired you to take out Ryan Martinez?!

MS: Oh no, boy-san, no, accident!

JD: Accident.

MS: Yes. Accident.

JD: And we're supposed to believe that Larry Doyle didn't pay you to arrange an accident?

MS: No, no, you have it all wrong, boy-san. Mistah Sadisuto never do that.

JD: Really?

MS: Why hire me when I do it for free?! Hahahahahaha! Ryan-kun, you gonna suffah! I will torrrrture you. And old man Gunnar-sanpai, he be all alone on Labor Day! Haha, but Mistah Sadisuto, vely soon, he will be Wold Television Champion, and Ryan-kun will not wear any belt at all. Not over hospital robe! Hahahahahahaaaa!

[Sadisuto waddles off as Dane shakes his head.]

JD: We should have guessed. Bucky, Gordon, back to you.

BW: Come on, Dane. What's so wrong about Mr. Sadisuto having a friendly conversation with Larry Doyle? They're friends! He just said there was no money involved.

GM: Mr. Sadisuto is a known liar, and if you believe that there is no collusion or money involved, I have a bridge or two I'd like to sell you. Fans, don't go away - we'll be right back!

[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 it has come to an end! Only one more show remaining - our annual Labor Day Extravaganza - and believe me, you do NOT want to miss it!

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "SEPTEMBER 2nd - CHAIFETZ ARENA - ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI"]

"St. Louis, are you ready for an Unholy War?! The 2013 Heat Wave tour comes to an end in the Chaifetz Arena with the big event featuring WarGames! Plus, the World Title AND World Tag Team Titles will be on the line!"

[The graphic fades to reveal a Heat Wave logo along with some info about buying tickets before the graphic fades to black...

...and we fade back up to Jason Dane in the backstage area with two young men standing alongside him.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. I'm standing here now with two of the youngest competitors on our AWA roster. Bobby O'Connor, Larry Wallace, the Young Bloods.

[The pair stand shoulder to shoulder beside Jason Dane. O'Connor's rich auburn hair lays flat with a small part favoring the right side of his head where as Wallace's coffee sun kissed brown mane is more of an intricate finger-scaped mess. Both men are adorned in cardinal red club jackets with their last names scripted above the left breast pocket in white writing. The collarless threads have matching gold trimming along the neck and sleeves and these match their wrestling shorts.]

JD: For the past couple of weeks, we have seen you begin to climb your way up the AWA tag team division ladder. You've collected quite a few wins, though I gotta admit, some people in the wrestling community are kind of waiting for that break out moment, that single match that will take your careers to the next level. Now I'm not going to stand here and tell you that your wins over the Masked Maniacs and the Dungeon Lords have been less than impressive, because you've put on a great show, but the fans are ready for you to square up with a pair of opponents much bigger than the likes of the Apocalypse and Mr. Swift. What's your plan to appease these so-called critics but more importantly, please your fans?

BO: You know it's ironic that you mention having a bigger plan for ourselves, Jason. Cause Larry and I, well we've got some plans for tonight, some big, BIG plans. Tell em', Larry.

LW: Plans? Oh we got plans! Look, Jason. We get it, we know the people want to see more. Much, much more out of us. When you step into the AWA and you've got the name O'Connor or Wallace scribbled on your back you instantly paint a pretty hefty target on yourselves. But more importantly, the expectations of success are multiplied a hundred times over!

This guy right here and I...

[He gestures to Bobby O'Connor.]

LW: We are taking on ALL comers, no matter how big, or how tall. We strive for greatness each and every time we step foot into the ring. We have no doubt that we have what it takes in our blood to make it to the top in this business just like my father before me... and his grandfather and father before him!

So tonight, let us tell you, and all the good people down here in Kansas City, our simple plan.

We want to slay the biggest giants in all the land.

[Wallace looks over at O'Connor who gives him a "Go ahead, tell them." nod of his head.]

LW: We want Aftershock!

[Dane's eyes suddenly widen.]

JD: Easy there fellas! These men combined are over EIGHT HUNDRED pounds! It's one thing to be confident...

...but don't be crazy!

BO: Crazy? Crazy?! We ain't crazy, Jason, we are POSSESSED.

[Wallace grins, nodding.]

BO: EVERY single time you hear "God's Gonna Cut You Down" and we walk that aisle in our club jackets, the fans are gonna know that they are about to be a part of something special, something exclusive... They are gonna know that ANYTHING and EVERYTHING can happen. There's plenty of guys back here right now that have that WOW factor, that little some'em special that gives you goose bumps and makes those little hairs on your arms raise when you see 'em perform.

But as memorable and spectacular as that is gonna be for the fans...

...it's gonna be the exact opposite for our opponents! Cause when you look down the eyes of the Young Bloods in the ring you are gonna feel the heat, the intensity, the pressure! You're gonna know you are standing in the ring with something bigger and better than a wrestling match, you're gonna know you're looking down the throats of the future of this business. But if you think that's crazy, Jason, if these people think that's crazy...

You ain't seen nothin' yet! Get a good look at me... at him... you better get used to this site fellas. I don't care if tonight we are calling out Richter Lane and Lee Tremors because tomorrow it could be YOUR name at the tip of our tongues!

LW: We KNOW we need to earn this. If we want cracks at some of the best tag teams in the world, we have to earn it. If we want television time, we have to earn it. If we want to one day carry gold, and I'll be damned if we don't, we have to earn it. So you can talk about what we've done over the last month, you and everyone can get all worked up about the teams we've taken down so far and how that don't mean much to you and while you're doing that Bobby and I are gonna keep looking forward. We are gonna continue to cut down team after team faster than the AWA can line them up in front of us and it may have started with the Masked Maniacs, it may have continued with the Dungeon Lords like you said, but it's not ending here tonight with Aftershock. I promise you that.

BO: They might be massive...

LW: We're tougher.

BO: Sure they're strong.

LW: We're faster!

BO: And we aren't gonna bore you with some rhyme about bein' big and falling harder but tonight you're gonna see first hand that when your roll with us? When you lace em' up against the Young Bloods? It ain't just a battle. It ain't even a fight. IT'S A WAR!

LW: 'Till the day.

We.

Die.

[The two inch forward ahead of Jason, going back to back with a double finger gun point at the camera before walking off screen.]

JD: The challenge has been issued! The Young Bloods want a piece of Aftershock and they want it right here tonight. Will Aftershock accept? We'll have to wait and see but right now, let's head back down to the ring for more action!

[We fade back up from the commercial where Phil Watson stands in the ring beside two oddly dressed individuals. The two somewhat burly men have wild hair styles, bizarre face paint, and above all else... kilts.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time and making their AWA debut. Weighing in at a combined weight of a 481 pounds. Here are...

SIR WILLY AND ROBERT THE BRUISER.

THE BRAVE!!!

GM: Quite the outfits these two have on.

BW: Did you just use the word, "outfit"?

[Sir Willy and Robert the Bruiser both stand in the far corner of the ring dressed in their dated attire. Robert has on a relic looking battle helmet that covers most of his head (save for this face) and a thick coat with metal shoulder pads and forearms that stretches out into a skirt-like bottom. He holds a battle axe in his left hand whereas his partner holds a long metal sword in his. Sir Willy, ever the showman, begins to stomp around the ring, screaming out nothingness at the fans as he lifts his sword high in the air.]

GM: I'm just saying they look like they took castaways from a Medieval Times production with those get-ups on. I'm not exactly sure what they are doing out here tonight. I've got nothing on them and-

[Static.]

PW: And their opponents.

GM: This is suddenly making much more sense.

[Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play. The familiar feminine silhouette appears first in the entrance way, hip cocked, hand placed on her skin tight. Miss Sandra Hayes raises her other hand which tightly grips the branding iron. A branding iron that continues to signal the arrival of the self proclaimed fastest rising tag team in AWA.]

PW: Being accompanied by Miss Sandra Hayes... weighing in at a combined weight of 505 pounds. I give you...

AARON ANDERSON AND LENNY STRONG...THE RIIIIIIIIING WORKERS!!!

GM: I should have known these guys were behind some ridiculous get up like their opponents have on tonight.

BW: I think you need to let it go, Gordo. Since when do these guys ever try to make a joke out of their opponents?

GM: When don't they try that?

BW: I think you're confusing them with a team a little less spirited and eccentric.

GM: Hardly.

[Wheeling out behind Miss Hayes is in fact Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. The two sport their signature green track jackets with white lining and matching ring tights. Anderson's head is shaved down to his scalp while Strong sports a raggedy slop of brown hair pinned back behind his ears. The trio march out to the ring, much to the dismay of the crowd, who shout obscene gestures towards the duo while a mix of whistles from some men in the front row beckon out towards the Siren.]

GM: Despite all the evil in this young lady's heart, some of these fans at ringside are still going to cheer her because of her appearance.

BW: My mama always said you shouldn't judge a book by its cover.

GM: I have to agree with your mother on this one because despite her looks, she is as cold-hearted and ruthless as they come.

BW: Yeah, but I think my mama ever saw a cover like this.

[The Shane Gang members all reach the ring and Miss Sandra Hayes sets herself up on the middle rope, gesturing for "her" fearless warriors to follow. Anderson enters, as does Strong, and before Phil Watson can get even clear himself from the ring...

...the maniacally duo of Sir Willy and Robert the Bruiser steamroll forward only to be met by vicious back elbows by Anderson and Strong!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Apparently now it's official.

BW: And quite possibly over.

[Anderson and Strong unleash a flurry of fists, unloading on Willy and Robert who do their best to scrape and claw their way back to their feet. Meekly tries to gain control and separate some of the men to the outside of the ring but Anderson continues to stomp on Robert the Bruiser who rolls around on the mat. Strong grabs Sir Willy by a big chunk of hair and HEAVES him over the top rope and out of the ring.]

GM: The Ring Workers mean business tonight, they are picking these poor guys apart!

BW: I guess this answers the age old question.

GM: What's that?

BW: I was hoping you'd know what it was, daddy. People use that expression all the time and I never understood it.

[Strong stays in pursuit of Sir Willy, following him to the outside. Willy hangs over the guard rail and Lenny Strong grabs his head from behind and begins grinding his throat over the metal railing, choking the life out of him. Meekly, bending through the ropes, begins shouting towards Strong who continues to apply pressure for several seconds as Meekly begins to count. Finally he snaps away, holding his hands up in the air as he heads towards his corner.]

GM: Willy might not be able to get up after that one. He's on the ground gasping for air. Not exactly the the technical expertise we've come to know from the Ring Workers.

BW: They're game changers, daddy. Any match, any situation, they are always ready. They've got boat loads of talent hidden in their sleeves!

GM: I think you are referring too Mr. Strong's elbow pad.

BW: I have no idea what you are talking about.

[Aaron Anderson picks Robert up off the mat and hurls him into the ropes where he staggers back towards Anderson who greets him with backhanded chops that SMACK against his chest. Before the flurry is over the Bruiser's chest is lit up a bright red. Anderson whips him back into the ropes and the Bruiser comes crashing forward into the arms of Anderson who HOISTS him up...

...military pressing him into the air as he holds them there for what probably feels like an eternity for Robert the Bruiser. Seconds later, he heaves him back and the Bruiser BOUNCES off the mat!]

GM: Incredible power by Aaron Anderson. This guy was a prize student out of the Combat Corner which goes to show you that Todd Michaelson and his crew train the very best this sport has to offer. Supreme Wright, Eric Preston-

[Before Gordon can list off another name he's silenced as Anderson wraps his hands through the arms of Robert Bruiser and around his throat, twisting him up.]

GM: Cobra Clutch?! What is he-

BW: I think he's sending a thank you letter to Todd Michaelson.

[But unlike Preston or Wright, Anderson doesn't take this one to the ground. He grinds his heels into the mat, slightly bends forward, and then explodes up with his hips...

...whipping Robert the Bruiser up and over his own body and FLATTENING him into the canvas face first!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH SUPLEX! MY GOODNESS WHAT IMPACT!

BW: FINAL COMBAT!

[Anderson stares down and instead of covering him for the inevitable victory he chooses to slap Robert the Bruiser across the back of the head. He grabs him by the trunks and TOSSES him towards his corner where a recuperating Sir Willy is bent over the top rope. Anderson gestures towards him before shouting, "Come on!" The Bruiser, dazed and on dream street, inches himself closer to his partner only to collapses a foot short. Disgusted, Anderson stalks forward. He grabs the Bruiser by the arm and nearly rips it out of the socket as he extends it out to Sir Willy. Before Willy can even think to tag himself in, Anderson uses the Bruiser's arm and he slaps Willy across the face with it. As Willy's cheek turns away, Anderson drops the Bruiser and latches onto his partner...

...escorting him into the ring with as he HAULS him over the top rope and slams him into the canvas!]

GM: This isn't a wrestling match, Bucky. This is a beating. A cold, calculated beating.

BW: It ain't that at all, Gordo. It's a message. I think we both know who they are sending it too.

[Anderson drills Willy with a European Uppercut that knocks him into the corner. Willy stumbles forward and Anderson throws himself into the ropes, bounces back, and lunges...

...spinning himself mid-flight and unleashes another vicious European Uppercut that drops Sir Willy!]

GM: Wow, that's all I can really say.

BW: It's only a matter of time before these guys start getting their shots at the elite teams, daddy. Look at them! Look at Anderson! He's ripping this team in half by himself!

[Anderson shoots up to his feet and smacks his chest with his own fist. He turns away from the downed Sir Willy and looks over at Lenny Strong. Anderson finally shows a slight grin as he drags Willy by the legs towards his corner, holding him in place as he tags in Lenny Strong. Lenny grabs the top rope and slingshots himself in...

...rolling himself over mid-flight and smashing his back across the chest of the helpless Sir Willy!]

BW: Beautiful slingshot senton by Lenny Strong!

GM: I'll give you that. These guys are executing to perfection.

[Strong grabs Willy by his left arm and left leg. He stands over him, pausing briefly, before he snares him up into the air by these two limbs and racks him over his shoulders. He gives a quick glance to Miss Hayes who nods her head in approval and as she does so...

...Strong forces Sir Willy from his back and SLAMS him down back first, still holding him by the arm and leg.]

GM: This is where these guys are absolutely lethal. They grab an arm, a leg, or as we are seeing now... sometimes both. They pick you apart, Bucky.

BW: You're not telling me anything I don't already know, daddy. I've seen stardom in these guys since the first time they stepped foot in an arena.

GM: You may have seen stardom but it was Terry Shane who plucked them out of obscurity, out from underneath all of our own eyes, and turned them into this mechanically engineered wrecking machine.

[Lenny Strong, still clutching the arm and leg of Sir Willy, drags him back to his corner. Anderson immediately tags himself back in as he slaps Lenny on

the back. The Axeman quickly positions himself on the other side of Willy and grabs his free arm and leg. Together, holding all four limbs, they begin to swing him up in the air.]

BW: We've seen this before out of them. They're about to send Willy for a ride, daddy!

[Up and down he goes, his chest billowing up at the peak of each swing. After the fourth swing Anderson and Strong fire him up in the air, release...

...and Willy sails high above the ring before the inevitable fall where he SMASHES down into the ring mat!]

GM: Together these men might just be future champions.

BW: Shane has his Gang running on all cylinders, Gordo. Donnie White is turning heads with his high flying theatrics and these two are absolutely running down these poor saps right now.

[With frightening strength, Anderson wrenches the back of Willy and jerks him up into the air. With an effortless rotation of Willy, Anderson spikes him down...

...BENDING him over his knee!]

BW: TOBACCO ROAD BREAKER!

GM: Here comes Strong!

[Strong, ricocheting off the ropes, leaps into the air shoots both feet down...

...STOMPING the chest of Sir Willy as he hangs helpless over Anderson's knee!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A STOMP BY LENNY STRONG! This kid isn't getting up! Please just finish him off.

BW: Come on, Gordo, where's the sport in that?

GM: If you mean sportsmanship, there isn't any from these guys. The Shane Gang does anything BUT follow the rules.

[Strong exits and Anderson goes back to work, shoving his large boot into the face of Sir Willy and scraping it across his eyes. Meekly warns him and Anderson doesn't even acknowledge the official, dragging his heel over his face a second time. This time Meekly is much more persistent, stepping between Willy and Anderson who just shrugs him off.]

GM: Get control of this guy, Anderson is an animal out there tonight.

BW: Are you gonna stop him?

GM: No, but I know a pair of individuals who would.

BW: You can't possibly mean those traitors Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG!

GM: I certainly am talking about the Rave.

BW: They abandoned all of their morals and reason for existence!

GM: No, they found a better cause to fight for.

[Anderson peels Willy off the canvas, tossing him up and over his shoulder with little restraint. He walks the ring like a man possessed, carrying all of Sir Willy's dead weight over him. He reaches out to Strong, tagging him back in.]

GM: I don't think I like where this is headed.

[Strong steps in as Anderson adjusts Willy, slinging him across both shoulders.]

BW: Here we go, daddy!

[Fluidly, Anderson shoves Willy's feet off of his right shoulder, pressing him into the air where his body sails up and over...

...right into the waiting arms of Lenny Strong snatches him and DRIVES him down with authority!]

GM: OH MY, WHAT A SHOT! WHAT A POWERBOMB!

BW: DEMOLITION DRIVER, DADDY! IT'S OVER!

[Strong racks Willy's legs over his own chest, covering him for a pin while Anderson unloads a massive shoulder tackle to the unsuspecting Robert the Bruiser who goes flying from the ring apron and crashing to the outside!]

GM: One. Two. Three.

BW: Sweet dreams, daddy!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners, Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong...

THE RING WORKERS!

[Anderson and Strong raise their hands in victory as the crowd jeers loudly. Miss Hayes climbs up on the apron, stepping through the ropes to join her men. She snatches their hands away from the referee, holding them aloft as Jason Dane steps through the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Jason Dane is going to try and get a few words from the Ring Workers and Miss Hayes. Take it away, Jason.

[Jason Dane nods as he raises his mic.]

JD: Lenny, Aaron... an impressive victory tonight, I'll give you-

[Anderson jumps in, shooting right for Dane.]

MSH: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa there big fella!

[Miss Hayes holds two hands up against Anderson's chest who breathes down hard over head of Jason Dane.]

JD: What did I...

[The always calm, Lenny Strong steps in.]

LS: Well hello Jason.

[Dane looks at Jason, though he slowly steps away from the brooding force known as Aaron Anderson who looms dangerously and uncomfortably close to him.]

LS: So nice of you to take time out of your busy day of digging through trash cans and tracing clues with your secret decoder pin to join us. But before you get all investigative reporter on us lets get something straight. See the big guy here ain't too happy. Heck, he's down right TICKED OFF. Ain't nobody given us a THING!

[Lenny mouths to Aaron, "See, ain't so hard."]

LS: Now then, what we did just there... disassembling them one by one, limb by limb, that was OUR doing... not yours! Not the AWA's.. That right there was hard-work, grit, and wrestling ONE-OH-ONE at its finest.

MSH: The Shane Gang Way!

LS: The onnnnnly way.

JD: Indeed. But that aside...

[Anderson snorts, shaking his head at Dane for dismissing their win so quickly.]

JD: Last time out, we saw the Rave lay down a major challenge to you. In fact, they laid down a Wyldestyling Challenge to you and Aaron for two weeks from now at the Unholy War.

LS: A what?

JD: A wyldestyling chall --

MSH: We heard you.

LS: That just sums it up, don't it? These nitwits are running around with their streamers, their ridiculous haircuts...

MSH: Their horrible color coordination and accessorizing!

LS: Yes, there's that. But lets be honest here for a second...

...they're spittin' out some ludicrous mumbo-jumbo about a roilspur. A roilspur?!

Lets sit on that for a second, Jason.

[Lenny just stares at Dane, unblinking, and Dane begins to grow restless during the silence. Dane finally can't take it anymore...]

JD: So you have no recollection or knowledge of what they are referring too, who this roil --

AA: He said silence!

[Anderson rips the mic away from Jason, tossing it to Lenny.]

LS: That'll work. What I recall is those buffoons starting a battle they aren't fit to compete in. I get it, I do, deep down they are afraid of returning back to wrestling shows in Pawtucket against the Hive or menacing tandems like Shock N' Awe. But unfortunately for our little flavor of the month friends.... that should be the LEAST of their concerns. You see they have thrust themselves into the spotlight, but not because they are capable of exchanging leglocks and armdrags with guys like us... but because they are easy to exploit.

They're bright, they're shiny, they probably sell more action figures than we do...

They're probably rolling in more five dollar bills than they've ever seen before.

But listen to me...

[Jason's eyes dart between Strong and Anderson who still hovers over him.]

LS: I SAID LISTEN. TO. ME!

[Strong takes a hard step towards Dane who tumbles right into the chest of Anderson, bouncing him right back up between the two.]

LS: Jerby... Shizz... right now... we could march right into to the back and hurt you. We could hurt you very badly. Thus taking you out of the

spotlight. Possibly opening up never seen before opportunities for guys like Dichotomy or the Blue Brothers. Much more deserving and quite frankly...

MSH: Less stupid men.

LS: But you see boys, it ain't that simple. You did something foolish, something that I'd be setting your little time machine up right now to go back and change.

Tell em' Aaron.

[Aaron slaps his right fist into his left hand.]

LS: Yeeeah. You issued us a challenge.

You want to face the Ring Workers?!

MSH [screeching]: YOU GOT IT!

[There's an outburst from the crowd as Miss Hayes screams out.]

LS: So much for the dramatic pause.

[Miss Hayes shrugs and smiles back at Lenny.]

LS: It doesn't matter if it's 2013, 2032, or 2072... in this lifetime or the next... Jezz and Shizz Dawg... you don't belong living in the same year as us...

The same world as us.

And you definitely don't belong in the same ring with us.

AA: In less than two weeks.

[Aaron holds up a big fat two fingers.]

LS: We don't care which version of you shows up...

This elbow.

[Lenny pats his infamous "deadly" elbow.]

LS: And that boot....

[The camera cuts down to the massive green boot of Aaron Anderson.]

LS: They don't care what time warp or galaxy your heads are from.

They split em' open the same damn way.

MSH: In half!

[Lenny glares at Miss Hayes who has a grin from eyelash to eyelash. He rolls his eyes and signals to the back and on cue "Dance of the Knights" starts up and Strong and Anderson along with Miss Hayes begin exiting the ring.]

JD: The challenge has been accepted! A Wyldestyling Challenge between The Rave and The Ring Workers will be coming to you LIVE from St. Louis at Unholy War. I'm told there are a limited number of tickets still available so if you haven't already made your plans to join us on the last night of the Heat Wave tour, do so now! Now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet has a special guest! Mark?

[We fade backstage where Mark Stegglet is looking more than a little uncomfortable at having to conduct this interview.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... the always-controversial, the ever-outspoken Colonel P.W. de Klerk.

[He steps away a little as he reluctantly extends his arm to welcome the fatigued wrestler. De Klerk arrogantly stands before him, chin raised high as he twirls his handlebar mustache.]

PWdK: You may speak.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Before we get started, I would ask that you please conduct yourself in a manner fitting of your position as an AWA competitor and keep your political views to yourself.

[de Klerk doesn't respond outside of a sneer as he twists his mustache again.]

MS: Colonel, you go up against Shadoe Rage tonight for the third time. This little rivalry is certainly getting intense.

PWdK: Rivalry? There is no rivalry. A rivalry suggests equality. That dog is not and will never be my equal.

[Stegglet opens his mouth to speak but de Klerk stops him with a stern look.]

PWdK: You speak when I tell you to speak. That kaffir needs to be put down and taught his place.

[Stegglet looks like he is trying to swallow a rock.]

PWdK: The degenerate spawn of a savage and a woman of fallen morals. That's what this freak 'Shadoe Rage' is. And I am going to put him down. Purity and order must be restored. And I shall restore it even if it means I must sully my hands on that Kaffir boy...

[Stegglet cuts him off.]

MS: Thank you, Colonel

[De Klerk sneers at him indignantly before marching out of view.]

MS: That's going to be a hot one here later tonight. Fans, let's go back down to-

[Stegglet pauses, looking off-camera. His eyes grow wide as two men walk into view... two very, very large men.]

MS: Gentlemen, I don't believe you're scheduled for interview time right now.

[Stegglet looks up at the large intruders, Richter Lane and Lee Tremors, collectively known as Aftershock who look down at Stegglet with disdain.]

MS: Very well. Obviously, you're here to address the challenge made earlier tonight by Bobby O'Connor and Larry Wallace, also known as The Young Bloods. And although you two are unquestionably and undeniably the largest tag team in the AWA, you have, for a time now, gone relatively unnoticed.

[An eyebrow is raised by Richter Lane at that.]

MS: Gentlemen, please share your thoughts on being challenged by this young brash tag team here tonight.

[The six foot six Lane stares down at Stegglet.]

RL: Unnoticed? What do you mean unnoticed?

[Stegglet raises a hand.]

MS: Easy. I just meant that-

[Tremors interrupts.]

LT: We know what you meant, Stegglet!

RL: You mean to tell me that two men of our size... our stature... our power... have gone unnoticed? Whose fault is that? Whose fault is it that the AWA hasn't recognized our capabilities thus far? Whose fault is it that hillbillies like the Bishop Boys or con artists like the Bombers are the ones getting all the praise? All the accolades. It is by no fault of our own that we have yet to be HEARD from.

LT: You gotta be living under a GIANT rock to miss us walking through these halls, my man.

RL: We ain't hard to find, admit that fella. If you miss us, then that only means one damn thing.

You been hiding.

[Lane chuckles as Tremors steers the mic towards him.]

LT: Can't say I don't blame you. Him..Me.. We're over eight hundred pounds of pain breathin down people's neck. Would you want any part of that? But despite that, despite our stature and strength, we've been ignored 'till now. 'Till THEY call us out? After them pretty boys pluck our name out of a hat to try and make a name for themselves. Come on now.

RL: Those pipsqueaks ain't nothing but bottom feedin' nobodies, I don't care what their last names are or who their grand daddies be. They're NOTHING compared to us. We are here to make an impact. An IMMEDIATE impact. The time of us going unnoticed is OVER.

LT: We are going to shake the foundation of the AWA tag team division and we are gonna do it tonight.

RL: You hear that Jason? You hear that Young Bloods?!

“Trouble being heard, gentlemen?”

[Off-screen a tall, slender man walks into the picture. A gray hat is pulled down low over his shaggy brown hair that seems to stretch straight from his head to the bottom of his chin, wrapping around cheeks, mouth, and everything in-between. A pair of lightly hued glasses are pulled to the tip of his nose. He wears an ash colored sports jacket over denim jeans and leans against an equally tall wooden stick.]

MS: And who are you exactly?

[Lane glares at the intruder.]

RL: This is our moment, little man. Maybe you should-

[The newcomer interrupts.]

Man: Who am I? Who am I? I am none other than Willoughby Tremblay. At your convenience, gentlemen.

[Mark looks to both Richter and Lee who kind of shrug their shoulders, equally confused as Stegglet.]

MS: Come again?

WT: My goodness, Mr. Stegglet. I am deeply, deeply disappointed. A man of your profession, of your expertise, of your fact-u-al-ity... I would expect no introduction be necessary. My reputation is known throughout wrestling arenas much like your own in nations big, small, and everything in between.

The Loudmouth of Lafayette... the Trumpet up in New Brunswick... the Voice of reason and wrong who takes ANY and ALL comers on.

I am the gifted and blessed soul who takes mere mortals and makes them whole. I have redefined careers of men much smaller than this...

[Tremblay gestures to Lane and Tremors.]

WT: But trust me when I say no project is too large for Willoughby Tremblay.

MS: Wait, wait, wait. Are you telling me—

WT: Mr. Stegglet, what I am explaining to you and these fine young specimens is simple. That with me in their corner their days of walking these halls unknown and forgotten can be a fond memory left behind. Mr. Lane and Mr. Tremors will stand tall, proud, and when they walk these walls will treeeemle with Trem-blay at their side. I have pieced together champions upon champions everywhere I have stepped foot in and with me they will no longer be known as an Afterthought.

MS: After..shock.

WT: Excuse me, Mr. Stegglet. But I must dismiss myself at this time. Gentlemen...

[Tremblay reaches into his pocket, pulling out a business card.]

WT: When you are truly prepared to make a change for the better, you give me a ring.

[Tremblay bows away, spinning away from them.]

MS: Mr. Tremblay!

[He continues walking.]

MS: Your cane!

[Tremblay stops, slightly turning his head over his right shoulder.]

WT: Mr. Stegglet, no respectable man needs a cane.

[And then walks off.]

MS: Lane... Tremors. Your thoughts?

LT: I think this interview is over, Stegglet.

[Tremors brushes through Mark Stegglet, nearly knocking him over. Lane follows in pursuit, his eyes fixated on the business card he holds in his hand.]

MS: Fans, we'll be right back after this break.

[Stegglet turns to watch the exiting Aftershock as we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

And we fade back up again to the interview position with Jason Dane. He's standing next to one-half of The Aces, "Delicious" Daniel Tyler, along with the Aces' valet Radiant Raven. They are being booed.

Tyler, an athletic man with spiky red hair, is not wearing the usual Aces accessories that we've grown accustomed to. No makeup, no fancy cloak. He's wearing the Aces' standard purple trunks with a black "A" on the side of the trunks, neoprene knee braces that are black with the actual kneepad over the brace 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. He is garbed in a black T-Shirt with a grey chain-link fence design on it. Raven, the tall dark-haired beauty, is conversely wearing excessive makeup, red eyeliner with facepaint that streaks down from the eyes like tears of blood. She's wearing a black dress with pearl accents, long black gloves, and holds her mirror at her side.

They both seem to be extremely angry. From Tyler that's not unusual, but this is the first time Raven has been anything other than completely impassive.]

JD: Fans, I'm here alongside one-half of The Aces, Daniel Tyler, alongside Radiant Raven. We all know about the events that transpired two weeks ago, Daniel. Your reaction?

DT: You want a reaction? What the hell do you THINK MY REACTION IS?!

[In mid sentence, Tyler blows up. His face goes red as he screams at the camera.]

DT: YOU HAVE NOTHING! LAYTON! VON BRAUN! SCOTT! VASQUEZ! SUPERNOVA! KINSEY! Never again in your miserable LIVES can you whine about what happens to you. Your moral high ground that everyone talks about incessantly, it's gone and it's never coming back. And Anton Layton is going back on the shelf. FOREVER. I PROMISE YOU THAT!

RR: No. I promise that!

[Dane turns in surprise to look at Raven, who is possibly even more furious than Tyler. For the first time, she steps forward in front of the interview group... and we see that she's about six feet tall herself.]

RR: Anton Layton, how does it feel to live in envy of real men? You've always been such a little man, and you always try to cut other people down to your size. But nothing will ever change the fact that you're a child in a wrinkled old ugly body, with a pig's snout and a hog's belly. You couldn't even get near a real woman. But if I see you skulking around WarGames, THIS real woman is going to get near you... and rip your eyeballs out!

[She pulls off one of her gloves to reveal her long fingernails, painted with golden nail polish.]

RR: I've got five golden spikes on each hand, little man, and unlike you I don't carry them just to compensate. I'll gouge out your eyes and rip off your b...

DT: Raven! That fat scumbag is mine, all you have to do is hold up the mirror over his broken body so he can see what we did to him. THEN you can gouge out his eyes.

JD: Daniel Tyler, Raven, forgive me for asking... without Percy Childes, the Unholy Alliance seems disorganized. Can you overcome this in time for War Games?

DT: Oh, we seem disorganized, do we? Well, maybe the fact that the AWA lets the other guys STAB OUR MANAGER, and gang up to CRIPPLE MY PARTNER... and DOES NOTHING while we get fined and suspended for any excuse whatsoever... maybe that's a problem! You claim to be impartial, Dane... what about it? Can any impartial man say this isn't bull-

JD: I see your point.

RR: Then shut up and hold the microphone! It doesn't matter what rock you crawl under. You'll pay for what you did to Stevie and Percy! If it's the last thing I do, you'll pay. And don't think those other five little boys you run with will stop me. I know they'd all stoop low enough to hit a woman, and I know these hypocrite fans love to watch women getting beaten up.

JD: What?!

DT: They cheered for an old man getting stabbed in the face! They cheered for a man being held down so his leg was broken! Why wouldn't they cheer for a woman being assaulted?!

RR: I'm not afraid of them or of you, Layton. If you show your hideous face on Labor Day Weekend, I'll claw it off! You disgusting, porcine, slovenly...

DT: We're done here. You people are sick. All of you. Sick! You've cried about us for years, but we never stabbed anyone. STABBED. Is that what you want your heroes to be like? Is that what you want your kids' role models to be like? Is that where we are as a society? Are we cheering when kids get picked on, so they bring knives to school and stab the bully? Do we go "YEAH THAT BULLY GOT STABBED IN THE NECK!" Is that what you really want? Because where's the line? Where's the line between that and unloading ten clips of automatic rifle ammo into all the bullies instead?! Nobody cheered that! Nobody SHOULD have cheered that! WHY AM I THE ONE WHO HAS TO TELL YOU THIS?!

Raven, hold up the mirror!

[She does so, pointing the mirror at Daniel. He shakes his head and twirls his finger.]

DT: Not at me! At them! All of them! All you people, look! Look in the mirror! Look at yourselves in the mirror! Look at what you became when you cheered for a stabbing!

[This quiets the crowd significantly.]

DT: Yeah. yeah. That's what I thought. Silence. YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT!
YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT!

[The crowd isn't quiet, per se. There is a lot of buzzing. It sounds more like conversation than anything.]

DT: Nobody's getting stabbed in WarGames. We're going to settle this the way it should have been settled in the first place. But you, Layton? You're the one who crossed the line. You're the exception. So you're the one who gets to find out why you don't drag other people over that line.

[Tyler and Raven head down the aisle towards the ring as Dane is too stunned by Tyler's school shooting analogy to even respond.]

GM: That was...

BW: Absolutely correct. I think that's what you're looking for.

GM: Fans, I apologize for Daniel Tyler's poor taste in the latter part of...

BW: STOP. Stop with the politically correct garbage, Myers. Has it ever occurred to you that sometimes, every so often... the cheating, rulebreaking, lowdown snakes - as you think of them - are RIGHT?

GM: Daniel Tyler to go one-on-one with Bruce Guy here, in an effort to work off some aggression, I would imagine. No theme music, no pomp. Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introduction.

[Up in the ring, Phil is standing next to a light-brown haired man with slightly receding hairline and mustache. He wears black thigh-length tights and black sneakers, as well as a leather jacket.]

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

Introducing fir... HEY!

[Tyler rolls into the ring, shoves Watson aside, and creams Guy in the face with a hard running kick to the mouth.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Daniel Tyler wasting no time with a before-the-bell assault. I am going to take some exception with your assertion that Tyler's symbolism is justified, Bucky, and that is a perfect example. If he claims that there's a slippery slope between what Layton did and even more horrible crimes, then I ask where's the slippery slope between what the Unholy Alliance does on a regular basis and what Layton did that week?

[Tyler dropkicks a reeling Bruce Guy in the back, sending him chest-first into the corner. He quickly follows up and rams Guy's head into the top turnbuckle.]

BW: That's not what he was talking about! He was talking about the fans cheering when Percy got stabbed and Steven got his leg broke! The fans don't cheer anything the Unholy Alliance does... listen, they're booing now and all this is is aggressive wrestling.

GM: Snapmare by Tyler, and a soccer kick to the back. Daniel Tyler now choking guy blatantly with his foot, pulling up on the ropes for extra force! That's more than just aggressive wrestling, Bucky!

BW: And far less than a stabbing. What do you not understand about this, Myers?

GM: How it reflects on anyone other than Anton Layton. I'm disappointed in Juan Vasquez for calling him in, but hopefully he'll see that an eye for an eye only ends up leaving everyone blind.

BW: Radiant Raven might help that analogy along at WarGames.

GM: Tyler throwing Bruce Guy through the ropes to the concrete. I've never seen Raven so animated, and for her to make an actual physical threat against Anton Layton is probably a very poor idea...

[*WHACK*]

[The fans go nuts as Tyler distract the referee, allowing Raven to walk up to a struggling-to-stand Bruce guy... and belt him right in the jaw with a right hand, flooring him!]

BW: You were saying?

GM: RADIANT RAVEN JUST PUNCHED BRUCE GUY IN THE FACE, AND LEVELED HIM! I... I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT!

BW: She's near six feet tall, Gordo. Look at her shoulders. You might not have known this, but Raven's a wrestler. She don't wrestle HERE, because we don't have a Woman's division. But if she says she's gonna get somebody... I ain't saying she could go toe-to-toe with Anton Layton, but I am sayin' she can do some damage.

GM: Guy is up, and he is holding his jaw in disbelief...

[*CRAAASH*]

GM: ...AND TYLER SMASHES HIM INTO THE RAILING! HE LEAPT OVER THE TOP ROPE AND SMASHED INTO HIM WITH BOTH KNEES! These fans are in a frenzy over this... Raven has interfered before, and has never shown any fear, but this is too much! She has outright attacked a man!

BW: It's Tyler he's gotta worry about now, daddy.

GM: Tyler smashing his elbow into Guy's forehead, again and again. Now choking him on the railing! The referee has to get control, because these two are here with murderous intent.

BW: What did you expect? They're working off some anger. If you bottle it up until WarGames, you'll burn yourself out before the match. You need a clear head in there.

GM: Finally, Marty Meekly is getting Daniel Tyler away from... LOOK AT THIS!

[The fans are very loud as Raven has removed both gloves, and is digging her golden-painted nails into the forehead of Guy... gouging and raking him.]

GM: AND HOW IS THAT ANY DIFFERENT THAN WHAT LAYTON DID?!

BW: Are you really comparing a woman's fingernails to a sharpened metal spike? Really?

GM: SHE SHOVES HIM BACK-FIRST INTO THE APRON! Bruce Guy... is bleeding! Raven busted him open with those fingernails!

BW: He ain't bleeding like Percy bled.

GM: No, not even close... but still, the intent was the same!

BW: And the fans aren't cheerin'. Well, maybe some hardcore feminists are cheerin'.

GM: Daniel Tyler dragging Bruce Guy in under the bottom rope, as the damage has been done. That double knee suicide dive crushed Guy, who is unable to fight back against either he or Raven at this point. Tyler with a belly-to-back suplex... and a knee drop. Another. Another. Targeting the forehead of Bruce Guy. He wants that blood to flow!

BW: Practice for two weeks from tonight!

GM: I highly doubt he's going to get an assist from Raven in War Games, unless she's suicidal. Her comment about the likes of Supernova or Stevie Scott being willing to beat up a woman are hollow, but Layton definitely would. And as tough as she may be, as much as she can effectively do damage, she's not going to win a fight with him.

BW: She didn't say she was gonna fight him, she said she was gonna gouge his eyes out. There's a difference.

GM: Daniel Tyler up to the top rope! Bruce Guy is standing... flying dropkick right to the forehead! Precision offense by Daniel Tyler, who is going to be flying solo for some time without Steven Childes in action. Tyler hoists up Guy...

[Having scooped Bruce Guy off the mat, the red-haired Ace points at the camera and shouts "THIS IS YOU, LAYTON! THIS IS YOU, VON BRAUN!" before leaping into a reverse neckbreaker that pounds Guy's neck into the mat!]

BW: __RAZZLE DAZZLE__!

GM: Indeed it is, and this is mercifully over.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: The fans keep booing. Really, shouldn't they be cheering? This is an underdog story of a small tag team wrestler trying to avenge his fallen comrade and his fallen mentor against the overwhelming evil force that stabbed one and broke the leg of the other.

GM: No, that misses all of the context. The question of the fans cheering Layton's actions is valid. The question of them supporting the Unholy Alliance because of it isn't. The Alliance broke Layton's leg in the first place. They can hardly wonder why he...

[Meekly raises Tyler's hand, and Tyler argues with him about which arm to raise. Why? So Raven can pick up Guy and belt him again.]

GM: COME ON! WHAT IS THE POINT OF THAT?!

BW: Anger management.

GM: Radiant Raven is out of control after what happened to Steven and Percy Childes, and Daniel Tyler throwing Guy out of the ring. Abusing Bruce Guy is not going to get them satisfaction, Bucky Wilde.

BW: Like I said. Practice.

[Only now does "Dancing Queen" start up, as Raven holds the mirror out for the crowd to see themselves in it. It points at the camera as we cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Daniel Tyler has a fire to him that we haven't seen in quite some time, fans... but speaking of fire, there may be no match with a hotter rivalry going into Unholy War than the one that will pit Shadoc Rage against the Atomic Blonde, Donnie White!

[Pan back. The Siren is looking as lovely and manipulative as ever. Her tar colored hair is wrapped over her bare shoulder. A white tank top with a pink bra cover her upper body showing off her slender and tone figure. A pair of khaki shorts hug her hips and really not much else. She has her signature branding iron slung over her left shoulder as her finely manicured fingertips wrap around the pink electrical tape on its handle. Beside her is the equally, if not more, decorative personality known as the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White.

White's blonde hair shoots up to the moon, gelled up into razor like spikes. Green and white eye shadow is smeared underneath his eyes with matching streaks of paint splattered across the sides of his head. A decorative and jeweled sleeveless jacket hangs to the floor, peeled open down the middle showing his white choker and ripped mesh top. Like the Siren, his nails are painted a bright green color and those digits coil in and out of his palm as he flexes his fists over and over again.]

MS: Two weeks ago you both made a statement. A bold statement I must say, in regards to your feelings towards Shadoe Rage. Before we even delve into the idea of you bringing a dog leash and a muzzle to the ring... before we even talk about how you Miss Hayes tried to place said muzzle over the face of Shadoe Rage...

[She bats her long eye lashes, placing her chin on the makeshift shelf that her hand creates underneath it.]

MS: I have to know. I NEED to know. How, after everything that has transpired recently between Colonel P.W. de Klerk and Rage and some of the derogatory comments the Colonel has made towards Shadoe and his family... I, like so many other people, were shocked to see you Donnie, of all people coming to the defense of... well... a bigot like de Klerk.

MSH: What do you mean "of all people" Mark! What kind of-

DW: Eeeeasy sistah, D-White's got this handled.

[White calmly maneuvers Miss Hayes aside. She pokes her head up and around his right shoulder as White narrows in on Stegglet.]

DW: It's simple, playa, real, real simple. Shadoe Rage be barkin' up a storm as of late. He's whinin', and cryin', and complain' ALL the damn time 'bout how he ain't got no respect from nobody. How after all he, his brother, his father, and his second cousin twice removed had done for this bizness that he still hasn't had his shot at the top 'cause of racist punks like Willy de Klerk. Now, don't spin the truth like a merry-go-round 'bout what you're 'bout to hear, I know how YOU people do it... But yeah, Rage, he's done a WHOLE lot for [miming quotes] guys like the Atomic Blonde.

Hell, he's changed the way people like you look at people like me.

[Stegglet throw his hands up, shaking his head.]

DW: Don't play dumb with me. Rage, yeah man, he's done and changed it all, playa.

He's done and SCREWED it up for ALL OF US!

He's slammin' doors shut on guys like Donnie White and takin' it all for himself!

MS [shouting]: What?!

DW: You better check yourself, Mark! You heard me right. I ain't got a stutter! After all MY people have been through... after all the clawin', protestin', sit ins and sit outs... after every time we were HOSED down or REFUSED entrance to a diner or a movie theater or a drink from a damn public water fountain! He has gone and ruined it all for good, honest folks like D-Dubbya!

Shadoe Rage has been FED success on a SILVER SPOON.. ya feel me?! YA FEEL ME, MARK?!

Runnin' around here like someone OWES him something. The Colonel is a lunatic, even the Memphis Mohawk can READ 'TWEEN THE LINES despite what people like YOU think!

MS: I never sai-

MSH: He's not finished!

DW: Far from it! The Prophets of Rage were HANDED success, glory, fame, fortune... every where they went! Canada! Los Angeles! Alabama! Toyko! Omaha! Little Rock! Singapore! Kazakhstan! Ladonia! The Republic of Kongo! EVERYWHERE!

Fast forward playa and you've got Shadoe Rage strollin' into the AWA takin' a big fat seat on his little pedestal all by his lonesome, loomin' over guys like D-Dubbya who been grindin' it out each and every match, week in and week out... constantly being over looked and going unnoticed... and the Outlaw and the Billionaire decide, "hey, maybe now ain't the time for Shadoe Rage" and he goes B-A-N-A-N-A-S! Suddenly there's adversity. Suddenly there's apprehension. Suddenly there's a challenge and Shadoe Rage screams CONTROVERSY!

You know what the controversy is, Mark? Do ya?!

[Stegglet, appalled by this entire situation, defeatedly shakes his head "no".]

DW: That for the past EIGHT MONTHS, despite all the success of the Shane Gang! Despite all the victories I've been pilin' up on shows you ain't ever even seen, this Mohawk still ain't GOT HIS! Ain't no TV title shots been thrown my way! Ain't no spotlights bein' shined on this playa! Ain't nobody given me a DAMN thang other than Terry Shane III who reached his hand out to me and accepted me for who I am!

But until now, until this very moment, have ya seen tears roll down the Atomic Blonde's face? Have ya heard me cry? Have ya thought for a single second... "Man, when is this really nice guy and superb aerial artist going to get a crack?"

NO!

[Fired up, White gets right up into the lens of the camera. His heady eyes, encircled in white and green eye shadow become the focus point of our view.]

DW: So let Donnie White and Miss Sandra Hayes fill you in on a little secret.

Let us TELL you what is 'bout to go down here tonight.

Shadoe Rage is gonna go POUR HIS HEART out in that ring tonight against de Klerk. He's gonna live up to his name and then some. He's going to hammer Willy's head with those vicious double fists and he's going to drive him through the mat and BURY him in that ring, ain't no doubt in my mind 'bout that.

And when he's done? When de Klerk is laid to rest. You're gonna see Donnie White standin' there, all up in his filthy grill, and as God as the witness, you're gonna see us teach that MUTT a lesson he ain't ever gonna forget!

Feel me?

[Stegglet nods, more so to appease White.]

DW: You bettah, playa. 'Cause it just got real.

[White storms off the set as Miss Hayes skips after him, quickly matching him stride for stride as he storms out of view.]

MS: I believe this situation just got worse. Right now, let's go over to Jason Dane who is standing by with Ryan Martinez! Jason?

[We cut to the interview area, where Jason Dane stands with the "Ry" in "RyGunn," Ryan Martinez. Ryan wears a black hoodie and his black wrestling trunks. A handsome young man with brown hair, Ryan is looking fired up.]

JD: In a few moments, we are going to see you, Ryan, in action against a man who has spent a lot of time calling you a coward, the ever dastardly Mr. Sadisuto. If you could share your thoughts with us, Mr. Martinez.

RM: My thoughts? The only thing I'm thinking about is how much fun I am going to have driving my fist into Sadisuto's mouth and my knee into his stomach. I said it already, but let me reiterate it, so that not just Sadisuto can hear it. If you want me in a match, all you have to do is say my name, and I'll be there.

JD: There are some who might say you're taking this match at the wrong time. You and your partner, Gunnar Gaines have a shot at the World Tag Team Titles in just over a week's time. Is it possible this match with Mr. Sadisuto is a distraction?

RM: Jason, let me assure you that I learned how to walk and chew gum at the same time simultaneously a long time ago. Can I concentrate on Mr. Sadisuto and stay ready for St. Louis?

You bet.

Gunnar and I have been in the gym everyday at five a.m. for weeks now. Since the moment we beat the Bishop Boys, Grizz and I have been in the most intense training camp you can imagine. Wrestling drills. Calisthenics. Cardio. Anaerobic conditioning. If you've heard of it, we've done it. We've sweat. We've busted each other up sparring. Gunnar has pushed me to my limits, and I've pushed him to his. Gunnar and I are ready. Tonight, we sign the contract and then you know what's going to happen?

We're going to start hitting the gym at four a.m.

Tonight isn't a distraction Jason. Tonight is part of the training. Tonight I go out and I show the world what I've been working on. I give the world a taste of what Gunnar and I are bringing to St. Louis. This is just the next part of my workout.

And you can bet I'm looking forward to it.

JD: And then, of course, there is Larry Doyle. Mr. Sadisuto has already insinuated that the manager of the Blond Bombers has made an arrangement for him. It doesn't take much to assume that Larry Doyle has put a hit out on you. And it certainly seems like Mr. Sadisuto is a man capable of carrying out that hit.

RM: What? Am I supposed to be afraid? You think that's enough to stop me? Larry Doyle having a scheme is a lot like a leopard having spots. You wouldn't recognize him without it. I already know Doyle has something planned.

But I have something planned to.

And what I have planned is this - I'm going to show Larry Doyle that the next week of his life is best spent making plans for what he's going to do after Gunnar and I not only beat the Bombers, but beat them so badly that they'll never want to get into the ring again.

JD: Bold words.

RM: They are, but don't doubt for a moment that I can back them up. I live for competition. And I want those World Tag Team Titles. I've sacrificed a lot. I've waited patiently. But I did that because I know there's a light at the end of the tunnel. I did it because I knew I'd get my chance in the ring. Against the Bombers, and against Mr. Sadisuto.

Larry Doyle, you're a very small man with a very big mouth. But I know how to shut you up. Not with words, but with actions. You send all the hired goons you can find. You pay off everyone in the locker room. You do whatever you have to. To me? It's all just fuel to the fire.

Mr. Sadisuto, you said I'm going to have an accident tonight?

Well let me tell you, its not an accident that you and I are squaring off. The moment you said my name, tonight became inevitable. You want to torture me? You want to make me suffer? Well, I look forward to you trying. Because what I do to you tonight, in the ring won't be an accident. There won't be an accident when I lift you up and drop you on your head. There won't be an accident when they're announcing me as the winner. Because what I do to you? I'm going to do on purpose.

Count on it.

JD: And there you have it. A determined, fired up Ryan Martinez. Now, let's go back down to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[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...

[The distinctive strings of the koto are heard over the PA. The Japanese stringed instrument plays the traditional folk melody "Sakura Sakura" unaccompanied as the fans boo.]

PW: From Tokyo, Japan... weighing 251 pounds...

MISSSTERRR SAAAAADISUUUTOOOO!

[From the back, the short, pudgy, unassuming form of Mr. Sadisuto enters the ring area. He smiles widely as if the fans were cheering him, and bows gracefully. Then he marches to the ring, idly stretching his arms and taking a few warm-up swipes into the air at an almost leisurely pace. Mr. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped. Upon reaching ringside, Mr. Sadisuto climbs the steps, turns to the crowd, and bows again to the fans. He then enters the ring and offers a bow to his opponent as well as the referee.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto is here tonight for a very clear mission. He is here to hurt - perhaps injure - Ryan Martinez and earn a pocketful of cash from Larry Doyle in the process.

BW: That's flat out slander! You could go to prison for that, Gordo.

GM: I highly doubt that... and Sadisuto himself pretty much admitted that this is the only goal he has in this match. He doesn't care about winning the match.

BW: Of course he cares about winning the match. He wants to climb that ladder of contention to get a shot at Dave Bryant and the World Television Title.

[The music fades and is replaced by the opening guitar of "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 255 pounds...

RYYYYYYYYAAAAAN MAAAARRRRRTIIIIINEZ!

[As the music continues, Ryan Martinez steps out into the aisle. Tall and muscular, the young Martinez runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair. He wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots. His handsome face is set in determination as he makes his way through the crowd, too focused on the task at hand to be aware of the hands that reach out and slap him on the shoulders and back.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is one of the hottest young competitors in the entire wrestling business. He is perhaps a little over one week away from winning the first major championship of his young career alongside Gunnar Gaines and taking the first big step out of his famous father's shadow.

BW: It's a whole lot easier to get out of that shadow when Daddy Dearest is off in Hollywood becoming a big movie star.

GM: Alex Martinez is currently filming a major motion picture in Hollywood and we wish him the best of luck with that. We're looking forward to his return to the AWA whenever that day comes.

[Martinez walks up the steps towards the ring, wiping his boots on the apron before stepping inside. He moves quickly towards his corner, exhaling and looking towards the referee and his opponent, body tensed, waiting for the bell.]

GM: And if Mr. Sadisuto has a mission here tonight, you better believe that Ryan Martinez does as well. He wants to take Sadisuto down and make him pay for calling him a coward a few weeks ago.

[The referee signals for the bell, starting the match as Sadisuto stumbles from the corner, striking a bizarre looking martial arts pose as Martinez draws near.]

GM: Right into the tieup... Martinez muscled him around. He's got a big leverage advantage on this... almost a nine inch height advantage.

[Martinez pushes Sadisuto back into the corner as the referee steps in, calling for the break. As the count hits four, Martinez backs off, holding his hands up to show the clean break...

...and Sadisuto lashes out, jamming a stiff-fingered thrust into the windpipe of his opponent, causing Martinez to stagger away, gasping for air.]

GM: Oh! Martinez broke cleanly but Sadisuto had no such desire to do that.

[Sadisuto approaches from behind, pushing Martinez' throat down on the top rope and leaning all of his 251 pounds down on the back of the neck.]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Martinez from behind!

[At the count of four, the man from Tokyo breaks off the attack, and then lashes out with an overhead chop across the shoulder and neck area. He stabilizes Martinez' arm and then lands a headbutt near the shoulder joint.]

GM: Sadisuto's bringing the offense quickly. He's wasting no time when he's usually a very methodical grappler.

[Pulling Martinez off the ropes, Sadisuto executes an armtwist before slamming the point of his elbow down on the shoulder.]

GM: He's going right after that arm... right after the shoulder...

[Martinez stumbles away to the corner as Sadisuto approaches, grinning widely...

...when Martinez battles back, throwing a boot to the ample midsection!]

GM: Martinez fights back!

[He grabs Sadisuto by the back of the head, slamming the veteran's head into the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Headfirst to the corner!

[Martinez muscles Sadisuto into the corner, blasting him with a back elbow to the side of the jaw. He throws a second... a third... a fourth.]

GM: Look at the anger behind Martinez! He's fired up and he's hammering away with that elbow!

[The son of the Hall of Famer grabs Sadisuto by the arm, giving a big whip across the ring, sending Sadisuto crashing into the turnbuckles. Martinez goes barreling across the ring, leaping up to smash a forearm into the jaw of the Japanese grappler!]

GM: OHHH! A whole lot of impact behind that running forearm!

[Martinez backs off, throwing a knife edge chop across the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: High impact chop by Martinez!

[With a roar, Martinez unleashes a series of quick and brutal reverse knife edge chops across the pectorals.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[And then caps it off by spinning around and CRACKING Sadisuto across the cheek with a spinning backfist, knocking him down to a seated position against the turnbuckles!]

GM: MARTINEZ ROCKS HIM!!

[Martinez spins out of the corner, giving another loud shout to the crowd who echoes the reaction as the referee reprimands him for his attacks in the corner.]

GM: This one may be over in a hurry, Bucky.

[Martinez stalks back into the corner, yanking Sadisuto out of the buckles and dragging him out to the middle of the ring. He secures a front facelock, slinging Sadisuto's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for the brainbuster!

[But the veteran grabs the wrist of Martinez, spinning out of the front facelock into a hammerlock...

...and then HURLS Martinez shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Sadisuto drags Martinez out of the corner again, still holding the hammerlock...

...and FIRES him into the ringpost again!]

GM: He puts Martinez shoulderfirst into the steel TWICE!

[Dragging Martinez out of the corner, Sadisuto delivers an overhead chop down on the shoulder, forcing Martinez to his knees...

...and then sinks his fingers into the shoulder of Martinez, causing him to cry out in pain.]

GM: Sadisuto sinks the fingers in, locking on a nervehold!

BW: It's pretty clear what Sadisuto is turning his focus to. He's going after that shoulder.

[Martinez winces in pain as he reaches out with his free hand, trying to get to the ropes...

...but Sadisuto slams a pair of elbows down on the shoulder before dragging Martinez out to the middle of the ring by the hair.]

GM: Spinning back kick to the gut!

[Sadisuto drops to the mat, sweeping the legs out from under Martinez. He grabs the arm, pinning the wrist to the mat before dropping his knee down on the shoulder joint.]

GM: Ohh!

[Kneeling on the shoulder, Sadisuto grabs the wrist of Martinez, twisting the arm around.]

GM: Sadisuto continues to go after the arm and shoulder, putting on the pressure.

[Martinez fires off a right hand to the ribs. A second one hits the midsection, causing Sadisuto to climb to his feet.]

GM: Martinez is fighting back! Trying to get off the mat and-

[The veteran, back on his feet, viciously stomps the shoulder a few times before backing off, grabbing at his ribs. Martinez grabs at his shoulder, rolling back and forth in pain on the mat.]

GM: Martinez is in a lot of pain... and you have to be wondering if he's realizing what a mistake taking this match was. He wanted to be the fighting competitor but he's also just over a week away from his shot at the World Tag Team Titles.

BW: This could be a huge mistake for him, Gordo! Somewhere in this building, old man Gaines is cryin' in his Metamucil about what Martinez did to their chances of winning the titles. This kid is too brave for his own good.

[Martinez pushes up to his knees, throwing a right hand at the gut of the approaching Sadisuto. A second one connects firmly on the side of the head, sending the veteran staggering back.]

GM: Martinez is back to his feet!

[Grabbing Sadisuto by the head and crushes him with a headbutt, sending the Japanese veteran staggering back into the ropes...]

...where Martinez runs him over with a clothesline, taking Sadisuto over the top rope, dumping him down to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Martinez hurt his arm! He hurt his arm delivering that clothesline!

[Martinez falls back to his knees, wincing in pain as he grabs at his shoulder.]

GM: Martinez hurt himself badly, fans! Look at the expression on his face!

[The referee kneels down next to Martinez, checking on his condition, trying to determine if the match can continue...]

...when suddenly, Larry Doyle comes walking into view.]

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

[A cackling Doyle approaches the ring, pointing at Martinez. He grabs at his shoulder, mockingly wincing in pain.]

GM: Oh, he’s a real riot, Bucky.

BW: Hey, it’s pretty funny if you ask me.

GM: Nobody’s asking you! That shoulder is hurt and it’s hurt badly but-

[Doyle reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He points at Martinez, shouting wildly at the young man who winces as he gets up to his feet.]

GM: Martinez wants a hold of him! He wants to get his hands on Doyle!

[Martinez stumbles towards Doyle, shouting at the Royalty manager who returns fire, continue to mock Martinez...]

GM: MARTINEZ HAS GOT HIM! HE’S GOT HIM!!

[But Doyle slams his hand into the shoulder, causing Martinez to fall back, wincing in pain...]

...when suddenly Mr. Sadisuto comes back into the ring, steel chair in hand!]

GM: NO!

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[The steel chair SMASHES into the back of Martinez' shoulder, knocking him back down to the mat. The referee steps in, trying to stop it but Sadisuto SLAMS the edge of the steel chair back into the shoulder joint... and again...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds! This one's over but-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: GUNNAR GAINES! JUSTIN GAINES!

[The Gaines family hits the ring, sending Doyle and Sadisuto running for it as the crowd roars for the save.]

GM: The Gaines family chases them off... but has the damage been done?

BW: You can scratch that question, Gordo. The real question is - how MUCH damage has been done?

GM: The shoulder's in some serious trouble. They've got to come out here and sign the contract for Unholy War later tonight but... can they even take that match at this point?

[Gunnar Gaines glares down the aisle at Larry Doyle, pointing a threatening finger as Justin Gaines shouts at Sadisuto. A pair of referees are kneeling down next to Martinez, checking on him as we fade to black.]

Over the wild sound of prepubescent cheers, in the midst of the gaudy lights of a huge stage stands a baby-faced young man with brown hair, brown eyes, a big smile, and a small trickle of sweat running down his cheek. A polished, professional male voice handles the narration.]

VO: His audition on X-Factor captivated the nation.

[Quick cut to judge Nicole Scherzinger, looking on in reverence.]

NS: *That* was amazing!

[With the sound of the cheers remaining in the background, quick cut to YouTube page, playing a crude, self-produced video of the young man singing his song "Say Hey!" Immediately, the shot starts zooming in on the hit total, an unbelievable 357,145,002.]

VO: His debut song took the *world* by storm!

[The chorus of that song plays in the background, as the screen briefly fades to black, before the AWA logo fades in on the top half of the screen.]

VO: ...and now, he is coming to the AWA!

[As the chorus comes to an end, the bottom half of the screen fills with these words:

September 14th, 2013
AWA Homecoming
Joshua Dusscher
LIVE!

After a three second pause, cut back to find Mark Stegglet standing backstage between two very colorful personalities. On one side of him is the Round Mound Of Hip Hop Sound, BC Da Mastah MC, dressed in a black full-length singlet with yellow stripes zig-zagging across his large torso. On the other side is "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno in a full-length red velvet robe. He's turned away from us, showing glittering silver script that reads "INTELLIGENCE."]

MS: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, I've been joined by the tag team known as BCIQ. Gentlemen, it is no secret that the tag team scene here in the AWA is perhaps hotter than it ever has been before. Tonight, you will face a team of fellow fan favorites in The Hive as you try to break into the Top 10 contenders list. Your thoughts?

[The mic is, of course, offered to Imbrogno who spins quickly, his curly black hair flipping as he does so. Imbrogno strikes a "thinker" pose, fist on chin as he furrows his brow. After a few moments, he snaps his fingers, a wide smile covering his face.]

MI: They call me Mr. Mensa...
The World's Smartest Man!
And if any team can squash those bees...
Certainly we can!

Our strength surpasses Superman.
Our speed slows down the Flash.
And if intellect was money...
We'd be overflowing with cash.

These bees stand before you.
Soaking up your cheers.
But if you saw what lied beneath...
You'd be drowning in your beers.

The tag team scene is at its best.
The level of competition at its peak.
But as sure as we stand before you.
It's tag team gold that we seek.

Step One, tonight, awaits us.
As we grapple with two bees.
The final step will be those titles.
The glory we will seize.

[Imbrogno gives a deep bow, gesturing to his partner.]

BC: Beneath the trees where nobody sees,
We crush some bees as long as we please,
'cuz that's the way BCIQ climbs the raaaaan-kings!

[B.C. nods his head, then adjusts his singlet in discomfort.]

BC: Ya see, Steggles-stein, it's true that BCIQ an' the Hive, we feel the love of the crowd every time we step through the ropes. But ya gotta feel me, my man, there's just too much on the line. Ya got all these teams, new an' classic, tryin' to get a piece of those no-good bustas runnin' the tag team show, the Blonde Bombers. We just sat back an' let everyone try to push their way past us.

[Mr. Mensa sticks his head into the tight shot of BC.]

MI: And my most ponderous partner is not an easy man to push.

[To demonstrate, Imbrogno gives a couple shoves that don't budge the big man before shrugging and popping back out of view.]

BC: Yeah! That's right! I don't have a problem with you guys, outside of bein' allergic and all that nonsense, even if Manny does. Hey, he just wants to talk to your girl. He ain't gonna do her any harm. Now, if ya excuse me, I'm feelin' the flow.

[B.C. scratches himself, as if the singlet is causing his itching, then he goes back to his rap.]

BC: So Steggy, it's time to step back an' witness
It's time for BCIQ to make themselves heard
So Hive, this ain't anything personal, just business.
I'm gonna let Manny get the last word!

[The mic gets returned to Imbrogno who has a big grin on his face.]

MI: It's the masters of rhythm and lyrics...
Versus two fan-friendly blokes.
But don't worry about the laughter you hear when you've been beaten.
It just means you're still a pair of jokes.

[Imbrogno shoves again before walking out of view alongside his partner who stares into the camera, arms crossed for several moments, and then follows.]

MS: The team known as BCIQ is looking to make a splash on the tag team scene right here tonight when they take on The Hive. Now, let's go back down to the ring for more tag team action!

[We go up to the ring, where Phil Watson stands near two men. One of them is a big strong man with short brown hair, and a long face. He wears

red trunks and black boots, red kneepads and spandex forearm bands. The other is a pale, scrawny wrestler with long black hair, a mustache, and goatee. He wears black trunks with a red circle-A anarchist symbol on each leg, black ankle supports, wrist and finger tape. The big man is pointing and yelling at the crowd while the smaller man has his arms crossed, glaring contemptuously at the aisle.]

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

Introducing first, team number one, to my left. From Topeka, Kansas and Oakland, California, respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred ninety one pounds... the team of LEE HARRIGAN and MATT ROGERS!

[Harrigan raises a hand while Rogers spreads his arms out and looks up to the arena ceiling. The fans boo, but soon begin to cheer as the organ open to "So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys begins to play over the PA.]

PW: And their opponents! About to make their way to the ring... from New Seattle in the year 2032... at a total combined weight of three hundred ninety-five pounds...

...JERBY JEZZ... SHIZZ DAWG OG...

...They are THE RAVE!

[Bursting through the curtain come the highly unorthodox duo known as The Rave, as the fans give them a loud ovation. Side-by-side, Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG take a moment to jump and dance about at the top of the aisle.

Jezz, the pale reddish-skinned Raver, is wearing a lime green raincoat which has many small slits in it, so that ribbons of red, navy blue, shiny silver, and plum can be weaved into it in an almost plaid-like pattern. A pair of bronze-framed goggles have been attached to the hood of the coat, and the blue lenses of these shine in the light. Locks of hair visible under the hood reveal that his hair is presently dyed orange on the left side and pink on the right side. Stonewashed blue jeans, cut off at the calf, adorn his lower body... these jeans have pink blotches of paint all over them, as well as dark green stripes and brown stars stenciled in. He's wearing brown work boots which have many multi-colored spangles stitched into them.

Shizz, the light-mocha-skinned Raver, sports a shimmering orchid lycra vest with a yellow cape sewn onto it. The cape has large shiny sequins of blue and purple glued in many places. He's wearing kelly-green wrestling tights with a pair of red sweatpants cut off at the upper thigh layered over it... both of these have pale orange bandannas tied over them. His footwear consists of blue-and-orange Zips which are so ridiculous looking that they didn't need further adornment. Shizz Dawg OG's afro is currently bleached white with red and pink polkadots dyed in (they're not perfectly round

because you can't do that with hair, but the attempted effect is clear) and he wears comically oversized cyan sunglasses with greyish tinted lenses.

Both Ravers wear the brass steampunk-looking forearm devices that they always wear.]

GM: Do not adjust your sets, fans, that's the Rave and they always dress that way. No, on second thought, do adjust your sets. It may stave off an epileptic seizure.

BW: Leave it to The Rave to bring the best out of Gordo.

GM: I've worked with you too long, Bucky. In any event, we saw the Ring Workers earlier, and it appears that The Rave and The Ring Workers are on a collision course for the event we're calling Unholy War on Labor Day Weekend.

BW: And it's about time. They've gone at it all summer without meeting two on two in the ring.

[As Bucky and Gordon talk about it, The Rave head down the aisle with a movement that is like a cross between strutting, shimmying, and skipping. They stop to salute anyone who is wearing their merchandise, or who has a Rave-related sign, or who is an attractive female. Upon reaching the ring, they slide under the bottom rope, get up, and proceed to dance some crazy-looking dance around the ring.]

GM: That should be an outstanding match. The Rave have gained significant experience in their AWA tenure... at the beginning, they had the feeling of two men getting by on trickery and desperation, but now they're extremely aggressive and give me the sense that they're completely in control. Insane delusions notwithstanding.

[Jerby and Shizz head to center ring, stand back to back, and spread their arms at 45 degree angles. With a loud POP, colorful streamers shoot out of their brass wrist-launchers, and the fans cheer the visual as they cover the whole ring. Harrigan swats away at the streamers in an annoyed rage as if being swarmed by mosquitos, while Rogers doesn't even react... he just glares.]

BW: I hope the Ring Workers smack some sense back into The Rave. These guys are supposed to be here because future me sent them from my Senator's office. I know future me would never have wanted them to go after the Shane Gang! There must be some time travel shenanigans goin' on. Somethin' wibbly-wobbly. Or timey-wimey. Or both.

GM: What? Is that some more 2032 language?

BW: Uhm... sure.

[Senior Official Johnny Jagger starts to scoop up the streamers. Matt Rogers helps him for a moment, then twists a bunch of the streamers together, as

Lee Harrigan looks on in confusion. Rogers runs up behind The Rave as they're divesting themselves of their jackets and excess attire, and starts to choke Shizz Dawg OG with them!]

BW: Woah! Nice!

GM: Matt Rogers with an aggressive move before the bell! He has a number of streamers twisted into a makeshift rope and is using that to choke the Dawg OG!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Jerby tried to intervene, but Lee Harrigan picked him up and threw him out of the ring like a paperweight!

GM: Harrigan can bench press well in excess of five hundred pounds, so handling either Rave member is child's play for him. Rogers with some knees to the kidneys of the Dawg OG.

BW: All this time and you STILL won't say the word Shizz?

GM: Todd Michaelson confided in me recently that this Matt Rogers has a future. I can certainly see that he is aggressive as the dickens. He takes the choke to the edge of disqualification and then lets go. The streamers coming back to bite The Rave, after they've used them against opponents in many ways in the past.

BW: Yeah, I saw them do that same trick to the Hive on a house show in El Paso.

GM: Irish-Whip by Rogers, and a harsh side snap kick to the Dawg. Matt Rogers with a striking-style martial arts background. Rumors say that he was inspired by the legendary Tiger Claw, though he'll have a long way to go before he can get to that level. Tag made.

BW: And Harrigan's dad was a wrestler. Mr. Mike Harrigan.

GM: True, he wrestled in the northeast for many years, and even took on James Monosso in his heyday. His son wrestles nothing like him, though. Lee Harrigan with a clubbing forearm. He is all brute force and power. What an upset this would be!

BW: Harrigan with a big body slam on a little Shizz Dawg. Maybe the size of The Rave will finally cost them?

GM: I'm fairly sure that a loss here would destroy the momentum of The Rave heading into Labor Day weekend and the big showdown with the Ring Workers. But listen to these fans get behind them!

[The crowd stomps and chants "LET'S GO DAWG!" Harrigan plugs his ears and yells for them to shut up.]

BW: Lee, that ain't gonna help ya.

GM: Harrigan whipping the Dawg to the ropes, and the Rave member hurdles the top rope, landing on the apron. That will... OH MY STARS!

[The Dawg had countered the Irish whip by jumping, grabbing the top rope, and holding on, swinging his feet over to the apron. However, the momentum carries him back, in perfect slingshot position. He does not waste it, immediately slingshotting back into the ring with a big flying forearm on an advancing Lee Harrigan! The big two hundred seventy plus pounder flops back in a heap as the chant gives way to cheers!]

BW: DID YOU SEE THAT, GORDO?

GM: A very clever use of momentum by the Dawg OG, and in an instant, The Rave have retaken momentum. Tag is made, and Jerby Jezz is now in. Both Rave members running off the ropes on opposite sides...

[Harrigan is on his hands and knees getting up, but this progress is stopped in brutal manner as both Jezz and Shizz slam into the side of his head with a diving dropkick... sandwiching his head between their feet! The fans erupt for the nasty-looking move, and both Ravers decide to celebrate with a little dance.]

BW: OW.

GM: Crushing! Absolutely crushing, as both men smashed their full weight, speed, and momentum into each side of Lee Harrigan's head. Honestly, they may be able to pin him after that!

BW: That's what we mean when we say they go for the jugular.

GM: True. The Rave compensate for their very small size by being vicious, and going for very devastating moves with their great speed and coordination. Jerby Jezz is dragging Harrigan towards his corner, and he drives a double kneedrop to Harrigan's bread basket. At a shade under two hundred pounds each, these men have to make everything count.

BW: But Gordo, you know... they had a classic against RyGunn at SuperClash. They took Violence Unlimited a lot further than anyone ever thought at the Stampede Cup. They even finished top five in last years Tag Team Of The Year fan voting. But. BUT. They still ain't won a big match at a big show. Not by themselves.

[As Bucky explains this, Jezz tags Dawg. Dawg enters the ring, and takes to a knee as Jezz runs off the ropes. Harrigan rises as Dawg puts his hands out, providing a step for Jezz. Dawg lifts, propelling Jerby WAY up in the air to crash into Harrigan with a tumbling body attack to the roar of the crowd! He bowls the big guy over and rolls on out of the ring, while Shizz follows in with a baseball slide kick to the face.]

GM: Great teamwork there off the exchange! Innovative action as the Dawg OG sent Jerby Jezz high in the air... similar to a top rope leap, but with the added momentum of a full sprint! But you're right, Bucky. The Rave need a breakout win. They've had many strong showings and have built arguably one of the biggest fanbases in the tag team division. And they are still one of the few teams to defeat the Lynches in tag team action. But on major events, they have yet to get a signature win. But perhaps the same could be said for The Ring Workers.

[The exposition continues as Shizz Dawg gets Harrigan on his knees, plants his feet on the calves of the big guy, applies a chinlock, and bends him backwards in a very painful looking stretch! Because Harrigan isn't very flexible, it's painful for him, and he articulates as such. Loudly.]

BW: Yeah, they made some big waves in qualifying for the Stampede Cup. They need to beat The Rave to keep that momentum going, though. The Blonde Bombers, the Aces, and the Bishops took all of the momentum in tag wrestling; the Workers need a big time win to keep up.

GM: Don't forget RyGunn. And SkyHerc.

BW: I dunno. SkyHerc might be listening to the fans too much, and RyGunn's days are numbered in messing with the Bombers.

[Finally, Matt Rogers runs in and hits the Dawg with a sweeping low kick, forcing a break. Harrigan rolls towards his corner as Jezz runs in and hip tosses Rogers out of there.]

GM: Matt Rogers doing what needs to be done, as Lee Harrigan has little defense against technical holds. I have to admit, every time the Rave use holds, they tend to be rather advanced holds. It makes me wonder how sound their grasp of fundamental wrestling really is.

BW: They only use weird stuff so people are always off-balance.

GM: Dueling tags, and Jerby Jezz in against Matt Rogers. Rogers runs at him with a jump kick, but Jezz dodges... and the Dawg OG clotheslines Rogers from the blind side!

BW: Five second rule, daddy. Shizz tagged, but didn't leave the ring. And Rogers didn't even think about it.

GM: A clever way to use the five seconds afforded between tags. The Dawg OG is now out of there, and Jerby Jezz with a scoop body slam on Matt Rogers. Rogers is under two twenty himself, so not that much larger than the Rave. Jezz with the legs of Rogers... he is setting him up for some kind of slingshot move!

[Taking a moment to look around at the crowd (who cheer their approval), Jezz drops back, slingshotting Rogers into the Rave corner. Shizz Dawg catches him coming in with an overhand right, sending the Oakland native back down... his back landing on the upheld knees of Jezz. And the Dawg

slingshots himself over the ropes, landing on Rogers with a slingshot elbow as he's bent backwards over Jerby's knees! The crowd gives a loud reaction to the devastating maneuver.]

GM: No tag made there, and The Rave crunching Matthew Rogers in two! They'll have to be very careful with those no-tag shenanagains with Johnny Jagger as the referee. I doubt they can get away with the usual chaos.

[Dawg seems befuddled as Jagger berates his illegal entry. He tries to explain that he was using the Plausible Proximity Doubleswitch Rule of wildstyling, but Jagger is having none of it.]

BW: Yeah, Jagger always did like to be a tyrant. No respect for 2032 rules!

GM: This isn't 2032! Jerby Jezz with a vertical suplex, and this time the tag to the Dawg OG made legally. Jerby Jezz is climbing the turnbuckles as the Dawg OG enters... and Harrigan in to prevent the double team!

[Big Lee Harrigan crosses the ring, standing between his partner and the corner where Jezz is located. Shizz Dawg comes at him to get him out of the way, but Harrigan snatches him. Shizz grabs his hair and pulls his head down a bit to cause him to lean forward... allowing Jerby to jump off the top rope and land on Harrigan's upper back... STANDING. He immediately jumps again, driving a flying elbow right to the chest of Rogers as the crowd roars!]

BW: Aw, Lee, you can't let them use you like that!

[Harrigan shoves the Dawg OG away and turns to figure out who just did that. Jezz is already rolling out of the ring, though, and turning his back to Shizz just causes the Dawg to bound off the ropes and jump on his back, riding him down and forcing him to splash his own partner! The fans love the crazy offense, and Harrigan rolls out of the ring before he is made to do more damage to his partner.]

GM: The Dawg OG jumping on Harrigan and tackling him down atop Rogers! That was about four hundred seventy pounds landing on poor Matt Rogers, who has to be about finished here. You would think the Dawg OG would go for the pin.

BW: Not if you've paid any attention to the Rave at all, you wouldn't.

GM: Of course. The Dawg setting Matt Rogers up on the top rope, and following him up there.

[Jerby Jezz is standing on the floor, waving for Shizz Dawg to throw him down so he can catch him. The Dawg complies, but Jerby chickens out at the last moment, and Rogers hits the floor. The fans cheer the goofy exchange.]

GM: That's the... thing they call the Silverfish Hand Catch. I do not understand the reference, but the countout is academic.

BW: Unless Lee Harrigan is dumb enough to throw his partner back in after a Silverfish Hand Catch.

[He is. Lee plods outside the ring until he gets to his fallen partner... bends down to pick him up... and is crunched in the back of the head by Jerby Jezz, who runs off the apron with a legdrop to the back of his head, sending him facefirst into the padded hardwood floor!]

GM: Thank goodness for the padding.

BW: Jezz is in... and there's your Superior Countout Victory!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The fans cheer as The Rave celebrate like this was a title win.]

PW: Here are your winners, as the result of a...

[Jerby and Shizz turn to correct Watson, but he raises a hand in their direction. Nodding "yes, I know" at the New Seattle duo, he goes on.]

PW: ...SUPERIOR COUNTOUT VICTORY... JERBY JEZZ... SHIZZ DAWG OG... THE RAVE!

["So What'cha Want" plays over the PA as the time traveling team dances and capers to the approval of the fans.]

GM: Fans, it will not be this easy against the Ring Workers in two weeks time. That one has the potential to steal the show.

BW: Plus, the fate of all space and time is on the line. So it's kind of important.

GM: The fate of two tag teams, anyway. We'll be back after...well, I guess we're first going to throw it over to Jason Dane. Jason?

[Jason Dane stands at the interview platform, heaving a heavy sigh, with all the look of a man who would rather be doing anything than what he's about to do right now.]

JD: Thank you, Gordon. Joining me at this time, The Rave.

[As a beaming Jerby Jezz strides towards Jason, Shizz Dawg OG stands in the background, fiddling with something in his ear in with one hand, and doing some kind of massage of the back of his neck with the other.]

JJ: Exhale, Dane. We bring you a reverberation! Frally!

[His partner steps to the front, with what seems to be an earpiece connecting to the back of his neck, and is surprisingly...lucid?]

SDOG: Jason Dane, you are about to experience the cutting edge of 2032 technology!

[Shizz Dawg turns around, the afro allowing us a clear look at the back of his neck, to which is attached something that looks like a small circuit board, affixed with two long, thin strands of what looks like duct tape.]

SDOG: This prototype, which we had commissioned at great expense, takes the electrical impulses in my brain that form my speech, intercepts them, and converts them into your ancient 2013 language in real time, allowing me to effortlessly carry on a conversation that you can fully comprehend.

[Dane's jaw literally drops a good three inches at the sound of this speech...before a big grin appears on his face.]

JD: Well...you know what, I'm just gonna take this at face value! Well, Shizz Dawg, it seems that your challenge has been accepted, and you and Jerby Jezz will get your wish to face The Ring Workers on the big Labor Day Unholy War show, and for once, I'm delighted to ask you what you think about that!

[For all his gaudy looks, Shizz Dawg wears a serious expression on his face, and for once, his words match it.]

SDOG: You know Jason, this thing with the Ring Workers has been going on for a long time now...but our struggles have been going on far longer. Yeah, we jump around in time, but we still feel it! And all of the things we've felt back here haven't felt too good.

We've been passed over for a Stampede Cup in favor of a couple of Marks. We spent a year and a half fighting The Hive over a 100 times...it felt like....uh.....Groundhog's Day! We have to think of things in terms of multiple time frames and, though we would like to be able to enjoy ourselves, we have to be serious all of the time.

[Jason jerks his head a little at this remark...]

SDOG: But no matter what we do in the ring, because of the generational gap, you, and all of the other tag teams in the AWA, think that we're some kind of joke. Well Strong, Anderson, before Unholy War, you guys better understand one thing.

We are not jokes. And we are tired of being treated like jokes.

We are, in fact, the same men who took the Lynch Brothers to hell and back on two separate occasions. James Lynch was never the same man after OUR "unholy wars" with him.

We go for superior countouts to show that we are not just better than you for a mere three seconds. We come at our opponents with defensive offense, offensive offense, any kind of offense that ever has or will be imagined! And come Unholy War, you boys are going to be *begging* us to

end your misery in three seconds! But your pain is gonna last much longer than that...or, like James Lynch, it may never end.

And one more thin..EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[Shizz Dawg OG bends down and clutches his neck in apparent pain. Both Jerby Jezz and Jason Dane approach with concern but, in a second, Shizz Dawg raises his head and looks to the camera as though nothing had happened.]

SDOG: Interseminal roofward guttural formicide! Turnip buttocks!

[Jason Dane slaps his own forehead in despair.]

JJ: Uh...that didn't sattelate with anciespeak?

[Dane shakes his head, still in the facepalm position.]

JJ: Well, back to the brawing doard. But the jist has been jasted! RAVE, AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

SDOG: BREAK BAD!

[Jerby Jezz reaches over to his partner, rips the device off his neck, and slams it on the ground. They storm off the set together, Jezz mumbling something like "Tenma hakase is gonna frally..." before exiting earshot. Jason Dane looks down at the broken piece of futuristic technology at his feet.]

JD: Maybe I should save that for my next interview with The Hive...

[As Jason contemplates his move, we fade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, the man standing here with me is ready for the fight of his life tonight. He is Shadoe Rage.

[Cue Shadoe Rage's sidling entrance stage right. Stegglet looks on with some amazement as the eclectic wrestler takes centre stage with his back to the camera, posing in a flexed double biceps so the world can admire both the ridiculous swell of his arms and the wonder of his sleeveless white ring robes with the purple sequined trim. The back of the robe is decorated with the words: ANGEL OF DEATH in purple lettering. Rage holds the pose for a moment before he turns to face the camera.]

He is a spectacle. He is a handsome height of 6'3 and the bare skin of his golden chest and hairless abdomen show that none of him is spare. There is muscle, sinew, insane definition and tawny flesh. Rage, if he were half sane, probably should have been a fashion model and not a wrestler. Aside from his incredible eight-pack abs, bulging thighs and V-shaped upper body, he is immensely pretty. Too pretty, in fact. His jaw is sharp and chiseled, his cheek bones high and pronounced, his mouth is too full and nose is straight

and the nostrils elegantly flared. And then there are those crazy eyes. The hazel is too deep and bright and intense. There's fire behind them burning hot and bright and forever. They pop underneath the smeared black kohl around his eyes. His tinted sunglasses cannot hide their intensity and their beauty.

Not even his wild mane of locks can hide his beauty, tied back as it is now by a purple bandana. The coiled tresses frame his feral beauty and the odd assortment of beads and coils and cuffs serve only to remind us all that this man is nearly inhuman, some perfect sculpture come to life. He has that odd effect on people looking at him. You can even see it with Stegglet who seems slightly, and weirdly flustered, when Rage turns his gaze on him.]

SR: Fight of my life? Is that how it's being billed, Steglet? Fight of my life?

[Even the voice is so deep, so raspy, so alien. Who is this man? Where could he possibly have come from?]

MS: You versus Colonel P.W. de Klerk on the eve of Unholy War. The Colonel is determined to put you in your place tonight.

SR: Stegglet, let me explain something to you. My place isn't here on this Earth. No, it's not.

[It certainly isn't.]

SR: My place is up high!

[Rage points to the sky, forcing Stegglet to gaze way up and squint into the lights.]

SR: Right there in the stars! It's almost too bright to see, isn't it, Stegglet.

[Stegglet shades his eyes.]

MS: It is.

SR: You don't need to see it. You don't need to know where my home is in the stars because I'm right here on Earth walking amongst you right now. I am the Angel of Death, Shadoe Rage ... the Black Jesus of professional wrestling and I am here to bring glory to the name of my Father looking down on us right now.

[Stegglet peers up into the heavens a little longer before he shakes his head and snaps out of the haze created by Rage speak.]

MS: Colonel de Klerk has had some very disparaging things to say about your father in recent weeks. What do you...

[He's cut short by Rage placing his hand over Stegglet's mouth. Rage invades Stegglet's space, making the man's eyes open a little in apprehension.]

SR: Professional wrestling is a place where wrestlers seek attention. They do it by their dress. They do it by their deeds. And they do it by their words. Colonel de Klerk is trying to talk himself back into relevance by sullyng the good name of my Father. I call that Blasphemy. And I don't take kindly to it at all. Who is P.W. de Klerk and what gives him the right to say anything about my Father?

[Stegglet tries to answer but Rage does it for him.]

SR: He's nothing and nobody. He has no right to open his mouth and blaspheme my Father's name. And so he has to be punished for that. Three times we've been in the ring and twice he's been lucky enough to walk away. Lucky lucky de Klerk. Yeah, he was a lucky lucky man, Stegglet. Yes, he was. But now he's pushed his luck too far. And now on the eve of Unholy War, I'm going to purge him from the ring. I'm going to take this hand... [shows his strong right hand to the camera] and I'm going to smite the blasphemy right out of his mouth. I'm going to take his tongue. I'm going to take his voice. I'm going to take his head. And you will not see Colonel de Klerk around here. I do not hold with the likes of him.

[Rage turns his attention directly to the camera, pointing ferociously at some unseen demon.]

SR: P.W. de Klerk, pray for your soul. Pray for forgiveness. Get on your hands and knees and beg for mercy for your sins. Beg for mercy, but none is coming, de Klerk. The hatred staining your soul will be struck clean tonight. By my hand. By my hand. BY MY HAND! And my Father who art in heaven and hallowed by thy name ... [Rage stares straight up into the lights again.] You will be avenged tonight. That dog will die ... in darkness.

[And just like that Rage is gone, leaving an amazed Stegglet staring at the spot where he just was.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen ... I don't know what I just witnessed but I wouldn't want to be P.W. de Klerk. Right now, let's head down to Phil Watson for tag team action!

[We open back up to the ring where Phil Watson stands in the center, mic in hand. On both sides of him are two HUGE figures. "Them Belly Full" by Bob Marley can still be heard playing in the background.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Already standing in the ring at this time tipping the scales at over 800 pounds. Here are the team of LEE TREMORS and RICHTER LANE...

AFTEEEEEERSHOCK!!!

GM: Wow, look at these guys, have they gotten even bigger?!

BW: I'm doubting either man has jumped on the paleo diet and gone "raw" if that answers your question.

GM: Every time I see Lane and Tremors, it takes my breath away. These guys are MASSIVE! Lane alone weighs more than some of our other tag teams!

BW: Six foot six, 475 pounds, yeah, he's a big cornbread fed chunk of a man.

PW: And their opponents...

[The methodical clapping and stomping sounds of "God's Gonna Cut You Down" begin to echo throughout the arena, followed shortly thereafter by the signature guitar riff.]

PW: Weighing in at a combined weight of 498 pounds here are the team of LARRY WALLACE and BOBBY O'CONNOR....

I give you, the YOUNG BLOOOOOOOOOOODS!!!

You can run on for a long time
Run on for a long time
Run on for a long time
Sooner or later God'll cut you down
Sooner or later God'll cut you down #

[Larry Wallace, the tanned physical specimen, steps out first with swagger dripping out of every pore in his body. He has piercing blue eyes, sculpted facial stubble, and he quickly combs his fingers through his ruffled coffee brown hair. Behind him comes O'Connor. Bobby, lesser the showman, more of the imposing force, walks out with little bravado as he steps in line behind Wallace. His auburn hair is flat, neatly parted, and his brown eyes might as well have blinder's on them as his gaze never leaves the ring that lies ahead of them.]

Go tell that long tongue liar
Go and tell that midnight rider
Tell the rambler, the gambler, the back biter
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down #

[Wallace and O'Connor favor their usual attire. Cardinal red club jackets buttoned to the middle of their chests, matching ring trunks, boots, and knee pads. All of it is lined with golden trim and their team emblem on the left breast of their jacket. On the backside of each of these jackets, much like an athletic jersey, is their last name scripted in big, bold font.]

Well my goodness gracious let me tell you the news
My head's been wet with the midnight dew
I've been down on bended knee talkin' to the man from Galilee
He spoke to me in the voice so sweet
I thought I heard the shuffle of the angel's feet
He called my name and my heart stood still #

[Wallace and O'Connor scale up the ring steps to the apron. Wallace catapults himself into the ring, bouncing several times as he lands, while O'Connor just bends through the ropes, slapping his hands together as he moves towards Richter Lane. Larry Wallace feints and bobs around before standing toe to toe with Lee Tremors. Both Young Bloods unbutton their jackets and sling them over the rope which draws a nice pop from the fans.]

GM: These guys look ready to dance, Bucky. Lets see what these next generation stars are made of!

BW: I'm kind of leaning towards a bathroom break actually.

GM: You're going to miss one heck of a match if you do, these kids can flat out go!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: All four men are still in the ring! O'Connor is standing face to face with Lane. Tremors is squared up right in front of Larry Wallace, towering over the second generation star. We've got two teams here trying to make a name for themselves tonight, there's no telling --

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Lane erupts first, throwing a big right into the chest of O'Connor who instantaneously fires back. Tremors mirrors his partner's actions, throwing several blows at Wallace who does his best to deflect the punches and land one of his own. The massive duo of Lane and Tremors are quick to take the upper hand, forcing the Young Bloods towards opposite sides of the rings before eventually hammering them right through the ropes.]

GM: Aftershock is on a mission tonight, Bucky. I don't know if it was that wily vagabond Willoughby Tremblay who said something to them or if they are just tired of being the biggest and most unrecognizable force in the tag ranks, but they look all business here off the bat! They're headed right after O'Connor and Wallace!

BW: This might get ugly real quick, Gordo. We haven't seen much of these guys but I for one wouldn't want to trade blows with a guy who weighs just a smidgen under a quarter ton!

[Lane hops down from the apron and hammers his hands into the back of O'Connor. The Bunkhouse brawler retaliates, heaving a big right fist into the gut of Lane but the behemoth shoves him right into the railing. Lane, still in pursuit, unravels a wicked clothesline...

...which sends O'Connor CRASHING over the railing and into the front row!]

GM: OH MY! What a clothesline by Richter Lane!

[Across the ring, Tremors clobbers Wallace with a right forearm. Wallace pedals away from him, holding his nose and checking for blood. Tremors plows forward, throwing his shoulder into Wallace and flattening him upon impact.]

GM: Aftershock isn't going to win this match on the outside of the ring, Bucky.

BW: Something tells me they aren't out here just to gain a victory. They are looking to make a statement.

GM: It would be quite an impact if these guys could stop the fast rising tandem of O'Connor and Wallace. We have seen nothing but success out of the Young Bloods thus far who have utilized fantastic team work and chemistry with one another to rack up a pair of impressive wins.

BW: I'd hardly call them impressive.

GM: Any win in the AWA is a meaningful one, Bucky. If you can make it to this level you've got talent and if you can win on this level, you've got a bright and prosperous future awaiting you.

[Warren Davis leans against the ropes, shouting out at all four men to bring the action back inside the ring. Ignoring him, Lane scoops up O'Connor and drops him throat first over the railing, snapping him back down. Tremors raises his hands over his head and tries to drive them down over the skull of Wallace but it's the Flawless One who lands the quick shot, flipping his boot into the lower abdomen of Lee Tremors.]

GM: The tag division is loaded with talent right now. We could be looking at a future champion right in front of our eyes but there's a long road ahead regardless of who comes out on top tonight. We've got RyGunn nipping at the heels of the Bombers and who can talk about tag teams and not mention the Bishop Boys and their recent alliance with, well, the Devil himself.

BW: That's pretty harsh, daddy. Calling Chris Blue the devil. Now he's been called a lot of things, don't get me wrong, but Devil? I don't know about that.

GM: He is vindictive, manipulative, cunning, and merciless.

BW: Yeah, alright, Devil sounds about right.

[Lane drags O'Connor back to the ringside area, HEAVING him into the ringpost where he slumps down against it. Richter looks to Warren Davis whose eyes are fixated on Wallace and Tremors who still battle it out on the other side of the ring. Lane, sensing an opportunity, stomps over towards the booth and grabs an errant chair, folding it up and dragging it back towards the lifeless Bobby O'Connor.]

GM: He's going to get disqualified! Lane has the chair, my go...

[Lane winds up, swings....

...and CLANGS the chair against the metal post as O'Connor steps out of the way just in time!]

GM: Lane just misses! O'Connor with a boot to the midsection, he doubles Lane over!

[O'Connor takes a step back, then uncorks a RAPID firing knee...

...which is driven into the chair and right into the skull of Richter Lane!]

GM: OH MY! HE JUST KNEED THE CHAIR RIGHT INTO LANE'S HEAD!

BW: Disqualify them!

GM: Davis didn't even see it! Lane is reeling... I can't believe the big man is still on his feet!

[As Lane wobbles in place, O'Connor races towards him, throwing himself into the air...

...only to be caught and SLAMMED to the ground by Richter Lane!]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER!

BW: That redefines what a belly to belly suplex is. He's got the weight of two men in his chest!

GM: He just ate that chair shot and crushed Bobby O'Connor. THAT'S impressive, Bucky.

[Lane lays over O'Connor, half imposing his size on him, half catching his breath. Wallace continues to exchange shots with Tremors as both men begin to tire out of pure exhaustion from the amount of punches they've thrown in a quick amount of time. Wallace is driven into the ring apron and instead of throwing another overhand right, Tremors just RAMS his body into Wallace...

...sandwiching him into the apron.]

GM: Aftershock are not shy about using their massive size advantage, and who can blame them. They have a definite game plan here tonight and it's proving to be working so far.

[Tremors grabs Wallace by the head and trunks and hurls him under the bottom rope. He signals towards Lane who finally removes himself from over O'Connor. The pair both climb the steps on opposite sides of the ring and step through the ropes. Warren Davis points to the far corner and Tremors walks right by him, jumps, and CRUSHES Larry Wallace with a splash!]

GM: One, two, shoulder up!

BW: Here comes the big fella!

[Tremors rolls off of Wallace just in time as now it is Lane who steps forwards, leaps...

...and PANCAKES Larry Wallace with a gigantic splash!]

GM: Another cover... One! Two! Thr-no he got the shoulder up!

BW: Wow, I didn't think he had it in him.

GM: I'm not sure if Wallace even knew he had it in him.

BW: Well, that might be ALL he had in him, daddy. He's holding onto those ribs, something might not be right after that one.

[Lane shakes his head and finally escorts himself to his corner. Tremors peels Wallace off the mat and chucks him into the adjacent corner. As he draws near Larry he lowers his shoulder, DRIVING it into him. He repeats the process a second time, and a third, and a fourth. Wallace staggers out of the corner and Tremors hits the ropes...

...curls his arm up into a ninety degree angle, and hammers Wallace across the back of the head with a forearm smash that sends him spilling down to all fours.]

GM: O'Connor is just now starting to pick himself up on the outside, he better recuperate quick or it's going to be a short night for the Young Bloods and their early string of victories are going to come to an abrupt halt.

[Tremors reaches down and grabs Wallace by both legs, hooking them up. He lifts Wallace up into a wheel barrow position, smiles, and wrenches back, lifting him up and into the air...

...which allows Wallace enough time to flip his around, landing on his heels and falling back into the ropes.]

GM: What athleticism by Wallace! He's coming right back at him!

[Tremors turns around just in time to see Wallace shoot his boots into his right knee with a perfectly executed low drop-kick. Wallace spins back up, hits the ropes, and fires another one into the right knee which shoves Lee's second foot out from underneath him and planting him on both knees. Wallace immediately runs towards his corner, tags in O'Connor, hits the ropes, and races around the ring until he positions himself behind Lee Tremors and flips forward...

...SNAPPING Tremor's head down into the mat!]

BW: Picturesque rolling neck snap by Wallace! Here comes O'Connor!

[Just as Tremor's head snaps back up O'Connor BLASTS him with a running knee that lays him out! O'Connor and Wallace are quick to pull Tremors up as Lane shouts on the outside at Warren Davis who begins to count them down. Wallace and O'Connor both hook a leg...

...and an arm over their shoulders.]

GM: What are these guys thinking?

[Wallace and O'Connor HOIST Tremors up, planting him across the top rope where his body bounces...

...and sails in the other direction as together they SUPLEX him down with authority!]

GM: O'Connor with the cover! One, two --

BW: Lane with a stomp to the back! The near quarter ton figure breaks it up with a single stomp to the back!

GM: With an estimated 475 pounds behind that boot, it doesn't take much.

[O'Connor and Tremors both lay on their backs for a good seven seconds before Davis starts a count. He doesn't reach past three though before both men begin to stir. Tremors pulls himself up first but doesn't take the brief opening and instead measures up O'Connor who regains his footing. The two begin to circle one another before locking up in the center of the ring...

...which lasts no longer than a count of one as the tie up is broken. They lock up a second time and the result is the same as neither man gains an advantage. A third time sees more of the same but after a fourth tie up O'Connor snaps Tremors' head into a side headlock. Tremors imposes his size and backs O'Connor into the ropes but it's in front of his own corner and Wallace slaps himself in.]

GM: Tremors reverses the position, he whips O'Connor across the ring... Tremors drops down to all fours and O'Connor steps over him... what is he -- he leaped right into the arms of Wallace!

[Just as Tremors rises up, Wallace, clutching his own partner, throws him back towards Lee Tremors....

...who CATCHES him!]

GM: OH MY, WHAT STRENGTH! Tremors caught O'Connor! Unbelievable!

[But before Tremors can take advantage of this situation it's Larry Wallace who leaves his feet, leaping high into the air from a standing position...

...and DROP-KICKING the back of his own partner which sends him tumbling on top of Lee Tremors!]

GM: WOW!

BW: Hate to say it... but that's one of the best dropkicks in the game today, daddy.

GM: A cover by O'Connor! One! Two! No, Tremors muscles him off of him! Wait a minute, here comes Lane!

[As O'Connor tumbles through the ropes to the outside, Richter Lane explodes as only he can across the ring, SMASHING Wallace into the corner. As Wallace slumps down to the mat, Tremors runs across the ring, throwing his weight into the corner as he spins, back first...

...and SMASHES his rear end into the chest and head of Larry Wallace who folds over in two!]

BW: What force, what impact!

GM: Aftershock is stomping down on Wallace in the corner! Warren Davis is trying to step in to intervene.

BW: He's doing a poor job at that.

[Davis counts away, reaching four as the large duo let up. Tremors drags Wallace up and throws him towards the ropes. Larry Wallace ricochets back...

...right into a double shoulder block by Aftershock!]

GM: Might as well be a brick wall when those two stand side by side.

BW: I think he'd have a better chance against the wall.

[Tremors presses his right foot into the chest of Wallace, walking over him! A moment later, Richter Lane steps up on him with one foot...

...and then the second.]

GM: NO! That just isn't right!

[Lane steps off of Wallace who squirms around in pain. Richter keeps trucking right back to his corner where he steps out. O'Connor hobbles around on the outside, maneuvering himself back to his corner as Tremors pulls Wallace up once more, this time tucking his head and arms through the limbs of Wallace as he steps over his leg.]

BW: Abdominal stretch by Lee Tremors. You don't see that much anymore.

[As Wallace cringes from the pain, it's O'Connor who begins stomping on the ring apron, trying desperately to rally his fellow Young Blood comrade and the fans who begin to stomp along with him.]

GM: O'Connor is trying to stir this crowd up, doing his best to will some life back into Larry Wallace who is in a real bad spot right now.

[Wallace rifles an elbow into the stomach of Lee but it does little damage. He drives it back again and again and again until the grip finally loosens up. Larry spins himself free, hits the ropes while tagging in O'Connor and as he races back towards Lee Tremors he slides through his legs and straight underneath the bottom rope causing Tremors to spin towards him...leaving him oblivious to the legal man Bobby O'Connor who catapults himself into the ring...

...and plants his knee into the back of Tremor's head and DRIVES him head first into the ground!]

GM: What a diving knee!

BW: Calf-branding by Bobby O'Connor!

[From the outside, Wallace grabs Tremors' arms and drags him towards him, pulling him halfway out of the ring. O'Connor rushes to the side of the ring, grabbing the top rope, slingshotting himself up into the air...

...only to be met by the massive arms of Ricky Lane who SHOVES O'Connor mid-flight, sending him crashing hard to the ringside area on the outside!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT STRENGTH BY RICHTER LANE! He just shoved Bobby O'Connor half way back to Dallas!

BW: Maybe he can pick up my dry cleaning in time for Homecoming.

GM: That's right, Bucky. Although we've got the Unholy War just a stone's toss away from us in just over a week's time, we will be right back in Dallas for our annual Homecoming event! Already announced at this time is the epic encounter between long time rivals Terry Shane III and Hannibal Carver. We don't know the specifics yet at this time but we do know that if Carver can survive Shane's No Escape Challenge that he will be able to pick ANY stipulations that he wants.

BW: He'll probably pick a beer chugging contest, that's about the only thing he can beat Terry Shane III at.

[Wallace attends to the aid of O'Connor on the outside who rolls around in pain. Richter checks on Tremors as well, slapping him a bit across the cheeks and sparking some life back into him. Wallace wisely peels O'Connor up and throws his arm over his shoulder and begins to try and walk him back to their side of the ring. Lane abandons Tremors and begins to stalk the Young Bloods around the side of the ring.]

GM: The Young Bloods don't see the massive Lane hunting them down.

BW: Apparently outside ring awareness isn't their forte. You could hear that man coming in the middle of a wildebeest stampede.

GM: Because that ever happens.

BW: Tell that to Mufasa.

[Lane trucks around the corner of the ring and charges in on the Young Bloods, stretching his arms out and running OVER both Wallace and O'Connor. The young talents crash hard and Lane grabs Wallace and throws him against the ring mat. He lays into him with several massive chops, welting him up with each big blow. Richter reaches both hands around his throat and begins choking Larry on the outside.]

GM: Oh come on, that's not legal!

BW: But it serves a purpose.

[Davis scolds Lane who lets up and shoves Larry Wallace back into the ring. Tremors scoops him up and throws him across the ring where his back slaps the corner hard. Tremors, backs up as far away from Wallace as he can, lowering himself into the corner diagonally across from him.]

GM: Tremors is going into that three point stance. Lee, a former Defensive End at Lafayette College before he transferred his junior year to SEC powerhouse LSU where he met Lane. He's sizing him up just like he would an opposing quarterback ten years ago!

[Tremors kicks his foot up several times, explodes forward, and rushes across the ring where he LEAPS into the air, throwing his arms out wide...]

GM: BODY AVALANCHE INTO THE CORNER! HE HIT HIM WITH THE SEISMIC SPLASH!

BW: Supernova might want to up his diet after watching that one.

[Wallace collapses down and Tremors leans over him.]

BW: Count him, Davis!

GM: He's not the legal man! He tagged in O'Connor just before he slid out earlier! Tremors doesn't realize it! Look at Bobby, he realizes it! Here comes O'Connor!

[Lane begins to shout to his partner who looks around confused. O'Connor sprints towards him just as Lane sits back up. Tremors tries to stand back up and as he does Wallace manages to somehow pull himself up to all fours, bridging himself up behind Lee just as O'Connor UNLOADS with a shoulder tackle...

...that sends Tremors CRASHING back over Larry Wallace and into his own partner!]

GM: Down goes the big man! Richter Lane just flew to the outside! O'Connor is stomping away on Tremors who is trying to fight his way back up! Tremors with a big right, he rattles O'Connor!

BW: Wallace from behind! Kick to the back of the leg!

GM: Another kick behind the knee! Tremors is back to his knees!

[O'Connor snares Tremors' head in right arm. Wallace races around him, pulling Tremors' head as well into the nook of his left arm. The pair tug on the shorts....

...and SNAP Tremors over!]

GM: Double snap suplex by the Young Bloods! Great execution!

[Wallace hurries himself over to the ropes where he springs himself up, perching his feet onto the top buckle. O'Connor tugs at Tremors, doing his best to yank him back up to his feet.]

GM: Looks like Wallace is ready to fly, Bucky!

BW: I don't like where this is headed.

[O'Connor tucks his head in-between the legs of Tremors, scooping him up onto his shoulders. As he lifts him up his legs begin to wobble and he stumbles for a moment as he tries to turn towards the corner where Wallace is perched. Finally he readies himself, locking his legs out, hoisting Tremors high in the air as Wallace leaps...

...sailing through the air, tucking his legs in, and extending them out with tremendous force as he plants both feet into the upper chest of Lee Tremors!]

GM: MISSILE DROP-KICK BY WALLACE! DOWN GOES TREMORS!

BW: It's hard to get upset at the sheer beauty of that.

[Tremors CRASHES to the mat and Bobby O'Connor crawls over him, hooking his leg. Lane, back on his feet, dives into the ring.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! LANE'S TOO LATE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's over, Bucky! The Young Bloods rack up another checkmark in the win column!

BW: Ugh, I'm sure we are going to have to hear about this when they list off every single win each time they talk. What is that... an astounding total of three?

GM: Three matches, three wins, Bucky. They are on their way!

[O'Connor slides off of Tremors before Richter Lane can strike him. O'Connor and Larry Wallace slide out of the ring and embrace victoriously. Richter stomps down with both feet on the ring mat.]

GM: The near quarter ton star isn't happy about this one.

BW: His partner let him down again, Gordo. Friends or not, if they don't start winning, this partnership might be over!

[Lane continues to pout, yelling at Warren Davis who shrugs his shoulders at him. As the Young Bloods hold their arms up and head back down the aisle a figure slides out of the back and into the aisle.]

GM: Wait a second... we saw that man earlier.

BW: I don't recognize him.

GM: It's Tremblay, Bucky. Willoughby Tremblay is headed down to the ring.

[The tall, lanky Tremblay softly applauds the Young Bloods as he walks by them. O'Connor and Wallace, a bit baffled, aren't sure what to make of his presence choose to ignore him. Tremblay moves quickly, walking up the ring steps and onto the apron where he removes his hat before stepping in the ring. Lane, infuriated, stares at Tremblay while his heavy breaths accelerate by the second. Tremblay holds one hand out, trying to calm the behemoth down.]

GM: I'm not sure what is going on here, Bucky. We saw Tremblay offer Aftershock his services earlier tonight but after a performance like that --

BW: Maybe he's out to get his business card back.

[Tremblay, still holding one hand out, reaches into his pocket and pulls out another business card. He leans in over Lee, placing the card on his chest. He points up at Lane, wagging his finger at him, mouthing, "Follow me, you deserve better."]

GM: Gotta admire his persistence. From what I've gathered, the offer still stands. We've got to head out for a short break but I'm sure this isn't the end of Tremblay and his courtship of Aftershock.

[A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

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

[And then we cut to an extreme closeup of a pair of bloodshot, angry eyes. Stringy black hair, greying near the roots, hangs down over the area, which

is in letterbox format to keep only the eyes in view. A gruff, menacing voice is heard, coming from the person in the picture.]

Voice: They had to cripple me to stop me.

[We see a black-and-white slow motion replay of Eric Preston piledriving the former World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso, at Memorial Day Mayhem 2013. Monosso is clearly the one speaking.]

JM: The doctors say there's a ninety-five percent chance I'll never walk again.

Maybe so. But through the AWA Signature Series, the memory lives on.

["The Theme From Halloween"'s shrill piano starts in the background as highlights of Monosso's career flash by in rapid succession.]

JM: The AWA World Heavyweight Championship Tournament; all five matches plus Vasquez, from Wrestlerock to Blood, Sweat, and Tears. There's new footage you ain't seen. Commentaries by me, by some of my opponents, by other wrestlers.

[We see a clip of Monosso training, lifting old-style free weights in a run-down gym.]

JM: And there's footage from the days before the AWA. From UVW, and the night I first became a World Champion.

[Rare footage of Monosso, much younger and wearing a VERY different set of ring attire (a black, dark orchid, and yellow-colored bodysuit... yes, that was actually what he wore) in a steel cage match fighting an incredibly muscular blond man wearing blue-and-gold trunks and light grey fur boots.]

JM: From I-Slash, both in singles and teaming with John Van Mann as The New Millennium.

[Scenes of a tag team match from IWF/WOW. Monosso is wearing the same style of attire as he later would in the AWA, albeit with more silver. He and an athletic man in a two-strap dark green singlet are fighting a masked tag team with a lightning bolt motif.]

JM: And on to the AWA, where I fought them all. Martinez, Marley, Scott, Wright...

...Preston.

[Clips of matches with each man are shown, and Monosso practically spits out that last word with obvious bitterness.]

JM: And more. There's twenty-three matches, more promos, a documentary, some special features... I never did figure why the AWA sent a camera crew with me to go track down the people that trained me, but now

I know. This is Volume Two in the Signature Series. This is the story of my career. This is madness.

[We get a look at the DVD boxed set, the cover of which features Monosso clutching the World Title at the end of Blood Sweat and Tears. The full title is "This Is Madness; This Is Monosso".]

JM: This is Monosso. Get it. Keep it. It's the only way you'll remember. Remember what I said. Remember what I did. Remember who I was. This isn't just a collectable; it's a legacy.

[Back to the eyes, and only the eyes. The angry, hateful, bitter eyes.]

JM: And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[And cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet finds Curt Sawyer pacing back and forth in the locker room. Sawyer's shaggy brown hair is soaked and a towel is wrapped around his waist. He's fresh out of the shower.]

CS: I had a shot... all I had to do was dump a few bodies like it was last call at the Rusty Spur. But no! Porter Crawley and that weasel Nolan got one over on me. I tried taking a cold shower... I tried calling June to calm myself down...

[He grabs his wooden axe-handle from a bench near the lockers and SMACKS it against the metal. Stegglet jumps back from the reverberation.]

CS: But I'm still all riled up!

[Sawyer takes a deep breath and puts a hand on Mark's shoulder, trying to calm himself down.]

CS: Sorry, bud.

[He squares himself back to the camera.]

CS: So listen here, tough guy... Unholy War... Labor Day... St. Louis, Missouri... we settle this, Crawley. In the Show Me State, I'm gonna show you and all these fans that when you tick off Curt Sawyer, you're asking...

[Sawyer points the axe-handle dead ahead.]

CS: To get thumped! That's a promise.

[He gives a hearty slap on the back to Stegglet, causing him to flinch. Cut back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Curt Sawyer making to challenge. He wants to face Porter Crowley at Unholy War in a one-on-one matchup. We'll find out later tonight if Crowley and Victor Nolan Esquire will accept. But right now, ladies and gentlemen, it appears that Unholy Alliance's "Showtime" Rick Marley has asked for some time here this evening...

BW: Maybe he'll share news about Percy! We all know that Marley's the only one in this building willing to tell everyone the truth...after all, he told us so himself, daddy!

GM: Please. Marley's more crooked than a snake with a broken back...

[Gordon's further ruminations are cut off as "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue kicks in over the PA system. "Showtime" Rick Marley appears, wearing an new "Unholy Alliance? That must mean it's Showtime!" t shirt (available at AWA.com!) over his normal wrestling gear. The normally clean shaven wrestler is sporting some serious stubble, and his long, dark hair is pulled back in a ponytail.

He ignores the fans and slides under the bottom rope before coming smoothly to his feet with a wireless mic in hand...then makes a throat cutting gesture...as the music continues to play...]

RM: Cut it...cut my music. I've got a lot to go over and the guys in the truck can only give me so much time...

[The music cuts off as Marley walks around in the middle of the ring for a moment with the mic clutched in his left hand and running his right hand over his mouth.]

RM: I struggled with what to say here tonight...couldn't really come up with a gameplan, which is pretty odd for me, as even those of you out there who can't stand me will admit...

[A small smattering of boos come raining down on him, but Marley simply continues, not interacting with the crowd.]

RM: You see, me and the rest of the Unholy Alliance, we went to the hospital with Percy because he'd lost a lot of blood...he was in bad shape...love him...hate him...hope he gets his comeuppance or not, the man's not now, nor has he ever been a wrestler...but he received an injury at the last Saturday Night Wrestling taping that nearly cost him his eye...he's not gonna be here this week...hell, they're not sure WHEN it'll be safe for him to be here...and that's directly on Anton Layton and the so-called Immortals...

[The fans cheer at the mention of the faces as Marley nods.]

RM: Don't worry, I've come here to bury Percy Childes, not to praise him...

[He smiles, shaking his head and walking around the ring, pointing out to the crowd.]

RM: 'Cause you see, it's downright Pavlovian. No matter what else happens...no matter what else anyone does, we all know that there are certain things that we can depend on...and one of those things is that anything with Juan Vasquez involved will get massive cheers, no matter how dark...no matter how over the line...no matter how downright sociopathically

evil the thing that Vasquez...or Kinsey...or Supernova...or Von Braun...or Scott have done it CAN'T have been bad...because we all know that they're honorable men...they wear white hats...they're good guys!

...

Don't we?

[Marley pauses, looking around the building.]

RM: I mean, who cares if they've just beaten up on someone that couldn't defend himself? Who cares if they followed it up by jumping a guy en masse and leaving him near crippled? Steven Childes is related to Percy, and we know Percy deserved to be stabbed in the face because after all, it's Juan Vasquez, and we all know that Vasquez is an honorable man.

Right?

It doesn't really matter if it would fit into the textbook definition of a lynching...or if what Supernova and Vasquez did to Percy Childes would qualify as bullying...because I'm just twisting events around so that they don't make sense any more...you people...ALL of you...you didn't cheer that sort of thing on YOUR televisions last week....

[Marley pauses again, letting his words hang on the crowd.]

RM: After all, you're good people too.

[The crowd has gone from full throated jeers to uncomfortable murmuring at the direction that Marley's taken.]

RM: So here I am...giving what might be a eulogy for Percy Childes's career here in AWA...Percy was ambitious...he tried to do things that he shouldn't have...after all, Vasquez said so...

Didn't he?

Or was it Layton? Seems sorta tough to tell whose voice is coming out of any of their flapping mouths lately...but no...guys like Vasquez, Scott, Kinsey, Supernova and Braun would never act like anything other than angels...

[Marley pauses, again looking out on the crowd.]

RM: Would they?

We all know that when Royalty or The Unholy Alliance comes out and beats down on someone as a group, that we stand up and boo till our throats are hoarse.

We all know that it'll only be a matter of time till the good guys like those Immortals come running down to save the day and thwart our dastardly

plans...after all we wouldn't want someone who wasn't even a wrestler to end up in the hospital with a severe laceration right near their eye...something that might ruin a guy's ability to make his living...put him out of the business forever.

After all, those are the actions of bad...bad men...

[The audience has started booing, but without much gusto as Marley stops pacing, then looks out into the crowd and nods, his expression becoming more serious.]

RM: Because make no mistake: We ARE bad, bad men.

Layton has convinced your so called heroes to stoop down to our level...to up the ante and start a game that costs in blood. This is a game that we're more than capable of playing, and more than willing to escalate.

You want to make non-wrestlers vulnerable, boys? You want to put friends and family on the table?

Done.

I'd suggest that you don't bring your wives...your girlfriends or your kids to any shows anytime soon...except Kinsey. We know that Luke isn't allowed to bring his son because...well...this isn't his first time to this PARTICULAR rodeo, is it?

[That shot finally gets the crowd fully hostile once again as they start to boo the shot at Kinsey.]

RM: But remember: ALL of you...we didn't take this to the next level...you did.

You can be assured that we won't let this go unanswered....and you can take that to the bank.

[Marley drops the mic and rolls out of the ring before stalking to the back. The crowd is nearly silent, a slight buzz washing over it as the camera follows him for about half the distance and then cuts to the announcers.]

GM: Some strong words from Rick Marley right there.

BW: Strong words? True words! Truer words may have never been spoken, Gordo. Vasquez and his band of animals are brutal savages! And they don't deserve any more cheers than the Unholy Alliance does. If these people are going to boo the Alliance for what they do, then they need to boo these so-called Immortals for what they do as well.

GM: I've already admitted that there are severe moral issues with what Layton did. I feel it, you feel it, the entire locker room feels it. Attacking Percy Childes... you can feel however you want to feel about that. Many feel

it was justified considering what he's done over the years... but what happened to Steven Childes? That seems wrong to me.

BW: What about Vasquez? Scott? Von Braun? Supernova? Kinsey? Does it feel wrong to them too? Because it should!

GM: I agree. It should.

BW: But you didn't answer the question. Does it feel wrong to them, Gordo?

GM: I...

[Gordon shrugs.]

GM: I don't know. Fans, let's go to the ring for more action.

[We crossfade from the subdued Gordon Myers back to Phil Watson inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... he hails from Capetown, South Africa...

[The boos pick up immediately as the fans know who's coming.]

PW: Weighing in at 271 pounds... he claims to represent all that is pure...

COLONEL P.W. DE KLERRRRRRRK!

[The jeers grow stronger as de Klerk emerges from behind the curtain to no music. The South African pauses just beyond the entrance, twisting his handlebar mustache a few times before making his way down the aisle towards the ring dressed in his combat fatigues and boots. He steps up on the apron, wiping his feet on the mat before stepping into the ring.]

GM: Perhaps the most controversial man in all of the AWA, Colonel de Klerk is hoping to have the biggest win in his career in several years with a victory here tonight.

[de Klerk stands at attention in the corner, ignoring the jeering fans as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd EXPLODES as "Fame" hits!]

PW: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 246 pounds...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The curtains fly apart and Shadoe Rage emerges in white robes with purple trim at the neck and around the cuffs of the sleeves. His bandana is a matching purple and his sunglasses have purple-tinted lenses. Rage

flourishes for the crowd so they can all snap pictures of the spectacular looking wrestler. He pirouettes down the aisle, running his mouth at the air.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is in his second tour of duty here in the AWA and this one is going a heck of a lot better than his first one, Bucky.

BW: That's absolutely right. Rage has been a completely different competitor in the AWA this time around and has quickly worked his way into contention for a shot at the World Television Title.

GM: And you have to expect that when he finishes with de Klerk and he finishes with Donnie White, he's going to turn his attention towards Dave Bryant and the Television Title.

BW: That's a pretty bold assumption, Gordo. I'm not so sure he's getting past the Colonel tonight... and if he does, he's got the Atomic Blonde waiting for him in St. Louis!

[Rage reaches the ring apron, vaulting over the top rope which keeps de Klerk at bay as Rage takes center stage. A sea of flashes illuminate the arena as Rage poses before removing his ringrobes and accessories to reveal his phenomenally chiseled body, wine-coloured trunks and pink and yellow boots. He rushes his corner and leaps up onto the top rope, pointing skyward as the cheers rain down on the Canadian wild man.]

GM: Quite the reaction from these fans here in Kansas City.

BW: If you ever told me Shadoe Rage would get a reaction like this from the people, I would've made you use a breathalyzer, Gordo.

GM: He certainly has gained a measure of popularity here in the ring of late. For most of his career this man was one of the most reviled athletes anywhere. He's definitely made that hundred and eighty degree turn.

[Rage hops down, pointing a muscular arm across the ring at de Klerk as referee Marty Meekly steps to the center and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

BW: Let's see how Rage's quickness matches up with the meanness of de Klerk. The last few times these two have met the bad blood between them has got worse and worse. And last time Donnie White got involved... for de Klerk!

GM: Well, maybe not for de Klerk but it was surprising seeing Donnie White and P.W. de Klerk having something in common.

BW: Yeah, they both hate Shadoe Rage with everything in their hearts.

GM: Indeed.

[Rage feints and teases lunging at de Klerk just to show off his superior speed.]

GM: Rage is very fast... very fast.

BW: de Klerk's going to need to find a way to keep him grounded and likely to keep his hands on him as much as possible to avoid any kind of hit and run attack.

[A gloved and shirted de Klerk moves in for a collar and elbow lockup but scampers back to his corner when Shadoe Rage drops to all fours, lunging at him like a dog. The crowd cheers the antics as an annoyed de Klerk complains to the official.]

GM: de Klerk's giving the referee a hard time but there certainly wasn't anything illegal about that, Bucky.

BW: Not at all. Rage is starting with the psyche out already. He's trying to get under de Klerk's skin. A little bit of cat and mouse action but the question is - who is the cat and who is the mouse?

[Back on his feet, Rage strikes a double bicep pose before de Klerk lunges at him again, this time engaging in the tieup. They struggle and strain against one another, trying to get leverage but the South African strikes first, grabbing a gloved hand full of hair to yank Rage down to the mat.]

GM: Oh, come on! That was a blatant pull of the hair!

[de Klerk steps back, wiping the palm of his glove on the turnbuckle, showing disdain at having had to touch Shadoe Rage.]

GM: This guy really is too much. If you really can't stand touching him, why sign the contract for the match?

BW: de Klerk is out to teach Rage a lesson! Besides, look at that greasy mop on top of Rage's head. I'd wipe my hands after touching that.

GM: Would you stop? I see no problem with Shadoe Rage's hair - in fact, I know he's quite proud of his hair and maintains it often.

BW: If it's so neat and clean, why is it in knots like that, huh?

GM: They're dreadlocks, Bucky. They're supposed to look like that.

BW: Since when you have known anything about style?

[Rage gets back to his feet, complaining about the hairpull as de Klerk paces around a bit. The referee waves it off, calling for the action to continue as Rage lunges in, pushing the South African back towards the ropes...

...and again gets yanked down to the mat by the hair!]

GM: Again to the hair! de Klerk has blatantly broken the most basic of rules twice now and Shadoo Rage is steaming mad!

[Back on his feet, Rage is shouting at the referee, threatening de Klerk with a closed fist. Meekly steps in, demanding that the hand be opened.]

BW: You want to talk mind games? de Klerk is sending Rage into fits right now. Rage has totally lost his cool and that may cost him in a big way tonight, Gordo.

GM: We'll find out soon enough... back to the tieup...

[They're jostling for position near the ropes again as de Klerk slips a hand up into the hair...]

...but before he can grab hold, Rage slams his skull into the bridge of de Klerk's nose!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt!

[The crowd cheers as de Klerk spins around, grabbing his face and presenting his backside for a push kick to the rear, sending de Klerk crashing chestfirst into the buckles to the laughter of the crowd. The South African spins around, totally irate...]

GM: Rage embarrassed the Colonel a little bit right there.

BW: Not a smart move in my estimation.

[de Klerk comes charging out of the corner, swinging wildly. Rage easily ducks the wild right as the South African sails past him, staggering around...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He slapped him right across the face! Good grief!

[And it's Rage's turn to mockingly wipe his hand, this time on the referee's shirt. Meekly backs away, angrily telling Rage to keep his hands off him as the crowd cheers Rage on. A decent size "SHA-DOE RAGE!" chant starts up as de Klerk shouts at the official.]

GM: The fans are strongly behind Rage, cheering his every move... especially those right there designed to humiliate de Klerk.

[de Klerk has backed the official across the ring, still shouting at him. The referee shouts back, pointing at Rage. The Colonel spins quickly...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Oh! He slapped him again!

[Rushing at him, Rage tees off with short slaps to the back before a backhand slap knocks de Klerk down to the mat.]

BW: This is terrible. I feel like I'm watching a woman's match right now! Rage needs to fight like a man, not slap his opponent over and over.

[Pulling back to his feet, de Klerk blindly charges, enraged with embarrassment...

...and runs right into a stinging jab to the nose!]

GM: Big right hand by Rage!

[Squaring up like a boxer, Rage tees off with a series of short jabs to the face of de Klerk. He switches stances, using the other hand for a bit.]

GM: Rights and lefts to the face of de Klerk!

BW: Shadoo Rage making his head snap back like a punching bag. de Klerk's on wobbly legs, Gordo!

GM: And not any more! Rage puts him down with a monster right hook!

[The crowd cheers Rage's pugilistic ability. Rage spins for them and then points a menacing finger at de Klerk before grabbing him by what's left of his hair and rushing at the ropes...]

GM: Rage rushes in!

[...and LEAPS over the top, snapping de Klerk's throat off the top rope strand!]

GM: Ohhh my! What a vicious move out of Rage and that could cause some serious damage, fans!

[de Klerk flops around inside the ring on the mat, clutching his throat as Shadoo Rage pulls himself up on the apron. He points a finger to the sky, drawing cheers from the fans as he scampers up the ropes to take his spot on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Rage is up top! de Klerk stirring off the mat!

[Rage takes flight, soaring through the air with a double axehandle...

...and gets a right hand SMASHED into the midsection, dropping him down to the mat!]

BW: de Klerk goes downstairs to avoid the axehandle and that should even things up in a hurry, Gordo.

[Dragging Rage off the mat by the trunks, de Klerk grabs a handful of hair again, swinging his opponent in a circle before DRIVING him shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL!

[The referee steps in, shouting at de Klerk as Rage reaches up with his other arm to grab at his shoulder. The South African ignores the official, smashing a heavy forearm down across the back and then driving the same forearm into the kidneys!]

GM: de Klerk's all over him in the corner...

[The crowd jeers as the Colonel steps back, shouting at them to "take a look at the pure AWA!"]

GM: Colonel de Klerk taking some time to berate these fans in Kansas City... but goes right back to work with those forearms to the lower back, right into the kidneys.

BW: And that can do some damage you don't see 'til you use the bathroom the next morning.

GM: Bucky!

[de Klerk finally pulls Rage out of the corner, lifting him off the mat and slamming him down with a scoop slam.]

GM: Big body slam by de Klerk who is certainly enjoying his size and strength advantage in this one. He backs into the ropes, walking off...

[de Klerk leaps up, burying the point of his elbow down into the chest of Rage!]

GM: Ohh! Elbow down into the heart of Shadoe Rage! And de Klerk seems to be following the advice you laid out, Bucky. Keeping Rage close and when possible, keeping him down on the mat.

BW: Hey, it was good advice. If the pace gets quick, it favors Shadoe Rage so de Klerk needs to keep this slow and methodical.

[The South African hits the ropes again, winding up his arm for another elbow!]

GM: Elbowdro-

[The crowd cheers as de Klerk leaps up and hits nothing but canvas!]

GM: The Colonel misses the big elbow as Rage rolls out of the way, saving himself from certain disaster!

BW: Two hundred and seventy pounds of angry South African crashing down on your ribcage is a good way to pop a lung, Gordo. Rage may have saved himself more than a loss right there.

GM: You're absolutely right.

[Rage rolls to his knees, wincing in pain as he grabs at his lower back. de Klerk rolls to his knees, clutching his elbow as he climbs up to his feet.]

GM: de Klerk missed the elbow but he's right back on his feet, moving in on Shadoe Rage once agi-

[The crowd ROARS as Rage springs off his knees, connecting with a lunging clothesline that fells the bigger man!]

GM: Oh my! Shadoe Rage is as quick as a cat in there!

BW: He's explosive. I'll give you that!

GM: That's the perfect way to describe him, Bucky. He just blew up off his knees with that clothesline to take the larger man off his feet... and now it's Shadoe Rage trying to re-establish control of the match.

[Rage climbs back up, dropping an elbow across the chest.]

BW: There's a receipt for the Colonel.

[A second elbow connects to the sternum as well before Rage gets up, delivering an open handed slap down on the chest and then leaping high into the air, crushing de Klerk under a leaping kneedrop!]

GM: Ohhh! That might do it!

[But Rage is having none of it as he gets to his feet, the crowd cheering wildly as he pulls de Klerk up, scoops him up, and slams him down with a ring-shaking body slam of his own!]

GM: What a show of strength out of Rage! I wasn't sure he could get the bigger man up for that one but he did and- what's this?!

[Rage stumbled after the slam from his own exertion, finding himself in the corner. He nods to the cheering crowd before stepping out to the apron.]

GM: He's going up top again!

BW: This might be a mistake, Gordo. This is how de Klerk got the edge last time.

GM: But perhaps not this time as Rage steps to the top, maybe sending a message to Donnie White here as well!

BW: You could be right. We know the Atomic Blonde likes to fly - maybe Rage is showing White that he's not the only one who can fly around these parts!

[Standing up top, Rage does a twirl of his right hand with his index finger extended...

...and then leaps high into the air, sailing down and SMASHING a rising de Klerk between the eyes with the double axehandle!]

GM: Death From Above out of Rage! Perhaps that'll be enough to keep de Klerk down for a thr- no! Again, Rage isn't even looking for a cover. He wants to punish de Klerk and send a message to the entire locker room that Shadoe Rage is for real!

[Nodding to the cheering fans, Rage leans down, grabbing de Klerk by the shirt and hauling him off the mat...

...where de Klerk rakes the eyes, blinding him!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot out of de Klerk!

BW: This is a blood feud. de Klerk ain't gonna worry about little rules like eye gouging and hair pulling!

[Proving Bucky right, de Klerk ignores the referee's admonishments and does it again, leaving Rage staggering away from him, rubbing vigorously at his eyes.]

GM: Rage can't see a thing!

[Proving Gordon right, Rage takes a wild right handed swing, nearly cleaning the referee's clock.]

GM: Look out, Marty Meekly! He almost laid out the ref, Bucky.

BW: This is de Klerk's chance. He needs to seize this moment and finish off Shadoe Rage right here and now. What an upset it would be and what a big win it would be for de Klerk's future here in the AWA!

[de Klerk grabs Rage by the trunks, pulling him into a dizzying elbow to the back of the head, causing Rage to grab at the back of his head, stumbling away from the South African...

...and LEVELS him with a clothesline to the back of the skull!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[de Klerk rolls Rage to his back, laying out over him.]

GM: The Colonel with the cover! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Rage lifts the shoulder off the mat to the cheers of the Kansas City crowd.]

GM: de Klerk only gets two off that brutal clothesline that snapped Rage's head and neck forward... and he's obviously frustrated by that.

[de Klerk slaps the mat in anger before climbing to his feet, viciously stomping Rage in the back of the head and neck. The referee forces a break-off of the attack, allowing de Klerk to make another cover which gets only a one count this time.]

GM: Just a one count. Rage fights out fast there, making sure there was no question he was out before three.

BW: Or maybe he ain't certain he can get out of it fast enough if he lets a two count fall.

[Again back on his feet, de Klerk riles up the fans more by spitting on the downed son of Adrian Rage.]

GM: Oh! There's no call for that, Bucky!

BW: Probably not but the Colonel's got a bit of a mean streak in case you ain't noticed, Gordo.

GM: Oh, I've noticed. Believe me.

[With evil intentions on his mind, de Klerk drags Rage off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a side headlock and pulling him towards the corner.]

GM: de Klerk's setting up for something here...

[Charging out of the corner, the big man takes flight, smashing Rage's face into the mat with a bulldog headlock!]

GM: Oh my! That might be it, fans!

[de Klerk rolls Rage to his back, tugging a leg into a hook as he applies the cover.]

GM: The South African covers again for one! Two! Th-

[The crowd cheers again as Rage lifts the shoulder, a little closer to the three count this time.]

GM: Rage is out in time but he needs to find a way to turn this thing around and he needs to do it quickly, fans. We're nearing the ten minute mark of this matchup and right now, it's all Colonel P.W. de Klerk.

[An angry de Klerk secures a front facelock, dragging Rage up to his feet with it.]

GM: This likely won't win you a match but it certainly can wear a man down. He's putting all 270 pounds on the neck, pushing down and trying to restrict the flow of blood to the brain.

BW: It COULD win the match if de Klerk knows enough about grappling and submissions to switch this into a guillotine choke, Gordo.

GM: Does the Colonel strike you as a submission specialist?

BW: Unfortunately not.

[Rage tries to battle out, throwing weak right hands to the ribcage as de Klerk backs to the middle of the ring...

...and simply falls back with Rage, driving his skull into the mat!]

GM: Ohh! DDT! DDT out of de Klerk!

BW: That's it, Gordo! It's over!

GM: It certainly could be... and a move like that could affect more than this match. What if he gave Rage a concussion going into the important match with Donnie White at Unholy War?

BW: White wins by forfeit! What do you think would happen?!

[de Klerk climbs back to his feet, staring out at the jeering crowd.]

"THIS BOY IS NOTHING COMPARED TO ME!"

[The boos get louder as de Klerk disrespectfully wipes his boots on the back of Rage before using his toe to roll his opponent over.]

GM: de Klerk certainly is taking his time in trying to take advantage of that DDT. A very slow cover attempt.

[With the crowd roaring, trying to root him on, Rage slips a shoulder up at the two count!]

GM: Too slow! He couldn't get him after taking so long to apply that lateral press.

BW: You could be right, Gordo. He may have taken too long talking about Rage instead of covering him but did you see how weak that kickout was? Shadoo Rage is in some serious trouble at this point of the match. He barely got the shoulder up in time.

GM: de Klerk is acting surprised at that kickout. I can't believe him. He takes that long, showing total disrespect to his opponent, and he's surprised by the kickout? Unbelievable.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Climbing to his feet, de Klerk grabs Rage by the arm, pulling him off the mat and into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: This is gonna do it! The Colonel's gonna finish him!

[Rage backsteps a few feet, pulling de Klerk with him before the South African smashes a forearm across the back. He leans down, looking to hook him around the torso...]

...but Rage suddenly straightens up, backdropping de Klerk over the ropes and sending his 270 pounds crashing down on the floor with a splat that sounds like a watermelon being dropped on the sidewalk!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG COUNTER!! WHAT A COUNTER BY SHADOE RAGE!!!

[Rage slumps to his knees after the counter, falling down to all fours as he breathes heavily. de Klerk lies on his back on the floor, his chest heaving with exertion from the fairly long match for him.]

GM: Both men are down after that. Rage knew he was in trouble but also knew EXACTLY where he was at inside that ring. de Klerk tried to finish him off but he got stopped cold by the man from Halifax!

[Grabbing the nearby ropes, Rage hauls himself to his feet. He leans over the ropes, sucking wind into his lungs as de Klerk rolls to a hip, wincing in pain with every movement.]

GM: Rage is trying to get back up on his own feet but de Klerk is still down out on the floor, fans! The referee's right there to start a count on the Colonel...

[But Rage waves the referee off, pushing past him to climb the turnbuckles.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Why do this? Why go after de Klerk? Just sit in the corner and take the damn countout!

GM: Shadoe Rage obviously has no desire to win that way! He wants to prove that the words coming out of de Klerk's mouth are nothing but pure garbage and he wants to do it tonight so he can go into Unholy War on top of the world!

[Rage stumbles as he steps to the middle rope but steadies himself before placing one foot up top. He looks out to the crowd, twirling that finger around to their cheers before stepping up top, both feet placed on the top rope...]

GM: Rage is up top! Get those cameras ready!

[And as the South African staggers off the floor, Rage takes flight, sailing off the ropes and smashing a double axehandle to the back of the skull, sending de Klerk pitching forward where he crashes chestfirst into the ringside barricade!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Rage is quickly up, approaching the dazed de Klerk and grabbing two hands full of his thinned out hair..

...and SLAMS him throatfirst into the barricade!]

GM: Ohh!

[de Klerk falls backwards, clutching his throat with both hands as he violently coughs.]

BW: Something... I think he hit his throat there, fans! This isn't good. De Klerk can't breathe. He needs help out there.

[Rage stays on the attack, pulling de Klerk up and SLAMMING him down into the steel railing again!]

GM: Again to the steel! You don't want to be outside the ring with this man because you can see the Shadoo Rage that so many wrestling fans are used to seeing - vicious, mean, surly.

[Rage shoves de Klerk under the bottom rope, leaving him on the mat. The referee drops to his knees, checking on the gasping and coughing de Klerk as Rage rolls into the ring after him.]

GM: Both men are back in. The referee's checking on de Klerk... he may stop this thing right now, fans. He just might-

[But Rage shoves past the official, grabbing de Klerk in a front facelock. He leaps up, swinging his legs around to scissor the body as they fall back to the canvas...]

GM: That's a guillotine choke and-

[The referee leans in, checking on de Klerk who wastes no time in tapping the back of Rage.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Rage abruptly releases the hold, climbing to his feet as the referee signals towards the locker room, calling for medical aid for Colonel de Klerk.]

GM: A big win for Shadoe Rage - a surprising way to win as well. I can't remember ever seeing Shadoe Rage win a match by submission and that's exactly what he did tonight with that front choke.

BW: Who woulda thought?

GM: Shadoe Rage has the momentum on his side as he counts down the nights until he gets Donnie White inside that ring with him and-

[The crowd begins booing loudly as Miss Sandra Hayes emerges through the tunnel, looking down at the ring with a large smirk on her face.]

GM: That's Sandra Hayes... and she's the reason there's enmity between Rage and White to begin with, Bucky.

BW: How do you figure?

GM: Are you serious? She tried to convince Shadoe Rage to join the Shane Gang for months! Only when Rage rejected her did she sic the dogs of war on him.

BW: Speaking of dogs... take a look at Miss Sandra.

[The boos grow louder as the camera cuts to the aisleway, showing that Miss Sandra Hayes has a small dog on a leash, walking it towards the ring. Shadoe Rage is on his feet, pointing down the aisle as Hayes who pulls to a stop, chuckling to herself...]

GM: What is this all about? Why does she have a dog?

BW: Isn't it obvious? Donnie White and Miss Hayes made it very clear two weeks ago that they consider Shadoe Rage nothing more than a dog... a mutt! Not even a fine purebred like I'm sure this chihuahua is!

[Shadoe Rage steps up on the middle rope, shouting at Hayes as she stands in the aisleway. The camera cuts closer to reveal that the dog has a cape on it with "Elaine" written on it.]

GM: Oh, that's just disgusting. Elaine is the name of Shadoe's mother, Bucky.

BW: I know that... think Sandra does?

GM: I'm positive she does. But I don't get this. How could this be a good idea for her at all?

[The booing crowd turns into a buzzing crowd as they spot a figure moving swiftly through the fans, leaping over the steel barricade, and diving headfirst under the ropes!]

GM: Donnie White! White's in the ring and Shadoe doesn't-

[But Shadoe DOES know that White's coming, wheeling around to catch him with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Big right hand out of Rage!

[Two more haymakers find the mark before Rage smashes White overhead with an elbowsmash, sending White down to the mat still in his leather jacket.]

GM: Rage floors him! He felt him coming and he was ready for him!

[Rage dives atop White, pounding him with right hands to the skull over and over again!]

GM: He's beating the heck out of him, fans! We're not waiting til Unholy War! We're getting it right here and right now in Kansas City!

[The fan favorite climbs to his feet, twirling his hand around to the fans as Sandra Hayes gets to ringside, rolling the branding iron into the ring to an on-all-fours White.]

GM: Rage isn't done with him but I think he missed-

[As Rage goes to pull White up, White drives the end of the branding iron into the gut of Rage!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[White throws the branding iron aside, reaching into the inside of his leather jacket...

...and pulls a dog leash into view!]

GM: No, no! Don't do it!

[White grabs the leash with both hands, looping it over Shadoe Rage's throat and pulling back hard on it!]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Shadoe Rage with the leash!

[Rage grabs at the leash, trying to get his fingers under the leather pressed against his skin to break up the choke. Miss Hayes can be heard shrieking at ringside, "CHOKER HIM! CHOOOOOKE HIM!"]

GM: Donnie White is trying to make it so Shadoe Rage can't make it to St. Louis and Unholy War, fans!

[White pushes his foot against the back of Rage's knee, breaking him down to both knees. He plants his foot between the shoulderblades as he pulls on the leash!]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! This is completely uncalled for, fans!

[With Rage's arms slowing, White lets go, shoving him down to the mat. He stands over him, looking out at the fans.]

"He's nothin'! He's nothin' but trash just like his daddy!"

GM: Absolutely despicable. Donnie White's got a fight coming his way on Labor Day and he's going to deserve everything he gets inside the ring on that night, fans. And after what we just saw, I can't wait to see it. I can't wait to see what Shadoo Rage does to Donnie White. Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with one of the newest tag teams on the scene here in the AWA - Air Strike!

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing between the over enthusiastic duo of Air Strike, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons. Aarons is wearing a light, almost neon, green pair of long tights with a black vertical stripe going down each leg while Mertz wears long black tights with a neon green vertical stripe down the leg. Both members have wide smiles plastered on their faces.]

MS: Fans, I'm standing here with Air Strike, who, in just a short while will be competing in their second match here on Saturday Night Wrestling. Cody, Michael, impressive debut here two weeks ago.

MA: Thanks Mark, but last time out was a small step on the rung of the very tall ladder that is going to be Air Strike's career!

[Cody and Michael fist bump in agreement.]

CM: That's right Mark, and this week we're facing a team out of Mexico called Los Toros. Two big hombres that like to throw people around! Well, Air Strike might not be the biggest but those Toros are going to find it hard to throw these guys around!

[Stegglet turns to Aarons.]

MA: My bro' Cody over here speaks the truth! We know we have a long way to go and a lot of obstacles to overcome, but Air Strike is here to be the best! And people might call us too young or too brash but in that ring tonight you're all going to see what this "Teenage Dream Team" is all about; turning it up-

[Aarons points in the direction of the crowd.]

MA: -and turning them on!

[Winking, Aarons turns things back over to Cody.]

CM: As Michael just said we come with a lot of expectations, but no greater expectations than what we have put on ourselves. We want to make it to the top, and that may be just the ego of a couple of kids fresh out of the

Combat Corner, but that's where we want to put ourselves. And Air Strike isn't going to quit until we fly all the way to the top!

[Stegglet turns back to Aarons.]

MA: Air Strike is here, and we don't plan on going anywhere for a very – VERY long time. So those other teams out there take notice. Because we are Air Strike, the non-stop, photo op, never drop, rise to the top team of the future! The only thing that can stop us is us.

[Cody grabs the mic.]

CM: And Mark, we don't plan on stopping!

[Air Strike slap hands and then run off for their match.]

MS: And there goes Air Strike getting ready for the Los Toros. We'll see what happens right now as we head back down to the ring and Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. There are two very large men standing in the ring with him as he begins to speak.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... from Mexico City... at a total combined weight of 586 pounds... Erik Cortez... Donnie Sanchez...

LOOOOOOS TOROOOOOS!

[The two bulky competitors, dressed in matching black trunks and boots, raise their arms to jeers from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis begins to play as Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come racing out of the back to the cheers from the crowd.]

PW: Weighing in at a total of four hundred twenty pounds, Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz... the team of... AIIIIIIIR STRIIIIIIKE!

[All smiles and sprinting down the aisle, Air Strike slap the hands of all the fans that stick their arms out. Aarons has a well-toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long light green tights with a black vertical stripe going down the leg; Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Mertz has on long black tights with a neon green vertical stripe going down each leg.]

GM: Air Strike made quite the impression on the last Saturday Night Wrestling when they made their debut with a victory.

BW: High flying, fast-paced offense. They did good but we'll see if they can keep it up here tonight against two much larger competitors.

GM: Los Toros are getting their AWA tryout match here tonight - two competitors out of Mexico who've been making some waves South of the border. Tonight, we'll see if they can mirror that success here in the AWA, Bucky.

[Mertz circles the ring greeting the fans before sliding into the ring. Hopping up to their feet quickly, they raise a fist to the crowd, who greet the young duo with another chorus of cheers.]

BW: It's always interesting to see a smaller team like this get in there for the first time with two real bruisers. I'm expecting a much tougher fight for them this time around.

GM: The tag team division continues to shine here in the AWA and all of these teams are going to have their eyes on that match at Unholy War pitting the World Tag Team Champions, The Blonde Bombers, against the Number One Contenders, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines. Whoever wins that one is going to have quite the list of challengers waiting for them, Bucky.

BW: It ain't gonna be easy for whoever walks out of there with the titles, that's for sure.

[As the bell sounds, Michael Aarons rushes out of the corner, bravely tying up with the much larger Erik Cortez.]

GM: Here we go and- ohh! Cortez flings Aarons back into the corner!

BW: Erik Cortez looks like a beast of a man in there, just throwing people around. Very impressive.

[Cortez stares down Aarons, slapping his large pectorals and waving for Aarons to bring the fight to him. Aarons comes quickly back out, ducking under as Cortez attempts another lockup...]

GM: Aarons ducks under... oh my! What a beautiful standing dropkick out of Aarons!

[The feet catch Cortez right on the chin, sending him wobbling back into the corner. Aarons climbs back to his feet, mockingly slapping his own pectorals and striking a double bicep pose to the cheers of the females in the crowd. He plants a kiss on each arm to even more cheers and a chuckle from Gordon Myers.]

GM: Michael Aarons is having a little fun at the expense of Erik Cortez right there, fans... and there's certainly no doubt who the ladies in the crowd will be cheering for here tonight in Kansas City.

BW: The nerve of that little punk. Cortez should put him through the ring for that.

GM: He certainly might try to do exactly that judging by the expression on his face.

[An irate Cortez comes storming out of the corner, swinging his arm for a clothesline that Aarons easily ducks under, swinging around to throw a left jab of his own!]

GM: Stinging left jab out of Aaron... and there's another... one more as well!

[Aarons dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off, leaping into the air...]

BW: Not quite there, kid.

[...and gets snatched out of the sky by Cortez who grabs him in a powerful bearhug!]

GM: Bearhug! Cortez is using those burly arms, trying to squeeze the life out of Michael Aarons who cries out in pain as Cortez turns up the heat in this hold.

BW: It was a rookie mistake there by Aarons and the veteran, Erik Cortez, took advantage of it.

GM: What do you know about Los Toros?

BW: I know that Cortez is a second generation competitor - the son of a former multiple time Mexican Heavyweight Champion. I know that his partner, Donnie Sanchez, is a young up-and-comer but has really impressed people around the sport with his athleticism considering his size.

[Aarons attempts to pry the arms apart of Cortez without any success.]

GM: Aarons is really suffering inside the airtight grip of Cortez and-

[The youngster claps his arms together on the ears of Cortez once... twice... and three times finally does it as Cortez sets him down, stumbling backwards towards the ropes.]

GM: Aarons fights free!

[Grabbing his back, Aarons drops to a knee as Cortez hits the ropes himself, rebounding off with another clothesline attempt...

...but Aarons does a front somersault roll, ducking the clothesline, and then throwing himself into a tag!]

GM: TAG!

[Cody Mertz comes in hot, springing through the ropes into the squared circle.]

GM: In comes Cody Mertz, the young kid from El Paso, Texas and he wants a piece of Los Toros, fans!

[Mertz charges Cortez, ducking an attempt at a backhand, leaping up to the second rope and springing back with an elbow on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a move out of Mertz! That'll rock Erik Cortez for sure!

[The elbow manages to stagger Cortez but not topple him as Donnie Sanchez shouts encouragement from the apron. Mertz pops back up, rushing to the closest neutral corner where he hops up to the second rope, twisting as he leaps backwards, snaring Cortez' head in a headscissors...]

GM: Oh my!

[...but Cortez using his power to hang on, blocking the huracanrana attempt!]

GM: Cortez has him up! He's looking to slam Mertz down!

[But Mertz lets loose a flurry of right hands to the skull, staggering Cortez enough to slide down the back, dragging Cortez down with a sunset flip!]

GM: Nice counter by Mertz gets one! It gets two!

[Cortez powers out at two as Mertz scrambles back to his feet, rushing to the ropes where he rebounds off...]

GM: Mertz hits the ropes again... Cortez climbing to his feet...

[Mertz leaps up and over, attempting another sunset flip...

...but this time, Cortez simply smiles and shakes his head as Mertz tries to bring the big man down in the sunset flip.]

GM: He can't get him down, Bucky!

BW: Cortez is too big and too smart to get caught with that a second time. He's hanging on, staying on his feet and... he's gonna clubber him, Gordo!

[Raising a fist in the air, he smashes it down towards Mertz, only for Mertz to move away at the last second!]

GM: Mertz moves and Cortez misses the right hand!

BW: These idiot fans are laughing but he might've broken his hand, Gordo!

[Cortez howls in pain, grabbing his fist as he staggers over to the corner, making the tag to his partner.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Donnie Sanchez on the exchange. Los Toros seem to having some trouble with the speed and quickness of Air

Strike at this point in the match. Let's see if Donnie Sanchez has better luck against Mertz and Aarons.

[The youthful and confident Sanchez steps in, striding out to the middle of the ring where he promptly rips off his dark gray tank top, shredding it and throwing it down to the mat. He slaps both pectorals hard before raising a hand to the sky...]

GM: Donnie Sanchez wants a test of strength and that seems like one of the worst ideas I've ever heard of for Cody Mertz.

BW: Hehe... you got that right, Gordo.

[Mertz looks dubiously at Sanchez' raised hand, looking around at the crowd for advice on what to do...

...and gets a boot to the gut while he's waiting!]

BW: Mertz shows off that inexperience as he falls for the oldest trick in the book.

GM: Sanchez yanks him into a side headlock, dragging him over to the ropes...

[Pressing Mertz' face down on the top rope, Sanchez drags his cheek down the length of the rope, burning the flesh of his young opponent.]

GM: Ropeburns are a nasty thing to have happen inside the ring.

BW: Especially when you're a pretty boy like Mertz and Aarons.

GM: The referee warns Sanchez for the illegal action but I don't think the young man from Mexico cares on bit as he slows the pace down.

BW: Slows it down to a more suitable tempo for he and his partner and there ain't a thing wrong with that, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not... except for the illegal moves.

[With Cody reeling from the ropeburn, Sanchez muscles him up under his armpit...

...and DRIVES him down with a side slam! He stays on top, hooking both legs.]

GM: Sanchez cover for one! He's got two!

[Mertz lifts the shoulder at two which results in Sanchez planting his forearm on the cheekbone, dragging it back and forth to grind against the face of the young opponent. The action earns a four count from the ref before Sanchez breaks, dragging Mertz to his feet...]

GM: Quick tag back to Cortez. A sign of an experienced tag team.

BW: Bringin' in the vet, the powerhouse of the team.

GM: I'm not so sure about that. They both look pretty strong.

[Grabbing Mertz by the arm, Sanchez lifts it to expose the ribcage so an incoming Erik Cortez can drive a big right hand into the ribs, knocking Mertz down to a knee.]

GM: Sanchez out, Cortez in... and Cortez shouts at Aarons!

[A few choice taunts draws the ref into it as Michael Aarons tries to get inside the ring to attack Cortez...

...which allows the veteran to press his boot down on the throat of Mertz, choking him.]

GM: Cortez shows that experience again, using Aarons' youthful enthusiasm against him to draw the referee's attention away from the illegal boot choke.

BW: Air Strike may have been a pretty good team at the Corner, Gordo, but out here in the real world you have to keep a head on your shoulders or teams are going to pick you apart.

[The ref finally gets Michael Aarons back into his corner and turns just in time to see the choke. He reprimands Erik Cortez who breaks at the count of four, backing out of the corner. The referee stays in his face, arguing with the man from Mexico City...

...which allows his partner to reach in, delivering a hard forearm crossface across the bridge of the nose, knocking Mertz back down to the mat.]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow is rapidly losing control of this match and-hold on one minute! Michael Aarons has seen enough of this!

[Aarons moves quickly into the ring, rushing at Sanchez and leaping up with a flying forearm that knocks him down off the apron to the floor to a big cheer from the fans!]

GM: The referee's forcing Aarons back out of there... and rightfully so but he had seen enough and decided to help his partner out by putting Donnie Sanchez down to the floor.

BW: Illegally.

GM: Aarons is being put out but he's telling the referee about all the illegal action coming from the other side of the ring.

BW: But all he's really doing is letting Los Toros do the same thing again.

[Sanchez slides under the ropes behind the referee's back as Cortez fires Mertz into the ropes...

...and they DROP him with a double shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohh! Big double tackle puts Mertz down...

[The crowd jeers as Cortez slaps his hands together over his head, stepping out to the apron to leave his younger partner in the ring.]

GM: And now an illegal switch as well.

BW: It's the little forgotten details that brings a tear to my eye.

GM: Sanchez puts the boots to Mertz for a bit as the referee turns back around none the wiser about what just happened. He heard a tag... but did not see one. Whatever happened to referees only calling what they saw with their own eyes?

BW: It's a judgment call, right?

GM: It absolutely is.

[Sanchez drags Cody Mertz off the mat, whipping him into the ropes.]

GM: Big boot!

[A rebounding Mertz ducks under it, rushing into the far ropes where he bounces off, leaving his feet...

...and knocks Sanchez flat with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: OHHH! Spinning kick by Mertz puts the bigger man down! Mertz is back up, looking for the tag...

[Which is Erik Cortez' cue to rush back into the ring, charging towards Mertz who ducks down...

...and makes room for Michael Aarons to come sailing off the top rope, smashing a double axehandle down on the skull, knocking Cortez down as well!]

GM: Oh my! Aarons flew in out of nowhere with that one!

BW: Longfellow's losing control again, Gordo!

GM: It wasn't bothering you a few moments ago.

BW: Well, you were so appalled by it, I decided to join your side of the argument!

[As Donnie Sanchez staggers to his feet, Arons and Mertz join hands, running him down with a double clothesline!]

GM: Air Strike puts Sanchez down!

[They spin around in tandem, leaping into the air to connect with a double dropkick that sends Cortez sailing through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Cortez goes crashing to the outside off the double dropkick!

[Arons and Mertz ignore the protesting official, pulling Sanchez up by the arms.]

GM: Look at this, Bucky!

[The two smaller man hook on a pair of front chanceries, taking Sanchez down hard with a double suplex!]

GM: Wow!

BW: Every time we see this team they have a blatant disregard for the rules.

[A protesting official convinces Arons to step out and promptly tag back in.]

GM: There's your legal tag.

BW: Finally!

[Arons slides through the ropes, rushing in to drop a leaping elbow into the chest of Sanchez. He hooks a leg but Sanchez powers out at two.]

GM: Two count only there off the elbow.

[Arons hauls Sanchez up by the arm and promptly backs him up with a reverse knife edge chop!]

GM: Big chop by Michael Arons! A series of them now, backing Sanchez into the neutral corner...

[Arons grabs the arm, whipping Sanchez to the opposite corner before charging in hard after him. Sanchez steps to the side to avoid the charge but Arons drops into a slide to slow himself down, preventing himself from running into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Michael Arons avoids the corner and-

[He pops back up as Sanchez comes back in...]

GM: -takes him down with a drop toe-hold into the middle turnbuckle! A great display of some quick wits and agility to avoid the buckle and STILL manage to take Donnie Sanchez off his feet.

BW: I call it luck.

[Aarons stands behind Sanchez, waiting for him to get up. He's motioning with both arms, waving him up as the crowd begins to buzz with anticipation.]

GM: He's trying to get him to stir! Aarons is setting up for something!

BW: I don't like the looks of this.

[As Sanchez rises to his feet, grabbing his chin, he wobbles into a boot to the midsection from Aarons. The youngster reaches out, grabbing the back of Sanchez' head and SLAMS him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Sanchez eats the canvas!

[Michael Aarons gets back to his feet, giving a shout as he waves a hand around.]

GM: Aarons says he's gonna finish it off, pulling him into a front facelock...

[Aarons sets his feet and then pauses before reaching out to tag Cody Mertz.]

GM: The tag is made!

BW: That was odd, Gordo. It looked like Aarons was going for a DDT but stopped at the last second.

GM: You could be right about that but the tag was made and in comes Cody Mertz on the exchange. Another doubleteam coming up...

[With Aarons and Mertz each holding an arm, they whip Sanchez into the ropes, dropping him with a double back elbow.]

GM: They take him down... and to the ropes in tandem...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to Michael Aarons toppling over the ropes and down to the floor as Erik Cortez pulls the top rope down. Mertz, however, rebounds back to leap into the air, dropping a backsplash down onto a prone Sanchez!]

GM: Mertz drops the big splash down on Sanchez... but Michael Aarons got taken out in a big way by the veteran Cortez!

[Cortez crawls under the ropes, pushing up to his feet as Mertz gets up to his feet...

...and CRUSHES Mertz with a clothesline, flipping him over and down to the mat!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!!

BW: He turned the kid inside out, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did.

[Cortez grabs Sanchez by the arm, hauling him to the corner where he steps out, slaps his hand, and steps back in.]

GM: The veteran tags himself in...

[The crowd reacts as Cortez leaves his feet, dropping a big elbow down into the kidneys.]

GM: Cover for one! He's got two! He's got- no! Mertz gets the shoulder up at two!

[Cortez claps his hands together, mimicking a three count in the direction of the referee who holds up two fingers. Shaking his head, Cortez gets back to his feet, dragging Mertz up with him.]

GM: Erik Cortez pulls Mertz up... and right up over his shoulder!

BW: He's looking for a powerslam!

[Cortez gives a thumbs down, nodding to the crowd as he charges out of the corner, leaping up to drive him down to the mat!]

GM: Running powerslam! That might be it!

[Cortez shoves Mertz back to the mat, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Mertz again lifts a shoulder off the mat to break up the pin attempt.]

GM: A very close kickout there for Cody Mertz! Los Toros seem to have turned the tide in this one to their favor and could be on the verge of victory in this showdown, Bucky.

BW: I told you these guys from Mexico were the real deal, Gordo.

[Cortez drags Mertz off the mat again, tugging him into a standing headscissors. He gestures to Donnie Sanchez who starts to climb the ropes.]

GM: Sanchez is going up top! What could he have in mind here?

[Sanchez steps up with one foot on the top rope...

...when Michael Aarons suddenly returns to the picture, shoving Sanchez off the top rope where he crashes and burns to the floor!]

GM: DOWN GOES SANCHEZ!

[Cortez shrugs off the attack on his partner, lifting Mertz up for a powerbomb anyways. He spins away from the corner to deliver it but Mertz is fighting it when Aarons leaps off the top rope himself, driving both feet into the upper back...

...which causes Cortez' momentum to pitch forward, allowing Mertz to swings Cortez over in the huracanrana, dropping the veteran down on his back and head while reaching back to hook both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: WHAT?! What the heck just happened, Gordo?!

GM: Air Strike scores another victory! They took on this double tough team from Mexico and managed to pull off a win through it all!

BW: Los Toros had that under control. I thought they were going to pull off that win right there, Gordo. Mertz pulled a rabbit out of his hat with the help of Aarons.

GM: A hard-fought win but a win nonetheless and that means that Air Strike continues to impress in their early days here in the AWA.

[Mertz rolls from the ring, embracing his tag team partner at ringside as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Your winners of the match.. AIIIIIIIR STRIIIIIIKE!

[The duo pump their fists before moving to the railing, slapping hands and embracing the ringside fans while soaking up the cheers.]

BW: Mertz may have gotten the pin, Gordo, but there was an illegal assist in there from Michael Aarons and you know it.

GM: They're a fast paced team with fast paced action. You blink and you might miss it.

BW: Oh, I didn't miss it. I saw the illegal doubleteam as clear as day.

GM: Air Strike are your winners and these fans are loving it. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we'll hear from former National Champion Juan Vasquez!

[Fade to black.

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' teargriefing 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 before fading back up to live action backstage where Jason Dane, ever the busy worker bee, stands shoulder to forearm with a man a good half foot taller than him and not surprisingly, much, much leaner and better looking. The "Pin Up Boy" Kenneth Doll stands straight up. Everything about him is placed in a precise position. His cropped blonde hair is glued to his scalp... a corduroy three button jacket is unfastened at only the bottom button just as it should be. Even his pocket square looks as though it is ironed perfectly flat and sewn right into his jacket. Needless to say, the Pin Up Boy looks like he was pulled right out of the manufacturer's box tonight.]

JD: I am here right now with upcoming AWA star Kenneth Doll. The last time we saw you, you made some interesting demands before Manny Imbrogno dismantled you in front of a sell out crowd in Memphis, Tennessee. I understand you wanting to make an impact here in the AWA but pyrotechnics... entrance videos... isn't this all a bit... much?

[Kenneth stares straight forward, not really even acknowledging Dane but instead glaring right into the camera.]

KD: For a normal blue collar individual such as yourself I would expect nothing more than what the good people here in the AWA offer me. But every so often a star comes along that is too good to be true. A merchandise and marketing mogul like myself DESERVES more than the common man, Mr. Dane.

Can you imagine... Kenneth Doll posters on bedroom walls!

Build-A-Kenny Dolls in every little boys and girls' home!

JD: That sounds a little creepy.

KD [ignoring]: And me... Ken Doll... with my very own action figure!

JD: I can't imagine what they would call it.

[Without warning a flash of a person beams across the screen. A small, feminine hand reaches up to Jason Dane and grabs him by the collar. Dane's body jerks forward, ripping him away from his makeshift set and leaving Kenneth Doll standing their by his lonesome. The hand in question?

Well, it belongs to Miss Sandra Hayes.]

MSH: You. Me. This way!

JD: I'm in the middle of something!

MSH: I'm sure it can wait!

[Hayes loosens up the grip on Dane once she senses his cooperation and instead focuses her attention on the camera man at her side. Hayes floats through the halls while Dane and his crew scamper as she effortlessly marches through wires, banners, and an endless sea of merchandise debris. Hayes ignores several random passersby as she continues to march down a long hallway. It's at this time we can hear a loud voice, though faint at this distance, yelling from around the corner. It brings even the fearless Miss Hayes to a sudden halt as the sharp words echo down past them.]

"Come out! Come out of there now!"

[As the Siren comes to a sudden stop her tar colored braid swings over her shoulder and she turns a cautious eye to Jason Dane. One thoughtful cameraman's pan later and the speaker's identity is clear.]

MSH [carefully]: Terry.

[Terry Shane III stands in an ever-so-slightly ajar doorway. The camera tilts up and we see "The Shane Gang" emblem matted flat against the wooden door. Our view cuts back to Shane who is SEETHING in front of us, one foot in the room, one foot pointed in our direction.]

TS3: Show your face!

SHOW ME YOUR FACE, CARVER!

MSH [reaching to his shoulder]: Terry.

[Shane shrugs her arm away.]

TS3: I know he is in there!

MSH: Wait. Just wait! Let me grab Donnie and the Boys.

[Shane looks to her, and then looks back at the door. Without a second thought he cranks his leg back and then unleashes it forward, SMASHING the door with his boot and splitting it into two! Shane charges into the room and Jason Dane and his crew follow in pursuit, slashing through the now open door frame between splintered chunks of wooden door to find...

...beer cans LITTERED all around. Dozens of them. Empty cans are strung over the television set, emptied onto the long black couch, spilling out of gym bags and scattered across the floor. Shane stands in the middle of the room, fists clenched, chest pounding, and turns towards Sandra who holds her hands out as she does her best to calm down him.]

MSH: Just hold on for one-

TS3: WHERE IS HE?!

MSH: We can find him, just let me get the Gang and-

TS3 [gritting his teeth]: Now. We go... NOW!

[Shane stretches his hand out to the camera man and pulls him in close.]

TS3: You're coming with me. And you...

[He turns to Jason Dane.]

TS3: Stay. Away.

[Shane pushes his way through the door, shoving loose chunks of wooden door from the hinge and blasts his way into the hall. The camera remains fixated on him for a moment, but quickly thereafter the live feed cuts away and back down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are sitting.]

GM: Terry Shane appears to be on the hunt in the back of this building, trying to find Hannibal Carver after Carver's words towards him earlier tonight.

BW: I'm not sure playing Elmer Fudd is the best idea for Shane just over a week away from the No Escape Challenge. Remember, if Carver can get out of Shane's submission hold, HE gets to pick the stipulations for their big showdown at Homecoming.

GM: And considering Carver's background, you can only fear the worst in that particular situation, Bucky. We'll check back in with Terry Shane a little later tonight but we also wanted to update you on the World Title situation coming up in St. Louis at Unholy War. If you're just joining us, you missed one of the most controversial endings to a match that we've seen here in the AWA when both Supreme Wright and MAMMOTH Maximus seemed to hit the floor at the same time, eliminating each other from that Battle Royal which was to determine the challenger for Unholy War. We've been told that President O'Connor has been reviewing the video of the incident as well as speaking by phone with the officials involved.

BW: My sources are saying he's called several top level AWA officials into his office to discuss the matter as well. They just don't know what to do yet! By all appearances, it was a tie, Gordo.

GM: No longer saying Wright hit first?

BW: I took a few looks at the video myself. It looks like a tie.

GM: Later tonight, Jason Dane will be coming to you live from the Control Center and I'm told that at that time, Jason will have the AWA President live via satellite to address this issue. We'll all have to wait until then to get our answer but for now, let's head back to the ring for one of our featured matchups!

[Crossfade to Phil Watson who is on the mic in the ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[Suddenly a cartoonish voice blares out over the speakers.]

V/O: THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE BUT...

...BEES!

[Which is then replaced by a deep, super-serious voice.]

V/O: MY GOD. BEES.

[The crowd whips into a frenzy as the horrific sound of a swarm of bees drowns out almost everything. It is soon followed by the At Vance hard rock

version of "Flight of the Bumblebee", further whipping the crowd into excitement.]

PW: From Parts Unknown...at a total combined weight of 388 pounds...they are Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee...

THE HIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE!

[A fired-up Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee, resplendent in various patterns of yellow and black coverings from head to toe, clinching their fists, spinning their arms, and shouting various buzzwords (like "BZZZ!", "BZZZ!", and "BZZZITY BZZZ!"), a frenetic duo of seemingly perpetual motion bouncing back and forth across the aisle while making their way to the ring.]

GM: The Hive remain one of the most colorful and most popular tag teams in all of the AWA even if they have yet to put together a substantial winning streak against top flight competition.

BW: I blame the lack of Queen Bee on their side. I've never met a man who doesn't perform ten times better when he's trying to impress a woman. Especially a fine looking flying insect like Queen Bee. You seen the antennae on her?

GM: The... huh? Queen Bee is still out on her promotional tour of Europe for the AWA but we're told she should be back sometime in the next month or two which can't come too soon for this masked duo.

[Reaching the ring, Bumble Bee slingshots over the top rope in his yellow full-length tights that also cover his entire torso. The yellow is broken up here and there with streaks of black. Landing on his feet, he tugs on his yellow mask that covers his entire face except for his mouth and chin.

His partner, Yellow Jacket, catapults himself into a somersault, rolling through to his feet in his similar outfit that has yellow and black alternating stripes all the way up his body. They share a high five and a quick embrace as they turn towards the aisle.]

PW: And their opponents...

YYYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[What sounds like an instrumental knockoff of "Basketball" by Kurtis Blow starts to play over the PA system as the crowd goes nuts for the popular poetic duo of BCIQ. Out steps B.C. Da Masta MC, wearing the same singlet we saw him in earlier. Alongside the "Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound" is "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno, who is looking extra smart as usual. There is no rap to take them to the ring.]

BW: Hey, no one let Fatty McFly use the mic tonight. Can we get that guy a raise?

GM: BC?

BW: No, whoever decided to hold the mic from him.

GM: This popular duo hasn't seen a lot of tag action as of late. BC Da Mastah MC has missed the majority of the summer tour... and in fact, has missed a lot of AWA time since their narrow loss to The Bishop Boys back in March at the Stampede Cup.

BW: Gordo, tell me something. How is it that you don't feel like a complete moron calling this guy BC Da Mastah MC but you still refuse to use the name Shizz Dawg OG?

GM: I don't think that's a conversation worth having, Bucky.

[As BCIQ draws close to the ring, the two bees in the ring are really letting them have it with some angry buzzing.]

GM: And I'm not so sure that The Hive appreciated some of the words thrown their way by BCIQ tonight... especially Manny Imbrogno who laid the insults down pretty heavily.

[BC can be heard shouting back at the bees, looking a little nervous as he huddles up with his partner on the floor.]

GM: BC Da Mastah MC is showing some reluctance getting near the ring. I heard he's allergic to bees.

BW: He's allergic... has anyone bothered to clear the fat packets around his brain and tell him that they're NOT ACTUALLY BEES?!

GM: I'm guessing that's what Mr. Mensa is trying to convince him of right now but the big man does not appear convinced.

[The camera picks up a "No way! You do it!" from the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound before an exasperated Imbrogno nods in response, climbing up onto the ring apron. He grabs the top rope with two hands, catapulting himself into a somersault where he lands on his feet in the ring. He spread his arms wide, gesturing for applause and getting some.]

BW: A very graceful move from Mr. Mensa.

GM: Manny Imbrogno is one of the most underrated wrestlers in the world in my opinion, Bucky. He's got speed, he's got agility, he's got technical skill, and he's surprisingly strong as well.

[Imbrogno gestures to the corner where a wary BC climbs up on the apron, grabbing the tag rope as the referee gives both teams a final set of instructions before calling for the bell.]

GM: Here we go! Tag team action is underway between two of the most popular tag teams in the entire AWA!

[Bumble Bee comes in quickly, looking to tangle up with Mr. Mensa who lifts a hand, shaking his head...]

GM: Imbrogno doesn't want to tie up with Bumble Bee... what's he doing here?

[Imbrogno gestures for the masked man to step back before he drops down onto the mat on his back.]

GM: I don't understand this at all.

[Mr. Mensa stays prone for a few moments before tucking his legs and kippping up off the mat to his feet with a "HOH!" He grins at Bumble Bee before gesturing to the mat.]

GM: Does he want Bumble Bee to do the same?

BW: It looks like it. Imbrogno says to heck with the test of strength - let's have a test of skill!

[Bumble Bee huddles up with Yellow Jacket for a moment, discussing the situation before settling down onto his back on the mat. The referee steps back, watching as well as Bumble Bee rolls his legs up towards his chest and then throws them out, hopping up to his feet to a cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Bumble Bee does the kipup as well!

[Mr. Mensa looks around, applauding Bumble Bee's athleticism as well. He pauses, stroking his beard, and then suddenly snaps his fingers. Again, he gestures for the masked man to step back, clearing some room. He stands against the ropes before tucking his head into a front somersault, rolling to his feet...

...where he does a standing backflip, arms extended to push off the mat and carry him to his feet. He smiles, doing the slightest of bows as the crowd cheers, and then gestures for Bumble Bee to try the same thing.]

GM: Well, this is certainly an interesting start to this matchup. I'm not sure anyone expected this.

[A nodding Bumble Bee backs against the ropes, pointing to the fans who grow louder in response. He gives a fist pump before doing the front rolling somersault to his feet and then snapping off a standing no-hand backflip to land on his feet!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: He one-upped Mr. Mensa right there!

GM: He certainly did. No hands necessary for Bumble Bee to throw that backflip.

[A buzzing Bumble Bee smiles as he moves to his corner, getting a high five from his partner. Imbrogno looks a little agitated as he steps back out to the middle of the ring. He points to Bumble Bee... and then throws himself into a two handed cartwheel, spinning back to his feet before throwing a one-handed cartwheel back in the original direction, landing on his feet before gesturing for the masked man to repeat it.]

GM: A pair of cartwheels coming in for Bumble Bee as he steps to the center of the ring. There's the two-handed one... now back the oth-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: IMBROGNO WITH THE SLIDING DROPKICK IN MID-CARTWHEEL!

[The crowd jeers the cheapshot a bit as Imbrogno pulls the masked man off the mat, pasting him with a forearm shot that knocks him back into the BCIQ corner. Imbrogno moves quickly, going for a tag...

...but BC pulls his hands back, shaking his head.]

GM: BC won't make the tag!

[Imbrogno sticks out his hand insistently but gets a "No! No way, man! I ain't gettin' in there with them!"]

GM: BC's showing a little bit of fear, likely because of those allergies.

BW: I can't even believe we're talking about this.

[Mr. Mensa angrily slaps BC on the shoulder as the referee signals that the tag was made. A reluctant BC Da Mastah MC steps into the ring as Imbrogno whips Bumble Bee into the ropes, dropping down on the rebound to force Bumble Bee to hurdle him...

...and run squarely into the massive form of BC, getting dropped with what amounted to running into a wall.]

GM: BC takes him down!

[Imbrogno points at the downed Bumble Bee with a, "You see?! Nothing happened to you! He's not a bee, just a man!" BC looks skeptical as he leans down to pull Bumble Bee off the mat...

...where Bumble Bee slaps the hand away and goes on the attack, throwing rapid palm strikes to the chest sumo style, pushing BC back into the neutral corner.]

GM: A barrage of open-handed blows out of Bumble Bee... he shoots him across!

BW: Whoa! I think the ring just moved as BC hit the corner.

[Backing into the corner, Bumble Bee gives a loud buzz which the crowd echoes before he charges across, leaping into the air to throw his hind quarters up into the chest of BC Da Mastah MC!]

GM: STINGER SPLASH IN THE CORNER!!

[Bumble Bee bounces out, completing the one-handed cartwheel before gesturing and buzzing loudly as Imbrogno who kicks the ropes, walking the apron in frustration as his partner staggers out of the buckles, clutching his chest.]

“HE GOT ME, MANNY! HE STUNG ME!”

[The crowd laughs as BC swipes repeatedly at his chest where the Stinger Splash connected, looking frantic as Imbrogno sticks out his hand, demanding a tag back in.]

GM: The tag is made for BCIQ...

[Imbrogno comes in hot but gets armdragged down to the mat!]

GM: Nice armdrag by Bumble Bee... and there's another one!

[Mr. Mensa comes back to his feet, rushing in as Bumble Bee sets for another armdrag...

...but Imbrogno pulls up short, burying a boot across the shoulderblades of Bumble Bee! He gestures to his head before pulling the masked man up by the arm, firing him across...]

GM: Bumble Bee gets sent in by the man from Jacksonville, Florida!

[A right hand to the midsection doubles up Bumble Bee as Imbrogno dashes to an adjacent pair of ropes. He rebounds off, whiffing on an attempted knee lift before hitting the far ropes.]

GM: Imbrogno off the far side!

[Bumble Bee ducks down as Imbrogno leaps up, pulling him down in a sunset flip...

...but Bumble Bee rolls through it to his feet, promptly leaving them with a dropkick to the mush!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Nice counter by Bumble Bee... and Imbrogno rolls out to the floor to recover from that.

[Bumble Bee moves towards the ropes, grabbing the top rope with both hands. He gives a loud buzz before catapulting himself into the air. Imbrogno bails out, again pointing to his brain...

...but doesn't realize that Bumble Bee has landed safely on the apron, anticipating the counter.]

GM: Bumble Bee's on the apron... sprints down it and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING KNEE OFF THE APRON ONTO IMBROGNO!!

[The crowd is roaring for Bumble Bee as he pulls the World's Smartest Man off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. Bumble Bee grabs the ropes, pulling himself back up on the apron...]

GM: Bumble Bee's on the apron! He's looking to fly yet again!

[As Imbrogno struggles up to his feet, Bumble Bee leaps up to the top rope, springboarding off...

...and BURIES his feet between the shoulderblades of Imbrogno, sending him flying across the ring where he collapses to the canvas. Bumble Bee moves to the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The big dropkick connects and there's the tag to bring Yellow Jacket into the ring for the first time tonight.

[Both members of The Hive grab Imbrogno by the arms, pulling him off the mat. They each execute an armtwist, stepping in front of Imbrogno...

...and fall to their backs while lifting their legs, planting their feet in the midsection as they monkey flip Mr. Mensa into the air and down to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: Nice doubleteam by The Hive as they continue to build momentum in this one. Bumble Bee steps out as Yellow Jacket stays on the attack, dragging Mr. Mensa up to his feet...

[A big overhead chop across the chest sends Imbrogno staggering back into the ropes with a red palm print across his left pectoral.]

GM: What a chop that was from the slightly bigger half of The Hive!

[He grabs an arm, looking for a whip...]

GM: Irish whip reversed by Imbrogno!

[Imbrogno does a full spin, lifting his leg into a graceful spinning back kick that nearly takes Yellow Jacket's antennae off as it knocks him down to the mat.]

GM: A devastating kick by Imbrogno to stop Yellow Jacket cold!

[Mr. Mensa looks down at the prone Yellow Jacket, dropping an elbow across the chest. He kips up, dropping a second elbow. He does it again, springing to his feet for a third elbow drop.]

GM: Imbrogno's playing a bit of a showoff right now, isn't he?

BW: He is but those elbows are rocking the much smaller man, Gordo. Imbrogno's putting his 260 pounds to good use with that series of elbowdrops.

[Kipping up to his feet one more time, Imbrogno does a full cartwheel over the prone Yellow Jacket, landing on his feet beside him before leaping as high as he can for one final devastating elbowdrop to the chest.]

GM: Ohh! Imbrogno hits the big elbow and makes the first cover of the match. He gets one! He gets two! But that's all as Yellow Jacket lifts his shoulder off the canvas.

[Pulling Yellow Jacket to his feet, he tugs him into a front facelock as he drags him to the corner where he tags in BC who doesn't seem quite as reluctant now that he realizes the "bee sting" hasn't triggered an allergic reaction. The big man steps in, raising his beefy arms over his head, and slams them down across Yellow Jacket's back in a double axehandle that knocks him facefirst to the mat.]

GM: BC laid him out with that double axehandle and he puts a pair of boots to him for good measure. I think BC's done being afraid of The Hive, fans, as he looks all business in there right now.

[Imbrogno shouts instructions from the ring apron as BC pulls Yellow Jacket off the mat, scooping him up. He walks around the ring with the much smaller man in his arms before ending up in the middle of the squared circle where he DRIVES him down to the mat with a powerful body slam.]

GM: Big slam by a very big man. BC tips the scales at 366 pounds, fans, and you can bet that Yellow Jacket felt every bit of that on the bodyslam.

BW: If he didn't feel it on the slam, he's gonna feel it on this!

[The crowd buzzes as BC backs into the ropes, charging off, winding up his bulky right arm...

...and DROPPING a big elbow down across the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! Can you imagine what that must feel like?!

BW: I wouldn't want to.

[BC rolls into a very big lateral press, spreading his weight across the prone Yellow Jacket.]

GM: BC's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Yellow Jacket somehow slips out from under the big man's weight, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Yellow Jacket's out at two and his partner's trying to get him to make the tag after that big elbowdrop from BC. He's over in the corner, slapping the top turnbuckle, clapping his hands, stomping his feet, trying to encourage his partner to get there and make that tag.

[BC slowly gets to his feet, watching as Yellow Jacket rolls to his chest, trying to use his elbows to drag himself across the ring to his waiting partner.]

GM: BC pulls Yellow Jacket up to his feet by the back of his tights... ohh! Big hooking right hand from behind to the ribcage!

[The blow causes Yellow Jacket to stagger towards his corner where Bumble Bee stretches out as far as he can but BC grabs the trunks again, yanking him back into a short forearm into the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! That'll cut off any tag attempt for the time being!

[Mr. Mensa gives a few shouts to his partner who nods, dragging Yellow Jacket towards BCIQ's corner. He scoops Yellow Jacket up again, slamming him down near the ropes as he slaps the hand of his partner...]

GM: The tag is made...

[Both members of BCIQ grab the top rope. BC shoves forward as Imbrogno leans back...]

GM: CATAPULT!

[...and Imbrogno CRASHES down on a prone Yellow Jacket with a splash!]

GM: That was one heck of a doubleteam out of BCIQ and that might be enough, fans!

[Imbrogno hooks a leg as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Yellow Jacket again fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Still just a two count as Yellow Jacket continues to manage to avoid these pinfall attempts.

[Imbrogno gets back up, reaching out to tag his partner.]

BW: Quick tags, in and out... the sign of a team that's started to gel together, Gordo.

GM: They certainly are.

[BC comes back in off the exchange, laying in a kick to the ribs of Yellow Jacket as Manny holds a front facelock. Manny steps out as BC pulls a kneeling Yellow Jacket to his feet, shoving him back into BCIQ's corner.]

GM: Back into No Man's Land for Yellow Jacket!

[BC squares up, throwing a series of body shots to the right and left side of the ribcage of Yellow Jacket. He steps back as the referee's count hits four before charging the few steps back in...]

GM: SPLASH!

[But Yellow Jacket grabs the top rope with both arms, swinging both legs up to catch BC flush in the face with his boots!]

GM: Ohh! Big counter by Yellow Jacket!

[Yellow Jacket throws a back elbow, catching Imbrogno on the chin and knocking him off the apron. The crowd cheers as Yellow Jacket hops up to the middle rope, steadying himself as BC staggers back towards him...]

GM: CROSS BODY!

[But BC stands tall, snatching the 172 pound man out of the sky, holding him across his body. He walks out to the middle of the ring before pivoting on his left foot and DRIVING Yellow Jacket down into the mat with a impactful powerslam!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! He just got squashed underneath nearly four hundred pounds of man!

[BC hooks a leg as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd cheers as Bumble Bee rushes in, making a diving save for his tag team partner.]

GM: Bumble Bee breaks up the pin and I think he had no choice there, Bucky.

BW: That powerslam put a whole lot of hurt on his partner. If he hadn't come in there, I think this one would've been over, daddy.

[An annoyed BC climbs to his feet, complaining to the official about the departing Bumble Bee. The referee reprimands the masked man but waves for the match to continue.]

GM: The big man pulls Yellow Jacket back to his feet. The masked man can barely stand at this point... almost completely out on his feet, Bucky.

[BC reaches out, tagging in an angry Imbrogno who promptly buries a boot into the injured ribs. He grabs Yellow Jacket in a front facelock, burying knee after knee into the ribs, forcing the masked man down to his knees as BC steps out to the apron.]

GM: Another quick and timely tag by BCIQ. Maybe that time off did them some good, Bucky, because they're looking very sharp here tonight in tag team action.

BW: They're probably really impressing some members of the Championship Committee right about now, Gordo.

[Grabbing an arm, Imbrogno whips Yellow Jacket into the ropes, catching him with a rolling sole butt to the midsection on the way back, doubling up Yellow Jacket.]

GM: Imbrogno to the ropes himself...

[He leaps up, driving his knee down into the back of the neck and riding Yellow Jacket all the way down to smash him facefirst into the mat!]

GM: Oh my! Innovative offense out of Mr. Mensa and that might do it, fans!

[Imbrogno uses a half nelson to flip Yellow Jacket to his back and is about to make a cover when he spots Bumble Bee coming through the ropes. He catch the incoming Bumble Bee with a front kick to the midsection.]

GM: Oh! He cut off Bumble Bee before the masked man could make another save!

[Mr. Mensa gestures for the big man to get into the ring which BC quickly does, slapping his belly a few times as Imbrogno lays in knees to the body, keeping Bumble Bee in The Hive's corner...]

GM: AVALANCHE!

[The big man barrels across the ring, looking for the big body splash...

...but Bumble Bee yanks Imbrogno into the corner, stepping out at the last moment!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BUMBLE BEE BLOCKED THE SPLASH WITH IMBROGNO!

BW: That dumb, fat blockhead!

[BC steps back from the corner, looking stunned at what he just did as Imbrogno slips down to his rear in the corner. Bumble Bee races past a

stunned BC, hitting the far ropes to build up some speed. BC staggers around to face him...

...and gets ROCKED with a leaping knee to the jaw!]

GM: OHH! BIG KNEE BY BUMBLE BEE!!

[The leaping kneestrike staggers BC but does not drop him.]

“TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

[Bumble Bee grabs his partner, pulling him back to his feet. He gestures at the stumbling BC, getting a nod from Yellow Jacket...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: DOUBLE SUPERKICK!!

[The double thrust kick knocks the big man against the ropes where The Hive quickly grabs him, throwing him across the ring into the ropes.]

GM: Double whip...

[As the big man rebounds, they each grab a leg, picking the bigger man up...

...and DROPPING him facefirst on the mat!]

GM: FLAPJACK!! OH MY!!!

[With BC down on the mat, The Hive climb back to their feet, backing into the opposite corner from where a dazed Imbrogno is still seated against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Here they come!

[The Hive leave their feet, driving four feet right into the skull of a downed Imbrogno to a big cheer!]

BW: This doubleteaming is out of control! Get Bumble Bee out of there!

GM: BC's not legal either, Bucky. The referee seems to have lost control of this one. These tag team matches are so difficult to call with four men out here. Imagine how bad it'll be at Unholy War when you add Larry Doyle and Justin Gaines to the mix!

[Pulling Imbrogno out of the corner, Yellow Jacket tugs him into a fireman's carry, standing with him as the crowd cheers. Pumping the crowd up even more, Yellow Jacket high steps around the ring with him on his shoulders, ending up in a neutral corner where he charges out, leaping into the air as he shoves Imbrogno over his head...

...and DROPS him gutfirst on his raised knees!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Yellow Jacket pops back up as Bumble Bee charges at him, leaping into the air and turning his back as Yellow Jacket wheelbarrow lifts him into the air...

...and sits out, dropping him down on a prone Imbrogno!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Bumble Bee hooks a leg but the referee waves it off, pointing at Yellow Jacket.]

GM: No! The referee won't count! The referee says that Yellow Jacket is the legal man!

[Yellow Jacket waves frantically at the corner where BC Da Mastah MC is climbing up to his feet...

...and The Hive dashes into the corner in tandem, leaping up with a pair of enzuigiris to the back of the skull!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: These guys are so fast, Gordo!

[The Hive pulls the dazed big man out of the corner, lashing into him with a pair of back kicks to the torso that double him up. They dash to opposite ropes, rebounding off with a pair of low dropkicks that sandwich the skull of the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[BC stumbles backwards...

...and falls right through the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: BC's out! The Hive have got Imbrogno all alone in there!

[Bumble Bee pulls Imbrogno to his feet, slamming him down to the mat in the middle of the ring...

...and The Hive point to opposite corners to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

GM: They're both heading up top! They may be going for Buzzworthy here!

[Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee stand on the top rope across the ring from one another...]

GM: These fans in Kansas City are on their feet!

[The members of The Hive leap off the top in tandem, sailing through the air where Bumble Bee crashes down onto Imbrogno with a flying splash just as Yellow Jacket rocks him with a flying legdrop!]

GM: BUZZWORTHY CONNECTS!!

[Bumble Bee slips off, allowing Yellow Jacket to make the cover as he stands guard.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: IMBROGNO KICKS OUT!! MY STARS, MANNY IMBROGNO KICKS OUT OF BUZZWORTHY!

BW: We've seen 'em put away a lot of opponents with that over the years, Gordo.

GM: We certainly have but it did NOT put away Mr. Mensa who slips out just in the nick of time!

[Bumble Bee buries his head in his hands, shocked at the nearfall as Yellow Jacket climbs to his feet as well...]

GM: BC's back in! The big man in the corner!

[The Hive spot him, charging at him...

...and getting RUN DOWN with a massive double clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Dear god! Bumble Bee flipped right over and landed on top of his skull, Bucky!

BW: He may be out cold after that!

[BC pulls Bumble Bee off the mat, chucking him through the ropes to the floor before he moves in, grabbing Yellow Jacket up, holding him across his chest...

...and gives a big shout before dropping him in a front powerslam!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[BC pushes off the mat, pulling Imbrogno up and shoving him towards the corner...]

GM: What the...?

[A dazed Imbrogno starts to climb the turnbuckles as BC backs into the corner, raising his hands...]

GM: What in the world are they doing?

[With Imbrogno up top, he grabs his partner's hands...

...and gets YANKED up and over, thrown down into a cannonball senton on a prone Yellow Jacket!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's gotta be it!

[A stunned Imbrogno hooks the back leg, hanging on tight.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd roars with a mixed response at the sound of the bell.]

GM: Wow! What a match and what a victory for BCIQ here tonight in Kansas City!

BW: That's the kind of win that can really build some momentum in your favor, Gordo. Up until now, a lot of people treated BCIQ as a bit of a joke but after this match? After this win? I think they've gotta be looked at is the real deal.

GM: Absolutely. The Championship Committee is watching, keeping an eye on who should be the first team to challenge whoever makes it out of Unholy War as the tag team champions. Well, we might have just seen the team that should get that shot.

[BC helps Imbrogno back to his feet, giving his partner a big hug as he helps him from the ring.]

GM: The Hive put up one heck of a fight but in the end, the size of BC Da Mastah MC might've been too much for them to deal with.

BW: Not to mention that new finishing move from them.

GM: Absolutely devastating. Now, speaking of devastating, we really need to talk about the devastating, brutal, savage attack of Percy Childe by Anton Layton two weeks ago. We've heard several members of the Unholy Alliance address what happened but... well, before Juan Vasquez comes out here to address it as well, I think we need to take a look - one more time - at what happened. The footage we're about to see is, quite frankly, disturbing. Parental discretion is most certainly advised. Take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO!" We're seeing the aftermath of the Supernova/Rick Marley match where Marley is assaulting Supernova when suddenly Anton Layton pulls himself up on the apron to a big reaction from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: LAYTON'S COMING IN!!

[Seeing Layton stepping through the ropes, Percy Childes wheels around and frantically starts waving his crystal-topped cane.]

BW: Percy's calling for reinforcements!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Nenshou, Tully Brawn, Johnny Detson, and The Aces come jogging into view, coming quickly down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is headed for the ring and here comes trouble!

[Detson is the first one in, smashing a closed fist into the jaw of Layton who is ready for him, having shrugged off his white cloak to reveal his pasty, chunky physique. Layton fires back, blasting Detson between the eyes with a partially-taped right hand. He spins to his right, catching an incoming Daniel Tyler with a boot to the gut...

...and then HURLS Tyler over the top with a handful of jeans!]

GM: LAYTON TOSSES OUT TYLER AND-

[Tully Brawn throws himself at the torso of Layton, knocking him back into the corner where Rick Marley throws himself, swinging wildly!]

GM: We've got a two-on-one on Layton!

[Nenshou and Steven Childes are going to town on the still-dazed Supernova as well when suddenly...]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Luke Kinsey, and Brian Von Braun tearing down the aisle towards the ring. Scott slides in, throwing a right hand at an incoming Steven Childes.]

GM: We've got a preview of WarGames breaking down before our very eyes!

[We can see fans on their feet all over FedEx Park as the two WarGames teams have another battle before them.]

GM: The fight is on, fans! These guys can't wait until Unholy War on Labor Day in St. Louis! They can't wait for the double cage hell known as WarGames! They can't wait for-

[A running double clothesline out of Kinsey and Von Braun takes Daniel Tyler over the ropes to the floor. Von Braun slides out to the floor, grabbing Tyler by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: VON BRAUN SENDS TYLER INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE!!

[Von Braun goes on the attack, grabbing a side headlock on Tyler, hammering away with closed fists to the skull as Stevie Scott grabs Johnny Detson by the trunks, hurling him through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: We've got chaos breaking loose all around us! Security! We need security out here!

[With the crowd roaring, Steven Childes takes flight by scaling the turnbuckles, flipping off with a somersault onto Von Braun, Tyler, and Detson!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Juan Vasquez flips Nenshou over, throwing him down to the mat with a hiptoss...

...and gets CRACKED on the jaw with a Rick Marley superkick, knocking him out to the floor as Stevie Scott tangles with Tully Brawn near the ropes, trading blows.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands, fans!

[Supernova rolls out to the floor where Luke Kinsey goes sailing over the top rope, crashing down on the thin mats next to him.]

GM: Bodies keep sailing over the ropes, through the ropes, crashing down to the floor!

[Security swarms the ringside area, grabbing hold of everyone within reach!]

GM: We've got AWA security out here, trying to restore control of the situation... it's a brawl all over the-

BW: I'm gettin' out of here, Gordo!

GM: No you're not! You stay right where you are!

[A near miss of a right hand by Stevie Scott sends Percy Childes sliding under the ropes into the ring. He looks around with a mixture of joy and panic on his face as he waves his crystal-topped cane at the action.]

GM: Percy's in the ring, looking for cover and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Anton Layton climbs to his feet in the corner...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: PERCY! PERRRRRCY!

[Layton dips into the pocket of his hooded cloak, pulling the Golden Spike into view as a devilish smile crosses his face. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Layton moves step by step closer to Percy Childes who continues to shout at his army...]

GM: PERCY CHILDES IS IN TROUBLE! PERCY CHILDES IS- AHHHHH!

[The crowd EXPLODES in a shocked reaction as Anton Layton grabs Childes around the head and neck, forcing him down to his knees on the canvas...

...and SINKING the sharpened Golden Spike into the fleshy forehead of the Collector of Oddities!]

GM: HE'S DRIVING THAT SPIKE INTO THE HEAD OF CHILDES!!

BW: THE BLOOD OF CHILDES!

[Childes' skin splits quickly under the needle-sharp point of the metal spike, leaking a stream of crimson from the wound that quickly pours down his forehead, trickling down his face.]

GM: Layton's busted him wide open! We've never seen this before, fans! Somehow, somehow - Percy Childes has ALWAYS avoided getting a physical assault like this and he's bleeding like a stuck pig!

[The blood is quickly pouring down the skull of Childes, dripping from his face down onto his white undershirt, soaking it in the bright crimson as Childes screams in terror as a gleeful Layton cackles, driving the spike in deeper!]

GM: Uggh... I'm not sure I can watch much more of this! I'm no fan of Percy Childes, fans, but this is absolutely horrifying to witness! Anton Layton, the Prince of Darkness, has snapped! He's busted Childes wide open and he's...

BW: Gaah, look at that, Gordo! Look at that!

GM: I can see it... but I wish I couldn't.

[Seeing the bloodbath developing inside the ring, a handful of security breaks off, diving into the ring to swarm the weapon-wielding Layton.]

GM: Layton's covered in blood! Percy's covered in blood! Fans, we've got to go to commercial. We do not want to expose you to this kind of bloodshed if we can avoid... ugh. Go, guys. If you can hear me in the truck, go ahead and cut to commercial.

[We fade back to live action where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: A most disturbing scene, for sure. Now, as you heard earlier, Anton Layton did not receive any punishment from the front office for his actions. He was not fined, he was not suspended. The ruling, as I understand it, was that Percy Chiles got himself involved in that situation and put himself at risk. While the AWA certainly did not approve of Layton's use of the Golden Spike, they will not be punishing him for it.

BW: A ridiculous ruling but that was just half of it, Gordo. Attacking Percy was just the first part of the night. Show the rest.

GM: You're referring to-

BW: You know exactly what I'm referring to.

GM: I believe I do. Roll that footage as well, guys.

[We cut to more footage from two weeks ago where we see the conclusion of the Steven Chiles/Brian Von Braun match about to happen as Chiles leans down, hauling Von Braun off the mat by the hair.]

"THIS IS FOR MY UNCLE!"

[He pulls him into a standing headscissors, nodding as the crowd begins to buzz with concern.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: He's going for the piledriver, Gordo! Steven Chiles is gonna end Von Braun's career! You send one of the Alliance's to the hospital, they're sendin' one of yours to the retirement home, daddy!

GM: Von Braun's in trouble! Von Braun needs to-

[Suddenly, Von Braun slips out, yanking both legs out with him to take Chiles down on his back...

...and then quickly snares a figure four leglock, dropping back with it!]

GM: VON BRAUN LEGLOCK! WHAT A COUNTER!!

[Chiles instantly cries out in pain, swinging his arms back and forth. The referee drops to a knee, checking for a submission as Chiles winces in pain, grabbing at his own hair.]

GM: Can Steven Chiles hang on?! Can he find a way out?! Can he escape from the Von Braun Leglock?!

[Von Braun leans back, rocking back and forth as he increases the torque on the trapped limb...]

GM: Childes is grabbing at his knee! He's in a lot of pain! He's-

[The referee jumps up, wheeling around to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the sound of the bell as Von Braun immediately releases the hold, climbing to his feet with his arms raised.]

GM: A shocking victory out of the jaws of defeat for Brian Von Braun as he turned the piledriver attempt into the Von Braun Leglock!

BW: Steven Childes was distracted... he's distraught over the injuries to his uncle. You couldn't count on him being able to compete at his full talents tonight, Gordo.

GM: Maybe not but none of that matters when you look at the record books. They will say that Brian Von Braun defeated Steven Childes by submission with the Von Braun Leglock. And now we know a very big weapon that Team Vasquez will walk into WarGames with. To win that double cage hell, you have to make a member of the other team submit or surrender. Brian Von Braun just proved himself capable of doing EXACTLY that, Bucky.

BW: I guess that's true but I still say that Childes was at a major disadvantage tonight.

[Von Braun mounts the midbuckle, celebrating his win as Childes stays down on the mat, clutching his knee. Anton Layton slips through the ropes into the ring, staring down at the pain-filled Childes as Von Braun hops back down, giving one more salute to the fans before ducking through the ropes...]

"NO!"

[A shout from Anton Layton stops Von Braun cold. The Alabama native looks puzzled as he steps back in, shrugging at Layton who slowly lifts an arm, gesturing at Childes.]

GM: Now, what in the world is this all about?

BW: I'm not sure.

GM: Layton's pointing at Childes. He's telling Von Braun to-

[Layton suddenly leaps into the air, driving a doublestomp down on the knee that Childes was trying to rub some life into, causing a wail of pain to erupt from Steven Childes.]

GM: Oh my stars! He doublestomped the knee! Anton Layton just doublestomped the knee and... what's he doing now?!

[Layton grabs the foot, yanking the leg out straight and shouting at Von Braun, gesturing to Childes...]

GM: He wants him to lock the figure four on again!

BW: What the hell, Myers?! This lunatic needs to be stopped! What the hell is the AWA going to do about this nutcase?!

[Von Braun glares at Layton for several moments, staring at the insistent madman...

...and then steps forward, grabbing the leg...]

GM: He's got the leg... he's wrapping it up and-

[The crowd erupts in a mixed response as Von Braun reapplies the Von Braun Leglock!]

GM: The figure four is applied once more! Childes is screaming... begging for mercy!

[Layton leans over the writhing Childes, speaking to him in words unheard by the mic.]

GM: What in the world could the Prince of Darkness possibly be saying to Steven Childes right now, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea... and hell, I don't think I even WANT to know!

[Von Braun leans back, gritting his teeth as he increases the pressure. The referee is right there, shouting at Von Braun, ordering him to release the figure four leglock but Von Braun's having none of it, rocking back and forth as he tries to ravage the trapped leg.]

GM: Anton Layton's shouting at Childes, screaming "THE BLOOD OF CHILDES!" over and over like the madman he is! Is this what he was talking about?! Was he not referring to Percy at all?!

BW: My god, Gordo... I think THIS was the plan! Layton went after Percy because he knew he could get the entire Unholy Alliance out of the building... except for the one guy who still had a match tonight. Layton plotted and planned this out to perfection and Steven Childes is the REAL target!

GM: Von Braun won't let go! Layton is shouting at him as well, ordering him to keep the hold applied and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: I think... yes, I believe the referee just reversed this decision, Bucky.

BW: Good!

GM: Steven Childes is going to win this match but at what cost?! What kind of damage is being done to that leg right now between Anton Layton and Brian Von Braun?!

BW: I'll tell you right now, Gordo, they're trying to break his leg!

GM: I think you're right!

[Suddenly, a swarm of AWA officials hit the ring, physically prying Von Braun's legs apart to break the hold. They force BVB and Layton back, allowing a screaming Childes to grab at his knee as a handful of officials lean down next to him, checking his condition.]

GM: We're going to need some help out here for Steven Childes, fans. We're going to... is that right? Yes, we're going to take a quick break and we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Crossfade back to live action where we see Juan Vasquez standing in the ring, his head down, his eyes looking at the mat. There's the slightest of head shakes at the footage we just saw before he raises a mic to his mouth.]

JV: Two weeks ago, I told the world that I was prepared to do everything in my power to win War Games.

[Juan closes his eyes, reciting the quote from memory.]

JV: "Even if I had to sell my soul to the devil, himself...whatever it takes."

[He opens his eyes and frowns.]

JV: But...

[A heavy sigh.]

JV: ...that ain't right at all. I THOUGHT I was prepared to do whatever it took to win. Every single man that stood by my side thought so too. But when the adrenaline wears off and your heart stops beating hard enough to burst through your chest...it's just you, alone inside your hotel room staring at your own reflection in the mirror.

And that's when you have to ask yourself if you've done the right thing. You have to ask yourself if you're happy with the decisions you've made. You have to ask yourself if you're truly happy with what you've become.

[He lowers his head, a look of shame on his face.]

JV: The answer was "No."

[Juan is silent for a moment, staring down at the canvas, clearly unhappy with himself..]

JV: I was the one that turned to Anton Layton and if you wanna' point fingers at anyone or find someone to blame for what happened...you might as well blame ME.

[He points a finger directly at his chest.]

JV: I've worked with Percy Childes. I've seen The Unholy Alliance inside and out...and what I saw...it...

[Juan stops and shakes his head.]

JV: I'm not even gonna' go there. But I KNEW that it was gonna' take everything we had to win War Games. I thought Anton Layton had the insight, the know-how and the experience needed to give us the edge we needed to win this war...

...and he did.

[His eyes are downcast for a moment, before he lifts his head back up, face now marked with anger.]

JV: But you all saw what it means to win under Anton Layton's terms.

[Juan bites his lower lip and shakes his head slowly.]

JV: Stevie Childes has a broken leg.

[...]

JV: A broken leg.

[Juan gives a bitter laugh and shakes his head.]

JV: It wasn't the first time I've visited an enemy in a hospital...

...but it was the first time I've ever had to apologize to one.

[He stares up towards the lights, eyes drifting away.]

JV: Too far...we went too far. I let us fall too far into the darkness and look at what we became...nothing more than a bunch of violent savages willing to do any terrible thing to win.

I've walked down that road before...but I sure as Hell ain't gonna' walk down it again.

[Juan looks up, staring up the aisle and towards the back, making no mistake who his words are direct towards.]

JV: We're prepared to do just about anything to defeat The Unholy Alliance...

...but we're not prepared to lose ourselves to the darkness.

[The sounds of horrific shrieking and screaming fill the air as several red strobe lights flicker around the entryway.]

GM: Here comes trouble.

[After a few moments, the white-hooded Anton Layton appears in the aisle, covered from head to toe in his cloak. His face is covered with his cloak, preventing us from being able to see his reaction to the words uttered by the man who brought him back to the AWA.]

GM: Anton Layton does not strike me as the kind of man who will take rejection well, Bucky.

BW: It's just fitting for Vasquez to get what he needed out of Layton and then try to throw him aside. "We're not prepared to lose ourselves to the darkness." Give ME a break, Gordo.

[Layton steps through the ropes into the ring, snapping his head back to lose the hood and reveal his face. Black facepaint encircles his eyes along with streaks of red down his cheeks and from the corners of his mouth. He produces a mic seemingly out of nowhere.]

AL: You... apologized?

[Layton smiles - a demonic, twisted grin.]

AL: Ehehehehe... ehehehehehe... EHEHEHEHHE!

[Vasquez doesn't even smile in response.]

AL: You felt that after the atrocities of war had claimed two victims from the other side of the battlefield... you felt the need to walk across their bloodied bodies and beg their forgiveness?

[Layton stares dead in the eyes of Vasquez.]

AL: No wonder you needed me. No wonder you still do.

[The crowd is buzzing.]

AL: You stand here before me and claim that you've walked this road before. I assure you that you haven't. You think that a brief period of time spent alongside Percy and his monsters makes you a monster? You think going to war with Zaire makes you a monster?

[Layton leans forward, veeeeeeery close to Vasquez.]

AL: It doesn't... but I can. And I will. I will turn your entire team into what they need to be to beat the Unholy Alliance. You need to forget what these people think of you...

[Layton gestures at the Kansas City crowd.]

AL: You need to swallow your pride and recognize that their opinions of you mean nothing in the big picture. They never have and they never will. You do not need to please them.

You need to please me.

[Vasquez shakes his head, looking down again...

...when Layton suddenly reaches out, pushing Vasquez' chin up to glare into his eyes.]

AL: Do not presume to look away from me, my child. And do not presume to stand here and lie to these people. They bear witness to your darkness... they always have. They know what you are. The broken legs... the shattered careers. You ARE the darkness. You... Kinsey... Scott... Von Braun. You all know what the darkness brings and you all knew exactly what I bring.

You knew what would happen, Vasquez. You knew what would be necessary in WarGames... and you knew what would happen if you turned me loose again.

[Juan slaps Layton's hand away, drawing some "Ohhh's" from the crowd.]

JV: You're right...I knew.

[There's some gasps from the crowd.]

JV: I knew EXACTLY what you were capable of. But stupid me, I thought...I HOPED that you knew a better way than Percy Childes.

But you're both the same.

Cripple. Maim. Destroy.

[Juan wipes his hand down his face and tilts his head, frowning at Layton.]

JV: Do you think it's so hard to be like you?

To let loose the hate and anger...to give in to the darkness and paint the world with blood?

[Layton begins to answer, but Juan cuts him off.]

JV: No, Layton...it's the EASIEST DAMN THING IN THE WORLD!

[Some in the crowd cheer, as Juan gets right up in Layton's face.]

JV: I could do it right now and become something so terrifying, it'd make YOU tremble with fear!

[Juan's face is a mix of restrained anger and frustration, ready to boil right over.]

JV: But that's the easy way out. That doesn't prove that you're right or that you're a better man...

...it just proves that you're the bigger monster.

[He shakes his head.]

JV: And winning like that? ...That ain't winning at all.

[The crowd cheers, as a shout of "YOU TELL'IM JUAN!" can be heard.]

JV: I've been a hypocrite...a liar...a monster...and a deceiver...

...and it's just so easy. It's so damn easy.

But you know what's hard? You know what's the most difficult thing to be?

[Juan stares right into Layton's eyes.]

JV: A hero.

[The crowd roars with cheers!]

JV: Heroes stop monsters. They overcome impossible odds and they triumph over the darkness without ever having to lose themselves. Always fighting, always struggling, but always showing us that there's a better way. They prove that there's ALWAYS a better way.

[Juan's voice rises, filled with conviction.]

JV: AND WE WILL FIND A BETTER WAY!

[BIG POP!]

JV: We're going to win WarGames, Layton. We're going to defeat The Unholy Alliance and we're going to do it without becoming monsters or losing ourselves to the darkness. We're going to show the AWA and everyone watching that good men still exist in this world.

[Juan glares straight at Anton Layton with a look that could stop even the most fearless man dead in his tracks.]

JV: And we're going to do it...

...without YOU.

[MASSIVE POP! Juan drops his microphone and turns to leave the ring...]

GM: That's what I like to hear, Bucky! Juan Vasquez faced down the reality of what he'd done like a man and-

[...when an enraged Anton Layton assaults Vasquez from behind, slamming a forearm down on the back of the head, pushing him down to the mat where he promptly leaps up, lashing out with a double stomp to the midsection!]

GM: LAYTON ATTACKS! HE ATTACKS VASQUEZ!

[With Vasquez down on the mat clutching his ribcage, Layton shrugs out of his white cloak...

...and pulls a familiar weapon into view!]

GM: Golden Spike! Layton's got the Spike again!

[He yanks Vasquez to his knees quickly, trying to strike before someone can come to save the AWA's top hero...

...and DRIVES the point of the Spike into the forehead!]

GM: AHHHH!

[The blood starts to pour from the wound quickly, streaming down the forehead of Vasquez into his eyes. The crimson mask is quick to form, covering his cheeks, his jawline...]

GM: Layton's snapped!

[Layton wraps his left arm around Vasquez' throat, holding him steady as he lifts the right hand wielding the Golden Spike high above...

...and STABS it down into the forehead!]

GM: Good god!

[He strikes over and over, stabbing at the bloody forehead of Vasquez...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The crowd is roaring as Supernova, Stevie Scott, Luke Kinsey, and Brian Von Braun come tearing down the aisle to the ring. Kinsey is the first to arrive, diving under the ropes...

...and throwing himself over a bloodied Vasquez as Layton bails out. Supernova is right behind him, throwing a kick that hits the ropes as Layton, his hands, arms, and chest covered with Vasquez' blood, scurries out of

reach. A pissed-off Stevie Scott shouts a parting threat as Brian Von Braun paces around the ring, hands on his hips.]

GM: They managed to get down here... but how much damage has been done to Juan Vasquez right here?

[Von Braun gestures outside the ring and gets a mic handed to him.]

BVB: Son of a...

[Von Braun's words trail off, shaking his head.]

BVB: This is my fault.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

BVB: I shoulda done exactly what Juan just did... but I should've done it two weeks ago. The moment Layton told me to break Stevie's leg, I shoulda slapped him across the face and told him to get the hell out of our business. But I didn't... I didn't do it... and this is the result...

[Von Braun gestures to the bloodied Vasquez who has been helped to a seated position on the mat. Kinsey rips off his white t-shirt, handing it over to Vasquez who presses it up against his bleeding forehead.]

BVB: I ain't about to make the same mistake twice though. Layton... he's twisted, he's sick... pick your favorite description of him but the fact is, he's dangerous. And until he's out of here, he's REAL dangerous.

So, lemme make this real clear...

[Von Braun yanks his t-shirt off, throwing it down on the mat. He jerks a thumb at himself.]

BVB: You wanna hop on someone, Layton? Come hop on me!

[Big cheer!]

BVB: I'm gonna head back to the locker room... I'm gonna tape up my fists... and I'm gonna put my asskickin' boots on!

[Bigger cheer for the intensity!]

BVB: And I'm gonna wait til this show is just about over before I come down this aisle again. Layton, I expect you to be here too and I'm gonna make damn sure that what just happened doesn't happen again.

Make no mistake, this ain't about wrestling, Layton. This is a fight!

[Von Braun spikes the mic down to the mat, moving to check on Vasquez who crawls over the mic, dropping the now-bloody t-shirt to the mat. He's on his knees as he shouts.]

JV: HEY! Get that damn camera over here!

[A quick, sloppy cut zooms in on Vasquez.]

JV: The office wanted me to announce our team tonight.

[Vasquez reaches up, wiping his bloody forehead and then dragging his hand across his chest, leaving a crimson smear.]

JV: You're looking at it.

[Vasquez throws the mic aside to a big cheer from the crowd.]

GM: There's your team, fans! There's your team heading into WarGames in nine days and... my stars, what a war it's gonna be in St. Louis! Fans, we've gotta take a quick break and we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

Fade up. Over the wild sound of prepubescent cheers, in the midst of the gaudy lights of a huge stage stands a baby-faced young man with brown hair, brown eyes, a big smile, and a small trickle of sweat running down his cheek. A polished, professional male voice handles the narration.]

VO: His audition on X-Factor captivated the nation.

[Quick cut to judge Nicole Scherzinger, looking on in reverence.]

NS: *That* was amazing!

[With the sound of the cheers remaining in the background, quick cut to YouTube page, playing a crude, self-produced video of the young man singing his song "Say Hey!" Immediately, the shot starts zooming in on the hit total, an unbelievable 357,145,002.]

VO: His debut song took the *world* by storm!

[The chorus of that song plays in the background, as the screen briefly fades to black, before the AWA logo fades in on the top half of the screen.]

VO: ...and now, he is coming to the AWA!

[As the chorus comes to an end, the bottom half of the screen fills with these words:

September 14th, 2013
AWA Homecoming
Joshua Dusscher
LIVE!

After a three second pause, cut back to a live shot inside the building in Kansas City. The camera pans across the thousands of screaming fans in the Municipal Auditorium, and cuts to the ring, where, in the center of the ring, is a rectangular table. On either of the long sides of the table are two chairs, while at each short end is a single chair. In front of one of those latter two chairs is Jason Dane and at the other is an unnamed man in a suit, no doubt a representative of the AWA's legal team. In the center of the table is a clipboard, a thick stack of papers under the metal clip. Next to the clipboard is a microphone on one side, and five pens lined up on the other.]

GM: Fans, in just a few moments, we're going to witness the contract signing for a match that has been coming ever since the Stampede Cup.

BW: You mean when Gimpy and The Kid failed? That what you're talkin' about, Gordo?

GM: "Failed" is not the word I would use. The team you're referring to, RyGunn, that is, Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez, were the Cinderella story of the Stampede Cup.

BW: Yeah, if Cinderella ended up losing the prince to her hot step sisters!

GM: Nevertheless, the Blonde Bombers are the one stain on the otherwise spotless record of RyGunn. The one team that has given Gaines and Martinez a loss. And tonight, RyGunn sign the contract that will give them their shot, not only at redemption, but at being only the second team to call themselves the AWA World Tag Team Champions.

[And then, the opening guitar riff of "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead blare over the loudspeakers. Fans are already on their feet.]

#A revolution never come with a warning#

[Three men emerge in the entranceway, one standing in front of the other two. The man in front is Justin Gaines. He's wearing his usual warmup jacket with blue jeans and cowboy boots, while struggling to contain his enthusiasm as usual.]

#A revolution never sends you an omen#

[On the left hand side is the legendary "Grizzly" Gunnar Gaines. He, too, is in his usual attire - a red flannel shirt over an ivory-colored thermal undershirt, with cutoff jeans, black knee pads, a metal knee brace on one knee, and black boots.]

#A revolution just arrive like the morning#

[And on the right is Ryan Martinez. Ryan's short brown hair glistens under the spotlight, still sweat soaked from his encounter with Mr. Sadisuto earlier tonight. Ryan removed his trunks and boots, replacing them with a pair of black jeans and tennis shoes. He is shirtless, however, wearing only black

sweatshirt, the zipper undone, revealing white bandages on his right shoulder, another remnant of his encounter with the master of sadism.]

BW: You know the kid is hurtin' Gordo! And there ain't no way he'll be fully healed up in time for Unholy War. All that training we've been hearing about, all the work those two have done? Well, just like his old man, the kid is stubborn and hot headed. He just had to get in the ring tonight, and he's about to cost his team everything - again.

GM: Bucky! You know that isn't true! Ryan Martinez was challenged, and you and I both know that no wrestler with the last name "Martinez" is ever going to back down from a challenge. But that's not why his shoulder is wrapped up. There's only one reason for that. Larry Doyle and Mr. Sadisuto used a chair! That's what caused the injury. And don't act like you don't know why.

BW: I'm sure I have no idea what you're talking about! You're not trying to suggest the good and righteous Mr. Larry Doyle might be trying to stack the deck in his favor.

GM: (sarcastically). The thought never crossed my mind.

#Ring the alarm, we come to wake up the snoring#

[As the music fades, Justin pulls himself up onto the apron, and then holds the ropes open, first for his father, and then for Ryan Martinez. The three men move across the ring. All three shake hands, first with Dane and then with the AWA attorney, and then stand one one of the table's long ends. Ryan reaches for the microphone, eyes narrowing as he looks at the entranceway.]

RM: Larry Doyle. You think this matters?

[Ryan inclines his head towards his shoulder.]

RM: You think that matters?

[Ryan points to the brace on his partner's knee.]

RM: You think what happened at the Cup matters? I'm here to tell you that it doesn't.

All that matters is this. Gunnar and I? We're getting our shot in St. Louis. And that's all we need. A shot. Just one. Gunnar has been through it all already. He's been in wars, and he's fought men a lot worse than you and your Bombers.

This-

[Ryan lifts the contract and clipboard]

RM: -has got five lines on it. One for Grizz, one for me, one for you Doyle, and one for each of your Bombers. Once those lines are filled? The only thing that matters is what happens between the first bell and the last in St. Louis.

Now I heard that you snuck some clauses in this thing. And that's why he's here.

[Ryan points the clipboard at the lawyer.]

RM: But I never was one to stop to read when its time for a fight. So, whatever little trick you think you've got in here? It's not going to stop the inevitable. It's not going to stop RyGunn from walking out with those tag team titles.

[Impulsively, and over the protests of the attorney, who clearly wants young Ryan to read the fine print, Martinez signs his name to the contract.]

BW: What'd I say? That kid is as hard headed as his old man. Jumps in to every fight, leadin' with his chin.

GM: After everything he's been through, after every sacrifice he's made, there is no way that Ryan Martinez is going to pass up this opportunity. It doesn't matter what Doyle wants. Ryan Martinez is too close to being one half of the World Tag Team champions to quit now.

[The deed done, Ryan looks to his partner.]

RM: And you Grizz? You need to know what the party of the first part agrees to when it comes to the situation of the party of the second part?

[Gunnar looks utterly confused.]

GG: Huh? What's this about a party? Shouldn't we save that for after we win? Wait, I'm sorry, that sounds a little presumptuous. Let me rephrase it. IF we're going to have a party, shouldn't we save that for after we take Larry Doyle, beat the living dung out of him, break him in half, and shove each half of him down the respective throats of the Blonde Bombers and then take their titles? Because THAT - that right there is a party unto itself.

RM: Um... no, I didn't mean party in that sense ... I guess I could have said that more clearly. I guess what I'm saying is... do you need to read this contract before you sign it?

GG: I see. Well, Ryan, let me think about that for a second...

[Dramatic pause.]

GG: No.

[Gunnar takes the pen from the hand of Ryan Martinez, and scrawls his name on the line.]

GM: And with that, RyGunn have agreed to whatever terms Larry Doyle snuck in to the contract. Now we just need to-

[But before he can even speak their names, Gordon is interrupted by the distinct sounds of "F***in' In The Bushes" by Oasis, and the arrival of the World Tag Team Champions and Mr. Larry Doyle. Doyle is rather muted in a dark green suit, blue shirt combo, and the tag team champions of the world both wear jeans and Royalty shirts, Jacobs sans sleeves and Stanton with a vest over top. They take their sweet time getting to the ring, and Doyle commandeers the microphone right away.]

LD: I gotta tell you gentlemen something, and this comes from the bottom of my heart.

[Stanton looks at Doyle, who shrugs and concedes.]

LD: Ok, ok, maybe it comes from below my heart. Maybe from the cockle region, or the sub cockle region.

GM: What did he just say?!

BW: Ahh, don't sweat it Gordo, it's a real body part. Look it up!

[Doyle looks at the assembled RyGunn and continues.]

LD: You boys sure have been fun. It's been a damn good time whuppin' your behind every time we come in contact, we sure have enjoyed ourselves. And yes, I am aware, Larry Doyle is ALWAYS aware, that I'm using the past tense here, but it's for good reason.

Cause what y'all want, y'all are gonna get.

One shot. One. Singular. You get ONE chance to grab these titles off the best damn tag team the AWA has ever seen. You get one shot to straighten things out.

[As Doyle signs, casual as ever, Kenny Stanton slides over and signs his name to the contract, taking a moment to look it over and walking away.]

LD: And what I know about you two is that if I gave ya a beach ball and said throw it in the ocean, you'd manage to hit the sand. You couldn't find your own rears in the dark with two hands and a flashlight. When they came up with the phrase "If at first ya don't succeed," they had you two goobers in mind.

So sign away boys, sign up for your shot.

[Brad Jacobs stomps over and, as you might expect, nearly tears the paper with the pen as he scrawls a huge "X".]

LD: These men, these World Tag Team Champions, all they ever needed was one shot. All they ever WANTED was one shot. All anyone gave them was one chance to make something of themselves, and they grabbed it with both hands. They never needed a do over, Gaines, they never had to call a mulligan. These men have been PERFECT since they donned the Blonde Bomber tights, because they have HAD to be.

They handled that pressure and looked it right in the face, they laughed at the pressure and became diamonds from the coal mine. They have finished everything they started. You two?

Exact opposite. NOT finishers. You couldn't finish at the Cup, you haven't been able to get a bead on us for all these months and in St. Louis, you boys better call your roommates in, because you won't be able to close the deal THEN either.

[And now it's Doyle who reaches over and scribbles his name on the contract, and then looks at the challengers.]

LD: No more chances. No more excuses. It's been real, fellas, we mean that. But it's time to end the charade.

[With all five signatures drying on the contract, Dane collects the clipboard. But before he parts, Ryan Martinez stands, and grabs the microphone again.]

RM: Wait! I know what they say about me. They say I'm impulsive. That I never look before I leap. And that's true. Got that legendary Martinez temper. I've always been kind of a hot head. But what I'm not...

...is an idiot.

BW: That's open to debate!

GM: Bucky!

RM: Like I said, I didn't care to read the fine print. I don't care what tricks you try to pull. Because I knew, Doyle, that you'd be so happy to get whatever little stipulations made you happy in there that you wouldn't ever think to check to see what stipulations we put in the contract.

Gunnar? You want to tell Mr. Doyle the news?

[With a smirk, Ryan hands the microphone to his partner.]

GG: Larry, this contract that you and your team just signed, stipulates, and I quote... and you should listen, because this concerns you ...

[Gunnar flips through a few contract pages before getting to the passage he wants.]

GG: Ah yes... here it is... "During the course of said match, Larry Doyle, at all times starting when both teams reach the ringside area, lasting until AFTER the match is concluded, shall be...

[Gunnar squints at the contract.]

GG: Damn, I can't read this fine print.

GM: Larry Doyle shall be what?

[He reaches into his flannel shirt pocket, producing a set of reading glasses. He puts them on. Adjusts them a little.]

GG: Oh, right. I'd almost forgotten. "... shall be handcuffed securely by the wrist..."

BW: Larry Doyle would probably like what's been said so far.

GM: You've got a point.

[Gunnar stops. Then looks directly at Larry Doyle.]

GG: "... to Justin Gaines."

[The crowd pops!]

GM: Oh my stars! I don't think Larry Doyle likes THAT! Not only will Justin Gaines be at ringside, he'll be cuffed to Larry Doyle! And vice versa!

[Gunnar stands. As does Ryan Martinez.]

GG: Bombers, you've found every way you can to cheat your way to victory. You did it against us at Stampede Cup. You did it again a few weeks back against my boy. But you damn sure AIN'T going to do it on Labor Day. Not with my 6'7", 250-pound son chained to your manager, dragging his scrawny carcass around ringside, while WE do the same to YOU inside the ring. And that's why the LAST shot we get, is going to be the ONLY shot we need.

[Ryan leans in to the mic and speaks.]

RM: Prediction? RyGunn will be your new AWA World Tag Team Champions.

[All three then speak.]

RM, GG and JG: COUNT ON IT!

[And with that, the brawl is on! RyGunn flips the table over and the two teams fly at each other, Jacobs greeting Gunnar Gaines with right hand, Martinez pasting Stanton, and Justin Gaines going after Larry Doyle!]

GM: OH MY STARS! IT'S ON! THE FIGHT IS ON RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF US!

BW: The time for talk is over Gordo, these two teams have grown to hate each other! The bad blood is off the page!

[Larry Doyle is frantically waving for someone to intervene, and he's obliged as a sea of officials swarm the ring. Ryan Martinez is stomping on Kenny Stanton in the corner, wearing him out with repeated boots to the solarplexus. On the other side of the ring, Brad Jacobs headbutts the grizzled Grizz and pastes him with a left hook, then turns on a dime and clocks Martinez with a forearm to the back of the head.]

BW: The champs, the tag team champions, they've got Ryan Martinez two on one in the corner!

[The crowd jeers as Stanton swings an uppercut to the nether regions of Martinez, and Jacobs turns him around to drop him with a right hand. As the officials get into the ring, Larry Doyle shouts commands.]

LD: GET 'IM UP! PICK 'IM UP BOYS, TAKE HIM OUT!

[Kenny Stanton picks himself up and climbs to the second rope as Jacobs drives knee after knee into the side of Ryan's head, then grabs him as if for a side backbreaker.]

GM: There's security in the ring, there's officials all around here but these Bombers aren't paying any mind! They could be fined or suspended!

BW: They didn't get those belts by following rules, daddy, no time to start now!

[But before anything else can happen, Gaines ROARS across the ring and blasts Jacobs with a forearm to the side of the face... and then catches a leaping Stanton across his shoulder. Rather than powerslam him or try anything too fancy, Gaines simply puts "Smooth" Kenny down and belts him with a right hand that sends him tumbling to the outside!]

GM: The fight is on and man oh man, I can't wait until these teams collide at Unholy War, fans!

[We abruptly cut from the ring as officials swarm the World Tag Team Champions to the back where we open up on a somewhat unclear perspective of a pair of figures marching down an nondescript corridor. Sensing his feed is live, the camera man does his best to steady himself and we are able to make out Terry Shane III stalking forward with Miss Sandra Hayes hurrying behind him and doing her best to match the Ring Leader's long, purpose-driven strides.

It isn't the branding iron in the thin fingertips of Miss Hayes that catches our eyes, it is the lead pipe that is clutched firmly in the hand of the Salience that we are drawn too. What we see of him is nothing more than the back of his head which is masked in a mop of wildly strewn black hair; a sharp contrast to the usually neatly parted or dry look we are accustomed too.]

MSH: Terry, this is mad! You don't even know if it was him!

[Shane shoots a glare over his shoulder as he bends around another corner, snapping it away a second later.]

MSH [retracting]: Okay, okay... But what about the guys?! Let's regroup! Think about this!

TS3 [staring forward]: This is between me...

...AND HIM!

[Shane's steps shorten, only to see him shove a tall wheeled rack out of the way and send plates and food spilling to the floor. Miss Hayes leaps to one side, avoiding the wreckage, and then pushes herself up to her tip toes as she bounces through the mess.]

TS3: I am finishing this tonight, Sandra!

I AM GOING TO GUT THAT PIG --

OSV: "So I told the guy, how about I plant my fist in yer face?"

[The off-screen voice immediately halts Terry Shane III. Within a flash his direction jerks from straight forward to a small hallway to the right. His long strides turn into sprints. His short breaths transform into heavy exhales.]

TS3 [shouting]: CAAAAAARVER!!!

MSH [screeching]: TEEERRRY!!!

[Shane lifts the lead pipe high over his head as he explodes around a corner towards the voice and the camera lens shakes vigorously as the man behind it along with Miss Hayes press forward to keep up. Swiftly Shane's raised hand slashes forward towards the man who now encompasses our screen....

...only to come to an immediate stop when he sees the man behind the voice standing there, staring at him like a fish out of water.]

"Callum Mahoney... put it there, mate."

[Mahoney, still in his ring gear from the Battle Royal earlier, stands there with his hand extended beside Colt Patterson whose eyes are frozen and mouth is silent. He eases himself back as he senses a volcanic eruption about to take place.]

TS3: NO! NO! WHERE IS HE?!

[Mahoney turns to Patterson who shakes his head, then looks back at the Ring Leader, and in a moment that even Terry Shane III never saw coming....

...Mahoney extends a single finger and points behind the unsuspecting Terry Shane III.]

CM: Who... him?

[Shane's head whips around just in time for his eyes to fixate on a single clubbing fist from Hannibal Carver that barrels down over the top of his brow....

...SMASHING him to the ground!]

MSH: NO! NO!

[As Terry Shane III collapses at the feet of Hannibal Carver, Miss Sandra Hayes wields her precious branding behind her and before she can even think about striking it forward... it is RIPPED from her hands by Carver.]

HC: Not this time, sweetheart.

[Carver flings the branding iron across the room, bouncing it off a wall. He returns to Shane who tries to scurry up to his feet only to be met with a boot that blasts him in the ribs and sends him flipping over and onto his back. Hannibal lays stomp after stomp into the midsection of Shane... buckling him in half with each vicious boot as Shane desperately tries to get up after every single blow.

Carver hesitates for one moment, just long enough for Shane to roll himself up onto all four limbs. As he does Carver places his hands over the back of his head, digging his long digits through the threads of black hair and grinding them into the back of Shane's scalp. He then rears a single leg back...

...and then DRIVES his knee into the skull of Terry Shane III which bounces his head right into the side of the corridor. As Shane's body goes limp and it slithers downward you can see a large indentation where his head met the wall.]

HC: Yeh had enough, Terry?!

[Carver laughs; A deep, maniacal laugh.]

HC: Didn't think so.

[Carver's head turn away from Shane and they quickly relocate on the lead pipe laying there. Just as he sees it, so does Miss Sandra Hayes who is down on the ground beside Shane. Her eyes meet Hannibal's and simultaneously both lunge for the metal object...

...and it is Carver whose hand wraps around it first and he snatches it up in the air.]

MSH [begging]: Stop this! Stop --

[Carver lifts the pipe up as Hayes positions herself between Shane and Carver.]

HC: It's either him...

...or yeh, princess.

[Carver rears back, almost salivating at the mouth as he clutches the pipe in his hands. And though you can't hear it, you can make out him muttering, "Have it yer way" as he strikes forward...

...just as the Siren leaps out of the way and the pipe SMASHES down on Shane's left forearm that is covered by a black plastic brace! Shane screams in pain, clutching his arm, rolling back and forth on the ground as Carver grins at the reaction.]

HC: Ah, Terry... somehow it had to end like this...

[Carver steps down on the arm of Shane who yells out. He cowers over Shane and hoists the pipe up once more...

...just as Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Donnie White come barreling down the corner!]

LS: GET HIM!

[Miss Hayes is the last to come into view and she rallies behind the Gang. Carver readies himself and as he does a fleet of security guards come running in behind him. As Anderson, Strong, and White lunge for him, the guards step in their path as a sea of bodies collide! Hayes throws herself over Terry and lifts his head up. Carver backs away from the swarm of fists flying in front of him while keeping his eyes locked on Shane and Miss Hayes. Another herd of guards come rushing onto the scene and begin pulling both their own cavalry as well as the Shane Gang members apart. Several voices shout over one another, all the words unidentifiable through the commotion, as the camera cuts away.]

GM: My god, Bucky. What have we done. What has the AWA done?! For a year we have LET these two batter, and bloody, and mangle one another. With chains, chairs, branding irons, and whatever those two bloodthirsty savages can get their hands onto... one of them... heck, both of them aren't going to survive this war. At this rate, they aren't going to make it back to Dallas, Texas. I don't think either man is going to SURVIVE to Homecoming.

BW: You're not going to get any disagreement out of me, Gordo. Carver still has to show up at Unholy War and get through the No Escape Challenge that Terry Shane III has laid down for him. But what condition is Shane going to

be in? Hannibal Carver just laid a beating down on Shane's already nagging left arm! That hand is crucial in the devastating effects of his patent submission hold!

GM: You gotta admit, that was pretty clever on behalf of Carver to go after that hand. But at what price? If Shane makes it to the Unholy War he's going to have one thing and one thing only on his mind. Bloody vengeance, Bucky. Let's go back to the ring...

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this match is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit...and is for the AWA Television Championship!

[Cheers for the title defense!]

PW: Introducing first, the challenger, he hails from Brooklyn, New York, he stands six feet tall and weighs in at two hundred and thirty pounds...Jackie Wilpon!

[The crowd is pretty quiet for Mr. Wilpon's entrance, complete with the man himself rubbing his nose for luck on his way down the aisle.]

GM: I have to say that I'm a little bit surprised to see the Television champ out here tonight. No matter the opponent, two matches in one night is never a good idea, as the current champion discovered nearly a month ago when he LOST that very title to Glenn Hudson during, again, a second match in a single night.

BW: How'd that work out for the Aussie, Gordo? Two weeks later, he drops the belt back to Dave Bryant, and who knows if we'll ever even SEE him again after what Royalty did.

GM: That was a disgusting, heinous act bordering on assault, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Hudson ran his mouth and got repaid for it in spades! I don't know what the heck Bryant was thinking trying to get in their way, either, it's not like his bones are any stronger than Hudson's.

[Wilpon stands in a corner of the ring, still rubbing his tremendous nose.]

PW: And his opponent!

["Bad Seed" by Metallica fires up over the PA, drawing a mixed reaction.]

GM: Well, now!

BW: Sympathy for the dead, Gordo, that's all that is!

GM: Dave Bryant was one-half of the match from just two weeks ago against Glenn Hudson that you, the fans, voted as the best match on Saturday Night Wrestling of this year so far. That match will compete with the others we've

announced in the past couple of months to determine the greatest match in Saturday Night Wrestling history, fans!

PW: Hailing from Las Vegas, Nevada, he stands six feet, two inches tall, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds...he is the AWA World Television Champion, he is...

"THE DOCTOR OF LOVE"...

DAVE...

BRYANT!

[Bryant emerges onto the aisle, powerwalking down to the ring. He doesn't pause for a second, not to taunt the fans, not to show off the TV title, just quickly makes his way up the steps and into the ring.]

GM: The champ means business tonight!

BW: More like he wants to get in and out before Royalty comes calling, Gordo!

[Watson quickly makes his way out of the ring as the TV champion climbs in, handing the TV title off to referee Johnny Jagger. Bryant is shucking himself out of a robe when suddenly, Wilpon rushes him from behind, driving a forearm into his back!]

[DING, DING, DING!]

GM: Jackie Wilpon is wasting no time here, jumping on the champion before he's even out of his ring robe!

BW: Hah! Better grow those eyes in the back of your head, champ, you're gonna need 'em!

[Wilpon throws a few more shots into the lower back of Bryant, who slumps into the corner, the ring attendant quickly yanking his robe out of the ring.]

GM: Has Wilpon hurt the champion here, Bucky? It wouldn't be that hard to knot up a muscle in the back with one of those shots!

[Wilpon apparently believes he's done some real damage, because he steps back, turning around and raising both arms, being met by mostly jeers from the crowd. Wilpon turns around to go back on the attack --]

[CRACK!]

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING! So much for the champion being hurt! Johnny Jagger is quickly down for the one, two, and three!

[DING, DING, DING!]

[As Phil Watson walks to the center of the ring to announce the winner, the TV champion intercepts him, taking the microphone from his hand and ushering Watson to the ropes. Watson looks a bit confused but steps out, leaving Bryant center-ring, mic in hand.]

DB: Sorry about that, Phil, and you too, Wilpon, but I needed an excuse to be in this ring again tonight and I needed this microphone live.

[Bryant walks over to the corner, retrieving the TV title belt and slinging it over his shoulder.]

DB: People have been asking me all kinds of questions for two weeks now, and while I suppose standing in the back with Jason Dane and letting him ask those questions again on behalf of all of you would've been the polite thing to do, I'm not exactly notorious for my overwhelming politeness, so here I stand...prepared to answer the question I've been asked the most.

[Bryant aims the microphone around, not catching anything in particular except one particularly loud, "Why?"]

DB: That's the question, folks. "Why?" There are a few versions, like why would I help a man who's been a thorn in my side for nearly a year, why would I put my foot in it against Royalty, against four people that I know are willing to do whatever it takes to win, whatever it takes to avenge an embarrassing moment, but those aren't the most important versions.

[Bryant looks down for a moment, shaking his head.]

DB: The why I have to answer is, "Why did you wait until Royalty broke Glenn Hudson's leg to get back in the ring?"

[Bryant pauses, as if he doesn't know the answer already.]

DB: ...I don't even have an excuse. I stood there, at the top of the aisle as people with more courage than I ran straight into that Royalty buzzsaw, willing to sacrifice themselves to try to save Hudson. I stood there, wrestling with something I've never really felt in all of the years of my career -- guilt. I felt it while Hudson was getting beaten up, I felt it more when Royalty rung up every soul that tried to run in and save a man they respected, even admired, and when I heard that sound, that horrible grinding snap of human bone breaking, it was just too much. It was too damn much, even for a miserable bastard like me.

[A glint comes into Bryant's eye.]

DB: Glenn Hudson is the closest thing I've ever had to an actual friend, in the ring and out, and we could barely stand to be around each other unless it was to find out which of us was truly the best. He and I came into the AWA with the same thought, a similar mindset -- the difference being that Glenn had the respect of his peers, and I threw any chance I had of that away over a decade ago.

[Bryant reaches up, patting the TV title.]

DB: I thought this could earn me some of that respect back, so I swore I'd do whatever it took to win it -- and whatever it took to keep it. After the first time I fought Hudson for it, though, a glimmer of something else, something I haven't really known for a long time, started to shine. I suddenly wanted more than a physical token to show the world that I still have what it takes to make it in this business, I wanted respect.

I wanted it from somebody, anybody, so when the time came to defend this against Hudson the first time, I made sure it was in an environment where no matter the result, its memory would be etched in the minds of everyone who saw it forever -- the AWA's very first ladder match. I wanted a memorable moment, something that in years down the road might even be referred to as legendary, and I don't think there's anybody sitting out here in these seats right now that would disagree that Glenn Hudson and I delivered that moment. For one night, we both lived up to all the potential we've ever had, we left every single bit of ourselves in that ring, and in the end...

[Bryant trails off briefly.]

DB: In the end, I took the low road. We both poured our hearts and souls into that match, left our blood and sweat on that mat and I almost ruined it all by knocking that man damn near out with a roll of silver dollars.

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Hudson wasn't having that, though. That silver dollar we traded, that was our little inside joke, a symbol of the fact that while we weren't really friends in the sense that most people would describe it, there was mutual respect. Oh, there was no way I'd give Hudson what he wanted easily afterwards, and you might think that if I truly respected him I wouldn't have weaseled out of facing him as often as I did, but...well, a leopard doesn't change its spots that easily. Hudson didn't know it then, and I have no idea if he's watching this now, but if so, Glenn, I wish like hell I had gotten in there earlier, and I wish you could be standing here right now so the two of us could show those Royalty clowns how to really fight dirty, but I failed. I locked up because I wasn't expecting to give a damn that you were getting destroyed in here, and it took the sound of your leg breaking to snap me out of it.

[Bryant seems about to speak again when the sound of "The Professional" by Leon rings out over the PA system to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: It looks like Dave Bryant's about to have company out here.

[After a few moments, Dave Cooper walks out through the curtain, mic in hand.]

DC: Touching, Dave. It truly is. It really reaches right through my chest and touches my heart to hear about how you and Glenn Hudson survived working in flea markets and cow pattie-covered rodeogrounds in South

Laredo to become bosom buddies. How you formed some kind of friendship while breaking each other apart in a ladder match. And how, at the end of it all, you were willing to stare down the most powerful group in this industry in an attempt to win the respect of...

[Cooper shakes his head.]

DC: Who? These fans?

[The fans predictably cheer.]

DC: The locker room? You really give a damn what a fat goof like Sweet Daddy Williams thinks of you? Do you think you even register on the radar of the egomaniacs in there like Vasquez and Stevie Scott? I'll answer that for you, Dave... you don't. They couldn't care less about you.

[Cooper holds up a finger.]

DC: But that's one major area where I differ from them. Unlike them, Dave, I DO care about you. I care about you...

...because I want to be the one to beat you for that World Television Title.

[Cooper smirks.]

DC: You see, there's no jealousy in Royalty. I stand there in the locker room watching Brad and Kenny polish up those belts. I watch Calisto use the belt in every bar and club we go into to get a stream of ladies up to his hotel room. I watch... and I'm proud of them.

But not as proud as they're going to be of me when I take that World Television Title from around your waist...

[He gestures to his waist.]

DC: And put it around mine.

[Cooper chuckles.]

DC: So, how about we make this official, Dave? The World Title's going to be on the line at Unholy War. The World Tag Team Titles are going to be on the line at Unholy War.

It seems only fitting to me that the World Television Title is as well.

[Bryant, who stood in silence while listening to all this, raises the mic.]

DB: Sweet mercy, I had to listen to all of that to get to the challenge. Why didn't you just say so to begin with?

[The crowd laughs to Cooper's annoyance.]

DB: You want a shot at me? At this?

[He slaps the TV Title belt over his shoulder.]

DB: You've been saying my name for a real long time, Cooper. Seems about time that I answered the call. So, you got your shot, Cooper.

[Big cheer!]

DB: But just believe me here and now when I tell you that at Unholy War, I'm coming to answer your call...

[Bryant grins.]

DB: ...but you sure as hell won't be able to answer mine.

[Another big cheer as Bryant drops the mic.]

GM: The World Television Title will be on the line as well! Unholy War is turning into one of the biggest nights of the year, fans! And Jason Dane is in the Control Center to tell us all about it. Jason, take it away!

[We crossfade to the sea of television monitors that can only mean that the Control Center is coming. Fade to the Unholy War logo with Jason Dane standing there.]

JD: Unholy War is coming on Monday, September 2nd, to the Chaifetz Arena in St. Louis, Missouri! There are a handful of tickets left but if you can't be there live, make sure you're watching live right here on WKIK to see all of the action!

Let's talk about this lineup. I know you're all waiting to hear my exclusive interview with AWA President O'Connor in just a few moments but before we get there, let's talk about the rest of the show...

[The graphic changes to read WARGAMES.]

JD: WarGames is coming! Five on five in that double cage where you can only win by submission! We now know the full teams for both sides. For the Unholy Alliance, it'll be Nenshou, Tully Brawn, Johnny Detson, Rick Marley, and Daniel Tyler taking on Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Luke Kinsey, Brian Von Braun, and Supernova! What a war it's going to be and you do NOT want to miss it!

[Crossfade to a graphic showing the World Tag Team Titles.]

JD: We saw the contract signing earlier tonight so now it's official. The Blonde Bombers will put the titles on the line against Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines. And at ringside, Larry Doyle will be handcuffed to Justin Gaines to keep the interference to a minimum!

[The graphic changes to show the World Television Title.]

JD: We just heard it announced. Dave Bryant puts the TV Title on the line when he takes on Dave Cooper in singles action!

[A new graphic reads "GRUDGE MATCH!"]

JD: It'll be six man tag team action when the Lynch Brothers - Jack, James, and Travis - taking on the Beale Street Bullies of Robert Donovan, Adam Rogers, and Dick Wyatt!

[The graphic changes again to show the Unholy War logo.]

JD: Two newcomers will collide when Curt Sawyer takes on Porter Crowley in one-on-one action!

[A graphic showing the entire Shane Gang appears.]

JD: The Shane Gang has quite the night cut out for them when Donnie White takes on Shadoo Rage, The Ring Workers take on The Rave in a Wyldestyling Challenge, and Terry Shane meets Hannibal Carver in a No Escape Challenge.

[The shot fades back to Jason with the Unholy War logo.]

JD: It's a jam-packed show of action and there's still one final match to announce. Mr. O'Connor, can you hear me?

[The shot changes to a split screen with Jason on one side and AWA President Karl O'Connor on the other.]

KOC: Indeed I can, Jason. It's been an exciting night of action and I'm glad I could be here to shed some light on the controversial start to tonight's show.

JD: Controversy indeed. I'm going to make this very simple for you, sir. Who won the Battle Royal?

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: I'll tell you, Jason. I watched the ending to that match several times... from several different angles... in slow motion and normal speed. I spoke to the two officials.

JD: And?

KOC: And I find the result to be completely inconclusive.

[Dane's jaw drops.]

JD: Inconclusive?! What does... what does that mean for Unholy War? Who will face Calisto Dufresne for the World Title?

[O'Connor shrugs.]

KOC: Well, the way I look at it, Jason... we've got two winners of the Battle Royal.

JD: Two winners?

KOC: Sure. If the last man standing is the winner and we had two "last men standing," then we have two winners in my book.

JD: But if we have two winners...

KOC: Then we have two challengers for the World Heavyweight Title at Unholy War, that's right.

[Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: I'm not sure I understand.

[O'Connor chuckles.]

KOC: Caught you a little bit offguard for once?

JD: You certainly have.

KOC: Let's make it real clear then. At Unholy War, on Labor Day, Calisto Dufresne will defend the World Title against two men... Supreme Wright and MAMMOTH Maximus... in a Triangle Match. A series of singles matches where to win the title, you have to be the first man to beat BOTH of your opponents!

[Dane's jaw drops again.]

JD: Are you saying that in order to keep the title at Unholy War, Calisto Dufresne has to defeat MAMMOTH Maximus AND Supreme Wright?

KOC: That's right.

JD: And if Supreme Wright is going to win the World Title...

KOC: He has to defeat Calisto Dufresne AND MAMMOTH Maximus. And if Maximus wants the title, he's gotta beat Wright AND Dufresne.

JD: That's... that's huge! Two victories in the same night - in the same match - to win the World Title?! The title... NO title in AWA history has ever been defended like this!

KOC: There's a first time for everything, right? And at Unholy War, we're going to see this "first time" make history with the World Heavyweight Title on the line.

[As O'Connor grins, we slowly fade to black.]

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops 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.

The shot blurs out, taking on an unusual sepia tone...then blurs in on an old man sitting at the foot of an old west hangman's gallows.

The cadaverous man wears the same ensemble as he did in his last appearance: a black suit and rounded wide brimmed hat that went out of style in the late 1800's. His bulbous eyes look into the camera under a knit brow as he sternly shakes his head.]

"Now last tahm I spoke to this here camera, Ah do believe that Ah issued a warnin' to ya'll. I tole you that the unmitigated lawlessness that was spillin' outta the fahn folks here in the AWA...well...that it just couldn't be allowed ta continue.

That there's an answer to it, mah friends...a simple, brutal answer."

[He slowly comes to his feet, his joints obviously stiff from a combination of age and lack of movement.]

"We have heroes dancin' to the tunes laid out by devils.

We have gangs runnin' amok.

We have evil runnin' loose, unchecked an' embraced on all sides...even after mah grave warnin'.

It appears that what we've got heah...is failure...to communicate.

Ah've try'd ta reach out to you men. I've done my Christian best...but I'm afraid that you're beyond mah reach...beyond the reach of my good words...which leaves me only once choice, and only one choice.

Ah'm forced ta tell you that your judgement day is comin'...and it's comin' soon."

[The camera pans slowly up to the gallows, backlight by the setting sun out over the prairie. Standing at the top is a dark figure, silhouette by the setting sun. He stands impossibly tall in the outline of his duster and wide brimmed cowboy hat...the camera travels up to his shoulder...then down the length of his right arm, where the rope with the noose dangles.]

"An may Gawd have mercy on your souls...because The Hangman won't."

[As we fade back in from commercial, the camera is panning around the crowd as it is unleashing a loud barrage of jeers. As the camera continues to pan around, we see why. In the center of the ring stands the AWA World Heavyweight Champion "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne, the enforcer Dave Cooper and the World Tag Team Champions the Blonde Bombers alongside the boisterous Larry Doyle. Dufresne is clad in a gray vest with matching slacks, a white collared shirt underneath the vest. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders as he pats the AWA World Championship lovingly. Dave Cooper is dressed in blue jeans and wears a black T-shirt that has pictures of Sultan Azam Sharif and Glenn Hudson, each with red X's across them, and words underneath in white lettering: "ANOTHER ADDED TO THE HIT LIST." The Bombers and Doyle have yet to change clothes from the contract signing earlier. Doyle brings the microphone to his lips and begins.]

LD: They say that there is a time and a place for everything. We say to get out your alarm clocks... get out your calendars... and set your reminders because on September the 2nd in St. Louis, Missouri, the time and place for the wrestling world to realize that there is only ONE standard of excellence in this business. And it is not the Unholy Alliance... it is not the Beale Street Bullies... it is not Chris Blue and the Hangers-On... it's not even these so-called mysterious Wise Men...

It is Royalty.

[Doyle hands the microphone over to Dufresne, who soaks up the "cheers" from his "throngs of adoring fans", also known as boos before beginning.]

CD: We tried to tell you people. We tried to tell you months ago, that Royalty was not to be trifled with. We tried to tell you that we planned on a monopoly of the gold in this organization. We tried to tell you that Dave Cooper would be wearing the Television Title around his waist before you knew it.

[A shake of the head.]

CD: But you ignored us. Dave Bryant ignored us. Glenn Hudson ignored us. We had to make an example out of him, and we'll make an example out of anyone else who gets in our way. We keep hearing that a storm is coming to the AWA. The storm isn't coming...

...Hurricane Royalty is already here.

[Dufresne hands the mic off to Dave Cooper.]

DC: And two victims have been claimed -- one named Sharif, the other named Hudson. Come Unholy War on Labor Day, I'll be more than happy to have to buy a new t-shirt.

[Cooper gestures at the front of his shirt with Royalty's "victims" on it, chuckling as he hands the mic back to Larry Doyle.]

LD: The AWA owes us a great deal although I suspect they'll never pay the piper. It is Royalty who saved the AWA from having to live through months and months more of James Monosso, the cripple that he is, hobbling and wincing his way through every defense of the World Title.

It is Royalty who is somehow making Gunnar Gaines relevant in 2013!

[Doyle chuckles as Stanton leans over to say something to him.]

LD: And in just nine days, it's Royalty who will take the World Television Title from being defended against the likes of Sweet Daddy Williams and Yuma Weaver and elevate it to heights that likes of which you've never seen before!

[Doyle laughs loudly as he tosses the mic to the World Champion who slaps the title belt over his shoulder.]

CD: It appears I finally have an opponent for Unholy War in just nine days' time. Scratch that, I've got two opponents because the AWA is so desperate to see someone - anyone - else with the World Title around their waist, they're sending TWO challengers after me. And now the entire world will tune in because they think that even the great Calisto Dufresne can't defeat two men to keep his title.

Of course, they'd be dead wrong.

[Dufresne cackles before continuing.]

CD: Maximus, Wright... in just nine days, it'll be the biggest night of your life. You're jumping in the ring with the best this business has to offer. I've been headlining shows for the better part of a decade; this is just another day at the office for Calisto Dufresne...

...Unfortunately for you, it'll be a day you wish to forget.

[Dufresne tosses the microphone to Cooper.]

DC: And here it is...

[He gestures to his comrades.]

DC: This is the kind of moment I envisioned in my head when I said goodbye and good riddance to Eric Matthew Somers... when I thanked the stars that Joe Petrow had finally written a check that his body couldn't cash... and when I made the decision to ensure that Mark Langseth would NEVER see the inside of a wrestling ring again.

[Cooper grins.]

DC: It's moments like this... and it's nights like Unholy War. We walk into Unholy War carrying two championships and we will walk out carrying three.

As for the rest of the AWA? I can't even promise you that they'll be walking when it's all said and done... but I can promise you that at Homecoming... at one of the biggest nights of the year... at the 100th edition of this very show... a historic night that will be remembered forever...

That's when Royalty will climb the mountaintop to look down on our kingdom. We'll see the wrecked remains of the Unholy Alliance. We'll see the destruction that struck Vasquez and his merry men. We'll see bloodied and broken bodies from the Shane Gang, the Bullies, the Lynches, and everyone else.

We'll look down on everyone because we're Royalty... and that's what we do best.

[Cooper drops the mic as the music kicks in for the group. We stay on them for a bit, watching them raise one another's arms before we crossfade down to ringside.]

GM: Royalty has spoken a lot tonight about being disrespected, about being ignored by the front office and the fans. I promise you, gentlemen, no one is ignoring Royalty.

BW: But?

GM: But what?

BW: But instead of talking about the three title matches involving Royalty at Unholy War, what are you about to talk about?

[Gordon grimaces, pausing a few moments before continuing.]

GM: Fans, as promised, we will be taking you in moments to a videotaped announcement from Percy Childes. Percy has been told by medical professionals to take some time away from action, due to his excessive blood loss.

[Bucky chuckles at Gordon ignoring Royalty to hype WarGames for a couple moments before getting serious.]

BW: Excessive? Daddy, he needed the Red Cross, the Blue Cross, and the plain Cross just to survive what Anton Layton did! He needed five transfusions and a half-pound of bone marrow! He...

GM: Thank you for the absurd exaggeration.

BW: It's true! I visited him in the hospital yesterday, and there were tubes everywhere! He looked like Freddie Kruger... no, worse, he looked like Supernova without his face paint!

GM: He was discharged from the hospital well over a week ago.

BW: Oh. I, uh, guess that's why he had that really confused look. And why the doctors kept tryin' to pull me out of the room.

GM: *sigh* Let's go to the footage.

[We cut to a videotaped segment from the office of Percy Childes.

We've seen this room before; it is decked out like a library. Various tomes line the walls, which are done in mahogany shelving and vivid navy-and-red trim. Various display pieces show off artifacts of many kinds, from all over the world. A large antique desk sits at one wall... it has two monitors connected to a docked laptop, along with various office knick-knacks and necessities.

Behind the desk sits Percy Childes. The "Collector Of Oddities" is wearing a black jacket, red undershirt, navy blue tie... and a white-and-gold Pharoah mask. And behind him stands the black-cloaked figure of Nenshou. Childes sits leaning forward, glaring into the camera in a gaze that barely even blinks through the course of his message.]

PC: You'll forgive me for not wishing to show my scars in public at this time. They are still quite unsightly.

As I awoke in intensive care on the morning of August 11, I was shown the terrible damage done to me by Anton Layton. I came to learn of the terrible damage done to my nephew, Steven. Juan Vasquez came to gloat, of course. And as I saw his disingenuous apology to my nephew, calculated solely to twist the dagger in his heart, I came to a very stern realization.

This...

[Percy points to the mask.]

PC: ...is the high cost of victory.

We have exposed all of the heroes for what they are. And now the AWA has no alternative but to cease protecting them. Yes, it came as no surprise that Anton was not disciplined for destroying my face, and attempting to do the same to my nephew's career. Possibly succeeding, from early indications. I have many enemies in the front office who no doubt reveled in the destruction caused by Anton Layton. But in so doing, they have exposed themselves. They have confirmed the truth in everything I have ever said about them. About the sport of wrestling itself. They will forever favor the fan favorites. No crime is too horrible to be forgiven them, and do not think that because it was Anton Layton who did the deed, that the ones who let him off the leash are not to blame. The AWA itself is culpable, for their refusal to discipline anyone for this states that they consent to the action.

This... is not wise.

And so it is victory. We have already won, because we have leveled the playing field. Your actions will frighten the corporate sponsors, the money will be jeopardized, and the free pass that men such as you gain for yourselves will be revoked. My scars are a small price to pay for such a victory.

But... BUT.

Vasquez, I have never yet taken anything you have done personally. No, you are a liar and a user of men. You lied to me and betrayed me, then you proceeded to raise a force to stop me, and then you unleashed your dog on me. I can fault none of these things, for I would do them myself. But now, everything has changed. Not for what Layton did to me. Not even for what he did to my nephew, though he will pay for that in such profound ways that he will beg for Satan to come and take him to an easier place.

No. when you came to this hospital and mocked Steven Childe, when you apologized for the things you had done with the lies in your heart... just to crush his spirit... that is when it became personal. My nephew, Steven Childe, may well never wrestle again; the break in his femur was... not a clean one. Another generation of the Childe family falls to treachery. It seems our lot. But then Juan Vasquez came, on behalf of his Immorals, and had the nerve to twist the knife in Steven's darkest hour.

Understand this. This is no longer about dominance over the AWA. I already have that. This is about crushing you all, in every way in which a man can be crushed. Physically. Financially. Emotionally. Spiritually. I will not rest until it is done. Juan Vasquez. Stevie Scott. Supernova. Luke Kinsey. Brian Von Braun. Anton Layton. Time will pass, and the heat of rage will fade. My Unholy Alliance has spent this week ridding themselves of the uselessness of hot anger. That will not do, for it is the cold rage that cuts the deepest. The cold, controlled, deliberate rage that we will carry for years.

Some of you will not survive WarGames. We will do our utmost to cripple you all. But realistically, I understand that some of you will make it through WarGames, I am certain. And time will pass, and urgent matters will gain our attention. But I will never forget this. I will never forgive this. And whenever you least expect it, I will strike. I will strike you. I will strike your loved ones. I will strike your fans. Controlled. Deliberate. I will wait for my moment, and you will be ruined. Again. And again. And again.

It will become my hobby.

The AWA requires me to announce my team for War Games. The lineup is obvious: Nenshou. Rick Marley. Johnny Detson. Tully Brawn. Daniel Tyler. The Unholy Alliance.

We are not there to win the match. We are there to win the war. And we will do so, for our rage will be controlled. Deliberate. And tempered with wisdom.

[Childe ends there, as the scene returns to the arena where there's a serious buzz in the air.]

GM: I... quite frankly, I'm a little bit speechless after what we just heard from Percy Childe, Bucky.

BW: Percy Childe is not a man to mess with. I've gotten to know Percy pretty well since his time here in the AWA and... well, when he feels wronged - whether real or perceived - it can be a very dangerous situation. I think that's what we're in right now. A lot of people would just be feeding the hype machine when they promised to never forget what happened two weeks ago. Not Percy. He means it. If he has to wait a year, three years, five years, a decade... he'll wait. He'll bide his time and he'll wait for his moment.

GM: I think you're right. I think that's exactly what he'll do.

[Suddenly, the crowd bursts into cheers. A quick cut to the aisleway shows Brian Von Braun walking down the aisle with purpose, dressed in blue jeans, heavy work boots, and with his hands taped up to mid-forearm. He rolls right under the ropes, turning immediately towards the entrance where he starts waving a hand...]

GM: Brian Von Braun is here and he's ready for his fight!

[Von Braun paces back and forth in the ring, waiting for the arrival of Anton Layton.]

GM: Von Braun's looking to take out Layton here tonight for what Layton did two weeks ago to Stevie Childe and what he did to Juan Vasquez earlier tonight.

BW: He wanted a fight, Gordo. No ref, no rules.

[The deafening, ear-splitting sound of women screaming and shrieking fills the air. Von Braun nods, leaning over his taped hands on his thighs, waving with both hands towards the entrance...]

...when suddenly Anton Layton comes over the railing, snatching something off the timekeeper's table as he rolls in!]

GM: Layton's in! He's behind Von Braun!

[Layton winds up with the ringbell in his hands...]

...and SMASHES it down between the shoulderblades of Von Braun, knocking him down to his knees. The Prince of Darkness circles around him, lifting the bell over his head again...]

GM: He's gonna crown BVB with the bell and- ohh! BVB goes downstairs!

[A right hand to the gut causes Layton to drop the bell as Von Braun gets up, throwing a knee to the midsection. He grabs a loose side headlock, smashing his fist repeatedly into the eye of Layton, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: Layton's made himself a world's worth of enemies in the very short period of time he's been back in the AWA and I'm not sure if even he can handle all of them.

BW: The Unholy Alliance will be out to get him... now Vasquez, Von Braun, Kinsey and the rest too? Layton's days in the wrestling business may be numbered unless he can find something... someone... to get his back.

[Dragging Layton up by the hair, Von Braun hurls him through the ropes out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Von Braun sends him down to the floor... and he's coming out after him!

BW: And this is why he wanted a fight and not a wrestling match, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is.

[Leaning down, Von Braun pulls a thick electrical cord off the mat, looping it around Layton's throat!]

GM: He's choking him! Strangling him with that cable!

[Layton grabs the cord, trying to struggle against the chokehold when Von Braun shoves him down to the floor. He walks away, moving to the timekeeper's table...

...and yanks it out of position, dragging it towards Layton.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Von Braun may be trying to take this thing to the extreme!

[Grabbing Layton by his bright blond hair, Von Braun SLAMS his head down onto the table. Gritting his teeth, Von Braun shoves Layton up on the table before grabbing the ropes, dragging himself up on the apron...]

GM: What the heck is Von Braun doing!?

BW: He's gonna put him through the table! He's-

[The arrival of a referee puts a stop to the action as Davis Warren puts himself between Von Braun and Layton.]

GM: Von Braun's arguing with Davis Warren! Where the heck did Warren come from and what the heck is he doing?!

[Layton rolls off the table during the argument, throwing a taped right hand into the midsection of Von Braun. He reaches up, grabbing a handful of trunks...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SLAMMED HIM OFF THE APRON!!

[The Prince of Darkness leans against the apron, grabbing the bottom rope as he stomps the hell out of Von Braun on the floor...

...and then spins around, flipping the wooden table over on top of Von Braun!]

GM: Oh! Layton's incensed out here!

[Layton picks the wooden table up off Von Braun...

...and then SWINGS it down onto Von Braun's knee!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: I just thought of something, Gordo. We talked earlier about Ryan Martinez risking his shot at the World Tag Team Titles by taking that match against Sadisuto, right?

GM: Sure.

BW: Von Braun's taking the same chance out here with Layton. With just nine days to go before Unholy War, what happens if Von Braun gets injured?

GM: That's a heck of a point, Bucky. I hadn't really thought about that.

BW: The interesting part of it is... if Von Braun can't compete in WarGames, does Layton get the call?

GM: No chance. Not a single, solitary chance.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

[Layton leans down, ripping the padding off the floor to expose the hardwood floors underneath.]

GM: Layton's pulled back the mats! He's exposed the floorboards here in the Municipal Auditorium!

[The Prince of Darkness grabs Von Braun off the floor, dragging him over towards the exposed wood floor. He tugs him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going to DDT him on the floor! He's-

[Von Braun suddenly straightens up, holding Layton around the torso...

...and DROPS him facefirst on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Layton promptly rolls to his back, blood pouring out of his nose as Von Braun climbs to his feet, putting the boots to Layton again. He leans down, dragging Layton to his feet and chucking him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Von Braun puts him back in... and he's going in after him!

[Rolling in, Von Braun grabs Anton Layton by the ankle, giving a shout...]

GM: He's going for the Von Braun Leglock! He's going to try and break the leg of Layton!

[Von Braun does the spinning toe hold, ready to hook in the figure four...

...when suddenly Daniel Tyler is in the ring, steel chair in hand!]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Tyler's big swing of the steel chair knocks Von Braun to his back, clutching his leg. Tyler shouts something at Von Braun as he rears back with the chair again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[He rears back again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: TYLER'S TRYING TO AVENGE HIS PARTNER! HE'S TRYING TO BREAK THE LEG OF-

[With Von Braun screaming in pain, Supernova, Luke Kinsey, and Stevie Scott come tearing down the aisle with Juan Vasquez, his head heavily wrapped in blood-stained white tape, bringing up the rear. Tyler ditches the chair, rolling to the floor as the fan favorites reach the ring!]

GM: Daniel Tyler came out of nowhere, hit the knee about four times with that steel chair, and then made a run for it. Tyler may have broken Von Braun's leg in retaliation for what Von Braun did to his tag team partner two weeks ago...

[A quick cut to Anton Layton who is sitting in the corner, cackling madly at the scene in front of him...

...and then a second cut shows Tyler joining up with Johnny Detson, Rick Marley, Tully Brawn, and Nenshou at the top of the aisle. They stand in the aisle, staring down at the fan favorites for several moments as the crowd roars with anticipation!]

GM: HERE WE GO! THIS IS IT!

[The Unholy Alliance comes marching down the aisle towards the ring, diving in. The Immortals come to meet them, fists at the ready...]

GM: WE'RE OUT OF TIME! WE'LL SEE YOU IN ST. LOUIS! IT'S TIME FOR WAAAAAAR!

[As the brawl breaks out, we abruptly fade to black.]

Tentative Heat Wave schedule

September 2 - Unholy War - St. Louis, Missouri

September 14 - AWA Homecoming - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

September 28 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

October 12 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

October 26 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

November 9 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

November 28 - SuperClash V - Venue TBD