

Saturday Night Wrestling Homecoming

September 14th, 2013

Crockett Coliseum

[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 the exterior of the Crockett Coliseum, a converted warehouse on the outskirts of Dallas, Texas. Big steel letters with the name of the building stand tall over the entrance a giant gleaming marquee that reads "AWA HOMECOMING" in large black print. There are still lines of fans streaming into the building as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard over the footage.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen of the AWA faithful... WE! ARE! HOME! For the first time since the end of May, the AWA has returned to our hometown here in Dallas, Texas... to the wildest joint in the Southern States, the Crockett Coliseum... for another jam-packed edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling... a historic edition at that, Bucky!

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

BW: That's right, daddy! Not only is this the event we've come to know every year as Homecoming, our first night back in Dallas after the Heat Wave tour, but it's also the 100th edition of this very show!

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

GM: 99 episodes ago, Bucky and I took to the airwaves to welcome you all to the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. It was March 15th, 2008 at the WKIK Studios right down the street from us in downtown Dallas... and on that night as we came on the air, I said it was my great honor and privilege to be the very first person to utter a word on the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling and it is equally my great honor and privilege to do the exact same thing here tonight.

[One side of the building houses a small entrance stage with a long elevated wooden platform that leads the distance to the ring. We can also spot an elevated interview platform off to the side of the stage.]

A cut down to ringside shows the timekeeper's table before the cameraman rounds the corner to find Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in front of the announce table. Myers, the Dean of professional wrestling announcing, is standing in a plain salt and pepper sportscoat, black slacks, white dress shirt, and a stars and strips flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern Manager of the Year, is in a bright red sportscoat, royal purple dress slacks, bright white 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: On that night, we also said that for the first time in well over a decade, real professional wrestling had made its return... its home right here in the Lone Star State of Texas and while we've journeyed across the United States from coast to coast over the past five years, we've always found our way home - right here to Dallas where the best fans in the world have gathered time and time again to see all the stars of the AWA galaxy at their finest. And tonight is no different. We are just over ten days removed from Unholy War, one of the wildest nights in memory here in the AWA, and the entire locker room is buzzing over some of what went down that night in St. Louis.

BW: Not to mention the medical staff who had to wheel a whole lot of bodies out of that building, Gordo. The backstage area looked like a natural disaster had gone through there when we left.

GM: We'll be talking all about it throughout the night but right now, let's get things started by heading down to the ring for our opening matchup!

[Crossfade to the ring where we're used to seeing the smiling face of Phil Watson but not on this night when the AWA pays tribute to the past.]

BW: Hey!

GM: It's Melissa Cannon! Back for one night only!

[A beaming Melissa Cannon waves to the cheering fans, standing in a gorgeous white gown that drapes down to the mat.]

MC: Thank you.

[Another big cheer!]

MC: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Philadelphia, P-A... weighing in at 243 pounds... the South Philly Phighter!

[Jeers abound for the Phighter as he hops up to the midbuckle to berate the fans. Dressed in a stained, now off-white "Dallas Sucks" t-shirt and an

equally stained pair of jeans with holes in them... not trendy holes mind you... holes that come from years of use. He's chomping on an unlit cigar as he hops back down, waving a hand with disgust at the booing fans.]

GM: The Phighter is far from the most popular man in the building.

BW: Hey, it's football season and the only thing Cowboys fans hate more than Tony Romo is hearing the truth about how bad their team is.

GM: I see.

[Melissa raises the mic to continue.]

MC: And his opponent...

[The Marine Corps Anthem blares over the PA to a big reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Alright! Stars And Stripes Forever!

[The cheers get louder as Clayton Shaw comes busting through the curtain, a big grin on his face as he waves the Stars And Stripes back and forth on a wooden flagpole.]

MC: From the Heart of America... weighing in at 262 pounds...

"STARS AND STRIPES"... CLAAAAAAYTONNN SHAAAAAAAAAAW!

[Shaw is all smiles as he marches down the aisle, waving the flag back and forth. Upon reaching ringside, he hands it off to a ringside attendant, taking the time to salute the flag before pulling himself up on the ring apron.]

GM: It's been a couple of months since we've last seen Clayton Shaw in action in the AWA ring but on this special night when we're saluting the last 99 episodes of this show, it's great to have a man who was on the very first show in the house!

[Shaw steps through the ropes in his American flag tanktop, pointing a finger at the Phighter who is pacing back and forth. The All-American is also wearing blue trunks with white stripes and bright red boots as he tugs the top rope, staying loose for the match to come.]

GM: Clayton Shaw looks to have lost a few pounds since the last time we saw him in action... put on a little more muscle if that's even possible.

[Shaw nods to the official, Marty Meekly, who checks to make sure the South Philly Phighter is ready for action as well... and then signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! The opening matchup here on SNW 100!

[The two men come together in a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring, jockeying for position for a few moments before Shaw muscles him back into the ropes...

...and then steps back, popping the Phighter with a right hand on the jaw that drops the Philly native to a big cheer!]

GM: Well, that wasn't a clean break but it definitely was effective.

[The Phighter rolls under the ropes to the safety of the ring apron which quickly proves to not be so safe as Shaw reaches over the ropes, dragging the Phighter off the canvas...

...and scoops him up, throwing him down to the mat with a bodyslam!]

GM: Big slam by Stars And Stripes!

[Shaw pumps a fist to a big reaction from the crowd as the Phighter struggles to get up to his feet...

...and gets dropped with a running clothesline!]

GM: Nice clothesline out of Clayton Shaw, a long-time veteran here in our sport. A man who came out of the armed forces and went right into the wrestling ring!

BW: I've known Clayton Shaw for over a decade now, Gordo. He's been one of the biggest stars in the South for years but just never seems to catch a break here in the AWA.

GM: Any thoughts on why that might be?

BW: I think Shaw's been a big fish in a whole lot of really small ponds. All those Armories and Jewish Community Centers and Elks Lodges - he's a big star there. But when he gets under the big lights in the pressure cooker that is the AWA, he wilts.

[While the announcers discuss Shaw's history, the All-American backs the Phighter into the corner, lighting him up with a pair of hard forearms to the sternum. Shaw grabs the arm, firing him across...]

GM: The Phighter hits the corner... and in comes Shaw!

[The man from South Philly raises his leg, catching the incoming Shaw with a boot to the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Shaw ran right into the boot and- ohh! The Phighter drops him with a clothesline!

[The fans jeer as the brawler from Philly gets to his feet, stomping Clayton Shaw repeatedly, forcing him under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: The South Philly Phighter managed to turn the tide in this one with that boot in the corner and now Clayton Shaw finds himself in a whole heap of trouble out on the floor.

BW: And there's nothing the Phighter likes more than a street fight. He's going after him.

[Grabbing Shaw by the head, the Phighter pulls him off the ringside mats before slamming his skull into the ring apron.]

GM: Headfirst into the apron!

[The Phighter turns to shout at the front row fans before turning back to his opponent...

...and getting a hard back elbow into the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Elbow to the point of the chin!

[Shaw wheels around, uncorking a right hand to the jaw... and another... and another...]

GM: Shaw's firing back!

[But the Phighter lowers the boom with a knee to the gut followed by a double axehandle across the back that knocks Shaw back down to his knees on the floor.]

GM: The referee's count is up to five as the Phighter pulls Shaw up, shoving him under the ropes.

[The Phighter climbs up on the apron, turning to abuse the ringside fans some more to even more jeers.]

GM: Shaw's trying to get back up off the mat as the Phighter comes back in after him... Irish whip...

[Shaw hits the ropes, rebounding off towards the Phighter who attempts a backhand chop that Shaw ducks under, racing to the far ropes...]

GM: Shaw hits the far side as well, coming back hard...

[And leaves his feet, knocking the Phighter flat with a leaping shoulder tackle!]

GM: Oh my! Big flying tackle out of Clayton Shaw!

[Shaw climbs to his feet, gripping his hands together...]

GM: He's calling for it!

[Shaw yanks the Phighter from his knees into a cobra clutch...]

...and then pulls him off the mat, using his muscular arms to swing the Phighter around and around and around...]

GM: Stars And Stripes Forever!

[After about five rotations, the official spins to call for the bell as Shaw lets the Phighter go, dropping him roughly to the mat.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Shaw raises a hand in victory as Marty Meekly raises the other.]

GM: A nice victory here tonight for Clayton Shaw... and he’s coming out here to join us for some comments.

[The camera cuts to the ringside announce table where Gordon and Bucky have risen out of their chairs to greet “Stars And Stripes” who gives Gordon a big happy handshake while glaring at Bucky.]

GM: Clayton Shaw, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Shaw grins, a sheen of sweat on his forehead.]

CS: Thanks, Gordon.

GM: The last time we saw you-

[Shaw smiles, patting Gordon on the shoulder.]

CS: I was getting put down by Dave Cooper?

[A nod.]

CS: Yeah, that guy’s tough. Real tough. Heck, I thought he was gonna walk out of Unholy War with the World Television Title over his shoulder... but Dave Bryant’s a real tough veteran too. The TV Title scene is red hot, Gordon.

GM: It certainly is... but what brings you back to Saturday Night Wrestling?

[Shaw drapes an arm on Gordon’s shoulder.]

CS: Gordon, you say that like I’d really miss a party like this.

[Shaw beams as the crowd cheers.]

CS: I was sitting at home, resting up some injuries after that match with Cooper... and you know, when you get to be in the business as long as I’ve been in the business, you start to wonder if every match will be your last one. Cooper beat me up pretty good and made me really think about making that the last one, you know?

[The fans boo as Shaw smiles.]

CS: I appreciate that. I do. But this old body's seen some wars... literally if you count my time in the Corps. And I'm just not sure how much I've got left in the tank. But you better believe that when the AWA called and asked if I'd like to be on the 100th episode of Saturday Night Wrestling, I jumped in my car and got on that road one more time.

[Another big cheer!]

CS: This company means the world to me, Gordon. You and I... and even Bucky there... we've all known each other a long time. We've run these roads in the South together for many years wondering if we'd ever get that big break. And I got my break thanks to the AWA. They took a guy who'd never amounted for more than putting a thousand or so butts in the seats and put the national spotlight on him.

[Shaw nods, looking a bit sad.]

CS: And I wanted one more chance to come out here and tell the boys in the back... the guys in the office... Jon, Todd, Bobby... I appreciate everything you've all done for me.

[He points to the crowd.]

CS: You people are my family. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me and I just couldn't-

[Suddenly, the sounds to the Theme To Halloween explodes over the PA system to one of the largest shocked reactions you'll ever hear.]

GM: What the...?

[Shaw looks puzzled at the music being played.]

GM: Fans, give us just a moment here. That music can only mean the arrival of one...

[Nope.]

GM: Oh, come on.

[The crowd's excited buzz quickly turns into overwhelming boos at the sight of someone much different than they expected walking down the aisle. Dressed all in black with his long hair slicked down and tied back in a ponytail, the arrival of Eric Preston does not please the AWA faithful... especially during a moment like this.]

GM: Eric Preston! Eric Preston, you need to leave right now! You have absolutely no business being out here and-

[Arriving at ringside, Preston snatches the mic away from Gordon Myers, cutting him off.]

EP: Gordon Myers, how DARE you say that I have no business being out here? I have every right to be out here because I've come to say goodbye... to a friend.

[Preston's disingenuous smile draws more jeers from the fans.]

EP: It's time for a history lesson! Because I know that the people of the "great" state of Texas have the attention span of a gnat, I also know that you need a reminder as to why I consider Clayton Shaw a friend.

Clayton Shaw helped train me to wrestle.

[Preston pauses for some mocking applause to the former Marine.]

EP: That's right. When I went to the Combat Corner to learn how to become the best wrestler in the world, there were days when Todd Michaelson just couldn't be bothered to show up. Maybe his back hurt... maybe Lori's Aunt Flo was visiting... I don't know! But what I do now is that when Michaelson didn't show, he'd send in a never-ending parade of his flunkies and sycophants to do his job for him.

Guys like Marcus Broussard.

[Big cheer for the first AWA National Champion!]

EP: Guys like Juan Vasquez.

[Another big cheer!]

EP: Even old relics from the past that people hadn't heard or seen from in years would work their way through the door to be a "guest trainer."

Which includes you, Clayton.

[Preston grins again.]

EP: The future of this sport. The men who will carry this industry into the next decade and beyond! Men like myself... like Skywalker Jones... like Aaron Anderson... like Supreme Wright... like... well, all those other burnouts who couldn't cut it.

We were being trained by a guy who just admitted he was a never-was until the AWA took pity on him.

[Shaw's glare burns a hole in Preston.]

EP: Todd Michaelson thought so highly of us... had such tremendous work ethic... that he shoved us into the lap of some ex-jarhead curtain jerker who was supposed to teach us how to be the future.

[Preston shakes his head with disgust.]

EP: I have nothing against you, Clayton Shaw. This isn't your fault. At the end of it all, you're just another cautionary tale like Monosso was.

But when you come out here on a night that's supposed to be historic...

[He turns to Gordon.]

EP: That was what the hype machine said, right? This was going to be a historic night?

[Gordon nods.]

EP: A historic night! Where we lead things off... by watching Clayton Shaw hang up his boots?

[Preston smirks.]

EP: Clayton, tell me true... do you really think anyone in this building gives a damn if you never wrestle again?

[Big cheer from the crowd! Shaw nods, pointing to them.]

EP: Do you really think the people watching at home give a damn if you never wrestle again?

[Another big cheer from the crowd! Preston looks around with disgust.]

EP: Maybe I was wrong, Clayton. Maybe they do care. So, I will leave you to your pity party with one closing thought...

[Preston leans closer, staring Shaw in the eyes.]

EP: Do you remember what happened to the last guy who stood out here and said he was retiring?

[Shaw's eyes go wide for a split second before Preston lunges forward, smashing the house mic in between the eyes of Clayton Shaw! Preston reaches out, shoving Gordon Myers aside, causing the veteran announcer to stumble backwards before Bucky Wilde prevents him from falling to the ground.]

Preston grabs the off-balance Shaw by the back of the head, SMASHING his skull into the wooden announce table. A second slam into the table actually knocks the entire table over, sending Shaw down to the floor. Preston stands over him, waving his hands for the crowd to jeer him which they do.]

GM: Fans, I can't- can anyone even hear me?

BW: I hear ya, Gordo.

GM: Thanks for the assist there, Bucky.

BW: You owe me.

GM: I certainly do... and on this historic night... on this emotional night for Clayton Shaw, Eric Preston has decided to spoil everything!

[Pulling Shaw off the floor, Preston swings him around and tosses him under the ropes into the ring. He slides under the bottom rope, climbing to a crouch as he eyes the stunned Shaw...]

BW: He's like some kind of a predator in there, just sizing up his prey and waiting to tear its throat out. This is a different Eric Preston than the kid who came out of the Combat Corner, Gordo. Things have changed him and changed him in really bad ways.

GM: He's a monster! A cruel, evil, and twisted son of a-

BW: Gordo!

[As Shaw pushes up to his knees, Preston rushes towards him, cracking him under the chin with a kneelift that snaps his head back, dropping him back down to the mat.]

GM: The kneelift that he used to call the Dream Machine connects but this is no dream, fans. This is a nightmare - plain and simple. Chris Blue is nowhere to be seen but you have to wonder if his fingerprints are on this.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. I get the feeling that NO ONE controls Eric Preston - not anymore.

GM: We'd all heard the rumors about how upset Preston was at being left off the Unholy War lineup but that's no reason for this. There IS no reason for something like this. The man was just trying to retire and walk out of here with his head held high... just like James Monosso tried to do. But Eric Preston couldn't let EITHER of those things happen!

[Preston hauls Shaw off the mat by the back of the trunks, looking out at the jeering crowd and giving a cruel smile...

...just before he ROCKETS Shaw shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: Oh no.

BW: You know what that means, Gordo.

GM: Unfortunately, I do.

[Preston steps out on the apron, backing down the length of it until his back is pressed against the steel ringpost. With a shout, he rushes down the apron at top speed...

...and delivers a skull-crushing boot to the side of the head, slamming Clayton Shaw's head into the steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shaw slumps back down to the mat, clutching his head in pain as Preston leans over the ropes, grinning widely...

...and the locker room doors break open, fan favorites rushing down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Here comes some help for Clayton Shaw!

[Sweet Daddy Williams, Air Strike, the Young Bloods, Shadoc Rage, and BC Da Mastah MC are quickly to the ring, surrounding the fallen Shaw as a chuckling Preston drops off the apron. He spreads his arms wide, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as he slowly backs down the aisle towards the locker room...]

GM: A savage, brutal assault on Clayton Shaw by Eric Preston... and for what reason? Why?! At least when he did it to Monosso, you could understand the motive but this? There's no justifiable reason for any of this, Bucky.

BW: Eric Preston has passed the point of reason, Gordon.

GM: This whole thing makes me sick. Fans, let's go to a quick break... no, I'm sorry. Jason Dane is standing by. Jason?

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

JD: Thanks, Gordon. A horrific scene unfolding out there in the ring on what should be a very special night here in Dallas. We know that President Karl O'Connor is in the building to address SuperClash V to be held on Thanksgiving night. We know that Ben Waterson will make his first appearance on Saturday Night Wrestling in over a year. Juan Vasquez is here. Gunnar Gaines is here to explain his actions at Unholy War. We've got the big Beale Street Bullies concert, the appearance of worldwide pop superstar Joshua Dusscher in concert as well, plus, of course, the big one... the Best Of Three Match Series between Hannibal Carver and Terry Shane III to settle a feud one year in the making. We'll be seeing the first of their matches, the Lumberjack Match in just a short while but before we do-

[A voice calls out from off-camera, interrupting Jason Dane.]

?: Oh where oh where can he beeeeeeeee?

[The familiar, gravely voice of Alphonse Green seemingly sends a shiver down Dane's spine, as the "King of the Battle Royals" makes his entrance. Green is wearing a green t-shirt, with that very same nickname plastered on it.]

AG: Dane! I dunno if you saw what happened at the end of Unholy War..

JD[interrupting]: Of course I did.

[Green shoots a glare at Dane, who simply shakes his head.]

AG: Look at who the cat dragged in! Ben Waterson, as I live and breathe!

JD: You've been wanting to contact him for months! I'm surprised that you're upset. I thought you'd be overjoyed at Waterson's return.

[Green frowns.]

AG: Well, I'm not! Waterson made all these promises to me, saying that with his guidance, that he'd turn me into a big star! He told me there was no way I could be a big star on my own.. can you believe that? Can you believe that someone had the guts to tell Alphonse Green that?

JD: To be honest, for a while, I agreed with him!

[Green rolls his eyes.]

AG: Every time I needed some sort of advice from him, the phone would ring.. and ring.. and ring.. before going straight to voicemail. Eventually it just went to voicemail period! I must have left hundreds of messages, and he never returned my calls. I bet whenever his golden boy, Calisto Dufresne, needed something.. he just dropped whatever it was he was doing and answered!

JD: You are aware that Waterson and the Wise Men are targeting Royal-

[Green interrupts. Dane looks less than pleased at the interruption.]

AG: Of course I'm aware! I bet you were about to ask me if I had any sort of speculation as to why..

JD: Well..

AG: I don't! I might look smart, but dang it Dane, I don't know everything! I can just assume that Waterson and Dufresne must have had a falling out along the way. Why? Probably something dumb. I don't know. Don't care really. What I do care about is asking Waterson where the heck has he been the last few months, and who could be this important that he'd just flat out ignore me!

JD: Well, Waterson's here in Dallas tonight, promising to address the viewers as to what's been going on. Tonight would be as good a time as any to ask him in person yourself!

[Green seems somewhat taken aback by Dane's response.]

AG: ... all right. Yeah, I'll get to the bottom of this. Waterson better give me a good explanation, I tell ya what.

[With that, Green quickly marches off screen.]

JD: Well, there's one man that's not too pleased that Ben Waterson made his return at Unholy War, and frankly, I'm a bit surprised. Will Green get the explanation he's looking for? We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for the first match between Hannibal Carver and Terry Shane III - you do NOT want to miss that!

[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 come back up on a wild scene where a handful of security guards are physically dragging Eric Preston down a hallway. The cameraman stays in pursuit as Preston occasionally screams out.]

"HAVE YOU EVER DREAMED OF FAME?!"

[A few more feet closer to an illuminated sign that reads "EXIT!"]

"OF GLORY?!"

[Almost there.]

"OF YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY SEING YOU ON TELEVISION?! HI MOM!"

[Preston gets physically shoved through the metal swinging doors out into the Dallas night as his voice rings out from behind the steel.]

"My dreams are coming true, Toddy Mike! They're coming true!"

[We cut away from the wild scene back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated - the former is shaking his head.]

GM: It's hard to understand what went so wrong for a kid like Eric Preston who seemingly had this entire business in the palm of his hand. He had his whole future ahead of him - a future that everyone was convinced included championship gold - but now he's thrown it all away to be... whatever it is that he's become.

BW: Maybe that's the future that was meant for him. Maybe he's got it all right and we're the ones who had it all wrong.

GM: That's hard to imagine, Bucky. But as you saw, Eric Preston was escorted from the building. His night here at Homecoming is finished. Sadly, Clayton Shaw had to be helped from the ring and by what he was saying, you have to imagine that his AWA career is finished. If it is, I want to say what a great pleasure it's been to watch Clayton Shaw compete inside the squared circle - both in the AWA and prior to that. He's a good person and I'm proud to call him a friend.

[Bucky simply nods.]

GM: Fans, let's try to wash the taste of that awful situation out of our mouths. Let's go back to the ring for more action!

[Ring announcer Phil Watson is standing in the ring with Jackie Wilpon, who is wearing plain white trunks, orange kneepads, and blue boots.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. In the ring with me right now, hailing from Brooklyn, New York and weighing in at 230 pounds, he is JACKIE... WIIILPONNN!!!

[Balding, with stringy black hair, Wilpon rubs his rather prominent schnozz for luck.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Ten seconds in, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

'T WAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE FROM ME HOME I STARTED #
LEFT THE GIRLS IN TUAM NEARLY BROKEN-HEARTED #
SALUTED FATHER DEAR, KISSED ME DARLING MOTHER #
DRANK A PINT OF BEER, ME GRIEF AND TEARS TO SMOTHER #
THEN OFF TO REAP THE CORN, LEAVE WHERE I WAS BORN #
CUT A STOUT BLACKTHORN TO BANISH GHOSTS AND GOBLINS #
BRAND NEW PAIR OF BROGUES RATTLED O'ER THE BOGS #
FRIGHTENED ALL THE DOGS ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

[As he makes his way to the ring, we see the man's mouth moving, but we are not quite able to catch what he is saying to the fans on either side of the aisle. At some point, it appears as if he is singing along to his entrance theme.]

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE #
HUNT THE HARE AND TURN HER DOWN THE ROCKY ROAD #
AND ALL THE WAY TO DUBLIN, WHACK FOLLLO DE DAH!

PW: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match. A sprinkling of fans begin to chant... "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" to the amusement of Mahoney who eggs them on.]

"DING! DING!"

GM: It's the fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney, set to go one-on-one with Jackie Wilpon right here at Homecoming. They tie up... And Mahoney very quickly has Wilpon against the ropes.

BW: You see Mahoney with that balled-up fist, but referee Davis Warren forces the break.

GM: As he should. And both men exchanging words in the center of the ring. They lock up again... Wilpon with the go-behind. No! Mahoney reverses into an arm twist!

[Mahoney wrenches Wilpon's arm back and forth, then uses it to throw Wilpon off balance, onto the mat. The veteran Wilpon, however, hooks his feet around the bottom rope, forcing Davis Warren to begin the five-count.]

GM: Wilpon wasted no time in getting to the ropes there. He knows how dangerous Callum Mahoney can be when he gets ahold of an arm.

BW: Wilpon's a veteran. He's better in there than a lot of people give him credit for, Gordo.

[Mahoney releases the arm almost immediately, allowing Wilpon to roll to his feet. He shakes his arm out, as both men circle each other once again.]

GM: Collar-and-elbow... And Wilpon draws Mahoney into a raised knee!

[Wilpon rears back, throwing a right hand.]

GM: Wilpon with a shot to the head... And now it's Wilpon who has Mahoney's arm twisted!

[Mahoney, though, returns with a knee to Wilpon's gut, forcing Wilpon to release his arm, which he then proceeds to drive up Wilpon's jaw with a European uppercut, sending Wilpon reeling into the ropes.]

GM: Goodness! What a shot out of Mahoney who has to rank amongst the hardest hitters in the entire AWA, Bucky.

BW: He sure does. He's the kind of guy who the dentists love.

GM: Oh?

BW: Because all of his opponents need a checkup after he gets through with them.

[Mahoney attempts an Irish whip, but Wilpon reverses. Not for long, though, as Mahoney stops his momentum, and scores with a clubbing forearm across the back.]

GM: Such a unique style out of Mahoney who got his start in the fighting tents traveling across Europe.

BW: The carnies, daddy! The kind of place where you go to see the three-legged monkey, the goat-faced man, the woman with a humpback, and... well, Callum Mahoney beating a drunken Irishman to a pulp.

[Mahoney grabs the arm again, this time getting the whip in as Wilpon rebounds off, throwing a shoulder tackle into Mahoney, surprisingly knocking the Irishman down to the mat.]

GM: Wilpon is telling Mahoney to get up and he does.

BW: Both these men are as tough as they come and Mahoney always says that he wants a fight; I think Jackie Wilpon is giving him one heck of a fight.

[Circling each other, Wilpon goes for another collar-and-elbow tie-up, but Mahoney sidesteps, lands another clubbing forearm, then locks in a side headlock, forcing Wilpon to his knees.]

GM: Mahoney's a veteran in there. He's not going to just feed himself into a hold like that collar and elbow if he thinks he can do some damage another way. He's just grinding that headlock in, trying to force his forearm through the cheekbone of Wilpon...

[With a bit of a smile, Mahoney sticks the fingers of his free hand into Wilpon's mouth, hooking his head upwards, as he releases the headlock and smashes his elbow into Wilpon's forehead.]

GM: Some unorthodox offense from Callum Mahoney, but he better be careful not to get disqualified!

[The crowd responds with a mixed reaction as Mahoney stomps Wilpon's hand for good measure. The referee reprimands him as he backs up, arms raised.]

GM: Mahoney's trying to plead innocence but I think we all saw those illegal moves as he pulls Wilpon up... ooof! Another uppercut up under the chin of Wilpon... and another!

[With Wilpon dazed, Mahoney throws himself into another uppercut, this one taking Wilpon off his feet, into the air, and down to the canvas.]

GM: Goodness! Another hard uppercut out of Mahoney as he got a bit of a running start behind it.

[Wilpon is clutching his jaw as Mahoney drags him up, dropping him right back down with an ugly-looking snapmare and follows it up by dropping the point of his elbow across Wilpon's forehead.]

GM: Oof! That'll give you a headache.

[He shoves Wilpon down to the mat, attempting a cover.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! But that's all as Wilpon lifts the shoulder off the canvas.

[Mahoney pushes up to his knees...

...and SLAMS his forearm into the gut of the downed Wilpon, causing him to gasp for air.]

GM: More unusual offense out of Mahoney as he drags Wilpon up off the mat...

[A desperate Wilpon straightens out his fingers, jabbing them into the throat of Mahoney, sending him staggering backwards as he gasps for air.]

GM: Oh, Wilpon goes to the throat!

BW: If a man can't breathe, he can't fight.

GM: Could swear I've heard that somewhere before.

[Wilpon grabs the gasping Mahoney by the hair, snapmaring him down to the mat. He stands tall, holding up his clenched fist...

...and BURIES it between the eyes of Mahoney!]

GM: Fistdrop! That one rocked the Irishman!

[With Mahoney down, Wilpon attempts a cover, getting a short one count. He angrily grabs Mahoney by the throat, throttling him with both hands.]

GM: That's a choke, fans! A blatant choke applied by Wilpon... and the referee gets him to break it at four.

[Mahoney is still gasping as Wilpon pulls him up to his feet and promptly uses a well-executed drop toehold to take him down to the mat.]

GM: Right up and then right back down with the drop toehold... and Wilpon's going for some kind of a submission hold here!

BW: Against a submission expert? Bold man.

GM: He's got a chinlock applied but seems stuck there as Mahoney, a submission expert as you said, knows how to avoid getting caught in a hold.

[From a seated position, Mahoney cracks Wilpon with a back elbow, forcing a separation. He climbs to a knee, throwing a right hand that doubles up Wilpon and then landing a headbutt that sends him falling backwards into the ropes.]

GM: Mahoney's fighting his way right up off the mat...

BW: That headbutt rang MY bell, Gordo.

GM: The man does know how to get down and dirty in there.

[Grabbing an arm, Mahoney goes for an Irish whip, dropping his head for a backdrop...]

GM: He set too early! Wilpon hooks him and Mahoney's in trouble!

[Wilpon sets in the standing headscissors, ready to strike when Mahoney straightens up, holding the legs as Wilpon dangles down his back...

...and then SWINGS Wilpon forward and down HARD to the canvas with a waterwheel slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Still holding the legs, Mahoney flips forward into a double leg cradle, earning a two count that Wilpon kicks out of...

...but Mahoney is quick as lightning to grab the arm, scissoring it between his legs, and falling back to the mat to hyperextend the elbow!]

GM: The Armbar Assassin strikes again! He's got that armbar locked in and it won't be long now for-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wilpon gives up!

[Mahoney slips to his feet, looking down at Wilpon who is clutching his elbow in pain as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match as a result of a submission...

CALLUM MAAAAHOOOONEYYY!

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play again. The referee tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney very quickly pulls it away. Instead, he holds both his arms up, to a mixed reaction from the crowd. He looks directly into the camera and we hear him say, "I'm home, baby, and THAT was a FIGHT!" before stepping through the ropes and exiting the ring.]

GM: Another submission win for Callum Mahoney who after debuting back at Opportunity Knocks in July has really torn a path through everyone he's faced in the AWA so far.

BW: I can't wait to see this guy against some real competition though, Gordo. What's it gonna be like when he takes on someone like one of the Shane Gang or the Beale Street Bullies? What about a fight with someone like Supreme Wright? THAT'S what I'm looking forward to.

GM: And with good reason. Fans, it is a most unusual Main Event here tonight at Homecoming as Hannibal Carver and Terry Shane III will collide in what could be a total of three matches throughout the night. It's a Best of Three Matches... with each match having a stipulation handpicked by Carver himself. The first one? A Lumberjack Match with AWA superstars surrounding the ring to keep the peace. The second match will be conducted

under First Blood rules where the man to bust his opponent open first will be the winner. And the last one, if necessary, will be held under Texas Death Match rules where you have to make your opponent unable to answer a ten count.

BW: For one year, these two have been going to war... tonight, it ends.

GM: We caught up with one both men earlier tonight to get their thoughts on this final showdown between Carver and Shane. Let's hear what they had to say right now...

[We fade to darkness.]

"Redemption."

[Lights on, as we see we're in a portion of the backstage area not populated by the usual hustle and bustle of a bust staff during a pro wrestling show. Totally unpopulated, save for one man.]

"That's a loaded word in this sport."

[Hannibal Carver. He sits in a gray metal folding chair, head hung low. Adorned in his usual wrestling attire of black trunks, black boots and black zip-up hooded sweatshirt. Unlike most times we've allowed the brawler from South Boston into our home via the magic of television however, the hood is down and the sweatshirt is unzipped... revealing a new shirt with a red silhouette of a branding iron with the words "R.I.P." underneath. Carver looks up at the camera finally, continuing to speak.]

HC: All yeh have to do is see a man by the name of Chris Blue walking around here to be reminded of it. Of a time when that word, Redemption, immediately brought hate and fear to the minds of everyone. And beyond the men who went by that name and all the carnage and chaos they created? That one word means the world.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Beyond the gold, beyond the big checks that go along with the winner's purse, beyond the biggest titles in the world... redemption, is what we all crave. Whether it's proving yeh belong in the spot yer at, proving yeh can beat the best and the biggest...

[Carver reaches down for the six pack at his feet, pulling a beer off the plastic ring and popping the top before continuing.]

HC: ... or proving yer something other than an bloodsick monster out for nothing but ruining lives.

[Carver pauses to take a long sip of his beer before going on.]

HC: And as far as that score goes? I was on my way to the promised land. The top brass let me in to play ball, and that game was playing by the rules... proving I could get my hand raised without spitting on the rules.

[Carver finishes off his beer, crushing the empty can in the palm of his hand and discarding it onto the floor.]

HC: And I was game. Hell, when my branding iron got taken from me? I almost sent out a thank yeh note... once the anger subsided a bit. But yeh see... that's me all over. I don't know a thing about backing out of a box I find myself stuck in. I don't know a thing besides clawing and tearing at those walls until they're ain't nothing but rubble.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: But then? The damndest thing happened.

[Carver leans over towards an aluminum trash can to his left, reaching in...]

HC: I found myself trying to cripple a man.

[... pulling out a lead pipe.]

HC: Going from being thrilled to being given the chance to prove I can get it done in between those ropes... to taking a lead pipe to a fellow human being.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: That redemption I'd been craving for so long just in reach... and it gets all blown to hell. For once in my life, the ability to crawl out of the sewer and walk in the light of the sun like a man, only to throw it all away.

Why?

[Carver scowls.]

HC: One man. One man that when confronted with a fight, turns tail and runs. Hides behind a woman, hides behind the rules, hides behind his hired guns. A man when finally I have him cornered, when he has no other choice but to fight me as we're joined by a steel chain...

[Carver explodes with fury, hurling the lead pipe against a wall causing a huge clang.]

HC: TRIES TO TAKE IT ALL AWAY! Does his best time and time again to cripple me, to break my neck, to take away MY livelihood. To take away the only thing that I've ever excelled enough at to make over minimum wage. Yeh made it this way, Terry. A year of yer games, a year of yer cowardice. Yeh forced my hand, yeh made it me or yeh.

[Carver reaches into the trash can once again, laying three fluorescent light tubes on his lap. He takes hold of one, holding it up high.]

HC: Because this is what yeh wanted, this is what yeh begged for.

[A loud "SMASH!" as he tosses the light tube at the wall.]

HC: Because yeh demanded the beast be let out of his cave and off of his chain. Because despite all I strived for, yeh had to bring it all back. The blood and the guts, the hate and the rage... the return of the bad old days.

[Another loud "SMASH!" as another light tube is destroyed.]

HC: For all these reasons, but most of all... because just as I was ready to make myself into something to be proud of, to derail myself from the highway to hell...

["SMASH!"]

HC:... yeh forced my hand, to damn myself straight to hell all over again.

[Carver brushes the dust from the light tubes from his lap with disgust.]

HC: In front of yer gang and yer woman, in front of every boy in the back and every rear end in the seats...

[Carver stands up, glaring directly at the camera.]

HC: I'm gonna drag yeh down right into the fiery depths with me.

[Fade out...

...and then back up. A wet towel hangs errant over a man's head, curtaining his facial features. We know it is a man due to the slender musculature of his exposed back. His skin looks off-color a bit, pale in fact, and we presume he has been sitting in this position for at least twenty to thirty minutes. His lower body is wrapped in several towels while his bare feet sit still in a small puddle of water beneath him.

In front of the man is a series of gun-metal colored lockers. All are shut save for one long door on the end which is jarred open by a duffel bag that is half spilled out and unzipped down the middle.]

"Growing up, the few times my father was around he would sit beside me as I lay my head down at night and indulge me with tales of life on the road as a wrestler and some of the men he would do battle with in the ring. He would never deviate away from the name they used in the ring as he came up in a time when protecting the business was more important than being truthful and factual with your own flesh and blood.

My father could ramble on for hours... spouting off about his legendary clashes with the likes of Johnny Most, Hamilton Graham, and Cameron

O'Connor. How he wrestled these men for 30, 60, and even 90 minutes at a time, selling out arenas all over the South. He would be so exhausted afterward that there would be times he would have to call my mother and I to meet him at his hotel room just to help him untie his shoes and turn the hot water on in the shower for him. Yet my father never said a negative thing about any of these men or the sacrifices he made with his body no matter how bad he was hurt, how much pain he was in, or how many pills he had to take in order to fall asleep at night. In fact, he wore these stories like a badge of honor. He was proud. He was honored. He was a craftsman and these matches were his architectural masterpieces."

[A soft exhale -- you can see the muscles along the man's back tightening as the air escapes his lungs. The man extends his hand, coiling his fingers around a dark green strap attached to the aforementioned duffel bag. He drags it from the locker, pulling it near his feet.]

"These classic encounters that brought him into homes of other young boys and girls on their television screens TOOK him from me. They took him across the globe and left my mother to raise me on her own. It is no secret that we barely speak to this day but it was never because of the missed birthdays or Christmas Eves and Thanksgiving dinners that he missed. In fact, as a child, I was just as proud of him if not more than he ever was of himself. My father was a World Champion, and as a young boy, he may as well have been Superman to me. Terry Shane Jr. was a perfectionist in the ring, a hero, and he gave everything he had in order to reach his ultimate goal of becoming World Champion."

[The towel is pulled down from the man's face. It is in fact Terry Shane III. The Ring Leader's black hair is wetly matted over his eyes and down the back of his neck. The camera cascades around he jerks his head somewhat violently, throwing the locks away from his sullen eyes. His attention remains fixated on his hands which he has begun winding white tape around. Between each finger Shane intricately folds the tape through and wraps it back around the other side of his palms.]

TS3: He was a great wrestler...

...But what made me DESPISE my father...

[Suddenly the tape is being wrapped tighter and tighter around his swollen left wrist -- the wrist that was beaten black and blue by Hannibal Carver and has small marks still remaining where his teeth were sunk into.]

TS3 [gritting his teeth]: ...was how he protected those that brought SHAME to the business and sport that I grew to love. It was how he stood up for bloodsucking talentless savages like Dagger Oates or impostors like Blackjack Patterson who felt the need to portray himself as a masked Mauler in order to get noticed. It was these men who DISGRACED the ring that he refused to say a foul word about regardless of their merit or reason. Men who dug forks into his FLESH, men who hid behind a fake piece of plastic not because of the artistry or legacy behind it but because they saw it as a cheap way to get recognition. They saw it as a way they could be ruthless

and reckless without soiling their good name. They were an ABOMINATION. But through it all, my father stood by them, He made excuses for circus freakshows like Clubber O'Reily who did not know the difference between a drop toe hold and a hammerlock.

He was weak.

[Shane snarls.]

TS3: Pathetic.

[He bites off the tape, ripping it loose with his teeth.]

TS3: Cowardly.

[Fastens the end around his wrist.]

TS3: Afraid.

[And slams the tape against the concrete floor.]

TS3: And it DISGUSTED me.

It was then that I made a vow, Hannibal. That if I ever met a man like those that my own father protected out of fear of being blacklisted from this business that I would expose them for the fraudulent, fake, untalented, liars that they were. I vowed to scrape, claw, fight, and grind my way to the top of this business wrestling the finest athletes and ring generals that I could regardless of whether it made me a million dollars or fifty cents. It is why the moment the AWA ALLOWED YOU to step out to the ring in Dallas, Texas one year ago and interrupt ME that I made it my mission to DESTROY you and end your pathetic, despicable career.

You are GARBAGE, Hannibal.

[After sliding a black wrist guard over his taped forearm, Shane reaches into his bag and yanks out a pair of white knee pads and emerald painted boots. He pulls the pads up his shins and over his knees before he shoves his left foot into one boot and then his right one into the other. He grabs a hold of the white laces and begins stringing them through each hole.]

TS3: You are a waste of the air I breathe and the sweat that falls from my pits every time I step in that ring. You fulfill your hunger and gluttony for punishment with lead pipes, blood, branding irons, broken bones, biting, and can openers. You have an appetite for the very things that set back our industry twenty years and brought shame and embarrassment to the very fans that cheered our sport because of the athletic purity and hard work that it once took to become a champion.

Now our world is filled with closet fans ashamed to hang posters in their bedrooms and wear shirts with our names on them. They talk about checking into bars, liking kitten videos, and commenting on how wasted they

got last night instead of posting about the epic wars they saw on Saturday night when watching WRESTLERS LIKE ME on AWA television. Instead of wrestling in front of fifty thousand screaming fans, we barely scrape together one fifth of that and I blame...

[Shane pauses as he knots the laces together.]

TS3: I blame people like Todd Michaelson. I blame Bobby Taylor, I blame Karl O'Connor, and I blame every single road agent, promoter, and sponsor the AWA has in its' back pocket for allowing FILTH like YOU to call yourself a wrestler in the same ring that I make MY living in. YOU, Carver...

Animals like you.

Madmen like you.

Disgraceful, worthless, SCUM of the world MONSTERS like you.

You tarnish and defile what it is and what it means to be a professional wrestler.

[Shane rises up, stepping through a pair of white wrestling trunks and pulling them up his waist. He strips himself of the white towel and neatly folds it in half twice.]

TS3: So if you ever wondered why I despise your very name it is simple, Hannibal. Listen close, hear my words, because even a man of your brain capacity can understand what I am about to say.

I hate you because you are an embarrassment to everything MY FATHER fought for but was too AFRAID to stand up and say.

It is unfortunate for you that I am NOT Terry Shane Jr. I am STRONG. I am DETERMINED. I am FOCUSED. I am ready and I will do WHATEVER it takes to bring you to your knees and DESTROY you.

You are my Dagger Oates, Hannibal.

You are nothing more than a half-assed thug with respectable street fighting skills and a talent for encouraging mayhem everywhere you go. For too long I have strung you along giving you and these IGNORANT fans hope that you were something greater, something more.

[Shane reaches into his locker once more. This time he pulls out a pair of hangers that grip onto a long, green sequined robe.]

TS3: But unlike my father I am NOT a protector of this business.

Not as long as the AWA allows people like YOU to exist in this universe.

I have given you every chance and opportunity for you to change your way and learn the craft that I pride myself for having mastered.

Your charade is over.

Your fairytale career has gone on long enough.

It is time to end this story, sweet Hannibal.

[Shane slips his left arm through the long sleeves... then his right.]

TS3: It is time for the Ring Leader to close the book on Hannibal Carver so that the only story young children will remember is the one that ends with Terry Shane III leaving you lying at his feet unable to stand on your own free will.

It is the perfect ending....

[Shane bucks his shoulders up and the robe slides gently over him and rolls down the back of his legs to the ground.]

...and for you there is NO escape.

[We are left with the still image of huge white italic letters spelling out RING LEADER across the back of Terry Shane III's robe as the screen dissolves and fades 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 back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. Joining me at this time is the Southern Gentlemen who appeared on AWA television for the first time one month ago on Saturday Night Wrestling. I am in fact talking about the nomad manager Willoughby Tremblay.

[The six foot three, pencil-like figure of Willoughby Tremblay stands beside Stegglet. His dress shirt is buttoned up to the tip of the collar, though hidden behind the mustard polka dot power bow tie. Suspenders fasten over Tremblay's shoulders, buckling into his matching brown tweed trousers that are tailored just a quarter inch short of his leather shoes -- revealing the slightest glimpse of his colorful dress socks. As Stegglet addresses him he removes his polyester pork pie hat.]

MS: Mr Tremblay, a short time ago you introduced yourself to the AWA audience and in particular our own Jason Dane. After your debut, I took it upon myself to research your background and what I discovered was quite intriguing. Muteese, the Congolese Savage in PCW. The Skullcrushers in the Southern states - long before their brief stint in the AWA - where you aided them in capturing multiple tag team titles. Harvey and Hudson Kensworthy in London, Sir Phillip --

WT: I must beg your pardon, Mr. Stegglet. While I do appreciate receiving such laudatory comments about myself I am well versed in my own tribulations and trailblazing managerial history. Contrary to Mr. Dane's beliefs, I am not here to direct you or anyone to the list of accomplishments that have followed me wherever I have toiled. I am here today to make an important announcement... a monumental one at that, good sir.

MS: And what might that be?

WT: That as of late last night, I am privileged to inform you that on this fine evening here in Dallas, Texas we will be seeing a return match between the Young Bloods and the seismic force known as Aftershock. Both Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Wallace should prepare themselves for this epic encounter as President O'Connor himself has assured me that this match will take place. They may have had the distinct honor of having their hands raised during their prior encounter but I assure you both Mr. Lane and Mr. Tremors will --

"Whoa, rewind that for a sec."

[Stepping into view is the monstrous force known as Lee Tremors. A black beanie sits low on Tremors' brow, burying his forehead and hair underneath it. He wedges his large frame in-between Tremblay and Stegglet, turning his back to Mark and directing his full attention, at least what we can see of it, to Willoughby Tremblay.]

LT: Ain't nobody facing no-one, my man. You ain't got the authority to ask for that rematch. You ain't got no right at all. Who gave you the right -- hell, who do you think you are puttin' words into our mouths. Huh? Explain yourself!

[Stegglet cautiously leans around Tremors.]

MS: He brings up an important point, Mr. Tremblay. Who gave you permission to agree to this match on Aftershock's behalf?

"I did."

[Four hundred and seventy five pounds of cinderblock strength stomps up to the makeshift stage. Tremors' eyes widen as he sees his partner-in-crime Richter Lane on the other end of this deep baritone voice.]

RL: Now I know we're a team, Lee. We've been at this a long time together and I'm not just talking about in the ring. You and I go back, but I know deep down you're feeling the same thing I am. Frustration. Anger. Regret

[Lane lowers his large head, shaking it from side to side.]

RL: But I'm tired of that. No, I'm DONE with that! Look at us, Lee.

Look at us!

We are the BIGGEST force in this industry. We should be UNSTOPPABLE. But what do we have to show for ourselves? What have we accomplished? He...

[Lane waves his finger at Tremblay, a thin smile forms on the Southern Gentleman's face.]

RL: He is our ticket. He is our answer. He is our retribution.

[The moment goes silent. Lee looks at Lane, then at Tremblay, and then back to his longtime friend.]

LT: We... You and me... Man, we been at this a long time together, brother. But we got here, didn't we?

[Lane nods his head, agreeing.]

LT: WE did it. Alone. Now he shows up and what? What now?

WT: I pledge my --

LT [loud]: NO.

[Tremors places his large hand on the shoulder of Tremblay. The wiry figure nearly buckles at the knees from the force behind it.]

LT: You listen to me. I trust him...

[His other hand points to Lane.]

LT: And ONLY him. If he thinks you can help us, I'll hear him out. But don't mistake this as you being a part of OUR team. You have one shot to make me a believer. ONE!

Fail us?

And you'll wish you NEVER showed your face here.

[Tremors storms off camera. Lane grins, reaching his hand out to Tremblay who returns the gesture as the camera fades back to the ring where Melissa Cannon is standing once again, smiling for the crowd which is buzzing with anticipation for what they're about to see.]

MC: This match is schedule for ONE FALL and is a... LUMBERJACK MATCH! Introducing first, from South Boston, Mass... weighing in at 260lbs, this is HANNIBAL CARVER

["Milk Of Human Kindness" by Clutch blares over the P.A. as before the crowd can even react to his impending entrance, Hannibal Carver comes storming down the aisle. He tears off his hooded sweatshirt, leaving it behind him as he charges directly into the ring and faces his the entrance with eager anticipation.]

GM: I think he came to fight, Bucky.

PW: And his opponent...

[Static.]

BW: I've got goosebumps, Gordo!

GM: You disgust me.

BW: It feels like a Heavyweight Title fight out here tonight. One year in the making, we finally get to see Terry Shane III expose Hannibal Carver for garbage wrestler that he really is!

GM: Carver has never claimed to be anything but a tough brawler from the streets of Boston. A man possessed with a burning passion to travel the world and battle the very best the industry has to offer. Whether it was in rusted down rings or under the bright lights, this man has always gave it every single thing he has and Shane to suggest otherwise is a disgrace.

BW: I'm gonna go ahead and call BS on that.

GM: You're ridiculous

[Hannibal Carver readies himself, leaning against the ropes and bouncing from side to side with hate-fueled anticipation. As soon as Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting rendition of "Dance of the Knights" begins to trumpet over the airwaves an ear to ear grin rips across the face of the Boston Madman. The delicate string instruments are cued up next, followed by the bursting of horns and woodwinds layered on top which signals the moment that the Ring Leader prepares himself to step back through the AWA curtains in Dallas, Texas.]

GM: After all the run ins, the vicious attacks, the beatdowns and the verbal lashings. After all the hate these two have built for 365 days, it finally comes to this, Bucky. It finally comes full circle here at Homecoming and

tonight the microphones are now turned silent so we can watch these two men leave it all in the ring. Every ounce of fire, will, rage, determination... every ounce of blood and bead of sweat inside of them, it's all going to be on display tonight. It's Carver, and it's Shane. It's time, Bucky.

[Fluid. Terry Shane III glides through the entrance portal, his dark green robe floating to the floor. His arms stretch out wide as he seamlessly spins just as he has done so many times before, whipping the robe around like a King in his court. Gone are his signature green trunks, replaced with pearl white tights with his initials printed in gold just above his left hip. Matching white knee pads graze the tip of his long emerald boots that are laced tight with white strings. His black hair is matted flat against the nape of his neck and as soon as his boots begin the march towards the ring he is followed by the cavalry known simple as The Shane Gang.]

GM: Here comes the X-Factor, Bucky. Shane's got an army in his corner, men he knows and trusts to protect him at all times. Hannibal Carver has friends, he has guys he's gone to battle with but how much trust can he instill in any other man in his corner tonight? We've seen best friends stabbed in the back, families ripped apart, is anyone in the AWA safe for that matter? Terry Shane III believes so with his Gang that he refers to as his brotherhood.

BW: Those men are loyal to Shane, Gordo. They owe everything to him. You've heard the stories. They've told the tales. Without Terry Shane III, there would be no Ring Workers, there would be no Donnie White. Without the Ring Leader, they'd still be mopping up the Combat Corner after three hour sessions with Todd Michaelson and who in the world would want that for themselves?

[Hayes is next and the Siren looks red-carpet ravishing. Two bright pink stiletto heels click on the fractured and rugged ramp. As the camera swoops upward we are blessed with the sight of two tanned and very well toned thighs. Higher still we go, up to the gleaming, subtly glittering curves of a snug little black dress. It's as though each week the dresses get shorted and cropped further down her chest, and God only knows how her cleavage avoids spilling out for the world to see. It doesn't take a second longer for the camera to reach those deep dark eyes, the tar black hair which is rolled out over her left shoulder. And while the drooling begins from hundreds of young boys and old men in the crowd, the camera becomes fixated on the Siren's equalizer -- the florescent pink taped branding iron.]

BW: Humana-humana.

GM: Get it together, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I'm gettin' it.

[Behind the Siren and the Ring Leader steps out the Gang. They look ready for battle, check that, ready for the war. The Atomic Blonde slides into view next, his over the top sparkling sleeveless robe drags to the floor just like Shane's. His near platinum mohawk is spiked perfectly, stretching out to

razor-like tips. Beside him come the duo of Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. The duo are dressed in their signature green and white track jackets, zipped up 3/4 of the way. Both men have their green tights, white knee pads, and green boots on. They aren't scheduled to wrestle tonight, but boy, are they ready to throw down.]

GM: The Shane Gang is here, all of them, and Bucky, I've got to say you could cut the tension with a butter knife, it's that intense!

BW: These guys are here for one reason, to ensure that Terry Shane III comes out the victor, but more importantly...that Hannibal Carver leaves in either a wheel chair or on a stretcher.

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, we've got to cut away to a word from our sponsor. When we get back we will be live with the first of potentially three matches in what may be the most exciting trilogy in AWA history!

[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 rundown gym.]

M: 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: 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.

[Fade from the shot of Monosso's eyes to a shot of a man not seen on AWA television in a while - one half of Kentucky's Pride, City Jack. The former AWA'ers looking good - a few more grey hairs on his head and in his bushy beard. One can certainly see from the XXL jeans and unbuttoned flannel button up, Jack's still in his old "wrestling shape", if you can call his physique that.]

CJ: Now isn't this a thing, here?

[The big man from Liberty, Kentucky raises his arms up and looks around.]

CJ: Ain't this here somethin' else, huh? Here I am, City Jack! Back on YOUR tee-vee screen, right here on this Saturday Night!

[Jack flashes a smile and a wink.]

CJ: But it's not no eighty-eight or ninety-four - No, no, no sir! This here's THE one HUN-DRED-ETH Saturday Night for the AWA! This here - it's somethin' SPECIAL! Something I just had to see with my own...

[Jack pauses, a smile escapes him for a moment as he nods and points to his eyes.]

CJ: With my own two eyes. Now I had some great times and some not so great times here in the AWA... But EVERY time? Every single doggone time I was out in front of the best of the best! THE best fans in ALL of wrestlin'! And nothing!

[Jack nods emphatically, a smile returning to his face as he points to the camera.]

CJ: NOTHIN' can take that away from me, ever!

[The former National Tag Team Champion chuckles to himself as he shakes his head.]

CJ: Look at me here, ramblin' on like this, huh? You all got plenty of things to care of now, so let me just let, uh - let me just drop this here on ya -

[Jack pauses again, getting a serious - not somber, but serious look on his face.]

CJ: Thank you. Thank you to all you fans for sticking 'round this here place, supporting me when I was rumblin' that ring about. And supportin' all the guys that ever stepped foot out there in the ring and gave it their all.

[Jack nods.]

CJ: And most of all, thank you AWA. Thank you for givin' this here ol' sob a couple great times I ain't never gonna lose in my mind. Thank ya, from the bottom to the top of my big ol' heart - Thank ya!

[City Jack smiles and nods once more to the camera before the shot cuts out...]

...and we go back to ringside as fans both cheer and boo as the Lumberjacks for the match about to take place come out. Shadoo Rage. The Hive. The Rave. BCIQ. Callum Mahoney. Alphonse Green. Chris Staley. More keep coming after: Curt Sawyer, Hercules Hammonds, Skywalker Jones, Porter Crowley, Sweet Daddy Williams. The monster of the Matsui Corporation, MAMMOTH Maximus. Villains and heroes standing with relative allies. They surround the ring as the two hated enemies square off inside. Shane stands in a corner, surrounded by his charges. Carver stands, barely restrained, across from him.]

GM: This match is a year in the making, Bucky! These two men have fought all over this country. They've fought in all sorts of matches and here tonight, in the Crocket Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, one of these two men is going to end up on top as the victor!

BW: And that man is OBVIOUSLY Terry Shane III! He has the brains, the skill, the will, and the backup to make sure that happens! Hannibal Carver is on a countdown. A countdown to the end of his career at the hands of that man right there!

GM: A man who could very well be the next challenger for the World Heavyweight Championship! We will find out who will challenge for the World Title at SuperClash V from President Karl O'Connor later tonight and it could be this man, Bucky.

BW: He won the Memorial Day Rumble. He earned the shot!

GM: Some would argue that a lot of men have earned that shot, Bucky.

[And the bell rings, Carver moving to the center of the ring quickly. Shane ducks through the ropes, his Gang stepping off the apron. The referee steps in, asking Carver to move back while urging Terry Shane back into the ring.]

BW: Brains before brawn, Gordo! Let Carver get mad and make mistakes.

GM: Terry Shane is a smart man... but I don't know if playing games with a man like Hannibal Carver is something he wants to do.

BW: It's exactly what he wants to do. Throw the thug off his game, beat him up here and bloody him quick in the next match for an easy sweep!

[Stepping back into the ring, Shane starts bouncing from foot to foot, egging Carver on, but as the Boston Madman steps in, Shane once again steps out!]

GM: And again Terry Shane is not allowing Carver to engage on his own terms.

BW: Mind games. A battle of wits. And Hannibal Carver is unarmed. Just like you don't mat wrestle with a technician and try and outfly a luchador, you don't sit there and brawl with Hannibal Carver. Beat him where's he's weakest. His brain!

GM: Carver is an emotional beast, but he's been around the block. He gets what Shane is trying to do here.

[The referee pushes Carver back even as he tries to reach over and grab Shane, trying to get him into the ring. Shane, arms up in defense, ducks between the ropes, his torso in safety.]

BW: Carver needs to listen to this referee and stand back. We're never going to get this match going if this thug keeps this up.

GM: Carver wants nothing more then to get his hands on Shane here and... OHH! Shane with an eyepoke and he's all over Carver!

[Terry Shane III flails wildly with both fists, trying to wear down Carver. The Boston Strangler covers up, backpedalling.]

GM: Terry Shane in full control and...

[Carver stands up straight... eyes open wide!]

BW: Run Terry! He's going to eat you!

GM: Hannibal Carver has had enough! Enough of the antics, enough of the words, he is going to tear Terry Shane apart! AND HERE WE GO!

[Carver reaches straight out, grabs Terry Shane by the throat with one meaty hook. He runs straight forward, depositing Shane over the ropes and to the floor as Lumberjacks move in and the crowd goes wild!]

BW: Here comes the Gang!

GM: But not before Shadoe Rage and Porter Crowley are able to get some licks in! No one out there is supporting Terry Shane or the Shane Gang!

BW: Which is just wrong! You hear what he had to say earlier. He is doing the AWA a favor getting rid of monsters like Hannibal Carver who only want blood and guts all over our prestigious ring.

[The Shane Gang is in there quick, pushing other talent back as the Ring Leader is able to get up and onto the apron. He rolls into the ring, standing against the ropes when Hannibal Carver charges in... and goes right over as Shane drops and brings the top rope with him!]

BW: Now it's Carver's turn and he doesn't have a Gang to come to his aid!

GM: Wait, Bucky, wait a second! The Lumberjacks are NOT moving in! They're letting Hannibal Carver up and back into this fight unarmed!

BW: WHAT?! Get him!

[Terry Shane holds his arms up in mock victory, only to turn and realize Carver is not only fine, but getting into the ring unhindered.]

BW: What happened to honor amongst thieves?!

GM: Even thieves have a code they live by, Bucky. The Shane Gang has none and for that, they have no allies either.

BW: And there's the brains! Terry Shane isn't letting Carver up.

GM: He's stomping away on the head and spine as Carver tries to get back up in the ring. He needs to keep Carver down to win this match, let alone the next possibly two more! He is stronger, bigger, tougher and can brawl with the very best the industry has ever seen. He can't put any of that advantage to use while on the mat. Wrestling 101.

BW: You don't think the Ring Leader knows that? Look at the crew he runs. Look at the talent. This man won the Rumble! He knows what he is doing as well as anyone today.

[A pair of sharp elbows are dropped to the spine, Shane quickly up after each. After the last he lays a HARD stomp to the head of Carver, moving back as the referee gets in between them.]

GM: Carver is on the ropes, the referee is there to make the separation and Terry Shane is right back on him, the Ring Leader plastering him with uppercuts.

BW: He'll show Hannibal Carver some brawling!

GM: Irish whip, reversed, baseball slide and...

[And right out of the ring he goes! Realizing the momentum put him right in front of The Rave, Shane immediately slides back into the ring, the crowd mocking him as he does.]

GM: And now it's Hannibal Carver's turn at the momentum, grabbing Shane and whipping him into the corner, following with a - OH MY! What a hard clothesline in the corner! And a second!

[Getting the crowd pumped up, Carver backs away, swinging his arm and charges in, only for Shane to move out of the way!]

BW: Brains before brawn!

GM: Carver hit the turnbuckles hard! He's stunned... and here comes Terry Shane!

[He charges in, but Carver ducks and gets his shoulder under the momentum of the Ring Leader, tossing him up and over... but Shane lands on the apron!]

BW: Phew! Caught himself there!

[...only to be pulled off ROUGHLY by the Rave who each grab a leg, Shane's face bouncing off the apron to a big pop!]

BW: That's cheating!

GM: That's a Lumberjack match, Bucky! The Ring Leader just happened to fall in front of some men who do not like him or the Shane Gang at all!

BW: And no one will even let the Gang in there to help their leader!

[Indeed. The Shane Gang tries to get in from both sides but are cut off by the AWA roster surrounding the ring.]

GM: Annnnnd... there goes Terry Shane right back into the ring courtesy The Rave.

BW: I don't understand what The Rave is doing! This can't be part of the plan! LISTEN TO YOUR SENATOR!

[Reaching down, Carver pulls Shane up by the hair and shoves him into a corner again. This time, instead of anything fancy, he just lays in with a LOUD chop across the chest!]

GM: Right across the pectorals! Carver maneuvering Shane to the ropes, Whips him and holds on... knee to the gut! Russian Leg Sweep!

[And covers him quickly, forearm across the jaw, but Shane is able to kick out at two.]

GM: Stomp by Hannibal Carver as he gets up... and drops a knee to the chest!

[But instead of pinning him he starts lacing him with right hands!]

BW: Come on referee! Get in there!

GM: I am not sure if Hannibal Carver cares if he is disqualified or not! He wants to punish the Shane Gang and more specifically Terry Shane for everything that's transpired over the past year.

BW: He doesn't care if he's disqualified?! I told you he was an idiot!

[And the punishment continues as Carver gets up, raises a knee high and puts a stomp right into the chest of Terry Shane and holds it there, pressing and grinding down!]

GM: The ribs! The abdominal and lateral muscles! They can be torn to shreds by something like this! All of his weight being pressed into the bones and soft tissues! This is a horrendously painful move!

[And it shows on the face of Terry Shane who yells out for help.]

BW: Here comes the cavalry, daddy!

GM: Aaron Anderson up on the apron for the distraction!

BW: Get off there kid! The crazy is coming!

GM: Carver chased him right off and Shane rolls out the other side to the rest of the Shane Gang. Smart move. He's surrounded by allies and can get a moment's reprieve to catch his breath.

[Carver won't have any of it and slides right out, immediately putting a right hand to Donnie White's head before turning and doing the same to Lenny Strong. Carver spins again, spotting Miss Hayes with the branding iron in hand. A grin crosses his face for a moment as he mimes shaving her head.]

BW: Sicko! Leave her alone!

GM: Donnie White from behind! Lenny Strong in and now Hannibal Carver is in trouble!

[Meanwhile Terry Shane III rolls back into the ring, directing his charges to continue the beating... that is until Hercules Hammonds and Shadoe Rage step around towards them. With haste, they deposit the Boston Strangler back into the ring, backing off from the intimidating challenge.]

GM: My stars, this match has been full of shenanigans already!

BW: Did you expect anything else from this thug?

GM: I was talking about The Shane Gang, thank you very much!

[Carver tries to get to his feet, only to have his leg kicked out from under him. He holds onto the ropes and again Shane kicks at his leg, knocking him back down. Getting the crowd riled and showered with boos, Shane

steps back, raising his hands in the air once again, doing some jumping jacks in mockery.]

BW: See? Perfectly fine!

[Carver starts getting back up as Shane crouches mid ring. The crowd urges him on, telling him to turn around.]

GM: Terry Shane waiting, crouched like a predatory cat for Carver to turn and... MY STARS! What a leaping clothesline! He flattened Hannibal Carver!

BW: Cover him!

[And he does!]

GM: Easy kickout by Hannibal Carver but Shane will not let him up!

BW: Why would you?

GM: Shane stomping away at the knee now. It looks like the Ring Leader has a clear plan. Slow the match down, go after that leg and wear Hannibal Carver down.

BW: Or go for the family favorite, the Spinning Toe Hold.

GM: Which has won World Championships.

BW: Exactamundo, daddy!

[Shane stomps once again at the knee joint, reaching down to grab the foot. Carver tries kicking him away, trying to scramble away but Shane drops an elbow on the inside of the joint, getting back up and doing it again.]

GM: And a third time, holding on this time. This elbow to the joint will do a lot of damage and now he's putting pressure on it with this hold, sitting between the legs, hyper extending and twisting the knee joint and shin.

[Carver reaches up, his hand swatted away as Shane shifts away and back up, again dropping the elbow and eliciting a grunt of pain from the Strangler who falls to his back. The referee is right there, sweeping a hand under the shoulder checking for a pin. Carver pushes him away and sits up, grabbing at Shane's hair to get him closer, before reaching over and grabbing at the eye sockets and nose! The crowd POPS in appreciation for the painful move.]

BW: Disqualification!

GM: Hannibal Carver is doing whatever it takes to get out of this hold and that includes toeing the rules line.

[Shane gets back up, holding his face and checking for blood. Carver shakes out his leg and shuffles to the ropes to get up. Turning with a

grimace, he falls right into a spinning leg lariat planting him back to the mat.]

BW: Terry Shane is too quick for this thug!

GM: He is definitely using his huge speed advantage to a positive fashion!

[And immediately goes for a cover, Carver kicking out at two to a loud cheer from the Dallas audience.]

GM: We certainly know who they are behind here in the Crockett Coliseum!

BW: Shane is right back on the leg! When was the last time you saw a submission in a Lumberjack match?

GM: Considering all the bodies at ringside, almost never!

[Shane pulls Carver to the center of the ring and grabs a foot, spinning... but Carver gets a boot into the butt and pushes Shane off with such force that he goes flying over the top rope, way over...

...and into the hands of the monster of the Matsui Corporation who catch him with ease!]

GM: That's one way to do it!

BW: Let go of him... NOT THAT WAY!

[Using his massive strength, MAMMOTH Maximus propels Shane right back into the ring OVER the top rope with the crowd giving a BIG POP!]

GM: OH MY! Terry Shane back into the ring and BACK INTO THE HANDS OF HANNIBAL CARVER!

[Who goes to absolute town on Shane with stomps, hitting them at a hundred miles an hour!]

GM: Terry Shane is getting the beating of a lifetime right now, right here at the hands of a very eager Hannibal Carver. He's been wanting this for a long, long time and now he's getting revenge here in the first of what could be three matches with a First Blood and possible a Texas Death Match to follow!

BW: We won't get that far. Not with a man like Terry Shane in this match. He refuses to be bloodied!

GM: Carver pulling Terry Shane up and... EYEPOKE! Instant game changer out of Shane again!

[And without hesitation, Shane throws Carver between the ropes and to the feet of the Gang who relentlessly stomp and pound away at the downed Strangler.]

GM: This is going to get messy! The other lumberjacks are coming and the Shane Gang is squaring off. We could be in for some craziness!

[And it shows as the crowd gets to their feet en masse buzzing loudly.]

BW: The lumberjacks just need to stay out of this!

GM: Texas Death Match possibly later and a Texas Standoff here... Carver! He's up!

[And chaos ensues as he pushes Donnie White into Sweet Daddy Williams before leveling Aaron Anderson... and it's on!]

GM: ON MY STARS! WHAT A BRAWL WE HAVE ON OUR HANDS! EVERYONE IS FIGHTING EVERYONE!

BW: Look what Hannibal Carver started! He thrives in chaos!

GM: Terry Shane... BASEBALL SLIDES RIGHT INTO CARVER!

[And they both go down against the railing! The fans nearby reach out, pounding on the railing and slapping the backs of the two as they come close, yelling into the camera. Shane is the first up, grabbing Carver, but he swings right back and soon the two are brawling ringside!]

GM: This is just madness now... Carver throws Shane into the crowd of brawlers AND DIVES RIGHT AFTER HIM!

[The cameras lose the two as they fall into the brawling mass. The crowd is going absolutely crazy as the fight continues at all angles, Crowley and Sweet Daddy fighting, the Hive and Rave brawling, MAMMOTH just pounding faces. Then, in the midst, the nearby cheering gets even louder as Hannibal Carver and Terry Shane III both come up swinging... but at everyone else!]

BW: Wait... what... huh?

GM: I think they are fighting everyone else!

BW: But... why?!

GM: Shane and Carver are fighting off the lumberjacks! Who would have thought we would have ever seen a moment like --

[And that stops just as quick as they turn and hook an arm around each other's neck, laying in alternating right hands!]

GM: This is getting out of control! The ringside area is a mess... wait... a bunch of the lumberjacks are throwing Terry Shane and Carver back INTO the ring!

BW: They're finally doing their job!

GM: Both back in and quite shaken after that!

[Shane rolls to the middle of the ring, trying to get space between himself and the Boston Strangler. Carver pulls himself up using the ropes, not noticing another body getting up on the apron, pulled a rather thick elbow pad over his deadly joint. The referee misses Strong's arrival as he shouts for the lumberjacks to break up the brawl on the floor.]

GM: Lenny Strong is up on the apron... RUNNING ELBOW FLOORS CARVER!

[BOOOOOO!]

BW: Payback, daddy! Payback for the knockout from Carver at Unholy War!

GM: Shane could have this won! Lenny Strong may have just won this for the Ring Leader!

[Seeing Carver go down, Shane dives on top, hooking a leg and begging the referee to count! The official wheels around, diving to the mat.]

GM: Not like this! ONE... TWO.... FOOT ON THE ROPES! Carver got a foot on the ropes!

[Exasperated, Terry Shane rolls off, catching his breath and smacking the mat in utter frustration. He sneers at the referee as the ringside commotion calms down. He instead goes after Carver, grabbing an arm and pulling the Strangler to the middle of the ring.]

TSIII: GET OUT OF THIS!

BW: NO ESCAPE!

[With Carver bent over, Shane grabs an arm and goes for the roll into the No Escape, only Carver pulls under and gets out, going for a big elbow to the back of the head!]

GM: MIND ERASER--MISSES! Shane ducked! ROLL UP !

[ONE! TWO! THRE--BIG POP!]

GM: HANNIBAL CARVER KICKS OUT! It's obvious just how well these two know each other.

BW: SO close! Terry Shane was THIS close to going up 1-0 in this best out of three!

GM: Shane scrambling up... DROPKICK TO THE KNEE!

[Carver somersaults in the air, landing hard and grabbing at the joint immediately! The crowd deflates instantly, seeing their favorite in jeopardy.]

BW: Spectacular timing!

GM: Carver is hurt! His leg is badly hurt... SPINNING TOE HOLD! TERRY SHANE HAS THE SPINNING TOE HOLD ON!

BW: After that dropkick, this could be it!

GM: Right in the middle of the ring, Carver has nowhere to go!

[The babyfaced lumberjacks start urging both Carver and the fans on, slapping the mat, yelling at him to fight. Their fire gets the crowd into it and soon the arena is cheering for Carver.]

BW: He can't do it! Shane has it right here in the middle of the ring!

GM: Hannibal Carver is in all kinds of trouble!

[Shane continues to crank it, yelling at Carver to quit. Carver starts pushing himself up, trying to pull both his and Shane's weight to the ropes.]

GM: I don't know if he can escape this! A move in the family blood, in the center of the ring and perfectly executed! Terry Shane has a perfect base out there, he isn't going to move!

[The babyfaces as one start stomping the mat with a hand and the fans get right into the rhythm of it, stomping and clapping and soon chanting "CAR-VER! CAR-VER!"

BW: Not a chance! This crowd is wasting their breath! No way Carver can do this!

[Struggling, Carver sits up and plants one hand hard into the mat. Then the other. Then he starts pulling. And pushing. And dragging himself towards the ropes. Slowly. Very slowly. But he gets closer and closer and panic starts to set in on Shane's face as he struggles to keep the hold on!]

GM: Terry Shane is having problems! The fight in Hannibal Carver is incredible! This man will just not quit!

[And every straining muscle in his neck and upper torso shows it as he continues to crawl... and crawl... and gets close enough to the ropes that Shane has to let go and pull him back to the middle of the ring, stopping the CAR-VER chants and igniting BOOO's!]

GM: Back into the middle and spins... CARVER ROLL UP!

BW: TIGHTS!

[Pulling him down by the tights, Carver goes for a roll up which Shane is able to kick out of after a struggle and get to his feet. Shane scrambles up first and hits the ropes, charging with a low dropkick to the knee...

...which Carver sees coming and sidesteps!]

GM: DROPKICK MISSED!

[Shane gets back up and turns... BIG POP!]

GM: SPINNING SPINEBUSTER! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

[Shane is completely flattened, Carver bouncing off after hitting the out-of-nowhere move and going immediately to his damaged knee!]

BW: Both men are down, but if you ask me, Carver is worse for wear! His knee is wrecked, he's tired and he's going to have lots of problems getting up.

GM: That knee could be a big time issue if this goes to the third match. How is he going to stand for a ten count in the Texas Death Match if he can barely stand right now?

[Both men remain down as the referee keeps the count on to five... six... seven... but they DO start to recover.]

GM: Both men are starting to get back to their feet. This match has taken a toll on both competitors.

[Shane gets up, groggily, but up. Carver is behind him, shaking off the leg. He sees Shane up and his pain seems to vanish, revenge written across his face.]

GM: Look at Hannibal Carver. He is ready to strike... and does with a clothesline that flattens Terry Shane!

[And then a second... and a third, spinning off, pumping his fists and slapping his face as he calls for Shane to get up.]

BW: Watch it, Terry! He's right behind you!

GM: Shane sees him! And look! He's frightened to death, begging off!

BW: It's just strategy, daddy!

[Backing off and pleading seems to do nothing as Carver stalks in. Shane swings in desperation but it's ducked and Carver hooks his arms.]

GM: Full nelson annnnnd a sit out style atomic drop slam! [POP!] COVER!

[ONE! TWO!! Shane kicks out but Carver steps up quick, runs off the ropes as fast as his bad wheel will let him and drops with a headbutt to the face!]

GM: ANOTHER COVER!

[And AGAIN, to the loud chagrin of the crowd the referee only gets to a two count!]

GM: CLOSE!

BW: Not close enough, daddy!

GM: Carver pulls Shane up, grabbing his neck and twisting.

[And twists for a neckbreaker, only Shane switches his arms out and goes for a backslide. Carver won't have any of it, his bigger size and strength advantage winning out. He pulls away, twists around and brings Shane spinning into him, throwing him overhead and down to the mat with a T-Bone suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX! Shane put DOWN in the middle of the ring and cover--wait! No! He's not going for a cover, he's heading to the corner!

BW: HUGE mistake! This is going to be the turning point, trust me!

GM: He's headed up, but only the second rope.

[And leaps off, cocking a fist and dropping it right between the eyes of The Salience!]

GM: Fist drop RIGHT on target! COVERRRRR!

ONE! TWO! THRE--NO!

[Two fingers are raised as Shane BARELY kicks out, even the crowd thinking the match was finished.]

BW: He cannot keep him down! Hannibal Carver cannot finish Terry Shane III! What a glorious match! And this is just the first one!

GM: Hannibal Carver pulling him up again and taking him to the corner. He has something dastardly planned here, I have no doubt!

[Snaring Shane in a front headlock, Carver lifts him up and to the buzz of the audience, puts him sitting on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is going for something big here!

BW: Going and and succeeding is a different story.

GM: And he's going up with him!

[Carver goes up with Shane, snaring him in a headlock once again. He goes to lift when Aaron Anderson once again hops onto the apron.]

GM: Anderson is up!

BW: Checking on the welfare of his leader, no doubt!

GM: Carver is down and going after him!

[Anderson drops off the apron as not only Carver comes after him but so does Shadoe Rage.]

GM: Terry Shane is perched up top! He's perched on the top rope, waiting for Carver! The distraction worked!

BW: Listen to this crowd try and warn Carver! They're picking the wrong side!

GM: Hannibal Carver could be in trouble here! Shane... FLIES!

[And Carver... moves! Terry Shane hits the mat after the big crossbody dive, Carver ducking out of the way to a HUGE POP!]

GM: My oh my how the tides have changed! Terry Shane is down and hurt and Hannibal Carver, the Boston Strangler, is ready to pounce! He's waiting for Terry Shane, waiting for him to get up to put the final touches on this match and go up one to nothing in this best out of three matches here tonight.

[It's just as he is about to "pounce" when the Gang is all up! Donnie White is first, getting up behind Carver only to take a right to the jaw! Lenny Strong gets up on the other side, charges down the apron... but is leveled by a running clothesline, bouncing off the apron and to the floor!]

BW: Oh dear lord, all hell is breaking loose now!

GM: AND THE LUMBERJACKS ARE AT IT AGAIN! CHAOS ALL OVER THE FLOOR OF THE CROCKETT COLISEUM!

[Lumberjacks charge in to get the Shane Gang... and some go at each other... as Carver turns and sees Aaron Anderson charging right at him. He doesn't even blink and grabs Anderson, whipping him by the head right over the ropes!]

GM: Anderson held on! He never hit the... SHANE! SHANE HAS THAT BRANDING IRON! WHERE DID HE GET IT!

BW: I'll give you one guess what voluptuous siren is behind that!

[And Sandra Hayes does indeed stand alone on the other side, waving at Shane to get the Boston Strangler.]

GM: Terry Shane has the branding iron AND CHARGES!

[Carver turns, seeing the iron charging at his forehead...

...and moves!]

GM: WATCH OUT!

[And Shane JUST about hits Anderson, the Shane protege covering his face. The Ring Leader stops scant inches away, taking a deep breath as he realizes his near mistake.]

GM: CARVER... [POP!]... KNOCKS SHANE INTO ANDERSON!

[And Anderson goes FLYING into the big brawl on the floor, bodies collapsing in a massive heap!]

BW: Terry! Watch out!

GM: Shane is dazed, Carver... MIND ERASER! MIND ERASER RIGHT ON TARGET!

[Shane hits the mat hard from the rolling elbow to the back of the head as the crowd gets to their collective feet to count along with the referee.]

GM: Carver covers... ONE! TWO! THREE!

[FACE POP!]

“DING DING DING!”

GM: Hannibal Carver does it! He pins Terry Shane and goes up one to nothing... oh wait a second. WAIT A SECOND! Sandra Hayes is in the ring! What is she doing?!

BW: She's checking out her man!

[It might seem so, until she jumps on Carver, trying to claw his eyes out!]

GM: Is she crazy?!

BW: Looks that way, daddy. Hot crazy!

[Easily shrugging her off, Carver turns as the Siren backpedals, begging off. The cheering also turns... to warning shouts.]

GM: Who's that now? Shane! He's back up and... oh no! OH NO!

[A loud CRAAAAAACK resounds over the arena as Carver turns right into a blow from the Branding Iron!]

BW: Right between the eyes!

[Carver instantly crumbles, clutching at his face as Terry Shane stands shakily and wearily over him. Shadoo Rage and Chris Staley are instantly in the ring, sending the Ring Leader in retreat, meeting up with the rest of the Gang on the entrance ramp. More wrestlers go to approach them, blocking off the way as others check on the downed Boston Strangler.]

GM: A dastardly shot! The Shane Gang in retreat and though they lost this first match, they may have changed the tide of tonight drastically. Let's hope Hannibal Carver isn't too hurt.

[It's then that the crowd parts slightly and we see Hannibal Carver down, clutching his face, blood dripping through his fingers.]

GM: OH MY STARS! He's bleeding badly from that shot!

BW: What does this mean for the next match? Easy win! It's a First Blood match! Terry Shane has already won!

GM: The Shane Gang may be in retreat, but they're ahead on the game now! Hannibal Carver needs to see a doctor and quickly. Someone get help in there for him!

[The camera switches to a shot up the entrance ramp as the Shane Gang, the Siren and The Ring Leader pose in victory, wrestlers in the ring scowling back, Hannibal Carver shakily looking up at them as blood drips into his eyes.]

GM: What a night it's been already! An outstanding battle between Carver and Shane just went down and as we said, that may just be the first of three.

BW: Oh, it's the first of three! He's bleeding already! Ring the bell!

GM: This is NOT two out of three falls, Bucky. This is two out of three matches. It means that both men will go back to the locker room and get a lengthy break before they come back out here for the First Blood match. We've got to go to another break but we'll be right back so don't go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and back up to live action where Mark Stegglet has parked himself outside of a door that reads "MEDICAL."]

MS: Welcome back to Homecoming, fans. Moments ago, Hannibal Carver was taken into this room by AWA staff doctor, Bob Ponavitch, where they were going to attempt to seal the cut on the forehead. I've been told by AWA officials that if the flow of blood cannot be stopped, then Terry Shane will win the second match by forfeit and we will proceed directly to the third and deciding matchup. More news on this front as it develops, fans, but right now, let's go back down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky!

[Crossfade to ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. We'll keep an eye on that situation for you, fans, as it will have a direct result on what you see here later tonight. But right now, let's talk about a situation that went down during the World Tag Team Title match at Unholy War. That match pitted the champions, the Blonde Bombers, against Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines - the Number One Contenders known as RyGunn.

BW: Not anymore.

GM: Well, that's exactly what I was getting to. Ryan Martinez went into that match with a bad shoulder -a situation that only got worse as the match unfolded. Just before the match ended, Martinez and Gaines attempted the Splashbuster, a move that would've won the World Tag Team Titles for them... but Martinez' shoulder wouldn't allow for it. A short time later, Kenny Stanton trapped Martinez in an armbar and Justin Gaines, the son of Hall of Famer Gunnar Gaines, threw in the towel for the team.

BW: In one throw of the towel, they lost the match... they lost any chance of ever becoming the World Tag Team Champions... and ultimately, they lost the team itself.

GM: Gunnar Gaines and his son, Justin, brutally assaulted Ryan Martinez in the aftermath of that loss, shocking everyone with their ferocity. Ryan Martinez is NOT in the building here tonight as AWA doctors have not cleared him to compete as of yet. But the Gaines family... they are here. And they're about to come out here and explain to the world what in the heck happened at Unholy War. Jason Dane, the floor is yours...

[Crossfade to the ring where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time ...

[The opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers pierces the air.]

JD: He is a former heavyweight champion of the world and a member of the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame.

[Drums, bass and eventually vocals come in as the music continues.]

JD: And, he shocked the world at Unholy War when he turned his back on the prodigal son, Ryan Martinez. Accompanied by his son, Justin, here is GUNNAR "THE GRIZZLY" GAAAAAAAINES!

[The mammoth presence of Gunnar bursts through the curtain, with the slightly taller Justin Gaines not too far behind. They are immediately showered with boos. Wads of paper and a few half-empty drink cups rain down on them, but they ignore the onslaught, beaming with pride as they make their way to the ring.]

GM [on commentary]: You know, Bucky, I could not believe what Gunnar did at Unholy War. It came completely out of left field. One minute, he's trying to help Ryan win the World Tag Team Titles. The next, he's beating him senseless. I didn't understand it in the slightest when it happened, and I'm not sure I do now.

BW [on commentary]: Well, Gordo, I'm not sure you would understand. I attribute it to Gunnar waking up from his hibernation... and it's about time.

GM [on commentary]: You approve of what he did?

BW [on commentary]: I loved it! This is the Gunnar Gaines I've been hoping for - the one I thought was dead and gone. I can even see the potential starting to shine through in his son, Justin!

[The elder Gaines has a black leather vest on, with "Baddest Thang Running" emblazoned on the back in silver letters. The vest is layered over an ivory colored, long sleeve thermal undershirt. His beard is trimmed, and his formerly long hair has been crew cut, now tucked under a black bandanna. Black cutoff jeans, black knee pads, a black belt with silver buckle, and black ring boots with black soles and laces complete the ensemble.]

GM [on commentary]: A new look for Gunnar Gaines. No more red flannel.

BW [on commentary]: Bah, that's working man's clothing! About time Gunnar got rid of that and dressed like the bad customer he truly is.

[Justin has on a tight white T-shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and Wrangler jeans with cowboy boots. His blond, shoulder-length hair is covered in a matching black bandanna, like his father's. They enter the ring. The music fades. Jason approaches the duo.]

JD: Gunnar Gaines, your attack on Ryan Martinez was one of the most unexpected things to happen at Unholy War, and I don't mean that in a good way. It came after earlier in the night young Mr. Martinez explained how devoted he was to your partnership. In fact, your assault seemed to come out of nowhere. Can you explain to me what happened?

[Gunnar - often known for pausing to compose his thoughts - doesn't take that time here.]

GG: Well, Jason Dane, I knew what you were going to ask the obvious question. Why did we attack Ryan Martinez? Well, for the last several months, I found myself asking a different, less obvious question. Why did I stick with him for so long? Now THAT'S the question an astute observer would have asked. And at Unholy War, I finally ran out of answers. So Justin and I made what we call, "a clean break."

[Gunnar laughs, and Justin laughs right along with him.]

JD: So it was deliberate. I have to say, your fans must be disappointed in what you did.

GG: MY fans don't have to do anything, but never mind them. Deliberate? I'll get to that. But first, let me take you back to when I first signed up for the AWA. And let's be honest, Jason Dane. For years, this business blackballed me, because I had the guts to stand up for myself. In here (points to ring) - as well as back there (points to the locker room).

JD: What does that have to do with Ryan Martinez? He's the one who gave you a chance.

GG: Get it right, son. Ryan Martinez didn't GIVE me anything. I gave to him.

JD: I still don't see your point. Other people might have written you off. I'll grant you that. But Ryan Martinez spent the past year by your side.

GG: Let me break it down for you. For years, I wanted to wrestle, and my phone didn't ring. And after all I did to sacrifice my body, sell out arenas, and put this business on the map? After all my family did? My father, Larry? My grandfather, Walter? Even my brother, George, the one they always forget about? That really hurt my feelings. And I'm a tough guy.

BW [on commentary]: He's right, you know. Gunnar Gaines has never had his due, and neither has the Gaines family.

GM [on commentary]: Please. He was inducted into the Hall of Fame.

GG: But then finally, one day, that telephone did ring, a little more than a year ago. It was a one-time offer to be in the AWA World Title tournament. I knew what THAT was all about. "Oh, look, it's Gunnar! We all thought he was dead!" They wanted a one-time pop. To them, it was all a novelty. I knew that. But all these people rushed up to me in the locker room like I was from Texas, and couldn't figure that out myself. They said, "You think you have a shot? Well, bless your heart!" Which is what you tell idiots. You don't tell that to Gunnar Gaines.

JD: I don't think it's fair to blame that on Ryan-

GG: [interrupting] Hang on. I ain't done talking. Now these people... they thought I should be happy with one last payday, but not me. I wanted to stick around. And when I told people that, they laughed. Then they would tell me, "Just keep your ego in check." My ego.

[He shakes his head in bewilderment, taking a deep breath as Dane looks at him quizzically.]

GG: You see, Jason Dane, people spent years tarring me with a bad brush. Some people just will not let things go. That's their problem. Not mine. But I'm a practical man. To stick around in the AWA, I knew I would have to say and do the [he makes air quotes] "right things." So I did. In fact, I made an agreement with myself. I would hold my tongue and my nose, be on my perfect behavior, and let my ring work do the talking. Which it did. Thanks for noticing.

JD: And then you became partners with Ryan Martinez.

GG: No, first I BEAT Ryan Martinez. Quite handily, I might add. But then, I made him a very generous offer. I offered to mentor him, lead him, show him the way, and teach him just a little bit of what I know, keeping in mind that if you try to pour a gallon of knowledge into a shot glass of a brain, you're gonna spill some.

JD: You lowered yourself to Ryan's level. Is that how you see it?

GG: I didn't lower anything. It was my way of giving back to the business that, for years, didn't give me jack. But of course, Ryan Martinez would have none of it. This egotistical kid tells me that we have to be equals. Him? Equal to a Hall of Famer? A former World Champion? Is that where I'm at in this business, presumed equal to a rookie?

JD: Ryan Martinez is no rookie. He's a young man with a growing resume and a sparkling pedigree.

GG: Pedigree? Thank you, that brings me to my next point. This headstrong punk won't accept help from his dad, either. What kind of idiot doesn't want assistance from his legendary father? As a third generation wrestler and very proud father of a fourth generation wrestler, that made my stomach turn. If I had a kid like that, which I don't, I'd pound the snot out of him. But I wanted to stay here in the AWA, so against my better judgment, I decided, OK, fine. We'll be equals. But I thought to myself, you gotta prove it, kid.

JD: As a team, you certainly acquitted yourselves well. You beat the Aces, the Rave, the Ring Workers, the Prehistoric Powers...

GG: I remember that. I remember my ring generalship leading the way and my kid here fending off all the interference. See, the Gaines family did its part. It may have seemed the Martinez family did, too, but let me ask you this. Did Alex Martinez ever watch our back? Not a single time. Which brings me to what I'll always remember the most. Stampede Cup.

JD: You weren't expected to go far, but you made it all the way to the finals with Ryan's help. I still don't see what your beef is.

GG: [squinting with condescension] Of course not, so let me tell you. We fight in three very hard matches and win them all, thanks to a Herculean effort by yours truly. And THEN, Alex Martinez saunters on in and, get this, offers to replace me in the finals because my knee's hurt. You know, the knee I won three matches with. How incredibly generous of him. Then we go on to lose in the finals, thanks to some cheating. Where's Alex Martinez in all this?

[Gunnar turns to his son.]

GG: Can you tell me, Justin? Where was Alex?

JG: I know where he wasn't. Watching your back.

[Gunnar laughs.]

GG: That's right. He wants to help, but only if he gets the glory and the title that I worked so hard to earn. And what does Ryan say afterwards?

[mimicky, whiny voice] "I stayed with Gunnar even if joining with my dad would have given me a better chance." Like HE'S doing ME some big favor. Better chance, my foot. We didn't need Alex on this team. But if he'd been watching our back, we'd be the tag champs right now. Instead, so we lost,

and stubborn little Ryan who won't accept help from his daddy? Well, he was the one that got pinned. Right then I knew this thing was over with.

JD: But it wasn't.

GG: I decided to give Ryan one more chance.

JD: Did you tell him he was on thin ice? Anything?

GG: What, you're kidding, right? Kid's ego is fragile enough as it is. And I figured, hey, we got one more shot coming. So I go with it. But then, over the next several weeks, little Ryan starts hogging the mic. He starts chasing the TV Title. He gets in dustups with people who have nothing to do with us or the tag team titles. He basically becomes the big ego people accused ME of being, and I'm supposed to put up with it? And another thing, instead of "Bad to the Bone" I just hear HIS theme music every time we're out here. Michael Franti and Spearhead? What the hell is that? Is that a solo act, or a band? Justin, you know the music these days.

JG: Well, Dad, it's a band where one huge egomaniac gets extra billing.

GG: Wow. That's just perfect for Ryan Martinez. He made himself out to be the star of this team, when in reality? He was the one holding it down.

JD: He hurt your ego. So you attacked him when his back was turned. All for refusing to let you be his mentor.

GG: Mentor? Here's the thing. Ryan Martinez is a big, strong kid. He's even got some skills. That's why I thought I could turn him into something. But the thing is, in this business, people like him are as common as an apple in a produce stand. He's one of those million dollar bodies with a 10-cent brain. What you need is a big strong kid with heart AND with brains, who will listen to a veteran like me. Excuse me, a legend like me. That's rare. And Ryan Martinez had to know that I already have that right here.

[He pats his son Justin on the back.]

GG: My boy's not too ashamed to take my advice or ask for my help. He's a smart kid. Ryan Martinez, on the other hand? He could have learned from Justin's example, but he thinks he's too good for that.

JD: Justin, do you think Ryan was willing to learn?

JG: Well, Jason, I think he DID learn. But somewhere along the line, he forgot who was learning from who. So at Unholy War, after he blew yet another match trying to be the hero with a bad shoulder, we taught him another lesson. We thought it might come to that. We didn't want to do it - we HAD to. You see, my father is a very smart and very generous man. And Ryan Martinez, by contrast, is very selfish and stupid. And that's why ending his career is the kindest thing we could do for Ryan Martinez, before he embarrasses his family name any further.

[Gunnar nods, impressed with what his son is saying. Jason Dane, on the other hand, looks a little disgusted.]

JD: Justin, you and Gunnar concluded your vicious, double-team attack when you delivered a move on Ryan Martinez that I've never seen before in my life. What is it, and what's it called?

JG: I call it the Justifier. My dad just calls it a standing suspended hangman's neckbreaker from a power-bomb setup. The extra altitude gives it a little extra impact.

JD: A little? You came close to breaking the neck of Ryan Martinez. And you call that kind? That's what you do to your dad's loyal partner?

[Justin appears taken aback by the question, but then Gunnar interrupts.]

GG: Hold up, Jason Dane. I'll answer that. Up to now, we HAVE been treating Ryan Martinez with kindness, compared to what we're going to do. Loyal partner? He's only loyal to his own ego. That kind of loyalty, we don't need. So instead of RyGunn, it's going to be Justin and me. The way it should have been all along.

JG: That's right - we're entering the tag team ranks. The team of RyGunn may not be eligible for title shots anymore, but the team of Gunnar and Justin? We most certainly are.

GG: And I think we're gonna call ourselves a name that Ryan Martinez never accepted: "The Baddest Thangs Running." Sort of has a nice ring to it, eh, Justin?

[Justin just nods.]

JG: It sure does. You know why? Because Ryan didn't want that name. He said something about how he and Gunnar hadn't earned it. You know something? He was halfway right. He didn't deserve it. My father did. And now, my father and I do. We proved it at Unholy War, and we'll keep on proving it, all the way to the World Tag Team Championship.

GG: First, though, we have a challenge. We want Ryan Martinez to find a partner - that is, if he recovers enough to dial a phone. I don't know who that partner might be. Do you, Justin?

JG: I know who it WON'T be.

GG: Who?

JG: Alex Martinez. You see, Ryan Martinez would never admit he needs help from his dad. He won't submit to the mentoring and instruction that could make him truly great. A year in RyGunn proved that. That little punk spent an entire year not listening to Gunnar Gaines. And that's the difference between someone like Ryan Martinez and someone like me. I listen. And, I learn. And that's what makes me better.

[Gunnar shakes his head, smiling at his son's already uncanny wisdom.]

GG: Man, Justin, you are so right. So, Ryan Martinez, IF you recover from your injuries, then grab your smart phone and see who you got on speed dial. It doesn't matter who it is. It could be Valtharius the Mad for all I care. Just put on some gear and get your tail down to this ring, and do something you ain't got the guts to even do, and that's face the Baddest Thangs Running. Because those lessons? They ain't done yet.

[Gunnar holds out the mic, as Justin leans in. Together, they speak the words.]

JG and GG: Beat US... if you can!

["Bad to the Bone" rings out in the arena, as the announcers lay out for a few moments to let the interview sink in.]

GM: Folks, I - I still just don't know what to make of what Gunnar and Justin Gaines just had to say.

BW: Make of it? There's nothing to make of it, Gordo! It's simple - Gunnar Gaines got tired of carrying RyGunn, so he decided to let Ryan Martinez go. The kid just wasn't working out. Instead, Gunnar's got a better kid - one who listens, one who learns, and one who stands 6 feet, 7 inches tall and delivers one heck of a devastating neckbreaker. I'm referring of course to Justin Gaines.

GM: This is the same kid you spent the past year describing as a "brat." I never agreed with that term until I saw what he did to Ryan Martinez at Unholy War. It was absolutely reprehensible.

BW: You're right, I did call him a brat, but I've come to see that Justin Gaines is actually a very thoughtful and talented young man. The respect he has for his father sets an example that all of us should emulate.

GM: I think if enough people emulate Gunnar and Justin Gaines, the rest of us will need eyes in the back of our head, lest we be double crossed or struck from behind. Evidently, that's the price these days for offending the ego of Gunnar Gaines. Fans, let's go to the ring for more action!

[A familiar throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

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

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

[Twenty-five seconds into the song, a masked mountain of a man, with lightly-tanned skin and brown eyes, emerges from the entranceway. He has on a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim. More jeering, as he is followed by the paunchy, smirking, bespectacled Asian, with light brown skin and short, wavy, black hair; dressed in a navy suit, lavender shirt, red tie and black Oxford shoes.]

PW: Introducing first, hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Mister Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

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

PW: And his opponent...

[In the ring is a man with a decent build, a military style buzzcut and a square jaw. He is wearing camouflage trunks, black knee pads and black boots.]

PW: Hailing from Watertown, New York, weighing in at 235 pounds, he is...

CHARLIE STEPHENS!!!

[Reaching the ring, Matsui hangs back, letting Maximus pass and step through the ropes. Maximus balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As the music fades, Matsui remains on the outside, yelling encouragement at Maximus, who has not taken his eyes off Stephens.]

"DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! It's Maximus set to take on Charlie Stephens and you gotta give Stephens credit for his courage, because Maximus does not look like he is in a good mood!

BW: Is he ever in a good mood, Gordo?

[Charlie Stephens charges into a collar-and-elbow tie-up. There is a bit of a struggle, before Maximus pushes him away dismissively. He flexes his arms, trash-talking Stephens as he does so.]

BW: Stephens might be reconsidering his strategy here.

GM: Another collar-and-elbow... And, again, Maximus shoves him away!

BW: Charlie Stephens just cannot go strength-for-strength with the big man!

[Stephens goes for a third collar-and-elbow tie-up and, this time, Maximus breaks it, but pulls him into a short-arm clothesline.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: This guy was dumb enough to try and overpower a four hundred pound monster like Maximus and he just paid the price for it.

[Maximus stands, looking out at the crowd as he gestures at his waist.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus failed to capture the World Title at Unholy War despite pinning Calisto Dufresne in a shocking amount of time. The Triangle Match rules said he had to pin Dufresne AND Wright to win the title and he just couldn't manage to do it against Wright.

BW: But he pinned the champ and in the eyes of a lot of people, that means he should get the next shot at Dufresne.

GM: Remember, fans, President O'Connor is here and he will address the World Title situation here tonight. Who's gonna face Calisto Dufresne for the World Title at SuperClash V? We hope to find out later tonight but right now Maximus is letting his opponent up off the mat - unusual for him.

[Stephens rushes into another collar-and-elbow tieup but gets muscled right back against the ropes.]

BW: Stephens needs to keep his cool here and not go charging in like that!

[Maximus steps back, balling up his fists and slamming a nice right-left-right-left combo into the ribcage of his opponent.]

GM: Maximus just laying into Stephens' ribs with those shots!

[Grabbing an arm, Maximus wings him across, dropping his head for a backdrop...

...but Stephens pulls up short, catching Maximus with a boot to the face that straightens him up!]

GM: Stephens avoids the backdrop... kick downstairs- no! Maximus caught the foot!

[He barks at Stephens, holding the foot with one hand as Stephens bounces on the other foot to keep his balance...

...and then springs up, lashing out with his foot to catch Maximus in the back of the skull to a big cheer!]

GM: Ohh! Nice back brain kick out of Charlie Stephens! He caught the monster good right there!

[The 235 pounds from Watertown, New York scrambles up off the mat, pumping a fist at the cheering crowd.]

GM: Stephens is a tough kid - another former military man like Clayton Shaw.

BW: A lot of good it did him.

GM: Curt Sawyer is also a former military guy - we'll be seeing Curt in action later tonight as well.

[Stephens gets some distance between he and Maximus before leaping up, throwing his legs out and catching Maximus on the chin!]

GM: Big leaping dropkick by Stephens!

[The young man gets up, tugging his camo trunks into place before dashing to the ropes, bouncing off...

...and steams right into a running clothesline that connects hard on Maximus, staggering the big man to another big cheer!]

GM: Charlie Stephens is showing that fire, Bucky! He's showing that he won't back down without a heck of a fight!

[Stephens does a spinning salute to the crowd before hitting the ropes again, springing back towards a stunned Maximus...

...and comes to a complete stop as Maximus throws the full weight of his body at him, clashing his arms together on the ears of Stephens as well in a flying tackle that knocks Stephens down!]

GM: Ohh! That cuts the attack of Charlie Stephens off!

[Maximus stands over him, barking several times as he gestures at his waist...

...and then angrily yanks Stephens up off the mat.]

BW: Uh oh. Maximus ain't happy, Gordo!

[He makes a throat-slashing gesture, as he pulls Charlie Stephens up in a side headlock.]

"THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, DUFRESNE!"

GM: We heard that one as clear as day. A direct threat to the World Champion.

[Maximus lifts Stephens up, holding him upside down in the air for a full eight seconds, before falling back and dropping Stephens with a vertical suplex.]

BW: We know Maximus wants Dufresne one-on-one, but will President Karl O'Connor consider him for that shot at SuperClash? I can't wait to find out later tonight, Gordo.

GM: Neither can I. We've seen some big events all year long but as always, SuperClash V promises to top them all! It's the biggest night of the year for the AWA and tonight, we're going to find out which of the AWA's amazing cities we'll be the host of this year's event.

BW: I hear it's down to Las Vegas and right here in Dallas, Gordo. There may be rioting in the streets if O'Connor announces we're going to Vegas.

[Gordon chuckles as Maximus moves back in on Charlie Stephens.]

GM: Maximus is stalking Charlie Stephens - he wants to end this.

[He wraps his hand around the back of Stephens' neck, pulling him to his feet. Using the chokehold, he shoves Stephens off into the ropes hard, causing him to bounce back...

...where he baseball slides down between the legs, popping up behind the big man!]

GM: Stephens still coming!

[The crowd cheers a flurry of quick and strong palm strikes to the chest before three hard ones to the cheekbone spin Maximus back against the ropes...]

GM: Charlie Stephens is really showing us something here tonight against a much large opponent!

[Stephens turns to rush the ropes as Maximus charges from the blind side. The former military man just barely gets to the ropes as Maximus gets there...

...and goes tumbling over the ropes to the floor when Stephens drops down, pulling the top rope with him!]

GM: OVER THE TOP!

BW: Whoa! Maximus landed on his feet!

GM: Incredibly agile for a man that size and-

[A furious Maximus reaches up, ripping his mask off and throwing it down to the mat.]

GM: He's hot, fans! He just ripped his mask right off!

BW: Unlike in the Mexican tradition, Maximus does not wear that mask to hide his identity. Under his American Mastodon persona in Japan, Maximus wrestled without the mask.

GM: Stephens!

[The New Yorker grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top in a crossbody...]

GM: Caught!

[...that Maximus snatches out of the sky, shaking his head as he holds a struggling Stephens across his chest!]

BW: Stephens tried a slingshot crossbody from inside the ring, but Maximus is going to make him pay for what he just did!

[Maximus powers Stephens up from across his front into a military press and throws him through the ropes into the ring. Matsui is by the side of his client, telling him he's got Stephens now as Maximus climbs back into the ring.]

GM: Maximus steps back in...

[Stephens, back on his feet, throws himself into another dropkick that catches Maximus on the chin!]

GM: Nice dropkick again!

BW: I've got to give this kid credit; he's taking the fight to the big man. Maximus seems to be a little out of step here tonight.

[Burying a back kick into the gut, Stephens rushes to the ropes, rebounding off and leaping over the top into a sunset flip attempt...]

GM: Sunset flip! He's trying to pull the big man down and-

[Maximus sets his feet, leaps up, and CRUSHES Stephens under his rear end!]

GM: OHHHH! That's it! That's gotta be it!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo. Maximus wants to teach this kid a lesson after the

BW: Maximus grabs a leg and drags Stephens closer to the corner. You know what's coming, Gordo!

GM: I'm afraid I do as Maximus steps up to the middle rope...

[The big man grabs the top rope with both hands, bouncing up and down to build momentum...

...and then kicks his legs back, going horizontal to the mat...]

GM: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!

[...and CRUSHES Stephens underneath his four hundred pound frame!]

GM: One... two... and there's three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Maximus pushes up off the prone Stephens, allowing the official to raise his hand as the ring announcer makes it official to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus, the current Number Two contender to the World Heavyweight Title, wins again here at Homecoming as he attempts to send a clear message to the Championship Committee and President O'Connor - he wants a rematch, fans!

BW: Gordo, I want you to take one more look at this man in action...

[As Louis Matsui climbs into the ring to raise Maximus' large arm, we cut to a replay of Charlie Stephens' sunset flip attempt and Maximus with the 420-pound dead drop onto his chest.]

BW: Stephens fought valiantly and tried to take Maximus down, but Maximus squashed him with the big sitdown splash... but that wasn't all.

[We see Maximus bouncing on the ropes just before delivering the Prehistoric Plunge...]

BW: Whew. Absolutely devastating. It's an easy three count after that.

GM: Folks, when we come back, Jason Dane is going to try to get a few words from the behemoth and his manager. Stay tuned!

[We slowly 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:

TONIGHT!

AWA Homecoming

Joshua Dusscher

LIVE!

And we crossfade back to the Crockett Coliseum and the interview platform, where Jason Dane is standing by with Louis Matsui. Behind them, a maskless MAMMOTH Maximus paces, muttering to himself.]

JD: Louis Matsui, another strong showing by your client, but it looks like, coming off his defeat at Unholy War, Maximus seems to be a little out of sor-

LM: My client was not defeated at Unholy War! He pinned that snake, Dufresne is near-record time, whereas Dufresne could only pin the monster after he'd been through hell with Supreme Wright, fought off the effects of the Cobra Clutch Crossface, taken a low blow, and, even then, he needed the ropes to take him down! And it wasn't my client who took the loaded boot to the head!

So, no, MAMMOTH Maximus was NOT DEFEATED AT UNHOLY WAR! And I hear President O'Connor's going to make an announcement regarding the Main Event at SuperClash later? The way I see it, if Karl O'Connor and the Championship Committee want to do what's right, they'll name MAMMOTH Maximus the number one contender and the challenger for the World Title at SuperClash!

[Suddenly, Maximus grabs the mic, and Dane's hand in the process, pulling it closer to his face.]

MM: ROYALTY! I've had enough of you rats! You say that if I want some, I know where to find you? Well, I'm laying the challenge right now! Two weeks from now, at the next Saturday Night Wrestling, I want to step into the ring against one of you! ANY ONE OF YOU! Now, since that snake, Calisto Dufresne knows what'll happen when he steps into the ring one-on-one against me, I'm guessing he's not going to be the one to step up. That's fine! I'll take Cooper out to the woodshed and done what his daddy outta have done a long time ago! I'll take on Jacobs! I'll take on Stanton!

Heck, I'll take them both on if I have to! And then I'm gonna do it again two weeks after! And again, until I've gone through every single one of you pukers and, finally, FINALLY, get my hands on Dufresne and put Royalty in its place once and for all!

[Finally, to Dane's relief, Maximus releases his hand and walks away from the interview platform. Matsui, with his characteristic smirk, leans into the mic.]

LM: We await your answer, Royalty. And, Doyle, if you ever stick your nose where it doesn't belong again when I'm around, I'm going to make sure I stick that boot of yours, one way or the other, where the sun don't shine.

[Matsui slaps Jason Dane on the shoulder, as he walks off after his client...

...and we slowly fade to reveal the same image on a television monitor. After a few moments, the camera shot pulls back to reveal the World Tag Team Champions, Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton, standing alongside their manager "Hollywood" Larry Doyle. Rounding out the group is Mark Stegglet who sticks a mic in Doyle's face.]

MS: You heard the man. Do you accept his challenge?

[Doyle turns to face the camera as his boys do the same.]

LD: Mark Stegglet, you have the manners of a drunken sailor on shore leave in the local gentleman's club, you know that? Where is the hospitality? Where is the appreciation for what you're standing between?

[Doyle gestures wildly with his right hand.]

LD: Kenny Stanton, the Smooth Operator himself. The man who makes both men and women change their underwear alike... but for very different reasons. The high flyer, the jet setter, the straw that stirs all the milkshakes in the yard.

[He gestures with his left.]

LD: The Big Bad himself, Brad Jacobs. The Tower of Power, the biggest thing to hit Gunnar Gaines since senility, and the one who makes your muscles ache and your hearts break.

[Doyle gestures with both hands now. He's talented like that.]

LD: The Blonde Bombers. YOUR. WORLD. TAG. TEAM. CHAMPIONS. The world said we wouldn't do it, Steggy... the world said it couldn't be done. They said we couldn't walk into St. Louis with these titles and walk out with these titles after facing the heroes of the people, Grumpy and Dopey. But here we are, Marko Polo... and here we stand, the best tag team walking the face of God's green. We not only beat the top challengers at Unholy War but we hit 'em so hard, we split 'em right up!

[Stanton grins at that, reaching over to clap Jacobs on the shoulder who stares emotionlessly at the camera.]

LD: So, after all that, you can't be bothered to say one simple bit of congratulations, Stegglet.

[Reluctantly, Mark raises the mic.]

MS: Congrat-

[Doyle interrupts.]

LD: Wow. You cracked. Way to hold it together, Mister Journalist. You want an answer? You want the truth? Oh, you can handle the truth right about now, Mark Stegglet, because the truth of the matter is that if MAMMOTH Maximus and Louis Matsui want a piece of Royalty, we damn sure aren't hard to find!

You can follow the empty five hundred dollar bottles of champagne. You can follow the line of limos that carry us wherever we go. You can follow the trail of room service carts bringing us the best steak dinners in the country. And the ladies...

[Doyle laughs obnoxiously.]

LD: Oh, the ladies! You can follow the trail of clothing they leave in their wake as they try to catch up to the hottest thing going in this industry.

But Maximus, at your weight, maybe you shouldn't try to keep up with Royalty. Maybe you shouldn't be trying to find us.

Maybe we...

[Doyle taps Brad Jacobs on the chest.]

LD: ...should come to you.

MS: Does that mean-

[Doyle interrupts again.]

LD: Pushy little twerp, aren't ya? YES! Yes, Mark Stegglet, it means that Royalty accepts the challenge of MAMMOTH Maximus. In fact, I think it's a great idea! An excellent idea! The best idea Louis Matsui's had since betraying a friggin' giant.

[Doyle looks to Stanton and says off-mic, "Who DOES that?" and turns back to the mic shaking his head.]

LD: So, Mister Matsui... Maximus... you're on.

[Stegglet pauses, waiting. Doyle looks at him with a sigh.]

LD: Ask.

MS: Who will accept the challenge?

LD: Didn't you hear the words coming out of Maximus' mouth? Granted, they were a little fuzzy because of the dozen California Rolls he was shoveling down his gullet but I heard them as clear as day.

He said he didn't want Dufresne, right?

[Jacobs nods.]

LD: He said he'd take on Dave Cooper... well, that's not going to happen because the Professional is gearing up for his sure-to-be-granted rematch with Dave Bryant.

But what else did he say? Kenny? Did you catch it?

[Stanton nods as Doyle shoves the mic in his direction. Stanton takes a wide stance, puffing out his cheeks. He bellows in a loud and difficult-to-understand voice.]

"I'LL TAKE ON JACOBS! I'LL TAKE ON STANTON! HECK, I'LL TAKE THEM BOTH ON IF I HAVE TO!"

[Stanton pauses, breathing heavily as Doyle pulls the mic towards him.]

LD: And they say acting is dead.

He'll take Jacobs. He'll take Stanton. He'll take 'em both on if he has to.

[Doyle grins.]

LD: Deal.

In two weeks' time, MAMMOTH Maximus is going to put himself inside that squared circle with the epitome of a finely-tuned machine... the World Tag Team Champions... the Blonde Bombers.

[Stegglet's jaw drops as Doyle pats him on the back, leading his team out of view as the shot fades back to the ringside area.]

GM: Wow! In two weeks' time, right here in Dallas, MAMMOTH Maximus is putting himself into a very dangerous situation as he takes on the World Tag Team Champions... in a handicap match!

BW: Maximus may have just stuck his very large foot into his very large mouth.

GM: That's going to be something else but you know what else is going to be something else, Bucky... the mini-concert coming up in just a short while with pop idol Joshua Dusscher!

BW: Hey, I got my iPhone ready. I'm gonna be live tweeting the heck out of that. You can follow me at @BigBucksBucky for all the scoop. It's gonna be something else, Gordo. I've had people asking me about it all week!

GM: A truly special happening here at Homecoming - the 100th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. And we're going to keep things rolling right along as we head right back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Topeka, Kansas... weighing 272 pounds... LEE HARRIGAN!

[A very muscular young man with short brown hair and a long face raises an arm to jeers from the crowd. He wears red trunks, black boots, red kneepads, and spandex forearm bands.]

PW: And his opponent... from Dallas, Texas...

[Big hometown cheer!]

PW: Weighing in at 270 pounds...

CURRRRRRT SAAAAWYERRRRRRRRRR!

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

GM: Curt Sawyer, a former member of the US Army Rangers and the owner of the Rusty Spur saloon right down the road from where we are is heading for the ring.

BW: Sawyer's gonna be looking to get back on track tonight after falling to defeat at Unholy War against Porter Crowley.

GM: It was a match that Sawyer seemed to have well in hand until he made a rookie mistake that cost him everything.

BW: A rookie mistake from a 35 year old rookie. This guy's too old to be getting into the ring for the very first time in 2013. I don't know what Michaelson was thinking letting him into the Combat Corner other than,

"Hey! Free drinks! I can stay away from the ol' ball and chain for a few more hours!"

GM: Would you stop?

[Upon reaching the ring, Sawyer drops his wooden axehandle on the ring apron as he pulls himself up with the aid of the ropes. He points at Harrigan, walking back and forth down the ring apron a few times before ducking through the ropes.]

GM: Sawyer's got a lot of energy, a lot of fire in his belly for a man of his age as he tries to get himself into the mix here in the AWA.

BW: This is a tough place to get into the mix, Gordo. A tough place for rookies and the such to make an impact. This is the major league of professional wrestling and if you can't cut it in the show, you can head back to the minors. Maybe that's where Sawyer belongs - the minors.

GM: But every once in a while, even in the major leagues, a minor league guy gets the call and has an immediate impact. Look at Yasiel Puig out in Los Angeles for the Dodgers this year. He turned their season around.

BW: This guy ain't a Cuban wonderkid, Gordo! He's a guy whose been pouring draft beers for the Main Eventers for years and suddenly thinks he got wrestling skill by osmosis.

[With Sawyer in the ring, the bell sounds to start the match.]

GM: Here we go!

[The two 270 pounders come together in a big ol' collar and elbow.]

GM: With two men this size, this could be a tough struggle to see who can get the edge.

[Winding up, Harrigan HURLS Sawyer halfway across the ring and down to the mat to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: Or not! What power Lee Harrigan showed right there!

[Harrigan slaps each pectoral with an open palm, waving for Sawyer to get back up and come back at him. The fiesty barkeep is more than happy to oblige as he gets back up.]

GM: Curt Sawyer told me before the show he wanted me to send out a hello to his kids and his wife, June, who is tending bar at the Spur tonight. I'm sure some of our superstars will be paying a visit down there after the show.

BW: Like you?

[Gordon refuses comment as Sawyer and Harrigan come together again. This struggle lasts a little bit longer as Sawyer hangs in there, forcing Harrigan a couple steps back...

...but again ends up down on the mat as Harrigan hurls him down!]

GM: Wow. Lee Harrigan is showing off the strength that first brought him to the AWA to begin with. He hasn't had a ton of success so far here in the AWA but every match out is a new beginning for these guys and that's the attitude Curt Sawyer brings to the table tonight.

BW: I gotta agree with that. Every match is a new chance to start a winning streak but right now, Sawyer's just being outmuscled. He needs to find a new attack plan in a hurry.

[Sawyer runs a hand through his short, shaggy brown hair as he gets to his feet. He paces back and forth a bit before moving back in on Harrigan, going right back to the tieup.]

GM: Third time's a charm?

BW: Why even bother? Look for something else.

[Sawyer does exactly that, grabbing the arm over the over-exuberant Harrigan and using an armdrag to take him down!]

GM: Hey! How about that? An armdrag out of the rookie!

BW: Michaelson taught him an armdrag. Big deal.

[Harrigan gets right back up, rushing right back in, and gets armdragged down to the mat for a second time.]

GM: That makes two for Sawyer who is showing some nice execution on a technical move.

BW: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. He can throw an armdrag - that don't make him Lord Byron in there.

GM: Certainly not but Curt Sawyer has definitely come a long way in a short period of time, Bucky.

[Harrigan gets up, dropping his shoulder this time as he bullrushes Sawyer back into the corner, laying in a series of shoulder tackles to the midsection. Straightening up, he grabs Sawyer by the arm...]

GM: Big whip... whoa my! A whole lot of power behind that whip as he sends Sawyer crashing into the buckles!

[Harrigan stalks across the ring, grabbing the arm again...

...but this time, the Texan reverses it, sending Harrigan into the buckles where he stumbles out...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP OUT OF SAWYER!!

[Sawyer claps his hands together, flashing a grin to the crowd as he turns back towards Harrigan who is struggling to get up while holding his lower back...]

GM: Sawyer's coming in fast!

[Clasping his hands together, he lays in a smashing double axehandle across the chest, knocking Harrigan off his feet and down to the mat to a big cheer from the hometown crowd!]

GM: Big sledge hammer of a blow out of Sawyer... and he's got these hometown fans really behind him...

[Nodding his head at the fans, he ducks down, hooking the on-all-fours Harrigan in a gutwrench...

...and deadlifting him up off the mat!]

GM: Whoa my! This time it's Curt Sawyer with the show of power, lifting the 270 pound Lee Harrigan right up off the mat!

[Sawyer goes into a spin, showing off his strength but on the second rotation, Harrigan stretches his legs out, standing on the mat...

...and backdropping Sawyer down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Sawyer tried to show off and it cost him! Another rookie mistake just like we saw out of him at Unholy War!

GM: Well, as a rookie, he's bound to make rookie mistakes, Bucky.

[Harrigan reaches down, pulling Sawyer off the mat, and scooping him right up across his chest. He walks away, showing off his power...]

BW: Now THAT'S power! He's carrying a 270 pounder around like a sack of flour!

[He steps out to the center of the ring, lifting his right leg waaaaay up high...

...and DROPS Sawyer down across his knee!]

GM: King-sized backbreaker out of Harrigan!

[He shoves Sawyer off his knees, leaning across into a lateral press.]

GM: Harrigan gets one! He's got two! But Sawyer kicks out at two!

[The powerhouse glares at the official as he climbs to his feet, looking out at the crowd. He points to the downed Sawyer before miming delivering a press slam to him...]

BW: Oh yeah! Put him up, big man!

[Harrigan drags Sawyer off the mat by the arm, ducking down to scoop him up...

...but Sawyer slips out over the top, landing behind him.]

GM: Sawyer's on his feet!

[As Harrigan turns around, Sawyer rears back and lets it fly!]

GM: Big right hand! And another! That makes three!

[Sawyer's haymakers knock Harrigan a few feet back, giving him the space to charge in, leaping way up as he grabs the head...

...and delivers a powerful leaping headbutt, knocking the powerhouse flat!]

GM: Sawyer delivers a headbutt and he's on a roll here, fans!

[With Harrigan dazed, Sawyer grabs an arm, shooting him into the ropes. The Texan hits the ropes behind him, charging in fast...

...and hurls his frame just a few inches off the ground, SMASHING his right elbow into the face of Harrigan, sending him spinning away and falling chestfirst against the ropes.]

GM: What a shot that was!

[The crowd roars as Sawyer lifts his right arm, giving it a few slaps.]

GM: That's the call for the Rusty Lariat!

[Sawyer grabs Harrigan, spinning him around and whipping him into the far ropes as he hits the ropes behind him, moving in fast...

...and LAYING IN a massive lariat that connects solidly across the sternum of Harrigan, knocking him flat!]

GM: HE GOT IT!!

[Sawyer dives across the chest, reaching back for both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: A nice win for Curt Sawyer, getting back on track in the land of winning ways with a victory over Lee Harrigan. It's gotta feel good for Sawyer to put those shoulders down for a three count after what happened at Unholy War.

BW: There's a whole lot of newcomers trying to get themselves noticed around these parts right now and a win like that will help. Gordo, let's get another look at that Rusty Lariat...

[We cut to a slow-motion instant replay as Sawyer hits the ropes, rebounding back and cocking his arm waaaaaay back...]

BW: This lariat is nasty stuff. You can see here he gets a head of steam behind him, throws that right arm back as far as he can annnnnnd...

[The slow-mo Rusty Lariat connects, the arm smashing across the chest of Harrigan in a blow that stuns him and then drops him to the mat.]

BW: WHAMMO! The thing I like about that Lariat is I'm not sure Sawyer knows where it's gonna land and even if he does, I'm not sure that he cares. He's swingin' for the fences with it and most of the time, when it hits, it's gonna turn someone's lights out, daddy.

GM: A devastating maneuver... and right now, we're about to be joined by the proprietor of the Rusty Spur right down the street.

[We fade out of the replay to a shot of the announcers standing with a sweaty Curt Sawyer who has picked up his cherry red wooden axe-handle from the corner. He swings it around to a solid reaction before leaning in to Gordon.]

GM: A good win here tonight at Homecoming for this man, Curt Sawyer. Congrats, Curt!

[Sawyer grins as he shouts into the offered mic.]

CS: Junie, darling, tap the keg! I'm coming home and bringing a few hundred of my favorite people with me!

[The crowd perks up a little at the prospect of free alcohol.]

GM: Curt, this was your first time out on the road with the AWA, some time away from home as we wrapped up the Heat Wave tour.

[Sawyer nods.]

CS: After a few weeks on the road, those old bones are glad to be able to sleep in my own bed. But don't think I'm gonna be resting for long. Like I showed tonight, I'm not letting the setback at Unholy War derail this train.

[The crowd cheers that statement.]

GM: Speaking of the match at Unholy War, it was a tough loss for you in St. Louis.

[Sawyer nods as he slaps the wooden axehandle down into his open palm.]

CS: Pretty Porter... you won this round. But once again, you needed that little weasel to help you do it. Maybe you coulda taken me in a fair fight, maybe not. Only one way we'll know for sure.

I'll be seeing you around, tough guy.

[Curt points the axe handle toward the camera.]

CS: But there's other hurdles to clear in the AWA. And while I may not be the most refined, hammerlockin' son of a gun out there, there's not a fight I'll run from. Looks like we're sticking around Dallas for a while, and if there's one thing you don't do, it's step to an old dog in his backyard. There's a thumping waiting for anyone who wants to make that mistake.

Til then... I'll be at the Rusty Spur. And Dallas, we're staying open late tonight!

[Sawyer flashes a big dumb grin and slaps Gordon pretty hard on the back. He waves the axe handle around some more, riling up the crowd, as "Run Like Hell" by Pink Floyd cues back up and plays him out.]

GM: Curt Sawyer is quickly growing into one of the most popular men in the entire AWA and I can't wait to see what the future holds for him, Bucky.

BW: If he pokes Porter Crowley with that stick, I'm guessing early retirement.

GM: Very funny. Speaking of early retirement, there were some very serious injuries suffered during WarGames about ten days ago - injuries to men like Daniel Tyler, Brian Von Braun, and Luke Kinsey that could very well shorten or even end their careers. But at the end of it all, the Unholy Alliance was standing tall.

BW: No one thought they could do it, Gordo! No one thought they could beat Juan Vasquez and his so-called Immortals but when it was all said and done, it was those same Immortals that were laid out a bloody mess while the Alliance was walking tall.

GM: Percy Childes will be out here later tonight with his newest find, Demetrius Lake... the man known as the Black Tiger... but right now, let's go backstage to another part of the Unholy Alliance who has some thoughts of his own about what happened in that double caged hell!

[We cut to the back stage area where Mark Stegglet is standing with Radiant Raven and Johnny Detson. Detson, his back to the camera, is staring at the

floor almost lost in the moment. Raven stares at Stegglet with a menacing look.]

MS: Johnny...

[Quickly Raven moves in, staring down Stegglet almost to the point of submission. She wraps her hand around the microphone and he drops it almost immediately, moving to the background under her watchful eye. Raven places a hand on Detson's shoulder and brings the mic near him so he can speak.]

Detson: They say there are no winners in war.

[Turning, Detson faces the camera. He is dressed in a pair of black slacks and a maroon button down shirt with the sleeves and the top three buttons undone. What's noticeable besides the shades is the large bandage, covering almost his entire forehead.)

Detson: No winners in war...

[Detson rips off his sunglasses showing the dark circles under his eyes, the bandage on his face, the slow trace of pain etched all around until he smiles almost laughing.]

Detson: Then why do I feel so darn good?

[Detson flashes a cocky smirk.]

Detson: I came here, to the AWA, because this was the end all be all of professional wrestling. Anyone who is anyone lines up at the door to kiss the collective hindquarters of the AWA!

[Shaking his head in disgust, he continues.]

Detson: Consider me unimpressed.

[Detson looks over at Raven and frowns; he turns back to the camera.]

Detson: No, considered me annoyed. Annoyed at being sold a false bill of goods. Annoyed at not living up to expectations. Annoyed at AWA not holding up their end of the bargain.

[A sigh and a pause.]

Detson: I came here to prove to all of you that Johnny Detson is the best at what I do; the best that's ever done it. I came here to wrestle Kings and Titans! Hall of Famers, Living Legends, and anything else and what do I get?

[Detson holds up a finger.]

Detson: Mark Langseth sitting at home eating bon-bons. Alex Martinez off in LA filming movies!

[Laughing at the irony of it, Detson continues.]

Detson: Whatever the reason they are no longer here to face. Leaving me here with Juan Vasquez and his Immortals.

[Detson scoffs.]

Detson: Well, the Alliance put an end to that, didn't they? The battle was hard fought and casualties were felt on both sides.

[Raven gives a depressed sigh.]

Detson: But in the end, Vasquez was left begging, Kinsey was left blind, and the Unholy Alliance was left... VICTORIOUS.

[Raven and Detson enjoy a small laugh.]

Detson: Those "Immortals" as some called them, were not everlasting. They fought and fought hard, but as we've said from day one... the Unholy Alliance will no longer bow down to the hierarchy that was created.

[Looking down, Detson continues.]

Detson: It has been said that, war does not determine who is right - only who is left.

[Detson looks to his left and then to his right.]

Detson: Well, Johnny Detson is still here. Still proving week in and week out that I am the best at what I do. And what I do is wrestle.

[Carefully and casually, Detson slides his shades back on.]

Detson: See you in the ring.

[With that, Raven turns the mic upside down, holding it out for Stegglet. Just before he grabs it, she drops it to the ground, causing the duo from the Alliance to laugh as they walk off camera and we 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' teargrieking about your scrap inability to flow with our winhaving vocalingo. So we amadably decided to use frackish 2D media, just for you, and producted an official Rave 2032 vocalinganary!

SUBTITLE: "And if that wasn't awesome enough for everybody, we also heard the primitive people whining about their inability to understand our great 2032 language. So we kindly decided to use outdated 2D media, just for you, and created an official Rave 2032 language dictionary!"

[Shizz reaches into another box with a pair of tongs, and pulls out a softcover book. It reads "OFFICIAL RAVE 2032 VOCALINGANARY" in multi-colored print.]

SDOG: Snarf these rawkus deals now from the Intersquib at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, and give the slapback so we can RAVE!

SUBTITLE: Get these great deals now from the Internet at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to our belief system, and help us so we can...

RAVE: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

SUBTITLE: ...we're still not sure what that's supposed to mean.

[And we cut to black before fading back up.

The images are grainy black and white. They seem to be pictures of a macabre Mardi Gras. The shot cuts between demonically-garbed revelers and the murkiest pits of the Louisiana bayou. These revelers don't seem to be in a partying mood. They wear grotesque masques. Their dances are heavy-footed and slow. They look like zombies. On this silent set of flashing pictures comes a woman's voice. It is heavily tinged in the voice of the Islands.]

V/O: Dey say `omecoming is a blessed ting ... a special time when precious tings come `ome. All dat was lost is returned safe and found.

[A haggard looking zombie woman leers up into the camera.]

V/O: But sometimes ... tings dat you tought were trown away and gyan forever ... de tings you was ashamed of and neva wanna see again ... dose tings yuh bury deep in de dark dey come back. Dose tings you tought you woulda never see again. Dey come `ome.

[The revelers drag themselves down the street, seemingly going back into the swamp.]

V/O: We comin' `ome. We comin' `ome.

[Fade out on the images and back to live action where we find Jason Dane standing.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time... Chris Blue.

[The camera zooms back to reveal Blue standing next to Dane, looking distracted as his gaze drifts around the room.]

JD: Mr. Blue, you said that tonight you planned to unveil the identity of one of the Wise Men to the entire world. Do you intend to live up to that promise?

[Blue doesn't seem to hear Jason, still looking around.]

JD: Mr. Blue?

[Blue finally snaps back into it.]

CB: Hrm? Oh... yeah, the Wise Men. Absolutely, Jason. Tonight's the night. Tonight is the moment that you and I have been working towards for months. All the dead ends, all the wild goose chases, all the research and begging and pleading for leads ends here tonight for us, Jason. Tonight, we get to reveal to the world who has been pulling the strings in this company for years!

JD: And is it... still who you thought it was?

[Blue nods, slowly and again looking off camera.]

CB: We were right, Jason. Of course we were right.

JD: If you don't mind me saying so, you seem distracted here tonight. Is everything okay?

CB: I... uhh, it's fine, I'm sure. It's just that...

[Blue looks around again.]

CB: You haven't noticed anything weird tonight, right?

[Dane looks puzzled.]

CB: I mean, you haven't been... you're not being followed, right?

[Dane's puzzlement turns to surprise.]

JD: Followed?!

[It's Dane's turn to look around the room, his voice dropping to a whisper.]

JD: Is someone following you?

[Blue's still looking around as he gives a dismissive wave.]

CB: No, no... I'm sure it's just my imagination. But to be on the safe side, let's put the mic down back here... and let's walk out to the ring to make this announcement with the entire world watching! Let's go...

[The cameraman seems to be in Blue's way as he pauses to glare at him.]

CB: If you'll excuse us... we've got history to make...

[Blue grabs Jason Dane by the arm, dragging him out of the camera shot as we fade back out to the ringside area.]

GM: Chris Blue plans to make some history here tonight on the 100th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling... here at Homecoming. After all these months... heck, years actually... we're going to finally dig to the bottom of this mystery surrounding the so-called Wise Men, Bucky.

BW: I don't like this, Gordo.

GM: Why?

BW: There are some things that belong in the dark... some things that should never see the light of day. This group has been powerful enough when operating in the shadows but if they're exposed, they just might declare it open season on anyone... and everyone.

GM: Chris Blue and Jason Dane have been working this mystery together for months and now, apparently, the mystery is solved. When they come out here, they're going to tell the entire world the answer they've been looking for...

[Without any music or fanfare, the former EMWC owner comes walking through the curtain, pulling Jason Dane by the arm behind him. He's still looking around, throwing the occasional glance over his shoulder as he makes his way towards the interview platform.]

GM: They're not coming down to the ring, fans. They're going to that elevated interview platform over near the entrance of the aisle.

[Blue and Dane climb the wooden steps onto the platform. Dane gestures for a house mic as Blue adjusts the royal blue tie hanging from his neck. He's in a dark black suit and white dress shirt with the aforementioned tie having been loosened and tightened several times from its current state.]

JD: Alright, fans. It's time for one of the greatest mysteries in the history of this great promotion to be unveiled. It was over two years ago now that we

first started hearing rumblings of the group known as the Wise Men who had incredible influence within the AWA and surprising degrees of power. Early this year, this man, Chris Blue, approached me with a proposal - an alliance to seek out the identities of these men and make them public.

Tonight, we have accomplished that goal. Mr. Blue, the floor is yours...

[Dane hands the mic over to Blue who is still looking around, more than a bit nervous.]

CB: They say that this is a historic night - a night that fans of this company will never forget. We're here to make sure that the AWA lives up to that promise.

At Unholy War, I promised to unveil the name of one of the Wise Men. Ben Waterson beat me to that on that night when he made his return to the company, very obviously revealing himself as a member of that group.

[Blue looks over his shoulder quickly before turning back to the camera.]

CB: I... I should thank Ben though. Because his revelation as a member of the Wise Men cemented the others in our minds. Tonight, we make history as we don't just reveal one of the Wise Men...

We reveal all three!

[The crowd buzzes at the announcement that there are three members of this shadowy organization. Blue grins at the reaction, obviously getting what he wanted.]

CB: Jason, you ready for this?

[Dane takes a deep breath before nodding.]

CB: Okay. Ladies and gentlemen... fans of the AWA... the second member of the Wise Men is...

[Blue pauses...

...but before he can start speaking again, we can hear some loud shouting from off-mic. Blue looks down at the unnamed AWA official who is at the base of the platform, shouting up at him and gesturing towards the back.]

CB: What?

[Blue looks puzzled as the man continues to speak. The former EMWC owner's eyes get wider and wider the entire time...

...and suddenly, he drops the mic, rushing down the steps and shouting for the official to "TAKE ME THERE!"]

GM: What in the world?

BW: That's one of our backstage guys... I don't- what's he doing out here?

GM: Blue's going with him. Chris Blue was about to reveal the identity of all THREE Wise Men - the first time we've heard that piece of news - but he's leaving!

BW: Dane's going with him! Can we get our cameras to follow them?

[Blue, Dane, and the official disappear through the curtain to a burst of jeers from the Dallas crowd.]

GM: We're going to try and get someone over there... our producers are scrambling to get a camera in pursuit. What in the world could be going on that is so important?

BW: I think I heard him say, "He's hurt!" Did you hear that?

GM: I couldn't really hear anything but-

[The shot abruptly cuts to a cameraman running behind Dane, Blue, and the official - a shot sure to make you feel sick if you suffer from motion sickness.]

GM: They're running down one of the hallways here in the Crockett Coliseum - I'm not sure where they're going though, Bucky.

BW: Could be just about anywhere. These hallways all look the same to me.

[As they get closer to their destination, we can hear a whole lot of loud voices.]

GM: What in the world is going on back there?

[A sudden right turn shows the outside world, the Dallas night sky filling the shot for several moments.]

GM: They're outside the building now!

BW: They're in the parking lot! That's my pink Cadillac right there!

[The cameraman continues to pursue as the surrounding noise gets louder and louder. The shot suddenly settles down, coming to a focus...]

GM: Oh my god.

[...on the unmoving form of Duane Henry Bishop. The smaller half of the Bishop Boys is up on the hood of a car...]

BW: Holy...

[Duane Henry's upper body is covered in blood... thanks to his face being DRIVEN through the windshield.]

GM: He... his face got put through the window!

BW: Jesus. I've never seen that done before.

[Duane Henry doesn't budge a bit, surrounded by AWA medical team members who look quite concerned at the sight of Bishop's blood-covered face still stuck on the glass. The camera catches a shot of Chris Blue's shocked face, his jaw dropped as a pair of AWA officials hold him back from checking on his charge...

...as we abruptly cut 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:

TONIGHT!
AWA Homecoming
Joshua Dusscher
LIVE!

After a three second pause, 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.

As we fade back up, we're with two very solemn looking announcers at ringside. The crowd buzz is hushed, almost a whisper as they discuss the horrific scene they just saw.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. Before the break, we saw Duane Henry Bishop out in the parking lot area - the apparent victim of a savage assault by... well, I can only speculate who attacked him.

BW: It's pretty obvious, isn't it? Blue and Dane were out here to reveal the identity of the... heck, I'm a little afraid to say their names again, Gordo.

GM: I don't blame you after what we just saw. But Chris Blue was never able to make that revelation as the news of Duane Henry's assault was delivered to him. You've gotta think this was a message to him, Bucky.

BW: Well, he was already concerned that someone was following him. Maybe he was right. Maybe they were going to put HIM through a windshield but never got the chance. Duane Henry might have been a second choice but I think that message got through as clear as day. If Blue persists in this, he can expect more of the same. Like we said before, the Wi- those guys... they, uh... they treasure their anonymity, Gordo.

GM: Obviously. I understand that we've got Duane Henry Bishop being treated by EMTs who are preparing to transport him to a nearby medical facility. If we get any more news on his condition, we'll be sure to bring that to you... but right now, let's head back to the ring for more action.

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. Before he can say a single word though, "Fame" hits and the crowd immediately starts cheering as the man who opened Unholy War sweeps out in his ring attire of a dark purple cape and pink tortoise sunglasses, shrugging out of them just beyond the curtain and letting them fall into a puddle of sequins and glitter.

Rage, now dressed in lavender trunks and pink boots pauses for a moment, spreading his chiseled arms to the rabid crowd.]

GM: Look at the physique on this man, fans. You'd never guess he's been in the business for as long as he has. He just looks phenomenal.

[He starts the walk towards the ring again, going into a few pirouettes as he shows off for the capacity crowd. Upon reaching the ring, he lightly springs up onto the apron before vaulting over the top rope into the center of the ring where he poses some more as a sea of flashbulbs immortalize his arrival.]

BW: Who dresses this guy? He looks crazy.

GM: He looks like a man on a mission still after Unholy War. Shadoe Rage was victorious in singles competition against Donnie White, a member of the Shane Gang who had a tough night at Unholy War.

BW: Carver cheated against Shane. Just like this man did. He held the tights or something.

GM: He did not!

BW: Then how did he pin somebody like Donnie White? He couldn't have! No way! No how!

GM: Shhh, Rage is about to speak.

[Indeed, Rage has the microphone and he's looking out over the crowd. His gaze glares through the amber tinted lenses of his sunglasses. To assist the

crowd, he removes them and the people are subject to the full madness of his stare and get a wider glimpse into the madness of his soul. He speaks, hitting the crowd with that hoarse rasp of a voice of his.]

SR: Dallas, Texas... this is now Raaaaageeeee Country!

[There are some cheers as he acknowledges the proud Texans.]

SR: I call it that because Texas and Shadoe Rage have a lot in common.

BW: Lotta empty space?

GM: Will you stop?

BW: When we put a muzzle on this madman!

[Rage continues.]

SR: [Holding up one finger.] We're both larger than life!

[The crowd cheers that.]

SR: [Holding up a second finger.] We're both beautiful!

[The women in the crowd seem to be into the chiseled Adonis that is Rage.]

SR: And we both aren't afraid to say we are the best there is!

[No sir!]

GM: The people of Texas really connecting with Shadoe Rage tonight.

BW: Yeah, because of the cheap pandering.

[Rage nods to the crowd's reaction before speaking again.]

SR: So you saw at Unholy War, Shadoe Rage took on that jackal Donnie White and I beat him right in the middle of the ring one ... two ... three. My hand was raised in victory and I was declared the better man. Because I am the better man. But did Donnie White learn his lesson? Did Donnie White accept his loss like a man?

Donnie White and the other lackeys from the Shane Gang jumped me like the cowards that they are. Now Dallas, Texas...

[Some members of the crowd respond with a "YES?!"]

SR: ...I can't say that I've always had clean hands. I can't say that I've always done things the right way. But Dallas, Texas...

[On cue, the group of fans playing along gives another "YES?!"]

SR: I always came at a man face-to-face. Like the ol' frontier, I always looked a man in the eye to take the measure of him. Donnie White couldn't do that. So I'm not done with Donnie White. I'm not done with Donnie White by a long shot. Dallas, Texas...

[There it goes again. Rage seems to be enjoying it, flashing the slightest of smiles before he continues.]

SR: I'm calling Donnie White out as the lily-livered coward that he is. I'm calling him out for another match. Because I admit that while I pinned him... I didn't beat the respect into him that I should have. I failed in that. But I won't fail again. Donnie White, name the place, name the time, because I'm coming for you. I'm coming to beat respect into you. You're just like that P.W. de Klerk. You talk a lot of hate that just shouldn't be. You're trying to blame everyone around you for not being pushed up higher on the card, not getting the big money matches but Donnie White... they just can't do that. Dallas, Texas...

["YES?!"]

SR: The AWA can't push Donnie White up the card because that yellow stripe isn't just his goofy looking haircut... it run right down his spine. He's too afraid to be his own man. So he hides behind ridiculous-looking outfits...

[That draws a laugh from the crowd.]

BW: Does he have a mirror?

[Gordon doesn't get a chance to shush Bucky before Rage continues.]

SR: ...like Sandra Hayes and the Shane Gang.

[That draws another laugh as the crowd gets in on the clever wordplay and the multi-layered joke.]

SR: So I'm fixin' to make a man out of that there boy. I'm fixin' to take him out from behind Sandra Hayes' skirt and take him out behind the woodshed and beat that yellow streak right off his back. I'm going to show him what it is to be a man who stands up on his own two feet... like Shadoe Rage and the men and women of Dallas, Texas. I'm going to show him that independence and greatness are forged in a crucible of war and struggle. Dallas, Texas ...

["YES?!"]

SR: My Rage-o-holics...

[Big cheer!]

BW: His what?!

[Rage continues.]

SR: The hard lessons I taught de Klerk will be nothing compared to what I do to Donnie White and the rest of the Shane Gang. Dallas, Texas, Rage-oholics ... I am at war! Are you with me?

[There's a huge cheer in response.]

BW: I'm just disgusted right now! Do these idiots even know who they're cheering?!

[Rage nods to the crowd's reaction.]

SR: Donnie White, bring on your worst. [Rage gestures at the people.] I'm bringing my best. And you're just not good enough to handle all that! Believe that!

[Rage mounts the turnbuckles, pointing to the sky as the cameras flash and Phil Watson begins again.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 248 pounds...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOE RAAAAAAAGE!

[The big cheer continues as Rage points out to the cheering crowd.]

PW: And his opponent... entering the right to my left... from the United Kingdom... MR. F!

[A fully covered up competitor steps through the ropes in a full bodysuit and mask that closely resembles the Union Jack. He swings his arms around in circles, loosening up as Rage eyes him warily.]

GM: Mr. F is a new competitor here in the AWA, apparently having earned a tryout from his successes in the United Kingdom.

[The masked man gestures for the house mic surprisingly.]

GM: Apparently we're going to hear from Mr. F here too.

BW: Everyone's going to talk before the match. Maybe we can get the ref some mic time too, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles as Mr. F strikes a pose, lifting an extended finger to point to his temple. With a heavy British accent, he begins to speak.]

MRF: Allow me to recollect... from memory...

[He pauses, waiting for the crowd to realize how impressive that is... and then continues after several seconds' pause.]

MRF: Ladies and gentlemen, for your pleasure. A passage from the work of noted communist Richard Wright in "Native Son."

[He pauses again, lifting his right arm to the air.]

MRF: "The rat leaped. Bigger sprang to one side. The rat stopped under a chair and let out a furious scream. Bigger moved slowly backward toward the door.

"Gimme that skillet, Buddy," he asked quietly, not taking his eyes from the rat.

Buddy extended his hand. Bigger caught the skillet and lifted it high in the air. The rat scuttled across the floor and stopped again at the box and searched quickly for the hole; then it reared once more and bared long yellow fangs, piping shrilly, belly quivering.

Bigger aimed and let the skillet fly with a heavy grunt. There was a shattering of wood as the box caved in. The woman screamed and hid her face in her hands. Bigger tiptoed forward and peered.

"I got 'im," he muttered, his clenched teeth bared in a smile. "By God, I got 'im. "

[Mr. F lowers his arm, obviously pleased with his recollection despite the crazed jeers coming from the crowd...

...and the big haymaker coming from Shadoe Rage that knocks the masked man off his feet! He rolls to the floor as Rage climbs to the top rope and points down at him, snarling.]

BW: You'd think he'd appreciate Mr. F taking the time to find such a touching and moving passage that describes Rage's life to a T.

GM: Somehow, I think the reference was meant to be derogatory, Bucky. He's implying that Shadoe Rage grew up in a poor, rat-infested home.

BW: Really? I thought he was calling Rage a dirty rat about to be crushed in the ring.

GM: I have no words.

BW: Good literature will do that to you every time. I feel the same way when I read my autobiography, "Walk On The Wilde Side."

GM: You have an autobiography?

BW: Self-published.

GM: And you read it?! You lived it!

[The bell sounds as Mr. F stalks around the ringside area, unable to get into the ring as Rage mirrors his movement. Every time Mr. F tries to slide into the ring, Rage kicks the ropes, forcing him to scamper back.]

BW: This isn't fair at all! This referee should be fired, Gordo. You can't start a match when one guy is already out on the floor.

GM: It does seem a little odd, yes. But it's certainly within the referee's discretion.

[Finally, the referee steps in, forcing Rage back into the corner so that Mr. F can cautiously climb through the ropes...

...only to bail back out to the floor as Rage shoves past the official and leaps at him on all fours. The crowd laughs as Mr. F slams his hands down into the ring apron and walks away, hands on hips.]

GM: Mr. F seems to be having some trouble getting on track here. This certainly couldn't be how he expected his debut match in the AWA to go.

BW: See, Rage scampers around that ring like a rat. Get yerself a skillet, Mr. F.

[The game goes on a for a bit more with Rage refusing to let the masked man into the ring before Rage finally tires of it, waving him off and allowing him to climb up on the apron. He's hanging onto the top rope, shouting at the official...

...when suddenly Rage rushes in, grabbing the top rope with both hands and uses it to slingshot his opponent into the ring with a thud! The crowd cheers as Rage dives on top of him, peppering him with closed fists!]

GM: Oh my! Shadoo Rage is wasting no time now!

BW: After wasting a ton of time screwing around out there. And the people cheer this guy? Absolutely terrible. They should've rejected this guy the day he popped his head back into the AWA and send him back out on the streets. There's a reason this guy hasn't been able to keep a job for an extended period of time since his days in Portland, Gordo.

[Rage gets forced off the masked man by the referee after several hard fists struck the head.]

BW: I've never seen the rat so brutal before! Donnie White has really struck a nerve with him!

GM: Rage backs up to the corner as the masked man gets up off the mat, rubbing his jaw. I'm not sure he's so proud of his story right about now, fans.

[Rage pursues the masked man who ducks through the ropes, demanding that Rage be restrained.]

GM: Did he just call Rage a dog?

BW: A feral cur I believe. Yes, indeed he did.

[And that insult has Rage scratching and clawing past the referee to get at him, forcing the referee to physically lean his shoulder in and try to push the 248 pounder back. That leaves Rage wide open for a closed fist to the bridge of the nose that sends Rage flying back. The crowd boos at the masked man's attack.]

GM: Cheapshot from Mr. F, the man from the UK.

[With Rage stumbling back, Mr. F leaves his feet, lashing out with a picture perfect dropkick that knocks Rage off his feet and down to the mat. He gets back up, looking out at the jeering crowd and drops into a very fancy bow to even more boos.]

GM: Wow, this guy sure is full of himself.

BW: You have to be if you're going to succeed in this business, Gordo.

GM: I'm not so sure about that. Confident, yes. Arrogant, no.

[Rage pounds the mat as he climbs to his feet, squaring off with the masked man in a boxer's stance. The referee steps in, ordering Rage to put his fists down...

...which allows the masked man to jump in, hooking a side headlock, and using it to take Rage down to the mat!]

GM: Very nice headlock takeover by Mr. F! He's obviously got some talent under that hood.

[Rage swings his legs up, securing a headscissors, dragging Mr. F down to the mat.]

GM: And an equally nice counter by Shadoe Rage who shows that he's more than ferocity and a high flying game by going right from the side headlock and into the headscissors...

[Mr. F gets his legs under him, rolling Rage into a sitting position which puts Mr. F virtually into a piledriver-type hold...

...where he pushes off with his legs, flipping out of the headscissors and hooking the side headlock again!]

GM: Back to the side headlock!

BW: Come on, Gordo... you gotta be impressed.

GM: Absolutely. It's a great back and forth battle down on the mat.

[Rage slips a knee under him, forcing Mr. F to his feet where he buries a hard back elbow into the ribs. A second one connects, forcing Mr. F to release the hold, grabbing at his ribs...

...where Rage EXPLODES into a clothesline, sending him sailing over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH MY!!

BW: Well, so much for the nice exchange of holds on the mat. Shoulda known that Rage would revert to his thug style of brawling.

GM: Rage certainly aggressive right now. He's not giving the British grappler a chance to recover as he is coming after him on the floor.

[Rage pulls the masked man up by the arm, swinging him around...

...and ROCKETS him into the ringsteps!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL STEPS!!

BW: You want to convince me this guy's not an animal out of control?!

[A furious Rage drags Mr. F off the ringside mats, shoving him under the bottom rope into the ring.]

GM: Rage staying on him and throwing him under the bottom rope. Other than some early flashes, Rage has not let Mr. F get on track here.

[Pulling Mr. F to his feet, Rage lifts him up, slamming him down to the mat before dropping an elbow into the heart. He quickly drops another... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Rage with six ... no ... seven ...

BW: Eight ... nine elbow drops in a row!

[Rage pauses, looking out at the approving crowd as he palms the masked man's head and leaps in the air, driving his knee into his battered chest.]

BW: Look at this. He won't even cover him. He wants to hurt this guy for no reason... no reason at all.

[Rage steps out onto the apron and climbs to the top rope, drawing cheers from the audience as he measures the masked man.]

GM: Rage is heading up top... waiting for the masked man to get to his feet...

[And leaps from his perch, smashing the double axehandle across the skull!]

GM: Death From Above! And he crushes him down to the mat with it!

[Rage climbs to his feet, pointing out at the crowd. He turns to point down the aisle, waving his arm...]

"COME GET SOME, DONNIE! COME GET SOME, TERRY! COME GET SOME, GANG!"

[The crowd roars for the impromptu challenge.]

BW: And listen to these people in Dallas celebrate this monster! What kind of homecoming is this?

[Rage drags the masked man up by the hair, scooping him up again, spinning around, and slamming him down in the center of the ring.]

GM: Another big slam and... he's heading up top again!

[Rage leaps through the ropes to the apron, quickly scaling the turnbuckles. He raises his arms, pointing to the sky...

...and hurls himself off the top, SLAMMING his elbow down into the chest!]

GM: ELBOW!!

[The Canadian flips over, reaching down to hook the leg for the one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as Rage climbs to his feet, raising his arm in victory.]

PW: Here is your winner... SHAAAADOOOOE RAAAAAAGE!

[Rage again leans over the ropes, waving towards the locker room. He spins away, leaning down next to his opponent as he snarls at the camera.]

SR: Got 'im. By God, I got 'im.

[The shot cuts away from Rage to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: A victory here for Shadoe Rage but it's quite obvious that his mind was not on Mr. F here tonight. His mind is on Donnie White and the Shane Gang. He got a little piece of them earlier tonight in the Lumberjack Match but not enough. He wants more! And you've gotta believe that in the very near future, he's going to get some more of them!

BW: Rage should be careful what he wishes for, Gordo... 'cause the Shane Gang is more than he can handle, I promise you that!

GM: We'll see about that. But right now, let's go backstage where I understand Mark Stegglet has caught up with William Craven! Mark?

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the green-skinned freak known as the Dragon.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. William Craven, we haven't heard a peep from you in quite some time. I've gotta know what you think about this whole Wise Men thing that your boss, Chris Blue, has gotten you into... and what about what happened to Duane Henry Bishop earlier tonight?

[Stegglet offers the mic to Craven but before he can respond, a voice cries out from off-camera.]

"YES! I'd LOVE to hear the answer to that!"

[The cameraman pivots to reveal a rapidly approaching Chris Blue who strides confidently and angrily into the shot, shoving Craven back up against the wall.]

CB: You had one job here tonight, Craven. ONE! You knew what was at stake here tonight and you knew that we were walking on dangerous ground. Your job was protection. You were supposed to watch ALL of our backs.

[Craven looks down.]

CB: You failed me again, Craven. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised by that news since that's all you ever seem to do. But I've got Duane Henry in a damned meat wagon being hauled to the hospital right now and it's all...

[He jabs a finger into Craven's chest.]

CB: ...your...

[Another finger into the chest.]

CB: ...fault!

[He turns towards Stegglet.]

CB: Get the hell out of here, Stegglet. He has no comment for you... and neither do I.

[Stegglet walks away but the camera keeps rolling as Blue gives a few final off-mic words to Craven before storming away, shaking his head. The green skinned freak stands with his head down and arms at his side before he slowly reaches towards a cup of water on an adjacent table...

...only to have Rick Marley appear from out of nowhere, slapping it out of his hand.

The MUCH bigger Craven looks down at Marley, shock coming across his features as he stares down at what was supposed to be his beverage. Twitchingly, Craven tries to form words. It isn't pretty.]

WC: You...

[Blinking several times as if coming out of a haze, Craven slowly pans his view over to Rick Marley.]

WC: You petulant little pissant. Do you have a deathwish?

[Marley looks at him silently for half a second, then slaps him across the face ... making Craven's nostrils flare and his eyes go wide as he does a full body clench, a predatory growl escaping him.]

RM: THERE! THAT'S what I've been waiting to see!

What the hell HAPPENED to you, Bill? Where's the fire been? Where's the anger?

[Apprehensive, Craven tucks his chin, straightening up in alarm at Marley's accusatory tone.]

RM: I've been watching you for MONTHS, waiting to see you do ANYTHING that reminded me of you...anything that reminded me of the HELL that you put me through when we had our war.

You're the only guy that's ever put me on the shelf with an injury.

There were times after our matches that I wasn't sure I was going to be able to walk the next day...times that I coughed up blood...hell, that cage match we had in Phoenix damned near killed me...and I was the one that had his hand raised afterwards...

Where IS that guy?

[Marley holds his hands out at his sides, looking Craven up and down and shaking his head. The big, green freak goes totally still, the corners of his mouth turning down for a slight frown.]

RM: You're a shadow of what you used to be, Bill. You used to be a MONSTER ... a force of nature.

Win or lose, people KNEW that they'd been in a match with you, and the prospect TERRIFIED them...how'd you let yourself get turned into a broken-spirited whipping boy here in the AWA? I'll tell you what, it's not fair.

[Craven blinks in surprise and Marley holds up his hand.]

RM: No, I could give a damn about the fans ... and I could give a damn about the whole sanctity of competition ... clearly.

No, Bill, it's not fair to ME. *I* had to go through HELL in my matches against you. You put me through the wringer, and I want anyone else that goes down that road to have to clear JUST as big a hurdle as I did. I want them to bleed. I want them to suffer...and I want YOU to be the one that does it to them.

You owe me, Bill ... our matches made you relevant again ... showed people that you were still the sort of guy that could put butts in seats and give kids nightmares...

Now it's time for you to remind the AWA why that is ... and if you still want to when you've done that?

Come find me...we'll chat about that slap. Till then? You've got some thinking to do...

[As Craven stares at him, Marley nods ... winks ... and backs away before walking back towards the UA locker room. Left alone, Craven lets his head dip, staring at the floor before reaching a hand up to cover his face. Cut back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Rick Marley with some strong words for William Craven.

BW: As usual, "Showtime" ain't saying anything that the rest of us aren't thinking. William Craven ain't been the same since that match with Alex Martinez almost a year ago. It's like... he lost his purpose, he lost his meaning for why he's here... for why he gets inside that ring. He's still big, mean, and dangerous... but there's something missing for sure.

GM: Speaking of something missing, we're missing a challenger for the World Title at SuperClash V!

BW: Wow, that was a stretch.

GM: After Calisto Dufresne managed to successfully defend his title at Unholy War against both Supreme Wright and MAMMOTH Maximus despite some illegal methods, there has been non-stop speculation as to who will receive the shot at the World Championship at SuperClash V... not to mention the speculation about where that big event will take place. Well, we're about to get answers to both of those questions as the AWA President, Karl O'Connor, has come here for this historic night to address the fans and answer the questions. Without anything further, let's go up to Jason Dane and the AWA President!

[Crossfade to the ring where Jason Dane is standing with Karl O'Connor who is dressed in a nice charcoal suit and leaning heavily on a walking stick.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome my guest at this time, the President of the American Wrestling Alliance... Mr. Karl O'Connor!

[Decent-sized cheer from the crowd! O'Connor grins, waving to the fans.]

JD: Mr. O'Connor, before we get to the main reason you're here, I have to ask - what do you think of Homecoming here so far tonight?

[O'Connor beams.]

KOC: I'm so proud of all of the competitors we've seen in action tonight. We continue to show the wrestling world why the AWA is the best promotion on the planet and as we look towards SuperClash V, we will continue to prove that time after time.

[Dane nods.]

JD: What are you looking forward to the most here tonight?

[O'Connor scratches his temple.]

KOD: Well, I can't wait to see my grandson in action in a just a little while. Of course, this two out of three falls showdown between Carver and Terry Shane is something else. But I suppose, most of all, I'm looking forward to seeing Joshua Dusscher perform here live tonight!

[There's a mixed reaction from the crowd at that. O'Connor doesn't acknowledge it though as Dane continues.]

JD: I think we're ALL looking forward to that.

[Is that a smirk on Dane's face? Troublemaker.]

JD: Alright, sir. Let's get down to business. There are two questions we need to answer here tonight. First, let's talk about where it's going down... what will be the host city for SuperClash V?

[O'Connor smiles as he speaks again.]

KOC: As many of you know, we considered a lot of cities for this honor. We had bids from all over the United States and even some international bids from Mexico, the United Kingdom, and Japan. But at the end of the day, we narrowed it down to a handful of options here in the States including places like Chicago, San Francisco, Phoenix, and Florida. When it came down to it though, when we looked at 2013 on the whole, we realized that it was a year that saw us really looking back at the AWA's history. It's a year that has seen our Fifth Anniversary... it's seen our 100th episode of Saturday Night Wrestling right here tonight... and it's going to feature our fifth SuperClash.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

KOC: And when you look at all that, you realize that there really is only one option. You look to the city... to the state... that's been with us from the very beginning... DALLAS, TEXAS!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER! O'Connor laughs over the mic.]

KOC: I thought you'd like that. We'll be announcing the exact venue here in Dallas later this week but we decided that for the fifth SuperClash in such a great year for us, we wanted to salute the city - and the people - who helped put us on the map to begin with. SuperClash V... Dallas, Texas... it's a match made in heaven.

[Dane smiles, patting O'Connor on the shoulder as the crowd cheers loudly.]

JD: A match made in heaven for sure. But speaking of matches, let's talk about the other reason you're here tonight. The World Heavyweight Title will, no doubt, be on the line in Dallas that night... but who will the challenger be?

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: Without a doubt, the Main Event at SuperClash V WILL be for the World Heavyweight Title where the champion, whomever it may be, will defend the title... but the challenger has been a source of great debate. Many believe that Supreme Wright, still the Number One Contender, deserves the shot at the title after the way Calisto Dufresne retained the title at Unholy War. Likewise, many believe after MAMMOTH Maximus' shocking win over Dufresne at Unholy War, that he deserves the shot. We've heard support on the Championship Committee for challenges by Stevie Scott... Juan Vasquez... Rick Marley... Johnny Detson... Nenshou... Supernova... you name it. Also, Dave Bryant, as the World Television Champion, is considered by many to be the rightful Number One Contender as well. Plus there are the issues of the Steal The Spotlight contract as well as Terry Shane's Memorial Day Rumble victory to deal with. So, as you can see, we had our work cut out for us when picking a challenger...

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: But have you done it? Have you picked the challenger?

[O'Connor pauses before answering...

...just long enough for the opening guitar riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" to come blaring through the loudspeakers of the Crockett Coliseum as the Dallas faithful shower the entryway with boos before their illustrious champion even emerges. It doesn't take long, however, for "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne to saunter out from backstage, clad in a navy blue suit with a crisp white dress shirt. His long blond hair falls past his shoulders; over one of which rests the AWA World Heavyweight Championship.

Dufresne soaks in the jeers from the fans before power-walking down the aisle and into the ring, ignoring O'Connor as he turns towards the crowd.]

CD: Your conquering hero returns!

[Dufresne takes a deep bow, as the jeers somehow manage to become louder.]

CD: I know, friends and neighbors... nobody thought that Calisto Dufresne could possibly return to Dallas with this title around his waist; but as usual, he poured blood, sweat and tears onto the mat in St. Louis, overcame impossible odds and walked away from Chaifetz Arena with his head held high and the AWA World Championship around his waist.

[The Ladykiller nods in fond memory as O'Connor looks on, annoyed at the interruption.]

CD: I continue to be the standard-bearer for this organization... A paragon of virtue that children can be proud of, and yet the pencil-necked suits who never stepped a day inside the squared circle...

[Dufresne thrusts a thumb over his shoulder towards O'Connor, completely ignorant of the President's storied wrestling career.]

CD: ...waste no time in attempting to find someone to replace me.

[He spins on his heels, facing O'Connor, beginning to get upset.]

CD: Well, bad news, Karl: There's nobody left for me to beat.

[Dufresne sticks a hand out, beginning to recite names on his fingers.]

CD: Stevie Scott? Pinned him. MAMMOTH Maximus? No match for me. Supernova? He couldn't stand in the bright lights. Sweet Daddy Williams? I've cut through him like a hot knife through butter. Supreme Wright? Twice he's tried, twice he's failed. Juan Vasquez? He's gotten three shots and couldn't get the job done.

What are you going to try next, Karl? Pulling City Jack back from the optometrist? Finding Alex Martinez in a convalescent home? Sorry, _boss_...

[A smirk.]

CD: ...There's no. One. Left.

[And suddenly, a voice booms from the PA system...]

"EXCEPT ME!!!"

[A shockingly loud roar of cheers erupts from the crowd, as they see Mr. Steal the Spotlight himself, Skywalk Jones, emerging from behind the curtains. Jones is sharply dressed in a black pin-striped suit and a big million-dollar smile plastered on his face. As he struts his way down to the ring and into the ring, we notice that there's a nervous look forming on Dufresne's face.]

SJ: Did you just commit the sin of forgetting about the shiniest, brightest, hottest burning star in all of professional wrestling, Dufresne?

[There's still a look of shock on Dufresne's face, apparently not prepared for Jones' arrival.]

SJ: While you were listing the names of all the men that you've fought and beaten, there's one man that you forgot to mention! 'Cause he's the one man you've NEVER beaten!

[His grin, if possible...grows even wider.]

SJ: Mr. Steal the Spotlight!

[The crowd cheers!]

SJ: Soon-to-be Mr. AWA WORLD CHAMPION!

[They cheer even louder!]

SJ: And his name is SKYWALKER...

[Before he can even say it, the crowd beats him to it.]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EESSSSSSSSSS!!!"

[Dufresne and even Jones himself, look to be taken aback by the crowd's spontaneous outburst. Recovering quickly, Jones cackles loudly.]

SJ: See, Dufresne? Even the people already know that it's an inevitable, unstoppable, undeniable conclusion, that the title will be mine!

[The World Champion appears to be getting annoyed.]

SJ: So brace yourself 'cause right here, right now, Mr. Steal the Spotlight is ready to announce it to the world! Skywalker Jones is callin' his shot! I-...

[Dufresne seems to have heard enough, interrupting Jones and poking him hard in the chest.]

CD: Look, little fella. If the AWA decides to start a midget division, we'll call you. Until then-

"SMMMMMAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKKK!!!"

[The crowd explodes in a massive pop as Jones suddenly nails Dufresne mid-sentence with a superkick!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! Skywalker Jones just laid out the World Champion with that superkick! The one he calls...

BW: THE CALISTO KILLER!

GM: I thought it was the Dufresne Destroyer?

BW: It don't matter what he calls it, Gordo...'cause Jones just signed his own death warrant! Has he gone out of his mind! What the hell is he thinking!?

[Jones stands over the fallen World Champion, looking down at the title belt that is just a few feet away. He leans down, picking the belt up and holding it over his head to a huge reaction from the crowd...

...which turns into a warning roar!]

BW: ROYALTY!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as the Blonde Bombers and Dave Cooper come tearing down the aisle at top speed. Jones wheels around, ready for the fight as Kenny Stanton dives under the ropes.]

GM: THE FIGHT IS ON!!

[Jones dives on top of Stanton, flailing away with fists to the back of the tag team champion. He pops up as Dave Cooper comes under the ropes. The Professional and Jones square off, trading right hands as Brad Jacobs steps in, rushing to the far ropes...

...and NAILING Jones in the back of the head with a running clothesline as Cooper ties him up!]

GM: OHHH! Cheapshot out of Jacobs!

BW: Big Bad Brad just lowered the boom on him!

[Cooper and Jacobs take a few moments to stomp the hell out of Jones before pulling him up. Jacobs whips him into the ropes as Cooper sets...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a spinning spinebuster on the rebound!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! He planted him!

[Jacobs yanks Jones off the mat as quickly as possible, tugging him into a standing headscissors before he lifts him up, spins around...

...and SITS OUT with a devastating spiral power bomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROYALTY HAS LAID OUT SKYWALKER JON-

[BIG CHEER!]

BW: HERE COMES HERC!

[Hercules Hammonds wastes no time in getting to the ring, rushing in hard as he climbs through the ropes...

...and SPEARS a rising Kenny Stanton to a huge reaction!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Hammonds pops up, easily blocking a right hand from Dave Cooper before dropping him with one of his own. Hammonds and Jacobs square off, staring each other down as the crowd roars with anticipation...

...but a shouting Larry Doyle arrives, convincing Jacobs to exit the ring, leaving Hammonds standing protectively over the fallen Skywalker Jones!]

GM: We've got a crazy scene out here, fans! We've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more action here at Homecoming!

[Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...

...and then coming back up to the ring where a pissed-off Hercules Hammonds is stomping back and forth.]

GM: We are back LIVE in Dallas, Texas, fans. And if you missed what just happened, Skywalker Jones seemed on the verge of announcing that he was going to cash in his Steal The Spotlight contract against Calisto Dufresne at SuperClash V when Royalty attacked! Jones took a pretty serious pounding at the hands of Royalty and had to be helped back to the locker room by our medical staff. But Hercules Hammonds stayed out here and he's hot under the collar, fans.

BW: He's not scheduled for one but during the break, he's been demanding they send someone out here for a match with him.

GM: I wouldn't want to be whoever they send out here, Bucky.

[Suddenly, a very scrawny looking African-American guy in red boots and trunks get shoved through the curtain.]

BW: Here comes the victim!

GM: I met this young man earlier in the locker room. His name is Cory Creed.

BW: Creed?

GM: That's what he said.

[The young man looks nervous as he strides down the aisle. He reaches out to slap a hand with his red-glove covered hand and pulls himself up on the apron...

...where a steaming mad Hercules Hammonds approaches, grabbing him under the armpits...]

GM: Uh oh!

[Hammonds ELEVATES Creed high over the ropes, throwing him down hard to the mat!]

GM: Goodness! What a show of power out of Hercules Hammonds!

BW: Is this match even legal? No ring announcements. No bell. There's not even a referee!

[Hammonds pulls a stunned Creed off the mat, military pressing him straight up over head...]

GM: Look at the power!

[The Tupelo Tower lowers Creed so that his stomach touches the top of Hammonds' head and then pushes him right back up. He repeats the process several times...

...and then steps out, dropping Creed facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: Hammonds is just toying with this young man. He's so angry at what happened with Royalty a few moments ago.

[Pulling Creed up by the arm, Hammonds wings him into the ropes, catching him on the rebound, pivoting...

...and THROWING him down with a standing spinebuster!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: Any doubt that was a message sent to Dave Cooper?

GM: Not one bit.

[Hammonds throws his arms apart in a “it’s over!” gesture before he reaches down, yanking him into a gutwrench. With one easy lift, he hoists him up into an over-the-shoulder backbreaker...

...and then SWINGS him violently down to land facefirst on the mat!]

GM: THE HAMMONDS HAMMERS CONNECTS!

[Hercules Hammonds flips him over with the toe of his boot, planting the boot on the chest. He lifts his arms up, clapping them together once... twice... three times.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds counts his own three and-

BW: ROYALTY!

[Hammonds shoves Creed under the ropes to the floor, squaring up to get ready for the four-on-one assault that’s coming his way.]

GM: They’re coming on fast!

[Kenny Stanton is the first one in again, sliding under the ropes right into a gutwrench lift...

...and gets chunked halfway across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Good grief!

[But Hammonds makes the mistake of turning his back when completing the suplex which allows Calisto Dufresne to throw himself into a clip, slamming his shoulder into the back of Hammonds’ knee!]

GM: Ohh! He clipped him! He clipped the big man!

[Hammonds goes down from the knee attack, leaving himself at the mercy of Dave Cooper and Brad Jacobs who go right to work on the knee, kicking and stomping the hurting limb.]

GM: Royalty’s going for the knee! They’re going to try and take Hammonds out permanently right here and now!

[Stanton gets back to his feet, joining the attack as all four members of Royalty are now stomping Hammonds with Larry Doyle shouting encouragement from ringside.]

GM: This is a mugging, fans! An out-and-out mugging!

[Dufresne and Cooper pull Hammonds to his feet, holding his arms out to either side as Jacobs rushes to the ropes and Stanton drops down...]

GM: SIDEWINDER!

[Jacobs lays Hammonds out with the big running clothesline as Stanton takes his legs out with a spinning back legsweep kick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: The doubleteam takes him down hard! Hammonds is in some serious trouble at the hands of Royalty here...

[Dave Cooper slides out to the floor, shoving the timekeeper out of his seat and snatches up his steel folding chair, throwing it under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Cooper’s got a chair!

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts!]

GM: JONES! SKYWALKER JONES!!

[The high flying Jones comes hobbling down the aisle towards the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He leaps up, springing off the top as Jacobs narrowly misses grabbing him...]

“SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE DROPKICKS THE CHAIR INTO COOPER’S FACE!! OH MY STARS!!

[Jones is a bit slow to get back to his feet as Kenny Stanton rushes at him...

...and gets BACKDROPPED over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: HE CLEARS OUT STANTON AS WELL!!

[Jacobs and Dufresne square up, ready to take the fight to Skywalker Jones...

...when the crowd ERUPTS again!]

GM: What the-?! What the-?!

BW: MAXIMUS!

[MAMMOTH Maximus quickly makes his way to the ring (as quickly as a four hundred pounder can), sliding under the ropes...

...and standing right next to Skywalker Jones!]

GM: UH OH!! And suddenly, Royalty's not so sure this is the best idea!

[Dufresne looks less than enthused about the idea of tangling with MAMMOTH Maximus again and is telling Brad Jacobs this. Jacobs, on the other hand, looks like he's willing to take on Jones AND Maximus at the same time...

...an opinion that seems to change as Supreme Wright comes dashing down the aisle, joining Maximus and Jones to a huge reaction!]

BW: Wright too?! What in the-?!

GM: We've got a standoff, fans! We've got-

[The crowd boos as the ring quickly fills with AWA officials, trying to settle the situation down. Larry Doyle joins them in shouting at Jacobs and Dufresne, trying to get them out of the ring as Skywalker Jones paces back and forth, shouting for a mic, before Buford P. Higgins, who had made his way out during the chaos, hands him the golden microphone.]

SJ: NAH! NAH! Hold up! I ain't lettin' you just walk away from this! You're gonna' listen to what Skywalker Jones has to say!

[Jones shouts at Royalty, as they're hustled away from the ring.]

SJ: You tried to take out Skywalker Jones...you tried take out Hercules Hammonds...

...BUT WE'RE STILL STANDIN'!!!

[Jones thrusts his arms triumphantly into the air, as the crowd roars with approval!]

SJ: And now I do believe...it's time for Mr. Steal the Spotlight to cash-in!

[THAT stops Royalty dead in their tracks, as Dufresne and Jacobs stop struggling with the AWA officials and stand in the aisle way, suddenly all ears.]

SJ: When I came here tonight, I was prepared to tell the world that Skywalker Jones was gonna' challenge Calisto Dufresne for the AWA World title at SuperClash...

I "was."

But things change.

[Jones points a finger towards the World champion.]

SJ: This ain't just about me and you anymore, Dufresne.

[He points to Herc...]

SJ: This is about..._us_...

[...and then to himself.]

SJ: ...and Royalty.

[There's a confused look on Dufresne's face, but Larry Doyle seems to understand what Jones is getting at, shouting angrily at Jones.]

SJ Old man, would you please shut your damn mouth? Skywalker Jones is tryin' to make an important announcement!

[Pop! This, of course...only fires up Doyle even more.]

SJ: So listen up and listen good! I'm making it official! I'm cashin' in! I'm callin' my shot!

At SuperClash, it's gonna' be SKYWALKER JONES AND HERCULES HAMMONDS...

...VERSUS THE BLONDE BOMBERS FOR THE WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[There's a roar of shock and surprise from the crowd, as Jones makes his announcement. Up the aisle, Larry Doyle and The Bombers are pitching a fit, while there's a noticeable look of relief on Calisto Dufresne's face.]

GM: Wow! Now THAT'S a statement! Jones and Hammonds are gonna take their shot at the World Tag Team Champions on Thanksgiving Night in Dallas, Texas! Oh my!

BW: This can't be happening. Dave Bryant, The Rave, now these two? What's happening to all my favorites?!

[Gordon chuckles as Jones continues to trashtalk Royalty off-mic...

...and we crossfade back to the locker room area where we see Larry Wallace and Bobby O'Connor standing side by side. Wallace is rubbing his well manicured stubble, O'Connor standing watching him, wringing his hands together, shaking his head ever so slightly. The pair are in their matching crimson track jackets, looking over the team and ever ready.]

LW: So we are told tonight, here at Homecoming, it's the Young Bloods in a rematch with Aftershock. Two of THE biggest men to ever grace an AWA wrestling ring and maybe the biggest tag team ever in the grand history of this sport. But that's fine. Bobby and I...

[Larry reaches over, patting his partner on the shoulder.]

LW: We're fine with that. We're fine with competition, whomever it is they throw in front of us. We're fine with facing off against two giants like Aftershock again, because we promise you. Right here in the Crockett Coliseum, the same result is gonna happen. We're gonna be standing tall, our arms are going to be raised and eyes are going to be opened in the AWA office. Ain't that right, Bobby?

BO: That ain't just right, that's the cold hard truth! Larry and me are always up for a challenge and more importantly, we are always game to prove people wrong! Willoughby Tremblay thinks he can just show up, sprinkle some magic dust over Lane and Tremors, and change the outcome of their destiny? That's crazy, man. But what's even crazier is the whippin' we put on those two the last time we faced. 'Cause I know what everyone is thinking...

[O'Connor taps the side of his noggin'.]

BO: They're thinkin', "How?" How can we send an even BIGGER statement the second time around? How can the Young Bloods build on a flawless win and make it even more... Perfect.

It's simple. Larry and I... we strive to better ourselves. We train hard. We eat right. We do everything elite athletes are supposed to do to turn that corner from being good to being great. We've been chomping at the bit our whole lives to get to where we are now. We've watched everyone around us achieve greatness but for us.... that ain't enough.

We want to be the VERY BEST this industry has ever seen. So if that means beating up Richter Lane and Lee Tremors seven nights a week we'll do it. If that means slaving away in the gym twenty-four seven with no sleep. We'll do it. If that means trading arm locks, hip tosses, and elbow drops with one another for hour after hour until it's absolutely FLAWLESS then guess what...

We're gonna do it.

[Wallace nods beside his partner.]

LW: Exactly. Wrestling here? It ain't what we just do. It's who we ARE. It's who and what we were born to be.

WE traveled the roads when we were just kids.

WE heard the stories growing up.

WE learned a life's lesson about this business before we could get a license to drive or buy beer.

WE were both born right here into this business, as deeply as anyone. The Beale Street Bullies, they know what I mean. Lots of guys know what I mean. But the fact is we are hungry. That's what makes us different. That's what makes us more driven than anyone else. We are hungry to prove to his grandfather and our fathers before us that they did NOT waste their times, that they raised two good boys, that they raised someone they can be proud carry on their names and tradition. And Aftershock, you're just another obstacle for us to prove that.

[Bobby cracks his neck to the left, then to the right as Wallace turns to his partner.]

BO: Tonight, in front of all these people who paid their hard earned money to see a show they are gonna get more than their dollars worth. They are going to get our blood. Our sweat. And the only tears you will see are gonna be from that loudmouth Willoughby Tremblay who is gonna climb back into hiding with his tail tucked 'tween his legs when it is all said and done and he realizes...

Just like EVERYONE else.

That when you ride with the Young Bloods....

LW: You do it 'till the day...

You.

Die.

[The shot fades back into the arena where the sound of Bob Marley's voice begins to fade out along with the track of "Them Belly Be Full". Phil Watson stands in the center of the ring gesturing towards the large men in the corner.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Joining me in the ring at this time tipping the scales at over eight huuuuundred pounds.

GM: That's a whole lot of man, Bucky.

BW: That's a whole lot of anything.

PW: Being accompanied by Willoughby Tremblay.... Here are the team of LEE TREMORS and RICHTER LANE....

AFTEEEERSHOCK!!!

GM: I'm curious to see how this all plays out. Tremors and Lane have been lost here in the AWA thus far and now they have a seasoned manager like Willoughby Tremblay in their corner. I can't honestly say I am too familiar with his work but I heard he led the Skullcrushers to championship gold here

in the states a few years back and if he can control those two there's no telling what he can do with two guys who have a lot of history together.

BW: And girth.

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....

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 blinders on them as his gaze never leaves the ring that lies ahead of them.]

GM: These two young men - both with wrestling in their bloodlines - have been very impressive since their debut several weeks ago and have really made a lot of noise in the locker room about wanting to challenge the biggest and the best.

BW: Too much noise if you ask me. These punk kids need to learn their place in the pecking order and it's at the bottom looking up at the rest, I assure you.

[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.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor is, of course, the grandson of the AWA President Karl O'Connor who is here with us tonight.

BW: That's nepotism at a world class level!

GM: I'm told that Mr. O'Connor does not participate in any decisions involving his grandson.

BW: Oh yeah? The chief decision maker - the main policy creator in the entire American Wrestling Alliance just steps aside when his grandson is mentioned. Is that the story we're supposed to buy into?

GM: Yes, that's what I've been told.

BW: Gordo, for someone who has been in this business as long as you have, you sure don't know a lot about how things work.

[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. The Young Bloods each step up to the middle rope in opposite corner, raising their right hands up in the form of a "Y".]

BW: Now that they have a signature hand gesture they seemed primed for success.

GM: Is that sarcasm?

[As O'Connor and Wallace raise their hands up, Tremblay points to the young duo and without hesitation both Lane and Tremors charge across the ring...

...SLAMMING their fists into their spines!]

GM: Big shot to the backs of O'Connor and Wallace! This match hasn't even--

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: You were saying?

GM: Lane and Tremors are wasting no time here, Bucky. Tremblay is directing the massive pair and Tremors DUMPS Wallace over the top rope!

[Larry Wallace spills to the floor and immediately clutches his knee. Richter Lane, the four hundred and seventy five pound giant, wraps his arms around the waist of O'Connor and yanks him from the middle rope...

...and throws him overhead!]

GM: Big suplex by Lane! O'Connor's neck just bounced off the mat! Here comes Tremors!

[Lee Tremors DROPS an elbow to the chest of Bobby O'Connor. Davis Warren intervenes and demands he returns to his corner. Tremors obliges but not before he stomps his right foot into the shoulder of Bobby O'Connor.]

GM: That is one man I would not want to be left in the ring with. Richter Lane is easily the largest man in the AWA and with a bit of guidance these guys could have limitless potential.

[Lane hammers a fist over the back of O'Connor who was beginning to inch himself back up to his feet. The youngster battles up, fighting off another shot, but is immediately whipped across the ring into the ropes. O'Connor comes flying back, ducks underneath the large arm of Lane, hits the ropes once more, and leaps into the air...

...hurling himself into Richter Lane who SWATS him to the side!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Lane just tossed him like a rag doll!

[O'Connor crawls over to his corner where he slaps the hand of Larry Wallace who catapults himself into the ring and begins pumping his fist as he closes in on Lane. Wallace winds up and unloads with a big right hand which Lane takes before exploding with a right of his own which drops Wallace upon impact. Larry springs back up, throwing another punch which Lane takes in the chest before hammering Wallace to the ground with another right of his own!]

BW: I don't think hitting him in the chest is the smartest strategy, Gordo. It's about as effective as cutting a well done steak with a spoon.

GM: Can't say I disagree.

[Wallace, visually more affected by the second shot, gets up a bit slower the second time around. Again he fires a right hand into the chest of Lane...then a left...a second right...a second left...and a third right which backs Lane up a step. Richter reaches out his large right hand and grabs Wallace by the hair...

...then drives his forehead into the skull of Wallace which floors him again!]

GM: Big blow to the forehead but this Wallace has a lot of fight in him, just like his father Battlin' Burt! One of the toughest men I've ever seen in the ring.

BW: Hopefully he's got a bit more smarts though. Burt Wallace never knew when to quit and it cut his career short by about ten years.

[Lane grabs the rising Wallace and slings him into the ropes. Wallace fires back, diving between the legs of Richter Lane and hooking his leg for a rolling single leg crab...

...but Lane is unmovable as he sits out, CRUSHING Larry Wallace!]

BW: WHAT A SHOT BY THE BIG MAN!

GM: Wallace might be out after that one!

[Lane remains seated on top of the back of Wallace. He looks over at Tremblay who softly applauds which draws a grin across the big man's face. Lane pulls himself up and grabs Wallace by the arm and drags him chest first to his corner. He reaches out his free hand and tags in his partner. Lee Tremors steps in the ring and immediately stomps on the back of Wallace. Lane joins in as the two lay thunderous boots into the back of Larry Wallace. Bobby O'Connor races into the ring and Davis Warren steps in his way, ordering him back. While Davis is distracted the Aftershock pair continue their assault, stomping away on the helpless Wallace. O'Connor finally retreats which allows Davis to redirect his attention back to the action in the ring. He quickly counts away at Lane and when he reaches four the big man lets up, stepping back to the outside.]

GM: Wallace is in a world of trouble. He just had eight hundred plus pounds of brute force stomping him in the spine and lower back.

BW: Not exactly how I typically like to spend my Saturday nights.

[Tremors drags Wallace back up and heaves him into the Aftershock corner. Tremors turns towards Bobby O'Connor and yells out, "This all you got?!" which allows Lane to reach over and choke Wallace with Warren Davis distracted by the misdirection. Lane lets up and Wallace slumps forward, right into the waiting hands of Lee Tremors who scoops him up over his shoulders...

...and SLAMS him down!]

GM: SAMOAN DROP! That one just rattled the ring, Bucky!

BW: That one almost cost me my lemonade.

GM: Glad to know where your priorities are.

[Tremors rolls up and is somewhat befuddled as Wallace gathers himself to his feet.]

GM: Wallace showing he still has a lot left in his tank! Tremors lunging forward... SHOULDER TACKLE --

BW: WALLACE LEAPS!

GM: AND LANE CATCHES HIM, SPINEBUSTER SLAM TO THE CANVAS!

[Wallace bounces off the mat and Tremors remains over him. The referee counts one, two, and Wallace shoots a shoulder up!]

GM: O'Connor is cheering his partner on! Larry Wallace REALLY needs to make a tag here! He may not get another chance!

[O'Connor bends over the ropes, reaching his hand out. Tremors shoots him a glare and just WAGS HIS FINGER mouthing, "No chance!".]

GM: Tremors has got Wallace by the feet and Larry is trying to crawl towards his partner!

[Tremors, hooking the legs of Wallace, tugs him closer to his body. He wrenches back and throws Wallace over his head...

...launching him towards the corner where his back SMASHES into the turnbuckles!]

GM: MY STARS WHAT A THROW!

BW: A devastating wheelbarrow suplex into the corner, daddy!

[Wallace hangs in the corner, his arms draped over the ropes and the only thing holding his limp body up. Lane calls out for the tag and Tremors obliges, slapping the hand of the big Richter Lane.]

GM: Oh my, Bucky. This -- this can't be good at all.

BW: Tremors is measuring up Wallace, here comes the big fella!

[Tremors, now on the far side of the ring, races towards Larry Wallace and leaps into the air...

...CRUSHING Wallace with a body avalanche!]

GM: No...he wouldn't!

BW: And here comes the even BIGGER fella, daddy!

[Richter Lane, all four hundred and seventy five pounds of manbeast, steam rolls forward and with Lee Tremors still positioned in front of Larry Wallace he HEAVES his massive frame into the air...

...narrowing in on them like a wrecking ball and SLAMMING into his own partner who is covering Larry Wallace!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A BLAST!

BW: We've got a ten car pile up on our hands and I don't think anyone is moving for awhile!

[Lane backs away from the corner and Tremors collapses down to his knees. Beside him is Larry Wallace who teeters away from the corner before crumbling in the center of the ring. Richter Lane steps over him, covering him with a big right boot...]

GM: We've got one! Two! Three!

[But just before Gordon actually reaches three, Bobby O'Connor launches himself into the ring and DRIVES his shoulder into Richter Lane who is moved just enough to break the hold!]

GM: NO! He only got two! O'Connor broke it up!

BW: But the big man is still on his feet!

[O'Connor, shocked, hits the ropes again and launches himself a second time, thrusting his shoulder into Richter Lane who is driven into the ropes with such force that his arms push the top rope down and swing it underneath the middle rope which locks his arms up in-between the two!]

GM: Lane is stuck! The near quarter ton giant is stuck between the top two ropes! This is the Young Bloods' chance!

[Before O'Connor can capitalize, Davis Warren steps in and orders Bobby back to his corner. After an unsuccessful protest, O'Connor obliges, returning to his corner.]

GM: How unfortunate for the Young Bloods! Lane is trapped and Wallace is flat on his back! He needs to tag in his partner before Lane breaks free!

[The crowd begins stomping on the ground trying to will Wallace back to his feet. After several seconds of this, he begins to stir, pulling himself up to one knee. As he rises so does Lee Tremors who peers up at his partner and realizes that he is locked between the ropes. Tremors is up first and instead of targeting Wallace he directs himself to his own partner and tries to shake him free.]

GM: Tremors is struggling to unfasten those ropes from around the massive arms of Richter Lane! Wallace is almost up to his feet!

BW: Hurry up!

GM: Even Bucky wants to see Wallace make the tag!

BW: I was talking about Lee Tremors! Just rip the ropes off already!

[Wallace, now standing, eyes his partner and leaps as Lee Tremors makes a final tug on the ropes!]

GM: HE DID IT! WALLACE MAKES THE TAG! HERE COMES BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[O'Connor races across the ring and as he does Lee Tremors, realizing he isn't going to be able to save his partner, slaps Lane's hand, tagging himself in...]

BW: YES! GENIUS!

[O'Connor, already running full speed, is somehow able to make a pivotal change of position and hooks his arm up in an "L" shape and smashes it into the forehead of Lee Tremors who is barely back into the ring...

...and is sent tumbling back out where he falls down across the ring apron!]

GM: WHAT A FOREARM SHOT! He nearly knocked him back to Lafayette with that one! O'Connor is hammering away on Lee Tremors!

[The referee tries to step in but O'Connor continues to unload with overhand rights that keep Tremors down on one knee! O'Connor finally, fearing a disqualification, lets up and races towards his side of the ring where he tags Wallace back in.]

GM: O'Connor tags Wallace back in! This could be a big mistake by this younger team, Larry is still trying to catch his breath!

[The Young Bloods race across the ring and as Lee Tremors pull himself up by the top rope they both grab a hold of the top rope near the helpless Richter Lane and swing it towards them...

...which sends Tremors flipping back into the ring where his back SMACKS the canvas!]

GM: SLINGSHOT BY THE YOUNG BLOODS!

BW: Lane is still stuck in the ropes! The referee should be doing everything in his power to break him free! This is absurd!

[Willoughby Tremblay begins shouting towards the official who finally does as Bucky wishes and attempts to pry Lane free. Meanwhile Tremors, now pulling himself up, is immediately locked up by both members of the Young Bloods who each grab an arm....

...twisting it behind him!]

BW: Double hammerlock --

GM: AND SWEEP! OH MY!

[Tremors is planted face first into the canvas and Wallace slides over him and covers him for the pin.]

GM: Davis is distracted! Tremblay has his full attention on the outside! Willoughby Tremblay already making an impact on this team!

BW: He's worth every dollar if you ask me.

[O'Connor grabs Davis by the shoulder and points towards Tremors but as he does the big man kicks out of the pinfall attempt. O'Connor stomps across the ring, visually upset, and steps back through the ropes only to have

Wallace tag him back in. Bobby grabs Tremors, pulling him up into a rear waistlock...]

BW: Not possible.

GM: He's trying to suplex Lee Tremors, I don't think he has it in him!

[But as O'Connor dips with his hips as Larry Wallace leaps into the air and BLASTS him a clothesline..

...just as Bobby O'Connor explodes back and DRIVES Lee Tremors shoulders into the canvas with a suplex!]

GM: OH MY! HE DID IT! HE GOT THE BIG MAN OVER!

[O'Connor collapses down from the effort and the momentum carries Lee Tremors from his shoulders shockingly back to his knees. Dazed and running on instincts, he somehow gets up to his feet just as Larry Wallace perches himself on top of the corner turnbuckle, eyeing his target, measuring Lee Tremors, and leaping into the air...

...where he soars across the ring in perfect form and SMASHES both feet into the chin of Lee Tremors!]

GM: PICTURE PERFECT DROP-KICK!

BW: Wow.

[Tremors is down. Wallace is down. Willoughy Tremblay digs his fingers in-between the ropes...

...and FINALLY breaks Richter Lane free!]

GM: Lane is out! The colossus Richter Lane is free!

[As Lane tumbles out of the ropes Bobby O'Connor crawls forward...

...draping his body over Lee Tremors.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

BW: Watch out! Here comes Lane!

[Richter Lane throws his body in the air, jumping up and over both O'Connor and Lee Tremors.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He's too late! The Young Bloods did it! They knocked off Aftershock for a second time! Tremblay or no Tremblay didn't matter, this team is for real!

[As Gordon rejoices, Richter Lane's body SMASHES down over both Bobby O'Connor and Lee Tremors with his four hundred and seventy five pounds frame.]

GM: MY GOD! LANE CRUSHED THEM BOTH! HE JUST ANNIHILATED BOTH O'CONNOR AND TREMORS!

BW: So much for the after party.

[Tremblay slithers into the ring and points towards Wallace who immediately checks on his own partner. Richter Lane grabs him from behind and HURLS him into the corner where his body hits the turnbuckle and falls back towards the massive man who wraps his arms around him...

...and spins around with a side belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: WALLACE IS DOWN!

BW: That's one angry man I wouldn't want to run into, well, anywhere.

[Wallace, withering in pain, rolls to the side of the ring clutching his ribs. Richter Lane turns towards back towards O'Connor and shoves him with his boot, rolling him off his partner Lee Tremors. Lane reaches down, pulling Tremors up...

...right into a rack position over his shoulders.]

GM: WHAT IN THE --

BW: Gordo, hold onto your hat!

[Tremblay shouts orders to Lane who has his longtime friend and wrestling partner over his shoulders and with Willoughby Tremblay calling the shots he shoves Lee Tremors torso off his shoulders...

...and POWERBOMBS him into the canvas!]

GM: HE JUST LAID OUT HIS OWN PARTNER! WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO RICHTER LANE!

BW: Tremblay. Willoughby Tremblay.

GM: Lane looks possessed! O'Connor is out! Wallace is out! And now Tremors.... there are bodies everywhere!

[Tremblay raises his hand into the air in a fist to a chorus of boos. Wallace and O'Connor instinctively are able to roll out of the ring while Richter Lane stands over his unconscious partner Lee Tremors. With the crowd growing restless Tremblay's fist turn into a hooked thumb...

...pointed straight down.]

GM: What is he --

BW: He's not finished, Gordo! Lane is just getting started!

[Lane stomps with both feet near the chest of Tremors...then near his head... and slowly makes his way all the way around him before he charges towards the ropes, bounces forward, and leaps into the air...

...and SQUASHES across his chest with a seated senton!]

GM: Oh my...

BW: Nobody is getting up after that! I don't care who you are!

[Lane remains seated over the chest of Tremors as Tremblay grabs Lane by the arm and lifts it into the air. Both Bobby O'Connor and Larry Wallace stare up at the beast from a downed knee, clutching their midsections as well.]

GM: The Young Bloods may have won this match Bucky but Richter Lane has made the biggest impact and at the expense of his own partner! His best friend!

BW: I have a feeling they aren't going to be exchanging Christmas cards this year.

GM: We've got to go to the back and get some medical attention down to the ring. Lee Tremors is out cold, his ribs might be broken and that might just be the the least of his worries. Heck, it might be the least of ALL of our worries!

[We fade backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside former two-time National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, who is in street clothes of a pair of jeans and an AWA Homecoming t-shirt.]

MS: On a night where we're celebrating the 100th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, it's great to be standing here with a man who appeared on the very first edition of this show, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Stevie, Unholy War wasn't the best of nights for you after losing in WarGames... but what's next for Stevie Scott?

[Scott looks annoyed at Stegglet.]

HSS: "Unholy War wasn't the best of nights for you."

[Scott chuckles.]

HSS: You sure know how to call 'em like you see 'em, huh? Yeah, Unholy War was a real bag of crap to call it straight. For the third time, yours truly walked inside the double cage of steel and blood and for the third time, I lost.

At least this time I didn't quit.

[Stevie shakes his head back and forth before running a hand through his hair.]

HSS: No, this time, that honor belonged to my good friend, Juan Vasquez, who did the noble and honorable thing to save the eyesight of his best friend.

[Stevie's voice is dripping with sarcasm.]

MS: Stevie, I have to ask... there have been a lot of rumors that you're less than pleased that Juan Vasquez chose to surrender at that particular moment in WarGames.

[Stevie is about to answer...

...when suddenly, another voice rings out from off-camera.]

"You really gonna let them go through with this?"

[The camera pans to show wrestling legend Hamilton Graham walking into view, staring right at the former two-time champ.]

HSS: Hammy, what in the world are you-

HG: You know damn well what I'm talking about. While you're back here talking serious business about you and Vasquez and what you're gonna do next in your career, they're out there building a damn stage so some two-bit punk who got over by posting himself on the Internet acting a fool - like those goofballs with their singing cats or some such crap - they're building him a pedestal. They're gonna let him sully YOUR ring... MY ring... the ring of every man in this locker room who have bled all over it to get the business to this point... they're gonna let him make a fool out of all of us.

MS: Mr. Graham, you've been warned before not to-

HG: Oh, I know. They want the old man to shut up and go home. They don't want me here to tell the world that not everyone's thrilled down to their damn underwear that this punk kid is going to sing on a WRESTLING show. I ain't alone in this, Stegglet. Those people in the building? You can hear a whole lot of 'em booing as loud as I can. They don't want this kid here. I don't want this kid here. And you, Stevie Scott... you shouldn't want him here either.

HSS: Look, Hammy... the suits say-

[Graham angrily interrupts.]

HG: Don't fill my ear with crap, Scott. I know what they say. I know what they think. They're out here spouting corporate crap about "new demographics" and "reaching new markets" and "cross-promotional

branding" and whatever other two cent words that a freshman learns during Marketing 101.

[Graham spits on the floor.]

HG: I don't give a damn about any of it... and neither should you. What you SHOULD care about is the boys in the locker room... right now... kids like O'Connor, like Wallace, like Jones, like Hammonds, like Wright, like Preston, like Shane and his group... these are the people you should care about, Scott. These are the people who sit back here and look up to you. They grew up as a fan of yours and they get a goofy grin on their face every day that they see you sharing a locker room and a ring with 'em.

They deserve better than this, Scott... we all do.

[Graham points back towards the arena bowl.]

HG: They're spitting on all of us tonight. O'Connor, Stegglet, Michaelson, and Taylor. They're better than this but somehow they lost sight of that. This isn't what the AWA is all about. This isn't what this SPORT is all about.

Now, you gotta ask yourself, kid... is it what Stevie Scott is all about?

[Graham stares the former two-time National Champion dead in the eyes for several moments before turning to walk away, leaving a silent Stevie Scott behind as we slowly fade back inside the arena bowl.]

Cut back to Gordon Myers standing in the middle of the ring, which has been covered with a dark red mat. In the background, we can see that a similar colored red carpet extends down the ramp all the way to the back. Audible squeals are heard from the non-wrestling fans in attendance, in anticipation of what's about to happen.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, it is my *extreme* pleasure to introduce to you the man who is about to perform for you tonight. You may know him for his breath-taking performance on X-Factor, his self-released debut single that has garnered over FOUR HUNDRED MILLION views on YouTube, or the many chart-topping hits he's released since. Personally, I know him as a good kid who's a big fan of our sport, and whom I am honored to call my friend.

Please welcome...JOSHUA DUSSCHER!!

[The crowd squeals for several seconds, drowning out any dissenting boos... before six big burly men in sunglasses and dark suits lead the way, guarding both sides of the ramp.]

And then the squeals increase two orders of magnitude, as Joshua Dusscher himself steps out. This time, no hat hides his head of wavy brown hair, a mophead that would do the vintage Beatles proud. He wears a comfortable pair of Nikes, a baggy pair of blue jeans, and a dark red "AWA 100: September 14th, 2013" t-shirt to hammer home the moment. Behind him

walks two even younger, even fresher-faced young men dressed in similar fashion, a white male with a blonde crew-cut, and an African-American with dreadlocks.

Keeping within the protective bubble of Joshua's private Secret Servicemen, all three smile and wave to the fans as they walk to the ring, the camera gradually zooming in on a shot of Joshua's face (who seems genuinely happy to be there) before cutting around the arena to various shots of teenage girls in fits and tears.

The guards spread the ropes open so wide that Joshua and his background dancers barely have to duck down or step up to get in, then take their places on the ramp and on all sides of the ring. A beaming Gordon Myers gives Joshua a pat on the elbow before handing over his cordless mic and exiting the ring.

Joshua stands in the center of the ring, his dancers off on either side and slightly behind him. He takes a second to do a slight spin to get a look at the full crowd, before facing back towards the entrance way to speak:]

JD: WHASSUP DALLAS!?

[The crowd responds with their obligatory cheer!]

JD: Y'ALL READY TO HAVE SOME FUN!?

["Yeaaaaahhhh!"]

JD: THEN LET'S DO THIS! HIT IT, GUYS!

[The P.A. system plays the introduction to Joshua's breakout hit song "Say Hey!", a bubblegum pop piece with inspiration from Justin Bieber's "Baby", WHAM's "Last Christmas", and probably a half dozen other cheesy songs that you have heard before.

The background dancers clap to the rhythm while stepping from side to side, Joshua pumping his fists in time, as the crowd claps along. He has performed this song at least a thousand times before, but it does not show in the gusto he puts forth, as he works all corners of the ring as he begins to sing.]

I used to think that all I'd want is to be wild and free! #
Travel the world and meet all of the girls that I could see! #
But then one day when I was walking down along the bay, #
I saw you girl! And suddenly all I could do was say...

Hey! # [Crowd chants this part of the chorus]
Come over here and make my day! #
Don't want it any other way! #
Why don't you stay and play? #
We'll dance the night away!

Her hair was brown as brown, her eyes as blue as blue! #
She looked at me and suddenly I don't know what to do! #
But I knew then my wayward ways would end that very day! #
Forever more you are the one that makes me want to say...

Hey! #
Come over here and make my day! #
Don't want it any other way! #
Why don't you stay and play? #
We'll dance the night away!

Say hey! #
Come over here and make my day! #
Don't want it any other way! #
Why don't you stay and play? #
We'll dance the night away!

[A small 15 second instrumental follows, allowing Joshua time to really bust a move with his background dancers, before the big finish:]

Say hey!

[An explosion emits from all posts of the ring, and shiny confetti shoots over 25 feet in the air, settling all over the crowd and the performers throughout the remainder of the song.]

Come over here and make my day! #
Don't want it any other way! #
Why don't you stay and play? #
We'll dance the night away!

Say hey! #
Come over here and make my day! #
Don't want it any other way! #
Why don't you stay and play? #
We'll dance the night away!

[As the music draws to a close, Joshua does a small pirouette, before looking up and pointing his microphone to the sky, holding this pose for several seconds as many of the fans roar their approval.]

JD: Thank you!

[As the cheers continue, Joshua turns to say something to his dancers. They give him a slight nod, and then exit the ring down the ramp, leaving Joshua alone in the ring.]

JD: You guys are awesome!

[More squeals!]

JD: I mean it! You're the reason I'm living my dream here tonight! You're the reason I can be in this ring tonight and do what I love to do!

[The squeals have died down somewhat so that they can listen to him speak, save for the occasional "I LOVE YOU JOSHUA!"]

JD: Now, I was originally gonna finish with my latest single but, the guys in the back...they kinda think that it wouldn't really be appropriate for this show.

[There are a few groans from the crowd at this.]

JD: But you know, they're right! This is the AWA! And you guys deserve something special!

[Some lower pitched yells of approval at that statement.]

JD: So I've come up with a brand new song, just for all of my new friends. You want to hear it?

[Many yells to the affirmative.]

JD: OK, here it goes!

[With no background music, Joshua Dusscher sings a cappella, in the exact same cadence and rhythm he used for "Say Hey!":]

Kick back my feet and try to while away this lazy day, #
I turn the TV on to W-K-I-K!

[Small local pop!]

Guys doing things that wouldn't hurt a fly for goodness sake #
Time travelers, bees, bad rappers, please, why is this wrestling so

FAAAAAAKE?

[From this point on, the wrestling fans make their voices heard, drowning out the teenage girls and raining down with boos while Joshua continues on.]

My God, it's hard to stay awake! #
That lame WarGames just takes the cake! #
What kind of fool, you take #
me for, it's all so FAKE!

[Joshua does a little pirouette and extends his arm to the heavens in a mocking pose that he holds for a few seconds to take in the boos, as well as a couple of crumpled paper cups, that puts the security guards surrounding the ring on high alert.

Having now done something that he cannot take back, Joshua Dusscher now drops all pretense of being a nice guy, and speaks what's really on his mind.]

JD: Didn't see that coming? Well, that makes two of us!

I am a WRESTLING fan! I grew up watching the best wrestling ever. THE MIGHTY E! And it was the greatest spectacle I've ever seen!

Simon Ezra flying into concussion mines multiple times!

Tiger Claw's bloody body getting SET ON FIRE!

Casey James losing THREE DAMNED FINGERS to pull off a win!

Those were the days when men put up the fights of their lives! Those were the days of REAL WRESTLING!

I had to grow up, and I had to move on, and I didn't have time to follow what wrestling had become these past few years. But I was sure that things could have only gotten bigger and better, so last week I jumped at the chance to finally check it out again for myself.

And it made me sick to my stomach, seeing what kind of PRETEND BALLET ACT wrestling has become!

[Though the camera never wavers from a tight, close shot of Joshua in the ring, in the background it is obvious that the guards are having their hands full with unruly fans, though the occasional crumpled item still finds its way into the ring.]

JD: And that WarGames? That supposed epitome of violence? I've experienced more real danger than that from a hangnail! The biggest impression I got from that is that I need to buy stock in Heinz, given all the ketchup you guys must use to try and convince people that that was something dangerous!

You want to know why you don't see guys like Ezra, Claw, and James around anymore?

It's because those guys are REAL MEN, not actors PRETENDING to be men!

And you people! How do you people put up with this? How can you stand having your intelligence insulted? Doesn't it bother you that I, Joshua Dusscher, am the only REAL MAN you're going to see in this ring tonight!?

[The crowd is getting really rowdy now, and start chanting the names of their favorite wrestlers in response.]

JD: You think there are some real men back there? You know what?

[While still holding his mic, Joshua tugs and rips the AWA t-shirt off over his head and kicks it out of the ring, revealing underneath another t-shirt with two airbrushed profiles and lettering that reads "VFC 133 September 21, 2013: Langseth vs Ortez"]

JD: I have a brown belt in karate! If there's any real man in the back that thinks he can shut me up, then why doesn't he come out here right now!?

[The crowd finally cheers once more, in anticipation of a confrontation...but Joshua waits nary two seconds before speaking once more.]

JD: That's what I thought!

To all *my* fans, thank you for your love!

To all the fake wrestling fans, you can go straight to h..[POP!]

[Joshua Dusscher drops the mic in the middle of speaking the final word, and stalks over to the opposite end of the ring, where his six guards are working feverishly to clear a path to get him out of the arena via the opposite entrance way. In the background, we get a brief glimpse of a horrified Gordon Myers, before an abrupt cut to commercial.

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.

After a three second pause, cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloopers are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be behaving 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...

...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...

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...

We fade in to a sparsely-populated street, where a camera shakily follows a shaggy haired man in a leather jacket and jeans down the road. An off-camera voice can be heard.]

OCV: SIR! Stop! Hold on for a moment!

[The man in the jacket and jeans stops, as the camera catches up to him.]

OCV: I'm sorry to bother you, but...

[The man turns around, revealing Raphael Rhodes.]

RR: Right, what is it?

OCV: It's just... the AWA is having their 100th episode of Saturday Night Wrestling and... and they wanted me to get your thoughts.

[Rhodes' eyes squint at the man off-camera.]

RR: Well, ain't that a bit general?

[Rhodes' eyes turn to the camera.]

RR: I ain't seen most of you lot in years. You been moochin' about, tryin' to find me, all for some little milestone?

OCV: I... I guess so?

RR: Well, I hope whoever I liked ain't broken and I hope whoever I hated is dead. And if they ain't, they better not come to Wigan. How's that?

OCV: That...

[Rhodes gives a palm-facing V to the camera, then to the man off-camera, then turns around and begins walking away.]

OCV: ... I suppose that'll do it.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action. The shot is set up in the backstage area and looks hastily arranged as a agitated-looking Karl O'Connor is standing beside Jason Dane. Some loud voices can be heard off-camera as we fade up but they quickly drop off as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Mr. O'Connor, I... uhh... I'm not entirely sure what I should... or can... say right now and... well, you wanted the floor.

[O'Connor nods, blatantly looking off-camera for several moments before he nods again and speaks.]

KOC: After what the AWA fans... our PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING fans... were just forced to endure, we felt it was important to address this unexpected situation. You are owed... you DESERVE a... uh, well, you deserve an explanation and I'm going to try and give it to you.

[O'Connor again looks off-camera for a few moments before continuing, his voice trembling with emotion.]

KOC: Hamilton Graham called it true. While the AWA has risen in the ranks over the past five years to become the most popular wrestling promotion in the world, there's... well, there's always more out there, right? More people who AREN'T watching the show who might if... if things were just a little bit different. Sometimes all it takes is a little bit of exposure to something, you know?

[Dane nods.]

KOC: The fact is, the total wrestling audience since the late 90s and early 2000s has dropped drastically. We went from a period of time where there were several major promotions running worldwide... companies like the IIWF, the EMWC, SCRA, UWF, GLCW... and even more very successful promotions running smaller territories... places based in Tampa, in Japan, in South Laredo, in Baltimore, in New York. There was a period of time where there was professional wrestling on just about every street corner and on just about every stop on the television dial.

Those days are no more.

[O'Connor pauses.]

KOC: The AWA stands as the standard bearer of an industry that has seen brighter times worldwide and bears some sense of responsibility in trying to rebuild that global audience. We love our fans... adore and appreciate our fans... but recognize that out there in the world, there were fans who were watching Casey James and Caleb Temple that are NOT watching Calisto Dufresne and Juan Vasquez. We want those fans back... and if we can pick up some fans along the way that have NEVER watched wrestling... well, that's even better.

[O'Connor's pause grows longer as he looks off-camera, his face darkening.]

KOC: We made a deal... signed a contract with the representatives for Joshua Dusscher Enterprises in hopes that we could get that exposure... that we could reach those fans that we hadn't seen in a while or had never seen before. We were asked for - and granted - ten minutes of live, uninterrupted, uncensored airtime. Those ten minutes were granted with two conditions - he had to perform two songs during that period of time and he was not to say or do anything we would consider vulgar or profane during that time.

[He sighs heavily, leaning heavily on his walking stick.]

KOC: I suppose our restrictions on what he could say should've been stronger in hindsight... but we never thought... never dreamed...

[He shakes his head, falling silent for a moment.]

KOC: Mr. Dusscher's comments... his completely off-base, incorrect, and inappropriate comments... which insulted, offended, and flat out denigrated the entire AWA locker room... front office... everyone here... as well as all of our fantastic fans out there... those comments have been determined by AWA legal in the short span we've had to consult with them... to be in compliance with the contract we signed.

[It's Jason Dane's turn to shake his head.]

KOC: It was my duty as the AWA President to not put a stop to what was going on in fear of future legal action... and it was also my duty to utilize AWA security to forcefully stop an entire locker room of AWA wrestlers and staff to not do anything about it. You've got a brown belt, son? I've got a locker room full of guys who wanted to choke you out with it.

[O'Connor looks pissed now, gesturing angrily at the camera.]

KOC: That was the worst thing I've ever had to do, Jason. I wanted it stopped. I wanted to not hear a single further word out of his mouth as he insulted these boys in the locker room... these fans... our entire business. Do you think the names you mentioned - Casey James? Tiger Claw? Simon Ezra? Do you think those men truly would be proud of you? They'd be pleased of you holding them up as REAL wrestling while insulting everyone else who stands in this ring and bleeds, sweats, and takes time off their careers every time they hit the mat.

Do you think they're better than someone like Luke Kinsey who may never have clear vision again? Than Brian Von Braun who had his leg broken inside that WarGames you found so...

[O'Connor trails off.]

KOC: You want to see if our boys bleed Heinz ketchup? Come find me and this old man will show you firsthand!

[Dane cuts him off before he gets too worked up.]

JD: Mr. O'Connor, we're almost out of time here.

[The elderly AWA President nods.]

KOC: I know. I'm sorry. I truly am. I apologize to everyone. Everyone in this building. Everyone watching at home around the world. You all deserve better than this and I let it happen on my watch. I plan to go to the offices

of the ownership of this company first thing in the morning and offer my resignation if they will accept it. I take full responsibility for all that happened... but I'm also determined to not make this situation any worse.

Mr. Dusscher and his entourage have been forced to exit the building... which they were well on their way to doing anyways... and security will be posted at every door to make sure they do not return.

[O'Connor gestures at the camera.]

KOC: I will not be responsible for this company being hit by a financially-crippling lawsuit... and as such, I have ordered all announcers, wrestlers, and other AWA employees to make no further reference to this event for the remainder of the show. They are under a full blackout as of this moment.

It is my belief that our actions shall speak far louder than our words ever could and I invite the AWA competitors still to go out to that ring tonight to show him... show the world... why we are the best at what we do and why we don't need to set people on fire or throw them into a [BLEEP]damned landmine to show otherwise.

[O'Connor lets the slightest of smiles cross his face.]

KOC: When I took this job, the first person to congratulate me was an old friend who said, "The job's the toughest you'll ever do. Good luck."

Well, Big Jim was right as always... and as he once said in the darkest of times...

"Now put a smile on your face... It's a party, damn it."

Enjoy the rest of the show.

[O'Connor bows his head and walks off-camera as Jason Dane looks on...

...and we slowly fade back inside the Crockett Coliseum that is still buzzing over what has transpired. The announcers are notably silent as we crossfade 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 ring to my right... from Stone Mountain, Georgia... weighing in at 240 pounds... Henry Porten!

[Porten stands in the corner, raising an arm to some cheers. He wears long blue trunks with red boots. The name "HENRY" is printed down one side and a red fireball is on the other.]

PW: And his opponent... Introducing first, the manager... the "Collector Of Oddities" PERCY CHILDES! He represents... from The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing two hundred thirty five pounds... NENSHOU!

[As Nenshou's music begins, Percy, a bald goateed man, short and stout, appears through the curtain clutching his crystal-topped cane. Nenshou comes right behind him in a black jacket with a tall pointed hood, baggy sleeves, and red-and-gold ornate trim. His facepaint is red with black kanji, and his baggy pants are black. Red boots and copious wrist and finger tape complete his attire.]

GM: Well, fans, in a night filled with surprises, here comes another one. After Nenshou was abandoned inside the WarGames cage at the mercy of Royalty, many had assumed - myself included - that we had seen the end of Nenshou's association with Percy Childes. However, this seems to show us otherwise, Bucky.

BW: Percy has asked me not to speak on that matter until he's able to.

GM: Are you serious?

BW: He implied that it was a wise decision to stay quiet.

GM: I see.

[Nenshou steps through the ropes into the ring, shrugging out of his robe and allowing Childes to pull it out of the ring. Percy looks irritated, not even pausing to discuss strategy with Nenshou as he walks the robe over to an attendant. Nenshou's bare torso reveals bandages here and there as well as fairly heavy kneebrace.]

GM: Nenshou looks a little worse for wear. He's one of the only WarGames competitors who was cleared to compete here tonight... but I understand the doctors weren't pleased about clearing him.

BW: They wanted EVERYONE from WarGames to take some time off from my understanding but Nenshou insisted.

[Percy is pacing back and forth on the floor, looking agitated as the bell sounds. Nenshou drops to a knee, clutching his windpipe as he spews a burst of red mist into the air.]

GM: The red mist is in play... and that mist is ultimately what delivered victory to the Unholy Alliance inside of WarGames, Bucky.

BW: I guess you can say that but there was a gameplan in place that Percy and his group executed to perfection... even including Percy's latest find, Demetrius Lake.

GM: Who we're expecting to see in action later tonight. But you're right, Bucky. They had a gameplan. They isolated Brian Von Braun and took him out early. Then they got Stevie Scott taken out of the action as well. It essentially turned things into a handicap match and they just overwhelmed the rest of their opponents. Not a lot of people gave the Unholy Alliance a chance to win WarGames but they did it and you've gotta give them credit for it even if you don't like HOW they did it.

BW: HOW they did it?! It's WarGames! All is fair in love and war, Gordo. You know that.

[Nenshou dances from the corner, ready for the tieup but Henry Porten comes on strong, dropping down to grab the legs of Nenshou, yanking them out from under him to take him down to the mat!]

GM: Whoa! Big double leg takedown out of Henry Porten who DOES have some Mixed Martial Arts experience!

BW: Nenshou tried to avoid that but he couldn't do it. I think that knee injury - whatever it is - must've slowed him down enough to prevent that from happening.

[Porten slips easily into the mount, raising his fist back and raining it down on a stunned Nenshou, hammering away. We cut to Percy Childes who is shaking his head back and forth on the mat before giving a shout in Japanese to his charge.]

GM: Childes just shouted something to Nenshou... ohh! He caught him in the throat!

[Porten falls back, clutching his windpipe as Nenshou scrambles to his feet...

...and promptly BURIES a soccer style kick into the ribcage of Porten!]

GM: Nenshou used one of those stiff-fingered thrusts to the throat to turn the tide in this one... and that kick was just flat out brutal.

BW: Porten might be spitting up yesterday's breakfast after that.

[The Asian Assassin grabs Porten by the hair, hauling him up by his messy blonde mop...

...and leaps into the air, using the handful of hair to slam Porten's face into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping faceslam!

[Nenshou flips Porten to his back, grinding his forearm into Porten's cheek as he attempts a lateral press... but only earns a two count as the tough youngster from Georgia slips a shoulder free.]

GM: Two count only as Porten escapes the pin attempt.

[Climbing to his feet, Nenshou glares at the official before violently stomping Porten's chest, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the floor...]

GM: Nenshou seems a little bit different here tonight, Bucky.

BW: He's lost his cool, I think. He's usually very calculated... very focused... but right now, he seems to be just total aggression in there.

[Grabbing the top rope, Nenshou feigns a catapult to the floor which causes Porten to spin away...

...but Nenshou stays on the apron, lashing out with a back kick to the back of Porten's head, pitching him forward and down to the ringside mats!]

GM: That's a little bit of the usual Nenshou game... playing with the mind of Henry Porten and making him pay for it.

[Nenshou stays on the apron, waiting for Porten to get up from his kneeling position on the mat...

...and then leaps up, springing off the middle rope, and taking Porten down with a moonsault where Nenshou lands on his feet, stumbling back into the railing on impact.]

BW: Oh! I think he hurt the knee, Gordo!

[Nenshou drops to a knee, grabbing at the one inside the kneebrace. The fans reach over the railing, slapping him on the shoulders and back since he's in reach. He slowly moves to his feet, walking with the slightest of limps as he pulls Porten up, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: He puts Porten back in...

[He steps up on the apron, starting towards the corner...

...but then pulls up, shaking his leg.]

GM: I think he was considering the Moonsault there but changed his mind. That knee is very clearly bothering him, Bucky.

BW: It sure is... and you have to believe he probably shouldn't have forced the medical team to clear him for this match. Beating Henry Porten won't get him any closer to the World Title, Gordo.

GM: You've got a good point there.

[Nenshou steps through the ropes, taking the easy way in as Porten struggles to his feet...

...but catches an incoming Nenshou with a leg kick to the side of the knee that actually knocks Nenshou down to the mat!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: He caught him!

[Porten surges forward, grabbing the leg. Holding the foot, he snaps off a series of quick kicks to the trapped limb to the cheers of the crowd...]

GM: Porten's looking out at this crowd! He's got Nenshou in some trouble!

[But Nenshou's having none of that as he swings his free leg up, catching Porten in the ribs. A second sharp kick to the ribs doubles him up before a brutal upkick on the chin knocks him flat!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou battles out with a series of kicks!

BW: From his back, Gordo! Incredible!

GM: It's certainly impressive as he pushes up a to a knee. He grabs Porten by the hair, pulling him up...

[Nenshou lets loose a series of kneestrikes to the skull with his healthy leg, pushing Porten down to a kneeling position as Nenshou steps away and comes quickly back in, springing off the bent knee to SLAM his knee into Porten's skull!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT THAT WAS!!!

[Nenshou settles into a lateral press, hooking a leg for a quick and easy three count.]

GM: He got him!

[The Asian Assassin rolls off the downed Porten to a seated position, immediately grabbing at his knee as we pan over to the side of the ring, where Jason Dane is standing by with Percy Childes. Nenshou is choosing to remain in his corner for now, glaring down at Dane. The fans poo Childes and Nenshou rabidly.]

JD: Percy Childes, tonight is Homecoming, but we didn't expect to see Nenshou in action after the tail end of WarGames.

PC: Naturally, you would focus on that instead of the bigger picture. You, who came out on television to threaten Nenshou directly earlier this year. So let us ignore your biased perspective and speak to the truth.

WarGames is the most brutal, punishing match in wrestling. You can see the laundry list of injuries that have put stars out. You will never see Luke Kinsey again, but that's fine. Neither will he!

[BOOOOOOOOOOOO!]

JD: That's disgusting!

PC: So was what those animals did to my nephew! But we're all animals in this jungle, aren't we? Oh, yes. Yes, we are. And in WarGames, we finished

Brian Von Braun, proving for all time who the greatest wrestler in the Von Braun family is... the man who finished him. Tully Brawn.

[BOOOOOOOOOOO!]

PC: And we eliminated Kinsey. But yes, we took casualties as well. Daniel Tyler, in his zeal to avenge his best friend, has joined him on injured reserve. The AWA has bought out the contract of The Aces to make roster room, and thus the Alliance has taken a terrible blow. Not to mention my family. My blood. Jason Dane, you know that both of those young men are my family; one by blood and the other by choice. But to win a war, sacrifice is necessary.

I paid the price for victory. It was my blood that spilled to ignite them. It was the blood of my blood that went down as casualties to seal the victory. And I will not allow the price that was paid exceed the profit that was gained. With the addition of the former St. Louis territory champion, Demetrius Lake, we are reorganized. And we will be making our claim to championship gold in the near future.

JD: Now that's leading me to where I wanted to go. At the end of WarGames, Royalty stormed the ring.

PC: Of course they did. They had to. They had just witnessed the Unholy Alliance become, definitively, the premier power in the AWA. It was only sensible that they make an immediate move to steal as much of our limelight as they could. I can hardly begrudge an intelligent business decision.

JD: Abandoning Nenshou was an intelligent business decision?

[That gets an immediate reaction from Nenshou, who springs over the top rope to the floor and advances on Dane. If, in fact, he's advancing on Dane. Percy barks at him in Japanese, and Nenshou slows down... glaring. It's not clear which one he's glaring at.]

JD: I can't help but notice how readily he understands what I'm saying.

PC: Don't act so smug. Did I not say that WarGames is the most brutal match in wrestling? Nobody could compete in WarGames and be able to defend against a rested force of Royalty's caliber. If you haven't noticed, Calisto Dufresne and Dave Cooper are very talented scavengers. They excel at picking the bones of the weakened. That's not intended to be an insult; that's an excellent trait. I got my Alliance out of harm's way as best as I could.

It's just that... well, you know, as of late, one member of my Alliance has been prone to disregarding my advice. Ignoring the good of the organization in pursuit of his own agenda. Ironic, really, since the organization founded itself around him.

[Nenshou's glare slowly shifts from Dane to Childes. The fans are buzzing loudly, because Childes has NEVER disparaged or opposed Nenshou in any way before.]

PC: What happened to Nenshou? He disregarded my words in order to do his own thing. And what did Royalty remember? The last time we were all in the same ring... Nenshou disregarded my words in order to do his own thing, and he assaulted Dufresne. He even entered a Battle Royal during my absence in order to try and get the title match at Unholy War. You know, the match right before WarGames.

So, it seems that Nenshou's injuries prove one thing: actions have consequences. We've had his discussion, Dane, away from the cameras. I told him very clearly: it is not wise to disregard my words. He brought it all on himself, and that is why I will not be acceding to his request for me to sign a match for him against Calisto Dufresne.

[The crowd is borderline cheering now, because Nenshou is obviously trying to conceal his rage... and doing a poor job. Dane's eyes are wide, because he's seeing what most of us are seeing: dissension.]

JD: Let me get this right, Percy Childes. Your whole goal in the AWA was to get the World Title to Nenshou. You've moved heaven and hell to get the title on Nenshou. Ruined lives, broken careers, to get the title on Nenshou. And now... you're refusing to sign a title match for Nenshou. Is that correct?

PC: You have about five percent of all facts needed to draw any kind of accurate conclusion, but yes. Everything you just said is correct. The truth is: on December thirty-first, two thousand twelve, Nenshou had his turn. Nenshou squandered his turn. Nenshou now has to wait his turn. That is how it works in the AWA. His turn will come again, if he listens to me, and I firmly believe that he will succeed. If only he learns from his failures, he will have greater success than any who came before him. Because learning from your mistakes is the hallmark of wisdom. Failing to learn from your mistakes...

...well, we shall all find out together, won't we?

[With that, Percy heads off. Nenshou hesitates a long moment before following, spitting on Dane's shoes as he walks by.]

JD: Classy. *sigh* Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

GM: Did Percy Childes just throw Nenshou under the bus?! His golden child?

BW: Ya know, Nenshou needs some tough love, Gordo. That's what this is. He got called out publicly just because Percy wants him to refocus and clean up his attitude. Like he used to be. Ever since he lost to Monosso, Nenshou's been unfocused and nothin' like the stone cold killer he used to be.

GM: This makes sense, actually. But is that really all there is to it? Is anything ever straightforward with Percy Childes?

BW: We'll all find out together, won't we?

GM: Well said. Fans, it's time for the second match in this king-sized clash between Hannibal Carver and Terry Shane III. Carver won the first match - the Lumberjack Match - but suffered a severe head wound in the process. Now, he walks into a First Blood match already having bled tonight. The AWA medical team worked non-stop on Carver since that match to try and resolve the situation. Did it work? We're about to find out. Take it away, Phil Watson!

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

PW: This next match is... A FIRST BLOOD MATCH!

[Clutch's "Milk Of Human Kindness" plays once again as Hannibal Carver walks out, now sans-sweatshirt. Much more methodical than before, he slowly stalks towards the ring. He stops, briefly, to raise a hand to a thunderous cheer...

...when the Shane Gang attacks!]

GM: THIS MATCH HASN'T EVEN STARTED!

BW: I think you're wrong on that account, daddy!

[The Ring Workers and Donnie White are all over The Boston Strangler, beating him down with forearms and punches, not giving him a moment of reprieve. The boos grow even louder as Terry Shane saunters out, Sandra Hayes right behind with the most evil of smirks.]

BW: Let me say it again, hummana hummana.

GM: Your timing is impeccable, Bucky. Hannibal Carver is being mauled by this Gang and you only have eyes for her.

BW: Who wouldn't!?

[Staggering to the ring, Carver is able to roll under and get to his feet, clocking Aaron Anderson as he enters, doing the same to Donnie White!]

GM: Hannibal is fighting back! He is fighting back for his very life in there!

BW: Here comes Lenny Strong!

GM: Strong ELBOW... DUCKED!

[And Carver retaliates with a clothesline that floors Strong, turning in victory... right into a big leaping clothesline from Terry Shane that flattens

him, taking away all momentum from his comeback and instantly deflating the cheering crowd.]

GM: And then numbers win again. The Shane Gang mass attacked and despite a heroic effort, Hannibal Carver is down in the middle of the ring.

BW: And the Ring Leader stands tall!

GM: Terry Shane directing traffic here, Donnie White back up and grabbing Hannibal Carver. What... no! MY STARS! NO!

[With a flourish, Terry Shane reaches down and tears the bloody bandage from Carver's forehead, revealing a nasty wound, dripping blood still. White holds Carver down in a Camel Clutch, yelling right in his ear the whole time.]

GM: Someone needs to help Hannibal Carver out here!

BW: This has happened so fast, I am not sure anyone realizes what is happening.

GM: Terry Shane backing off and... OH GOD NO! DROPKICK RIGHT TO THE FOREHEAD! A RUNNING DROPKICK RIGHT TO THE FOREHEAD OF HANNIBAL CARVER!

[And the blood starts flowing! With haste and to thunderous jeers, Shane orders his Gang out of the ring while yelling at the referee to start the match officially.]

BW: The match hasn't started! No bell has rung, Gordo. Everything these guys are doing is completely legal.

GM: In the sense that they mass attacked Hannibal Carver, assaulted him and busted open his wound from the branding iron again. Totally legal.

BW: Exactly, the bell hasn't rung!

[But now it has, the referee calling for the bell, looking at Carver and shaking his head, doing his best to ignore the tirade from Terry Shane III as he turns and calls for the bell once again.]

BW: That has to be a record! That has to be the fastest match in wrestling history!

PW: Your winner... Terry Shane III.

BW: Say it with gusto! Come on!

GM: What a travesty! Hannibal Carver had absolutely no chance to win this match.

BW: And no chance to win the third fall in this condition!

GM: Terry Shane gloating, directing traffic and... wait? Where is he going?!

[Telling the Ring Workers to "Hold him down!", Shane heads towards the corner, steps between the ropes and starts ascending the turnbuckles slowly amongst loud booing from the crowd in Dallas. He gets one foot on top, Carver held down but struggling. One more foot up, perched high...

...and Carver pushes with all his fight, legs shooting out and sending Lenny Strong to the ropes! He hits and Shane loses his balance, falling straight down, crotch on the top turnbuckle and bounces off to the mat in full rotation to a HUGE POP!]

GM: Hannibal Carver is fighting back!

BW: The match is over!

GM: He is fighting back and he is back to his feet! The Shane Gang just woke up a monster!!

[Up to his feet, Carver ducks an Aaron Anderson swing and spins himself, slugging an elbow to the back of the young athlete's neck! POP!]

GM: MIND ERASER ON ANDERSON!

BW: These guys need to get out of there!

GM: Oh no...

[Oh yes.]

GM: Hannibal Carver... HAS THE BRANDING IRON!

BW: Where did he get that?!

[Not seeing the implement in hand, Lenny Strong comes charging in, only to take a hard shot to the gut! He bends over in pain, barely able to stand from the hard, crowd pumping shot!]

GM: AND ONE FOR DONNIE WHITE!

[POP!]

GM: Everyone is down here!

[But not done! The Boston Strangler grabs White by the hair, then reaches and grabs Lenny Strong by his. He parades them around, yelling at an on the floor Terry Shane as he centers them in the ring and... POP!... smashes their heads together!]

GM: Hannibal Carver is getting the revenge he so desperately wants AND DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE SENDS THE REST OF THE SHANE GANG RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES!

[His charges scattered throughout ringside, Terry Shane starts backpedaling up the entrance way, Sandra Hayes protected behind him. Carver looks on from the ring, sweat, blood and rage covering his face.]

GM: It looks like it might be Hannibal Carver one on one with Terry Shane tonight! The Shane Gang is all down, Bucky!

BW: Leave Terry! Leave while you still can!

[The Shane Gang is scattered, groaning in pain around ringside, clutching at necks and stomachs. Carver stands amidst LOUD cheers, lifting the branding iron up slowly, pointing it right at The Ring Leader.]

GM: Later tonight! Hannibal Carver! Terry Shane III! TEXAS... DEATH... MATCH!

[And we fade away as the two enemies lock eyes, fear in one's, fate in the other's.

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 fade into the loud cheers of the crowd, as we see a cut and bruised Juan Vasquez, standing in the middle of the ring. In front of him, lying on the canvas, is a microphone.

He does not look happy.

The former two-time AWA National champion is wearing a black hoodie with an image of his "Dia de los Muertos" facepaint design on the front, left unzipped to reveal an old school EMWC Casey James t-shirt with James' demon facepaint design on the front, underneath. His hands are in his hoodie pockets and there's a somber look on his face. After a moment, he bends down and picks up the microphone off the mat, beginning to speak.]

JV: I know that everyone has a lot of questions about what happened at Unholy War, but these are the facts.

Ten men entered War Games.

As of today, SEVEN are still part of the AWA.

[Juan squeezes his eyes shut, obviously feeling the toll of the casualties from the WarGames match.]

JV: We were prepared to do just about anything it took to win WarGames... but I wasn't going to sacrifice every single last one of us to do it.

[He shakes his head sadly.]

JV: So if anyone wants to point fingers, lay the blame, or has a problem with with the decision I made inside that cage, then come talk to me...and I'll tell you the same thing I've told everyone else that's had a problem with my decision.

"You can go straight to hell."

[A look of anger forms on Juan's face.]

JV: We lost WarGames. It's a bitter pill to swallow...but I can live with that. What I CAN'T live with...

...are the mistakes I made that led up to it.

[A sigh.]

JV: This war with the Unholy Alliance has claimed four careers.

[Juan's silent for a moment.]

JV: ...And that number is gonna' grow.

[There's some gasps from the crowd at Juan's proclamation.]

JV: I know that I've made a lot of mistakes. I know that I've got a lot of blood on my hands...

...but I have every intention of fixing my mistakes. I have every intention to carry the guilt and burden of the terrible things that have been done...

...and will be done.

[Juan raises his head, staring straight towards the camera.]

JV: The first mistake that I intend to fix...

[His face twists into one of barely held rage.]

JV: ...Layton.

[The crowd cheers at the thought of justice being served to Anton Layton.]

JV: I know you're not here tonight, I know you're out there hiding somewhere in a dark hole, like the rat you are... but I'm challenging you to step into this ring two weeks from now and face me like a man, Anton.

And when you step into this ring in two weeks, for the last time...I'm gonna' show you the true meaning of Hell on Earth.

[Big pop!]

JV: Then, after I've fixed that mistake...

...I'm coming after YOU, Nenshou.

[Juan drops his head, laughing to himself.]

JV: It's funny...The Unholy Alliance was right. Absolutely right.

I'm not a hero.

[There's a hint of regret in his voice.]

JV: That's just what I WISH I was.

What am I?

Just a man. A man capable of terrible things...always, ALWAYS trying to do better...but still just a man.

[Juan's voice begins to grow with anger, shaking with rage.]

JV: And I've had to listen to these bastards threaten women and children and try to claim a moral high ground...I've had to sit here and watch my words thrown back in my face by the very same men who've tried time and time again to end my career...I just watched Luke Kinsey, the man that I consider a brother BLINDED inside that ring, sacrificing himself to save...me.

And I'm done trying.

I'm DONE!

[It's a shout of anger, with a wide-eyed, heavy breathed look to match.]

JV: Percy Childes is a grown-ass man, working in a world surrounded by violence. A master manipulator, directing chaos, who cries foul along with his minions, when he falls victim to his own manipulations.

[His voice becomes a whisper.]

JV: But my daughters...are six and eight years old.

[Juan's glare is cold, dark and burns with a rage that would put the fear of God into a faithless man.]

JV: And. You. THREATENED. Them.

[He doesn't raise his voice. He doesn't shout. But his anger is completely palpable.]

JV: I don't care about atonement. Or forgiveness. I'm DONE apologizing for the evil things that happen to evil men.

[...]

JV: All I want now...is revenge.

[With the wounds still raw from the last time Juan sought revenge, the crowd does NOT like that statement. At all.]

JV: But this isn't like last year. This isn't like WrestleRock. The man I was then, was angry at the world and he wanted nothing more than to watch everyone and everything in it BURN. But right now, the person I'm angriest with...

...is myself.

[...]

JV: Because I let this happen. Because I let everything get out of control and I let it become the ugly, disgusting thing it is today.

[He squeezes his eyes shut, imagining the terror to come.]

JV: Because I know what I'm going to have to do...to fix this.

[His eyes reopen, narrowing into an angered, challenging gaze.]

JV: So ridicule me. Laugh at me. Slander me. Blame me. Keep telling yourselves that you're still facing heroes trying to rise above it all...

...and not a man capable of terrible, horrible things.

[The crowd is in a state of shock...almost awe.]

JV: This won't end...this WAR won't end...

...until *I* say it's over.

[Juan looks down for a moment, before continuing on.]

JV: And then...

...there's Stevie Scott.

[The crowd murmurs with confusion.]

JV: I saw the look on your face when I surrendered at WarGames, Stevie. The last time I saw you look at me like that, we were standing across from each other at SuperClash II. I HOPE you understand why I had to do what I did, but if you're still mad about it, if it's still gnawing away at you...

...then we can settle this like men.

[THAT brings the crowd to life, as they give an excited roar at the implications of that statement.]

JV: But we NEED to settle this, because when I'm done with Layton and I'm done with Nenshou...

...I'm going after Royalty.

[The crowd once again, roars with excitement at the thought.]

JV: And pride be damned...I can't do that without you.

[And with that, Juan tosses the microphone aside and exits the ring, leaving behind a crowd, uncertain of what they just witnessed. They hesitate for a

brief moment, before throwing their support behind Vasquez, cheering him on as he walks to the back...

...and we cut to the interview area where Jason Dane is standing, microphone in hand.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome guests at this time, Air Strike!

["Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis begins to play as Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons of Air Strike come running out of the back. Both men are dressed in blue jeans with Cody wearing a black "Combat Corner" shirt and Aarons wearing a white AWA shirt. They stand on either side of Dane.]

JD: Gentlemen, you've had a string of recent victories that have been quite impressive.

CM: Thanks Jason, but I wouldn't be doing my state proud if I didn't say how great it was to be back in the great state of Texas!

[Home state pop from the crowd.]

CM: To come out here on AWA Homecoming to speak to these great fans, it's a real honor. And yeah, we had some great wins out on tour for us, but it's nothing that we didn't expect.

[Aarons leans in to take over.]

MA: You see, Jason, we're not stupid. We know we're not the biggest tag team in the world of wrestling. But that doesn't mean we can't compete. That doesn't mean we can't prove, each and every week they we're the best at what we do.

[Aarons winks and points to a small group of female fans next to the stage. One of whom is carrying a "We Love Air Strike" sign.]

JD: True, but some might have and in fact did call your recent win against Los Toros an upset.

CM: Jason, that's fine. Honestly, Los Toros is a tough team and true competitors, but if you want to keep counting us out we'll just have to keep proving you wrong.

[Cody smiles as Aarons again takes over.]

MA: Cody over here is right. There's a very old, very corny, saying – it goes something like, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall!" Well Los Toros was big and they certainly did fall. And you can call that a fluke but Air Strike is here to be the best. So we'll take your biggest and we'll take your baddest and in the end they'll all fall down.

[The duo exchange a fist bump before Cody continues.]

CM: We aren't trying to sound cocky; we're just trying to prove we belong and that we're here to fight. People see guys our age, our weight, our height – and then they look right past us. But Air Strike is here and we shouldn't have to wait for our time when our time can be now.

MA: And we're willing to prove it to you (points at Dane), to them (points at the crowd), and to them (points to the camera). Any team that wants to take us on or prove us wrong?

[Aarons with a sly smirk.]

MA: Well then, all you have to do is ask!

[The duo run over and slap a few of the fans' hands as they make their way to the back and we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is a World Television Title Match! Introducing first... in the ring to my right... from Huntsville, Alabama... Bobby Oates!

[Oates raises a pasty right arm to not much reaction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Metallica's "Bad Seed" fills the air to a big cheer from the Dallas crowd.]

GM: And if you would've asked me a year ago if this man would get this kind of reaction in the Crockett Coliseum, I would've replied "Heck no!" but things change on a turn in this business and now Dave Bryant finds himself as one of the most popular men in the entire company.

BW: It don't take much to get these people to love ya - pop Royalty in the mush one time and there you go.

[Bryant emerges through the curtain to a big cheer as he holds the TV Title up in the air.]

PW: From Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 228 pounds... he is the Doctor of Love... and the World Television Champion...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYANNNNNNT!

[Bryant smirks at the crowd's reaction, slinging the title belt over his robe-covered shoulder and giving the faceplate a couple of pats before heading down the aisle.]

GM: The champion's on his way to the ring.

BW: He's lucky to still be able to call himself the champion, Gordo. Dave Cooper was so close to winning that World Television Championship at Unholy War but Bryant got saved by the bell.

GM: That's completely wrong and you know it. In fact, it looked like Bryant was about to win the match when time ran out. I believe it was Dave Cooper who was saved by the bell!

BW: That's a lie and as soon as Dave Cooper gets another shot-

GM: My sources are telling me that might be a while.

BW: What?! Why?!

GM: Dave Cooper is NOT the Number One Contender and like it or not, he did appear to be a second away from defeat at Unholy War. I think he's got some work to do to earn another shot at that title, Bucky.

[Bryant scales the ringsteps, shrugging out of his robe as he reaches the top, dropping it to the floor as he steps through the ropes into the ring...

...and gets bushwhacked by Bobby Oates who is out to make a quick impression, lighting up the champion with a series of short right hands that puts him back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Oates is taking the fight to Bryant who had barely gotten out of that magnificent robe!

[The official darts in to scoop up the fallen AWA World Television Title belt as Oates grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whip coming up... ohh! Bryant hits the corner hard!

[He stumbles out and catches a back elbow under the chin as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: The match is officially underway here at Homecoming as Oates drops a big knee down into the chest of Bryant.

[Oates makes a quick cover, hoping to snatch the TV Title but comes up empty as Bryant lifts a shoulder just before the two count comes down.]

GM: Not even a two count right there as Oates drags Bryant back up by the arm... full armtwist!

[Hanging onto the wrist, Oates slams a couple of forearms down across the tricep before twisting the arm behind Bryant into a rear hammerlock, cranking up on the trapped limb.]

GM: Oates moves into the hammerlock...

[The veteran immediately attempts to throw his free elbow back into the side of the head but Oates wisely tucks in low, avoiding the blows.]

GM: Oates is still hanging on, avoiding Bryant's attempts to get out of the hold...

[Bryant leans over, reaching between his legs with his free hand to hook Oates around the leg, pulling hard and yanking Oates' leg out from under him, taking him down to the mat.]

GM: Nice counter by Bryant!

[Hanging onto the leg, Bryant quickly turns into a spinning toehold before grabbing the other leg...

...and falls back into a figure four leglock!]

GM: Whoa! Bryant hooks in the figure four out of nowhere and- that's it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Goodness! Just like that, the World Television Title scores the victory and walks out of here still the champion... just like he did against Glenn Hudson with the Longhorn Heritage Title on the line one year ago.

BW: I liked Bryant a whole lot better back then, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure you did. And right now, Mark Stegglet is down here at ringside to get some words with the champ. Mark?

[A routine cut to the other side of the ring brings us the reigning AWA World Television Champion, Dave Bryant, barely with a sweat broken as the TV Title is slung over his shoulder. Standing along said champion is Mark Stegglet. As Stegglet begins to speak, Bryant gestures off-camera and is handed a sheet of paper.]

MS: Congratulations on another title defense tonight, Dave, but there are some who were left with questions after your matchup with Dave Cooper at Unholy War. I suppose the first question has to be...why go it alone?

[Bryant shrugs.]

DB: As you know, Mark, I haven't exactly been the friendliest sort since my arrival here in the AWA. Anybody who might call themselves my friend is sure to keep it quiet -- even more sure now that Royalty's painted a bullseye right between the ol' shoulder blades. They saw what Royalty did to the Sultan. They saw what Royalty did to Glenn Hudson. There aren't that many people who are willing to stand up to Royalty at all, and since I don't think any of them would be terribly interested in having me as a partner...

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Probably for the best. You'll notice Yuma Weaver hasn't been around for the past few weeks. He's still my employee, make no mistake, but he's working with some private instructors in a place I won't bother naming. It keeps him out of Royalty's reach, keeps him sharp and helps him pick up some new things, so the next time Mr. Weaver makes an appearance here, well...let's just say the former Big Chief will make a statement, and then some.

MS: How did you feel when you looked around the ring and saw the entirety of Royalty?

[Bryant reaches up and adjusts the TV title, then unleashes the biggest, fakest yawn you've ever seen.]

DB: That answer your question, Mark? If not, I'll spell it out. I told Cooper there wasn't an angle he could take that could surprise me, and I meant it. Bringing all of Royalty out, thinking they'd bring him victory? That's the FIRST thing a man like Dave Cooper would try, and in his shoes, I'd have done the same thing. I can't even find it in myself to be angry about it...of course, had he actually succeeded...

[Bryant laughs, reaching up to pat the TV title belt.]

DB: This conversation might be a little different. He failed, though, to the surprise of no one -- not even his own members of Royalty, I'm guessing. After all, a man who would willingly hand over the reigns of that much power isn't much of a man at all, and certainly not enough of one to take this title away from me.

MS: That...is also a question that a few people have asked. Not very loudly, but...

DB: Oh, really, Mark? I'll ask it as loud as you like -- "Why is Dave Cooper so afraid of success?"

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Make no mistake, after the stunt he pulled against Sharif, Royalty was Dave Cooper's to lead. Hell, one could argue that Royalty IS Dave Cooper. Sure, there were always other names in that mix, other names that have a great deal of respect in this business, but the spokes of that wheel have always been attached to the man who calls himself "The Professional", yet every time he has a chance to make it his own, to use the rest of Royalty the way Langseth used it, or the way Dufresne uses it, he passes the opportunity on to someone else. Why would he do that, Mark? Is he afraid of power? Does he fear success? Or maybe, deep down in his grubby little soul, Dave Cooper would just rather do things the right way, do them the way his Hall of Fame mentor would have done them back in the day...

[Bryant pauses for a moment, then shrugs.]

DB: These aren't questions I can answer. Only one man has the answer to those questions, and he ain't talkin'. Now, Cooper, I know you -- not personally, but professionally we could use each other as shaving mirrors. You know it, I know it, and neither of us likes it one bit. I know you're chomping at the bit for another shot at the title...but here's the thing. You've done nothing to earn it. At Unholy War, you were one second from being pinned clean, and no matter how vehemently you might deny it, you know it's the truth. More to the point, there's a very clear hierarchy, a nice list of current contenders for the AWA's greatest honor, and, well...

[Bryant holds up the piece of paper, reading from it briefly.]

DB: It'd seem your name is not on top of that list. You are NOT the Number One Contender, Cooper, so it's my prerogative to give you a match, or...to NOT give you a match. There are an awful lot of names ahead of you, brother, and I aim to give each and every one of them a championship match before you even have a chance at another.

[Bryant drops the paper, grinning like a cat who ate the canary.]

DB: Now, of course, if you don't like that, maybe you can go to the man holding your leash and negotiate. Maybe you can go to Calisto Dufresne, and see if he'll do what it takes to get you your rematch. Normally I'd drag something like this out, make you wait weeks on end while I continue to defend this championship against men I know you feel are less than your equal in the ring, normally I'd enjoy watching you seethe for weeks on end as I rack up title defense after title defense, but I'm feeling unusually generous right now, Cooper -- possibly as a result of shedding a great deal of weight off my chest the past few weeks -- so I'll tell you exactly what you can do to get into the ring with me again earlier than you deserve.

[Bryant reaches up, grabbing the belt in his hand and holding it close to the camera.]

DB: You get me a match with the man you so blithely handed Royalty to. You get me in the ring with Calisto Dufresne, Cooper, and you get a TV title rematch. That's the deal, Cooper, no more, no less. You get your esteemed leader, the man currently disgracing the AWA World Heavyweight title in a one on one match against me, and you and the rest of the dregs of Royalty make yourselves extremely scarce. I see hide or hair of anybody from Royalty that night, and you can wait the eight to ten weeks it'll take me to work my way through the rest of the contenders for the Television Championship and hope extra hard that someone else doesn't come in and make a big enough splash to become yet another contender ranked ahead of you.

[Bryant lowers the title and chuckles.]

DB: Ball's in your court now, Cooper, but be warned. No matter how you get your rematch, and I'm sure you'll manage it one way or another, I'm gonna make sure you leave the same way Glenn Hudson left the last time he set foot in an AWA ring...wheels down, feet first.

[Bryant abruptly turns and stalks out, leaving Mark Stegglet looking mildly nonplussed as we fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then back up to the interview platform, where Jason Dane stands by with Percy Childes, Radiant Raven, and the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake.

Childes is, as before, clad in a black jacket, red tie, and white undershirt. The nearly six foot tall Raven, pale skinned and appropriately raven-haired, is wearing a blue backless evening gown with matching heels: two straps hold up the top, a strap around the neck and a thin strap around the back. Her makeup is overdone, in shades of blue that are shaped like cat claws. And despite how tall she is, she (and everyone else) is dwarfed by the six-nine "Black Tiger". A tall, athletic black man with a large afro, mustache, and a very prominent black beard which extends over an inch down from his chin, Demetrius is wearing a dark purple ring jacket, yellow trunks, kneepads, and boots with his initials in purple, and a black fedora parked atop his rather wide hairstyle. Lake has a sour, mean look on his face as Dane begins.]

JD: With me at this time, the newest member of the Unholy Alliance and the AWA, Demetrius Lake. Percy Childes, this is quite a coup.

[Dane tries to extend the mic to Childes, but Lake grabs his arm and moves it in his direction. He speaks in a deep voice, slightly gravelly, with a distinct Midwestern accent.]

DL: Mister TV Announcer, Percy Childes has already said his piece tonight. You want an exclusive with the king of wrestling, the Black Tiger Demetrius Lake, I am granting you that on Percy Childes' request. I can assure you that if it were my choice, I wouldn't be bothered coming out here in front of all these Mexans.

JD: You mean Texans?

DL: Don't you correct me! I said exactly what I meant; these Mexans down here in Dallas Mexas, they all come from a state that was illegally stolen from Mexico almost two hundred years ago. It was an unconstitutional acquisition, so as far as I'm concerned, all the Mexans are illegal immigrants!

[BOOOOOOOOO!]

DL: And they have no class, because I never saw a Mexan with any class. There are three things I know about any Mexan, sight unseen. Number one, they are liars. Number two, they are cheaters. And number three, they do not possess any class or dignity. You take a good look at the Black Tiger, Demetrius Lake. I am a man of class and dignity, and if anybody has anything to say about it, I will slap their face in the general public and it will give me great pleasure to do it. And that includes you, Mister TV Announcer, so you watch that lip.

Now I came down here to Dallas Mexas at the request of Percy Childes, because I am the athlete of the day. I go where the money is, and Percy Childes delivered a very rich contract in exchange for my services. And what my services include is runnin' any big mouth bum out of Mexas! And they got a lot of bums here in Mexas!

I saw that bum Juan Valdez, he was in the back cryin' cause we put his mule down on Labor Day. I saw that bum Supernova tryin' to hide his face under a half gallon of grease paint because it brings his family shame for his face to be seen in public. I even saw those bums, the Lunch Brothers, but I knew I'd see them because I ran Jack Lunch out of Saint Louis two years ago; he went to hide behind his daddy like a typical Mexan. And the list goes on.

So the AWA picked out a rent-a-bum off the street corner for me to beat up tonight. And to be honest, I don't really feel like doin' it. An athlete of my caliber shouldn't waste his time whippin' on a nobody. This bum...

[Lake points to the ring, where perennial also-ran Hugh Jenner is already in the ring. The short, pudgy middle-aged man is wearing blue trunks and boots, and his red hand-knit sweater with HUGH stitched in white (his wife had to make a new one because his last one was torn up in a recent match). Jenner is bouncing on the balls of his feet, limbering up for the upcoming match.]

DL: He has never won a match in his life. And he never will. Percy Childes has asked me to do this, even though I need more of a warm-up than this. I requested a better warm-up match with the AWA. I requested to get in the ring with Sweet Daddy Williams and Soup Bone Samson.

JD: Williams or Samson?

DL: No, Williams AND Samson. It would take both of them just for a good warmup. I can't stand either one of them, but especially

that Porky Pig, Sweet Daddy Williams. I would love to rip the porkfat right out of him. That'd be all, folks.

JD: Big words.

DL: I can say anything, Mister TV Announcer, now what are you going to do about it?

JD: I...

DL: Nothing. Now AWA, you get me a good warm-up. Get me Porky Pig and get him some help while you're at it, so I might break a sweat. It's time to go clean this other bum out of Dallas Texas.

[With that, Lake heads to the aisle. The sounds of jazz piano with a drum line starts up over the PA, and the fans boo loudly. Raven and Childes follow behind as the huge form of the Black Tiger takes his time walking the aisle.]

JD: I have a feeling that this one's going to keep the sponsors on their toes. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

BW: Ha ha, it's about time we got Demetrius Lake in the AWA.

GM: He is a controversial man to be sure.

[The trumpet section of "Mack The Knife" joins in the piano and drum, played by the legendary Louis Armstrong. Lake, believing himself to be equally legendary, takes his time jawing at the fans on his way down the aisle. Raven catches up to him, and gives an impassive stare at the fans as if they are completely uninteresting to her.]

BW: You have to admit, Gordo, this is going to make the Unholy Alliance even more of a force. Lake is Hamilton Graham's greatest student.

GM: I think Sultan Azam Sharif would dispute that, among others.

BW: When he figures out how to walk again. But this guy held the championship of the St. Louis territory for a long time.

[The fans continue to boo as Lake hits the ring, and enters by stepping through the ropes. He casually strolls around the perimeter of the ring, looking down on the fans and casting various threats, insults, and promises about what he's about to do to his opponent. Jenner keeps his distance warily.]

GM: I know in point of fact that Karl O'Connor has had a headache ever since Childes unveiled his acquisition at Unholy War. This man is a troublemaker. I'd like the camera to get a closeup of the thumb on his left hand, please.

[We do so as the music dies down and Phil Watson gives the intros. Lake's left thumb is heavily taped.]

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

Introducing first, to my left. From Wheeling, West Virginia, weighing two hundred forty-three pounds... HUGH JENNER!

[And the crowd goes mild! Except for Hugh's wife, who cheers loudly. Jenner raises his hands to the crowd, while Lake gives him the two-hand blowoff hand motion.]

PW: And his opponent. Introducing first, the manager... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOO! Childes merely chuckles.]

PW: He represents... accompanied by Radiant Raven...

[BOO! Raven gives them a thousand-yard stare.]

PW: ...from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds... "THE BLACK TIGER"... DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Lake, still in his jacket, raises both hands, then hooks his thumbs at his chest. We can again see that his left thumb is heavily taped.]

GM: The referee needs to check that thumb.

BW: No! That's a longstanding injury. He was badly hurt in a match and he is too much of a warrior to take the time to let it heal. The referee shouldn't touch that thumb.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: We're underway, and Jenner has handed his sweater to the ring attendant. But Lake is still in his to-ring attire.

BW: Don't rush him. He's going to take his time.

GM: How much time does it really take to remove a jacket?

[Lake starts to take the jacket off, Jenner advances, and then Lake stops removing the jacket to demand that referee Ricky Longfellow back Jenner up into his corner. Longfellow complies, and Demetrius yells at the crowd for jeering his stalling.]

GM: Apparently, if you're Demetrius Lake, the answer is "an eternity".

BW: No, Gordo, the answer is "as long as you care to take". When you're six foot nine, three seventeen.

GM: Lake ever so slowly disrobing... now what?!

[Demetrius stops taking the jacket off to insist that the referee check Jenner for foreign objects. Longfellow, who knows Jenner as well as everyone, looks at him incredulously.]

BW: I think Longfellow's telling him that Hugh Jenner wouldn't know how to use a foreign object. Too many moving parts.

GM: So, if Demetrius Lake is supposed to be so dominant, why is he resorting to this? I thought he was facing "a bum" who "never won a match"?

BW: Gordo! I can't believe what you just said about Hugh Jenner! I'm telling his wife you said that!

GM: Oh, no, please don't. She's somewhat... shrill. While Lake is stalling, let's talk briefly about the state of the Unholy Alliance. We see that Radiant Raven is now accompanying Demetrius Lake. Bucky, what's the story there?

[After Longfellow checks Jenner, he goes to check Lake. The "Black Tiger" steps to the apron, refusing to be searched. The fans roar at him for this hypocrisy while Lake yells invectives at Longfellow and Jenner. This gives us time for some exposition!]

BW: Thank you for acknowledging that I'm the man with the inside track, Gordo. The Aces are out, but Raven is still under contract. The word is that Stevie Childes asked her to stay and help Percy. She's his... uh, let's say that she went ballistic for a good reason when Stevie Childes got a potential career ending injury.

GM: I also understand that Tully Brawn was somewhat shellshocked by everything that happened leading into and through WarGames.

[Reluctantly, Lake gets back in the ring. Jenner walks up, pointing and insisting that Lake be searched the same way that he was. Percy Childes gets on the apron to inform the referee that this will not be necessary. Jenner turns to dispute this with Percy.]

BW: Yep. He is the most talented Von Braun, but he is still a rookie who just went through literal war. He's in Europe right now, on tour in Germany and Belgium. Getting experience, and some cooldown time after the super-intense WarGames. Percy does care about his charges.

GM: Tell that to Nensh... HEY!

[Suddenly, Lake suckerpunches Jenner, dropping him to the canvas. He whips his jacket and fedora off and begins stomping away at Jenner.]

BW: Ha ha! Hugh Jenner never saw that coming!

GM: I'm glad that the six-nine three-hundred pound gentleman finally worked up the courage to engage Hugh Jenner once his head was turned.

BW: You're mistaking intelligence for cowardice, Gordo.

GM: Blatant chokehold by Lake! And he's using his body to shield what he's doing from the referee!

BW: Which means you don't really know what 'blatant' means.

GM: The Black Tiger is dragging Hugh Jenner around in a circle to keep his body between the chokehold and the referee! Come on!

[The fans boo as it takes Ricky Longfellow about five seconds to finally maneuver to where he can see what Demetrius is doing, and then start the count.]

BW: So, in other words, Lake gets a ten second chokehold instead of four seconds, and you're condemning him despite it being perfectly legal! He broke at the four count; it's not his fault that the referee didn't start a count until late.

GM: Loopholes don't make illegal tactics legal, Bucky. Lake pulling up Jenner...

[The "Black Tiger" leaps high into the air, and comes crashing down across the shoulderblades of the West Virginian with a monstrous forearm smash. Jenner falls in a heap as Lake spreads his arms, walking around the ring to soak in the boos.]

BW: Did you see that jump?! It was like coming off the second rope, but he didn't even have to climb the turnbuckles!

GM: The athletic gifts of Demetrius Lake are undeniable. Not all that long ago, he was an All-American at Louisiana State University, a star defensive end for LSU. Drafted by the Dallas Cowboys. He chose wrestling over football, because as you can see, he's a little too rough for the gridiron.

BW: Especially nowadays! If Demetrius Lake hit an NFL quarterback, they'd call a fifty yard penalty and kick him out of the league.

GM: Lake laying in the boots again. Longfellow backing him up and checking on Jenner... what. What is he doing?

[Demetrius reaches into his trunks as Longfellow checks on Jenner, and shortly thereafter is adjusting his left thumb. The crowd very loudly tries to warn the referee.]

BW: Well, you know, wrestling trunks are itchy.

GM: HE HAS A FOREIGN OBJECT!

BW: What? Where?

GM: He just slipped a piece of metal into his thumb tape! Don't tell me you didn't see that!

[Jenner gets up, and crashes down as Lake jabs him in the throat with his thumb, shielding this action from the referee with his big wide back. The crowd is going nuclear over this.]

BW: I saw a nice clean punch to the jaw.

GM: He's using a weapon! He's using a weapon... on Hugh Jenner of all people! ANOTHER SHOT WITH THE THUMB! Come on, referee!

[Longfellow sees Jenner grasping at his throat and gasping for air, and checks on him as Lake hurriedly puts his foreign object back in his trunks. The referee sees some of the first row fans pantomiming what Lake was doing, and so he goes and questions him. Demetrius acts incredulous, and points a long threatening finger in the chest of the official. This gives Longfellow the chance to grab the thumb, and Lake dances around in "pain" as Longfellow verifies that there's nothing in the tape but a thumb.]

BW: Look at this flagrant abuse of authority! Ricky Longfellow could have rebroken Lake's thumb!

GM: I cannot believe how shameless Demetrius Lake is. He called himself a man of class and dignity, but he couldn't have less of either one! Picking up Hugh Jenner, sending him off the ropes...

[*THUMP*]

GM: ...CRUSHING BOOT TO THE FOREHEAD!

BW: That's a concussion waiting to happen.

GM: Jenner is completely helpless at this point, and Demetrius Lake going to the ropes. Bucky, he's out on the apron, climbing the turnbuckles!

BW: And he ain't slow like most big guys!

[In short order, Lake has one foot on the top rope and one on the second rope, moving like a man one hundred pounds lighter. He looks around, calls for applause, and gets jeers. He dismissively waves his hands at the people, and steps off into a soaring leap!]

[*CRASH*]

[The "Black Tiger" comes smashing down into Jenner with a long-range flying splash with high impact! The ring shakes, the fans react in shock, and Lake simply stays atop Jenner with a mean glare as Longfellow counts the three.]

GM: WHAT AGILITY FROM THE BIG MAN!

BW: That's the Big Cat Pounce, daddy! Nobody's getting up from that!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The fans jeer as Lake stands up... then drops a knee into Jenner's face. He remains kneeling on Jenner's face until Longfellow raises his arm, at which point he gets up and walks around the ring crowing at the fans.]

GM: HEY!

BW: If you don't like it, stop him.

GM: Demetrius Lake with the easy victory, though he made it a lot harder than it had to be with his shameless rulebreaking! Why, Bucky?

BW: Why what?

GM: Why did he bother with all of those desperation tactics? He didn't need to do any of that! Most people who would resort to a foreign object would only do so when they needed to.

BW: Gordo, what don't you understand? If he didn't need to, then you know the answer: he did it because he wanted to.

GM: Disgusting. Let's get the word.

PW: The winner of the match... "THE BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

["Mack The Knife" resumes as Raven holds the ropes open for Lake to exit. The crowd already hates him, and they're showing it.]

BW: You add this guy to Marley, Detson, Nenshou, and Brawn? The Unholy Alliance is the real thing. And they proved it on Labor Day.

GM: Unholy War on Labor Day was one heck of a night but tonight has been just as exciting, fans. It truly is a great 100th episode of this show - a historic night where we've seen things we never thought we'd see and we're still not done. This is a fitting tribute to the past 99 episodes of Saturday Night Wrestling and over the past several months, we've been paying tribute to the matches that you, the fans of the AWA, have voted as the greatest matches in Saturday Night Wrestling history.

And now... here to announce the winner of that poll... is one of the owners of this company, Jon Stegglet!

[The shot cuts back to the ring where Jon Stegglet is standing.]

JS: On behalf of the front office of the American Wrestling Alliance, we want to send our gratitude out to each and every wrestler who has ever appeared on one of the one hundred episodes of this show. From Buddy Lambert to Werewolf Gregorson to Kolya Sudakov to Jeff Matthews to Caleb Temple to Blackwater Bart to...

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: Well, we could really do this all night, right? But we don't have time for that. So, we'll just say thank you to all of them. And of course, we also want to thank all of our fans - those that make all of this possible. You jumped on board when we were just the little engine that could and as we grow bigger and bigger with every show, you've stuck with us through it all. We appreciate it so much and we love you all!

[Big cheer from the crowd!]

JS: You, the fans, have been voting for your favorite match in AWA history for quite some time now and tonight, it's time to announce the grand champion...

[Dramatic pause.]

JS: The winner... and the greatest match in the history of Saturday Night Wrestling...

[One more pause...]

JS: STEVIE SCOTT VERSUS JUAN VASQUEZ!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER! Stegglet smiles, waiting several moments for the crowd to settle down.]

JS: Now, when this poll was announced, we made the decision that whoever won... whatever match won... we were going to make the effort to sign a rematch.

[The crowd is buzzing now...]

JS: And sign it we have. As of just moments ago, the contract was signed backstage. On October 26th, we will see what is arguably the biggest rematch in AWA history on a special edition of Saturday Night Wrestling... right here in Dallas, Texas... with Juan Vasquez taking on Stevie Scott!

[ENORMOUS CHEER! We get a panning shot of the raucous building as the fans are losing their minds at the announcement 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...]

The camera focuses in on the back of a dark green suit, as the wearer of the suit talks and adjusts his shirt.]

"Every day, my cell phone buzzes and my fax machine comes to life with advertisement requests. Banks, cell phones, restaurants, realtors. Everybody wants..."

[The suited man turns around.]

MB: Marcus Broussard to sell their product.

[Marcus shoots the cuffs, and then straightens his tie.]

MB: But often times, the price tag for the San Jose Shark is too steep, and Lord knows, Marcus Broussard demands top dollar for his services. But the AWA... when the AWA needs a favor, it's always on the house.

[Broussard steepled his fingers and stops, then continues to speak.]

MB: The AWA...

[Broussard stops and clears his throat, searching for the words.]

MB: The AWA brought wrestling back out of the era of wacky hijinks and cartoon explosions, and put it right back where it belonged: into the lap of the people. The AWA is gritty, the AWA is real. The AWA put the heart back into this sport I love so much. Without the AWA, there is no Marcus Broussard... and without Marcus Broussard, Saturday Night Wrestling would have just been another show on after the Jeffersons but before Fishin' With Bill Dance.

Without the AWA, I never would have become the custom made, accept no imitations, once in a generation beacon of all that is good about professional that I developed into... and without Marcus Broussard, the AWA might never have made it out of the studio, onto the road, into the limelight it so richly deserved.

We made each other. We propped each other up. And we'll always be linked.

Which is why it is a privilege and an honor to be on this 100th episode of Saturday Night Wrestling, the show WE made famous... and it is why I say that the first 100 episodes were great, but the next 100 will be far greater.

[Broussard smirks, his natural state of being.]

MB: And as everyone knows, when Marcus Broussard talks... people listen.

Congratulations, my friends. See you at 200.

[We fade away from the smirking former National Champion...

...and then fade back up to the backstage area where we see the controversial "Agent to the Stars" pacing back and forth, seemingly rehearsing what he is about to say to the audience. After a few moments of pacing, he stops. He slams his right fist into his palm, and with an eager look on his face, he exits stage left. However, he stops in his tracks, as Alphonse Green walks into the shot.]

AG: Hello... Ben.

[Waterson doesn't seem taken aback by Green's sudden appearance. In fact, he grins, seemingly pleased that Green's come to see him.]

ATTSBW: Alphonse, good to see you. I mean that.

AG: What the heck's been going on? I sure could have used your advice! Steal the Spotlight.. AWA Television Championship.. I mean, yeah I've done well enough on my own, but you said yourself that your advise could take me to the top, and beyond! So spill it.. why did you fall off the face of the earth?

[Green looks tense. Waterson, however, doesn't really look that upset. He puts his right hand on Green's shoulder, as Green shoots him a confused glare.]

ATTSBW: I get it. I understand why you're upset and I'd love to sit down to talk about it with you. But...

[Waterson gestures off-camera with his left hand.]

ATTSBW: What I have to do right now is more important. I'm sorry but it's the truth. This is going to have a major impact on the entire AWA and it needs to be done right now. But definitely... this week one day? Lunch?

AG: I haven't tried to hunt you down all night for answers to get blown off like this! Just tell me..

[Waterson interrupts by raising his left hand, extending his index finger.]

ATTSBW: I'll buy.

[A brief pause, as Green looks down. Green rubs his chin, and doesn't look too happy. However, the thought of a free lunch in Green's mind might be a bit too much to pass up.]

AG: Well.. when you put it that way. Sure, I can wait for a few days. Call me later and we'll set something up.

[Green steps aside as Waterson finally exits stage left. Green glances off screen, not too happy that he didn't get an explanation. He shakes his head as we crossfade back into the arena...

...where the crowd starts booing the arrival of the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson as he walks into view. Once the most hated manager in the sport, Waterson quickly makes his way over to the elevated interview platform, picking up a house mic off the ground. He taps it a few times to make sure it's working.]

GM: Since SuperClash IV, we've wondered who the mysterious individual was who kept interrupting our broadcasts with dire warnings of what was to come if Royalty went unchecked. At Unholy War, that question was apparently answered.

BW: You know, I tried to get him on the phone all week. He's not responding to me. I know Dane tried to track him down for an interview too. Nothing. There are a lot of questions out there right now and he's the only who has got the answers, Gordo.

GM: He plans on making history here tonight and you just have to wonder - after the night we've had - what does he have to say?

[Waterson grips the mic with both hands, looking down in silence for several moments before he begins speaking.]

ATTSBW: For those of you who do not know, my name is Ben Waterson.

[The boos pour down once more!]

ATTSBW: I deserve that. Because for an extended period of time, my goal in life was money... was championships... was power. And with the Southern Syndicate as my weapon, I was willing to do WHATEVER it took to get those things. Even after the Syndicate fell apart, I still thirsted for those things and I went out and found new weapons... men like Rex Summers and Alphonse Green.

[Waterson pauses.]

ATTSBW: It seems odd to say it now but fortunately, I suffered a major health event in my life that forced me abruptly away from the AWA. It forced me to take several steps back and re-evaluate what my life had become. And what I realized was that I would never be able to break the hold those things had on me if I was here.

So, I walked away... from everything. The AWA front office was informed of the issue but no one else. Not Rex Summers. Not Alphonse Green. Not Calisto Dufresne. Nobody.

[Waterson smiles.]

ATTSBW: For the first time in a long time, I was happy... truly happy. I was sitting on a beach with a drink in my hand with a little umbrella in it. I sat there every day for hours, watching the waves roll in. It was... peace.

During that time, I stayed away from wrestling. I didn't go to any shows, I didn't watch it... I didn't even follow the happenings on the Internet because I knew what would happen if I did. I knew that this world would pull me back in and... even though I'd made so much progress in my life, I was afraid of what happened next.

[A pause.]

ATTSBW: But this business has it's own siren's call - and I'm not talking about Sandra Hayes. Sooner rather than later, I found myself checking the Internet... just for a bit... just to see what was happening. But every page I read, every article I saw talked about Royalty. Royalty doing this and Royalty doing that.

I ignored it... I shoved it aside... but I felt this burning pain in my head. I knew what could happen when an organization held that much power. I knew it because I had lived it. And unlike the Southern Syndicate who just wanted all the titles... Royalty has always had something... darker... driving them. When it was Petrow... when it was Langseth, you always got the feeling they'd be just as happy to watch the company burn.

[Waterson runs a hand through his well-styled hair.]

ATTSBW: They may be gone... but you can't tell me a man like Larry Doyle can be tossed aside like garbage by a company as many times as he's had happen here and not have sore feelings over it. You can't tell me that the Bombers are pleased they had to go to Japan to get noticed by the company that put them together to begin with. And Cooper? I know Dave Cooper has a dark side that begins and ends with making the world pay for ignoring him as a singles wrestler until he was in the twilight of his career.

[Waterson pauses as the announcers speak in a hushed tone.]

GM: You notice he doesn't mention Dufresne in all that.

BW: Hey, Calisto and Ben go back a long way. That's a tough one to get into.

[Waterson speaks again.]

ATTSBW: So, that siren's call grew stronger and stronger and I found myself wondering - who's going to step up and stop Royalty? I watched the Unholy Alliance. I watched Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, and Supernova. I watched so many of the men who I'd both stood next to and across the ring from just ignore this blatant threat to their survival... and finally, I decided to do something about it.

I worked the phones... I sent e-mails... I was on my virtual knees, begging someone to do something but I just couldn't get anywhere. No one seemed to consider Royalty the same threat. Especially when Petrow and Langseth got moved out of the picture. Even after Dufresne was brought in, I couldn't make any progress.

[Waterson pauses, looking out at the buzzing crowd.]

ATTSBW: I worked with the few allies I had... and when I didn't have allies, I reached out to people who felt the same way I did. I knew that Bill Masterson had sold his shares of the AWA because he didn't like where things were going. I used Masterson and his contacts here in the company still to hijack that signal time and again to spread my message - all the while trying to rally support against Royalty.

For the last two weeks, the question I've been asked time and again is - why are you back?

[Waterson smirks.]

ATTSBW: In case it's not obvious by now, I'm back to put Royalty out of business once and for all!

[Big cheer! Waterson smiles, nodding his head.]

ATTSBW: The other question I've been asked is - who are the Wise Men? Well, I will stand before you here tonight and make it as clear as day... I am one of the Wise Men.

[The crowd reacts appropriately - a mix of surprise and "aha!"]

ATTSBW: Now, I can also tell you that what happened to Duane Henry Bishop earlier tonight... that wasn't me. I had nothing to do with it personally. However...

[A pause.]

ATTSBW: I can tell you that the Wise Men have worked long and hard to keep their identities a secret and anything...and everything... is possible with the others when it comes to keeping it that way.

But I will reach out to those others... I will reach out to Juan Vasquez... to my old friend Stevie Scott... to the Unholy Alliance... to the Shane Gang... to anyone who will give me the time to speak... because Royalty is an issue that needs to be solved sooner rather than later...

Royalty is not a threat to your heroes... to the villains... they're a threat to EVERYONE!

[Waterson points to the crowd.]

ATTSBW: This company has been torn apart with wars and rivalries and feuds when they need to come together to fight off the threat of Royalty once and for all. Because when Royalty holds the power...

[His voice falls to a hush.]

ATTSBW: No one is safe. Not Vasquez, not Scott, not the Alliance, not the Shane Gang, not Sweet Daddy Williams, not The Hive, not Imbrogno, not Gordon Myers...

[The camera cuts to a shocked Gordon Myers.]

ATTSBW: Nobody. No... not even the Wise Men.

[Waterson pauses, letting his words sink in...

...and then drops the mic on the platform, slowly descending the ringsteps to make his way back to the locker room area as we crossfade to a shot of Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Ben Waterson with some strong - and heartfelt - words for the entire AWA.

BW: Ben and I go back a long way, Gordo, and I've never heard him quite like that. There was no ego... there was no hunger for power... this is Ben Waterson fighting for a cause. He's put a bullseye on the back of Royalty,

just like he has for the past year... and if what we saw earlier tonight with Wright and Maximus coming to the aid of Jones and Hammonds is any indication, people may be starting to listen to him, Gordo.

GM: Ben Waterson, a voice of reason... who would have ever thought that was possible? Fans, let's go backstage where I'm told our medical team continues to work on Hannibal Carver in preparation for the third and final match with Terry Shane III, the Texas Death Match, just a short time from now. Jason?

[Crossfade to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in what appears to be a makeshift doctor's office. Hannibal Carver is seated on a table behind Dane where an unknown medical team member in medical gloves is attending to the large wound on the head of Carver, finishing the last strip of tape, patting it down to keep it solid and in place.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. As you can see, the doctors are back here trying to seal up that cut before the third match and- Doc, can I get a quick word?

[The doctor nods as Dane steps closer, holding up the mic.]

JD: How's the cut?

[The doctor looks back at Carver who rubs a hand over his forehead, nodding his head.]

DOC: It's more or less closed now... the best we could do with it anyways. The glue should set and keep the cut closed. Obviously, we'd prefer he not go out there and risk having it split open again but- HEY!

[The medical talk is interrupted as a body rockets past him and bowls Hannibal Carver over. It's Terry Shane III! He hammers at Carver, swinging wildly, getting up and stomping him in the chest, pushing a chair away and continuing the assault as the doctor and Jason Dane scramble out of view, leaving the cameraman focused on Shane assaulting Carver, pulling him up off the ground and throwing him into the wall!]

TSIII: YOU'RE DONE! YOU'RE DONE!

[With vigor, Shane rams Carver's head off a counter, throwing him into the door as a follow up.]

TSIII: GET DOWN AND STAY DOWN!

[Another shot rebounds into The Boston Strangler's forehead and another... and he is tossed unceremoniously against the concrete wall. He stands back as a referee tries to get into the room, holding Shane back.

Shane pushes him out of the way but the respite is momentary as Hannibal Carver jets back to his feet and grabs Shane around the waist, taking him through the doorway, spinning off the door jam and into the hallway!

A few wrestlers and officials are scattered about, trying to make room, ducking into other change areas as the cameraman comes through and follows up, intent on filming the battle. Carver continues to bull Shane by the waist, taking him down the hall, bouncing him off walls, holding him close, finally going head over heels as the pair fall over a packing crate. Carver is first up, sending a boot into Shane's gut with a loud thwack!]

GM: Sorry about this, folks! We did not realize this match was underway! We did not notice on our monitors that this fight had started... and what a fight it is! Bucky is still off microphone, I'll call this on my own for now!

[Shane tries to get up, grabbing Carver's pant waist and getting some leverage. Carver lets him as he sneers, yelling at him loudly and throwing him right back over the same crate. He lifts a boot and kicks the crate right onto Shane, yelling at the referee to get out of his way at the same time. The referee watches a crawling Shane, warning him he has to start giving him a ten count.]

GM: This is a Texas Death Match, folks! If you go down and go down for more then a ten count, you lose! It's literally going until there is only one man standing!

[A forearm to the back sends Shane stumbling away. Carver comes after him but takes a kick to the gut, Shane grabbing him and throwing him off a wall, then off the other side, only this time it's a doorway and Carver goes tumbling through as it swings open...

...into a men's bathroom!]

GM: Oh no...

[One of the members of the Hive stands by a sink, bzzz'ing as the battle comes into the bathroom.]

BW: They're in the commode!

GM: Perfect timing for your arrival as usual.

[Bobby O'Connor ducks out of the bathroom from a corner, leaving as Shane enters and Carver erupts with right hand after right hand on the Ring Leader.]

GM: They're in the men's room! They're in the men's room! No relief for anyone!

[Carver is stopped by a kick to the knee from Shane, who then grabs him, grabs a stall door and slams it onto Carver's head!]

GM: OH! What a shot... AND ANOTHER! AND ANOTHER!

[And a fourth before he pulls Carver out, grabbing him and slamming him right backwards into the side wall of the stalls, Carver crumpling down to the ground.]

TSIII: COUNT HIM!

[And the referee does just that, counting upwards. Carver gets up at five, shaking his head as Shane continues to assault with a forearm to the back and kick to this knee. He grabs him, pulling him away... and Carver reverses, sending Shane high against the wall, then back into his hands and against the stall wall, then back against the wall, then into a HARD right hand, Shane bumping hard on the floor.]

BW: That's a concrete and tile floor, Gordo!

GM: OH MY!

BW: He's down!

GM: And he's being counted down! Four... Five... he's back up!

BW: You can't keep him down, not even a concrete floor can!

[Grabbing a counter, Shane pulls himself up. Carver once again grabs him, pulling him towards the stalls, takes a few steps back, winds up... and tosses him into the stall! A few fans have filtered in, cheering as Shane goes through the door, hitting the wall and turning, sitting dizzily right on top of a toilet. A fist pump by Carver sends the fans cheering again, barely held back by the officials and referee in the room.]

BW: He's going in after him! This is out of control!

[The camera peering over his shoulder, Carver steps in and puts a boot squarely onto Shane's chest, holding him against the back of the toilet. He looks down, smiling wide...

...and steps off... stepping up with right hand after right hand after right hand after right hand, the crowd cheering with the sound of each smacking fist on forehead impact!]

GM: Hannibal Carver is laying an absolute beating on Terry Shane III! He is getting revenge for everything that's happened over the past year! This, the final match in the best out of three matches tonight! He won a brutal lumberjack match that left him bloody! Terry was able to sneak his way and win the first blood and here we are, Texas Death Match to finish it all!

[Carver steps away, grabs Shane and peels him off the toilet, letting him fall to the floor, not even crawling.]

GM: The referee right in there, Terry Shane has a ten count to get up!

[And does, at five this time, pulling himself up and right into the hands of Hannibal Carver again. The Boston Strangler pulls him out of the stall, grabs him by the neck and puts his head into a urinal!]

BW: UGHH!! Hannibal Carver is disgusting!

GM: There's no standing water in there, what is... Carver is stepping away.

[And Shane just lays there, dazed. Carver runs forward, lifting a foot...

...but Shane moves and Carver stomps the urinal with a loud crack!]

GM: He went for broke, trying to stomp Shane's head THROUGH the porcelain and- OHHH! LOW BLOW BY SHANE!

[The crowd in the room boos and groans at the same time as Carver collapses like a tree in the forest. Shane crawls away, sitting against a bathroom stall catching his breath and shaking off the effects of the night so far.]

BW: Hannibal Carver isn't trying to just win this. He's trying to end his career!

GM: There's a good chance that Carver might like to do BOTH!

[The referee gets to nearly seven before Carver gets up, one hand on a knee. Shane moves in, grabbing Carver and throwing him through the doorway, wailing into the wall and collapsing back down.]

BW: Count him, referee!

[And he starts, but Carver is up quickly.]

GM: These two have not even come to the ring yet and it's already been a big brawl! This has been a brutal, brutal affair. This is the type of match that shortens careers. This sort of match can even END careers. Neither of these men will ever be the same again!

BW: Can Hannibal get worse?

GM: He's been in some horrific matches. This might top them all by the end!

[Terry Shane stumbles out into the hallway and grabs Carver. Looking around he finally picks a decision and grabs Carver in a headlock, pushing his way through the fans, yelling at wrestlers to "...get out of my way!"]

GM: No Shane Gang to help him, Terry Shane is on his own!

BW: Thanks to this maniac! Terry was right, Hannibal Carver IS a monster!

[Shane keeps down the hallway and lets go of Carver for a second to open a door... to the outside! He turns around only to be bowled over by a Carver tackle that sends them both through the doorway and outside the building into the Dallas night!]

GM: They're outside now! This is madness!

BW: And there are fans everywhere! Where did they all come from!? Are these the guys who couldn't afford tickets or something? Get out of the way, bums, the Ring Leader is coming through!

GM: This is a sellout, turnaway crowd here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum so these may be the fans who did indeed not get into the building tonight!

BW: Then why aren't they home watching on WKIK?! Kick it up a notch somewhere else! You ain't gotta go home but you can't stay here!

GM: But stay here they have and listen to the response to this action coming out to them!

[They all continue to cheer as the two land outside in their midst. Carver is up first, laying a stomp into the chest of Terry Shane before grabbing him, pulling him up and throwing him against the rough metal wall of the Coliseum! Shane staggers backwards, is grabbed and thrown right back against the wall again, this time sliding down it, crumbling to the ground.]

GM: Ten count begins!

BW: Get up, Terry!

GM: Five... six... seven, he's up! Terry Shane is up, barely!

[Carver grabs Shane, turning him around and putting two knuckles right between his eyes. Shane staggers back from the blow, retreating, pushing fans and referees alike out of the way as he makes his way through a parking lot area.]

BW: This is getting out of control! Someone needs to get these two back into the building and into the ring to finish this off properly.

GM: Terry Shane has managed to get some room between himself and Carver. Hannibal is being swarmed by fans here. You're right, this match needs to get inside where it's... ahem... safe. You never know... MY STARS!

[The loud quote is framed as Terry Shane comes flying out of nowhere, diving over some fans to get Hannibal Carver! He laces in some forearms and punches to the head, making some room between them... until he ducks in and grabs Carver by the head, bringing it to his mouth!]

GM: HE'S BITING HANNIBAL CARVER!

BW: When in Rome...

GM: Terry Shane is resorting to whatever it takes, measures he's never taken before, to win this match, to win the best of three matches and end this year long feud here tonight!

[Hannibal Carver pushes Shane away, clutching at his forehead.]

GM: Is he bleeding again? Did he reopen that wound?!

[Carver pulls his hands away... and there is no blood. The fans continue to follow in a yelling and screaming pack. Shane comes back at Carver, but he sees it and ducks, taking Shane's legs out from under him, mounting him with punches!]

GM: Shot after shot to the top of the head! Shane struggling underneath and pushes Carver off.

BW: Get away while you can, Terry!

[Shane backs off, getting to his feet. He sees Carver getting back up and runs, leaping up with a double stomp to the spine, flattening Carver, exploding the crowd in jeers as he rolls off and away.]

GM: TORPEDO STOMP! TORPEDO STOMP TO THE SPINE! THIS COULD BE WHAT IT TAKES!

BW: DONE! HE'S DONE!

GM: The referee is counting!

[One! Two! Three! Four! Five!...

...Six! Seven! Eight!... BIG POP!]

GM: He's up! Hannibal Carver is up!

BW: How did he get up after that?! How did he get up after that stomp? That's a match ender!

GM: Because Hannibal Carver is one of the toughest men on the planet, Bucky! He's a man who walked into the AWA last summer as part of the World Title Tournament with a certain reputation for bloodlust and extreme violence who threw some of that aside to make a fresh start for himself here in the AWA. He may not be the master of barbed wire and lightbulbs any more but he is STILL one of the toughest men I've ever seen compete inside - or outside in this case - the squared circle!

[It's quite visible that Shane cannot believe Carver got up after the double stomp. He takes a deep breath, peeling Carver off the ground and grabbing him by his hair. He starts pulling him towards a pair of cars, the gathered crowd OOOOH'ing in suspense as he does.]

BW: Terry Shane has lost it! Everything he's went through with Carver has made him snap.

GM: I think you are getting the names confused here, Bucky. Terry Shane has been in Carver's mind, messing with his life, making his life a living hell for a year!

BW: Wrong, wrong, wrong!

GM: Terry Shane still has Hannibal here... and throws him into that car!

[The front bumper bends as Carver turns, his back hitting it solidly. He arches in pain, Shane on him again with some forearms to the chest and head. Carver reels, the Boston Strangler dazed from the assault. Shane steps back, admiring his handiwork, lacing a stomp to the knee, then another and finally a third, sending Carver to a single knee.]

BW: He's not going to be able to stand much longer. Not after all the abuse Terry Shane III has put on it. Not after the technical expertise by the Ring Leader. Not after-

GM: We get it, Bucky!

BW: Just saying...

GM: Terry Shane is giving Carver some room here, backing off. Oh wait, he's not giving him room.

BW: He's charging in!

[Running at the hobbled Boston Strangler, Shane charges...

...and Carver ducks and lifts, sending Shane wayyyyyyyy up and over.]

____THHHHHHHUUUUUUUUUUUUUMP!_____

[Up and over the car, Shane's spine hitting the edge of the car on the OTHER side, bouncing off and to the ground on the other side, disappearing out of view as the outside crowd erupts in celebration!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A HORRIBLE FALL! Off the car, onto the asphalt out here in the parking lot! This HAS to be over!

[The referee runs quickly to check, the camera man jogging over as the referee is at three and Terry Shane is unmoving on his side, breathing heavily and groaning in pain.]

BW: He... I...but... yikes.

GM: Four... five...

[And he continues to count. Six. Seven. Eight...]

BW: He's moving!

[Nine...]

BW: He's... UP!

GM: I have NO idea how, but after that insane backdrop, Terry Shane is up! He is actually to his feet!

BW: What resilience! THAT is why he's the Ring Leader, daddy! Right there!

[Carver just shakes his head as Shane gets back up, leaning against the car. He chuckles as he steps forward, hopping onto the hood of the vehicle, lifting a fist to a LOUD cheer!]

BW: What is he going to do now?

GM: Someone's car is really taking a beating here.

BW: Who's the sucker?

GM: Wait... is that your car?

BW: No, mine is... oh dammit. Get off my car! Police! Someone call the police!

[The thin metal hood bending under the weight of Carver, he takes several more steps, bending and reaching over to pull Terry Shane up onto it with him.]

GM: This is NOT going to be good for anyone!

[Shane refuses to go, swatting at the hand of Carver to no avail. So, thusly, he quits, reaches forward and grabs Carver's legs, pulling them out from under him!]

BW: MY HOOD!

GM: Spinefirst on the metal!

BW: I am going to sue everyone!

GM: Terry Shane circling now. He refuses to go up there and play this game with Carver.

BW: Because he doesn't want to wreck my car. We're buddies, you know!

[Circling to Carver's head, he waits for him to get up. Carver slips off the car, rolling onto the ground in front of the parked vehicle. Struggling, he gets up to a knee when Shane reaches down, grabs his head and arm and swings, putting Carver back down with a thunderous neckbreaker, slamming the back of his head and his back onto the hard concrete!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A... THIS HAS TO BE IT! A SWINGING NECKBREAKER ON THE ASPHALT!

BW: Both are down!

[One... two... three... the crowd counts along as the referee raises his arm with each count.]

GM: Carver is barely moving, Shane is down and we're at six... seven... Shane is stirring...

BW: He's up!

GM: Eight... nine...

BW: Carver...

GM: ...he's up!

[BIG POP~! as Carver pulls himself up using the bumper of the car. He slams a fist in determination against the car, only to take a fist from Shane to the jaw!]

GM: Terry Shane slugs Carver and now he's retreating!

BW: Tactical retreat so he doesn't wreck my car any further.

GM: He's heading back inside, through the front doors! Security needs to get to the front lobby right now! We need help down there to clear this crowd and hopefully get these two to the ring and away from bystanders!

BW: You've seen the footage, you've seen the matches that Hannibal Carver has been in in places like Michigan and Canada. You've seen him. He doesn't care about anyone, not even himself. As long as there is blood and brutality he's a happy man.

GM: You know as well as I do that here in the AWA he's trying to be a changed man. He's getting by on skill and his heart, not with weapons. He's here to prove, like everyone else, that he's deserving of a spot on the best wrestling roster ever assembled.

[Stumbling through the front doors, Shane disappears out of view. Carver shakes off the impact he's taken, holding his neck as he stumbles away after

him. A crowd gathers, snaking along and chanting CAR-VER CAR-VER as their hero enters the building...

__CRAAAAACK!__

...and takes a garbage can lid to the head out of nowhere!]

GM: SHANE BLINDSIDES HIM!

BW: Count, ref! That HAS to be it!

[Shocked as much as anyone, it takes a second for the referee to realize what happened. He finally steps in, the camera right behind him as he is reaching three.]

GM: Carver is down flat!

[Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight... and using the referee, Carver stands himself back up, ducking and dodging out of the way of another wild shot from the dented garbage can lid.]

GM: He saved himself there... TACKLE BY CARVER!

[And more punches follow but this time Carver does not leave him there. He peels him off the dirty pavement and starts dragging him towards a double door. The referee gets it opened before they can cause more damage, the camera entering and security holding back the throngs of chaotic fans back as the dueling pair head into a backstage garage area.]

BW: At least the fans are out of the way. Now you can let loose, Terry!

GM: Look at Hannibal Carver! It's like he's in heaven!

[Smiling wide as he looks around at all the plunder, Carver pulls Shane's head down and smiles at him. "Yer in trouble now, boy." and proceeds to throw him violently by the head, Shane rolling across the concrete and against a wall.]

GM: I think we're about to see the Hannibal Carver that fans have heard the legend of! He's about to turn the violence up to eleven, Bucky!

BW: Carver is a criminal and a madman that doesn't belong in a place like the AWA!

[Carver stalks him with purpose, laying a kick to the back, then another, keeping him down with each one, but stopping the referee from counting at all. He pushes the zebra shirt away, stepping back and lifting Shane into the air with a kick to the gut before pulling him back up again.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is out to brutalize Terry Shane now. He's not just trying to win, he's trying to inflict as much pain as he can!

BW: Because, like Terry said, this guy is a monster. He's a thug. He is NOT a wrestler like you want him to be. He'll never be a Ring Leader like Terry Shane, never!

[Shane's head is bounced wildly off another packing crate, Carver slamming a forearm to his spine as he limps after Shane. The leader of the Shane Gang leans against another stack, kicking Carver in the knee as he approaches and then a second time!]

BW: Right back to the knee! Smart move!

GM: Carver is definitely on a wobbly wheel, Shane grabbing him and SLAMMING him head first against these crates and- where is he going now?!

[Carver is not down as Shane leaves him slumped, going towards something else. He pulls to a stop next to a large crate that is being used as a catering table, sweeping an arm across to send a stack of paper cups and a large pot of coffee falling to the floor, spilling coffee all over the floor as he starts pulling on the crate.]

GM: Terry Shane is getting a large crate of some sort!

BW: Don't resort to this, Terry!

GM: We could be looking at history in the making here in this Texas Death Match!

[Shane pulls the crate-on-wheels from the wall, only stopping to hit Carver with a boot right to the head!]

GM: Right in the jaw! A kick right to the jaw and Carver IS DOWN!

[Shane backs off as Carver unexpectedly slumps.]

BW: He's out! I think Carver is actually, legitimately unconscious!

GM: The referee is checking on him, Shane is still moving this big crate out into the open but he may not need it, Bucky! This could be it.

[The camera focuses in on Carver. His eyes aren't closed, they are partially open, only whites visible. Every muscle in his body seems completely limp.]

GM: I think.. dear god, Bucky. I think he's out! Terry Shane might have this won!

REF: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

[Suddenly...]

GM: WHAT IN THE BLAZES?!

[...Carver jumps to his feet, swinging almost drunkenly, calling out Terry Shane's name!]

GM: He's awake! By god, he's awake!

BW: Run. Run for your lives. Everyone. Please... run!

[Carver continues to swing, holding his hands up in a defensive boxing fashion. He wobbles, very obviously trying to focus.]

GM: What heart we are seeing tonight! Think of what these two have went through! Think of the abuse their bodies have taken and they keep getting up!

[Shane tries to duck out of the way, dodging as Carver swings wildly and hitting the Boston Strangler with a hook to the gut and a stomp to the side of the knee. It slows down his adrenaline fueled insanity long enough for Shane to hit him several more times in the head before dragging him over and to the large box!]

BW: Don't do this, Shane!

GM: He's climbing into the box, Bucky. I have no idea why but. Wait. Oh no. He's bringing Carver up with him! He's bringing Hannibal Carver up onto this crate that was being used for a makeshift catering table!

[Balancing himself as the wheels underneath cause it to move, Shane grabs Carver and pulls him to his hands and knees in front of him on the crate. He takes a deep breath in anticipation of what he's about to do, reaching down and grabbing Carver by the waist.]

GM: Oh no! Oh dear god no! I think he's going for a piledriver OR WORSE!

BW: NO! NOT THIS!

GM: He's lifting Carver! He's going to piledrive him off!

[Even the referee and other officials are yelling at him, pleading for him not to do it! He lifts, putting in maximum effort to get the much larger Carver up, but Carver drops to a knee!]

GM: We didn't want to see this! This will end a man's career! You don't need to go this far!

BW: I agree, Gordon. Don't do this. Not this!

[Grunting again, Shane lifts Carver, trying to get him upside down. He pulls, lifts...

...but Carver stops him, gets his hands on Shane's legs and lifts, sending Shane up and crashing to the floor in a wild heap. Shane grunts in pain as he lands, crying out at the impact. At the top of his stand, though, the

wheels underneath move and Carver is sent flying off, not able to catch his balance. He falls sideways, hitting the pavement on his side, grabbing at his leg as he does. Officials check everyone, spreading out to check the men as the carnage settles.]

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN FOR THE COUNT! THIS MATCH HAS TO BE OVER!

BW: It is. No one is getting up from this.

GM: Count them, referee! End this here.

[The referee steps back, checking on the two with a glance at each. Shane is down, face against the concrete moaning in agony. Carver is down, but clutching at his damaged knee rolling around in pain from the bad fall.]

REF: ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

FOUR!!

FIVE!!

GM: They are barely moving!

SIX!!

SEVEN!!

EIGHT!!

[Using a nearby chair, Carver starts trying to get some strength to pull himself up. Shane tries, tries to move.]

NINE!!

[Proving that miracles DO indeed happen, Carver pushes himself up to his feet...

...only to see Terry Shane doing the same.]

GM: BOTH MEN ARE UP! SOMEHOW BOTH MEN ARE UP AND TO THEIR FEET! HEART AND DETERMINATION! WHAT A MATCH!

BW: ...incredible.

[Even the referee is in shock as the two men stumble up, leaning against walls and chairs to keep themselves standing. Carver shakes his leg out, rubbing his knee cap and trying to get blood flowing so it works as well as it can. Shane just breathes deeply, stumbling over to a stack of folding chairs, barely able to stand. Both men are covered in sweat, the bandage on Carver's head starting to peel off from the perspiration.]

GM: This match has been incredible. Look at these two, barely able to even function but going right after one another. Hatred can carry a man pretty far.

BW: Hatred, or in Terry's case, the grace of God. It's the only way to explain how amazing he is!

GM: Hannibal Carver is the first to move. He's heading towards Terry Shane, limping, but heading in that direction. That leg is a mess and I think the fall tweaked it even further. He may have twisted it in that abrupt fall. Who knows what kind of damage may have been done. MCL, ACL tears, dislocated patella, it could be more serious than it looks. He could be working on adrenaline alone.

[Carver starts heading over, pushing the referee out of his way. He yells at Shane to "get yer ass over here!" as he rounds beside an obstruction...

...and takes a flying chair flat to the knee!]

GM: FLYING CHAIR! Terry Shane threw that chair right at his knee and got him square on! Flat or not, that's steel flying at you and right at a very tender joint. Carver's down! Carver's down, clutching at that knee. He's in trouble!

BW: Terry is a genius! You cannot answer a ten count if you can't stand on your banged-up knee!

GM: Carver is down for the ten count but... wait a second! Wait a second, Terry isn't letting the referee count!

[Instead he interrupts the count, stomps Carver on the leg before grabbing it and pulling it up. He steps around, spins and spits right in the face of Carver.]

GM: Spinning toe hold

[And then falls back, putting Carver's other leg over the knee and pushing down on that with the back of his own leg.]

GM: FIGURE FOUR!

BW: Genius! Genius! You don't need to beat up a guy. You just need to make sure he can't get up and this move... the figure four leglock... should do exactly that!

[Carver clutches at his face in agony, trying to sit up, struggling to escape. Shane jostles back and forth, up and down, putting the pressure on tighter and tighter.]

GM: He's destroying the knee! He's destroying the knee with this figure four leg lock!

[And continues to do so even as Carver reaches back and pushes upwards to a sitting position. Shane stays back, laying away from Carver and wrenches back, eliciting another roar of pain. Carver swings and swings, trying to get Shane but to no avail.]

BW: He'll never escape this move!

GM: Hannibal Carver has never been a technical wizard. He's never been known for his mat wrestling skills. This figure four, of all moves in a Texas Death Match, could prove to be his downfall.

BW: He's fading! He's fading! The pain from this move, the exhaustion of this match, the blood loss earlier. Terry has a master plan and it's coming to fruition, daddy!

[Carver does indeed fade back, falling from a sitting position slowly to being on his back on the floor. The referee checks on him, but knows he can't call this a fall, cannot start a ten count, but checks on his welfare.]

GM: Carver is down. He's really in trouble here, I don't know how much he can take.

BW: The correct answer is none!

[The Boston Strangler does indeed fade, the pain and exhaustion over coming him. The referee checks on him... and he comes to life, fighting back up!]

GM: Carver is coming back to life! Hannibal Carver is back in this!

BW: Don't let go of this hold!

[If there was a crowd watching this, they would be going insane, cheering on Carver as he shakes and grits his teeth. He pushes himself back up to a sitting position as every muscle in his upper body tenses with sweat soaked effort.]

GM: He's fighting! Carver is fighting back up!

[Some cheers erupt from behind a curtain leading into the arena as Gordon Myers' voice sounds over the PA system, echoing back.]

GM: Sorry about that weird glitch, folks. Our audio is being cast over the arena for the fans to hear and obviously these two are close enough that we can hear it.

[Carver continues to fight, continues to struggle and places a hand down hard on the concrete. With eyes open wide, Shane himself in fear, Carver starts turning, trying to reverse the hold.]

BW: Fight back, Terry! This match is yours for the taking!

GM: Carver is trying his darndest to roll this move over and reverse the pressure!

[He keeps pushing, trying to reverse it, trying to get the hold over and put the pressure back on Shane, but he'll have none of it. He holds on, trying to stop Carver from rolling over while wrenching back on the hold.]

GM: Hannibal Carver trying, trying and- Shane keeps the hold on!

[Instantly Carver's comeback is halted, the Boston Strangler falling to his back in seeming physical surrender.]

BW: He's done it! He's finished off Hannibal Carver!

GM: That last bit of effort was all he had! Hannibal Carver is down, this figure four has done it's work!

[Seeing this, Shane finally let's go and stands slowly, watching Carver. The referee steps in between, checking on Carver, ordering Shane back and starts counting. Shane "dusts" off his shoulder, smirking and starts walking (staggering) towards the curtain that leads into the main arena area.]

GM: Carver is down! The referee has to make the ten count and I think, this time, we're going to hear it!

[The television view switches to a split screen. One is of a downed Boston Strangler. The other is of the Ring Leader. Shane heads through the curtains, into the view of the Dallas crowd, and is INSTANTLY showered with deafening boos as he stands in premature victory waiting for his name to be called as victor.

Inside the back area, the referee is at two... three... four...

Shane stands, hand cupped to an ear.]

BW: What a victory!

[The referee continues to count. Five... six...

Shane raises his arm as he hears the count. However, what he doesn't realize is a shaking, sweating, staggered, punch drunk Hannibal Carver isn't down as much anymore. He's starting to move, trying to get up.

Seven... Eight...

Shane realizes nothing.

Nine...

And then he realize the referee has stopped counting. He looks around, questioning.]

GM: He has no idea! He has no idea at all!

BW: Someone needs to warn him!

[Off microphone we hear Bucky yelling at Terry Shane, trying to warn him of what's coming.]

GM: He has no idea what's behind that black curtain!

[He slowly turns, tentative as he reaches his hand out to open the curtain. And standing, right there, fury in his eyes, is Hannibal Carver. HUGE HUGE POP!]

GM: Oh... no...

[Carver takes a step forward and Shane takes a step backwards. His eyes are absolutely wide in fear. He tilts his head, exclaiming how sorry he is. He raises his hand in defense, begging off. Carver takes another step forward.]

BW: Terry Shane needs to run and run now! Frankenstein is here!

[Shane takes a step back, once again begging. It does nothing as Carver reaches out and PLASTERS him between the eyes! Shane staggers backwards and falls down the stairs, head over heel as the crowd goes BONKERS from the impact!]

BW: He killed him!

GM: Hannibal Carver is back in this! Believe it or not, he's back in this match!

[One leg with barely any pressure on it, Carver watches Shane tumble backwards down the stairs. He finally stops his momentum, standing up and immediately falls back down, eyes lolling.]

GM: Terry Shane is down!

BW: And out. Hannibal Carver may have ended another man's career!

[The referee runs down the steps, trying to avoid fans as they crowd around the downed Ring Leader. He starts counting.]

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

GM: Half way! Shane isn't moving!

SEVEN! EIGHT!

BW: Wait...

NINE!

BW: HE'S UP!

[Indeed he is, JUST breaking the ten count. He looks and sees Hannibal Carver coming down the stairs very slowly, limping as he does. He quickly moves backwards, pushing his way through the crowd...]

BW: Get out of his way!

GM: Yes, please do. We all know that Terry Shane isn't above putting his hands on a member of our ringside crowd!

[He keeps on backing down, finally rolling over the ringside guard rail and landing at ringside before clambering back onto his feet.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is not moving very fast, Bucky. His leg is a mess. There might not be much left.

BW: All part of the master plan, but that plan might have just been tossed up after the tumble down the stairs.

GM: Hannibal Carver is still coming though. It's obviously going to take a LOT to keep him down.

BW: It's going to take a cannon, I think. Mercy.

[Carver finally makes his way to ringside and with a tired kick with his good leg, he knocks the guard railing apart. He steps through it, turns...]

GM: Shane is up on the apron, trying to get back into the ring- WAIT NO!

[Instead of stepping in, he jumps OFF the apron, winding his arm way back and colliding with a giant clothesline!]

GM: Trademark leaping clothesline by Shane! We saw that move earlier, a signature move and he just flattened Carver with it!

BW: Count him down, referee! Get up, Terry!

[The referee does start counting again.]

GM: Three... four... five... Shane is stirring!

[Seven! Shane finally gets up to LOUD boos. Eight! Ni--and Carver gets up, staggering away to get some space and gets a BIG POP for his efforts.]

BW: Dammit!

GM: Both men back up! Shane back into the ring... and here comes Carver! Shane's all over him! He's keeping him down, stomping him on the mat!

[But Carver has none of it, pulling himself up on the ropes even as Terry Shane continues the assault with stomps that turn into punches and forearms to the back.]

GM: He CANNOT keep Hannibal Carver down! He can't keep Carver down on the mat!

[And it shows in Carver's eyes as he turns and sends a death glare right into Shane's eyes.]

GM: Terry Shane is in BIG trouble again!

BW: What is it going to take to keep Hannibal Carver down!?

[Hitting Carver one more time, Shane runs off the ropes returning right into a big clothesline!]

GM: Flattened! Terry Shane took Carver down with that big clothesline and that might... are you kidding me?!

[The crowd ROARS as Carver climbs back to his feet, shaking his head back and forth at Shane. Shane's eyes go wide as Carver slaps himself across the chest, pointing at Shane. The third generation star hits the ropes behind him, rushing in again...

...and DROPS Carver a second time with a running clothesline!]

GM: Another clothesline! Carver saw it coming and he didn't even care. He didn't lift a finger to try to avoid the clothesline or defend himself against it or-

BW: GORDO! LOOK AT THIS LOON!

[On their feet, the Dallas fans are screaming their heads off as Carver gets up again, shaking his head. He again slaps himself in the chest...

...and then SPITS right in the face of Shane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: What the hell... WHO IS THIS MAN!? How in the hell is he still standing, Gordo?!

GM: I don't know... I honestly don't know. Terry Shane and Hannibal Carver, after a year of battles, are putting on one of the damndest things I've ever seen. On a night where we thought we'd seen everything, these two are showing us that we haven't even BEGUN to see everything! On the 100th episode of Saturday Night Wrestling, Terry Shane and Hannibal Carver are telling us to forget Marcus Broussard... forget Ron Houston... forget Raphael Rhodes and Kentucky's Pride... forget everyone who came before them because they're staking their claim on a new era of AWA wrestling right here tonight, fans!

[A disbelieving Terry Shane shouts at Carver before hitting the ropes again, rushing in...]

GM: He's going for anoth-

[But Carver's got other ideas as he catches Shane coming in, lifting him up by the upper thighs, spinning all the way around...

...and DRIVING Shane into the canvas with a spinebuster slam!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! SPINEBUSTER!! THAT WIPED OUT TERRY SHANE!

[Carver pops back up, his hands going right to his knee. He grimaces in immense pain, barely able to stand, only doing so because he leans against the turnbuckle.]

GM: Terry Shane is down! He isn't moving!

[And again the referee starts counting, the fans counting loudly along as they cheer for the big move and further ten count.]

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN!

BW: This doesn't look good!

EIGHT! NIN...

[The crowd boos AGAIN as Terry Shane somehow gets a foot under him and pushes himself up.]

GM: Unbelievable! Unbelievable! Terry Shane is still standing! You talk about not being able to keep a man down...

BW: He's unstoppable!

GM: They're BOTH unstoppable it seems! At this point in the action, you have to start wondering... what in the world is it going to take to finish the other man off?

[Carver throws himself towards the dazed Shane, throwing his arm out for a clothesline...]

...but a tired Shane drops down, taking the top rope with him, Carver flying over and to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: What a move! Talk about quick thinking, Gordo! You want to talk about making a statement on a night like this... and that’s exactly what Terry Shane is doing! He doesn't need the Shane Gang. He doesn't need Sandra Hayes. He can do this on his own!

[Carver hits hard, face first on the thin ringside mats. Shane pulls himself back up, grabbing the referee and telling him to count.]

GM: Carver hit REALLY hard out here on the floor. We’ve got those mats on the floor but they’re not very thick at all... just the slightest of protective coverings and underneath is solid, unforgiving concrete.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

[Carver starts to stir, checking his forehead for blood and switching his legs so he can get his remaining working one under him as he gets up.]

EIGHT! NINE!

GM: Carver is up! He is up, leaning against the ring, but he's up!

[And Shane sees it, slipping under the bottom rope, but instead of going to the floor he uses his legs to entwine one of Carver's arms and grabs the other, hooking it and reaching to grab the head in a neckcrank!]

BW: NO ESCAPE! NO ESCAPE! NO ESCAPE!

GM: HE HAS IT ON! HE HAS THE NO ESCAPE ON!

[Panic ensues in the crowd as their hero is hooked in the neck crank.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is in SO much trouble!

BW: Tap out, daddy! Tap out!

GM: It doesn't matter if he does, Bucky! This isn't a normal match, there are no submissions. This is a Texas Death Match. You win when you cannot answer a ten count!

BW: You can't answer anything if you are knocked out!

[Shane continues to wrench back on the hold, even repositioning his legs to make sure the hold is on properly and strongly.]

GM: It's on! The No Escape is on and WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[The exclamation comes as Hannibal Carver starts standing up straight and Terry Shane comes with him.]

BW: No way! He can't be doing this!

[The crowd POPS huge again as Carver stands with Shane still in the No Escape, but on Carver's shoulders. The Boston Strangler staggers backwards under Shane's weight, nearly going down!]

GM: The hold is still on! Carver is still trapped...

__CRAAAASH!__

GM: ...BUT NOT ANY MORE!

[BOTH men crunch into the guard railing as Carver sacrifices himself to send Shane against steel. His own head snaps back as the impact crushes Shane. Both men crumple, Shane right against the now-displaced railing and Carver forwards beside the ring.]

GM: Both men down!

BW: What happens if neither answers?!

[The referee slides back out with them, checks them both once more and with both hands starts counting!]

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX!

[Carver is the first to stir, getting to his knees.]

SEVEN! EIGHT!

[Shane stirs, getting up only to fall down before the referee stops.]

NINE!

[And then gets back up fully, falling down across the railing in agony.]

BW: HE'S UP!

GM: They both are! Both men managed to get to their feet once again, barely breaking the ten count. The toll is getting astronomical in this match. If both men do not end up in the hospital after this match, I'll be stunned.

[Carver limps over and holds Shane against the guard railing, WHAPPING a pair of hard forearms into his chest, driving the wind from him. A third one fully stops him in his tracks, Shane slumping but not falling.]

GM: Carver heading away and... oh... my... lord...

[Carver reaches under the ring... and gets a very loud, very nervous reaction as he pulls a wooden table into view!]

GM: TABLE! HANNIBAL CARVER HAS A TABLE!

BW: This match is officially out of control!

GM: I said it once, I'll say it again, this match could very well be history in the making!

[Carver slides the instrument in, high fiving some eager fans before heading over and grabbing Shane. He unceremoniously slams a forearm into the chest again before throwing him into the ring. Carver quickly... "quickly"... follows up, limping the entire time and struggling to get back into the ring himself.]

GM: The knee is slowing Hannibal Carver down considerably.

BW: Master plan, Gordo. Master plan.

GM: But he IS still moving, Bucky. This isn't over yet. Soon I have to imagine, but not yet.

[Carver stomps a recovering Shane back down, ramming his head against a turnbuckle where he slumps before going back to the table. He lifts it up, opening one table leg, then another, the entire time accompanied by cheers from a large part of the crowd while another part is obviously the traditional fans who are less than pleased with this idea.]

GM: SOMEONE is going to go through a table! For the first time in AWA history, it looks like it's going to finally happen!

BW: Careers. Family. He has to think of what he is putting on the line here. This is just way out of control.

GM: He has the table set up- WHAT IS HE DOING?!

[Instead of just putting the table down in the ring, he lifts it up and puts the legs on the outside of the ropes in the corner, placing the bottom of the table across the top turnbuckles and corner ropes!]

GM: What is he doing here?! This is insane! He better... SHANE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING BOOT TO THE FACE! GOOD GRIEF!

BW: MAFIA KICK! MAFIA KICK OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Taking the boot full on to the face, Carver staggers back, clipping the table with his head. A VERY fired up Terry Shane does not let him fall and instead grabs him by the neck and pants and biels him UP onto the table!]

BW: Don't do this, Terry! You don't have to go this far!

GM: Carver's up on the table and Shane's going up there after him!

[The crowd is BUZZING as Terry Shane ascends the ropes and climbs up on to the shaky, bouncing table.]

GM: This is VERY precarious and even more dangerous. One slip and a man could end his career.

BW: This is why he should have stuck to the mat!

GM: Shane's up now, trying to stand, pulling Carver up with him. What can he possibly have planned?!

[Pulling the Strangler up, Shane sidesteps, ducks under one of Carver's arms and reaches across gripping the far shoulder. Then he breathes deep.]

GM: SALIENCE NIGHT BREAKER! HE'S GOING FOR IT OFF THE TABLE!

[The crowd's buzz, every single one of them on their feet, turns to cheers as Carver starts elbowing and elbowing to break the hold. His knocks Shane in the back of the head a third time, Shane staggers and Carver breaks free, reaching way forward and shooting the elbow backwards, hitting Shane in the skull and sending him tumbling in a somersault off the table...

__THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!__

...landing hard in the middle of the ring!]

GM: OH MY STARS! SHANE IS DOWN! TERRY SHANE IS DOWN!

[Even Carver collapses on the table after the giant bump from Terry Shane. The referee races over to check on him, leaning down to look in his eyes and speak to him. Shane is absolutely unmoving in the middle of the ring. Carver lays on the table, waving at the official to count and end this match.]

BW: He's done...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

GM: This is over! He isn't moving!

SIX!

SEVEN!

BW: He's stirring!

EIGHT!

NINE!

[At THE last possible moment Terry Shane stands, crosslegged and out on his feet. He stumbles around, barely able to stand. Carver, on the table, stands once again and awkwardly throws himself off...]

GM: CARVER...

[...hitting a glancing flying elbow to the back of Shane's head, sending him down crumpling. Carver lands just as bad, bouncing off the mat.]

BW: OH _MY_ STARS, GORDO!

GM: BOTH men are down and we are at the most dramatic moment, possible! Both men down. Both men destroyed themselves tonight. Can EITHER of them get up? Can either of them get up after this match, after that flying Mind Eraser?

BW: Terry's got a shot here, Gordo! That elbow - Carver didn't land that elbow as well as he wanted. He's not used to coming off the top and with the banged up knee, he couldn't get the lift he needed to really drive that elbow shot home. Shane's down from exhaustion more than that elbow, if you ask me.

[Neither man moves. Really at all. The referee sighs and starts counting once again.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

[Both remain down though Hannibal Carver manages to roll over. Shane remains on his front, hand holding the back of his head.]

FIVE!

SIX!

[Carver starts moving, rolling towards Shane ever so slowly.]

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

[Carver grabs Shane by the front.]

NINE!

[And they start moving.

TE--

--and BOTH get back up! HUGE POP!]

GM: How in the living...

[Shane reaches way back and SLAPS Carver hard. Carver responds with his own punch, Shane retaliating with a wobbly return!]

BW: How are they still fighting?!

[Carver snaps his head back and takes another Shane punch, then another, then another! He starts reeling, only to grab Terry Shane by the hair with shocking speed and let's out the most vicious scream.]

GM: Carver's snapped!

[And starts hitting elbow after elbow after vicious elbow to the side of the skull! The crowd is PUMPED as Carver hits one more that sends Shane reeling, bouncing off the nearby ropes. He hits the ropes chestfirst, limply bouncing off towards Carver who goes into the full spin, giving everything he's got for one final blow!]

GM: MINNNNND ERAAAASSSEEEERRRRRRRRRRRR! RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE SKULL! RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE SKULL! SHANE IS DOWN!

[And Carver collapses after roaring at the sky himself.]

BW: Both are down! Both men are down!

GM: WHAT A MATCH!

[The referee doesn't bother checking on either, wishing mercy on both. He instead starts counting.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

[Carver struggles with a bad wheel to get up. Shane, groggy, eyes rolling starts to push himself up.]

EIGHT!

NINE!

[Carver staggering with pasta soft legs tries to get back up to his feet, using ever bit of energy he has left...

...which is more than what Terry Shane has left as he collapses to the mat.]

TEN!

[HUGE POP!]

“DING DING DING!”

GM: HE DID IT! AFTER A YEAR HE DID IT! HANNIBAL CARVER HAS DEFEATED TERRY SHANE IN ONE OF THE CRAZIEST MATCHES THE AWA HAS EVER SEEN!

[The crowd is on their feet as a whole as officials pour to ringside checking on the two downed men.]

MC: YOUR WINNER OF THE THIRD AND FINAL MATCH...

HANNIBAAAAAAAAAL CAAAAAAAAARRRRVERRRRRRR!

[The crowd cheers LOUDLY at the announcement of the winner!]

BW: Did ANYONE win this match? Look at them!

GM: Both of these men are going to need to be carried out of the ring and to the back. Neither is capable to get out under their own power, they just fought in a war unlike few I've ever seen. But in the end, Hannibal Carver is the last man standing.

BW: Even if only for a second.

[Soon, we've got seconds for both men - Aaron Anderson, Donnie White, and Sandra Hayes for Terry Shane... The Rave and Shadoe Rage for Hannibal Carver - all hitting the ring to help their allies up to their feet. Carver is up on his feet for a few moments as Shizz Dawg OG and Shadoe Rage each take an arm, holding him up as Jerby Jezz gives him some words of encouragement.]

GM: What a crazy, crazy match!

BW: What a crazy night! I can't wait to hear what the boss has to say about this one.

GM: Terry Shane and Hannibal Carver just rode down the highway to hell and after what we just saw, it may be quite some time before we see either of these men back inside the ring.

BW: It's gotta be. Carver's knee is a wreck. Shane's gotta have a concussion after all those elbows to the skull. Who knows what other damage has been done?

GM: Both men are on their feet now with the help of their allies... and these fans are really letting them hear it. What a battle... what a war... and after a year of pain and mindgames, Hannibal Carver stands victorious over his archrival! Incredible!

[The announcers lay out for several moments, letting the crowd's reaction tell the story.]

GM: This night is almost at a end - this historic and surprising night where we've seen things we never thought we'd see - but we still have just a little bit left. Coming up next, AWA President O'Connor makes the announcement that he never got to make earlier tonight... just who will face the World Heavyweight Champion, Calisto Dufresne, at SuperClash V right here in Dallas, Texas on Thanksgiving night?

BW: Plus, the Bullies LIVE in concert!

GM: Oh, brother. You had to remind me of that. Fans, don't you dare go away because we've got just a bit more here at Homecoming!

[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 a backstage shot of Jason Dane standing alongside the AWA President who, quite frankly, looks exhausted.]

JD: We're backstage at the Crockett Coliseum where President O'Connor has requested time to address the entire AWA. Mr. O'Connor?

[Karl nods.]

KOC: I came here to Homecoming tonight for two reasons. One, I wanted to announce that we'd be bringing SuperClash back to Dallas for the first time in a few years... and I did that.

[Cheers ring out from inside the building, bringing a smile to O'Connor's wrinkled face.]

KOC: But the second reason I came to Homecoming was to announce the challenger who will battle for the World Title on Thanksgiving Night in Dallas, Texas. That challenger was to be Skywalker Jones... but as the world heard earlier tonight, Mr. Jones has elected to change his mind and on Thanksgiving Night, he and Hercules Hammonds will team up to challenge the Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Titles instead.

That puts us in an awkward position, quite frankly. The other AWA competitor who holds a guaranteed shot at the World Title is Terry Shane III and after what we just witnessed, the Championship Committee is not willing to take the chance that Mr. Shane will not be ready to compete at SuperClash V which would put our title match in jeopardy.

[He pauses.]

KOC: Therefore, I think we've come up with an option that should please everyone... well, except Mr. Shane perhaps. That option is... starting in two weeks' time on Saturday Night Wrestling, we will begin an eight-man tournament - a tournament deemed The Chase For The Clash - the winner of which will EARN that shot at the title.

In light of recent events, perhaps it's time once again to show the entire world why the AWA is the symbol of excellence in our particular spot and I can think of no better way to do that than to showcase the top superstars in the company... and perhaps beyond.

[Dane looks confused.]

JD: Can you clarify that statement for the fans?

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: The Championship Committee will be meeting - myself included - immediately following this show. We will announce in the next couple of days the first four competitors selected to compete in this tournament - the top contenders if you will.

JD: And the other four?

KOC: We are inviting the entirety of the wrestling world to submit bids for inclusion in the tournament. Once a short period of submissions has ended, we will invite the fans of the AWA to select the four competitors that they wish to see move on into the tournament.

JD: So, four selected by the company... four selected by the fans?

KOC: That's right, Jason. And we're hopeful that at the end of it all, we'll see Calisto Dufresne - on the biggest night of the year - defending the World Title against the most deserving challenger we can find.

[Dane nods with a smile.]

JD: Wow. Some big news back here in the locker room area from the AWA President. The Chase For The Clash begins in two weeks on Saturday Night Wrestling, leading up to SuperClash V right here in Dallas, Texas and perhaps the toughest challenge of Calisto Dufresne's career! Thank you for your time, Mr. O'Connor and now... well, there's only one thing left to say here tonight, I think... words that I never thought would come out of my

mouth. Let's go down to the ring... and hear the Beale Street Bullies LIVE and in concert!

[Dane shakes his head with something approaching disgust as we crossfade to the ring which has once again been set up for a musical performance. A deep crimson rug has been set out, covering most of the canvas. There are a few spotlights up on the cornerposts, lighting up the center of the ring where the drumkit is on a riser.]

GM: And please forgive us with this next segment...because we've got-

BW: A TREAT, Gordo! A straight up gift to the AWA faithful from the Beale Street Bullies! They're gonna put on a concert for us the likes of which AWA has never seen!

GM: That I can believe...have you ever heard even one of those guys sing, Bucky?

BW: I don't need to...when you're as stuffed with charisma as these guys, you don't NEED talent.

[The crowd is booing, partly because they remember what happened earlier tonight but mostly because of the presence of the "band."

Dick Wyatt is sitting behind the drum kit, attempting to twirl a drumstick with his fingers. He's dressed in a pair of black leather pants and a matching leather duster with no shirt underneath, exposing his bare chest. A dark set of sunglasses covers his eyes.

Robert Donovan's massive form is a few feet away, a guitar hanging unplayed from his neck. In his right hand is a unmarked bottle which we can only assume contains his alcoholic beverage of choice. He's already sharing a laugh with a nearby "roadie" as we fade up.

Adam Rogers rounds out the group, his long hair dangling down to his shoulders as he steps up to the mic stand that has been set up in front of him. He snatches the bottle from Donovan, taking a long chug out of it before handing it back and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He smirks at Donovan before grabbing the mic...]

"HELLO MEMPHIS!"

[The crowd jeers... loudly. Rogers slaps himself in the forehead.]

AR: Sorry... sorry. Of course this isn't Memphis.

[Rogers sniffs the air disdainfully.]

AR: Nope. Definitely ain't Memphis, boys.

[Donovan waves a hand in front of his nose mockingly.]

AR: Now, as much as we'd LOVE to be performing on Beale Street tonight instead of in the No Star State...

[More boos!]

AR: We're here to play the hand that we're dealt... and if we gotta be in Texas... then we gotta be in Texas.

[Rogers strokes his nasty-looking beard.]

AR: I know you people are here to see us rock the house... but before we do that, we want to introduce you all to the Bullies' Number One Fan! Sunshine, get your tailfeathers over here, girl...

[And on cue, the "fan" who turned on James Lynch at Unholy War slinks into view right next to the former World Champion. She's dressed in a cutoff Confederate flag shirt that reveals a whole lot of midriff and a mini-skirt that shows off a whole lot of shapely leg. She no longer appears to be the wholesome young lady that cheered on the Lynches for months but rather... well, something far, far different. Upon reaching Rogers, she hangs both arms around his neck, wrapping a leg around his waist from the side. He grins something approaching a pervy smile as he allows his hand to rest on her backside.]

AR: Just when James Lynch thought someone might... "take his flower"...

[Wyatt can be heard cackling clear as day.]

AR: Sunshine proves that she know where her...

[Rogers looks down, staring at her body.]

AR: ...bread is buttered so to speak. She knew that if she wants to ride down the road with REAL men, she had to kick ol' James to the curb and hook up with the hottest crew on the block - the Beale Street Bullies.

[The boos pour down again.]

GM: To think that this is the same Adam Rogers... the man who used to be known as the Natural... who was the final man to wear the World Title out in Los Angeles... well, it makes me sick, Bucky.

BW: It makes me sick to realize how much of his career he wasted kissing babies and shaking hands when he should've been busting skulls and... hehheh... buttering bread.

GM: His subtlety knows no bounds.

[Rogers continues.]

AR: See, Sunshine here came to us a couple months back and said she wanted the chance to... tryout. She wanted the chance to become OUR girl. But to do it... she had to pass a test.

[Rogers wipes his brow with a grin.]

AR: Oh, and pass it she did, right, Big Rob?

[Donovan nods with another pervy grin on his face. The crowd boos with disgust.]

AR: Oh, don't act so surprised. When we came together as a family, we told ya'all that the Bullies do EVERYTHING together. We drink together... we fight together... and well, Sunshine can testify to the rest.

[Sunshine flashes a grin of her own, rubbing her hand down Rogers' chest.]

GM: This is getting out of hand. Rogers can peddle his smut elsewhere if you ask me!

[Rogers continues.]

AR: But that wasn't the only test she had to pass, Texas. She had to pass the Sucker Test!

[Rogers shakes his hand.]

AR: Nah, nah... not what you're thinking, ya pervs. She had to pass the test that said that ol' James Lynch and his idiot brothers had to be played like a friggin' harp. Sunshine here may not be a harpist... but trust me, she knows to use her fingers.

[Rogers cackles as the crowd boos again.]

AR: At Unholy War, we beat the Lynches just like we said we would... and the Lynches are too ashamed to show their horse faces here in Dallas... just like they said they would be. That means that a party is in order... and while we've been partying with Sunshine for days...

[Wyatt gets up and shouts, "I can't even walk straight!" off-mic.]

AR: We decided it's time to bring the party to Dallas! Now, I know you're all feeling let down by that pathetic excuse for a concert earlier tonight...

[The crowd buzzes, wondering if Rogers will break Karl O'Connor's ruling.]

GM: Careful there, gentlemen.

[Rogers sneers at the camera.]

AR: But have no fear 'cause the Bullies are here to make it alllllll better. Sunshine, take your spot, sugar.

[The bleached blonde Sunshine takes her spot on what appears to be a stripper pole next to Dick Wyatt who leans over, using his drumstick to lift her skirt slightly.]

AR: Dick! Get back there now... it's time to give these people a show!

[Dick shouts back on his own mic by the drumkit.]

DW: That's what I was tryin' to do, brother!

[The Bullies all laugh, amusing themselves greatly as Wyatt takes the mic again.]

DW: Alright, we'll play it your way. We've got a nice little selection of music for ya'll...to show you what REAL talent looks like...not that bubblegum crap that ya heard earlier from-

[Wyatt gets cut off by the deep voice of Robert Donovan.]

RD: Hey now, Dirty Dick. We wouldn't want to earn ourselves a fine or a suspension on our big party night, right? O'Connor wants that punk's name kept quiet... so we'll oblige... for now.

[Rogers interrupts.]

AR: Besides, he doesn't matter to us, right?

[Wyatt nods, speaking up again.]

DW: That's right, he don't! WE'RE the talent here! We got the brains! We got the brawn! We got the talent...AND NOW we've got the ladies on the road with us...

[Wyatt leers at Sunshine who wraps her long leg around the stripper pole.]

AR: Alright, boys... one... two... three... four!

[The Bullies launch into a cover of ZZ Top's "Legs"... or at least that's what it sounds like... sort of.]

BW: I love this song!

GM: How can you even tell what it is?! It's so loud and... well, not very good!

[Donovan's attempt at the guitar is basically him slapping the strings a few times as Rogers shouts the lyrics. They only "perform" about thirty seconds of the song before cutting it off with a loud drum roll. The fans are jeering lustily at this point.]

GM: Please tell me it's over.

BW: No way, Gordo! Listen to these fans! They're begging for more!

GM: They're begging for someone to put them out of their misery.

BW: Aw, you're just jealous, Gordo. That's REAL talent out there right now!

[Rogers grins at the reaction, turning to the crowd.]

AR: THANK YOU! DON'T WORRY...WE'VE GOT PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!

GM: This is like a repeated assault, Bucky! There should be a law.

BW: I...music...

GM: I know Bucky...I know...

[Rogers taps the mic a few times.]

AR: Our next song is... well, let's just say it's quite an inspiration to all of us...

[Donovan pulls up the guitar, attempting the guitar intro to "Freebird"... well, we can assume that's what he's trying to do as Rogers howls, "IF I LEAAAAAAVE HERE TOMORROOOOW..."]

GM: Please...make it stop...

[Rogers suddenly stops, shouting.]

AR: Cut it! Cut the music!

[Donovan stops, letting the guitar hang loose. Rogers looks out angrily at the booing crowd.]

AR: You know... I don't think they appreciate us, boys!

[Rogers turns to Donovan who nods. Wyatt can be heard with an angry "Screw `em!" off-mic.]

AR: You're right, Dick. We came here tonight to throw a party... we came here tonight to make this night TRULY memorable as the 100th edition of this show. This IS the greatest moment in Saturday Night Wrestling history! Hell, this is the greatest moment in AWA history!

[The crowd shouts their disapproval of that statement.]

GM: That's coming from a man who wrestled a sixty minute draw with Marcus Broussard... who helped Juan Vasquez earn his SuperClash II National Title match... so disappointing.

[Rogers spits on the rug covering the mat as Dick Wyatt stands up in his drumkit, shouting at the fans.]

AR: We gave you a night without Lynches and THIS is the thanks we get?!

[Rogers shakes his head... and then smirks.]

AR: In that case, I think we'll call it a night.

[BIG CHEER! Rogers looks enraged again.]

AR: But not before one final song! Big Rob... let's do this...

[Donovan steps over to the mic as Dick Wyatt hurdles the drumkit, coming to join his "brothers."]

AR: We'll do this one a cappella 'cause our voices can carry it...

[Wyatt gives them a quick count off before the trio begins singly... badly... in (sorta) unison.]

#Well, we've wrestled all over the world...#
#In baseball stadiums and ice skating rinks#
#In your local arena or the biggest of stadiums#
#And we know for sure...#

[They all grin before delivering the final line...]

#TEXAS STINKS!#

[The crowd ERUPTS in boos again, louder than ever! Rogers grins, patting Wyatt on the shoulder before they continue.]

#We've whupped up on the Lynches...#
#But that ain't a big deal#
#At least we didn't work for Blackjack#
#For the price of a meal#

#OHHHHHHH... TEXAS STINKS!#

[The boos are amongst the loudest ever heard on Saturday Night Wrestling as they go for another verse.]

#So we left James layin'#
#In a pile of crap#
#And when Sunshine was done with him#
#He looked quite the sap...#

#OHHHHHHH... TEXAS STINKS!#

[Rogers backs off and yells, "BREAK IT DOWN!" off-mic as Robert Donovan steps in to... rap?]

#I ain't that fat tub BC...#
#But this much is clear...#
#When I face Jack Lynch...#
#His tights get a brown smear#
#I turned out his lights time and again#
#Even little Travis can't get a win#
#The Lynches are done... just like this state#
#But after all that, there's still plenty I hate...#

[Rogers and Wyatt step back in...]

#OHHHHHHHHH... TEXAS STINKS!#
#OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH... TEXAS STINKS!#
#OHHHHHHHHH-

[The music is cut off by a ENORMOUS CHEER!]

GM: THE LYNCHES HAVE HEARD ENOUGH!

[Dressed in street clothes, the Lynches - looking as angry as we've ever seen them - are stalking down the aisle towards the ring. James Lynch is the first one through...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DONOVAN HITS HIM WITH THE GUITAR!!

[The devastating overhead swing of the guitar shattered the instrument on the back of Lynch's head and neck, leaving him motionless on the mat as Travis Lynch slides in, fists flying.]

GM: Travis is in! He's throwing bombs at the Bullies!

[A pair of right hands has Rogers flailing backwards before he turns to Wyatt, hitting two big right hands before connecting with a discus punch...

...that sends Wyatt sailing OVER the drumkit and down into a heap behind it, knocking drums over as he flails about on the mat.]

GM: Travis knocks him for a loop... and here comes Jack!

[Jack's entrance was delayed by his pause to grab a steel chair from ringside, coming in swinging...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF DONOVAN!!

[The heavy shot knocks the seven footer down to his knees as Lynch rears back again, coming for Rogers who gets his hands up, stopping the overhead swing as they struggle for control of the chair.]

GM: Rogers is trying to save himself from that chair to the head!

BW: What kind of a savage is Jack Lynch to try and waffle someone on the skull with a steel chair?!

[Lynch brings his knee up into the gut, doubling up Rogers as the big Texan winds up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF! ROGERS GETS LAID OUT BY JACK LYNCH TOO!!

[Jack throws the chair aside, kneeling down next to James Lynch to check on him. Travis joins him, coming up with a hand covered in blood.]

GM: Oh my. James Lynch’s skull got split open with that guitar. He’s going to need some medical help out-

[Dick Wyatt suddenly comes sailing back into view, swinging a drumstick into the head of the kneeling Travis Lynch. The blow surprises Lynch more than hurts him as Wyatt tackles him down to the mat, trading blows as they roll back and forth on the mat...

...and then right out under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Wyatt and Travis spill out to the floor!

[Jack Lynch gets to his feet, waving for help from the locker room...

...when a rising Robert Donovan snatches up the metal mic stand!]

GM: NO!

[But Gordon’s shout doesn’t help as Donovan SLAMS the mic stand into the back of Jack Lynch’s head, knocking him through the ropes and out onto the elevated wooden ramp!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DONOVAN TAKES OUT JACK LYNCH!!

[Travis Lynch, having disposed of Wyatt, slides back into the ring and pops up, throwing haymakers at Robert Donovan...

...and then hooking an Iron Claw on the seven footer!]

GM: CLAW! TRAVIS HOOKS THE CLAW!!

[Which is Dick Wyatt's cue to roll back into the ring, rearing back his arm...

...and SLAMMING his plaster cast down on the skull of Travis Lynch!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! The Bullies are taking out the entire Lynch family before our very eyes! Travis is down! Jack is down! James is down! The Bullies have laid 'em all out, Bucky!

BW: These people are furious! They hate them some Bullies!

GM: The Lynches are heroes in this state and you know it, Bucky! Of course they're going to be mad at such a brutal attack on the Lynch family!

BW: Hey, the Lynches started it!

GM: They did not! The Bullies provoked them with that awful song and you know it! There was no way the Lynches were going to let that stand and-

[With an angry Adam Rogers back to his feet, he kicks over the remnants of the drumkit, picking drums up and throwing them over the ropes to the floor. The ring is quickly cleared of most of the equipment, leaving the Bullies in there as Wyatt stomps Travis Lynch out of the ring.]

GM: Wait a second... what the heck is Rogers doing?!

[Adam Rogers pulls the bloodied James Lynch to his feet, sticking a finger in his face and shoving him to a waiting Robert Donovan.]

GM: Rogers is furious!

BW: They broke up the concert! He's an artist, Gordo!

GM: He is not! But he's definitely embarrassed by what just happened and he's looking for some payback!

[Donovan tugs James Lynch into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Donovan usually uses that gutwrench version of the powerbomb but it looks like he's going for a regular...

[Gordon's words trail off as Rogers and Wyatt back to the corner, each stepping up to the second rope...]

GM: What are they...?

[Donovan steps closer to the corner, lifting James Lynch up...

...but not for a powerbomb. He hangs James upside down into piledriver position, sending the crowd into a buzzing frenzy as they plead with the Bullies to leave their hero alone.]

GM: NO! NO, DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE DON'T DO THIS!

[Smirking, Rogers reaches out to grab one of Lynch's feet. Wyatt does the same. Rogers gives a quick "one-two-three" before the duo steps off the middle rope in tandem...

...and Donovan DROPS Lynch skullfirst on the canvas as his "brothers" deliver the SPIKE!]

GM: SPIKE PILEDRIVER!! MY GOD!!

[Lynch goes limp upon hitting the canvas, flattening out on the mat as Rogers stands over him, glaring down at him.]

GM: These sons of... these Bullies just delivered a spike piledriver on James Lynch!

[The boos are off the charts now, pure hatred being poured down on the Beale Street Bullies.]

GM: James Lynch hasn't moved a bit, Bucky!

BW: He's done, Gordo. A straight up piledriver has put people on the shelves for months... if they're lucky... but a spike piledriver?! A spike piledriver ends careers!

GM: James Lynch is completely motionless and- these fans are enraged!

[A longshot of the ring shows security attempting to keep several fans from jumping the barricade as Rogers mounts the midbuckle, mocking James Lynch by grabbing the back of his neck and howling in pain.]

GM: This is a dangerous situation. We need more security out here.

BW: I don't feel safe right now, Gordo. I'm out of here!

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard as Bucky flees the scene.]

GM: That's not the worst idea my broadcast partner has ever had. The fans at ringside... now, we have fans throwing things into the ring at the Bullies!

[A shot of Robert Donovan swatting aside partially filled water bottles fills the screen. He shouts something apparently filled with expletives at the fans since the volume mutes out for several moments.]

GM: We need to get some help out here for James Lynch!

[We cut to another shot of the crowd, showing a pair of young women clinging to one another, tears streaming down their faces for what they just witnessed.]

GM: The fans here in the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, the hometown of the Lynches, are completely irate... they're distraught... this is terrible. This was supposed to be a party... a celebration... and-

BW: It's a celebration, Gordo! It's a celebration of the end of James Lynch's career!

GM: That's not funny at all, Bucky Wilde! This is a horrific way to end the 100th edition of this broadcast and- finally, the medical team is at ringside, trying to get their stretcher into the ring...

[Dr. Ponavitch is the first one in, securing a neckbrace on a still-motionless James Lynch as he waves for his aides to bring in the backbrace to secure Lynch against any movement.]

GM: They're trying to get a stretcher in there... but the ringside security is having trouble keeping the fans- oh!

[A fan climbs up on the apron, having got past security, and promptly gets yanked back down by security before Robert Donovan can coldcock the Lynch supporter.]

GM: This is... this is a wild situation. I'm beginning to think Bucky had the right idea. I'm... okay, fans... I'm being told by our producers to get out of here. I'm... yes, I... okay... for Bucky Wilde and myself...

[Suddenly, Gordon's voice cuts out as a longshot shows us the veteran announcer climbing from his seat and beating a retreat back up the aisle alongside the elevated ramp towards the back as fans continue to hurl trash and other objects at the Beale Street Bullies and Sunshine who are now standing together, hands raised in triumph.

We see James Lynch being slid from the ring, loaded onto a stretcher. There are tear-filled eyes of the fans in the background, sobbing as James Lynch gets moved away from the ring.

Another cut shows a young family watching in disbelief. The children - a boy and girl - are sobbing openly, clutching to their parents. The father leans down to pick up the girl who buries her head into his shoulder. The mother tightly grabs her son's hand, tears running down her own cheeks.

One final cut shows the scene at large, a sea of trash sailing towards the ring as security continues to fight back the fans trying to get at the Beale Street Bullies...

...as we fade to black.]

Upcoming schedule

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 23 - SuperClash Countdown (tentative) - WKIK Studios
November 28 - SuperClash V - Venue TBD - Dallas, Texas