

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

SEPTEMBER 28TH, 2013
CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS

[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: WE... ARE... LIVE... from the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, for the beginning of the next hundred episodes of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! The first hundred are in the book, Homecoming as come and gone, and now we look ahead towards the road to SuperClash and the Chase For The Clash tournament, 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: The Chase For The Clash tournament begins here tonight and when it's all said and done, we'll be looking at the man who will face Calisto Dufresne for the World Title at SuperClash V, daddy!

[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: SuperClash V is about two months away but the news is coming fast and furious for the biggest night of the year for the AWA as earlier this week, we learned it was official... on Thanksgiving Night, the AWA will be in front of its biggest crowd of all time when we'll be LIVE at the American Airlines Center in downtown Dallas!

BW: It's gonna be a crazy night, Gordo. You stand back in the locker room and you can feel the electricity... you can hear the buzz... these guys are

jailed! They are ready to get out here tonight and start putting those butts in the seats for Thanksgiving Night!

[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 white sportscoat, sunburst yellow dress slacks, bright orange dress shirt, and a tie that seems to have every color in the rainbow and then some. He's also holding a metal briefcase in his hand with "BIG BUCKS" bedazzled on the side that he gestures to as Gordon begins to speak again.]

GM: It should be an exciting night of action here in the Crockett Coliseum. As we just mentioned, we'll see Unholy Alliance members collide in the first round of the Chase For The Clash when Johnny Detson meets "Showtime" Rick Marley!

BW: That's a tragedy of epic proportions, daddy! I don't know who in the heck managed to get this match made but trust me, it ain't wise to mess with the Alliance and Percy Childes... and the Collector of Oddities ain't happy about this, I promise you that.

GM: I'd imagine he's not. In addition to that, we'll see Juan Vasquez take on Anton Layton in one-on-one action.

BW: Vasquez is on some quest to correct the mistakes he made leading up to WarGames and this is his first step... but you better believe that the Prince of Darkness ain't goin' down without one heck of a fight.

GM: Joshua Dusscher... after that horrific concert two weeks ago, will be here later tonight and he says he's going to challenge a member of the AWA locker room to a wrestling match!

BW: The kid may know how to get the eyeballs off cat videos and people getting hit in the crotch with a tennis racket but he ain't got nothin' on the AWA locker room inside that ring.

GM: Plus, we've got the big handicap match pitting the World Tag Team Champions, The Blonde Bombers, against the four hundred and twenty pound MAMMOTH Maximus!

BW: Maximus can beat a lot of guys in a handicap match but I don't know if he stands a chance against the champs, daddy!

GM: And in tonight's Main Event, Dave Bryant puts the World Television Title on the line as he takes on Alphonse Green in a special thirty minute time limit title matchup!

BW: The last time those two met, they went the distance and many thought Green was just a minute or two from winning the whole thing. Tonight? The time limit shouldn't be an issue for two of the best in the world as they battle for that title.

GM: We've got all of that plus so much more but right now, let's get things started by heading down to the ring for our opening matchup!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing in at 225 pounds... ROYCE GOULD!

[The fans respond with a roar for the young man with a lean, toned physique. He has short, light brown hair that is shaved close on the sides. His skin is lightly tanned and he is dressed in lime green trunks, black knee pads and black boots.]

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 growing number of the fans begin to chant "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"]

GM: You can hear quite a few of the fans this week are chanting for a fight, but we've got this Combat Corner prospect, Royce Gould, extending a hand out to the fighting Irishman.

BW: I love that whenever we need cannon fodder, Michaelson's more than happy to offer one of his pups for a beating.

[And Mahoney takes the extended hand, pulling it in for a handshake. We cannot hear what he is saying, but we see him pat Gould on the shoulder as he nods to the referee to start the match.]

"DING! DING!"

BW: That just makes me sick.

GM: With all that's going on around here recently, we could do with a bit more sportsmanship. Collar-and-elbow... And Mahoney very quickly has Gould against the ropes.

BW: Clubbing forearm across the chest of Gould! Now that's more like it!

[Referee Ricky Longfellow calls for a break, and Mahoney obliges. He catches Royce Gould coming off the ropes with a side headlock.]

GM: Mahoney applying pressure... Look at that weight distribution. Look at this awkward position he's got Gould locked in.

BW: Gould is trying to fight out of it, but Mahoney has him in tight!

[Mahoney transitions into an arm twist, releases the arm, goes behind Gould, and forces him to his knees with a double trapezius nerve hold.]

GM: Mahoney shoves him down to the mat... an unusual submission hold applied.

BW: That's what Mahoney is all about - unusual offense.

[Sneering at the official, Mahoney releases his right hand and, just like two weeks ago, sticks his fingers into Gould's mouth, hooking his head upwards, as he releases the nerve hold and smashes his elbow into Gould's forehead.]

BW: There's nothing pretty about his offense, but it sure is effective!

GM: Back into the side headlock... Now it's Gould backing Mahoney up against the ropes... shoves him off to the ropes!

[The Irishman hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...and knocking Gould flat with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Nice tackle out of Mahoney... and right back to the ropes he goes...

[As he comes off, Gould drops down, forcing Mahoney to step over him and bounce off the ropes on the other side of the ring.]

GM: Mahoney off the far side... wow! Nice leapfrog by Gould!

[Mahoney hits the ropes for a third time, rebounding off into a perfectly-executed hiptoss that sends him down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Mahoney got dropped by the rookie. He ain't gonna like that, Gordo!

[The brawler climbs to his feet before getting caught with a dropkick that puts him back down!]

GM: Royce Gould showing some fire in there right now as he battles the undefeated Callum Mahoney!

[Gould pulls Mahoney off the mat, smashing him with a forearm across the jaw and then grabs an arm...]

GM: Gould shoots him in to the ropes...

[The rookie goes to throw another dropkick but crashes down hard on his back, slamming the back of his head into the mat as Mahoney hooks the ropes with both arms.]

GM: Ohh! And Mahoney shows that experience, hanging on and causing Gould to miss the dropkick badly and just like that, he cuts off Gould's momentum cold.

BW: Of course he did. Whatever Michaelson's teaching these kids, it's no match for someone with the skills of Mahoney.

[Mahoney lumbers in, stomping Gould on the sternum. He pulls Gould up with two hands full of hair, ducking in to scoop Gould up, slamming him down hard on the mat!]

GM: Big body slam!

[Mahoney winds up his right arm, dropping a big elbow down across the chest, flipping into a cover...]

GM: Mahoney with cover... but only gets a two count.

[At the kickout, Mahoney digs his forearm bone into the cheek of Gould, grinding it back and forth a few times before tugging him into a rear chinlock.]

GM: The chinlock's locked in... forcing Gould down to the mat...

[Mahoney pushes him flat before climbing up, dropping from a standing position to drive a knee into the cheekbone.]

GM: Oh!

[Gould rolls back and forth in pain, clutching at his face as Mahoney gets back to his feet, pulling the rookie up by the hair...

...which gives Gould an opening to slam a right hand into the midsection!]

GM: Gould fires back!

[Grabbing Mahoney by the hair, Gould fires off another right hand, sending Mahoney staggering back...

...but as Gould climbs to his feet, Mahoney slams a short right hand into the side of the head!]

GM: I don't think ANYONE is gonna outbrawl Mahoney, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. The kid was dumb to even try.

[Grabbing a dazed Gould by the wrist, Mahoney tugs him into a short-arm clothesline, knocking him flat!]

GM: And another hard shot puts the kid down on the mat.

[Mahoney raises his arms, getting some cheers but still a lot of boos. He shakes his head before leaping up, landing with a double stomp across the chest of Gould!]

GM: OHHH! He crushed him under that double stomp!

BW: He could end this thing at any time, Gordo, if you ask me... but he just loves to fight. He loves to hurt people.

[The Irishman pulls Gould up, pushing him into the ropes where he shoves his throat down on the top rope, leaning down on the back of the neck as the referee employs his count.]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

BW: Pretty sure he knows that, Gordo.

[Mahoney waits until the four count before tugging back on the rope, causing Gould to whip backwards, slamming into the mat again. A grinning

Mahoney drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor where he grabs two hands full of hair...]

GM: Mahoney rolls out... OHH! He slams Gould facefirst on the ring apron!

BW: And then he just smiles about it. He's enjoying this, Gordo.

GM: The man loves to fight... what can you say?

[Flipping him over onto his stomach, Mahoney pulls Gould's head back, exposing his throat...

...and then SLAMS his forearm down on the throat, causing Gould to violently cough, clutching his windpipe.]

GM: Mahoney's left Gould gasping for air, shoving him back into the ring...

[Mahoney pulls himself back up on the apron, catching a right hand as he steps through the ropes.]

GM: Gould catches him with another right hand!

BW: The kid's got guts, Gordo... I'll give him that much.

[The Irishman buries a boot into the gut before throwing a stiff forearm into the jaw, sending him stumbling back into the corner. He leans down, grabbing the middle rope to slam a shoulder into the gut... over and over again...]

GM: Mahoney's putting the shoulder in, really going to work on Gould in the corner...

[The Irishman steps back, giving a grin before he BLASTS Gould across the chest with an overhead slapping chop!]

GM: Big chop!

[Reaching down, Mahoney grabs Gould by the arm, firing him across into the opposite turnbuckles...

...and then the Combat Corner rookie comes barreling out of the corner, taking Mahoney down with a clothesline!]

GM: Oh my! Gould drops him with a clothesline!

[Gould dives across the chest of Mahoney, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! No! Just the two count.

[Gould stays on top of Mahoney, landing a couple quick right hands to the noggin before pulling the Irishman up, pasting him with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Gould goes right back to throwing the punches... the forearms.

BW: This is what cost him earlier. You can't throw down with Callum Mahoney, Gordo.

[Gould grabs Mahoney by the arm, looking for an Irish whip but Mahoney stops short, tugging Gould back towards him where he leaps into the air, scissoring the arm and dragging the rookie down to the mat!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR! HE HOOKS IT IN!!

BW: And it's only a matter of time now, Gordo.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: You said it, Bucky. The armbar gets hooked in and he gets the submission in short order.

[Mahoney releases the hold, a grin on his face as he climbs to his feet and Phil Watson makes it official...]

PW: Here is your winner, by way of submission...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play as 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, "Did that look fake to you, kid? Why don't you pick me and find out for yourself?" before stepping through the ropes and exiting the ring.]

GM: Callum Mahoney scores another impressive victory and you have to think he'll be a candidate for this year's edition of the Steal The Spotlight showcase, Bucky.

BW: We've heard some interesting rumors about that match this year, Gordo. If they're true, the competition for the spots in that match could be very tough.

GM: You better believe it. Fans, let's go backstage where I'm told that Jason Dane has caught up with a very special guest!

[Cut to backstage, where Jason Dane stands, microphone in hand. Behind him, and slightly to the right, stands Ryan Martinez, who stands still, staring straight ahead at the camera. At six foot five, young Ryan is shorter than his famous father, but still an imposing physical presence. His brown hair is short, but shows signs of shagginess, as if he's neglected to keep it trimmed. The brown stubble on his face continues to demonstrate that Ryan has had things other than his appearance on his mind. He wears a black T-shirt, with the "SOCIETY" logo done in red across the chest, and a pair of black jeans. A

white bandage is centered on his forehead, covering what remains of the cut opened up by Gunnar Gaines' knee brace. Though younger and handsomer, there's an obvious resemblance between Ryan and his father, one that becomes more apparent as the expression on Ryan's face intensifies.]

JD: It has been almost a month since the shocking events at Unholy War. An event that first saw you and your then tag team partner losing a match against the Blonde Bombers, and then, in a shocking turn of events, your partner, Gunnar Gaines, and his son Justin attacking you. And then, two weeks ago, it was Gunnar and Justin who came out, and offered a frankly distorted view of what happened. Mr. Martinez, you've asked for the opportunity to come out and address the Gaines family, so please, tell us your thoughts.

RM: My thoughts? It's real simple Dane... This is my fault.

JD: Your fault? You mean because you entered the match against the Bombers with an injured shoulder?

RM: No Jason, the fault goes deeper than that. The problem is that I put my faith in a man like Gunnar Gaines. It's my fault because I made a choice. It's my fault, Jason, because I allowed myself to be compromised. Do you remember why I came to the AWA?

JD: It was on the heels of a match with Mark Langseth.

RM: Yes, I came to the AWA because of what I did against Langseth. And I came with only one goal in mind - to become the World Champion. It was ambitious. It might have even been too much for me. But it was -my- goal. It was the path I choose for myself.

And then, I chose to step away from it.

Gunnar Gaines beat me, and what I should have done was asked for another match. What I should have done was spent every waking moment in the gym, perfecting myself until I could overcome him. That's what I should have done.

But instead, I compromised. And once I made that first compromise, I kept on compromising, until, at the end, I got exactly what I deserved - a night that ended with me lying facedown in a pool of my own blood.

When I think about all the things that happened...

[Ryan pauses a moment, eyes squeezing shut, his head shaking.]

RM: I gave up a shot at the Television Title. Why? Because I believed in RyGunn. I believed in our team, Gunnar. So I sacrificed. I stood aside, because it was the right thing to do. Because that's what partners, that's what friends do. I gave up my title shot... for you, for us.

I went into the Stampede Cup with you and I did my best to protect you. I did my best to take all of the punishment, because you were hurt. I did all I could, not to win, but because I was your partner, and it was my job. I was put through the wringer because that's what sacrifice costs.

I looked my father in the eye, and I turned down his help. And why? Because I was your partner, and I thought I was your friend. We lost that night... I was pinned. -I- lost, and I'll accept that. But why? Because it was more important to put our partnership over my desires. I compromised, and it cost me.

I stood in the ring and had to force myself to smile as you let that... child of yours step into the ring. You -GAVE- that boy entrance into a ring when men have always had to sweat and bleed just for the privilege of touching the ropes. You handed your whiny, spoiled little brat of a kid an opportunity that dozens of Combat Corner students are praying they might one day earn.

At Opportunity Knocks, when I was in perfect, peak physical shape, when I was ready to win the titles with you, Gunnar, I stepped aside. I gave up what I wanted, so that I could have the "honor" of watching your petulant little boy take on a manager. I sold my soul by inches, all for RyGunn.

And for what? When I needed you, when I was at my lowest ebb, what did you do? I was hurt. But I didn't complain. I didn't ask for an extension. I went in to Unholy War and I gave it my all. Do you think I would have quit? Do you think I would have voluntarily surrendered?

You know I wouldn't have.

But your son, weak willed, callow, foolish... he quit for me. He stole my pride, and then you and he left me lying. In your lowest moments, I was there for you, and in mine? You showed me just what kind of men you are.

So I say to you, Jason, Gunnar, Justin, anyone else who might be listening... no more.

No more compromises.

No more surrender.

No more half measures.

[The camera zooms in close on young Ryan's eyes, and there it is. There is the fire, the intensity, the explosiveness that is a trademark of the Martinez family. The same fire that put his father in the Hall of Fame and earned him four World Titles now burns in Ryan's eyes.]

JD: Two weeks ago, Gunnar and Justin laid out a challenge to you. Are you ready now, to respond to that challenge?

RM: I am Jason, and the answer is... no.

[Dane's eyes widen in shock.]

JD: You are refusing to face Gunnar and Justin Gaines?

RM: No, I'm refusing to do it their way. Weren't you listening, Jason? The days that I follow someone else's lead are over. The days of letting another man dictate what I do have come and gone. I'll fight them, but in the manner -I- choose.

JD: What do you have in mind, Mr. Martinez?

RM: At Unholy War, I spoke of my life's path. I spoke of Bushido, the Warrior's Path. Jason, I've chosen a different path. A path I'll walk until I've had the reckoning that I deserve.

As of right now, my road is called Meifumado.

When Buddhists speak of hell, they use the word "Meifumado." When a warrior steps upon the path, he walks the Devil's Road. It is a dark, twisting road, but it can only be traveled by a person of honor, and discipline. It is a road that reminds a warrior of the virtues of Bushido.

Upon the road, you must face every challenge. You must overcome every obstacle. You must walk into hell, and force yourself to come out the other end with your honor intact. And if you can, then your soul will be restored. RyGunn cost me my soul.

Meifumado will return me to the man I was.

But Meifumado is a road a man must walk alone. So no, I will not fight you two in a tag team match. No, I will not seek out a partner to help shoulder the load. I am here, right now, because I compromised. Because I allowed myself to join with another.

That is not going to happen again.

So here is what will happen. Gunnar Gaines, you will face me. One on one. No one else but you and I, face to face, man to man.

But I understand that you've no incentive to face me, Gunnar. I understand that, for you, there's no reason why you'd fight me in a straight up fashion, not when you can pass the buck to a partner. RyGunn taught me that you won't do all the work when you can find someone to do half of it for you. So I am going to bait the hook for you. I'm going to make it worth your while.

JD: And how do you intend on doing that?

RM: As I said, Meifumado is a twisted road. It has many detours along the way. So my path begins with me taking what I've been owed for months.

The Television Title.

I am challenging the Television Champion, whether that be Dave Bryant or Alphonse Green to face me in two weeks' time. It is time that I get what I earned. It is time that I get my title shot.

I'm certain that the gold will be enough of an incentive to get Gunnar Gaines in the ring with me.

[Martinez takes in a deep breath, and then exhales slowly. His hand reaches up, and he slowly peels away the bandage from his forehead, revealing an angry red scar, and black stitches holding his skin together.]

RM: This is my scar. And this is my reminder of what you did. But I want you to understand Gunnar, that this isn't about revenge.

This is about retribution.

You've earned the hell that's coming your way. I said it was my fault, but its a blame that you and I share. You put me on this path. You've guaranteed that I'll never be whole again until I've bled and sweat and come face to face with all of my shortcomings and compromises.

You did this, Gunnar, and you will pay.

Count on it.

[The camera closes in, once more, on Ryan's face before cutting back to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from San Antonio, Texas... weighing in at 217 pounds... ELI NAVARRO!

[Navarro waves a hand to the fans who give some cheers for the man who shares their home state.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Nothin' To Lose" by Rebel Meets Rebel starts up to big cheers from the AWA faithful.]

PW: From Kingsland, Arkansas... weighing in at 328 pounds... he is accompanied by his manager, Chris Blue... he is the Redneck Wrecking Machine...

CLETUS LEEEEEEEEEE BIIIIISHHHOP!

[The curtain parts as a fired-up Cletus Lee Bishop tears through it, stomping down the elevated platform towards the ring as Chris Blue trails behind, quickly losing ground on his charge. While Cletus Lee is in his usual black boots and jeans, ready for a fight, Blue looks more fit for a board meeting in his black suit and white dress shirt. Blue looks no happier than Cletus Lee

does as they make their way to the ring where Cletus Lee steps over the top rope...

...and promptly DRILLS Eli Navarro with a straight right hand, sending him sprawling backwards and down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

[The referee steps in, forcing Cletus Lee back but the Redneck Wrecking Machine is having none of it, forcing his way past the official. He reaches down, grabbing Navarro by the front of his singlet and lifting him back to his feet. The six foot nine redneck leans down, scooping him into his massive arms.]

GM: Cletus Lee lifts him up with ease... and throws him down with a bodyslam!

[With Navarro down, Cletus Lee winds up his right arm, dropping a three hundred plus pound elbow into the chest of the Mexican-American. The big man plants a hand on the face, a makeshift cover as the referee drops down to the count.]

GM: The referee counts one! He counts two!

[But Cletus Lee shakes his head, climbing to his feet as he pulls Navarro up with him, landing an overhead elbow that pitches Navarro back into the neutral corner. He grabs an arm with one hand, using the one arm to fling Navarro across with a powerful Irish whip...]

GM: One handed whip! Impressive!

[Navarro hits the corner hard, staggering out...]

GM: LARIAT!

[A king-sized lunging clothesline connects, flipping Navarro upside down and down to the canvas. Cletus Lee glares at the official who tells him to cover the young man. With a shake of his head, Cletus Lee grabs Navarro by the foot, dragging him out to the middle of the ring, flipping him over onto his stomach...]

GM: Cletus Lee's got him down...

[The big man leans down, grabbing Navarro by the legs, pulling him up into wheelbarrow position...]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: That ain't good news for Navarro!

[Using his grip, he muscles Navarro up with his incredible power, flinging him over his head and down to the mat with a monstrous impact!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHEELBARROW SUPLEX!!

[With the back of Navarro’s head slamming into the mat, rendering him unconscious, Cletus Lee rolls over, crawling across the ring and planting a palm in the center of the chest.]

GM: One... two... and three.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The referee watches as Cletus Lee climbs to his feet, swooping in to grab the big man by the wrist. He starts to raise the hand when suddenly Chris Blue arrives, mic in hand, and shoves him away.]

CB: Not so fast! This isn’t over!

[The referee looks puzzled, pointing at Navarro.]

CB: No, no, no! HE may be over... but this isn’t over by a longshot. This man’s brother... his own blood... was put in the hospital by these so-called Wise Men. They... they’ve made him angry!

[Blue slaps Cletus Lee in the chest.]

CB: And if you ask me? That’s not wise... not at all! The Internet rumor mongers say that Duane Henry getting jumped by some cowardly thugs has made me have second thoughts about revealing the identity of the Wise Men.

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: Nothing could be further from the truth. The truth is coming... it’s coming soon. All I have to is decide when and where to do it. There’s a time and a place for it. Right now isn’t the right time because Cletus Lee and I have bigger business to attend to than pulling back the curtain on those three.

Cletus Lee wants answers. Cletus Lee wants payback.

[Blue pauses.]

CB: His brother’s home with a concussion and a busted-up face and all you can give him is this scrub?! This is not acceptable! The disrespect you show to me... to the Bishops... to Eric Preston... is not acceptable! And in two weeks, we intend to prove it.

Calisto Dufresne...

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation, not having thought that was coming.]

CB: The entire world is watching, waiting to see who will be crowned your challenger at SuperClash V...

And you sit on the sidelines and watch?

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: I don't think so. You have two weeks, Mr. Dufresne. Two weeks to sit on a couch with your friends Doyle and Cooper and figure out who you want to face. On the one hand, you get the man who ended James Monosso's career. The man who came out here two weeks ago and ended Clayton Shaw's career. The greatest professional wrestler to ever come out of the Combat Corner...

Or...

[Blue slaps the big man on the shoulder.]

CB: You get Cletus Lee Bishop. The Redneck Wrecking Machine. One-half of the greatest tag team in the history of this company.

It's your decision, champ...

...and then maybe I'll make my decision as well.

[The former EMWC owner smiles as he throws the mic down on the mat.]

GM: Is that a threat? Did Chris Blue just threaten the Wise Men?!

BW: Look... people have said he's cray cray for years, Gordo. And I think he's proving it right now! He had one of his men, Duane Henry Bishop, put facefirst through a damn windshield two weeks ago! He got a concussion! He got facial lacerations! And now he's calling out the guys who did it?! AND he wants to call out the World Champion as well?! He wants the Wise Men AND Royalty?!

GM: Chris Blue has been backed into a corner, Bucky. He wanted to play the middle man. He wanted to sell the talents of his group to the highest bidder. But now, he's been attacked and he's out for blood!

BW: And what do you make of him talking about the disrespect shown to him, to Preston, to the Bishops... but not William Craven? After what we saw two weeks ago, what is going on between Chris Blue and his Dragon, Gordo?

GM: There is obviously a strained relationship between those two men and has been for some time. We also saw Rick Marley address William Craven two weeks ago but we've yet to see if those strong words even made a dent in the Dragon's warped psyche. A lot of interesting things going on with Chris Blue's band of merry men but right now, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll see the Gaines family in action!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up on live action where we find "Showtime" Rick Marley standing in front of a plain black and yellow AWA backdrop. The dark haired cruiserweight now sports a neatly trimmed beard (a new look for him). His shoulder length dark hair is slicked back and pulled into a ponytail and he's ready to go in his wrestling gear as he stares into the camera with the mic clutched in his right hand.]

RM: Now this is more like it...

[The left side of Marley's mouth quirks up into a half smile as he looks into the camera, nodding his head.]

RM: All it took was leaving five of AWA's most beloved stars lying in pools of their own blood...broken, bloodied and beaten...or blind in the case of everyone's favorite deadbeat dad...

When you do things like that, it attracts all the right kinds of attention...and THAT gets you moved up in the world.

I've been the one guy that's been willing and able to tell it like it is in this company. That hasn't gotten me a lot of love...not from you people at home...not from the fans out there waiting to hang on me and Johnny's every move...and not from the guys in the front office...

They don't love me...but they listen to every damned word I have to say on the edge of their seats...because everyone knows that this thing here..?

[Marley waggles the mic in front of the camera.]

RM: To anyone else it just lets 'em talk...for me? It's a weapon. It shakes the foundations of the AWA and starts off furious conversations about what's over the line...about the validity of complaints...about how talented various of the boys in the back are...about guys getting held back...about glass ceilings...

[Marley pauses, shaking his head and chuckling before he goes on.]

RM: You see, the fact is that both me and Johnny Detson are two of THE most overlooked talents on AWA's roster. BOTH of us are former World Champions. BOTH of us deserve shots at that title that's sitting around Callisto Dufresne's waist that we'll never see if we don't take matters into our own hands...

Which is obviously why the Championship Committee put us head to head in the first round.

[An irritated look passes over Marley's face before he continues.]

RM: You don't think it was REALLY a random draw, do you? You can't believe for one second that this wasn't part of the plan...thin out the herd so that you can get Juan Vasquez or Steve Scott back into that title picture...we know that the tweens need to buy more action figures...wear more of their t shirts...

Quick, you need to clear the way for Supreme Wright! That guy hasn't had his time in the sun yet...it's only title shot ten thousand for him here in the AWA...10,001 sounds like money!

It's all very straight forward: Some people say things that get them on the outs, some people say all the right things and get given opportunity after opportunity, even if they're clearly not deserving of them.

Johnny Detson is deserving of a title shot...no strings attached...

[Marley jerks a thumb at himself.]

RM: I've been here just about since the lights came on, and I'm DAMN sure that I've MORE than earned my shot...but it's time to jump through hoops. Time for me to reach for that brass ring that's always being pulled JUST out of my reach...

And if I want that shot that's rightfully mine, I'll do it. Like a trained monkey grinding away at his organ, I'll dance to their tune...right up until I have a different option.

So get ready...tonight you're gonna see something that'll take your breath away.

Me and Johnny are gonna tear down the house.

And you can take that to the bank.

[Fade away from Marley to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, from Anderson, South Carolina... they weigh in at a combined 367 pounds... the team of Andy and Will... the Blue Brothers!

[Very mild applause as the taller of the two Blue Brothers raises a fist and the other one nods.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Bad to the Bone," by George Thorogood and the Destroyers, blares out over the arena.]

PW: Now making their way to the ring, they hail from Fairbanks, Alaska... at a combined weight of 516 pounds... Gunnar Gaines... Justin Gaines...

THE BADDEST THANGS RUNNNNNNNIIIIIIING!

[Gunnar pops out through the curtain, with his son Justin close behind. Gunnar paces angrily, with no Grizzly Grin to be found. His longtime long hair has been buzzed off, but his beard, formerly trimmed, is growing out. His trademark ivory thermal undershirt, which is cut off at the elbows, is partially covered with a black leather vest that says "Baddest Thangs Running" in silver script on the back. Black cutoff jeans, black kneepads, a black belt with silver buckle and black leather boots with black soles complete the ensemble.]

BW: Gunnar looks as unhappy as I've ever seen, and I would not want to be the Blue Brothers. Not that I would anyway.

GM: You got that right. He looks to be in a particularly foul mood tonight. He probably didn't like what Ryan Martinez had to say earlier, and why would he? Ryan called him on every lie he has told for the past year.

BW: Ryan is lucky still to be here after what Gunnar and Justin did to him at Unholy War.

[Justin tries to match the foul-tempered march of his father, but can't manage to look angry and instead comes off more pleased with himself than anything. He's got on Wrangler jeans, leather cowboy boots, a tight white T-shirt, and a "Baddest Thangs Running" vest to match his father's.]

GM: Folks, this is Justin's official debut in an actual wrestling match. That business against Larry Doyle was an exhibition and doesn't count. Your thoughts, Bucky?

BW: Well, I think, obviously, we have a very smart young man here. The respect he has for his father is not just inspiring, but personally moving.

GW: Yeah. Moving me and the thousands here in this arena tonight to throw up.

BW: Seriously, Gordo? Young Justin here is just a model citizen trying to follow his dad's example, which is more than I can say for Ryan Martinez. I have to wonder about anyone who can't take advice and instruction from a legend like Gunnar. Ryan couldn't, but Justin here can. And that's no lie.

[The Gaineses arrive at ringside, with Justin holding the ropes open for his father. Gunnar steps through, stands fully upright, raises both arms and flashes his Grizzly Grin... then darts over, grabs Will Blue, and tosses him out through the still-held-open ropes ...]

GM: OH MY!

[... where the hapless enhancement wrestler crashes into the barricade and collapses in a motionless heap.]

GM: You want to talk about cheap shots! Will Blue appears hurt!

BW: He should have been paying more attention.

[The referee admonishes Gunnar, but the 6'5" powerhouse ignores him and heads straight over toward Andy Blue as the bell rings.]

GM: This one is underway, and...

[Blue swells up with anger and pastes Gunnar with a fist to the jaw!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Andy Blue is not happy with what Gunnar Gaines just did to his brother and he let him have it with that big right hand!

BW: Wow! Are we sure that's Andy Blue in there?

[Blue winds up and nails Gaines with another!]

GM: Folks, I am still shaking my head at the change in Gunnar Gaines. I spent the past year thinking that Gunnar had rediscovered his respect for healthy competition and his heart for loyal friendship, only to learn we'd all been fooled. I'd been fooled, you'd been fooled, the fans had been fooled and most importantly, Ryan Martinez had been fooled.

[Blue continues peppering the elder Gaines with closed fists to little effect.]

BW: The only thing that fooled Ryan Martinez was his own ego. He thought he was better than Gunnar, and he acted it. Gunnar got sick of that, as anyone would, and did what he had to do. At Unholy War, he took out the trash. Only problem is, the trash, in the form of Ryan Martinez, isn't accepting its well-deserved fate and wants to come back in the house. Does your trash do that, Gordo? Mine doesn't. It stays out.

GM: But Ryan Martinez is hardly trash and I'm expecting he's going to prove it when he gets his former partner - or his son - inside that ring.

[More fists from the furious Andy Blue as the Grizzly just stands there absorbing the blows.]

BW: Hardly? He's the definition of it! He's a disrespectful little punk!

GM: For a year, Gunnar Gaines let Ryan Martinez do the work. He accepted Ryan's protection when he was injured. He took advantage of this star on the rise and milked Ryan's blood, sweat and tears for all they were worth. And then when Ryan himself got injured, Gunnar didn't return the favor and protect his partner like his partner had protected him. Instead, he showed his true colors.

[Blue stops punching, winded. Gunnar rears back, grabs a handful of hair, and lays into the pasty-skinned opponent with a vicious headbutt!]

BW: You know why Ryan didn't get protected? Because he didn't deserve to be. His injuries weren't sustained on RyGunn company time! They happened while he was off pursuing his own agenda! The Blonde Bombers were just picking the bones.

GM: And speaking of picking the bones, Andy Blue is in a bad way.

[The 5'11" enhancement talent is jelly-legged, sustaining his tenuous grasp on verticality only because Gunnar Gaines is still clutching a handful of hair, holding him up. Not for long.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines with another headbutt! Blue goes down!

[Gunnar drags the semi-conscious Blue over to the corner where Justin awaits. Gunnar points at the turnbuckle. Justin raises his boot to the turnbuckle, and Gunnar slams Andy's head into it! Gunnar and Justin then slap hands.]

GM: The tag is made and here comes Justin!

[Justin enters, drapes one of Andy's arms over a shoulder and walks him to center ring, as if for a side suplex. But instead of executing a move, he just stands there holding Blue up. Gunnar, meanwhile, bounces off the ropes, takes three measured steps, drops to one knee, and nails an uppercut to the private area of one Andy Blue! The referee calls for the bell.]

BW: Alaskan uppercut! My favorite move!

[DING! DING! DING!]

GM: Folks, referee Ricky Longfellow has thrown this one out!

BW: What do you mean! That was all within the five-second rule! Totally legal!

GM: Yeah, but Gunnar hit the opponent low... and in full view of the referee. Gunnar Gaines, it would seem, just doesn't care!

[Andy Blue, doubled over in pain, collapses to the canvas.]

BW: That's one way to end it quick. On the over/under line, I had the "under," and I was 100 percent correct. I wouldn't have bet on Blue having testicles, but you do live and learn.

[Gunnar looks at Justin, then points to the fallen Andy Blue. Will Blue is still crumpled on the outside of the ring, unable to assist.]

GM: Oh my! It may be over, a DQ win for the Blues, but I don't think Gunnar and Justin Gaines are finished with this one!

[Gunnar stands, facing Justin, and extends his arms outward, making a "T" figure. Justin nods. Then Gunnar reaches down...]

GM: Gunnar Gaines, picking up Andy Bell by the neck, and... GRIZZLY SLAM!

[The no-release chokeslam leaves Blue flat on his back, center ring. The bell rings several more times.]

GM: This is completely unnecessary! This match is over! Gunnar and Justin got themselves disqualified! We need some help out here!

[Gunnar stands, then drags Blue over to the feet of his son, Justin, who is making the "T" figure as instructed by Gunnar earlier.]

GG: [audible without a mic] Ryan Martinez... this is gonna be you again!

[Justin reaches down ...]

GM: Justin Gaines is hooking Andy Blue up in a standing headscissors, and I think I know what is coming next.

BW: That's right, daddy! The Justifier!

[Justin hooks Blue around the waist and hoists him up over the shoulders and head, where he comes to rest on Justin's back, with Justin's arms under Blue's armpits. Justin extends his arms all the way up, as if for an over-the-shoulder power bomb... but lets Blue slide down back-to-back. As he falls, Justin grabs his head and executes a reverse, hangman's style neckbreaker, all the way down to the canvas!]

BW: HE NAILS IT! The Justifier! That move, Gordo, is going to end a lot of matches.

GM: It's an impressive maneuver, but getting it on an Andy Blue, all due respect, is one thing. Getting it on a seasoned competitor is quite another!

BW: Quite another, my foot! He got it on Ryan Martinez four weeks ago at Unholy War!

[Gunnar and Justin Gaines proceed to mercilessly stomp the crumpled Andy Blue, who is bleeding from the mouth as well as the scalp. A gaggle of officials approaches the ring.]

GM: Gunnar and Justin continue their assault, but now they are thinking better of it.

[The two of them see the referees, stop stomping, then look at each other. Gunnar cocks his head towards the aisle, opposite the way they entered. Justin nods. They both drop and roll out of adjacent sides of the ring, proceeding in the direction that Gunnar pointed.]

GM: Folks, you heard in my voice how disgusted I've been with the antics of late of Gunnar and Justin Gaines. I really have. And nothing that happened tonight has changed my mind.

[Gunnar starts acting "scared" of the refs, even though he and Justin are well clear of them and they are only checking on both of the injured Blues. Justin laughs.]

GM: I mean, seriously. Mocking the officials now?

[Gunnar turns, then appears to slip in the aisle and fall down.]

BW: Oh no!

GM: What? Gunnar fell down. Big deal. He deserves far worse!

BW: No, Gordo! I think he injured his knee!

GM: Please.

BW: I'm serious! Gunnar Gaines has injured that same knee that required the protection of a knee brace for all those months! This could be career ending!

[Gaines is down. His son frantically motions for help.]

BW: Thank goodness for the advances in medical equipment. They kept Gunnar's career going for much of this year. Maybe they can help him again.

GM: Please. Gunnar wore that long knee brace after he needed it, IF he ever needed it, because it was a good offensive weapon. That knee brace took on a life of its own. It practically needed its own Twitter account.

BW: Needed? That brace HAD its own Twitter account! @GunnarsKneeBrace! Look it up!

GM: I don't think I'll bother. But I'm sure you hung on every word.

BW: Don't patronize me, Gordo. Don't patronize me. The thing was, that brace kept Gunnar in the game, but it didn't fix his knee. I'll tell you what did, though.

GM: I'll bite. What?

BW: Ryan's head!

GM: Please.

BW: I'm serious! By striking Ryan's head repeatedly with that knee at Unholy War, Gunnar's knee ligaments were lodged back into place and fused back together. That's why Gunnar didn't need the brace anymore! It was a bona fide miracle! At least that's my theory.

GM: That's your medical theory? Give me a break!

BW: And now he's hurt again. He'll have to go back to that brace.

GM: I'm sure he will. In fact, I'm sure that's what this is about.

[The medics not attending the Blue brothers are busy attending to Gunnar's knee as a frantic Justin looks on, shouting instructions at them. Gunnar, meanwhile, points to the various places that it hurts.]

GM: Folks, Gunnar Gaines is faking this injury as sure as water is wet and cactuses are dry. I would stake my reputation on it. Ryan Martinez has to be shaking his head right now. Nevertheless, it's a DQ win for the Blue

Brothers, who I'm sure, don't much look or feel like winners, but they'll take it.

BW: Winner's share of the purse. Tonight they can splurge and eat at Wendy's instead of McDonald's.

GM: Jason, I'm sick of the sight of all this. Take it away.

[Crossfade to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. We've got two major pieces of information we want to share with the fans right now and the first is, of course, the physical condition about three of the AWA's finest competitors - all who took a serious pounding two weeks ago at Homecoming.

First, let's talk about Terry Shane III and Hannibal Carver.

Both men had to be taken to a local medical facility as a result of the injuries suffered in their Best of Three Series that we saw two weeks ago. Carver has been diagnosed with a Grade II sprain - a minor tear of the ACL. The AWA's doctors believe that with some rest and rehab, Mr. Carver should be ready to compete by the end of October.

[Dane pauses.]

JD: Which brings us to Terry Shane III. Mr. Shane suffered a concussion at some point during the match and, to date, has been unable to clear Dr. Ponavitch's tests to return to the ring. This failure was the reason that the Championship Committee elected to hold him out of the Chase For The Clash. Mr. Shane's return date is unknown but as soon as he is able to pass his concussion tests, he will return to the ring.

[One more pause.]

JD: And lastly, there is James Lynch who was the victim of a devastating spike piledriver at the hands of the Beale Street Bullies. Dr. Ponavitch has been unable to give us the exact diagnosis of the severe neck injury suffered by James due to ongoing testing. But we can certainly inform you that James Lynch's time in the wrestling ring is over for the time being. We have been advised that fans should expect that his absence from the ring will be indefinite... and could, in fact, be permanent.

[Dane takes on a very solemn look.]

JD: The news is hard to hear for all of us here at the AWA and we wish James Lynch the best of luck in his recovery from this very serious injury. We know his family and fans had feared the worst after the spike piledriver - something you will see in some exclusive footage we've obtained for airing later tonight - but we're told that after a scary few days, he is NOT paralyzed. However, at the moment, that's the only good news we have on that subject. Gordon... Bucky... back to you...

[We crossfade back down to ringside where Gordon Myers looks depressed.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. Some sad news there for fans of Hannibal Carver... and of course, the people of Texas who love James Lynch so much. It was a scary atmosphere as we went off the air two weeks ago at Homecoming, Bucky.

BW: I ain't the biggest fan of the Lynches but... well, that might've been crossing a line, Gordo.

GM: Might have been? The Bullies should've been suspended for that! Banned for life perhaps!

BW: I hear that O'Connor's office has an official statement on that. We're gonna read it later when we show the footage that Dane was talking about.

GM: Have you seen this footage?

BW: Not yet.

GM: The Beale Street Bullies and the Lynches... that's not over, Bucky. That war is just getting started and you'll see why later tonight. But right now, let's go up to the ring for tag team action!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The scene cuts to the ring, where Phil Watson is ready to give another introduction. Near him are two men. One is a Caucasian man with short black hair in a somewhat messy style. The other is a black man with long black dreadlocks and a solid upper body. They both wear grey trunks, black boots, and white kneepads.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring. From Myrtle Beach, South Carolina and Tampa, Florida respectively... at a total combined weight of five hundred seven pounds... ALEX WORTHEY AND JP DRIVER!

[Worthey and Driver raise their arms for the crowd, which gives them a brief cheer before "Ride" by Joe Satriani starts up over the PA. This elicits immediate boos.]

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

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

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[As Watson gives the introduction, two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown

leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

BW: And speakin' of overlooked teams in the tag team division...

GM: Is that what we were speaking of?

BW: It is now.

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown hair color. Pete is the bulkier of the two; he's barrel-chested, with thick muscles up top and a bit of a beer gut down below. His hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim is taller, and is quite lanky. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Both men waste no time in attacking, as Pete nails Driver with a knee to the spine while Sam hauls off across Worthey's mouth with a brutal forearm.]

GM: Before the bell! Cheap shot!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Maybe Davis Warren shoulda rang that bell when the Riders got there! Maybe the ref was late, instead of the Riders bein' early. Maybe instead of always blamin' the Riders because they're aggressive, we could blame the ref who knows they're aggressive but don't do nothin' about it.

GM: That's backwards logic, Bucky! The referee is the one who determines the order of business, not the wrestlers!

BW: THAT'S backwards logic, Gordo. Ain't nobody ever paid down money to see a referee.

GM: In the meantime, the Longhorn Riders are brutalizing Worthey and Driver! Pete Colt with harsh body slams on both opponents, and Jim Colt laying in the strikes. Repeated punches and knees to the kidneys of Worthey, look at this!

[Alex Worthey is leaning on the second rope, trying to recover. But Jim keeps punching and kneeing him in the kidneys. Meanwhile, Pete Colt has JP Driver up in a double-handed lifting chokehold.]

BW: Well, again, Davis Warren lacks the presence needed to control these guys.

GM: Then just disqualify them!

BW: He also lacks the medical insurance needed to disqualify these guys.

GM: With all due respect, there isn't a referee in the world that the Longhorn Riders will show any respect to. Jim Colt finally exits the ring, and Pete Colt flings JP Driver across the ring like a two-hundred-fifty pound lawn dart!

BW: Pete's six-three, two-ninety-one. Basically a three hundred pound tank. He benchpresses six hundred pounds, daddy, and that's old-school free weights, not a Universal machine.

GM: I understand he is quite a powerlifter as well as being a wrestler. Certainly one of the very strongest men in wrestling, probably in the neighborhood of Hercules Hammonds or Cletus Lee Bishop.

[Pete drops a meaty elbow on Driver, and keeps the elbow on him in a choke. He breaks after a four count, and then does it again. He then pummels poor Driver and gives him a matburn. All this goes on as the commentators are speaking.]

BW: All those guys anchor a tag team as the powerhouse. That's a classic tag team setup, and it works great. In fact, Shock And Awe, who we haven't seen here on Saturday Night Wrestling in a while but have been doing quite well at the live arena events, they have TWO powerhouses on their team. You'll find a lot of the strongest men in the sport involved in tag teams.

GM: And Pete Colt right now unmercifully beating up JP Driver. Picking him up and whipping him to the turnbuckle in his corner. There's the tag to Jim Colt.

BW: Jim's a skinny guy, but he's a powerhouse too in his own way.

GM: That leg strength. It's why so much of his offense involves kicking, and why no one has gotten up from Boot Hill to date. Double-team by the Colts there with the double back elbow. But Driver with the recoil from the double elbow back to his corner, and makes the tag to Alex Worthey.

BW: Plus... there's something about Jim I can't put my finger on. A lot of guys in the sport are mean. A lot of them are ruthless. But Jim... there's something about him that screams out "evil". I think he's plain evil.

GM: I understand. Jim Colt with a collar-and-elbow tieup, and the classically-trained Worthey maneuvers this into an overhand wristlock. Alex Worthey has been trained in Belgium in the European style.

BW: How fitting... cause he just got waffled!

GM: Violent kneelift under the chin by Jim Colt! Rake of the eyes, and then Jim sending Worthey face first into the turnbuckle. Now some roughhousing as the slender Colt brother resorts to brawling. Precise punching, and Alex Worthey is dazed.

BW: You realize that these guys have never lost a match on television?

GM: They did lose in the Stampede Cup Gauntlet early this year, and we saw highlights of a qualifier match where they were defeated by The Rave, but aside from that, their record on television is indeed spotless. Tag made, and Jim Colt whipping Alex Worthey off the far ropes...

[As Worthey rebounds off the ropes, Jim hiptosses him into Pete, who catches him upside down in the air. "Slim" Jim then proceeds to run off the far ropes, and hammer a big kick into the jaw of the helpless Worthey, who has nowhere to run with Pete holding him. Pete then drops forward, driving Worthey chestfirst to the mat with a crushing slam!]

BW: OW!

GM: A brutal maneuver! Embellished doubleteam by the Longhorn Riders, who have the match well in hand at this point. Pete Colt lifts Alex Worthey... big bear hug! Using that raw power to crush his man.

BW: And with power like this, a simple move like that is a legitimate submission threat.

GM: It certainly is. Pete Colt with Alex Worthey up off the canvas there. Look at Driver!

[The fans encourage JP Driver as he climbs to the top rope, and jumps off with a flying knee clip to topple Pete backwards, with Worthey landing on top!]

GM: Driver with the save! Worthey on top in a vertical press... Warren makes a count but only gets a one!

BW: Why was that idiot making a count on that?! Driver didn't tag, he just clipped the guy off the top! That's far worse than just running it in and breakin' it up!

GM: Borderline disqualification, actually. But the way the Longhorn Riders abuse and ignore officials, one would expect that they'd draw...

BW: Don't start with justifyin' referee bias, Gordo!

GM: Tag made, and Worthey and Driver moving in unison! Double dropkick staggering Pete Colt!

BW: Didn't get him down, though!

GM: JP Driver barreling off the ropes with great speed, and a flying forearm connects! Very high impact! Hit and run tactics are Driver's forte because he has great reflexes.

BW: But not enough to drop Pete.

GM: Driver jumping on the second rope, back...

[*THOOM*]

GM: ...MY WORD!

[The fans cheer Driver as he leapt on the second rope facing outwards for a 180 flying bodypress, but when he hit Pete, the big bruiser swung him down, feet first, into a punishing reverse power slam! The impact awes the crowd into an 'oooooh'.]

BW: And the word is: "boom".

GM: JP Driver had it all taken out of him there! Tag made, and it looks like the Riders are going to put an end to it! Driver up on Pete Colt's shoulders...

[The fans know what is coming and they stand. Pete sits JP Driver on his shoulders after tagging, and Jim goes to the top rope. Alex Worthey sees this and runs in behind Pete, trying to take him down... but he cannot move the big man, and Jim Colt flies in with a hard hitting flying clothesline that flips Driver all the way over onto his face, right over Worthey's head!]

GM: _COLT REVOLVER_! That will be all!

BW: No, now they're gonna beat Alex Worthey into jelly for trying to break it up.

GM: Both Colts are hammering Worthey! Jim Colt off the ropes...

[*CRAACK*]

GM: AND HAMMERS HIM WITH _BOOT HILL_! Worthey is out of it, but they aren't done! Pete Colt is picking up Alex Worthey! What happened to the five count?!

BW: Remember, Alex Worthey entered the ring before Jim Colt did.

GM: That doesn't matter! The Riders have Worthey up... ANOTHER _COLT REVOLVER_!

[This time, the elevated flying clothesline flips Worthey over to land on his own tag team partner, and the fans are both booing and ahhhhhing the spectacular move.]

BW: Ha ha! Worthey just moonsaulted his own partner, while unconscious.

GM: And Jim Colt sitting on top, like he's in a recliner. How demeaning!

BW: There's your three count.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Once again, the Longhorn Riders show no regard for their opponents or the rules of tag team wrestling.

BW: And once again, they win. See how that works?

PW: The winners of this contest... THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

GM: Fans, let's go back and take another look at how this all went down.

[We go to the instant replay as "Ride" is again playing over the PA. We see Pete Colt lifting JP Driver, backing up into position, and Alex Worthey run in to try and break it up. He is going for a waistlock takedown, or possibly a belly-to-back suplex, but Pete adopts a wide stance and blocks it long enough for Jim to come soaring in with the flying clothesline, taking Driver straight back and flipping him to the canvas. Driver hits the mat and flops over onto his back with the momentum.]

BW: Here's Exhibit A, fans. Look how Worthey can't move Pete Colt. Pete's not a dummy; with Driver on his shoulders, that's five hundred pounds, so he takes a wide base. Spreads his feet out to lower that center of gravity. Most guys would be so off-balance with someone on their shoulders that it would be easier for Worthey to drop them, but Pete's too strong. So strong that Driver's extra weight helps him instead of hurts him there. And when Jim comes in with all that leg strength behind the jump, it's like takin' a bullet. And fallin' off a cliff.

[The next replay is the second Colt Revolver, with Worthey landing on Driver.]

BW: And then Worthey gets the same. Because you don't tick these guys off. They're mean and nasty. Look how they line it up so Worthey moonsaults his own partner! That's spite. I like it!

GM: Let's go up to the interview position, where Jason Dane is standing by with a SuperClash update!

[The music dies down as the camera zooms in on Jason Dane. He has a placard with the SuperClash logo, one with the brackets for the Chase For The Clash tournament, and one with the current rankings.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. We're less than two months away from the biggest event of the year in the AWA, SuperClash V. We know the location, and we know the Main Event. The AWA World Heavyweight Champion, currently Calisto Dufresne, will defend against the winner of the Chase To The Clash tournament. We also know that the AWA World Tag Team Champions, currently the Blonde Bombers, will defend their titles against Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds.

But as we take a look at the rankings...

[The camera gets a good look at the rankings:

RANKINGS (updated after 9/2/13 show)

World Champion: Calisto Dufresne

World Television Champion: Dave Bryant

1. Supreme Wright
2. MAMMOTH Maximus
3. Terry Shane III
4. Skywalker Jones
5. "Showtime" Rick Marley
6. Johnny Detson
7. Juan Vasquez
8. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott
9. Supernova
10. Hannibal Carver

World Television Champion: Dave Bryant

1. Alphonse Green
2. Shadoo Rage
3. Tully Brawn
4. Dave Cooper
5. Porter Crowley

World Tag Team Champions: The Blonde Bombers

1. Skywalker Jones & Hercules Hammonds
2. Adam Rogers & Robert Donovan
3. The Rave
4. BCIQ
5. Aaron Anderson & Lenny Strong
6. The Bishop Boys
7. The Longhorn Riders
8. Eric Preston & William Craven
9. Juan Vasquez & Stevie Scott
10. The Young Bloods]

JD: We see that the talent pool is very deep, and there are... HEY!

[The SuperClash placard goes flying like it was shot out of a cannon as the Longhorn Riders enter the scene. Both Colts have violently angry expressions on their faces. Jim Colt grabs the Chase For The Clash Placard and hurls it away as Pete Colt grabs Dane's arm to bring the mic towards him. He bellows in an unbelievably belligerent voice as the crowd boos.]

PC: THEM RANKINGS DON'T MEAN SQUAT, BOY! AND RIGHT HERE, WE'RE LIVIN' PROOF!

JD: This isn't your interview time!

[In contrast to his partner, Jim Colt's voice is very level. Very low. And with an undeniable edge to it, as if everything he says contains a dead-serious threat.]

JC: I reckon it is. Seein' how we're here. And we're talkin'. And nobody within sight can stop us. Yer welcome to try, though. Been a while since I crippled a man.

JD: I... you...

PC: We ain't got no interview time, so we're makin' it! Like we always have to do! But that's no hair from our hide, since we just take what we want anyhow! You look at these rankings, boy! You look real good! Where's the Longhorn Riders at?!

JD: You're number seven.

PC: NUMBER SEVEN! There ain't ONE team in the AWA that can beat us, let alone six! Number seven! Seven! You look at them teams ahead of us, and tell me with a straight face that any one of them can beat us! Tell me!

JD: And then what? You'll beat me up?

JC: Yup.

JD: I'm... not interested in getting beat up.

JC: Good. Then you stay quiet and listen to me.

The Longhorn Riders have been here for almost two years now. Two years. We came here and beat some supposed contending team on our first AWA Saturday Night. Colt Revolver, pin, done. And every match we've ever had on TV ended the same way.

PC: That's because all we ever get to fight are these unranked nobodies!

JC: Now, we respect some of these other teams. We respect the Bishops. That's why we want to fight them. We respect the Bullies. That why we want to fight them. But I see some teams on here that ain't got no call bein' within sight of the Longhorn Riders. But it gets even worse than that.

PC: Show 'em, Jim! Show 'em what we found at AWA Headquarters!

[Jim Colt motions to a stagehand, who hands him a small burlap sack.]

JC: We went in to talk to O'Connor about a little fine that we worked up over a match we had in Amarillo three weeks ago. Seems the old man didn't like us roughin' his grandson up, so we got fined.

JD: Actually, you got disqualified for throwing the referee over the top rope in a non-televvised match against the Young Bloods.

JC: Well. I suppose we did. But that's my point. It seems that we got some new tag teams around here and it seems that they're gettin' some breaks we never got.

PC: We walked outta O'Connor's office, and we saw them scrawny pencilneck suits talkin' about marketing! And look what they had!

[Jim has produced some action figures from the sack. The figures are those of Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz: Air Strike.]

PC: They were talkin' about "future stars" and who they were gonna spend money to promote! And look at this! They didn't never make no Longhorn Riders action figgers! But these punks come right in, and they're already talkin' about givin' 'em big matches and makin' big money!

JD: You DO know that without business people figuring out how to make money, you guys don't get paid, right?

JC: He thinks we're stupid, Pete.

[Suddenly, Pete's grip goes from Dane's forearm to his tie. Dane's eyes bulge as he tries to wriggle free. Jim turns to face the rabidly booing crowd. His expression as become a very unsettling smile.]

JC: Do you hear that, people? A man in a suit thinks that the Longhorn Riders are stupid.

PC: You know what we think about that, boy?!

JD: ...don't.

PC: We think that it's time we did somethin' drastic to MAKE you people realize who the heck we are!

JD: ...no!

JC: If we really was stupid, we'd give you what you deserve. But that'd get us fired. No, we got a better idea than that.

[Pete lets go of Dane's tie, and the announcer takes a big step back.]

JC: Men in suits think we're stupid. That's OK. You think what you want about us, but we know all about you and what makes you tick. We know what you want. And we're going to give it you until you choke on it.

[With those words, the Longhorn Riders walk away. Pete Colt punches a hole in the rankings placard as the duo walks off stage, and Dane glares after them.]

JD: What was THAT supposed to mean? Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

GM: I am beyond tired of abuse of non-wrestlers.

BW: One, you love it when the non-wrestler is somebody you don't like, like Percy, Sandra, or Matsui. Two, all he did was grab his tie. Dane choked HIMSELF by pulling away, Pete literally did nothing to him. Three, the Longhorn Riders are right to be mad! They've never gotten a title shot or a big TV match! They ran the Antons out of the territory, they've won big

matches in arena events, but yet we never do spotlight them like we do these other teams.

GM: They have an impressive record, yes, but they have vile behavior issues as we just saw.

BW: Like the model citizens such as the Bishops or SkyHerc?

GM: Perhaps a manager would help them, but regardless, the Longhorn Riders are promising to do something drastic. I don't know what that might be, but it worries me... considering that destroying people after the match is their normal, I don't want to know what they consider drastic. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we'll see Demetrius Lake in action so don't you dare go away!

[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 on a shot of "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson standing alongside Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and as you can see, I've been joined by Ben Waterson who caused quite the stir with his words two weeks ago at Homecoming.

[Waterson cracks a grin.]

ATTSBW: Is that what I did? I caused a stir? Well, good. Because for almost a year, I've felt that I was center stage during a concert for the deaf for the amount of people who were hearing what I was saying. For almost a year, I've warned the entire AWA that Royalty was not a force to be trifled with. They're NOT a force to let run roughshod until someone finally gets around to dealing with them.

I wanted the superstars of this company to hear me... Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, the Unholy Alliance, Supernova...

[Waterson shrugs.]

ATTSBW: They were too busy. But lo and behold, I see a light at the end of the tunnel. I see Skywalker Jones... I see Hercules Hammonds... I see Supreme Wright... and I see MAMMOTH Maximus, standing in unison against the forces of Royalty.

[A nod.]

ATTSBW: It's a start.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: A start? Seriously? Those are some major weapons being pointed in the direction of Royalty.

[Waterson waves a hand at Stegglet.]

ATTSBW: Don't get me wrong. I respect the skills and the abilities of all four of those men... but I also recognize that what they're facing may be too much for them. I don't know if they understand what they're getting themselves into. I'm not sure if they're... ready.

[Waterson strokes his chin.]

ATTSBW: When I look at this picture, Stegglet, I see only one solution.

The Wise Men.

[Stegglet winces.]

ATTSBW: Oh, stop it. It's not Lord Voldemort. You can say their name. The Wise Men are the force that can put down Royalty, Stegglet. They're the ones who can rise up and show them the door.

But they're not... they... they won't, I guess.

[Waterson looks flustered.]

MS: I don't understand. If you're one of the Wise Men...

[Waterson glares at Stegglet.]

MS: Which you admit that you are, correct?

[Waterson gives a short nod.]

MS: Then how can you not get the other two to listen to you?

[Waterson shrugs.]

ATTSBW: I've tried, Mark... I really have. I've left voicemails, I've sent e-mails... I've talked to common allies. I've done everything except...

[Stegglet waits.]

MS: Except?

ATTSBW: If you'll excuse me.

[Waterson abruptly storms out of view, leaving a puzzled Mark Stegglet standing alone as we slowly fade to the elevated interview platform inside the Crockett Coliseum where the terrible trio of "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes, "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake, and Radiant Raven all stand by with Jason Dane.

Percy, a bald man with a dark goatee and mustache, is wearing a grey sweater vest with burgundy and navy diagonal striping, a white dress shirt underneath, and navy slacks. The short, slightly pudgy manager is in much better shape than he has been since joining the AWA, but is still about twenty-five pounds overweight.

Raven, as always, strikes an exotic figure with her long dark hair, colorful makeup, and pale complexion. She wears a blue spangled dress in a fashionable style, with puffed sleeves extending to the elbow and the dress itself billowing out at the hip. At six feet tall, she towers over Childes, but is towered over by the six-foot-nine Black Tiger.

Lake is wearing a white ring jacket, navy blue fedora, and midnight blue trunks, boots, and kneepads. His wrists are taped, and his left thumb is heavily taped. Sporting a large afro and a thick cone-shaped pointed beard, Lake has a sour-puss look on his face. The fans are already booing him quite loudly.]

JD: Alright, fans, two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling, we saw the successful AWA debut of this man, the Black Tiger, Demetrius Lake. Mr. Lake, I couldn't help but notice the tactics you used against an allegedly overmatched opponent. It seemed like the actions of a desperate man.

DL: Mister TV Announcer, you be real careful what you say to the King of Wrestling. The only one desperate last week was that bum's old lady; she was desperate for me to finish the man so she could collect on the insurance. Be real careful, Mr. TV Announcer. You don't want to use fighting words with the King. A man can only say what he can back up! I can assure you that you are not man enough to back up the words "Hello" and "Goodbye", let alone saying anything about the Black Tiger, Demetrius Lake.

RR: I've heard stories about how much of a man you aren't, Jason Dane. It's always good for a laugh.

[Raven says this in a completely disinterested deadpan which totally demoralizes poor Jason.]

DL: Now I turned on the replay of Homecoming, to watch the Main Event of the show one more time. And I have to say that I looked good winning that Main Event. There were other matches, too. I saw one of the Lunch Brothers get his skinny neck broke, and it was a shame. It was a travesty. It was terrible. I can't believe the security butted in before they could break his legs, too!

[BOOOOOO!]

DL: I saw that fat hobo, Hannibal Carvel, steal a match from a great third generation athlete from the land of champions, Missouri. I can assure you that would not have happened in Saint Louis, Mister TV Announcer. These Mexas referees are so blind, they probably all married Mexas women. No man with his eyesight intact would ever do such a thing. I also saw Clayton Shaw finally get put down like the mangy dog he always was. I saw a lot of things two weeks ago, but you know what I saw the most of?

JD: I'm sure you'll tell us.

DL: Promises.

Everybody comes out here with promises. Juan Valdez promises he's gonna do this, that, and the other. Shadold Rage promises he's gonna do this, that, and the other. GLUTEUS Maximus promises he's gonna do this, that, and the other. Dave Cryant promises he's gonna do this, that, and the other. Promises, promises, promises, promises.

Earlier this week, the man who trained me, Hamilton Graham, he comes to me and tells me somethin'. He tells me that because some non-athlete, who can only aspire to be half the man his mother was, run his mouth about wrestling that we all got somethin' to prove. He told me to promise him I would break a man's back this week.

[The blithe way Demetrius talks about breaking someone's back takes Dane aback.]

JD: That does sound like him.

DL: I told Hamilton Graham that I am not like all these bums. Runnin' around talkin'. I don't make promises. I don't need to make promises. Do you know, Mister TV Announcer, what kind of man it is that does not need to make promises?

The man that just DOES what he wants. The man that's not accountable.

The King.

[That's all he has to say, and so Demetrius marches down the aisle, with Percy Childes and Radiant Raven following behind. "Mack The Knife" by

Louis Armstrong starts up over the PA, and the camera cuts up to the ring where Phil Watson stands next to a light brown skinned young man with long thin brown dreads, long kelly-green tights with a white line extending to mid-thigh in a half-arrow design. He has white boots and white wristbands.]

GM: Demetrius Lake with quite a statement there. Though he did conveniently leave out that he also made promises about this, that, and the other two weeks ago.

BW: That's just how you choose to read into things, Gordo.

GM: As Demetrius Lake makes his way down the aisle, let's get the introduction.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring. From Hoboken, New Jersey... weighing two-hundred twenty-eight pounds... ANTOINE JENORA!

[Jenora jumps a bit and raises his hands in the air. The crowd cheers him, because they already know and despise his opponent.]

PW: His opponent, making his way down the aisle...

[Phil shoots a look over at Lake, who hasn't even made it halfway to the ring yet as he is jawing with the fans. He has descended from the elevated ramp to the floor to personally chastise some of the fans who are shouting horrible things at him. He's right up in their face, intimidating them. He then grabs some teenage girl's Supernova poster and tears it up.]

GM: That was uncalled for!

BW: Yes, it was! She should have brought an Unholy Alliance poster!

PW: Introducing first, the manager... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. He represents... accompanied to the ring by Radiant Raven... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing three hundred eighteen pounds... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[BOOOOOO! By now, Percy is in the corner outside the ring, and Raven is waiting patiently at the ring ropes. Lake continues to take his sweet time, interacting with the fans in his usual unpleasant manner. Someone tries to throw a beer in his face, and Lake slaps it out of his hand, drenching the next three rows. Those fans blame the idiot who tried to douse Lake, and the Black Tiger walks away snickering as a fight breaks out.]

BW: His reflexes are way too good to be taken by an idiot drunk. Who is lucky he didn't hit Lake with that beer, or the next thing going into his gullet would be his own blood.

GM: Fans, please do not accost the wrestlers when you come see the AWA live. Demetrius Lake, as you can see, is a rabble-rouser and a troublemaker. He craves confrontation, and especially with weaker people he can bully around.

[Lake finally gets to the end of the aisle, climbing the steps to get back on the ramp. Raven holds the ropes open for him, and he steps through before returning the favor for her. The crowd loudly boos the duo. Lake walks around the ring, yelling at the fans, while Raven impassively stares at Jenora. The rookie seems to be checking out the view.]

BW: Look at this dumb kid, hitting on Raven! She's taller than he is!

GM: Oh, no. She senses it. This young man is in serious danger!

[Seeing that Antoine Jenora has taken interest in her, Raven walks forward, hips swaying, her eyes gazing into his. She begins to smile. Jenora nods his head and moves forward.]

BW: What an idiot.

[*CRAAACK*]

[The fans boo as Jenora is wide open for Lake to wind up and blast him with a running big boot to the side of the head! Raven's smile slowly dissolves into a sneer as she looks down on the fallen rookie. Referee Marty Meekly chastises Lake for the pre-bell attack... which leaves Raven free to step right on Antoine's... cup. We hope.]

BW: OW! OWOWOWOW!

GM: SHE'S WEARING HIGH HEELS! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

BW: Kids, life lesson: do not take a swing at someone above your weight class.

GM: Are you saying that Raven weighs...

[Bucky gets rather shrill as he realizes his potentially fatal mistake.]

BW: NO! NO! THAT'SNOTWHATIMEANT! THAT'SNOTWHATIMEANT!

[In the meantime, Raven is now exiting the ring and Lake is all over his fallen foe. He flips Antoine over, and the young man is in the fetal position holding his groin after Raven's... not exactly PG attack. Demetrius drives the knee into the lower back. His feet do not leave the ground... he just kneels into him with great speed and force. Then stands and does it again. Then again. Then again.]

GM: After the vicious, unfair assault, Demetrius Lake is dominating his opponent. In much the same way that Raven may be dealing with Bucky Wilde when she hears this commentary.

BW: IMEANTITASACOMPLIMENT! I... wait, "dominating"? That doesn't sound so bad.

GM: Oh, brother. We're stopping this right now while we're still PG. Demetrius Lake picking up Antoine Jenora, and whips him into the turnbuckles with authority! A hard impact to the back, and Lake moving in... blatant chokehold!

BW: At least this time it IS blatant. Half the time you use that word, Gordo, I'm convinced you don't know what it means.

GM: There's a lot of words YOU use that I'm quite certain you don't know the meaning of. Meekly backing up Lake... giving him a warning. The Black Tiger moving back in, and a kick to the ribs. Picking up Antoine Jenora, and driving him down with an inverted atomic drop!

BW: After what Raven did to him, that's got to feel like being in He... wait, he's from New Jersey, he's used to it.

GM: Lake driving a knee to the lower back. Look at this!

[With his three hundred plus pounds anchored squarely on Jenora's back in the form of a single knee, Lake reaches up and grabs the arms of his opponent. He pulls back in a modified surfboard. Intense pain shoots across Jenora's face as the referee asks him if he submits.]

BW: Wow, that'll do some serious damage to the back, daddy. Won't be kind to the shoulders, either.

GM: Lake showing some skill, and if he's going to refer to himself as the "King of Wrestling", he'd better. What is the story with that label, Bucky?

BW: He won a tournament in Saint Louis last year where the prize was a crown. Ever since, he's called himself the King. I know he was hoping to get into the Chase The Clash tournament, seeing how successful he's been in them so far!

GM: The last guy that called himself a King around here founded Royalty, and we're all still having to deal with that. So I'm more than a little leery when someone starts speaking of themselves in those kind of terms.

[In the ring, we can hear Lake yelling "SHUT UP." at the fans who are booing him, prompting more booing. Finally, he gets up and releases the hold in order to yell at them some more.]

BW: If you don't have pride in yourself, you don't belong in this sport.

GM: Perhaps, but... not again! Look at Demetrius Lake!

[As Meekly bends down to check on Antoine Jenora, the Black Tiger reaches down into his trunks.]

BW: He's really gotta do something about those itchy trunks.

GM: He's got another foreign object! What on Earth is the purpose of this?! He was dominating the match! There is no excuse for behavior like this, none!

BW: Like I said last time: he don't do it because he needs to, he does it because he wants to. And if Jenora don't wanna get hit, he should do somethin' about it.

[The camera gets a look at Lake's right fist, which has the knuckle of the index finger jutting out along with some kind of object. Antoin Jenora gets up to his hands and knees, at which time Lake hooks him by the back of his trunks, pulls him up, and lays into him with a brutal punch to the lower spine, burying the fist into him with his weight coming down behind it. The New Jersey native emits a pained yelp and falls to his knees. Lake keeps the bulk of his body between his right hand and the referee, and we can see that his mean look has mutated into a smug smirk.]

GM: The blow right to the lower lumbar region. That was not a kidney punch, fans, that impacted the spine.

BW: And remember what Lake said? Hamilton Graham wanted him to break a guy's back to send a message to you-know-who.

GM: Highly unlikely that Demetrius Lake is using that as anything other than an excuse. He wants to send a message to the people IN the AWA, not to Joshua Dusscher. AGAIN! COME ON, REFEREE!

[A second big, methodical blow to the spine has Jenora writhing in pain. The crowd has gotten Meekly's attention, and he demands to check Lake for a weapon... so Lake nods and holds out his left hand with the taped thumb.]

GM: IT'S NOT HIS THUMB THIS TIME!

BW: Ha ha ha ha! Everyone sweats that thumb so much; naturally Meekly assumed that's what the crowd was talking about!

GM: He's not even hitting him with that hand! Come on, Marty!

[After checking the taped thumb, Meekly demands to see Demetrius' other hand... but whatever was in it has already been stuck back in his trunks while Meekly was checking the thumb. Finding nothing, Meekly orders the match to continue. The audience is irate, and loudly letting this be known.]

BW: You're not gonna catch the Black Tiger that easily. He's too smart.

GM: Lake lifting up Antoine Jenora in the slam position. Walking around the ring with him. What is he going to do?

[He's going to deposit Jenora on the top turnbuckle, stomach-first, and hammer away at his back with hard forearms. Antoine is hung out to dry, with his chest laying on the rope on one side and his thighs laying on the ropes on the other side. Four swift, loud forearms hit the lower back, before Lake leaps high into the air with the fifth. His dreadlocked opponent shouts on the last hit, in immense pain.]

BW: This is that intelligence at work. You can see that Jenora here is a good athlete; he's probably quick. And as quick as the Tiger is, he takes no chances. He's cornering him, smothering him, and keeping the pressure up all the way.

GM: This young man's downfall was falling for Raven's distraction. Lake has been ruthless ever since. What is he doing now?

[The Kansas City star gathers Jenora off the ropes, back into slam position. He backs up into the turnbuckle with him, raises a single arm, and then steps out of the corner, driving his man into the knee.]

BW: Backbreaker! And he never let go!

GM: Demetrius Lake does not allow Antoine Jenora to hit the ground. Gathers him clean off of his knee, and a second backbreaker!

BW: Another step, and a third! Gordo, he's gonna cross the ring with him!

[A fourth backbreaker... a fifth. The Black Tiger is going diagonally across the ring, driving the man down with a backbreaker every step he takes. Jenora is screaming as Lake nears the opposite turnbuckle, and the seventh backbreaker carries the big man into the corner.]

GM: SEVEN CONSECUTIVE BACKBREAKERS WITHOUT DROPPING THE MAN! WHAT POWER!

BW: That should be considered a submission hold, Gordo. He can do that all night, just like somebody cranking a spinning toe hold.

GM: I agree, and Lake still has Jenora up! If he starts crossing back, the referee needs to stop it.

[That is not what Lake intends, as he takes a step back from the corner. The fans shriek as Lake gets Jenora up level with his head, and bodyslams him... back first on the top turnbuckle! Antoine Jenora's lower body keeps heading down with the momentum, and he flops forward off the buckle to the floor in a heap! The place comes unglued with boos and jeers.]

GM: OH MY STARS! THAT HAS TO BE A DISQUALIFICATION!

BW: For what?!

GM: He's clearly trying to break his back! He's clearly trying to end this young man's career!

BW: How is that a disqualification?!

GM: The referee always has it in his authority to disqualify someone for making an intentional effort to cripple or maim an opponent! At least, we need a stoppage!

BW: We're about to get one because Lake's going outside. He's gonna stop this guy for good.

[Boos rain down as Lake peels back the protective pad at ringside. He gets two handfuls of hair, drags up Jenora, hoists him, and bodyslams him into the exposed concrete with a sickening SPLAT.]

GM: THAT'S ENOUGH! HE SLAMMED THE MAN ON BARE CONCRETE! HE'S GOING TO CRIPPLE HIM!

BW: Kid signed the contract. He signed on the dotted line to fight Demetrius Lake. He deserves whatever he gets.

GM: Jenora is writhing in agony! I can't believe this!

BW: I bet Dusscher knows there's at least one real man in the AWA.

GM: Lake shoveling Jenora up onto the apron... and he's going back to his trunks?! WHY?!

BW: Haven't we covered this? Because he wants to!

GM: Radiant Raven is distracting Marty Meekly, and Demetrius Lake pounds Jenora in the lower back with that foreign object! That weapon! There's no need for that! It's already finished!

BW: I guess you figured this out by now, but Demetrius Lake is MEAN.

GM: Lake handing that object off to Percy Childes, and rolling his man in. Finally, he can pin him and be done with it.

[Demetrius saunters in to the disapproval of the fans, and drags his man out into center ring leaving him face down, Lake heads to the corner, steps over the top rope, and starts ascending the turnbuckle.]

BW: Wrong.

GM: Ring the bell, Marty! What are you waiting for?!

[*BOOM*]

BW: BIG CAT POUNCE!

[The flying splash makes a huge impact as all three twenty splashes across Antoine's back. Lake just idly leans on his man, who is face down, for a long

moment to soak in the boos. When he shoots the half to turn Jenora over, the young man screams loudly. Meekly drops and counts a very fast three to end this.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: We need some medical attention for this young man. I hope that Demetrius Lake is proud of himself!

BW: Of course he is. Haven't you heard him talk. He's very proud of himself! I bet Hamilton's proud of him, too!

GM: Lake's going to use that as an excuse, but make no mistake, he's the one that decided to do this! Let's get the official word.

PW: The winner of this match... "THE BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE... hey!

[Before Phil really finishes, Lake snatches the microphone from him.]

DL: Promises, promises, promises, promises. But I'm just like a sneaker commercial: I just DO IT.

[Demetrius drops the mic as "Mack The Knife" starts back up. Lake starts yelling at the fans who are rabidly booing him.]

BW: Let that be another lesson for you kids. Don't tell somebody what you're going to do when you're out to get them, just do it.

GM: NO. I hope that no child watching thinks that Demetrius Lake or Bucky Wilde are appropriate role models.

BW: Only if ya wanna get rich and famous.

GM: There will be a reckoning some day for Demetrius Lake, fans, I am sure.

BW: Promises, promises.

GM: Fans, let's go backstage where I'm told MAMMOTH Maximus and Louis Matsui have some words for their opponents tonight!

[Cut back to the locker room where Jason Dane is standing between the portly, bespectacled Louis Matsui, wearing a dark blue sport coat, red T-shirt, dark blue jeans, and his characteristic smirk and his charge, MAMMOTH Maximus, who has on a black mask and a black singlet, with a silver M across the front.]

JD: Louis Matsui, ask and you shall receive... Tonight, MAMMOTH Maximus takes on the Blonde Bombers in a handicap match. What is your strategy for your client as he steps into the ring against the World Tag Team champions?

LM: Ask and you shall receive, indeed, Jay-Dee, but don't think I haven't heard the question being asked: has MAMMOTH Maximus actually stuck his very large foot into his very large mouth this time around? After all, we are talking about the Blonde Bombers here... The World Tag Team champions! They're more than two men can handle sometimes, so how can one man hope to stand a chance against them, even if that man is MAMMOTH Maximus.

[Maximus' derisive snort startles Jason Dane, but Matsui holds out his hand, motioning for Dane to stay cool.]

LM: But I have also been asked: Louis Matsui, have you got something up your sleeve for the Blonde Bombers? Have you worked some of that managerial magic and pulled some strings to pull the rug out from right under the feet of the Bombers and Larry Doyle? After all, they agreed to a handicap match, but nobody said anything about Maximus being the one that is handicapped? Maybe you've made some calls to a couple of friends in Japan; brought them in to even the odds, or turned it into a three-on-two match-up? Maybe a certain Japanese giant? Or maybe you've exercised your influence and made this match the Blonde Bombers versus MAMMOTH Maximus, Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones.

[Matsui grins at the idea and then gives a dismissive wave.]

LM: Truth is, I have done no such thing. I have no tricks up my sleeve. I have made no such plans. My client issued the challenge and my client plans to stand by his words. He said he'll take on both Bombers if he has to and that's what he'll do. Now, I'm sure Jones and Hammonds will be watching this match closely, to scope out their opponents prior to their match at SuperClash, and if they decide to take a closer look, who am I to stop them? And just in case the rest of Royalty think they can jump my client, which they most likely will, I don't think Jones and Hammonds will be the only ones keeping a close eye on this match. I know he's got to defend his title later tonight, but I think the TV champ will be keeping a close watch.

[Matsui nods confidently.]

LM: I think the Number One Contender to the World title will be watching this one closely.

[Another nod.]

LM: I expect my friend Ben Waterson will be watching closely as well, as will everyone else in the back who has had enough of Royalty, because this is not about one man's stand against that pack of rats. As Skywalker Jones puts it, this is about us and Royalty. Royalty's on its way out and its fall begins tonight!

[Once again, much to Dane's chagrin, Maximus wraps his meaty hands around the interviewer's, drawing the mic closer to him.]

MM: HAMMONDS! JONES! I'm going to make you this promise... I promise to leave you enough of the Bombers' carcasses for you to pick the World Tag Team titles off of at SuperClash! And then I'm going to do exactly what I said two weeks ago... After I'm done with the Bombers, I want the rest of Royalty! Tonight, either Stanton and Jacobs put me down, or I put them down, and _when_ I do, I'm going after Cooper, before I get my hands on King Rat himself, Calisto Dufresne. Chase for the Clash or not, title or no title, one way or another, I WILL get Dufresne one-on-one in the ring! Juan Vasquez says that he's coming after Royalty just as soon as he's done with Anton Layton and Nenshou, but there might not be very much left of Royalty after I'm done with them!

YOU'RE MINE!

YOU'RE MINE!

ROYALTY IS MINE!!!

[Finally, to Dane's relief, Maximus releases his hand and flexes his arms, then holds them out to his sides. He steps away from the mic, still yelling, "THE BOMBERS ARE GOING DOWN! ROYALTY IS GOING DOWN!" as he and Matsui storm out of view.]

JD: We've asked if MAMMOTH Maximus has bitten off more than he can chew here tonight in this handicap match... but after that, I have to wonder if Larry Doyle and the Blonde Bombers are the ones who've made the mistake in judgment. Mark Stegglet is standi-

[Dane is cut off, looking off-camera. He gestures quickly to the camera who turns, showing Ben Waterson approaching Louis Matsui. The shot holds for a few moments... long enough to show that the conversation is a bit heated before Matsui storms away again.]

Fade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing between the AWA World Tag Team Champions, The Blonde Bombers. The two men each have their title belts slung over their shoulders as Larry Doyle stands in front of Mark Stegglet. The awkward position basically makes Stegglet invisible as he cranes his neck to try and see and be seen by the camera.]

MS: Thanks, Jason. Joining me now is-

[Doyle interrupts.]

LD: They're not blind, Stegglet... although as much as they're subjected to your ugly mug, they probably wish that they were. But I'll try and help 'em out here and keep you behind me...

[He turns to the camera with a point.]

LD: You're welcome. Don't say I never did anything for you people.

[Stegglet tries to speak.]

MS: You just heard from Louis Matsui and MAMMOTH Max-

[Doyle interrupts again.]

LD: Thank you, Captain Obvious! Why don't I just pull up a chair and you can recap everything else we've seen in the last hour of Saturday Night Wrestling? It can be your new job. Mister Instant Replay! You can just constantly pop up and inform us of everything that we JUST SAW!

I heard every single word that those two had to say and as much as I respect Mr. Matsui's ability to be able to manipulate two of the biggest monsters in our sport to be able to do the bidding of a pudgy never-was whose claim to fame is...

[Doyle pauses, scratches his chin.]

LD: Wait, wait... I've got it here somewhere. His claim to fame is...

[Doyle shakes his head, looking to Stanton who shrugs. He turns to Jacobs who glares stoic into the camera, shaking with intensity. Doyle does a doubletake at Jacobs before turning back to the camera again.]

LD: I got it! It's nothing. Absolutely nothing. Louis Matsui has no claim to fame. He's a joke. He's a nobody. He's a guy who has had two monsters under his control since stepping into the AWA and has accomplished exactly squat for it. No tag titles... no singles titles... no Rumbles... nothing.

MS: Well, he did manage to lead MAMMOTH Mitzusawa to two Steal The Spotlight wins.

[Doyle shakes his head.]

LD: A grand accomplishment indeed... if he'd managed to do anything with them but bolster the legend of Juan Vasquez. So, let's take Matsui out of the equation.

MAMMOTH Maximus is a big man. A strong man. A powerful man. An angry man.

[Doyle lifts a finger.]

LD: But he's only... one... man.

[He jerks a pair of thumbs at the Bombers.]

LD: And they're two. Simple arithmetic tells you, Stegglet, that two is better than one and when those two are the World Tag Team Champions themselves, those two are better than not only every one... but every two as well. A lesson that Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds will find out

first hand at SuperClash V in front of the biggest crowd that the AWA's ever put inside a building.

[Doyle pauses.]

LD: The Internet says that Royalty is embarrassed... that we're humiliated... and that we're going to be looking to do "something big" to get back in the ballgame.

[Doyle chuckles.]

LD: You're talking about the World Champion, the World Tag Team Champions, the future World Television Champion, and the greatest managerial mind since Buckthorn P. Wilde himself.

We're the whole... damn... ballgame.

[Doyle gestures off-camera.]

LD: Let's go, boys. We've got "something big" to take care of.

[The Blonde Bombers exit stage left as a grinning Doyle lightly pats Stegklet on the cheek before leaving as well.]

MS: Can the World Tag Team Champions prove that simple math is all it takes when two meets one? We'll find out in just a little while but before that, let's go down to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time hailing from Joplin, Missouri standing six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and forty two pounds. Here is...

MICHAEL WEEEEEEEEEEAVER!

[Weaver pumps his right fist into the air at the sound of his name roaring over the arena speakers. The dirty blonde hair wrestler sports a tan two-strap singlet, black boots and knee pads, and red wrist tape. Most notable is his signature bestubbed mustache.]

GM: Weaver, the nephew of Patrick Weaver who was at one time the arch nemesis of our current boss Karl O'Connor, looks primed for this opportunity to show his stuff.

BW: I'm still shocked he has a job after some of the wars Weaver and O'Connor went through back in their heyday.

GM: O'Connor continues to show that he is a business man and puts the industry and the needs of the AWA before his personal agenda.

BW: Tell that to Joshua Dusscher's people.

PW: Introducing next, making his AWA debut...

["Breakdown" by Queensryche ignites.]

PW: Hailing from the Florida Keys standing six foot two and weighing in at one hundred and ninety three pounds, here is...

"THE WHIRLWIND" ZACHARY WYNN!

[Wynn leaps through the entrance portal, spinning around several times with his right arm hooked forward and his left arm hooked behind his back. Shaggy brown hair spills across his bare shoulders while his lower half is concealed by tight teal tights with silver trim. Matching silver pads wrap around his elbows while white wrist tape is securely fastened over and under his fingers and wrists.]

GM: Yet another bright upcoming star here in the AWA looking to make a name for himself. With recent success from Porter Crowley, Curt Sawyer, Callum Mahoney, and teams like Air Strike and the Young Bloods you never know what wrestler will break from the pack and make a name for themselves on any given night. We've been fortunate enough to always have a strong influx of new talent and there's no reason why either of these men can't carry on the AWA tradition of success.

[Wynn makes quick work of his entrance to the ring, sprinting down the aisle and slide head first under the bottom rope where he spins up to his feet as soon as he hits the center.]

BW: Show off.

GM: He's a quick one, no doubt about it Bucky.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Just as the bell rings Weaver stalks forward out of his corner...

...only to be DRILLED with a high impact drop-kick from Wynn who races forward!]

GM: Oh my! This youngster isn't wasting anytime!

[Weaver scurries to pick himself up to his feet just as Wynn kips up, snaring his head in the process, and plants him immediately with a DDT over his knee, hangs on, and then spins him around...

...driving him down face first with a swinging DDT!]

GM: Zachary Wynn....where have you been hiding?!

BW: In his mother's basement.

GM: I'm being told the youngster is only nineteen years old making him one of the youngest, if not the youngest, competitor we've had here in the AWA to date.

BW: Like I said, he lives with his mother.

[The crowd cheers as both men get up to their feet. Wynn tries to continue his assault as he leaps up in the air, wrapping his legs around the head of Michael Weaver and drops back for a headscissors takedown...

...only for Weaver to clasp his hands around Wynn's legs as Wynn falls towards the mat.]

GM: Weaver has Wynn at his mercy, he slings him back over his head!

[Wynn goes sailing over the head of Michael Weaver and somehow is able to adjust his body just enough mid-flight to land on the middle turnbuckle. He instantly springs back, flipping backwards towards Weaver...

...and SMASHES his elbow into the jaw of Weaver!]

GM: What a counter by Wynn!

BW: I bet he doesn't even have a driver's license. Kids these days.

[The crowd continues to buzz as Wynn pumps his fists, igniting the fans who start to rally behind him. Weaver returns to his feet and shoots in towards Wynn who pivots aside and drags Weaver back down with a drop toehold...

...and transitions it right into a single leg Boston Crab!]

GM: Nice combination by Wynn and --

BW: Weaver has the ropes!

GM: Unfortunate ring positioning for Zachary Wynn.

BW: Or poor execution.

GM: Give the kid a break, Bucky.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow barks at Wynn to let up and the Whirlwind instantly obliges, letting go of the left leg of Michael Weaver who uses the ropes to pull himself back up. Wynn feints towards Weaver who clutches onto the ropes causing Longfellow to step in-between the two. Just as Wynn puts on the breaks...

...Weaver charges forward, swinging wildly and clipping Wynn above the right eye!]

BW: Gotta keep your guard up, kid!

GM: A cheap shot my Michael Weaver.

BW: That's how you execute a textbook haymaker.

GM: That doesn't even make sense.

[Weaver continues to hammer away on Wynn and backs him into the ropes. He grabs Wynn by the arm and whips him forward, only to have Wynn swing the momentum in his favor and just as he does Weaver stretches out his free arm and tries to rope it around the neck of Zachary Wynn...

....who powerslides through Weaver's legs as he holds onto his arm!

GM: Wynn showing off his incredible speed and --

[Wynn leaps up, pushing his knees into the spine of Weaver and uses his free arm to yank him back!]

BW: Backstabber!

GM: What impact! Even YOU got excited over that one, Bucky!

BW: Just calling it down the middle as always.

GM: Right.

[Weaver clutches his lower back as he pulls himself up. Wynn darts towards the ropes where he handsprings forward, bounces off the ropes, and just as he plants his feet back down he leaps into the air...

...and swings his leg around and SMASHES his boot into the back of Weaver's head!]

GM: What a shot by Wynn!

BW: He calls it the Vortex of Wynn, Gordo.

GM: Suddenly you're the expert on this youngster?

BW: I'm the expert on everything wrestling post 1973. Unlike --

[Bucky's voice trails off as Wynn covers Weaver. One. Two...]

GM: Kickout by Weaver!

[Weaver rolls out of the ring, using his experience to regroup. Wynn readies himself on the other side of the ring and without hesitation he sprints towards the ropes and hurls his body over the rope rope...

...and SMASHES into the unsuspecting Michael Weaver who is floored upon impact!]

GM: OH MY STARS, BUCKY! WHAT A MOVE!

BW: Zachary Wynn with an impressive over the top rope suicide dive!

GM: Even if this kid can't drive, Bucky...He sure can fly!

[Wynn rolls around on the outside, obviously feeling the effects of his high risk maneuver. He grabs the railing to pick himself up and begins to measure the rising Michael Weaver. Longfellow begins counting the two out, reaching three, as Wynn leaps up to the apron though he doesn't stop there as he leaps higher, planting his feet onto the middle rope, springboard, flipping back...

...and corkscrews his body around as he flies back and CRASHES into Michael Weaver!]

BW: Springboard corkscrew moonsault by Zachary Wynn!

GM: What does he call that one, Bucky?!

BW: A springboard corkscrew moonsault.

GM: Smart --

[Wynn pulls himself up much to the delight of the fans. He grabs Michael Weaver as Longfellow hits the count of seven and rolls him underneath the bottom rope. Wynn leaps up to the apron just as he did earlier only this time he grabs the top rope, catapults himself forward...

...and somersaults over before SPLASHING over the body of Michael Weaver!]

GM: Wynn with another cover! He's got one! He's got two! Kickout!

[The crowd groans as Wynn rolls off of Weaver. He points to the corner and there's a patter of cheers as the fans who are beginning to rally behind him sense they might be on the verge of seeing something special. Spectacular even.]

GM: I'm not sure what else Wynn has in his bag of tricks but I for one am excited to see, Bucky.

[Wynn heads up top and he points down at Weaver who lays helpless on the mat. He circles his index fingers around one another in the air, signalling for what is about to come. He readies himself, takes a deep breathe, lowers his hips....

....just as the gritty voice and soft clapping of Son House's "Grinnin' In Your Face" begins to play.]

GM: What in the --

BW: In the words of my colleague Gordon Myers. Oh. My.

[Stalking, nay, rumbling down the aisle led by Willoughby Tremblay is the four hundred and seventy five pound monster known as Richter Lane. Gone are the dreadlocks. Gone for the colorful tights, tassels, and head bands. Now in their place are a black single shoulder strapped singlet, a tight black fade, and a look of the ill-est and most evil intentions scribbled on Lane's face.]

GM: What is Lane doing? He has no business out here! This man should be ashamed to show his face. He sold out a man he claimed was like a brother to him for what... for the guidance of Tremblay?

BW: Key word, "like" a brother. This man has no family, Gordon. He grew up with no family, no direction, and his meal ticket has always been punched based on his own hunger for success and let me tell you.... this man looks HUNGRIER than ever.

[Wynn steps down from the turnbuckles, holding his arms out in confusion as Lane trucks up the ring steps. Tremblay, the tall and wire thin manager, remains standing on the apron. Wynn begs of Lane to leave and the hulking figure shakes his head...

...and then GRABS Zachary Wynn by the throat with both hands.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: NO! WAIT!

[Lane lifts him off the ground...

...and SLAMS him into the canvas!]

BW: TWO HANDED CHOKE SLAM BY LANE!

GM: What is wrong with Lane?! There's no reason for this! This kid --

[But before Gordon can even finish he is stunned to see Lane erupt and lift his four hundred and seventy five pound frame up into the air...

...and then CRUSH Zachary Wynn with a thunderous splash!]

GM: My God, Bucky. What has Willoughby Tremblay done to this man? What has he turned this man into?

[Beginning to stir...Michael Weaver staggers forward, just as perplexed as everyone else as he gestures towards the downed Zachary Wynn. Lane points to him as well, demanding that he covers Wynn.]

GM: Weaver has no idea the bell has rung! He thinks Lane knocked out Wynn for him!

[Weaver shrugs, throwing his body over Zachary Wynn and just as he does....

...Lane leaps into the air and brings each and every pound crashing down, DEMOLIOSHING Weaver and Wynn underneath him!]

GM: He's got to stop this. SOMEONE has to stop this.

BW: Are you offering yourself?

GM: You couldn't pay me to get in the ring with that... that BEAST right now.

BW: I didn't think so.

[Lane, now on his feet, begins stalking back towards Tremblay. Lane prepares to step back through the ropes until Tremblay holds up both hands near his face, thwarting his exit. He points back to both men in the ring with his two hands....

...and then hooks both thumbs downward.]

GM: What is that -- what more does he want done to them? Neither Weaver nor Wynn are moving, Bucky.

BW: I think he wants to send a message to everyone. There is a new force... a LARGE force... to be reckoned with.

[Lane turns Weaver over, flipping him so that he lays chest up over the body of Zachary Wynn who is positioned in the same manner. Suddenly, he begins stomping around the pair... almost like a war dance, making his way from head to toe around them, each stomp more thunderous than the first. Then, he races back as fast as anyone his size humanly could, hits the ropes, and leaps over both men...

...SQUASHING them with a seated senton!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT HAS LANE DONE?! WHAT HAS TREMBLAY DONE?!

[Lane remains seated over both men who are unmoving underneath him. A big, sinister grin stretches out from ear to ear over both Lane and Tremblay who now enters the ring. Mic in hand, Tremblay stands beside his monster unleashed.]

WT: Willoughby Tremblay at your convenience, gentleman.

[The sly, southern drawl stirs the crowd into a a chorus of boos.]

WT: May I present to you all at this time a man reborn before your very eyes this fiiiine evening. A man who for a long time walked God's green Earth without a home... without a vision... without purpose. The man you once

knew as Richter Lane has perished. He died a short time ago when he broke free from the team and partner that has enslaved him for too looooong.

Tonight, for the first time, I proudly stand beside the biggest force this side of the Atlantic. Louisiana's very own...The Biiiiiig Uneasy...

RICKY LANE!

[Maybe it's the barely noticeable name change, or perhaps just the creepy tone of Tremblay's voice, but the fans become enraged... shouting down at both men as Lane now stands beside Willoughby Tremblay who holds his arm up high in the air.]

WT: I beg of you all....

Pardon, I DEMAND of you all...

To take notice. Take notice here and now and recogniiiiize that Ricky Laaaaaane has no mercy for the weak or the unwanted. He has no limits and no fears....this man, this unstoppable, indestructible, man.... will go to ANY measure to make himself known.

NO ONE IS SAFE.

EVERYONE MUST WATCH OUT.

Ricky Lane is coming no longer.

He's here....

He's home.

[Tremblay wraps his arm around the massive shoulders of Ricky Lane as Son House's "Grinnin' In Your Face" ignites. Several medics, stretchers in tow, reach the ringside area just as Lane and Tremblay begin to exit.]

GM: We've got medical attention on hand and I'm not sure what the status is of both Michael Weaver and Zachary Wynn. We will do our best to keep you informed but at this time it does not look good. Our team of professionals will do their best but I'm guessing both Weaver and Wynn will need at the very least a few weeks off from in-ring action from the looks of things. Right now, we need to head to a word from our sponsors, but we will be right back with more AWA action!

[Fade to black.

[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 outside a soup kitchen. Homeless people shuffle into line, looking for a little sustenance. The camera focuses on their ambling bodies, their tattered clothes, their dirty hopeless faces.]

V/O: Even in yuh greatest cities, yuh monuments to technology and greed. We walk among yuh. We de people yuh trow away. Yuh tink a few crumbs can satisfy our needs?

[The shot of the homeless washes out a little bit. The sky becomes grey. The image becomes sinister.]

V/O: Yuh tink scraps will make we go away? We ain't goin' nowhere. We comin' 'ome. We comin' 'ome.

[Fade back to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where we see, standing alone, Johnny Detson. Detson is wearing his long gold tights, black boots and black hooded sweatshirt. The look on his face is all business as he stares straight at the camera.]

Detson: I bet you all think this is funny huh?

[With contempt, he continues.]

Detson: Have the Unholy Alliance do to themselves what no one else in this place could? I guess the Championship Committee had a real good laugh when they "randomly" placed me against Rick Marley. I guess you were right Rick... they ARE trying to hold us down.

[Chuckling to no one or nothing but himself, he goes on.]

Detson: Rick Marley is the reason I'm in AWA. Sure Percy signed me but it was Rick Marley that set that up. When your AWA Championship Committee and ownership group was shutting the door in my face, Rick Marley stuck his foot out to keep that door open. We may have travelled in different circles throughout our careers but we both know what we can do... and that's get the job done. Something I didn't know if I was ever going to be able to do again once Phoenix shut down.

[Heavy sigh.]

Detson: But Rick... he gets me on the phone; explains to me the situation. He sets up the meeting with Percy and the rest is kind of history...

[Detson trails off as he looks off in the distance, shrugging he turns back to the camera.]

Detson: So I want to say thank you to a man I have a great deal of respect for in Rick Marley.

[Detson places his right hand over his heart.]

Detson: THANK YOU RICK MARLEY.

[Putting his hand down, he continues his monologue.]

Detson: Because you helped bring me here to this place... the place where I can finally cement my legacy to the rest of the wrestling world. I know and

appreciate that. Which is why it saddens me that people take such joy in this match. I don't find it funny. I find it ironic.

[Detson looks down at the floor.]

Detson: Ironic that someone you brought in to help shatter that glass ceiling is now the same person that's going to keep you on the ground floor. Ironic that a man who so desperately wants to hold that World Title is going to be kept from it from a guy who could care less if he holds it.

[Shaking his head, Detson continues as he stares downward refusing to look at the camera.]

Detson: And unlike the past months, there will be no threats, no maiming, and no ending of anybody's career...

[Detson looks up and stares at the camera.]

Detson: But I am going to beat you.

[Simply shrugging, Detson goes on.]

Detson: Make no mistake I am in this tournament for a reason and while my reason may be different than yours ... it doesn't make it less valid.

[Detson holds up a finger.]

Detson: When I came here it was to prove to the AWA... the wrestling community... the wrestling WORLD that I was the every bit as good as those they had already labeled great. We are both here, Rick, to prove we are every bit as great as we claim to be.

[Detson frowns.]

Detson: But somewhere along the way Rick... these past several months I got lost. Lost at what the goal was... lost at what I needed to be. And sure... we may be the most dominant group going in AWA right now. And yeah... we knock those collective egos in the back down a few pegs. But I want more, Rick.

[Detson stops and shakes his head.]

Detson: No, I need more. That's why I'm here, that's why I'm in this tournament. Because people only feel validated when they secure fifteen pounds of gold around their waist, and I'll only feel validated after I beat every last one of them!

[Detson starts counting off with his fingers.]

Detson: The Wrights, the Mammoths, the Scotts, the Vasquezes, the Bryants...

[Detson holds up two more fingers and slowly lowers them after saying the names.]

Detson: ...the Marleys... and the World Champ himself Calisto Dufresne.

[Detson smirks.]

Detson: Its funny, the one thing I want more than anything I won't get until I take the one thing I have no desire to have. But if that's what it takes... if that's what I have to do, then so be it.

[Detson looks down towards the floor again.]

Detson: I am sorry it has to be like this, Rick. I know how bad you want this and possibly how bad you need this. I see that passion in your eyes... the cause... the belief... the dream, and I want you to achieve it.

[Detson looks back up.]

Detson: But at SuperClash?

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: Tonight?

[Again, Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: Not happening. Because this moment, this time, this tournament... this one belongs to me. Unfortunately, Rick, I have to go through you to get there. Unfortunately you are the starting point. Unfortunately tonight you have to lose.

[Detson slides the hood from his sweatshirt over his head obscuring most of his face.]

Detson: So again... thank you.

[That last bit of gratitude perhaps dripping with more sarcasm than it should concludes the speech as Detson walks off and we fade from the backstage area to a ringside shot of Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Johnny Detson with some words for Rick Marley - a match that will take place in just a short while... the first match in the Chase For The Clash tournament and quite frankly, I'm a little offended by what Johnny Detson has to say, Bucky.

BW: How so?

GM: Johnny Detson was placed into a tournament to earn a shot at the AWA World Title - the greatest prize in our sport... and he comes out here and tells everyone that he doesn't even WANT that title. How can you be a competitor in this sport and not want the AWA World Title?

BW: I believe Detson does want the title... but he sees it as a means to an end, Gordo. He wants the title to prove that he's the best in the world. Not for the title itself. What he perhaps fails to realize is that it's one and the same - to wear that title means he's the best in the world.

GM: He'd do well to remember that. Our locker room - and our front office for that matter - is filled with strong men who won't take too kindly to the World Title being disrespected like that. Including the man who we're about to see step inside this ring in a handicap match, Bucky - MAMMOTH Maximus.

BW: Maximus has got his own problems to deal with tonight - problems not named Johnny Detson or even the Chase For The Clash. He's gonna face Supreme Wright at some point in that tournament but tonight, he's gotta climb inside that squared circle with BOTH members of the World Tag Team Champions, Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton - the Blonde Bombers!

GM: Many have pondered if Maximus and Matsui made a mistake in issuing this challenge. We're about to find out the answer to that question as we head up to the ring and Phil Watson!

[We crossfade to the AWA's ring announcer as he raises his mic.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a HANDICAP MATCH!

[The crowd cheers in anticipation.]

GM: Introducing first...

[The distinctive opening to "F***in' In The Bushes" by Oasis lights up Oklahoma City, and the fans ROAR to their feet in boos as the curtain is pushed aside and the Treacherous Three make their way out, led of course by "Hollywood" Larry Doyle.]

PW: Representing Royalty... at a total combined weight of-

"AHEM!"

[The crowd's boos grow louder as Larry Doyle produces a house mic, cutting off Phil Watson.]

LD: You didn't think it'd be that easy, didja? It's time to show Buford P. Higgins that he can shove that golden mic of his...

[Doyle pauses.]

LD: ...right into his pocket because if we're talking about the best ring announcing skills in the business, you need look no further than yours truly standing live and in technicolor...

[Doyle clears his throat as he's flanked by the champions. He jerks a thumb over his left shoulder at a smirking Kenny Stanton who pats the title belt slung over his shoulder.]

LD: When Dave Bryant calls himself the Doctor of Love, the medical schools revolt because this man right here is the Ladies' Choice when it comes to cardiology...

[Doyle holds the mic to Stanton who leans in.]

KS: I make all the hearts beat faster.

[Doyle snatches it back.]

LD: Stomachology!

[He offers the mic again.]

KS: I give 'em all the butterflies in their belly that they can handle.

[Doyle takes the mic back.]

LD: And gynecology...

[Doyle offers the mic to a grinning Stanton.]

KS: Because nobody... and I mean nobody... knows that area better than me.

[Doyle grins as the crowd jeers.]

LD: "SMOOTH" KENNY STAAAAAAAANTON!

[The jeers pour down as Doyle switches his grip on the mic, pointing over his other shoulder.]

LD: And his tag team partner...

[Doyle looks at Jacobs who glares out at the jeering crowd.]

LD: He's the man who gave the people of Japan the most heartburn since the invention of Wasabi... he's the man who saw Godzilla rising up off the coast, walked out into the ocean, and chokeslammed that big ugly lizard back into the depths... he's the man who made the Tokyo Dome shake so hard, they shut down all the nuclear power plants...

[More boos for the distasteful joke!]

LD: BIG! BAD! BRAD! JAAAAAAAAAAAAACOBS!

[Doyle nods at the jeering crowd.]

LD: And for those of you blinded by the light, I can assure you that those shiny chunks of gold over their shoulders means that they ARE the reigning AWA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... OF THE WORRRRRRLD!

They are...

[Doyle drops down to a knee, taking a deep breath.]

LD: THE BLOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMMMMMMBAAAAAAAAAHS!

[The boos are even greater as Doyle tosses the house mic, leading his team down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Well, that was certainly an exercise in ego.

BW: When you got it, you better flaunt it, Gordo.

GM: I see. We'll see how much longer they've got it. Those titles are going to be on the line at SuperClash when Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones cash in that Steal The Spotlight contract to challenge for them... but MAMMOTH Maximus is going to give them all they can handle here tonight if you ask me.

[Crossfade back to a disgruntled Phil Watson.]

PW: And their opponent...

[Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play over the arena speakers.]

GM: Here he comes...

[About thirty seconds into the song, we've still seen no one arrive.]

BW: Where is he?

GM: I don't know, Bucky.

PW: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Louis Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[The crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos as they await the monstrous opponent for the World Tag Team Champions...

...who still hasn't arrived.]

GM: I don't get this.

BW: I do! Maximus heard all the accolades that "Hollywood" Larry laid on the Bombers and decided that he'd take the night off. Can't really blame

him. I mean, he was scheduled to face BOTH of the World Tag Team Champions. Who in their right mind would want to do such a thing?

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus doesn't strike me as the type to back down from a fight, no matter what the odds are. I think... I smell a rat here. Royalty looks too pleased about this sudden shift in events.

[The music fades out and the crowd begins to jeer the non-appearance of MAMMOTH Maximus as Larry Doyle speaks to the referee.]

GM: Doyle is conversing with Marty Meekly...

[Meekly walks over to Phil Watson who listens for a bit before nodding.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, referee Marty Meekly has ruled that MAMMOTH Maximus has until the count of ten to appear or he will lose this match via forfeit!

[Meekly nods... and then begins the count.]

"ONE!"

GM: This is the only fair thing to do, I suppose... but you have got to wonder what happened to MAMMOTH Maximus.

BW: Remember all that talk about Royalty needing to do "something big" to get themselves going again? You think this is it?

GM: It could be. Larry Doyle made reference to those Internet rumors during his interview earlier tonight and... well, the count is up to four now and there's still no sign of the big man.

[Meekly continues the count, shouting "FIVE!" to the dismay of the crowd that is buzzing with discontent.]

GM: As you look at Larry Doyle, Bucky, does he look like a man who was concerned about the World Tag Team Champions facing a four hundred pound monster here tonight? Or does he look so overconfident that he MUST have known something would happen to Maximus?

BW: "Hollywood" Larry is ALWAYS full of confidence.

GM: That may not be all his full of as the count hits six... and now to seven.

[The crowd is growing restless now, shouting for Maximus to come through the curtain as Doyle encourages Meekly to count faster.]

GM: Larry Doyle is giving the referee a hard time, trying to get that count going faster but Meekly's keeping it nice and steady as the count goes to eight.

BW: This is a big win for the Bombers!

GM: Is it? A forfeit win?

BW: Any win at this point in the year helps build momentum towards SuperClash and with a stiff challenge ahead of them in SkyHerc, the Bombers will take any win they can get.

GM: The count is up to nine...

[There's one final surge of cheering, trying to root Maximus through the curtain...]

GM: Wait a second... we're getting word from the locker room that...

[The count finishes at "TEN!"]

BW: That's it! The Bombers win!

[Meekly turns to raise the hands of the Bombers in victory.]

GM: Bucky, are you hearing this over your earpiece? It sounds like... something has happened back in... in the parking lot, I believe. There's a lot of voices coming through... a lot of confusion...

BW: Where's Dane when you need him? Get out there, Geraldo.

GM: We're trying to get Jason to... is he ready?

[The shot abruptly cuts to the backstage area where Jason Dane is running down a hallway, the cameraman following close behind as Dane shoves through a set of doors, heading outside the building. From a shaky view of a sea of cars, we can only assume we're out in the parking lot.]

JD: We're heading out to... we're in the wrestler parking lot where I'm told that one of our guards discovered... oh my god.

[The cameraman stops, quickly panning up...

...to reveal an eerily similar scene to two weeks ago at Homecoming where we discovered Duane Henry Bishop slammed facefirst through a car windshield.]

JD: I'm trying to get a closer...

[We see Dane inching closer, arching his neck over the sea of AWA officials, medical personnel, and MAMMOTH Maximus who are huddled around the car. Maximus is shouting at anyone nearby, ordering them to help the victim.]

JD: Fans, that's Louis Matsui!

[As the cameraman pivots around to a different angle, we realize that the head of the Matsui Corporation has indeed been assaulted - in a very violent fashion - as the glass windshield spiderwebs around his face.]

JD: Louis Matsui has been assaulted out here in the parking lot... just like Duane Henry Bishop was assaulted two weeks ago at Homecoming. Matsui is going to need some medical help. Our doctors are out here, trying to figure out the best way to free him from this situation... and fans, if you were looking for a reason why MAMMOTH Maximus missed his match with the Blonde Bombers, I think you just saw it.

[The camera rests on Matsui, his upper body soaked in blood as he lies motionless against the windshield.]

JD: Okay, fans... the doctors are about to get him off this car. We're going to take a break and give them room to do their job. We'll be... where? Okay... we're going to go to commercial but we'll be back.

[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 we open, "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes is standing alongside Nenshou at the interview platform. Percy, a bald man with a dark goatee and mustache, is wearing a grey sweater vest with burgundy and navy diagonal striping, a white dress shirt underneath, and navy slacks. He bears his crystal-ball tipped walking stick, as is his custom. The short, slightly pudgy manager is in much better shape than he has been since joining the AWA, but is still about twenty-five pounds overweight. Nenshou is garbed in a black robe with a pointed hood and red lining. We see his taped fingers in front of him in his meditative stance, and the only visible part of his face is his chin, colored in pale green paint with dark red design work. The crowd boos them lustily.

Jason Dane is standing nearby, keeping Percy between himself and the Asian Assassin. Dane starts off as soon as we're on.]

JD: With me at this time, "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes along with Nenshou. Two weeks ago, Mr. Childes, you claimed that Nenshou would not be receiving any shots at the World Title in the foreseeable future. However, due to a somewhat surprising vote by the fans, he will in fact have an opportunity to win himself a title shot in the Chase For The Clash tournament. What are your thoughts about this defiance of your will?

[The question makes Childes laugh.]

PC: How melodramatic. Do you take me for a comic book villain, enraged that someone "defied my will"? Jason Dane, once again, everything is proceeding how I have envisioned it.

JD: How so?

PC: I told the truth when I said that I will not sign a title match for Nenshou. But I have never signed on the dotted line for the Chase To The Clash tournament. I don't need to, you see... the AWA appointed the participants. So Nenshou has a single opportunity, regardless of my feelings about it. And my feelings about it are that this is perfect.

Ever since New Years Eve 2012, Nenshou has been lacking. Lacking in killer instinct. Lacking in focus. He has thrashed blindly. He even allowed himself to be baited by an interviewer, as you recall all too well.

[Dane seethes visibly at that statement.]

PC: Now, I could make excuses. He did swallow some neurotoxin that night, if you remember the match. And it is the first time he has ever experienced true failure. Even that was largely due to Juan Vasquez. But excuses are pointless. What is germane to the truth is this fact: my Nenshou has lost his edge. The dominant killer who has the world in the palm of his hand is no longer here.

But... he's in there.

[Percy jabs the end of his cane into Nenshou's chest. As usual, Nenshou doesn't react.]

PC: And what better way to wake him? This is Nenshou's sole, singular opportunity to reclaim control of the destiny that he desires more than anything. He has... ONE chance. Make no mistake, the Vasquezes, Scotts; they'll get as many opportunities as the AWA can fling at them. But Nenshou has this one crack in his window of opportunity, and he must leap through. This is the greatest of all possible motivators. If he is able to regroup himself, and restore his focus? If he is able to truly be the Asian Assassin again?

He will succeed.

If not? He will lose even what chance he had, and it will require a long rehabilitation process, waiting for many others ahead of him, before he can have another opportunity at the World Championship. I spent much political capital in setting up the perfect opportunity for Nenshou, on New Years Eve of 2012. More than you realize. I have spent the days since paying for it. I even had to pay in blood two months ago, but the triumph of Unholy War made it well worth the price.

JD: Speaking of that, Juan Vasquez has made it very clear that he is coming after Nenshou for what he did to Luke Kinsey in the War Games. Using that awful black mist to blind Kinsey, possibly for good.

PC: Ah, Vasquez, who again feels as if we wronged him somehow. Vasquez destroyed Nenshou's aspirations, ruined his championship goals... derailed his entire career, basically... and he has the nerve to take anything Nenshou does personally?!

Let's look at the history. I'm not even going to mock the man's disingenuous personality any further... no, let's speak of him as the hateful, despicable tyrant he is. I offered Juan Vasquez a spot in my Unholy Alliance, to help Nenshou achieve his goals, and he agreed. All I had to do was lead James Monosso to victory over him to prove my worth, and promise him that I would deliver to him Calisto Dufresne. I did both of those things; risking my well-being in the process. I sacrificed an excellent working relationship with Calisto Dufresne, who still hates me for this. I gave Vasquez everything he wanted, and would have given him a title shot once Nenshou were the champion. Like I fulfilled every other promise.

But he botches his end of the deal, betrays me, and breaches a contract with the explicit assistance of the AWA, who would sue anyone else for everything they owned if they breached a contract. He spends the entire calendar year fielding an army to get me, hires Layton to stab me, and for what? Giving him everything he wanted? And now... and NOW... he thinks we've wronged him.

Vasquez, no matter what moral standard you use, whether pretending to be a hero or acknowledging that you're a cretin... you're a hypocrite. By any and every standard. You escape karmic justice time and again, and I just want you to remember one thing.

Nenshou was aiming for YOU.

He was aiming for you because of what YOU did to HIM. Not for no reason. Not for sadism. Not for kicks and giggles. He was out to get revenge on you, because you wronged him and escaped justice. You had that black mist coming. Luke Kinsey chose to take that mist for you.

And so the only person truly responsible for blinding him... is you.

[The fans boo this warped logic intensely.]

JD: We're almost out of time, but I have one more question. The first round match that we're going to see tonight...

[Now Percy seems really upset. He practically growls.]

PC: They will compete on even terms, and I have no further comment.

JD: Are you trying to tell me th...

PC: No. Further. Comment.

JD: You seem very up...

PC: Nenshou, he's not listening to me.

[Nenshou steps forward into Dane's face, and the interviewer takes no chances. Having already been hospitalized by Nenshou once, Dane wisely retreats. The fans are enraged, and Childes waves them off. Both men exit as we go back to the announce booth.]

GM: Percy Childes can warp and contort any set of facts to his advantage, Bucky.

BW: He's just letting the facts speak for themselves, daddy. Nenshou has all the motivation in the world, and Juan Vasquez is a self-absorbed hypocrite who warps and distorts facts in his own mind.

GM: We had questioned whether Percy's decision to deny Nenshou any championship opportunities would drive a fatal wedge between the two, but now it seems like Childes had this planned from the start. With Nenshou having only this one chance, it is a must win for him. I wonder how Nenshou likes being manipulated this way?

BW: Now, now. How would Percy have known that the fans would choose Nenshou?

GM: I do wonder about that. How WOULD the fans have chosen Nenshou?

BW: Wait, that ain't what I asked! You're warpin' and contortin', Gordo! Percy couldn't have fixed the poll!

GM: I didn't say that he did, but I see that the possibility is also evident to you.

BW: ...hey!

GM: Fans, right before the break we saw something terrible unfolding with Louis Matsui. Mark Stegglet is out in the parking lot right now with an update for us. Mark, are you there?

[Crossfade back to the parking lot area where Louis Matsui, his face now covered in a bloodstained white towel, is being loaded into the back of an ambulance.]

MS: We are back live in the parking lot of the Crockett Coliseum as Louis Matsui is prepared for a ride to the nearby medical facility... it looks like Maximus will be going with him. Fans, this is a disturbing trend. You look at what happened to Duane Henry Bishop two weeks ago at Homecoming and now here tonight to Louis Matsui.

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: We'll try to get some word on the condition of Louis Matsui before we go off the air tonight but if not, check the AWA website for all the details. For now, though, let's go back down to Gordon and Bucky. Guys?

[Crossfade away from the motionless Matsui to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. A disturbing trend for sure... you got that right, Mark. Bucky, we speculated a bit that Royalty might be involved in this situation but... well, we assumed that Duane Henry was the victim of an attack by the Wise Men trying to protect their identities.

BW: We did, yeah.

GM: What are you thinking right now?

BW: I'm thinking that the AWA is under assault by... someone. I don't know if it's Royalty... if it's the Wise Men... if it's someone else altogether. But someone is coming after people here in the AWA and they mean business. This isn't some simple beatdown. This is an attempt to take people out for good.

GM: A terrifying thought. Fans, let's go up to the ring for more tag team action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, currently in the ring... from Allentown, Pennsylvania... Seek And Destroy!

[Two large men stand in the ring by their corner. Both men look to be middle-aged. Destroy, stands about 6'10" and wears a pair of standard black tights. Seek is about 6'6" and wears a red and black camouflage tights. He also wears a heavy knee brace on his right knee.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis begins to play as Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come racing out of the back to the cheers from the crowd.]

PW: Weighing in at a total of four hundred twenty pounds, Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz... the team of... AIIIIIIIR STRIIIIIIKE!

[All smiles and sprinting down the aisle, Air Strike slap the hands of all the fans that stick their arms out. Aarons has a well-toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long royal blue tights with a yellow vertical stripe going down the leg; Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Mertz has on long black tights with a royal blue vertical stripe going down each leg.]

GM: These two young tag team specialists are really starting to make some noise with the AWA Championship Committee, Bucky.

BW: They haven't cracked the Top Ten contenders list quite yet but if they keep on piling up wins here on Saturday Night Wrestling, I can't imagine it'll be too much longer.

GM: They've certainly taken on all comers since arriving here in the AWA and earlier tonight, we heard the Longhorn Riders with some pretty strong words for Air Strike so you gotta imagine those two are on a collision course of some sorts.

BW: And if that happens, we're gonna find out exactly what these two are capable of 'cause the Riders are double tough and completely underrated in my book.

[Aarons and Mertz circle the ring greeting the fans before sliding into the ring. Hopping up to their feet quickly, they raise a fist to the crowd, who greet the young duo with another chorus of cheers.]

BW: They may have lucked out against the Toros last time, Gordo, but look at these men they are huge!

GM: Indeed they are and Air Strike may be talking about that themselves as they huddle in their corner to talk things over.. and it look like Cody Mertz is going to start things off against Seek. Bucky, what can you tell us about Seek and Destroy?

BW: As always Bucky Wilde is the man with the inside scoop. Seek and Destroy has made a long career out of wrestling in the Northeast and Midwest. But like most big men, injuries have been the downfall of this team and they told me right before the show they hope to squash this young punk team and hopefully impress enough people to get themselves a contract.

[Seek and Mertz circle around each other in the middle of the ring. Finally, Seek lunges in with a tie up attempt but Mertz ducks under.]

GM: Cody Mertz moves real quick, ducking under the tieup... oh! And he catches Seek in the side of the knee with a kick!

BW: Seek's got a history of knee injuries that Mertz may be looking to take advantage of.

GM: Looks like you're not the only one who did some homework on these two big brawlers, Bucky.

[Seek winces, shaking out his leg as he glares at Cody Mertz. Mertz waves Seek forward which brings the big man towards him but Mertz ducks under again, snapping off another kick to the side of the knee!]

GM: Another leg kick by Cody Mertz, trying to slow down these big powerhouses. And that's an excellent strategy to start things off as I don't think Air Strike wants to go toe to toe with this much bigger team, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. Trying to go toe to toe with Seek And Destroy might get your clock cleaned in a hurry.

[Mertz hops back and forth from foot to foot, staying loose as Seek grabs at the side of his knee, glaring at the youngster yet again. He straightens up, wobbling towards Mertz...]

GM: Mertz ducks under again...

[He swings around, looking for a third kick but the veteran is waiting for it, catching the kick. A smiling Seek waggles a finger at Mertz before using the caught leg to swing him around in a full circle...]

...and lunges at him with a big clothesline!]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Mertz!

[Mertz dashes to the ropes, rebounding off towards a surprised Seek who cocks the right arm back, throwing another clothesline attempt that Mertz ducks under, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: So quick!

BW: There was a blind tag there, Gordo! Aarons tagged in!

[Mertz approaches the waiting Seek, dropping down into a slide at the last moment to go between the legs of the bigger man. He pops back up to his feet, throwing a dropkick into the jaw of Seek that sends the big man staggering around, turning right into a matching standing dropkick out of Michael Aarons!]

GM: A pair of beautiful dropkicks out of Air Strike send Seek down to the mat!

[Seek is upset as he climbs back to his feet, seething as Mertz steps out to the apron. From the corner, a shout from Destroy sends Seek in his direction, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: Destroy asked for the tag and in he comes!

[Destroy steps in, waving Aarons towards him...]

GM: Another dropki- ohh! Destroy slaps him away!

BW: That was a nice show of power, Gordo. He told Aarons to bring it to him and like the dummy he is, Aarons did exactly that, throwing another dropkick but having it swatted away like a fly.

GM: Michael Aarons isn't about to back down from anyone but Destroy made him pay for it.

[Destroy pounds his chest with clenched fists, giving a big shout to the crowd who jeer him. He turns back towards Aarons, ordering him to get up and try him again.]

GM: Destroy wants Michael Aarons back up and up he comes!

[Aarons kips up to his feet, throwing a pair of quick kicks to the left thigh.]

GM: Michael Aarons is going for the legs as well! Kicks to the thigh... now to the side of the knee... trying to chop down this big tree...

[Aarons spins, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding off as quickly as he can...

...and throws himself into a stunned Destroy with a flying cross body!]

GM: Crossbod- CAUGHT!

[The crowd buzzes at the strength of Destroy as the big man snatches Aarons out of the sky, walking around the ring with him...]

GM: Michael Aarons, fresh out of the Combat Corner, probably didn't experience anything like this in that training facility.

BW: Which is the difference between training to become a wrestler and BEING a wrestler, daddy! Michaelson can't teach you everything and you better believe he didn't teach Aarons about this!

GM: Maybe, maybe not but... look at Mertz!

[Dashing in to aid his partner, Mertz throws a dropkick at the back of his own partner, sending Destroy down to the mat with Aarons on top of him!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Illegal! Illegal!

GM: It certainly was...

[Aarons grabs a leg as the referee dives to count.]

BW: Why the heck is the ref counting that?!

[But Aarons only gets a one count before Destroy THROWS him off of him and almost back to the Air Strike corner.]

GM: Wow! Look at the power of Destroy!

[Destroy climbs to his feet, grabbing the surprised Aarons by the throat!]

GM: Oh! He's got him!

[Destroy angrily turns, grabbing Cody Mertz by the throat as Mertz attempts to rush in and aid his partner...]

GM: He's got 'em both! Is he gonna try and chokeslam BOTH of these men?!

BW: Darn straight he is! Two toothpicks like that? No problem!

[Destroy does indeed get both men up into the air but before they can be slammed down, Mertz and Aarons slip out, landing to the side of Destroy as they dash to the ropes behind him...]

...and CONNECT with a big running double clothesline on the bigger man!]

GM: Double clothesline!

BW: DESTROY AIN'T GOIN' DOWN!

[Destroy staggers but manages to stay on his feet. Aarons and Mertz take a glance at one another before dashing into the ropes again, rebounding off for another double clothesline attempt...

...but get OBLITERATED by a double clothesline from Destroy!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!! Destroy just did EXACTLY what his name implies and nearly decapitated the two members of Air Strike right there, fans!

[The big man lets out a primal scream towards the crowd as he grabs Mertz by the hair, flinging him through the ropes to the floor.]

BW: And finally the illegal man gets shown the door!

[Destroy turns his attention back to Michael Aarons, pulling him up by the hair and HAMMERING him across the back with a forearm shot, knocking him down to his knees. A glaring Destroy clasps his hands together, smashing a double axehandle across the back of the head, knocking him down to all fours where he lays him out with a series of brutal double axehandles to the back.]

GM: Huge shots by Destroy!

BW: Simple; but very damaging and very painful from the look on Aarons' face.

[Destroy steps back, waving for Aarons to get back up as the youngster struggles to get off the mat...

...only to be put right back down with another big forearm across the shoulderblades!]

GM: Destroy is really making a good first impression on the AWA front office right about now, I believe. If their goal tonight was to earn a contract with this company, they may be on the verge of doing exactly that.

[The big man pulls Aarons up by the arm, flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: He shoots Aarons in...

[...and LAUNCHES him high into the air, sending him crashing down on his back!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY DESTROY! Oh my! He sent him almost ten or twelve feet up there by my estimation, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Air Strike always claims to be a high flying, fun loving team... Destroy just wanted to help him out.

[Turning back to the corner, Destroy slaps his partner's hand, barking an instruction as he yanks Aarons off the mat by the hair, scooping him up into a front powerslam position as Seek gets down on one knee...]

GM: Doubleteam coming up... ohh! And Destroy uses his partner's own knee to deliver the backbreaker! Right onto that protective knee brace to boot!

BW: Shades of Gunnar Gaines! Man, I hope his knee is okay.

GM: I'm sure you do.

[With Aarons down and clutching at his back, Seek gets in a few hard kicks to the lower back.]

GM: Seek's painting a bullseye on that back after the backbreaker on the kneebrace, going right after it. He's pulling Michael Aarons up now... look out here...

[Seek turns up the heat, FIRING Aarons spinefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Good grief!

[Aarons staggers out of the corner, right up into the waiting arms of Seek.]

GM: Seek scoops him up, spins him around...

[A big slam causes Aarons to cry out in pain as he hits the mat. Seek nods to the jeering crowd, pointing down at his kneebrace and then down at Aarons.]

GM: Seek is just taunting these fans here in Dallas. That's not going to win him any friends here.

BW: I'm pretty sure he's not worried about winning friends... just matches, contracts, and money.

GM: It looks like Seek's about to use that kneebrace again, hitting the ropes... KNEEDROP!

[But Aarons rolls aside, causing Seek to slam kneefirst into the mat!]

GM: Nobody home! Aarons avoids the kneedrop... and let's see if he can make the tag!

[Cody Mertz gets back to the corner from where he was trying to fire up the crowd, sticking his arm out and looking to make the exchange...]

GM: Mertz is looking for a tag... so is Michael Aarons!

[Seek rolls around on his back, clutching the knee as Aarons tries to shake the cobwebs.]

GM: Aarons is looking for that tag... can he get these before Seek gets up?

[Aarons rolls to all fours, crawling towards his corner and the tag...]

GM: Aarons is on his way... looking to get there and- HEY!

[Gordon reacts to Destroy rushing across the ring, knocking Mertz clean off the apron with a forearm smash!]

BW: Mertz got tagged alright - with a forearm upside the noggin!

GM: That was totally uncalled for!

BW: But when this young punk team, Air Strike, does it, it's perfectly acceptable.

[The ref immediately gets in the face of Destroy who throws his hands up in innocence as he backs towards his corner.]

GM: Destroy is being put back out on the apron as Seek gets up, pulling Michael Aarons back to his feet...

[Seek grabs the arm, looking to do some damage but Aarons quickly grabs hold of Seek's arm, wringing it around...

...and BLASTING him under the chin with a back kick, knocking him back to the corner!]

GM: Oh my! Aarons caught him with that hooking kick to the chin... and the referee's still trying to get Destroy out on the apron. Aarons needs to make the tag...

BW: But he ain't goin' for one! What a glory hog this kid is!

[Aarons plants a boot in the gut of Seek, pulling him into a standing front facelock...]

GM: What's he-?

[Aarons seems to rethink his decision, pausing for a moment...

...which allows Destroy to barrel past the official, nearly taking Aarons' head off his with a running big boot to the head!]

GM: Destroy AGAIN blatantly comes in illegally and what in the world is wrong with this official? They should be disqualified for this!

[Grabbing Seek by the arm, Destroy guides him to the corner, tagging himself into the match. The referee protests but allows it as Destroy picks Aarons up...

...and shoves him skyhigh into a military press!]

GM: Oh my stars! Look at the power of Destroy!

[He walks around the ring with Aarons pressed overhead, showing off his strength...

...and DROPS him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH! HE HITS THE CANVAS HARD!!

[Destroy spins around, dropping to his knees as he muscles Aarons onto his back...

...but he barely gets a one count as Cody Mertz dives in, breaking the pin, and staying in as he hammers the big man with lefts and rights!]

GM: He's going to town on Destroy! He's seen enough of these cheapshots and he's taking the fight right to him!

[The referee has also seen enough, attempting to intervene by grabbing Mertz around the waist, dragging him off the downed Destroy.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: The referee is FINALLY doing his job in getting Mertz out of there!

GM: Why didn't he do that to Destroy?!

BW: Look at the size of him! Would YOU put your hands on him?!

GM: I wouldn't put my hands on EITHER of them! That's not the referee's job and I don't know what in the world Davis Warren is thinking!

[Mertz struggles against the official, trying to get back into the fight as Destroy gets back to his feet, taking the chance to drag Aarons back into Seek And Destroy's corner.]

GM: Aarons gets put back into the corner... trapped a long ways away from his partner...

[Destroy throws a couple of heavy knees into the midsection, cutting off any effort to get out of the corner.]

GM: Michael Aarons is in a whole lot of trouble and I think he realizes it, Bucky!

[The crowd cheers as Aarons throws a right hand at Destroy. A flurry of them follow, creating a little bit of space as Aarons takes a step out of the corner and turns to throw a right hand at Seek as well!]

GM: He's fighting out of the corner! Michael Aarons is fighting for his life!

[Aarons turns back to Destroy, connecting with a few more haymakers but a big knee to the gut stops him short.]

GM: Ohhh... Aarons gets cut off again and- look at this!

[The crowd jeers as Seek reaches in, grabbing a handful of trunks to yank Aarons back into the corner where he slips an arm around the neck, holding him against the buckles as Destroy starts throwing heavy and huge right hands into the ribcage!]

GM: Another illegal doubleteam out of Seek And Destroy... and here comes Davis Warren, ordering them to break it up!

BW: But the damage has been done, Gordo. Seek And Destroy continue to isolate Michael Aarons. This is textbook tag team wrestling at its finest. Cut the ring in half, keep the weakened man in, and keep on working him over until he's got nothing left.

[Destroy backs off at the four count, slapping the hand of Seek.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes Seek on the exchange...

[Seek winds up, throwing big right hands to the skull, forcing Aarons down to a knee in the corner. The ref steps in, forcing Seek to step back but instead, Seek just grabs Aarons by the arm, wheeling him around to fire him into the neutral corner...]

GM: Ohh! Hard he goes into the corner again...

[Seek walks out to the center of the ring, pumping a fist at the jeering fans...

...and then goes barreling into the corner where Michael Aarons is dazed and in a whole lot of trouble...]

GM: SEEK CHARGING IN!

[But Aarons makes a desperation dive to the side, causing Seek to SLAM chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Seek collapses to his knees as Aarons falls to all four and begins the long crawl across the ring once again...]

GM: Aarons is looking for the tag and his partner, Cody Mertz, is cheering him on with every move he makes! Destroy is shouting at his partner to make the tag as well... You can see that Davis Warren has learned from his mistakes and he's positioned himself into Seek And Destroy's corner. He's there to make sure that Destroy doesn't come charging in!

BW: That hardly seems fair!

GM: Mertz is begging Aarons to get across there and make the tag!

BW: Seek doesn't have as far to go, Gordo... look at the wingspan on Destroy...

[Mertz is jumping up and down, pumping his fist, getting the crowd to will Michael Aarons over towards the corner. The young man continues the crawl, drawing closer and closer...]

"TEN MINUTES EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes remain in the time limit of this one and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: A DIVING TAG BY MICHAEL AARONS!

[Cody Mertz slingshots over the top rope to a huge ovation from the crowd, sprinting across the ring...

...and delivering a big flying forearm to a surprised Destroy, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: HE KNOCKS DESTROY TO THE FLOOR!

[With the crowd absolutely roaring for the young man, Mertz grabs Seek by the arm...]

GM: Irish- no, reversed by Seek!

[Cody hits the ropes, rebounding out, and leaves his feet, leaping up to scissor Seek's head between his legs, pumping a fist to the crowd before dragging Seek down to the mat!]

GM: Oh my!

[Pumping a fist again, Mertz dashes to the ropes, rebounding off and delivering a hard flying knee to the side of the rising Seek's skull!]

GM: Ohh! Big knee puts Seek down!

[Mertz hits the ropes again, rebounding off...

...and SNAPPING a quick legdrop down on the throat of his opponent!]

GM: Legdrop connects!

BW: Destroy's back in!

[Destroy lumbers across the ring, perhaps still dazed from the flying forearm, attempting a running clothesline but Mertz ducks under, sending Destroy hurtling towards the ropes...

...where a dazed Michael Aarons has the presence of mind to pull the top rope down, sending Destroy falling over the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DESTROY HITS THE FLOOR!!

[A dazed Aarons ducks through the ropes, trying to help his partner who pulls Seek up to his feet, hooking a front facelock...

...when suddenly Aarons arrives, grabbing Seek as well. Mertz grins before the duo snaps off a double suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Double suplex out of Air Strike!

[Mertz is up first, firing up the crowd as Michael Aarons is slow to get to his feet, staggering up and nodding to the cheering fans.]

GM: Air Strike is looking to finish off Seek And Destroy and that might be the beginning of the end, fans!

BW: And Davis Warren's doing nothing to stop these illegal doubleteams!

GM: I'm not sure he's got any control over this, Bucky. It's broken down into chaos...

[Aarons and Mertz drag Seek up off the mat, each holding an arm as they execute a double whip, connecting with a double kick to the gut on the rebound to double up Seek...]

GM: Seek's in some trouble now... off the ropes again...

[Mertz and Aarons hit opposite sides, rebounding back...]

GM: Look out here!

[Aarons dives down, taking out the legs as Mertz connects with a leaping shoulder tackle, wiping out the larger man!]

GM: What a doubleteam out of Air Strike... and they're not done yet!

[With the crowd on their feet, Aarons and Mertz move to opposite corners, slingshotting up onto the top rope. They stand tall, pointing across at one another...

...and leap off in tandem, sailing through the air...]

GM: ELBOW!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Aarons and Mertz deliver the double flying elbow off the top, connecting with the chest and head of Seek!]

GM: Mertz makes the cover! ONE!! TWO!!!

[Destroy suddenly is on the apron, ready to intervene...

...but a desperate Michael Aarons throws himself into a baseball slide to the knee, knocking Destroy back down to the floor.]

GM: THREE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Wow! What a win for Air Strike, fans!

BW: I can't believe they did it again. I thought for sure that Seek And Destroy had this one... I thought they had it, Gordo.

GM: You weren't the only one, I'm sure.

[Mertz and Aarons slide out to the floor, moving towards the railing to celebrate with the cheering crowd. They're slapping hands, embracing a few, and just generally soaking up the adoration of the fans.]

BW: Sooner or later, the clock is going to strike midnight for this Cinderella team.

GM: You may be right but on this night, this Cinderella story is going to be partying all night long. Jason Dane is down here at ringside to get some comments. Jason?

[We fade over to the other side of the ring where Jason Dane is now standing with Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons.]

JD: Cody, Michael another impressive win for you tonight.

[Cody places an arm around his tag partner and smiles.]

CM: Well, I wasn't about to let Texas down in my first match in my home state!

[Smiling, Cody continues.]

CM: But it's like we said, we are here for the long haul and we are here to prove we are the best. Those guys, they were good. But tonight?

[Cody looks over at his partner.]

CM: Air Strike was better.

[Winning, Arons takes over.]

MA: And we... (takes a winning breath) we aren't done, not by a long shot.

[Arons takes a deep breath and then stands up straight on his own.]

MA: Next week, we'll do it again and then the week after that, we'll do it again. Air Strike is not gonna stop, until we reach the very top. Big, small, average and tall, me and my man Cody here take 'em all!

JD: Any challenges specifically to any of the teams out there?

CM: Yeah, we challenge you to fight us. We're new to the game so being the young, punk team calling out the veterans isn't something we're looking to do. But if you're itching for a fight, you want to step in that ring; you can bet that Air Strike will be ready, willing, and MORE than able to take it to you.

JD: Michael, any parting words?

[But before Arons can answer, he finds himself knocked flat on the floor.]

JD: What the-?!

[Cody Mertz turns just before Pete Colt comes at him with a haymaker. Mertz gets off a right hand of his own, putting up a fight for a few moments before Jim Colt lowers the boom on him from behind!]

GM: The Longhorn Riders have struck out of nowhere!

BW: Air Strike's out here runnin' their mouths about being up for a fight with any team on the roster... well, we're about to find out how true that is!

[The Colts each grab an arm on Cody Mertz...

...and FIRE him into the steel ringpost, leaving him laying on the floor as Jim Colt turns back to Michael Arons, dragging him off the mat by the hair and shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders have put Arons into the ring... and they're going after him!

[It doesn't take long for Arons to find himself up on the shoulders of Pete Colt as Jim comes sailing off the top, connecting with a clothesline that flips Arons over and dumps him down on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! COLT REVOLVER STRIKES AGAIN!!

[The Longhorn Riders stand in the ring, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as they look down at the motionless members of Air Strike. Jim Colt stalks across the ring, grabbing the lens of the closest camera. We cut to the camera, showing Colt's snarling face...]

"We accept."

[And he shoves the camera away before the Colts duck out to the floor, making their exit.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders have assaulted Air Strike after a hard fought victory by Mertz and Aarons and... man oh man, this tag team division continues to stay red hot! Let's go backstage where I'm told Mark Stegglet has some big news for us. Mark?

[Crossfade back to the locker room area.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. As all of our fans know, two weeks ago, we saw an absolutely brutal assault on the Lynch Brothers by their arch-rivals, the Beale Street Bullies... an assault that ended with James Lynch being hit with a piledriver by the Bullies. We have some news related to this incident. Now, as we reported earlier, James Lynch was not paralyzed as a result of that spike piledriver but he has suffered extensive damage to his neck and is considered out indefinitely by the AWA medical team at this time.

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: In addition, we can tell you that due to the belief of the AWA President's office that the Lynches actually instigated the physical part of that altercation, the Bullies will NOT be suspended for their actions.

However, following the events of Homecoming, a second altercation occurred between the Bullies and the Lynches - an altercation that AWA officials felt DID deserve some punishment.

After the events of Homecoming, the Beale Street Bullies decided to continue their celebration... their party if you will... and went down to the Rusty Spur down the street, the local saloon owned and operated by AWA grappler Curt Sawyer, to continue their party.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Unfortunately, that's not where the situation ended. An incident occurred between the Bullies and the Lynches... an incident that actually ended up being recorded on the cell phone of a fan in the bar. The AWA has purchased this footage and we are going to bring it to you right now. Please be aware that this footage was shot by an amateur on a cell phone so the quality may not be up to AWA standards.

[Another pause.]

MS: Let's take a look at what went down two weeks ago after Homecoming went off the air...

[We fade to black for an instant before there's a burst of static which turns into the interior of the Rusty Spur. As is to be expected, the footage is shaky, the screen often filled with blurry, indistinct images. All of the ambient chatter within the packed bar can be heard, much of it a jumbled, incoherent mess.]

Off-Camera Voice: It's them, it's the Bullies!

OCV#2: Let's go talk to them!

[Another swift bit of blurred sights until the camera settles, still shaky, but steadier now, upon the three Beale Street Bullies. Adam Rogers is leaning back in a chair, his feet up on the table, a bottle of beer in his hand. Robert Donovan has an unlit cigar clenched between his teeth and a big grin on his face as he shouts at a nearby waitress. Dick Wyatt rounds out the group, Sunshine on his lap pouring shots of Jack Daniels straight out of the bottle.]

RD: Ya really don't have steak here?

DW: This look like a joint you'd want a steak from anyways, big man?

[Donovan shrugs as we cut ahead, obviously skipping a portion of view to later in the evening. When we come back up, all three Bullies are talking very loudly. Wyatt seems to be slurring his words a bit as Sunshine tries to keep him from falling over.

Suddenly, the camera is jostled, the lens taking in a rushed pan from the floor to the ceiling.]

OCV: Hey! Watch it.

[Taking a step back, the "camera man" gets a clear view of what caused the commotion. Standing right in front of the Bullies are the two remaining Lynch brothers, Travis and Jack. Both are dressed similarly - in t-shirts and jeans. With a sweep of his hand, Jack knocks a drink out of Rob Donovan's hand. Donovan reacts angrily without even seeing who did it, climbing to his feet as Jack Lynch steps closer.]

JL: You're real proud of yourselves, ain't ya? Laughin' it up while Jimmy might never walk again!

[Donovan jabs a finger into his chest.]

RD: You get in my face, your [BLEEP] of a brother ain't the only one who's gonna end up in a meat wagon tonight!

[The youngest of Lynches takes exception to the threat.]

TL: You better watch your mouths!

DW: What're you gonna do about it? Go cryin' home to your daddy?

[Rogers cackles.]

AR: If you've gotta cry, can you go outside and do it? The only thing I hate worse than... well, you... is tears in my beer. So, if you can just-

[Jack interrupts.]

JL: I look like someone about to cry to you?

[No more words, as Jack lunges forward, tackling Donovan to the floor. Travis knocks Rogers back with a clenched fist to the jaw, while Dick Wyatt comes up behind Travis, smashing him in the back of the head. The Rusty Spur gets suddenly very loud, as we can hear patrons screaming. The footage becomes very erratic now, as the cameraman tries to keep up with the action. Much of it is missed, but much is also caught:

Dick Wyatt and Adam Rogers holding Jack Lynch's arms while Rob Donovan punches him in the stomach.

Travis Lynch pulling Rogers off his brother, and sending him over a table as drinkers scatter.

Rogers coming up, covered in spilled beer and broken glass, jumping on top of Travis, the pair of them rolling around and scuffling.

Jack Lynch knocking Donovan into the bar with a hard right, only for Dick Wyatt to punch him in the kidneys from behind, before putting the boots to the downed Lynch.

Finally, with all five men involved in a chaotic brawl, the bar fills with police officers, the Spur's customers scattering for the wind. Fists continue to fly, and more than one police officer is knocked down, before the five men are separated. The Lynches are being restrained by three officers, while two more are standing in front of the Bullies, holding them back as we abruptly cut back to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: As you saw there, the brawl was quite out of control. Luckily, the owner of the bar has decided not to press charges however the police booked all five men into the local jail. All five have since been released but... well, that wasn't the only piece of footage we got from that night. Roll it!

[A shaky video feed begins, probably from a cell phone, of a jail cell. Two arms are hanging out from the steel bars, one hand is covered in blood and his head lowered so that the long, wavy brown hair is all that can be see.]

Voice: I'm telling you it's him, Travis Lynch.

Voice 2: No way ...

[The man looks up, his face has dried blood upon his forehead, and as he looks up anger seems to be emanating from his eyes.]

TL: Is that on?

[The man holding the phone doesn't answer fast enough.]

TL: I SAID IS THAT ON!

Voice: Ummm yeah. Yeah it is.

TL: Good. Send this to the AWA offices.

[Travis stands up, his Texas Born t-shirt, covered in blood (it can't all be his), is torn in multiple places. With his blood covered hand, he brushes his hair from his face as he speaks.]

TL: Do you think this is the end? Do you honestly think it's over? Do you think you can leave my brother laying motionless in a pool of his blood in the center of the ring ... IN THE CENTER OF TEXAS!?!

[Travis pauses for a moment before he grabs the bars in front of him.]

TL: If you do, you sons o' [BLEEP] are dumber than I thought! 'Cause as you saw at that lil' waterhole you were out at tonight there's nowhere to hide from us boys. These bars aren't going to be holdin' me for long and when I'm back out I'm comin' for you ...

[Travis smirks for a split second.]

TL: I've said it before boys, blood is thicker than water. And the blood that runs through these veins is the same that you left coverin' the mat tonight... and it's the same blood that flows through the veins of big ol' Jack so you know I won't comin' alone, boys.

[Travis pauses and exhales deeply.]

TL: Rogers, Wyatt and Donovan, we're goin' to leave you beggin' for mercy... and you three better be praying God isn't a Lynch!

OFFSCREEN: Gimme that!

[The phone is snatched away, and zooms through the jail cell's interior, until it's finally turned around. There, in extreme close up is the angry face of Jack Lynch.]

JL: It's not over! You hear me, Bullies?! THIS AIN'T OVER! There's no jail cell big enough to keep us from you.

YOU CRIPPLED MY BROTHER!!

[The camera shakes erratically, no doubt because Jack Lynch is, himself, trembling with rage.]

JL: We're comin' for you! From now, you boys look under your beds, in the back seat of the car you're drivin', around every corner, and anywhere else you go.

This doesn't end until all three of you are sufferin' worse than Jimmy! You hear me! This doesn't end until there are no more Bullies left!

[The camera is abruptly cut off, but not before one final shot of the bloodshot, furious eyes of Jack Lynch. We go back to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: There you have it, fans. As a result of what happened at the Rusty Spur and Homecoming, the AWA made two official proclamations earlier today. To try and prevent this from becoming an issue ever again, the AWA has ruled that whenever one member of either one of these factions is present - no more than one of the other can be there. For instance, if Jack Lynch is scheduled in singles action two weeks from now, no more than one of the Bullies can be allowed in the building. It is a unique solution but one that the AWA hopes can prevent any more blood from being shed in the war. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[We crossfade back down to ringside.]

BW: Prevent any more bloodshed? Fat chance of that.

GM: I tend to agree with you there. We've never seen Jack and Travis Lynch as fired up as they were in that jail cell... and rightfully so. Their brother was seriously injured at the hands of the Beale Street Bullies and may... I hate to say it, Bucky... but there is a chance he'll never wrestle again.

BW: There absolutely is a chance of that... and while I hate the Lynches, I'd never wish an injury like that on any of them.

GM: The Lynches are out for revenge.

BW: Can you blame 'em? If he was my brother, I'd want revenge too.

GM: Fans, this next match is NOT about revenge... it's about the World Heavyweight Title. Or more specifically, it's about the hunt to earn the World Title shot at SuperClash V on Thanksgiving Night in front of the biggest crowd in AWA history. Eight men walk into this tournament with the opportunity to possibly become the World Champion in less than two months' time but in the end, only one will get that chance. Tonight, in just a few moments, we will see Johnny Detson take on Rick Marley in a first round matchup. But we just received the brackets from the Championship Committee... let's take a look...

[A graphic comes up on the screen:

FIRST ROUND

9/28 - DETSON/MARLEY

10/12 - MAXIMUS/WRIGHT

10/26 - NENSHOU/BRYANT & SCOTT/VASQUEZ

SECOND ROUND

WINNER OF DETSON/MARLEY vs WINNER OF MAXIMUS/WRIGHT

WINNER OF NENSHOU/BRYANT vs WINNER OF SCOTT/VASQUEZ]

GM: So, whoever manages to win this battle between Detson and Marley has a battle with either MAMMOTH Maximus or Supreme Wright waiting for them... which can't be a comforting thought.

BW: It's in the bag, daddy. The Unholy Alliance is walking into SuperClash V to challenge for the World Title. They've got three horses in an eight horse race.

GM: They're about to lose one of those horses though and with the introductions for that, let's go up to Phil!

[Crossfade to the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in the CHASE FOR THE CLASH tournament! Introducing first... he is the manager of BOTH competitors... the Collector of Oddities... PERCY CHIIIIIIILDES!

[The crowd jeers the arrival of the manager of the Unholy Alliance as he makes his way down the aisle, tapping his crystal-topped cane against his open palm.]

GM: What's this separate entrance all about?

BW: I'm told that Percy has no desire to pick a favorite in this one so he's going to stand in a neutral corner and cheer on both men equally.

GM: And then rush to the side of the winner?

BW: That's the smart move, right?

[Gordon sighs as Percy does indeed take a spot in a neutral corner as Motley Crue's "Saints Of Los Angeles" fills the air.

Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do.

[The arena lights dim as laser lights begin to play around the roof of the arena for a five count. The bass drum kicks in as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Currently residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 215 pounds and representing the Unholy Alliance...

"SHOOOOOWTIIIME" RIIIIICK MAAAAARLEYYYY!

[The lights kick back in to reveal Marley standing in the aisle. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.]

GM: Rick Marley has seem destined for the top gold in the AWA since the first moment we saw him - way back five years ago - but it has eluded him. Could tonight be the first step towards changing all of that?

BW: I believe it will be, Gordo. Johnny Detson is an incredible athlete and a fantastic professional wrestler but I think Rick Marley wants it a little bit more.

GM: We'll find out in a bit.

[Marley strides down the aisle, stepping through the ropes into the ring. He walks across the ring, pointing at Percy who applauds as Marley steps up onto the second rope in front of the announcer's table, pointing down at Myers and Wilde.]

"This is it! Mark it down as the day everything changes!"

GM: Well, he certainly seems confident.

[Marley snaps off a backflip, landing in the center of the ring with a smirk as the music starts to fade...]

PW: And his opponent...

["Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play over the speakers to jeers from the capacity crowd.]

PW: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... also representing the Unholy Alliance...

JOHNNY DEEEEETSONNNNN!

[About twenty seconds into the song, Detson steps into view on the elevated rampway. He's dressed in a black zippered sweatjacket with long gold tights and black boots. The former World Champion looks out over the crowd for a moment as the song continues to play.]

GM: And there's the man who I feel showed total disrespect to the AWA World Title earlier tonight with his comments.

BW: Oh, would you get over that?

GM: I will not! You and I have said it many times before, Bucky. If you don't want to be the World Heavyweight Champion, you have no business being in this sport. Johnny Detson says he doesn't want the title...

BW: He doesn't want it! He's a World Champion already!

GM: Of a dead and buried promotion!

BW: It didn't stop the AWA from recognizing that PCW World Title for all that time that Summers and Lynch were fighting over it. Besides, he admits that he doesn't WANT the title... but he NEEDS it to prove his point.

GM: That he's the best professional wrestler in the world. Well, we'll see about that. That particular theory may be about to come to a crashing halt at the hands of his own teammate.

[Detson walks down the ramp, methodically making his way down to the ring looking straight ahead, focusing on nothing else but the task at hand. The anger and resentment is etched on his face as he steps into the ring, staring across at his ally.]

GM: You have to believe that Percy Childes was hoping to avoid this situation, Bucky. With a match like this... with stakes this great and intensity this high, this can leave some bad blood between these two men.

BW: No way. They're professionals in the Alliance... well, except for Nenshou who seems to be breaking all the rules that Percy's put into place as of late. They know that this is just a necessary evil and when it's over, they can shake hands and move on.

GM: We'll see about that as well, I suppose.

[Detson unzips his jacket, throwing it to the outside as he stares across at Marley who returns the stare.]

GM: The crowd here in Dallas is buzzing in anticipation of this one. They know how important this match is to both of these men and although they may elect not to cheer either of these men, you have to imagine that they're more than happy to watch them beat each other up.

[The lights come back up as Percy Childes looks on anxiously at Marley and Detson staring each other down from across the ring. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps between the two men to make some final instructions...

...and then wheels around to signal for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! The first match in the Chase For The Clash tournament is underway and these two look ready to tear one another apart to see who can advance to the second round to meet either Supreme Wright or MAMMOTH Maximus!

[The two men edge out of their respective corners, circling around, searching for an opening...]

GM: Both men taking their time here... not wanting to make any early mistake...

[We cut to Percy Childes who, true to his word, isn't saying a word as he stares at the action before him. Cut back to the ring where the two combatants are drawing closer to one another...]

...and then come together in a collar and elbow tieup that the crowd roars in response to!]

GM: They lock up! Both men jostling for position here and... Detson pulls Marley into the side headlock!

[Marley cries out in pain at being locked in the side headlock...]

...and then starts slapping the arm of Detson.]

GM: What's he...?

[The referee looks puzzled until Marley makes it real clear.]

"I QUIT! I QUIT!"

[A surprised Jagger turns, calling for the bell. Detson immediately lets go, looking surprised as Marley rolls out to the floor, clutching his neck as he howls in pain.]

GM: What in the world...?

[The crowd is booing at this point as they start to smell a rat. Jagger kneels to speak to Phil Watson.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match... BY SUBMISSION...

[The boos grow even louder!]

PW: JOHNNY DEEEETSONNNNN!

[Detson raises an arm, still looking puzzled.]

GM: Johnny Detson looks surprised at this turn of events but he HAD to have been in on it, right?

BW: In on what?

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky. The man submitted to a side headlock!

BW: You see the guns on Detson? He could pop a skullcap like a pimple with those things.

GM: Rick Marley and Johnny Detson just pulled a fast one on... on everyone! On the fans... on the locker room... on the entire AWA and if I thought Detson was disrespecting the World Title with his words, then Rick Marley just spit on the World Title with his acti-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: SUPERNOVA!

[The face-painted young lion hits the ring hot, smashing a surprised Johnny Detson with a pair of right hands...

...and then delivers a big running clothesline that takes Detson over the ropes to the floor as Rick Marley slides in behind Supernova!]

GM: Oh, he doesn't look too hurt now!

BW: His partner's in trouble! He's gotta save him from this painted-up thug!

[Supernova gets caught with a knee to the lower back. Marley smashes the point of his elbow down over the back of Supernova's head, knocking him down to his knees.]

GM: Marley's got Supernova down on his knees, hammering away at him...

[But Supernova catches a boot from Marley, rising up and just shoving Marley back into the ropes...

...where he drops him on the rebound with a right hand! Big cheer!]

GM: Marley's trying to run for it but Supernova caught him!

[Grabbing Marley by the ankle, Supernova drags him out to the middle of the ring where he flips him over...]

GM: He's looking for the Solar Flare!

[But Detson slides back in, charging from behind...

...but gets backdropped down to the mat by Supernova!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[With Marley climbing to his feet, Supernova hammers him back into the corner, before grabbing his arm...]

GM: Irish whip!

[Supernova drops back into the corner, leaning back to give a howl...]

GM: HERE HE-

[But Percy Childe and Johnny Detson are too quick, pulling Marley under the ropes to safety. The crowd boos with disappointment as Supernova stalks around the ring, obviously fuming. He gestures for a mic.]

S: HEY!

[Big cheer!]

S: I don't know what the hell you two goofs are out here trying to pull but I DO know that I wasn't about to sit back there and watch it! Since the first moment that I ever laced a pair of boots up, I wanted to be the World Heavyweight Champion... nah, nah...

[Supernova shakes his head.]

S: No, since the first moment I SAW professional wrestling on my TV screen! When I was just a kid sitting in my living room in California watching guys like Tiger Claw... like Youth Gone Wild... like Joe Reed... I knew what I wanted to do with my life and I knew what I wanted to be.

The same thing that those guys got a chance to be... the World Champion!

[Big cheer! Supernova points down the aisle.]

S: And there's a whole locker room full of guys back there who would do just about anything to get a chance to put that belt around their waist. Guys who weren't high enough in the rankings to get picked to compete... and guys who weren't lucky enough to get voting into this tournament. Guys like me... like Shadoo Rage... like Curt Sawyer... like Sweet Daddy Williams...

You spit on all of us tonight! You spit on the AWA World Title... hell, you spit on EVERY World Title. You spit on guys like Casey James and Caleb Temple... Jeff Matthews and Dan Kauffman...

[He shakes his head.]

S: You disrespected everything this business is all about... and I'm here to tell ya that you're not getting away with it. I promise you that.

[Supernova spikes the mic to one more big cheer before pounding his chest with his fists and letting loose a howl.]

GM: Supernova has sent a message to the Unholy Alliance and I think they heard it loud and clear, fans! We've got to take another break but when we come back, we'll have more action!

[Fade to black.]

The commercial opens to what looks like the inside of some old industrial warehouse. Boxes and rows of computer technology line the walls, as do psychedelic multi-colored lighting.

In front of this is The Rave. Jerby Jezz, a pale red-skinned fellow, is wearing what looks like a Lycra suit jacket in banana yellow and neon green, with a bright red undershirt and an LED-covered tie which changes color every few seconds. He's wearing emerald green safety glasses with a purple frame, and white pants with orange jagged vertical stripes. Jerby's hair is done in three small ponytails... one red, one yellow, and one blue, which lead to orange, purple, and green patches of hair. Next to him is Shizz Dawg OG, the very pale brown-skinned member of the Rave. The Dawg is wearing a violet leisure suit top with forest-green trim, open to expose his chest which sports a flamingo pink cutoff tee with aqua tiger-stripping. He's wearing brown and red pants, blue fingerless gloves, and orange-and-grey goggles. His hair is a poofy afro which is half-red and half-white.

When they speak, they are subtitled.]

JJ: Greetings, protosheep! The Rave are in the flippety floppety floo, so satellate your earlobes while we distribute the upload!

SUBTITLE: "Greetings, primitive person with little knowledge! The Rave are here, so listen while we explain things to you!"

SDOG: Our mission from 2032 to defend the timestream from translitization by a gyzzrus roilspur needs your slapback! Wildstyling is only one of the niques we use to regulate the timeflow; we also have to make sure timegularities flow the way they were in the history holovids.

SUBTITLE: "Our mission from 2032 to protect history from being changed by an evil time traveller needs your help! Wrestling is only one way we keep history safe; we also have to make sure specific historic events happen the way our history books say."

JJ: And that takes creds, jaggos! We can't snarf 2032 megatech and scoopit to the futurepast, because we'd flutz the timeflow! We gotta possback, and we can only shill with our futurefax so much without vascabrating the credservers.

SUBTITLE: "That takes money, good people. We can't bring much future technology to the present because that would damage the timeline. We must procure on site, and we can only use our future knowledge for gambling so much without destabilizing the economy."

SDOG: But The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior makes the demandment that all credflips must be a rawkus deal! So we're hayesing out the most winhaving hempshreds that the teens ever plotted!

SUBTITLE: "Our belief system requires that all money transfers be fair deals. So we are selling the best clothing this decade has ever seen."

[Jerby pulls open a crate, and multicolor shirts can be seen inside. They all read RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT in various glow-in-the-dark colors.]

JJ: Frally! Each bodsheath is rainbowlderized with a codecation of no less than eight distinct shades! In 2032 that is sircebezz!

SUBTITLE: "Really! Each shirt is randomly colorized with a guarantee of having at least eight distinct colors. In 2032, that is SERIOUS BUSINESS."

SDOG: We have them in every fit from shrump to quintuple-gyzzrus fatbody! Because we flow that this era has a lot of shrumps and a lot of fatbodies.

SUBTITLE: "We have them in every size from extra small to 5XL! Because we know that this era has a lot of midgets and a lot of obese people."

JJ: And if that wasn't buhdass enough for everyhumie, we also satellated to the primitates' teargriefing about your scrap inability to flow with our winhaving vocalingo. So we amadably decided to use frackish 2D media, just for you, and producted an official Rave 2032 vocalinganary!

SUBTITLE: "And if that wasn't awesome enough for everybody, we also heard the primitive people whining about their inability to understand our great 2032 language. So we kindly decided to use outdated 2D media, just for you, and created an official Rave 2032 language dictionary!"

[Shizz reaches into another box with a pair of tongs, and pulls out a softcover book. It reads "OFFICIAL RAVE 2032 VOCALINGANARY" in multi-colored print.]

SDOG: Snarf these rawkus deals now from the Intersquib at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, and give the slapback so we can RAVE!

SUBTITLE: Get these great deals now from the Internet at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to our belief system, and help us so we can...

RAVE: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

SUBTITLE: ...we're still not sure what that's supposed to mean.

[And we cut to black before fading back up.

We cut to The Rusty Spur, the watering hole down the street from the Crockett Coliseum. There's a raucous crowd watching Saturday Night Wrestling live on one of the two flat screen TV's, the only modern touches in the joint. A hand drawn banner hangs from the main bar -- "GET SLOSHED WITH SAWYER! AWA VIEWING PARTY!" The owner, part-time bartender, and now full-time AWA wrestler Curt Sawyer stands in front of one of the wooden booths, decked out in jeans, brown boots, and a navy PROPERTY OF THE COMBAT CORNER t-shirt.]

CS: Alright, knuckleheads, if you pipe down, I'll make sure Junie sends out a round of shots.

[The group behind Curt lets out a quick roar, then hushes.]

CS: Welcome to the first official AWA viewing party here at the Rusty Spur. Thanks to some generous donations by our regulars, we were able to throw up those fancy new TVs. Unfortunately, our old one got busted up, along with a few other things, including my Buck Hunter game.

[A few boos ring out until Curt silences them with a look.]

CS: You see, there was a scuffle here the other night... I think you folks know who's responsible for it.

[Curt shakes his head.]

CS: If there's one thing I can't stand, it's bullies. I didn't stand for them on the football field when I played for the Missouri Tigers, I didn't stand for them when I served in the Army Rangers, and I sure as hell don't stand for them in my bar. But this scuffle wasn't caused by any ordinary bullies, oh no. It was a special breed of low-down, disrespectful, pain-in-the-you-know-whats -- The Beale Street Bullies.

[The bar patrons starts jeering at the mention of them.]

CS: Rogers, Donovan, Wyatt, I didn't know you boys from Adam until I saw that stunt you pulled at Homecoming, and I decided I already didn't like you. But then you stepped foot in my bar and things really went south. You went and disrespected my place of business... my livelihood... my home. And Curt Sawyer's not gonna stand for that.

I may be new around here, but I like to think of myself as a man of the people. And these people, they can't stand you either. You're running your mouths and acting like the baddest things running, and hell, maybe you are... but I tell you what, tough guys. I'm don't fear bullies.

You picked a fight on my home turf, so now, I'm calling you out. I don't care which one of you wants to step up, but there's a bill due for the damage you did here, and I ain't taking cash or credit.

And as far as that rat Sunshine you got parading around...

[Curt leaves the booth and approaches the main bar, pointing to the pregnant brunette working the bar. Even without the pregnancy weight, she's a large handful of a woman. It's his "lovely" wife June.]

CS: That's what a real woman looks like. I've been across this great country and all over the world, and I've seem 'em all, honey. And I promise you this... looks may fade, but trash always smells like trash.

[He gives his wife a quick peck. She hands him his trusty cherry red wooden axe-handle from behind the bar.]

CS: Beale Street Bullies, meet the Rusty Spur Roughneck. And don't you worry, boys...

[He gives the axe handle a kiss too.]

CS: I'll introduce you to my friend, too.

[He points it to the camera, big sloppy grin across his face, as we cut back to ringside.]

GM: Wow! Curt Sawyer, still fresh out of the Combat Corner, just laid down a challenge. He wants one of the Beale Street Bullies inside that ring with him and he wants it to happen in the very near future!

BW: He's a bigger idiot than I thought. He was AT Homecoming. He said it himself - he saw what they did to James Lynch... and Lynch is actually a somebody in this business. Do you think they'll even blink twice before crippling up a 35 year old rookie who has more time behind a bar than he does inside a ring?

GM: Whichever member of the Bullies decides to accept that challenge - I promise you that they're in for a fight at the hands of Curt Sawyer. Fans, let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The rhythmic ballad of oriental wind instruments sound off throughout the arena. The eclectic and playful tune is intertwined with chimes and beats of snare drums banging in the background. As the patterns escalate, building ever so slightly beat by beat, two figures emerge from the shadow cast on the entrance way.]

PW: Representing Tiger Paw Pro weighing in at a combined weight of five hundred and sixty four pounds here are the team of Kyouji KONG and CURIOUS Gondazaemon...

THE MONKEY BAR HEROES!!!

GM: It's been awhile since we have seen some visitors from our Japanese brothers in Tiger Paw, Bucky.

BW: That's because MAMMOTH Maximus scared them all off.

GM: I'd hardly say that but it was at the inaugural World Title tournament where we saw Kenta Kitazawa make an appearance in the Second Chance Battle Royal after his Tiger Paw comrade Yoshinari Taguchi become a late

scratch against Maximus resulting in him facing long time wrestling veteran Maurice McArthur.

BW: That's Mr. Majestyk Maurice McArthur to you, sir!

[Kyouji KONG and CURIOUS Gondazaemon strut out in a playful manner, somersaulting forward and hopping up into the air to the delight of the crowd. Both members of the Monkey Bar Heroes sport their signature Gorilla masks with colorful tie-dye shirts, cut off jean shorts, and reebox high top sneakers. The two men shake and wiggle their way down the aisle, slapping hands and even going as far as to smother several children with their hair covered masked faces which draws a nice pop from the crowd.]

BW: These two look ridiculous.

GM: Perhaps, Bucky. But if we've learned one thing over the years you can not judge a book by it's cover in the wonderful world of wrestling. I've been told by my Tiger Paw Pro insiders that the Monkey Bar Heroes have been dominating the tag division as of late, bursting onto the scene just over a year ago and gone to war with the likes of MEGA Gurentai, 666, and every team that has been thrown their way.

BW: Not impressed.

[Kyouji and Gondazaemon spring into the ring, hopping over the top rope and chest bumping in the center of the ring which is followed by their dance ritual which brings some fans to their feet.]

PW: And their opponents....

[The opening guitar riff of "White Lighting" kicks into gear which quickly flows right into upbeat strumming as Waylon Jennings' voice blasts over the arena airwaves.]

Well, in North Carolina way back in the hills
Lived my old pappy and he had him a still
He brewed white lightin' till the sun went down
And then he'd fill a jug, he'd pass it around
Mighty, mighty pleasin', pappy's corn squeezin'
White lightin' ##

GM: I'm not sure what to make of this, Bucky. I'm unfamiliar with this tune.

BW: You don't know Waylon Jennings? What kind of Southern State ambassador are you?!

GM: We both know that's not what I meant. What I'm trying to say is --

[Gordon's train of thought vanishes as three men come BURSTING through the crowd...]

...trampling over anyone in their path as they LEAP over the railing and two of the shaggy haired, heavily bearded men dive into the ring!]

GM: THAT'S JUG AND ZEKE! THE MOONSHINERS! THE MOONSHINERS ARE BACK HERE IN THE AWA!

[The two men, ever the weekend warriors with their beer guts hanging out of their mud stained shirts and tattered blue jeans, lunge for Kyouji KONG and CURIOUS Gondazaemon and tackle the Gorilla masked wrestlers to the canvas, instantly straddling the duo and unloading with wild punches and forearm shots.]

GM: We haven't seen or heard from the Moonshiners in ages, Bucky! But it appears Mange, a former Moonshiner himself, has them back in, well, fighting shape if you want to call it that.

BW: This explains the delays at the concession stands earlier when I tried to grab a pretzel.

[Ricky Longfellow tries to regain control but Jug belts Kyouji KONG with a big elbow while Zeke begins strangling Gondazaemon. As Longfellow turns his attention towards Zeke he is blinded to what is now occurring behind him...]

GM: JUG IS BITING KYOUJI -- WELL HIS GORILLA MASK AT LEAST!

[Jug suddenly stops, lifting his head up...

...and spitting out a wad of black hair from his mouth. He then stares down at Kyouji and maniacally begins tugging at his mask and digging his fingernails into his flesh!]

GM: Longfellow needs to get control of this! Someone does! This might get out of hand real fast!

[Zeke continues to choke Gondazaemon but the CURIOUS one is able to explode up with his hips and BUCK Zeke off of him. He instantly shoots up and as Zeke pulls himself up by the ropes...

...and CURIOUS Gondazaemon clotheslines him over the top rope and sends him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: Tiger Paw Pro's team seems to be regaining control -- Gondazaemon is now targeting Jug who still is trying to rip that mask off of Kyouji!

[Gondazaemon rushes forward, blasting Jug in the ribs with a brutal kick that sends him tumbling over. Kyouji, holding his face, rolls to the side of the ring and under the bottom rope.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It looks as though Longfellow is officially starting this match now that Zeke and Kyouji are on the outside. Lets see how long he can keep a grip on these 'Shiners.

BW: I'm taking the under on three and a half minutes.

[CURIOUS Gondazaemon continues his assault of kicks, battering the midsection of Jug and rattling his gut that hangs over his beltline. Somehow Jug is able to fight through the pain, wincing after each heavy kick but pulling himself up nonetheless. Gondazaemon, now having a sense of urgency, takes a step back and spins around, throwing his leg at Jug in a twisting fashion...

...which Jug manages to catch as he flashes a rotted tooth grin.]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! JUG IS BITING HIS LEG! WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS GUY?!

BW: I wonder what Gorilla tastes like.

[Longfellow instantly jumps in-between the two, going as far as to physically pry Jug off of Gondazaemon which angers the Moonshiner. Jug narrows in on Longfellow, his fist held in the air, and as Longfellow cowers down....

...Mange jumps up on the apron, screaming at Jug and pointing towards Gondazaemon who is limping towards his corner, a small trickle of blood flowing from his leg.]

GM: Gondazaemon tags out -- what is Jug doing?!

BW: I don't think he cares about the tag.

[Kyouji catapults himself back into the ring just as Jug plows into CURIOUS Gondazaemon and sends him flipping over to the outside and landing hard on the floor. Jug flashes his stained teeth once more, pleased with himself, just as Kyouji waistlocks him from behind...

...and sends him SAILING over his head with a suplex! Jug lands on the back of his head and shoulders and the momentum sends him tumbling over and onto his rear end where he remains in a seated position.]

GM: Beautiful overhead belly-to-back suplex by Kyouji KONG! That's textbook wrestling right there, Bucky!

BW: It remains to be seen how effective it will be against the Moonshiners.

GM: Kyouji, wasting little time, charging forward!

[Kyouji KONG races forward, laying out in mid-air, and DRILLS Jug with a basement style dropkick!]

BW: That might make him forget about his hangover tomorrow.

GM: KONG has some brutal kicks in his arsenal, Bucky. That one is sure to leave a mark.

BW: I think he may have lost a tooth. It's actually quite unfortunate as I don't think he has many left to spare.

[KONG pulls Jug up and shoves him into the corner. He begins firing in over-under double handed chops, slapping him with both the back of one hand and the palm of the other. Jug's arms flail with each shot and as KONG begins to gain momentum, he sees Zeke barreling forward across the ring and leap into the air...

...only to SMASH into Jug into the corner with a body splash!]

GM: Zeke missed! He just crushed his own partner in the corner!

[Zeke, almost uncaring about the miscue, spins and lunges for KONG with a double axehandle but Kyouji waistlocks him, pivots around, and heaves him overhead...

...bringing him high overhead and this time DRIVING Zeke's head/shoulders into the mat!]

GM: What a suplex, Bucky!

BW: Backdrop Driver by KONG, this ape might just have some promise after all!

[Kyouji lets up on Zeke, spins back around...

...and is absolutely HAMMERED by a running forearm smash by Jug!]

GM: Down goes KONG! Jug just laid into him with that huge right forearm!

[Kyouji does his best to get to his feet, legs wobbling and a bit dazed, and before he can gain his composure, Jug scoops him up and SLAMS him down right on top of Zeke!]

GM: This is nuts, Bucky! These guys don't even care about causing pain to one another!

BW: I think that was payback for running into him earlier.

GM: Whatever it is, it's a recipe for disaster if you can't control both of them!

[Longfellow attempts to escort Zeke out of the ring but the Moonshiner is still down on the ground. Unbeknownst to him, Jug, now in the corner, begins removing the top buckle padding and does so successfully. He flings it into the crowd and turns back towards Kyouji who is up to one knee and holding his midsection. Jug runs forward and SHOVES his boot into KONG's

face, dropping him back down. He kneels down beside him, both hands gripped around his neck, and begins choking the Tiger Paw Pro wrestler.]

GM: Zeke is choking KONG again! This is too much for one official, Longfellow is going to need some help out there.

BW: I don't foresee any volunteers on that request.

[Zeke gets up to his feet as Longfellow points to his corner and then turns back towards Jug who is strangling KONG. He demands him to break and counts him down. Eventually, Jug lets up and stares at Longfellow for a split second....

...only to return to choking him!]

GM: My goodness, Bucky. This is absurd. This isn't wrestling. This is a one sided street fight in the middle of the ring.

[Jug finally releases the grip and steps up for a second only to drop back down and drop his knee into the side of Kyouji KONG's head. He does so several more times, opening up a cut on his forehead. Longfellow tries to examine the wound but Jug is quick to smother him...

...and grind his fingernails into his flesh, ripping and clawing at the open cut.]

GM: KONG desperately needs to get out of there, Longfellow isn't going to be able to bail him out... I don't know what it is going to take.

[Jug lets up again and looks over to Mange who points to the corner of the ring with the exposed turnbuckle. Jug drags KONG up and begins walking him over with a full head of hair. He attempts to slam KONG's head into the corner but Kyouji shoves his foot into the middle turnbuckle, stopping the attempt. Jug tries a second time and again the turnbuckle shot is blocked. Kyouji fires back with an elbow that connects with Jug's jaw but the Moonshiner ignores it and smashes Kyouji with a forearm to the back of the head. Kyouji, ever the gamesmen, rattles Jug with another back elbow which is answered with another forearm by Jug. The pair exchange multiple elbows and forearms until Kyouji gains the upper hand, landing a pinpoint shot to the chin of Jug who knocks him back a step!]

GM: Nice shot by Kyouji KONG! This might be his chance to make that tag!

BW: Looks like he has other ideas, KONG with a 180 spin!

[KONG's body is but a flash as he twists around, throws his elbow out...

...and SMASHES it into the skull of Jug who collapses upon impact!]

BW: GORILLA FUNNY 'BOW TO THE SKULL!

GM: Did you just make that up?

BW: I did my homework.

[KONG's momentum carries him right through the head of Jug and he falls to one knee. He takes a deep breath and eyes CURIOUS Gondazemon in his corner and makes a lunge for his partner...

...only to be cut-off by Zeke who TACKLES him to the ground!]

GM: Oh come on!

BW: Is it proper to call that a "smart" move by the Moonshiners? Is that even a thing?

[Zeke straddles Kyouji KONG from one knee and clasps his hands together, clubbing KONG over the head over and over again. After seven consecutive shots, CURIOUS Gondazaemon has had enough and he rushes into the ring...

...where he runs straight at the kneeling Zeke, steps up to his knee, and then BEHEADS him with a crushing knee into the skull!]

GM: Even I know that's called a --

BW: GORILLA THRILLA BY CURIOUS GONDAZAEMON!

GM: Seriously?

[Zeke somersaults back, rolling into the corner beside Jug. The Moonshiners gather themselves, using one another to prop each other back up. CURIOUS Gondazaemon yanks Kyouji KONG up, just in time to see both Moonshiners charge in on them. KONG and Gondazaemon both leap up, clasp their hands around the heads of the Moonshiners and shove their feet into their chests as they fall back...

...flinging Jug and Zeke into the air where they eventually SLAM into the canvas!]

GM: Double monkey flip, Bucky!

BW: They actually call that the Sandbox Swing-a-ling.

GM: What?

BW: Okay, that time I made it up.

[Jug and Zeke both crawl out underneath the bottom rope. Mange grabs both Moonshiners and lays into them with a verbal thrashing. Back in the ring, Kyouji KONG and CURIOUS Gondazaemon ready themselves, backing up against the ropes on the far side of the ring. Within a blink of an eye, they zip across the ring, shooting like arrows between the top and middle ropes...

...and CRASHING into the Moonshiners!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT ATHLETICISM! WHAT GUTS!

BW: What cowards!

GM: Excuse me?

BW: Attacking them from behind like that.

[The four men gather themselves at ringside, the Tiger Paw Pro reps up first and raising their arms to cheers... that turn to screams as the Moonshiners attack.]

GM: The Moonshiners are all over this pair! What looked like a winning proposition, a high risk for high reward, turned into a negative for The Monkey Bar Heroes!

BW: They obviously just want to get it back into the ring.

GM: Is that why they are tearing apart ringside?!

[Indeed they are, both Zeke and Jug alternating kicking and moving barriers and pounding with big forearms and punches on KONG and Gondazaemon. They give the pair no room to fight back, Zeke ramming KONG into the apron before heading to double team his partner.]

GM: This is out of control, Bucky! It's just a wild brawl!

BW: And getting wilder! They're heading to the timekeeper's table! This is just getting bad now.

GM: He's grabbing the bell and RIGHT ACROSS THE BACK OF KONG!

[And that is enough for the referee as he swings wildly to call for the disqualification, getting no bell as it's been tossed on the ground. KONG writhes in pain, rolling into the ring to escape. Meanwhile Jug throws Gondazaemon into the ringsteps with a LOUD crash!]

PW: YOUR WINNERS, BY DISQUALIFICATION THE... urk!

[Even ring announcers aren't safe as Mange threatens him with a backhand, leading Jug towards further beatings of his victims.]

GM: I think this match has been all but thrown out! Just pure chaos has erupted. KONG is down in the ring, the bell to his spine must have done some major damage. Who knows... and here comes Jug and Mange! Three on one here.

BW: This just isn't good for anyone. The Moonshiners know how to make an impact and they sure as heck did that here in their return to the AWA!

GM: Karl O'Connor is NOT going to like the end of this match at all. This is going against everything he is trying to espouse.

[The trio slowly surround the downed Kyouji KONG, all breathing heavily. Spittle drops from Jug's mouth as he sneers. The three move into attack...

...when some fans start cheering!]

GM: Wait... what... THE YOUNG BLOODS! THE YOUNG BLOODS ARE HERE!

BW: This is none of their business! What are these two doing here!

[Despite having under gone a heck of a match, the Moonshiners don't run and instead turn for a fight! Bobby O'Connor and Larry Wallace, the Young Bloods, slide in as a duo, both block punches and come back with machine gun punches of their own!]

GM: THE YOUNG BLOODS ARE SAVING THE MONKEY BAR HEROES!

BW: Again, none of their business!

GM: The match was over and the Moonshiners were about to do some major damage to our guests!

[Wallace stumbles Zeke, putting him down with a rocket of a standing dropkick! Jug faces the same from O'Connor, a wild swing ducked and the third generation star hitting him with a stunning and running chop!]

GM: They're bailing! The Moonshiners are on the run from the Young Bloods! This new team has made a statement here in the AWA and a strong one! They aren't going to let any bully get their way!

BW: These kids won't like what the Moonshiners have to say when they are on even ground.

GM: Who knows, maybe we'll see that soon enough. But right now, the Young Bloods did the right thing if you ask me!

[And as we fade away we see the Young Bloods squaring off on the Moonshiners from in the ring, keeping between them the the Tiger Paw stars. The Moonshiner trio yells and screams, but keep backing away as we fade to black.

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 back up on the ring where Phil Watson stands mic in hand.]

PW: The following contest is a six man tag-team contest set for one fall. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time at a combined weight of seven hundred and seventy two pounds...

[The camera swings away from Watson to three individuals beside him.]

PW: The team of The Sicilian Stud!

The South Philly Phighter!

And the Texas Roughneck!

[All three men raise their arms but it's the hometown Texan that draws a slight jeer from the crowd. The Stud has his typical green singlet on with the Italian red, white, and green flag stapled across his chest. Beside him the Phighter has on a sweat stained "Cry-Boys" shirt with a sad face in the shape of a big star on it. Behind him, soaking in the adoration of the fans, is the Texas Roughneck. The Roughneck has on blue jeans, black boots and hat, and blue denim button-down shirt. Slung over his shoulder is a bullrope and he lifts his right fist into the air as the cheers grow louder...

...until STATIC screeches over the speakers.]

GM: Wait a minute....

BW: Yes!

GM: I had been told that NONE of them were present tonight. We have been at it all week to get a word from any single one of them and we've had zero response. Not even a call back or a hang up to let us know they were alive! I've heard rumors, lots of them, Bucky. And every single one of them suggested that HE wasn't going to be here tonight! Can it be?

[The callous beat of Sergui Prokofiev's "Dance of the Knights" cuts through the harsh static sounds and all eyes turn towards the entrance portal. The

trumpets blare, the violins and windstring instruments are but a whisper, and the noise of the crowd grows ten fold as several figures emerge from the back.]

PW: And their opponents...being accompanied by THE SIREN MISS SANDRA HAAAAAYES... here are AARON ANDERSON...

...LENNY STRONG!

.....AND THE ATOMIC BLONDE DONNIE WHITE!

THE SHAAAAAAAANE GANG!!!

BW: Looks like you've got your answer, Gordo.

[In fact, Myers most certainly does. Notably absent from the Gang is the Ring Leader himself, Terry Shane III. Miss Sandra Hayes leads the charge, dressed in a tied up pink shirt that reads EVIL, MEAN, & SASSY on it along with skin tight dark jeans tucked into tanned Ugg boots. She twirls her hot pink branding iron over her right shoulder while her tar colored black hair rolls over the left. Immediately behind her is the Atomic Blonde looking as exotic and eccentric as ever. A blinding sleeveless hooded jacket falls to the floor, beaming with bright green and silver colors. His stark white mohawk erupts into six long spikes from his head. Donnie White has matching baseball gloves and mid-hip level tights on along with knee high wrestling boots and pads. Bright green shadows paint his eye lids while two white lines are etched underneath his eyes.]

GM: I can't say I'm shocked.

BW: I wouldn't return your calls either.

GM: Please, you know I'm talking about the absence of Terry Shane III. Hannibal Carver put him through the meat grinder and dare I say... all the way to hell at Homecoming. We haven't seen a barnburner like that in Texas in quite some time and it's a match that is going to go down as one of the most historic and unforgettable matches in Saturday Night Wrestling. Three falls between the two, with Carver coming out on top after a DEVASTATING elbow to the back of Shane's head that knocked him all the way back to the small farm on Missouri he was born and raised on.

BW: I heard he went to the Four Seasons and is enjoying a nice Spa Package.

GM: I think the only water Terry Shane III is going to be enjoying for awhile is going to be through a straw. Shane was battered, bloodied, and beaten near an inch of his life, Bucky. Even he couldn't have imagined the carnage and destruction that Hannibal Carver would drag him through.

[Behind Hayes and White are Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. Strong's brown hair is wrapped into a ponytail. Facial hair wraps around his lips and jets out from his narrow chin. A green and white track jacket hugs his

upperbody while he sports white trunks with green X's on his hips. Aaron Anderson mirrors his partner's attire along with white knee pads and green boots. Anderson's thin hair is grown out about a quarter of an inch, the most we've seen from him since his debut, and it looks as though he hasn't shaved in two weeks as sporadic bits of stubble jet out from face and neck.]

BW: Carver escaped, Gordo, that's the truth of the matter. He won on his terms just like any real wrestler is supposed too. He backed Shane into a corner with that Texas Death Match. That's right in the wheelhouse of what put his name on our map as a free swinging, bloodthirsty, crazed lunatic. Carver came here to show that he was a changed man. Terry Shane III may have lost the fight, Gordo...but Hannibal Carver proved himself to be nothing more than a liar.

GM: Save it, Bucky. Save all of it. The writing is all over the walls right now. Terry Shane III and his Gang are hurting. Heck, they are bleeding and right now there's no sign of stopping it. The Rave defeated Anderson and Strong at Unholy War immediately after Shadoo Rage disposed of Donnie White. These guys have come up on the wrong end of the war and there's no telling if they are going to be able to pick themselves up, dust themselves off, and regroup as the menacing faction that stormed into the AWA back at SuperClash IV and stole the attention of the entire locker room.

[The Gang, now in the ring, group up in their corner as Miss Sandra Hayes directs Aaron Anderson to start things off. Both White and Strong exit along with her as the music fades and the sound of the bell striking replaces it.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It looks as though it's going to be the Sicilian Stud and Aaron Anderson starting things off for us, Bucky. Anderson has one the hardest kicks in our industry and Todd Michaelson did nothing but praise his name for months when he came up in the Combat Corner.

BW: Todd Michaelson would praise a one legged puppy if he thought it would make him an extra five bucks! Anderson didn't need Todd Michaelson, Terry Shane III was the one that molded him into the wrecking machine that he is now.

[Anderson immediately shoots in for a tie up and the Stud tries to wiggle free. The Axeman tosses him like a rag doll back into his own corner where he lands butt first and bounces off the canvas. He looks up at both the Phighter and Roughneck who yell at him to go after Anderson. The Stud, ever the gamesmen, obliges, and shoots back up to his feet, racing full speed at Aaron Anderson...

...who explodes forward, throwing his left leg into the air only to bring it back down and swing his right leg up and unload a single leg high kick that BLASTS The Sicilian Stud square in the jaw!]

GM: OH MY! BUCKY, WHAT A KICK! HE JUST KNOCKED OUT THE STUD WITH THAT BIG RIGHT BOOT!

BW: Looks as though it's going to be another short outing for the Stud. He might need to find a new nickname after that one.

[The Stud lands in his own corner, laid out across the bottom rope and fortunately in reach of The South Philly Phighter who slaps him across the back to tag himself in. The Phighter steps halfway into the ring as the crowd lets him hear it...he waves them off and yells at Anderson to give him Strong who shouts back at him.]

GM: The Phighter wants no part of Aaron Anderson and who can blame him, he just knocked the Stud unconscious with that ferocious high kick!

BW: Strong looks just as eager to get his hands on the Phighter. This may not bode well for one of them and I think we both know who I'm talking about.

[Anderson slowly backs away from the Phighter allowing him to step in. He accepts the South Philly native's request and extends his hand back, tagging in Lenny Strong who darts into the ring and circles around which draws the Phighter away from his corner.]

GM: Strong using the ring to his advantage already, forcing the Phighter to either lock up or move out of his own corner.

[Strong shoots in for a knee and the Phighter high steps out of the way, narrowly getting his left foot snared by Lenny Strong. The Phighter readies himself, keeping both fists near his chin as Strong shoots in a second time...

...grabbing his ankle, only to have the Phighter twist and contort his body around and wiggle free.]

GM: Looks as though the Phighter doesn't want Strong after all.

BW: He's looking for a fist fight, Gordo. I don't think he's anxious to exchange ankle holds and wristlocks with Lenny Strong.

[Strong, staying composed, circles in the opposite direction causing the Phighter to spin around away from him. Strong senses he has the Philadelphian on edge and feints towards his right leg...

...only to leap up and SHOVE his right elbow into the face of the South Philly Phighter who is knocked into the corner!]

GM: Strong catches him with an elbow! The Phighter is trying desperately to cover up!

[Strong begins a mad fury of right elbows, BATTERING the Phighter who shields himself with both forearms as he is struck repeatedly. Lenny Strong refuses to let up as he reddens the arms of the Phighter and little by little the strikes begin to slip through...

...until one big shot SMACKS the Phighter above the right eye, cutting him open!]

BW: We've got blood!

GM: The Phighter needs to get out of there! Strong is relentless with those shots! He's unloading with elbow after elbow!

[Strong continues the assault and each elbow drops the Phighter's arms further down towards his waist until Lenny Strong begins CRACKING him with clean elbows and forearm shots across the face. Blood spills from above the Phighter's eye and he slumps down into the corner. Davis Warren leaps in between Strong and the South Philly Phighter and the camera zooms in on his face...

....which is beaten purple and covered in blood. The crowd, uncharacteristically, roars at the sight of the Philadelphian masked in red!]

BW: No brotherly love for the Phighter.

GM: Not in Texas, Bucky. Not in Texas.

[Davis Warren turns towards the timekeeper, about to call the match when Lenny Strong steps in and grabs the Phighter by the ankles. He YANKS him out of the corner and into the air where he quickly pivots, swings....

...and HURLS the Phighter across the ring where he lands awkwardly in his corner at the feet of the Texas Roughneck.]

GM: The Roughneck looks ready to go and yes --

[The crowd erupts.]

GM: Texas' very own Roughneck tags himself in!

[The Texas Roughneck shuffles into the ring and Lenny Strong waves him off, turning to his corner where he slaps in the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White who catapults himself into the ring.]

GM: White and the Texas Roughneck, both looking ready to go!

[White rushes in and the Roughneck unloads a wild swing...

...which White ducks underneath before crashing into the ropes, bouncing back, and racing back towards the Roughneck who drives his shoulder into Donnie White, knocking him down as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Big shoulderblock by the Texas Roughneck! This six foot six hoss has already won these people over!

BW: These people wouldn't know a star if it fell from the sky and hit them between the eyes, Gordo. I'd hardly get excited yet.

[White springs back up, hits the ropes again, races forward, and leaps into the air...

...throwing his shoulder into the Roughneck who pushes his shoulder forward and drops the Atomic Blonde upon impact!]

GM: White is down again! Donnie White better come up with a new plan because his five foot ten frame isn't about to run down this big Cowboy!

[White is quick to his feet and drops back into the ropes once more, springing forward and as he narrows in on the Roughneck he LEAPS into him only to have the Texas Roughneck shove him up into the air...

...which Donnie White turns into a perfectly aimed drop-kick to the chest that knocks the Roughneck down!]

GM: What a move, Bucky!

BW: An innovative drop-kick by the Atomic Blonde!

[Both men get up and the Roughneck leads with a right hook which Donnie White grabs, leaps, and scissors the Roughneck's left arm with his legs and pulls him down with a crucifix roll up...]

GM: One! Two! Kickout by the Texas Roughneck!

[The Texan gets up to all fours and White steps up on him, leaping towards the ropes where his legs plant on the middle rope...

...and he flips backward and DRIVES both knees into the spine of the Texas Roughneck!]

GM: Flipping double knee by Donnie White! The Atomic Blonde continues to up his game each week he comes out!

BW: And continues to be held back down by the AWA.

GM: Careful, Bucky.

BW: I don't see him getting any cracks at Dave Bryant's TV title!

[White, on his feet, measures up the rising Texas Roughneck and dips his shoulder into him, hoisting him up and across his shoulders. White holds him, knees beginning to wobble, but then SLAMS him back with a Samoan Drop! White instantly kips up, lands, and flips backwards...

... and spins around just enough to SMASH his body back first into the chest of the Texas Roughneck!]

GM: MEMPHIS MASH-UP BY WHITE!

BW: A perfectly executed senton by the Memphis Mohawk!

[White holds his back for a moment before dragging his body over the Texas Roughneck.]

GM: One! Two! Thr-kickout!

[The crowd cheers as the Texas Roughneck bucks Donnie White off of him!]

GM: This Texan is proving he's got some fight in him! He's not going to go down that easy!

[White grabs the ropes and pulls himself up. He runs to the corner and ascends up to the middle rope. White raises his right elbow, but not before he shakes his rump around first.]

GM: White is wasting time here with his showmanship --

[Donnie recomposes himself, leaps, driving his pointed elbow down towards the Texas Roughneck...

...who is now on his feet and UNCORKS a swinging right clothesline that SMASHES into Donnie White!]

GM: HE NAILED HIM! WHITE TOOK TOO MUCH TIME! THE TEXAS ROUGHNECK JUST LEVELED DONNIE WHITE WITH THAT CLOTHESLINE, BUCKY!

BW: I'm aware, I was sitting right next to you.

GM: The Texas Roughneck is looking for the tag! He's crawling back to his corner!

[The big Texan collapses after the move and falls face first into the mat. He pulls himself towards his corner. Hand and elbow, pulling... boot after boot, pushing... Crawling and scraping across the canvas and into his corner...

...where both The Sicilian Stud and The South Philly Phighter remain laying on the apron and barely conscious.]

GM: There's no one to tag, Bucky! The Stud and The Phighter are both still feeling the effects of Aaron Anderson's big boot and Lenny Strong's deadly elbows!

BW: That's pretty much how I played this out in my head for the last two minutes.

[The Roughneck takes a deep breath, pulls himself back up, and turns back towards Donnie White...

...just in time to see him leap and make the tag to Aaron Anderson who comes barreling towards him!]

GM: HERE COMES THE AXEMAN!

[The Roughneck swings wildly and Anderson eats the shot across his right ear...

...just as he delivers a heavy leg kick that buckles the Texas Roughneck!]

GM: Another shot to the other leg by Aaron Anderson! He's chopping the Roughneck down with those brutal leg kicks!

[With the Roughneck down on his knees Aaron Anderson races past him, hits the ropes, flies by him a second time where he hits the ropes a second time and as he runs forward he shoves his body into the air...

...DRIVING his right knee into the face of the Texas Roughneck!]

GM: OH MY STARS, BUCKY! WHAT A KNEE! This one is --

[Just as those words fall from Gordon's mouth he is drown out by the screeching voice of the Siren who yells towards her corner!]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes, screaming for something....

BW: I see you, sweetheart! You don't have to yell!

GM: Highly unlikely.

[Aaron Anderson jerks the Texas Roughneck up and thrusts him onto his shoulders. He staggers a moment, walking the ring with the big Texan hoisted up in the air before making it over to his corner where Lenny Strong reaches out and tags himself in.]

GM: What in the world -- Strong is headed up the turnbuckles!

[Anderson stands, the Texas Roughneck seated on his shoulders, facing the corner where Lenny Strong now perches himself up on the top of the ropes. Strong shouts out, "BREAK THE CEILING" as he leaps forward...

...hooking the neck of the Texas Roughneck and ripping him off the shoulders of his partner as he SLAMS him down!]

GM: GLASS CUTTER!

BW: What a flying reverse neckbreaker, Gordo!

[Davis Warren tries to regain control but Strong turns towards Anderson, who then turns towards Donnie White...

...both men nod and Strong tags in the Atomic Blonde.]

GM: Oh my, Bucky! We saw this at Unholy War... they couldn't deliver then but something tells me the Texas Roughneck is about to suffer a much different fate!

[Anderson climbs up the ropes first, then Strong. Both men remain standing up with one foot on the middle rope and then one perched on the second. They bridge their arms together creating a makeshift platform. Donnie White, still on the outside of the ring, climbs up the backside of the turnbuckle and steps up onto their arms. Slowly, carefully...they shove their second foot up onto the top rope where they both stand, arms linked, Donnie White standing up over their arms with his hands held high before he makes a HUGE leap...

...and soars through the air with his arms now at his side as he DRIVES his skull into The Texas Roughneck!]

GM: PLATFORM DIVING HEADBUTT!

BW: THE FLYING MOHAWK AT ITS' BEST!

[White crawls over the Texas Roughneck, cover him...

...one. Two. Three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: YES! THEY DEFIED THE ODDS AND CONQUERED THE UNCONQUERABLE!

GM: I wouldn't go that --

BW: BEATING THE TEXAN TO DEATH IN FRONT OF HIS OWN FANS AND FAMILY!

GM: Bucky.

BW: LONG LIVE THE SHANE GANG!

GM: Seriously, stop.

[Miss Sandra Hayes, all getty and full of skip and swag, darts into the ring and thrusts herself between the victory party of the rest of the Shane Gang. Strong and Anderson victoriously slap the back of Donnie White who collapses to his knees and points up to Heaven as if he just the World Title.]

GM: A victory, no doubt, and while the Texas Roughneck put up a fight I'd hardly call this a victory for the ages. The Shane Gang look like they were tuned in tonight and that's a scary thing for all the other factions out there or anyone looking to get in their --

MSH [screeching]: Caaaaaaaaaaaaarver....

[The fans grow wild at the mention of Hannibal Carver.]

MSH: Jerby Jezz! Shizzy Whizzy! Mister Rage!

[Again, the cheers grow with each name that falls from her thin lips.]

MSH: Peter Pan. Miley Cyrus. Tom Brady. Chowder. Speed Buggy.
Annoying Orange. Rumpelstiltskin. Beetlejuice. Beetlejuice! BEETLEJUICE!

[Suddenly the cheers stop, confusion starts to set in.]

GM: Who is Annoying Orange?

BW: You need to get out more.

MSH: We don't care WHO you are! We don't how hard you cry...

Boo.

[She rubs her eyes.]

MSH: Hoo.

[And again, now shaking her butt with it.]

MSH: HOO!

[And one more time.]

MSH: Because as much as you all want us to go away...we aren't about to take our ball and go home! No, no, no, NO! My boys here... Terry and I.... We aren't going anywhere! YOU HEAR ME?!

BW: THAT'S my girl.

GM: Keep dreaming.

MSH: Let me tell you a little story. It goes a little something like this. Once upon a time, there was a sweet young girl named Sandra Hayes. She was a pretty incredible girl, I'm told. Beautiful, affectionate, a DARN fine dancer, and she had a vision. But all the people in the world said, "No, Sandra! You can't! You aren't cut out for the wrestling business, for that old boy's club! They will eat you alive!" But this awesome chick Sandra, being this amazing person that she is.... she told them they were wrong and she came to Dallas with a dollar to her name and a pocketful of dreams and do you know what happened?

She became the HOTTEST commodity in all of the land!

She found herself a shooting star named Terry..they met a couple of butt kicking machines named Aaron and Lenny...they found the highest flying,

mohawk raising, breathtaking sonuv-a-gun called Donnie...met some guy named Harry who they dumped after an awkward proposition gone sour which I'd rather erase from my memory...

And after we sorted all that jibber-jabber drama out we went out and won ourselves a World Title shot courtesy of the AWA and it's little Rumble that Terry and the Gang rightfully won...

...only to be not-so-rightfully, wronged!

[The crowd boos.]

MSH: Oh give me a break! You see, that title shot, it MEANS something. We won it like a trophy and we wear it like a badge of honor with the pride and respect that it deserves! With that being said, let's cut to this Chase nonsense, shall we?

Mmmkay.

Suddenly [her eyes widen] Terry Shane III woos you all with his superior awesomeness and puts his LIFE on the line at Homecoming against Hannibal Carver and what does it get him? Does it get him the World Title shot he is owed? Does it get him praise and recognition? Does it get him a leather manbag with partying gifts or thank you notes for all of his hard work?!

I'll fill you in...

NO IT DOES NOT!

[She takes a deep breath.]

MSH: What Terry and the Shane Gang have done has been BEAUTIFUL. We made the Rave relevant. We gave Shadoo Rage a second chance at life. We gave Hannibal Carver meaning. WE PUT THE AWA BACK ON THE MAP AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT JUST IN THE STATE OF TEXAS!

And what did WE get?

[She shakes her head.]

MSH: We got...

[Hayes pauses... and then gestures to White's crotch that he thrusts a few times with a grin.]

MSH: We got hosed. Screwed. We got taken to the bathroom and DUMPED on. We didn't even get a back row seat to the party and are stuck watching this ridiculous Chase for the Clash from the streets! P.S. fellas, NASCAR called and wants their cheesy moniker back! But I'll be hot-damned if we are going to wait till the After Party to get an invite you silly geese, you! Because if being all kinds of fantastic and making money isn't good enough to get a ticket to the dance then what is? I ask you, AWA. I BEG YOU!

What do my boys have to do to get what they EARNED? What does the Shane Gang have to do get mentioned in the same light as the Unholy Alliance, The Ben Waterson Band, the Syndicate of the South, Juan Vasquez and his....

Well, not them, we don't want to be mentioned with them.

GM: She seems to be forgetting someone.

BW: No.

MSH: Because THIS right here...

[She gestures towards Lenny Strong, Donnie White, and Aaron Anderson.]

MSH: This IS the future. We are the young Lions, I am the Lioness, and there isn't a single person out there that can stand in our way because we are destined for greatness and it is greatness that we will TAKE at ANY cost.

And Shadoo Rage...

[She pauses, waving one single finger.]

MSH: Don't think we forgot you, you little twerky ball of jacked up testosterone.... Donnie White ACCEPTS your challenge and looks forward to putting you down...

...FOR GOOD!

[She nods, very matter-of-factly.]

GM: She's full of salt and pepper tonight, isn't she?

BW: I think I fell in love all over again.

MSH: Now put on our creepy music so we can go celebrate! Toooodles.

[Sure enough "Dance of the Knights" kicks up and the Shane Gang exit the ring, led by Miss Sandra Hayes and all of her buck-ten pounds of ferocious femininity...

...as we crossfade back to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing alongside the white-hooded Prince Of Darkness, Anton Layton. Layton has a twisted smirk already visible underneath the lengthy hood.]

JD: Anton Layton, we are just moments away from you walking to the ring to face the very same man who is responsible for bringing you back to the AWA to begin with - Juan Vasquez. Your thoughts.

[Layton stands silent... uncomfortably so.]

JD: Mr. Layton?

[He finally speaks.]

AL: Juan Vasquez seeks to erase the mistakes of his past. This is where he and I are very, very much the same. I, too, seek to erase the mistakes of my past. Mistakes like Percy Childes and the Unholy Alliance. Mistakes like James Monosso and Eric Preston.

And yes, mistakes like Juan Vasquez.

[Layton snaps his head back, flipping his hood off.]

AL: I trusted Juan Vasquez. When he told me he needed me to come back, when he said he needed my help, he told me that it was my chance... my opening... my opportunity to purge those mistakes from my life.

But instead, I was cast out. On the eve of the night that should have been my utmost glory, I was thrown aside and deemed too dangerous... too dark... too evil.

The very qualities that he sought out to begin with.

[Layton pushes his fingers together, forming a pyramid.]

AL: I lost my chance.

[Layton presses his palms together like in prayer.]

AL: Juan Vasquez seeks the forgiveness of those he's wronged. He wants the fans to forgive him. He begs those he's injured to forgive him.

I feel no such thing. That is where Juan Vasquez and I are very, very different.

I feel no reason to beg... to plead for forgiveness...

After our battle comes to pass, Vasquez... after I stand amongst the masses soaked in your blood...

[Layton smiles, a toothy evil smile.]

AL: I will not ask your forgiveness for the things I've done to you. I will not ask the fans to forgive me for what they bore witness to. I will not seek out your friends and your family to apologize for the damage done to their worlds.

But I will come to your bedside, Vasquez. I will visit you in the hospital.

[Dane looks confused.]

JD: You will?

[Layton nods slowly.]

AL: I will... for one... final apology. I will give you your chance to beg my mercy, Vasquez, for the wrongs you did to me... one final chance to say you're sorry...

[Layton's eyes close tightly as a pencil-thin smile crosses his face.]

AL: Before... I... end you.

Ehehehehe... ehehehehehehehe... EHEHEHEHHEHEHE.... EHEHEHEHHEHE!

[With Layton cackling like the madman he is, we fade out from him to a shot of a man seated on a bench in the dressing room. He sits hunched over, hands held together on his lap, legs shaking nervously. His features are obscured by his hoodie, raised over his head, but his voice is instantly recognizable.]

It's Juan Vasquez.]

JV: You said I wasn't a monster, Anton, and you were right.

[...]

JV: Because the greatest act of kindness I could ever possibly give you...was having your career end at MY hands.

[There's a resigned tone of inevitability in Juan's voice. There's no doubt in his mind that the match will have any other outcome.]

JV: I could've just left you to Childs and The Unholy Alliance...but I'm not a cruel man.

I'm just an angry one.

[A sigh.]

JV: And as much as it pains me to admit it...you're MY mistake to fix.

[A slight tension builds in Juan's tone, but his anger remains restrained.]

JV: Tonight...it ain't about winning or losing. It ain't about right or wrong. It ain't about heroes or monsters. It ain't even about revenge.

[His legs stop shaking.]

JV: Tonight, it's about...

...justice.

[Juan raises his head, revealing his face, painted in a nightmarish version of a Diade los Muertos sugar skull. His eyes and nosed are blackened out. His

mouth has been drawn into the form of a stitched up Glasgow smile. The fierce expression on Juan's face leaves no mistake that he intends for us to stare straight into the face of death.]

JV: And justice WILL be served.

[Fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Wow.

BW: This just got real, Gordo.

GM: It certainly did. Anton Layton walks into the ring tonight with the goal of ending Juan Vasquez... of putting him in the hospital like he's done to so many others before. Juan Vasquez... you saw the face... you know what that means.

BW: Fans of the EMWC remember Casey James painting his face up like that when it was time for war and we've seen Juan Vasquez wear this before as well. Juan Vasquez just let the entire world know that tonight... it's time for war.

GM: Let's go to the ring!

[Crossfade to the ring to Phil Watson.]

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

[Instead of the familiar horns of "They Reminisce over You", a slow, haunting piano chord is heard, as DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" begins to play over the PA system.]

It's dark...and hell is hot#

[Juan Vasquez emerges from behind the curtains, drawing a huge roar from the crowd! Not wearing his familiar white tracksuit with black trim, Juan is wearing a black skeleton hoodie, over his shirt-less body, black jeans and greyblack wrestling shoes. But the most noticeable change from his usual look, is the return of the "Dia de los Muertos" skull facepaint, last seen when he savagely defeated Ebola Zaire in an Outlaw Rules Match last summer.]

Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Only darkness every day #
Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Cuz when it's on, ya gonna be gone #
Every time cuz we don't play

[The crowd's reaction to Juan however, isn't that of shock or horror like it was the year before. Instead, their cheers grow when they see his changed appearance, as they realize that Anton Layton is going to get exactly what's coming to him.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in tonight at 238 pounds...

He is a former two-time AWA National champion...

JUUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNN

VAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSQUUUUUUUUEEEEEZZZZ!!!

[Juan whips off his hoodie and tosses it into the crowd, before walking the aisle.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has arrived! The former two-time National Champion and perhaps future World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: That's an excellent point, Gordo. Vasquez has got to face "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in one of the biggest rematches of all time in about one month's time in a first round Chase For The Clash matchup. He can't afford to let his emotions drive him here tonight if it means risking his physical health. He NEEDS to walk into that match at one hundred percent if he wants to beat his age-old rival and move on with a chance to walk into SuperClash V as the challenger.

[Vasquez walks the length of the ramp without much emotion, stepping through the ropes into the ring. He lifts his right arm, his fist clenched, to another big reaction before turning his back to the ropes, staring back down the ramp as Phil Watson raises the mic...]

PW: And his opponent...

[The horrific sound of women screaming fills the air. After several moments of it, it is joined by some haunting orchestral music - the perfect combination for the Prince of Darkness.]

PW: From the Darkness... weighing in at 263 pounds... he is the Prince of Darkness...

ANNNNNTONNN LAAAAAYTON!

[Layton strides out onto the platform in his floor-length hooded white satin robe. As he walks past the camera, we catch a glimpse of a black dragon breathing red and orange fire stitched into the satin. Layton stands, soaking up the jeers before he throws his hood back, revealing his manic expression, eyes so wide you can hardly see anything but the whites as he storms down towards the ring, shrugging out of the robe...

...which is Vasquez' cue to come out to meet him!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The sound of the bell comes as referee Ricky Longfellow signals for it, watching as Vasquez and Layton meet on the elevated platform, trading right hands to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! They're already out there on the ramp, hammering away at each other!

[The exchange of fisticuffs is even for several moments before a fired-up Vasquez goes on a tear, throwing punch after punch after punch to the skull of the Prince Of Darkness...

...who responds by jabbing a taped thumb into the eye of his opponent!]

GM: Ohh! Layton goes to the eyes!

[Vasquez stumbles backwards, grabbing at his eye as Layton approaches, eyes gleaming with excitement as he looks for the kill...

...and RAKES his fingernails down the exposed back of the former two-time National Champion!]

GM: He rakes the back now as well! Layton's first two major offensive moves of the match are both illegal which is completely fitting his personality if you ask me.

[Vasquez falls chestfirst into the ropes as Layton winds up, slamming a forearm down across the back, knocking Vasquez down to a knee on the ramp. Grabbing the top rope, Layton plants his shin against the back of Vasquez' neck, pushing his throat into the ropes!]

GM: He's choking him, Bucky! He's choking Vasquez out on the ramp!

BW: Well, you said it, Gordo. Layton's going to go to the illegal offense as much as the referee will allow. It's what he specializes in. This is a man who flat out LOVES to hurt people!

[Layton cackles with joy as Vasquez struggles to get out from under the chokehold. The referee's count forces Anton to back away at four, grabbing two hands full of hair and dragging Vasquez away from the ropes back towards the ramp...

...where he promptly scoops him up...]

GM: NO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BODYSLAM ON THE RAMP! Good grief!

[The Prince of Darkness smiles at the downed Vasquez who reaches behind him, grabbing at his lower back. Layton backs into the ropes, cackling with glee...]

GM: Layton's up against the ropes - the ref trying to get him back into the ring...

[But Layton suddenly rushes back out, leaping up for the trademark double stomp to the gut...]

...but Vasquez rolls towards Layton at the last second, avoiding the stomp.]

GM: Ohh! He missed the stomp!

[An angry Layton swings around, glaring at Vasquez who pushes himself up to his knee...]

GM: Oh! Vasquez goes downstairs as he tries to get up off the ramp!

BW: It's dangerous battling out there on the elevated ramp. One wrong step can really put you in a bad way, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right.

[Climbing to his feet, Vasquez pulls Layton into a front facelock, swinging him around before delivering a big knee lift into the chest... and another... and another...]

GM: Vasquez can throw some heavy blows when the mood strikes him, Bucky. Of course, everyone knows about the Right Cross but he's got great knees and elbows as well.

[With Layton in some trouble, Vasquez slings one of his opponent's arms over the back of his neck...]

GM: Uh oh.

[The crowd cheers as they anticipate what's coming...]

...and then cheer louder as Vasquez takes Layton over with a painful suplex on the wooden ramp!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Layton's back just got punished by Juan Vasquez!

[Rolling around on the ramp in pain, Layton grabs at his back as Vasquez stares down at him. The referee shouts at Vasquez, getting his attention. The two-time National Champion glares at the official through his frightening face paint before giving the slightest of nods, turning to drag Layton off the ramp...]

GM: He pulls Layton back up... and HURLS him over the top rope into the squared circle for the first time in this match.

[Vasquez steps through the ropes, moving methodically after Layton who is crawling to try to get a breather but the Los Angeles native is having none of it, dragging Layton up to his feet, firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Whips him in... picks him up, spins him around... OHHHH!

[The crowd groans as Vasquez drops the larger man across his bent knee with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. Layton howls in pain again, rolling swiftly over to his stomach...]

GM: Vasquez is back on his feet... elbow down across the back! And again! And again! And again!

[With each elbow dropped down into the lower back, the crowd is roaring, counting along with it. The count reaches "TEN!" before Vasquez stops, staring down at Layton who is quite literally belly-crawling in an attempt to get away from Vasquez.]

GM: Layton crawls right under the ropes, dropping down to the floor.

[Vasquez ducks through the ropes, going after his opponent, and hopping down to the floor where he hauls Layton up by the arm...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKFIRST INTO THE STEEL RAILING AT RINGSIDE!! Oh my!

[Vasquez stands stoic near the apron, watching as Layton slumps down to his knees, barely able to keep from collapsing to the ringside mats.]

GM: Layton's in a whole lot of pain in the early moments of this matchup. And right now, he quite frankly looks overmatched, Bucky.

BW: He completely does... and you gotta wonder if we're seeing Juan Vasquez shift into another gear as he prepares for that gigantic rematch with Stevie Scott coming up in about a month's time.

GM: Juan Vasquez would like nothing more than to defeat Anton Layton here tonight, beat Stevie Scott next month, and then move on in this tournament to get a shot at Calisto Dufresne.

[Vasquez stalks after Layton, dragging him back to his feet by the hair, pulling him towards the ring...]

GM: He puts Layton back in... dragging himself up on the apron again...

[He steps back in, pursuing Layton as the Prince of Darkness climbs to his feet and gets caught with a knife edge chop, knocking Layton back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Big chop connects... and another!

[Ducking down, Vasquez lifts Layton up, hanging him upside down in the corner...]

GM: He's got Layton hanging upside down and... look at this!

[The crowd cheers as Vasquez steps up onto the middle rope, planting his foot down on the groin of Layton and putting all his weight on the below-the-belt region as Layton howls in pain.]

GM: Vasquez is stepping on his... uhhh....

[The referee's count quickly reaches four as Vasquez hops down, sprinting across to the far corner...]

...and charges back in with reckless abandon, leaving his feet to drive them both right into the face of the helpless Layton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG RUNNING DROPKICK IN THE CORNER!

[Vasquez reaches up, ripping Layton out of the ropes and down to the mat. The two-time National Champion attempts a cover, earning a two count before Layton lifts the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only for Vasquez!

[The Los Angeles native scrambles to his feet, using Layton's trunks to drag him off the mat...]

...and hooks a rear waistlock!]

GM: SUPLEX!

[But Layton blocks the German Suplex attempt by lashing out backwards, smashing the back of his skull into Vasquez' painted face!]

GM: Ohh!

[Vasquez stumbles back, reaching up to grab his face as Layton wheels around, swinging a right hand to the jaw that knocks Vasquez through the ropes and out onto the ring apron!]

GM: Layton knocks him to the apron!

[Stepping out on the apron, Layton unleashes a series of stomps to the back of Vasquez' skull, leaving a bloody streak on the ring apron.]

GM: Uh oh... it looks like Layton might have busted Vasquez open with that counter to the suplex.

BW: I think he caught him in the nose, Gordo. He might've broken Vasquez' nose.

[Layton drops down onto the floor, grabbing Vasquez by the back of the hair, and SLAMS his face into the apron again!]

GM: Goodness! The hardest part of the ring and Vasquez just had his face smashed into it.

[The Prince of Darkness repeats the attack, smashing Vasquez' face into the apron a second time. He uses the hair to flip Vasquez onto his back, swinging his lower body back under the ropes...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down onto Vasquez' face!]

GM: Good grief!

[The blood is streaming pretty heavily out of Vasquez' nose at this point as Layton backs off...

...and then SLAMS his elbow down into the bridge of the nose again!]

GM: He's going right after that possibly broken nose, fans.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Layton pulls Vasquez' head back, slamming his taped fist repeatedly into the bloodied nose, getting the fan favorite's own blood on the white tape.]

GM: The referee's ordering Layton to back off but he's not paying any attention at all...

[Using the hair, Layton drags Vasquez off the apron and down to the floor where he immediately starts stomping the hell out of the fan favorite to huge jeers from the crowd. Suddenly, the Prince of Darkness peels away, moving around the ring apron...]

GM: Layton's coming over here by us.

BW: If he stops here, I'm getting the heck out of here, Gordo.

[Layton does indeed stop there, shouting at Bucky who promptly gets out of his seat. The Prince of Darkness snatches up the vacated steel chair, folding it up as he turns back to the rising Vasquez...

...and JAMS the edge of the chair into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Gordo, I can't believe you didn't try to protect me from him!

GM: I can't believe the referee's letting him get away with this! He just used an illegal steel chair on Juan Vasquez and- NO!

[Layton winds up, ready to club Vasquez over the back with the steel chair but the official reaches over the ropes, grabbing the seat just before it's unleashed...]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez goes downstairs on him!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Vasquez swings around and SMASHES Layton's face into the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief! What a fight we've got here tonight, fans!

[Vasquez shoves Layton back under the ropes into the ring, using the ropes to pull himself up on the apron.]

GM: Vasquez is coming after him! He's-

[The crowd roars as Vasquez reaches out, not wasting any time as he hooks him into the Assassin's Spike!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE SPIKE!!

[A wild-eyed Layton grabs the official by the shirt, pulling him close.]

GM: The referee's tangled up with Layton! He's-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MULE KICK! RIGHT INTO THE GROIN!!

[Vasquez crumples down to his knees, clutching his nether regions as a cackling Layton staggers away. He spins around, burying a pair of kicks into the chest, knocking the fan favorite back down to the mat...

...and then dives to his knees, wrapping his hands around the throat!]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Vasquez!

[Vasquez flails about, grabbing at the hands and gasping for air as he tries to escape. The referee's count hits four and goes a little further before he lets go. A few hammerfists land on the bloody nose of Vasquez before Layton gets back to his feet, grabbing at his white tape wrapped around his wrist and starts peeling it off...]

GM: Layton's taking the tape off... look out!

[The crowd jeers as Layton drops to his knees, wrapping the tape around the throat of an already-coughing Vasquez!]

GM: He's choking him again! This time, he's using the tape to do it!

[The referee's count gets to four again, forcing a break as a gasping Vasquez rolls out to the floor, violently coughing as Layton ignores the official, stepping out on the apron...]

GM: Off the apron... ohh! Big forearm down across the back of the head, knocking Vasquez down on the floor!

[Layton stands over Vasquez, mumbling something at him before he drags him to his feet by the arm...]

GM: Big whip...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAMP!! Right into the side of the elevated wooden ramp!

[Vasquez slumps back against the ramp, clutching his lower back as Layton turns away, walking away from the two-time National Champion...

...and suddenly spins around, charging towards Vasquez!]

GM: HERE HE COMES!!

[Vasquez ducks down, backdropping Layton up into the air...

...and DOWN onto the wooden ramp!]

GM: BACKDROPPED HIM ON THE RAMP!!

[The Los Angeles native reaches up, wiping the blood from his upper lip and spitting a mouthful on the ringside mats before turning to climb up onto the ramp...

...where he returns the favor, wrapping his hands around the throat of a downed Layton!]

BW: And now is Vasquez is choking Layton! Where's your outrage now?!

GM: Turnabout is fair play, Bucky!

[The referee comes out on the ramp, ordering Vasquez to break the chokehold. He reaches the count of four before Vasquez releases, climbing up to his feet. The former champion glares at the official as he grabs Layton by the hair, dragging him up...

...and DRIVING a knee into the face!]

GM: Ohh! Big kneelift!

[Still holding the hair, Vasquez lands a second knee... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth... before throwing a dazed Layton back down to the wooden ramp. The official steps in again, shouting at Vasquez to get the fight back inside the ring. Vasquez stomps Layton a few times before dragging him off the mat, throwing him over the ropes and back into the ring again...]

GM: Vasquez takes him over the top, back into the ring...

[Vasquez moves to the apron, turning to scale the ropes. He steps up to the middle rope, placing a foot on the top rope...

...and then leaps off, catching a rising Layton right in the chest with a dropkick!]

GM: OHHH! Nice dropkick off the top!

[Vasquez rolls Layton to his back, swinging a leg over him and taking the mount...]

GM: Big right hand! And another!

[The crowd roars as Vasquez lights him up with punches from the mount, earning himself another four count before he gets up.]

GM: Vasquez climbs back to his feet... Layton looks like he's in some serious trouble, fans.

[Vasquez drags Layton off the mat, smashing his skull in between Layton's eyes with a headbutt!]

GM: Big headbutt!

[Layton falls back to the corner, his eyebrow split open from the headbutt.]

GM: Oh! He split him open, fans!

[Seeing blood, Vasquez rushes in, smashing his elbow over the eyebrow. He grabs a side headlock, hammering the cut relentlessly as the referee starts a five count...

...and then comes charging out of the corner, leaping into the air, and SMASHES Layton facefirst into the mat!]

GM: RUNNING BULLDOG OUT OF THE CORNER!

[Layton lies flat on his face on the mat, a small pool of blood starting to form under him before Vasquez flips him over, surveying the damage that's been done so far.]

GM: The blood is streaming down the head of Anton Layton... ohh! Big stomp to the forehead!

BW: Blood for blood, Gordo!

GM: You better believe it!

[Vasquez leans down, pulling Layton up by the hair, lighting him up with a knife edge chop that sends Layton falling back into the corner. A second big chop lights up the pectorals of Layton, leaving a bright red welt in its wake.]

GM: Vasquez is physically asserting himself in every way possible against the Prince of Darkness...

[Vasquez blasts him with another chop before he throws a knee into the gut... and another shot to the gut... and a third shot to the gut...]

GM: He's chopping him down!

[The big knees knocks Layton down to a seated position in the corner as Vasquez grabs the top rope, slamming his knee repeatedly into the face of Layton!]

GM: He's taking him to town, Bucky!

BW: He's just destroying him with those knees! Layton's in some serious trouble!

[The referee's count hits four, forcing Vasquez to back off, glaring at the downed Layton who is essentially motionless at this point...

...and then charges back in, SLAMMING his knee into the skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez grabs Layton by the ankle, dragging him out of the corner into the center of the ring. He spits on Layton's prone form, pointing to the corner...]

GM: Vasquez is heading up top!

[The Los Angeles native scales the corner turnbuckles, stepping up onto the top rope...]

GM: He's up top! Ready to fly!

[Vasquez leaps off the top, backflipping through the air...]

BW: MOONSAULT!

[...and SLAMS into the canvas as the bloodied and barely conscious Anton Layton rolls out of the way!]

GM: HE MISSED! VASQUEZ MISSED THE MOONSAULT!

[Layton pushes up to his knees, cackling madly as the blood pours down his face into his mouth. The Prince Of Darkness throws his head back, the cackling growing louder as he looks down at Vasquez...]

...and then falls back to his rear end, reaching down towards his boot. He unlaces it several notches before reaching into the boot...]

GM: What is he...? Oh no.

BW: He's got the Spike!

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern as Layton climbs to his feet, clutching the Golden Spike to his chest. The referee steps in, shouting at Layton who reaches out, shoving him aside...]

GM: Layton's got the Spike and the referee's out of the way!

[Vasquez rolls to the corner, trying to get back to his feet as Layton eyes him hungrily...]

...and comes charging in, raising the Spike back!]

GM: THE SPIKE!

[Layton swings the Spike down towards Vasquez' head...]

...but Juan Vasquez dives to the side, causing Anton Layton to SLAM the Golden Spike into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: HE MISSED WITH THE SPIKE!!

BW: Oh my god... it's stuck in the turnbuckle! It's stuck in the top turnbuckle!

[The crowd roars for Vasquez narrowly avoiding getting hit with the Spike that is now embedded INTO the top turnbuckle! The camera shot holds on it for a long while as a bloodied Layton stares in disbelief. He swings around just as Vasquez rushes in, leaping up to drive BOTH knees into the chest of Layton!]

GM: KNEES!

[Layton gets smashed into the turnbuckles, his back slamming into the backend of the Golden Spike. He staggers back out, revealing a cut on his back from the Spike as well...]

...right into the waiting arms of Vasquez, who hooks him...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[...and hurls him up and overhead, sending him crashing to the canvas with an Exploder suplex!]

GM: OVERHEAD SUPLEX BY VASQUEZ!

BW: Layton landed right on the back of his head!

[Vasquez falls back against the ropes, wiping the blood from his face again, smearing his facepaint as he tries to catch a breather. With the fans cheering him on, he stumbles across the ring, pulling Layton off a knee, throwing Layton back to the corner...]

GM: Ohh! Big chop! And another one out of Vasquez!

[Grabbing Layton by the arm, he flings him from corner-to-corner before charging in behind him...]

GM: Vasquez charges in!

[Layton sidesteps, causing Vasquez to hit the buckles...

...and then CREAMS him with a standing clothesline to the back of the head and neck!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot!

[With Vasquez down on the mat, Layton drags him several feet out of the corner, positioning him before backing into the buckles. The Prince of Darkness pushes himself up on the middle rope...]

GM: Layton's up on the middle rope! He's standing on the second rope!

[The Prince of Darkness throws his head back, giving another maniacal cackle...]

GM: HE LEAPS!

[The double stomp is coming down for Vasquez...

...but he again rolls aside, causing Layton to SLAM down hard in the missed double stomp!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Layton comes up, moving a little awkwardly as Vasquez pushes up to a knee, throwing himself at the back of Layton's knee!]

GM: OHH! HE CHOPBLOCKED HIM! He clipped the knee from behind!

[The Prince of Darkness falls to his knees, wincing in pain as Vasquez climbs to his feet, looking down at him...]

GM: Oh my god!

[Vasquez raises his right hand, giving a roar as the crowd echoes him...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[...and OBLITERATES Layton with the most famous right hand in the sport across the side of the face, snapping his head around and putting him down on his back!]

GM: What a shot! That's gotta be it, Bucky!

BW: Layton's out, Gordo. He's out cold!

[Vasquez looks at the motionless Layton...

...and then turns to the corner, pointing to the Golden Spike.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Oh, this is gonna be good! Remember Vasquez from last year?! He's back, baby!

GM: He can't be back. He simply can't be back. He learned his lesson!

[Vasquez approaches the corner, yanking the Golden Spike out of the top turnbuckle. He slowly approaches the downed Layton, the Golden Spike gripped in his hand. The referee steps in his path, waving him off...]

GM: Vasquez has got the Spike and- don't do it, Juan. Don't do it.

[Vasquez raises the Golden Spike high above his head, showing it off to the crowd as it glimmers in the lights...

...when he suddenly throws it aside, tossing it out to the floor as he shakes his head. The crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: Oh yeah! He's not gonna use it! He's not gonna use the Spike!

[Vasquez grabs Layton by the boot, dragging him into the center of the ring. He spins the leg around into a spinning toehold, reaching down to grab the other leg...

...and falls back in a figure four leglock!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR!! FIGURE FOUR!!

BW: No, no, no! This is a message, Gordo! This is a message to Layton! This ain't no ordinary figure four - this is the Von Braun Leglock!

GM: The Von Braun Leglock is locked in!

[Layton hangs on... and hangs on... and hangs on...

...until he just can't anymore, screaming for mercy as the referee signals for the bell!]

GM: That's it!

[Vasquez keeps the hold applied, hanging onto a few more moments after the bell rings. The referee finally starts a count on him...

...and then lets go of the hold, glaring at the downed Layton.]

GM: Vasquez has done it! He has vanquished his demon! He has put down the Devil himself!

[Vasquez turns away from Layton, wobbling across the ring towards the camera. Facepaint smeared, face bloodied, he stares into the lens and speaks very slowly and surely...]

"October 26th, Stevie."

[...]

"October 26th."

[And just as he finishes speaking, the lights inside the Crockett Coliseum go out.]

GM: What the-?!

[A high pitched voice cuts in over the PA system, calling out over the buzzing crowd.]

"What...we've got here is...FAILURE to communicate..."

GM: What in the world is going on here?

BW: I have no idea.

[A bell tolls, it's tone echoing across the arena for a moment before "The Shootist" from The Red Dead Redemption Soundtrack by Bill Elm and Woody Jackson plays over the PA speakers while a massive figure comes striding into view.]

GM: Oh my stars! Who the heck is that?!

BW: Is that who I think it is?!

[Standing nearly 7 feet tall, the man's long reddish brown hair falls to his shoulders from underneath his wide brimmed hat, while his ankle length duster obscures his wrestling attire...as he starts down the ring, people's

eyes are inevitably drawn to the hangman's noose that trails behind him. His manager is dressed like an old western judge or preacher with a black wide brimmed hat, a black suit with a shoestring tie and white shirt. His thin white hair falls down and his cheekbones stand out skeletally as he walks down at his side, not interacting with the fans.]

BW: Head for the hills, Gordo! That's the Hangman! The Hangman is here in the AWA, and he's coming for Juan Vasquez!

GM: For months now, we've heard that the Hangman is coming to the AWA - this mysterious entity known as the Hangman - and at last, he has arrived!

[We cut to the ring where the lights have slowly started to come back up, illuminating Juan Vasquez who has backed away from the entrance ramp, not at all eager to get in the way of The Hangman.]

BW: Look at him dragging that noose behind him! I bet it'd look pretty good around the neck of Vasquez!

GM: Would you stop?! Juan Vasquez, the former champion's been through the wringer already here tonight to put the stake in the heart of that devil, Anton Layton... he's got nothing left in the tank to take on someone else!

[Finally completing his methodical walk down the aisle, The Hangman reaches the ring, stepping over the top rope into the ring...

...and takes two large steps forward, sending the official scurrying through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: The referee wants no part of this guy and who can blame 'im?!

[Vasquez stays back, fists balled up and at the ready as The Hangman drapes the noose over the top turnbuckle in the nearest corner. The Los Angeles native spares a few quick glances to track the location of Judge Parker, The Hangman's guiding force.]

GM: If I'm Juan Vasquez, I think I want out of here right now!

[The Hangman turns back towards Vasquez, staring across at the former two-time National Champion who looks ready for a fight if it's coming to him...]

BW: You can FEEL the tension in the air, Gordo. These two men are staring each other down from across the ring... perhaps waiting to see who is going to be the first to strike.

GM: This Hangman claims to be bringing justice to the AWA... and in all honesty, Juan Vasquez has done some things in his life that he's not proud of but he's done the best he can to wipe that slate clean. He just went through a war with the man who actually committed the crimes that Vasquez takes the blame for. He's apologized. He's bled. He's battled. What more does The Hangman want from him?!

BW: Maybe he just wants to see him hang, Gordo!

[The Hangman takes another step forward, glaring at Vasquez who lifts his fists, ready for a fight...

...when suddenly, the bigger man leans down, his hand moving like a snake as he grabs the downed Anton Layton by the throat!]

GM: Oh my! Oh my stars!

[He yanks Layton straight up off the mat onto his feet, holding him there for just a split second before leaning down, lifting the Prince of Darkness up into a torture rack...]

GM: What a show of strength! And he's got Anton Layton up!

BW: You talk about what Vasquez has been through tonight... what about what Anton Layton's been through?!

[The Hangman steps out to the center of the ring, staring dead into the eyes of Juan Vasquez for several more moments...

...and then spins Layton off his shoulders while gripping his head and sitting down hard!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH!

BW: What in the HELL was that?!

GM: Some kind of a neckbreaker... and he just laid out Anton Layton!

[The Hangman regains his feet, extending an open hand in the direction of Juan Vasquez...

...and then slowly closing it into a fist as Vasquez backs up another step. He suddenly turns his back on Vasquez, stalking to the corner where he snatches up the noose. Judge Parker nods in approval as The Hangman leans down.]

GM: He said he was here for justice but this looks like an old fashioned lynching to me! I don't approve of anything that Anton Layton's ever done but this is too much, fans!

BW: What the heck is he doing?!

[The big newcomer loops the noose around the neck of Layton, grabbing the end of the rope in his hand...

...and simply steps back out of the ring, threading the rope through them and dragging Layton behind him, pulling him through the ropes and out onto the ramp where he continues to walk down the elevated ramp, dragging a

noosed Layton behind him as Judge Parker follows in their wake, nodding approvingly as the crowd buzzes in unsure silence.]

GM: These fans don't know what to think! They don't know what they're witnessing and quite frankly, I'm not sure I do either!

BW: Is... is everyone just gonna let him take Anton Layton?!

GM: Did YOU want to stop him?

[Bucky falls silent as The Hangman walks the length of the ramp, dragging Layton through the curtain and out of view as we slowly fade to black.

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.]

We crossfade backstage, where Jason Dane stands alongside the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of dark blue jeans and a white shirt with horizontal blue lines going across it. He looks like a Russian sailor, which probably wasn't the look he was going for. The AWA World Heavyweight Title rests over one shoulder as he smirks confidently at the camera. Dane gets an off-camera signal and begins.]

JD: Fans, I'm backstage with the AWA World Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne, and the obvious question is simple: What are your feelings about Karl O'Connor's announcement of the Chase for the Clash?

[Dufresne rolls his eyes and waves an unconcerned hand towards the camera.]

CD: Honestly, Dane, it should be titled the Chase for A Life Full Of Disappointment And Unfulfilled Dreams And Aspirations-

JD: -That's not very catchy.

[Dufresne looks Dane, annoyed.]

CD: -Because that's really what this tournament represents. The AWAAverse has been unable to come up with a suitable challenger to Calisto Dufresne despite months of wrangling amongst the provincials in my kingdom. Every peasant rebellion that has tried to usurp the throne from Calisto Dufresne and Royalty for the past six months has been an abject failure; being met with overwhelming force.

So Karl O'Connor and his cronies, in an effort to find someone who could possibly give Calisto Dufresne a run for his money in the Main Event of the biggest night of the year - my night - SuperClash V, they decided to put eight of "the best"...

[Quote fingers.]

CD: ...this organization has to offer together to fight it out amongst themselves. And why? Just to get all that way, under the bright lights of the American Airlines Center, to run into the buzzsaw that is Calisto Dufresne. It seems like a cruel joke by the Championship Committee if you ask me.

[A shrug.]

JD: Switching gears, let's talk about Ben Waterson's characterization of Royalty.

CD: Ben's right, you know.

[Dane seems taken aback by that.]

CD: Ben and I go way back. As you know Jason, I have no ego. I'm willing to say that Ben helped me immeasurably in my career. He harnessed my greatest trait - the willingness to do anything to achieve my goals - and focused it in the right direction: the very top.

He knew that Calisto Dufresne wasn't destined for Longhorn Titles, or Television Titles... No, he was destined for the very pinnacle of the sport.

[A nod from the champion.]

CD: And if Ben Waterson sees Royalty as a threat, he sees it as a threat because to a certain degree, he is responsible for it. The willingness of Calisto Dufresne to do anything and cross anybody to remain at the top of this sport is in part because of the lessons he learned at the knee of the Agent to the Stars himself.

So, yes Ben - we are a threat. We're a threat to the heroes. We're a threat to the villains.

[A cold look.]

CD: We're a threat to you.

So, as one old friend to another, just do me a favor and be...

[A smirk.]

CD: ...wise, when thinking about tugging on Superman's cape.

[On that note, Dufresne waltzes off camera, leaving Dane with that thought as we fade back inside the Crockett Coliseum to where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. The World Champion certainly isn't lacking in confidence as the Chase For The Clash - the tournament to crown his SuperClash V challenger - is underway. In fact, his overconfidence reminds me in many ways of Joshua Dusscher... who is about to come out here and compete in a match against the member of the AWA locker room of his choice.

BW: And there are a whole lot of guys back there waiting for their number to be called so they can come down here and clean this kid's clock.

GM: He said some pretty inflammatory things two weeks ago at Homecoming - things that offended every single AWA employee... every single AWA fan... and of course, everyone in that locker room.

BW: That's why Dusscher agreed to this deal under very specific conditions. The locker room is barred. No one is allowed out here OTHER than the person that Dusscher selects. Under threat of legal action, not a single other wrestler can come out here during this match.

GM: That means that the honor of the AWA lies in the hands of whoever Mr. Dusscher selects.

BW: It's Mr. Dusscher now? I thought he was a personal friend of yours.

GM: We all thought a lot of things about this young man that have been proven incorrect over the past few weeks, Bucky. I was mistaken as well. But what I'm not mistaken about is my desire to see him get what he's got coming to him...and I think we all hope that's about to happen right now. Let's go up to Phil Watson!

[DING! DING! DING!]

PW: The following contest, is a special challenge match set for one fall! Introducing first...

[A rather exotic, sultry sound plays, much different from the "Say Hey!" song performed last week.]

PW: From Lynbrook, New York, accompanied by his entourage, and weighing in at 142 pounds, he wishes to be introduced as "The Only Real Man Wrestling Tonight", he is the international performing superstar, JOSHUA DUSSCHER!

[To a recording of his own song (which the AWA management really hopes the fans aren't listening to carefully) "Spank Dat @\$ (beyotch)" from his album Trojan Warrior, entrenched within his protective bubble of six large, burly, sunglasses-clad, suit-wearing bodyguards who are really earning their money keeping the pawing hands of the crowd away, emerges Joshua Dusscher. Weaving and shadow boxing within the mass of humanity, we see that his choice of attire is a white karate gi (proving that he is, indeed, a brown belt) and, in the only thing about him that is similar to James Lynch, is barefoot.]

GM: Fans, it is not often that I will say this but, Bucky, you were absolutely right about Joshua Dusscher.

BW: Being right has never felt so wrong, Gordo.

GM: The hardest thing about this is that he made me take this personally. I like to think that I'm a good judge of character, and when I talked to this kid, everything about him felt *genuine*. Just a good, humble fan of wrestling with God-given talent that he wanted to share with all of us.

Never in my life did I dream that such hateful venom could come from his lips, or that he would do *anything* to hurt the AWA.

BW: You and a million other people he's touched along the way, Gordo. This guy is notorious for being a two-faced snake, then turning on the charm and making people forget all about it. The record labels wanted NOTHING to do with him, but with today's technology, he took his act directly to the people, and he practically forced them to make him a star.

[Having reached ringside, the bodyguards spread the ropes way open, and with little effort Joshua Dusscher enters the ring, playing to the crowd, taunting them into giving him even more jeers, as the bodyguards leave to surround the ring on all sides.]

GM: Nonetheless, you may say that he's a calculating conniver, but that doesn't explain why he would do something so reckless as challenge an AWA wrestler to a wrestling match! I don't care if he chose Juan Vasquez or a Blue brother, he is going to be in over his head with a man who wishes to do him great bodily harm!

BW: And Gordo, I'm gonna be loving it when he finally knocks the cocky smile off this punk's face!

[The offensive music fades away, and Joshua bounces back and forth on the balls of his feet, making the hand motion for his opponent to come bring it.]

PW: And the AWA wrestler that Mr. Dusscher has selected to face...

[Suddenly, a cartoonish voice blares out over the speakers.]

V/O: THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE BUT...

...BEES!

GM: Well, it figures that he would choose one of the smallest competitors, but if he thinks that either Yellow Jacket or Bumble Bee will be a...

BW & GM: WHAT!?!?

[The crowd is just as shocked as Bucky and Gordon, as the At Vance hard rock version of "Flight of the Bumblebee" plays, and a solitary figure emerges from the back and walks to the ring.]

PW: Representing The Hive, weighing in at 115 pounds....QUEEN BEE!

[It is impossible to tell the facial expression of the long blonde-haired masked lady with the large...stingers...but her body language shows no trepidation as she stalks purposefully to the ring. Cut back to the ring to a smiling Joshua Dusscher, who's confidence now seems slightly more warranted.]

BW: He can't...he can't do that, can he!?

GM: Bucky...fans...I have some knowledge that I never imagined would be relevant. When The Hive first came to the AWA, AWA co-owner Lori Dane was in the midst of a push to start a ladies wrestling division here. For various reasons, that never materialized but, in preparation for that time, this young lady was signed, technically, to a wrestling contract.

BW: And our crack legal team left that loophole wide open?

GM: Apparently so. This degenerate thinks that he has put one over on the AWA yet again.

[Queen Bee enters the ring and makes a beeline (ha!) for Joshua while referee Davis Warren is quick to step in and keep the two competitors at arms length, ordering them both to retreat to their own corners.]

GM: Laugh all you want, Master Dusscher, but I've seen this young lady literally jump all over The Hive's opponents, and if you think this is going to be a cakewalk, you are sorely mistaken!

BW: I never thought I'd see the day that I'd root for Queen Bee in a fight, but if a girl takes this punk down, that will be sweet as honey! C'mon, toots!

[DING! DING! DING!]

[The bell starts to begin the match, but Joshua is still not taking things seriously. He wanders a couple feet from his corner, but then gets distracted by a screaming fan, and turns his head to give his retort...]

BW & GM: OH!!

[...which was a mistake, as Queen Bee sprints out of her corner. Joshua doesn't notice her approach until it's far too late, by which point Queen Bee lunges forward with a huge SPEAR that takes him completely off his feet, to a HUGE roar from the crowd!]

BW: Was that real enough for you, Dusscher!?

GM: The only problem with that spear was that it was TOO good, sending Joshua Dusscher all the way into the ropes!

[Indeed, the force of the spear sent Joshua and Queen Bee sliding clear into the ropes, half of Joshua's body under the ropes, while his left leg ended up somehow straddled on the bottom rope. He is clearly shaken, and most likely ripe for the pin, but as Queen Bee rises, Joshua Dusscher instinctively clutches the ropes like a frightened monkey, and Queen Bee is unable to free him before the referee orders a break. On commentary, Gordon and Bucky are unable to contain their glee.]

GM: It seems that the grand plan of Master Dusscher has backfired!

BW: If she finishes the job, Gordo, I will never say a bad thing about those stupid bees ever again!

GM: Well, give credit to Joshua Dusscher, I guess, because he is indeed making his way back to his feet.

[Pulling upwards on the bottom rope...then the second...then the top, Dusscher eventually yanks himself up to a vertical base. The shock finally wearing off, the heretofore cocky and composed entertainer has a very angry look on his face. In the background, Queen Bee, enjoying her rare moment in the spotlight, raises an arm to the crowd in celebration, as Joshua looks this way and that, soaking in his humiliation.]

GM: He might claim he was caught off guard there, but Queen Bee has given him more than ample time to recover, and the rest of this match is all on him! Queen Bee looking for a lockup and...aw, what is this?

BW: Get them down, ref!

[From all four sides of the ring, Joshua's bodyguards climb up onto the apron...but before they can do anything, the referee is going around the ring, yelling that he will disqualify their protectee if they do not get down immediately.]

GM: The referee's trying to get these guys down from the apron but... look at Queen Bee! She looks terrified!

BW: Can you blame her? Look at the size of these guys! I hear that one with the dreads is a black belt in Brazilian Jiu-jitsu too!

GM: We know what Dusscher is capable of so I fear what his hired guns might be capable of, Bucky.

[After several more shouts from the official, the bodyguards comply as Queen Bee watches the proceedings nervously...briefly taking her eye off of Joshua...]

GM: Look out!

[...who has used this opportunity to approach! Not nearly as impactful as Queen Bee's approach, Joshua locks up with Queen Bee and engages in what might be described as the most ugly second of ballroom dancing in history, before reaching deep into his alleged karate ability with an outer leg trip that finds its mark, sending Joshua crashing down on top of Queen Bee in a heap in the center of the ring.]

BW: Damn it! Get up! Get out of there, toots!

[Queen Bee frantically squirms to her side, bridging back with her neck, trying to get loose from the man on top of her...but dancers are deceptively strong and coordinated, and even Joshua Dusscher significantly outweighs

the female compatriot of The Hive. Through the course of several seconds of squirming, Joshua establishes a firm mount on top of Queen Bee.]

GM: C'mon, Queen Bee, fight this!

[Gordon and thousands of others implore Queen Bee to escape, but Joshua reaches down, grabs onto the upper arm and shoulders, and holds on for dear life as Davis Warren reluctantly makes the quick count: 1....2....3!]

GM: Well, there it is.

BW: Kind of a fast count, don't you think?

GM: Perhaps Davis Warren was trying to get Queen Bee out of there before any harm came to her at the hands of Dusscher and his thugs. As much as he wants to see Dusscher gets his - like we all do - no one wants to see her get hurt because of it.

[To the sound of a dull, deflated groan from the crowd, and the DING! DING! DING! of the timekeeper's bell, Joshua reacts as though he has just won a gold medal, leaping off of Queen Bee and sprinting around the inside of the ring in a victory lap, before heading back to the referee.]

BW: Congratulations, Dusscher. After an epic struggle, you pinned a girl. Your mother must be so proud.

[Phil Watson makes the announcement, with nary a trace of enthusiasm.]

PW: The winner of this contest, Joshua Dusscher.

[Referee Warren raises the arm of Dusscher, who raises both arms in triumph, taunting the crowd with cries of "I have just taken out the best of the AWA! Real wrestling is dead! Joshua Dusscher will live on forever!!"]

GM: I have no idea what this deluded young man thinks he's accomplished, but I'm just glad that we can finally put this behind us. Fans, we'll be back af-

[Suddenly, the pitch of the crowd chants changes dramatically, as a figure hops over the guardrail outside the ring.]

GM: Wait a minute, we've got what looks like a fan-

BW: That's no fan, Gordo! That's Stevie Scott!

[Indeed it is, Buckthorn. Soaking up the moment and thinking the sudden cheers are for him, Dusscher nods and spreads his arms out to the crowd, unaware that the two-time AWA National Champion has slid into the ring to his left.]

GM: Stevie Scott is in the ring and Joshua Dusscher has no clue!

BW: You can say that last part again, daddy!

[The grinning pop star turns to his left by coincidence, when he realizes he's not alone, and that Stevie does not share the same grin. Dusscher's eyes go wide, and he quickly holds up his hands to beg off. Stevie, of course, has none of that, slapping down Dusscher's pipe-cleaner arms and grabbing him by his hair to a HUGE pop!]

GM: Stevie's gonna shut him up, and this crowd is loving it!

[Balling his right hand into a fist, the Hotshot reaches back and UNLEASHES a hard punch to the side of Dusscher's head, sending the singer falling backward into the corner! He gets off two more punches, then turns and grabs Dusscher by the head, draping his neck over his shoulder.]

BW: Hotshot Hammer, daddy! Here it comes!

[Or maybe it doesn't. Acting quickly, Dusscher's security detail grabs him by the legs and pulls him down underneath the ropes and to the safety of the floor. AWA security also rushes over, surrounding the pop star to protect him from a further attack. The fans nearby start throwing trash at the mass of bodies surrounding Joshua, hoping something hits the unpopular star.]

GM: Joshua Dusscher just escaped by the skin of his teeth, Bucky.

BW: For real. Had Stevie hit the Hotshot Hammer, that kid's days of singing would have been over.

[The boos rain down, as both security teams escort Dusscher back up the entrance aisle toward the dressing rooms. Inside the ring, Stevie demands a microphone, and gets one.]

HSS: Hey, boy! Hey! Get your gorillas to stop carrying you out of here for a minute and listen up!

[A fuming Stevie waits as Dusscher's posse does halt and Joshua turns to face the ring.]

HSS: I would say that I don't know who you think you are, but the thing is? I DO know who you think you are.

You think because you made some YouTube video and conned a few inebriated celebs on some lame reality show into thinking you weren't another run-of-the-mill skinny punk kid that hasn't hit puberty yet...you think because you made it "big" that you can come down here into MY neck of the woods, say what you want, act how you want and do what you want.

[He shakes his head.]

HSS: Newsflash, kid.

[Stevie motions at the ring around him.]

HSS: THIS is what the set of a REAL reality show looks like.

And I've decided to make it my personal mission to SHOW you just how real it gets down here in the A-W-A!

[HUGE POP as Scott throws the mic down to the mat.]

GM: Stevie Scott appears out of nowhere, attacking Joshua Dusscher and as much as I enjoyed seeing that punk eat a knuckle sandwich, I have to admit that I'm concerned about the legal repercussions of what we just saw. We know that Dusscher threatened to sue if anyone other than who he called out for this match got involved.

BW: Stevie Scott certainly got involved, Gordo.

GM: He did and I have to be worried about what comes next now. Will Stevie Scott even make his match with Juan Vasquez? Will the AWA be forced to suspend him for his actions? And will the AWA itself be hit with a lawsuit from Dusccher and his record company? Fans, we'll just have to stay tuned in to find out but right now, let's go to another quick break before we come back for the night's Main Event!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing by with The Rave.

Certainly, nobody else would wear this stuff. Jerby Jezz, the pale-reddish skinned Eskimo-Lithuanian, has his hair done in a green-and-blue zigzag pattern.

Jerby is wearing what looks like a chain mail muscle shirt which has been lacquered with stripes of purple, orange, green, and pink, and he's wearing baggy tan pleather pants with patches of every conceivable shade. Shizz Dawg OG, the pale brown skinned 'Cablinasian', has an indigo perm with yellow streaking at the ends.

The Dawg OG is wearing a light grey sportcoat which has been airbrushed in swooshes of royal blue, chartreuse, maroon, and dark brown. He's not wearing anything under it. His pants are knee-length jean shorts which are black, but which have pink, yellow, and scarlet cloth stitched in, and a kelly green belt. Both Ravers have their brass steampunkish wrist streamer-launchers. They seem to be happy.]

JD: Alongside me is the Rave. Gentlemen, at Unholy War, you bested the Ring Workers in your own style of match.

JJ: Wildstyling doesn't belong to us, journo, but to the whole terrasphere.

JD: I assume that means 'world'. I was hoping that you'd bring your translation device...

SDAWG: We willhave arebeen taking anciespeak classes backahead in 2032. We'll try to talk down to your protohumie level.

JJ: So at your frackish Day Of Labor... why did you primitates celebrate the end of the femsprouting cycle again? You flow with how painful that was before spawnshifting was invented, right?

JD: That's not what Labor Day means...

SDOG: That's digression. Not only did we rocknihilate the gyzzrus Ring Workers, but we made sure that they didn't interfere (I think that's the right anciespeak for it) in the Half Wildstyling Novelfight between Hannibal Carver and Terry Shane The Fourth.

JD: The Third.

JJ: Haven't you been paying any attention, dimscrew?! Terry Shane The Fourth came from 2032 to try and translitize the past so that his family name wasn't an embarrassment in the pres... OUR present. But Carver tehcarvanated him, and we snaglocked him backforward to 2032. The Interchromometric Variance Alliance will probably slag him, or put him in chronofreeze.

SDOG: So the roilspur has been rixxed from the timeflow. Jerby and I, along with Hannibal Carver and Shadoe Rage, saved all of tacesp... all of reality. Backwards and forwards.

JJ: In fact, we just came back from 2032 after receiving our Nobel Peace Prizes.

[The Rave show their shiny medals... they do, in fact, look like Nobel Prize medals.]

JD: You... won... the Nobel Peace Prize?

SDOG: In 2032. For saving all of reality. Just like in 2013, it was won by Malala Y...

JJ: FNORD! FNORD! That willdid not happen until next week!

JD: So, then, why are you still here?

JJ: We just need to watch out for any more chronomolies. Who knows what damage that gyzzrus futzwanker did to tacespime while he was here? He might have given his spawnonor some 2032 futurefax, so we have to make sure those scrumunder Shane Gang jacksaws stick to the histoscript.

SDOG: They say they want a echobrawl? We'll give them an echobrawl!

JD: Does that mean 'rematch'?

SDOG: Sorry, anciespeak, I mindlocked. Rematch! We've got contracts to wildstyle all over the AWA the next couple of weeks. Houston, El Paso, Laredo, up in Tulsa, over in Texarkana. And the Ring Workers want revenge, but we already flow that they could never defeat us.

JD: Because those who are not born far enough ahead to learn history are doomed to be history. RAVE!

RAVE: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[The futuristic twosome shimmy off-screen as Dane wraps.]

JD: The Rave and Ring Workers are signed for rematches, and whenever they meet, fans, it's going to be a barnburner. You'll definitely want to check it out when they come to your town. Fans, we'll be right back after these commercial messages!

[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 back up to Jason Dane, who's standing with the self-proclaimed "King of the Battle Royals" Alphonse Green.]

JD: In just a few minutes, the man I'm standing with, Alphonse Green, is set to take on Dave Bryant for the World Television title, can I get some last minute thoughts?

[Green seems lost in thought, then suddenly claps his hands together as Dane jumps back.]

AG: Ya know, Jason Dane, It's about time the AWA recognizes just how action packed our ten minute time limit draw was all those months ago! I don't think we can pack all the action we're capable of in 30 minutes, but we'll make do just to please each and every one of the Gang Green

members who've got their eyeballs literally taped to the screen tonight! If y'all thought the bruhaha between Hannibal Carver and my friend Terry Shane the Third was awesome, this match is gonna be on a whole different level! Match of the Year candidate, my friend!

[Dane raises his eyebrow.]

JD: You do realize that you've got a large number of your.. [pause] contingent that'll actually be behind the Doctor of Love tonight?

[Green nods his head.]

AG: Of course! My fan base recognizes a true wrestling genius, and Bryant is a man who should get all the appreciation he can get! The man right there is a Hall of Famer, and just like last time, it'll be my pleasure to get in the ring with someone I consider my idol! A lot of people have been tellin' me about his new attitude and all that good stuff, and I don't care to be perfectly honest with ya. It's his prerogative if ya ask me.

[Dane appears surprised.]

JD: I'm surprised you're supportive of Bryant's new found change.

AG: I've been watching the guy ever since I was a wee little Alphonse, and I know the kinda show the guy puts in night in and night out. Believe me, I wanna put on the best possible show too. I ain't gonna let the man down once the bell rings. We're gonna take it to the limit, and blow the dang roof off this building. It's been somethin' I've been looking forward to the last couple weeks, ever since Ben Waterson apparently pulled some strings and got me this match.

JD: That's right, the "Agent to the Stars" used his influence to not only get you this title shot, but to extend the time limit to thirty minutes. I've got to ask about that lunch you guys had. What did you guys talk about?

[Green pauses, looking a bit disappointed.]

AG: To be honest..

[Green lowers his head, shaking it.]

AG: While he did tell me he got me this title shot, we never really discussed any strategy! I was hopin' to work out a plan of attack to put on the best possible show, and all he kept yammerin' about was Royalty this, Royalty that. Tryin' to get me in the fold and all that when all I'm focused on is bringin' that Television title on home. He wanted me to make a commitment right then and there! With what I got on my mind..

Well, at least the food was good, and he still paid.

JD: So you're not joining his battle against Royalty, then?

[Green raises his head, starting uncomfortably at Dane.]

AG: I'm gonna tell ya what I told Waterson, Dane.. I'm only here to do three things. Takin' titles, winnin' money, and bein' rich, and now if you excuse me, that's what I'm gonna do right now! It's time.. to ride.

[Green brushes past Dane and exits stage left. Dane appears to look into the camera, confused at the fact that Green seemed to be more subdued than normal.]

JD: Well guys, a focused Alphonse Green is set to take on Dave Bryant in mere moments. He promises that the match is going to blow every one away, and I'm looking forward to seeing if that holds true. I'm surprised he didn't annoy me like he usually does. You've heard from the challenger... now let's hear from the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant!

[A cut to another part of the backstage area reveals Dave Bryant, already robed and ready to head out to the ring. The AWA Television Championship belt is draped over a shoulder, and the champion himself looks determined.]

DB: Thirty minutes.

[There's a moment of dead air while Bryant stares daggers into the camera.]

DB: That's how much time you have to take this --

[Bryant slaps the TV title.]

DB: Away from me, Alphonse. The last time you and I tangled, truth be told, I was relieved when the bell rang. More than once I thought you had my number, so when time ran out and I got out with my championship intact, you bet your life I was relieved.

[Bryant relaxes slightly.]

DB: Now, Alphonse, now we get thirty minutes. We get thirty minutes to go out there, you and I, thirty minutes to put on the best match of the night. Thirty minutes is twenty minutes more than you and I need to put on a match that's worthy of main eventing in any arena, any organization, anywhere in the world, right here in the AWA, the place that gave me another shot and the place that gave you your first. Of course, give two men like us thirty minutes, and I can all but guarantee everybody that showed up tonight a match they'll talk about for the next year straight.

[Bryant pulls the TV title belt off his shoulder, holding it with both hands.]

DB: All for this, Alphonse. You and I, as far as I know, have no personal grudge, no lasting rivalry...yet. Right now we're just two men, fighting for this championship belt, with thirty minutes to find out which of us is more worthy of carrying it forward.

[Bryant slips the title belt back onto his shoulder.]

DB: Thirty minutes, Alphonse. Last time, in ten minutes, you couldn't quite get it done, and I suppose you feel the same way Dave Cooper does -- that the time limit was the only thing that saved me from losing this title to you, that ten minutes just might not be enough to remove this belt from around my waist. Unlike Dave Cooper, however, you find yourself at the top of the rankings for this most prestigious of championships. You find yourself with a...influential enough connection to get thirty minutes instead of the usual ten. Unlike Dave Cooper, you deserve this championship match, and you deserve the extra time to find out for yourself if you really deserve to be the next in line to carry the Television championship.

[Bryant grins.]

DB: Maybe you are, maybe you aren't. Maybe at the end of the night you'll be ten pounds heavier, having just won the biggest match of your career against your most dangerous opponent, or maybe you'll be back at square one.

[Bryant's grin fades.]

DB: For better or for worse though, Alphonse, I'm gonna say something to you that I've...never said to anybody.

[A confident smirk creases Bryant's features, but his voice is sincere.]

DB: May the best...man...win.

[Bryant strides out of the room as we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA World Television Title!

[The familiar voice of one Freddy Mercury begins to boom over the PA.]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.

I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii-vvvveee

And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.

I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.

Don't. Stop. Me..

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a chorus of boos as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.]

PW: Coming down the aisle, he is the challenger... now hailing from Windermere, Florida, weighing in at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds.. here is.. ALPHONSE.. GREEEEEEEEEEEEEN!

[Green starts to swagger down the aisle, taunting the fans who have taken to hating the arrogant young man. Green is dressed in Kentucky Wildcat blue shorts, with blue kneepads, and white boots. He's also wearing a blue

studded leather jacket, with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and for some strange reason, a hard leather black patch on the right shoulder. His formerly cherubic face is more chiseled, and he actually looks like the type of person girls would root for if he wasn't such a dislikable young man.]

GM: Alphonse Green steps inside that ring with thirty minutes on the clock in an effort to become the third man to hold the AWA World Television Title. Remember, it was Dave Bryant who introduced that title to the world - changing it over from the Longhorn Heritage Title. Glenn Hudson defeated him for that title earlier this year but Bryant was able to recapture it shortly thereafter. Can Alphonse Green put his name in the history books right here tonight?

[Once Green reaches ringside, he pulls himself up to the apron, and flaunts himself with a huge grin as the boos continue. He steps through the ropes, bouncing around with a large grin on his face.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to cheer accordingly. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the cheers being rained down upon him.]

PW: Coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is... DAAAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYYYANT!

[The Las Vegas native makes his way down the aisle, lightly patting the glimmering golden title belt slung over his shoulder. He points to the fans a few times as he marches down the elevated ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Dave Bryant may be looking to trade up as there has been quite a bit of noise lately about the Doctor of Love challenging Calisto Dufresne for the World Heavyweight Title... and Bryant is, in fact, in the Chase For The Clash tournament where he'll be meeting Nenshou in the first round... but you better believe he's focused on keeping that Television Title around his waist as well.

[Bryant reaches the ring, stepping through the ropes before untying his robe and handing it out with caution to a ringside attendant. He lifts the title belt into the air, holding it high to even more cheers before giving it over to AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger who takes the belt from him.]

GM: There you see it, fans. The World Television Title. That's what this one is all about and there's a whole lot of guys in that locker room who are incredibly envious of Alphonse Green's position right now. They want to be

the one challenging for that title... including Dave Cooper who got the shot back at Unholy War but couldn't get the job done.

BW: It was the time limit, Gordo! The ten minutes just didn't give Cooper enough time to get the win.

GM: You and Cooper can say that all you want but I think those of us who saw the match saw something much different. Cooper was actually SAVED by the bell in my estimation and the Championship Committee obviously agreed since he was put further down the Top 5 rankings.

BW: Bryant's using those rankings as an excuse not to give him another title shot too. Dave Cooper was said to be livid over what Bryant had to say two weeks ago.

GM: If you recall back at Homecoming, Bryant gave Cooper two options - fight his way back to being the Number One Contender and EARN a shot at the TV Title... or give Bryant a one-on-one shot at Calisto Dufresne and the World Heavyweight Title. Those are the only two ways that the Doctor of Love will give Cooper another shot at the gold.

[With the title belt outside the ring, Johnny Jagger has some final words with both challenger and champion before calling for the bell to start the match!]

GM: And it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. Thirty minutes between Green and Bryant with the World Television Title on the line!

[The two men come together in the middle of the ring where Green offers the champion a handshake to the surprise of many.]

GM: Didn't expect that to happen.

BW: You have to remember, Gordo... Alphonse Green has grown up in this business idolizing Dave Bryant. Bryant was on top of the world in the late 90s and that's when Green was just a kid up in the Pacific Northwest at the knee of his daddy, Anthony "Dead Lift" Green. This is truly a dream come true for Green to be in the Main Event against one of his idols.

[Bryant looks around at the crowd who encourage him to turn down the offered hand...

...but Bryant seems to believe Green's on the level, accepting the handshake to a surprised reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Well, how about that? A handshake that doesn't end with a sucker punch. That's nice to see.

[Green grins, clapping his hands together as the two men begin to circle one another, looking for an opportunity to tie up...

...and finding one, coming together quickly in a collar and elbow lockup in the center of the ring.]

GM: Into the tieup they go, jockeying for position... trying to get an advantage in the early moments of this one...

[Grasping Green's wrist, Bryant slips out of the tieup, wrenching the arm up behind Green in a hammerlock. Green quickly looks to escape but Bryant turns the pressure up on the arm to prevent it.]

GM: Look at the hammerlock applied by Bryant. We know that as of late, his preferred method of attack has been to set up the submissions like the figure four leglock.

BW: That's right, Gordo... but with a ten minute time limit, it's real tough to be able to set up one of those submissions properly so Bryant's been forced to use a more high impact style centered around his snapping DDT and the Call Me In The Morning superkick. But tonight, with thirty minutes to work, we may see Bryant slip back into the submissions.

[Bryant hangs on to the arm as Green walks around the ring, looking for an escape. A couple of times, Bryant is forced to pull Green back before the second generation grappler can get into the ropes. Back in the center of the ring, Green begins looking to elbow his way out of it...

...but Bryant ducks down, grabbing both of Green's ankles from behind, and yanking his legs out from under him to put him facefirst on the mat.]

GM: Nice takedown by the champion.

[Bryant quickly grabs Green's left foot, sliding his body around so that he can lean on the torso, pinning it down to the mat while pulling back in the toehold, wrenching the ankle and knee of the challenger.]

GM: And right into the leglock. Bryant's trying to stretch out the ligaments in the knee and ankle... perhaps an early way of softening up Alphonse Green for the figure four leglock.

[Green uses his arms to try and drag himself towards the ropes as Bryant leans back, gritting his teeth as he tries to increase the pressure on the leg...]

GM: Bryant continues to pull on the leg, sending a jolt of pain through the challenger every time he gives it a yank like that...

[With Green drawing closer to the ropes, Bryant switches his position, slipping Green's bent leg, his heel almost touching his rear end, in between Bryant's legs so that he's squatting down on the shin, applying the same pressure but from a different angle.]

GM: Oh, that's a clever way to apply that hold...

[Bryant leans forward, grabbing Green's left wrist with his own left hand and yanking back on it. He adds his right hand to the mix, pulling the arm with both hands while crouching on the leg...]

GM: Now he adds a bit of an armbar to the mix, turning this hold into a modified surfboard of sorts.

[Green winces in pain but refuses to submit as the referee kneels down to ask. He stretches out his right arm, trying to get to the ropes as Bryant continues to crank back on the left arm, stretching him out.]

GM: Green's getting closer to the ropes... almost within reach...

[Seeing the near escape, Bryant abruptly gets to his feet, releasing the grip on the arm and grabbing the leg again as he slips his foot into the crevice at the back of Green's knee, lifting the leg up off the mat...

...and then using his foot to DRIVE the kneecap down into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

[Bryant releases as Green flails about in pain on the mat for a few moments before rolling out to the floor.]

GM: The challenger escapes to the floor, grabbing at that knee and in the early moments of this one, you've gotta say that Dave Bryant walked into this ring with a gameplan and thusfar, he's executed that gameplan to perfection.

[The champion steps back to allow the referee to start his ten count as Green stands on the floor, using the apron for support as he shakes out his knee.]

GM: It's at this point of the match that I'd usually expect to see Green whining and complaining to the official but there's no sign of that right now, Bucky.

BW: Nope, not one bit. He's just out there trying to shake some life back into that leg... maybe doing a little bit of regrouping.

GM: And so far, you have to like Bryant's strategy, Bucky.

BW: Going after the leg on a guy who has some high flying skills and of course, has that super-dangerous Ground Chuck flying kick that's knocked out more than just a few guys in this company. He kicked Chris Staley so hard, the old man went mute!

[Green grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. Bryant quickly moves in, rearing back a right hand...]

GM: Big right- blocked by Green!

[The Pacific Northwester fires back with a right hand of his own, staggering the champion...

...and then grabs the top rope, using it to slingshot himself over the top rope, catching the champion with a flying shouldertackle that knocks him halfway across the ring and down to the mat!]

GM: Flying tackle by the challenger and that one rocked the champion.

[Bryant attempts to scramble back to his feet as Green does the same. As both men get to their feet, the veteran champion sees an opening...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[But Green sees it coming as well, dropping down to avoid Bryant as he sails past. The challenger pops back to his feet, spinning the champion towards him as he ducks down, scooping Bryant up...

...and SLAMMING him down in a spine-rattling bodyslam!]

GM: Big slam by Green!

[The challenger cracks a big grin as he strikes a double bicep pose.]

GM: Green's showing off his muscles... or lack thereof.

BW: No time for that, Gordo. If he's gonna beat the champ, he needs to stay on him!

[With Bryant down on the mat, Green dashes to the ropes, shaking off the earlier attack on his knee as he rebounds back...

...but Bryant rolls towards him, pushing up off the mat which causes the rebounding Green to trip over him, falling facefirst to the mat.]

GM: Nice veteran move by the champion... and he goes right back after the leg...

[Sliding around with his back to Green's head, Bryant grabs the foot again, wrenching back on the leg stretch as Green slams a balled-up fist into the canvas.]

BW: Right back to the leglock we saw him using earlier in the match... and you have to note right now, Gordo... we're about five minutes into this match. In an ordinary TV Title match, we'd be halfway to the time limit but in this one, they've got plenty of time to keep working one another over.

GM: Bryant's got that leg trapped again, putting more pressure on the leg as he tries to stretch it out.

[As Green crawls closer to the ropes again, Bryant switches his position, lifting Green's left leg off the mat and pulling it down over the back of his neck as he essentially applies a torture rack on Green's hurting limb.]

GM: Wow! Bryant smoothly transitions from one hold to the next...

BW: They call this a Stretch Muffler, Gordo... and it'll definitely do some damage to the knee of the challenger.

[Green cries out in pain as Bryant pulls down on the ankle, straining the knee. He slams his fists into the canvas again but refuses to submit as Bryant shouts "ASK HIM!" to the official.]

GM: Dave Bryant has evolved his style over the years, Bucky, as time takes its toll on the veteran's body. There is no more high flying... no coming off the top... no high impact suplexes. He's embraced more of the submission side of his skillset while still holding those long-time favorites like the superkick and the DDT in reserve.

BW: I talked to him recently and he said that if he had his choice, he'd love to finish every match with the figure four but it's been hard to do in the ten minute time limit setting. With top flight competition, there just doesn't seem to be enough time to set it up.

GM: Bryant actually talked to you?

BW: Unlike you, the locker room respects my journalistic skills, daddy!

[Bryant again switches his attack on the leg as Green refuses to submit, slipping back to grabbing the ankle with both hands, raising Green's entire lower body off the mat...

...and SLAMMING the kneecap down into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE MAT!

[Green cries out in pain as he again rolls under the ropes, this time ending up on the elevated ramp clutching his knee.]

GM: Green rolls out again... but this time, Bryant's going after him! The World Television Champion may have the support of the fans right now but he still sports the same aggressive attitude that he always has.

[Stepping out onto the ramp, Bryant approaches the downed Green, flipping him over onto his back. He leans down to grab the legs...

...but Green kicks off hard, sending Bryant back into the ropes where he bounces off into Green's raised feet, getting monkey flipped through the air and down onto the hard wooden ramp!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Bryant goes down HAAARD on the ramp!

[The champion rolls promptly to his side, clutching at his lower back as the challenger pushes off the mat to a knee, wincing as he does so.]

GM: Like you said, Bucky, we're just over five minutes or so into the match and both of these men look like they've been through quite a battle already.

BW: You know, Gordo... a lot of people take Alphonse Green for granted because of some of the stuff he says or because of the whole King of the Battle Royals thing but Green has really developed into a top flight competitor here in the AWA. You could be looking at a future World Champion in my opinion.

GM: By the same token, Dave Bryant has been overlooked by many as the World Television Champion but if you look back at the Longhorn Heritage Title and consider it to be the direct ancestor of the TV Title - which most of us do - then you have to respect the fact that Bryant has held that title in some form for over a year now... with the exception of the brief period where the currently-injured Glenn Hudson held the title.

BW: That's not an easy thing to do, Gordo. Winning a title is one thing. Keeping it? That's a whole lot different.

[Grabbing Bryant by the arm, Green hauls him up to his feet, pulling him towards the ring where he shoots him through the ropes into the ring. He grabs the top rope with both hands, looking to catapult in again...

...but starts shaking his leg, backing off with his hands on his hips.]

BW: It looks like Dave Bryant has succeeded in taking the aerial game out of Alphonse Green, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does. Green wanted to come over the top... or maybe off the top onto Bryant but he had second thoughts about it because of that knee.

[Angrily, Green simply steps through the ropes, approaching the downed Bryant who has pushed up to a knee...

...and fires off a right hand into the challenger's gut! Big cheer!]

GM: Bryant goes downstairs on Green! And another one!

[The champion rises to his feet, lighting up the chest of Green with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Ohh! Big backhand chop by the champ!

[Green staggers back under the impact of the chop but quickly steps up, throwing one of his own!]

GM: Ohh! And Alphonse Green returns the favor with a chop of his own!

[The challenger slaps himself in the chest, shouting "COME ON!" at Bryant who looks surprised for a moment before slamming home another chop across the chest! Green grimaces for a moment before nodding his head and throwing a chop of his own!]

GM: They're trading chops in the center of the ring and this crowd is loving it!

[The Dallas fans are rallying behind the chop exchange, cheering every blow landed... even if it's by the challenger, Alphonse Green.]

GM: Chop by Bryant... and one by Green!

[Bryant staggers back from the latest chop, a red welt rapidly forming on his chest...

...and suddenly throws himself into a low dropkick, catching Green squarely on the knee!]

GM: Ohh! The veteran goes back to the knee! He saw he was being outgunned in that chop-off and he went right back to what was working for him, going after the knee of the challenger.

[Green drops to a knee from the dropkick, wincing in pain as Bryant scrambles up, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He's gonna DDT the kneeling Green!

[Oh no he's not. Green pops up off the mat, sensing what is coming as he wraps his arms around Bryant's torso...

...and POWERS him up and over in a Northern Lights suplex!]

GM: Wow! Suplex out of nowhere by the challenger! He's got him down for one! For two!

[But the bridging Green is applying too much pressure to the injured limb, forcing his bridge to collapse and the pinning predicament to collapse right along with it.]

GM: Two count only! The leg just couldn't hold for the bridge!

[Green rolls towards the ropes, wincing in pain as he uses them to climb up to his feet. He turns to check on Bryant who is starting to get back up off the mat as well...

...and surges forward, SMASHING Bryant with a running kneelift that knocks him back down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Big kneelift! And Green wisely used the right knee to deliver that blow instead of going with the injured left knee.

BW: He caught him good with that kneelift, Gordo.

[Green again falls across the chest of Bryant, reaching back to hook a leg... but only earning a two count again as Bryant lifts the shoulder off the canvas in time.]

GM: Another two count for the challenger... but you have to believe having success early on in this match can only help the confidence of the challenger... not like he needs any more confidence.

[The challenger climbs to his feet, pulling the champion up by the hair with him. The referee steps in to warn him but Green pays him no mind, backing him into the corner where he squares up, throwing another hard chop across the pectorals!]

GM: Another skin-splitting chop by the challenger!

[With Bryant reeling from the flurry of offense from Green, the challenger grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Green falls down from the effort he puts into the whip which proves to be very effective as Bryant SLAMS into the corner, immediately falling down to the canvas.]

GM: Green put everything he had into that Irish whip and he made Dave Bryant hit the corner at an incredible rate... and the champion is down on the mat yet again.

[Climbing back to his feet, Green allows a grin to cross his face as he moves over to the downed Bryant, pulling his legs up under his armpits...]

GM: Boston Crab?!

[The crowd reacts with surprise as Green muscles Bryant over onto his stomach, leaning back in the submission hold!]

GM: The Boston Crab is locked in and look at the pain on the face of the Television Champion!

BW: Bryant didn't see this one coming. Green's not much for submission holds but after the damage he's done to Bryant's back in this one - starting with the monkey flip out on the ramp - this is an excellent idea, Gordo.

Even if he can't get the submission, he may be able to wear that back down so much that Bryant has a hard time executing some of his usual offense.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Bryant cries out in pain as Green leans back, shouting "ASK!" at the referee who kneels down to do exactly that.]

GM: As we hear the timekeeper make the call that twenty minutes remain in the time limit in this one, the referee checks on Dave Bryant. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger has perfect positioning here as he tries to find out if the Television Champion wants to give up his title. Bryant screams at the referee, affirming that he certainly does NOT plan on doing that here tonight.

BW: We talked about Bryant wanting to use his submission skills tonight. You better believe he didn't expect that he was going to need to find a way to counter Alphonse Green's submission skills!

[Bryant uses his elbows to inch himself across the ring towards the ropes as Alphonse Green, inexperienced in submissions, is unable to prevent Bryant from crawling...

...and making it to the ropes!]

GM: He's in the ropes! The referee calls for the break and- wow! He got one!

[The crowd buzzes with surprise at Green's clean break as the challenger backs off from Bryant, waving the champion back to his feet.]

GM: Green broke as clean as a whistle and backs off, allowing the champion to get back up...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Hoho! Right when Bryant was getting up, Green moved in and cracked him with another one of those chops!

[A couple more chops follow, knocking Bryant back into the ropes where Green grabs him by the arm, shooting him across...]

GM: Green ducks down for the backdrop... Bryant GOES OVER THE TOP! SUNSET FLIP!

[The crowd as the official dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Green suddenly erupts out of the pinning hold, clashing his legs together on Bryant's ears to break it.]

GM: Ohh! Dave Bryant was a half a count away from winning this thing.

[Bryant scampers back up, throwing a wild right hand that Green avoids before grabbing Bryant by the hair, jerking him down over his bent knee!]

GM: Oh! Some kind of a modified backbreaker by Alphonse Green... and he's pointing to the corner! Alphonse Green is ready to fly, fans!

[Stepping out to the apron, Green again points to the corner as he walks down the apron and begins scaling to the top...]

GM: Green's up to the middle rope.

BW: He's moving pretty slowly because of that banged up knee, Gordo.

GM: He is but he's still climbing, stepping to the top...

[Bryant is slow to recover, stumbling up to his feet as he reaches around to grab at his lower back as Green comes sailing off the top rope, catching Bryant across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP... BRYANT ROLLS THROUGH!

[The Television Champion tightly hooks the legs as the referee dives to the mat again...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- again! Again, Alphonse Green just narrowly manages to avoid falling to defeat right here in the middle of the Crockett Coliseum.

BW: Green's making some youthful mistakes in there... the kind of thing you won't see a veteran like Dave Bryant do, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Bryant climbs to his feet, getting there before a surprised Green does, throwing a knee into his gut.]

GM: The champion cuts the challenger off on his way up to his feet... slips in behind him...

[Wrapping his arms around Green's torso, Bryant starts to muscle him up into the air for a belly-to-back suplex...]

...but Green slips out as Bryant's back gives way, flipping back to land on his feet behind the champion.]

GM: Green goes out the back door!

[Green takes his turn to wrap his arms around Bryant's torso, muscling him up horizontal to the mat and dropping him down across a bent knee again!]

GM: Side backbreaker out of Green!

[The grappler from the Pacific Northwest shoves Bryant off his knee and down onto the mat before climbing up, ducking through the ropes to the outside...]

GM: Both men are starting to pick up the pace a bit now... bringing some higher impact offense as they try to finish off their opponent and walk out of Dallas, Texas tonight with the World Television Title around their waist.

BW: Hey, if Green wins the title here tonight, does he replace Bryant in the Chase For The Clash?

GM: I don't believe he does but we might need to get a clarification on that if it happens.

[Out on the apron, Green gives a whoop before catapulting himself over the ropes, just barely clearing them with his bad knee...

...and DROPS his left leg across the throat of Bryant! He howls in pain, rolling away from the downed champion as he grabs at his knee.]

GM: Oh! That might've been a big mistake right there, Bucky.

BW: You talk about youthful errors. Green let his enthusiasm and his emotions get the better of him right there. There's no way he should've gone for that legdrop over the top rope... not with the bad knee.

GM: Because of the position he was in, he HAD to use the left leg in the legdrop.

BW: Then you don't do the legdrop! Plain and simple!

[With both men down on the mat, the referee starts a double count.]

GM: Johnny Jagger starts a ten count on both men. If he finishes it, the match will be declared a draw and neither man will win it. Of course, Dave Bryant would keep the title and remain the World Television Champion.

BW: That title only changes hands on pinfalls or submissions. Countouts, DQs, time limit draws, double countdowns... the title stays with the champion.

GM: We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark - the halfway point in the time limit for this one. Remember, fans, the World Television Title is usually defended under ten minute time limits but tonight, Alphonse Green has a full thirty minutes to try and take the title off the waist of the champion.

[The count reaches four as Alphonse Green uses the aid of the ropes to drag himself to his feet. He leans into the ropes, sitting on the middle rope as he

...rubs his left knee vigorously while watching the World Television Champion roll to his stomach several feet away.]

GM: Bryant's trying to get up off the mat but the challenger is already there.

[Hobbling away from the ropes, Green approaches the downed Bryant who shoves himself up to his knees as the challenger draws near...

...and pops Green downstairs with a right hand!]

GM: Bryant's fighting back again! Refusing to stay down and take a beating at the hands of the challenger... and another shot to the midsection!

[But Green fires back with a double axehandle across the forehead, knocking Bryant back down to all fours. The challenger wastes no time in dragging Bryant back up by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock and walking towards the corner...]

GM: Green likes to use that tornado DDT and that may be what we're witnessing right now...

[Green backs into the buckles, pushing himself up onto the second rope, sitting down on the top turnbuckle as he tightens up the front facelock...

...but Bryant starts fighting back, throwing a pair of right hands to the ribcage.]

GM: Green's trying to hang on... but Bryant's trying to battle free!

[The crowd roars as Bryant lets loose a flurry of short right hands to the ribs, breaking Green's grip on him...

...and then PASTES the stunned Green with a right hand that makes Green topple backwards, his leg trapped by the second rope!]

GM: OH!

[Green cries out in pain as he hangs upside down, his upper body out of the ring. His knee is bent in an awkward position as his weight pulls on it.]

BW: Get him loose, ref! He'll rip his knee right out!

GM: He certainly will! Alphonse Green is in a very bad way right now!

[Bryant fell to a knee after landing the right hand, completely oblivious to the state that Green is in as the official works to free him from the ropes.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We've hit the halfway point in the time limit of this one as Alphonse Green FINALLY gets freed by the official, falling down to the floor. Who knows what kind of damage was just done to the knee, Bucky?

BW: He's right out here by us, screaming in pain. If Bryant could move a little quicker in there, he could really take advantage of this situation but his back is pretty banged up as well.

[Bryant drops to his back, rolling under the ropes after the challenger despite the referee ordering him to stay in the ring.]

GM: The champion rolls out after him, pulling him back up off the floor... and he puts him right back in. Looks like Bryant might be pleased with the clean match he's getting so far and doesn't have any desire to dirty things up with the challenger... yet.

[The Doctor of Love pulls himself up on the ring apron, looking to go in after Green but the challenger pops to his feet, catching Bryant with a right hand out on the apron!]

GM: Ohh! He caught Bryant before he could get back into the ring.

[Reaching back, he grabs Bryant around the head and neck, using a snap mare to bring him over the ropes and down into a seated position on the canvas where Green winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big kick to the back!

[Green raises a hand to the crowd, holding up a single finger.]

GM: He's telling the fans he's going to do it again!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bryant slides down to a prone position on the mat as Green pumps a fist, turning to the corner...]

GM: The champion is down and the challenger looks to be headed for the ropes again!

[Green steps up to the middle rope, turning back to face the ring before leaping off, dropping an elbow into the chest of the Television Champion!]

GM: Big elbow connects! We've got a cover for one! We've got two! We've got- no! Bryant gets the shoulder up!

[Green claps his hands together in frustration as he climbs back to his feet, looking down at the recovering Bryant. He grabs Bryant by the arm, hauling him back to his feet...

...and yanking him right into a short-arm clothesline before diving on top for another cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd roars as Bryant again lifts a shoulder off the mat. Green pushes up off the mat, shaking his head in disbelief before climbing to his feet...]

GM: He just called out for the Hunger Strike!

[The challenger smiles as he leans down, dragging Bryant up off the mat. He slips in front of him, reaching back to slide into snapmare position...

...but Bryant feels it coming, shoving Green into the ropes where he rebounds off, leaving his feet with a dropkick that sends Bryant crashing down to the mat where he promptly rolls to the floor.]

BW: Excellent decision by Dave Bryant who hits the mat after the dropkick and gets the heck out of town so he doesn't subject himself to any more pin attempts. Even though Green didn't get the win off any of those lateral presses, repeatedly kicking out of them has GOT to wear down the World Television Champion so it's a good thing he-

GM: GREEN!

[Sucking up the pain in his leg, Green runs half the distance across the ring towards the ropes...

...and DIVES between the top and middle ropes, throwing himself onto a surprised TV Champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a dive!

BW: He didn't get as much momentum and impact off that dive as he would have liked though, Gordo, because he only ran half the distance of the ring. Ordinarily, he'd want the full length of the ring behind his charge but because of the banged up knee, he had to take what he could manage to do.

[Green is slow to get up on the floor, again wincing as he does so. He leans against the apron with both hands, lifting his left leg to shake it repeatedly.]

GM: You've gotta wonder how much these two men have left in the tank at this point, Bucky. Both have suffered injuries in this match - the back of Dave Bryant and the left knee of Alphonse Green. As we rapidly approach the twenty minute mark of this match, do either of these guys have enough

left to put the other one away and walk out of Dallas as the World Television Champion?

[Green leans down, dragging Bryant to his feet and promptly putting him back under the ropes into the ring to a cheer.]

GM: Again, Alphonse Green surprises all of us with his lack of shortcuts in this match. No brawling on the outside. No eyegouges or choking or any of the usual Green antics. He's fought a clean, straight forward match against his idol in hopes of winning the TV Title right here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling - kicking off the next hundred episodes in style!

[The challenger hauls himself back up onto the apron, turning to nod to the crowd - more than a few of which are actually getting behind Green a little bit in this one. He slaps the top rope a few times, looking to strike as Bryant starts to stir on the canvas...]

GM: The champion's climbing back to his feet - the veteran technician who knows that he's gotta find a way to get back after that left knee if he's going to stand a chance of winning this thing...

[Green's grip on the top rope tightens as he tries to leap up onto the ropes...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant caught him! Green was looking for the homerun but Bryant caught him RIGHT on the chin with that haymaker!

[The blow knocks Green down to a knee on the apron where Bryant approaches, looking to regain control of the match...

...when Green suddenly grabs the middle rope, slinging himself between the ropes to slam the top of his head into Bryant's stomach!]

GM: Green goes downstairs!

[Bryant stumbles back away from the ropes a step, doubled over as Green straightens up again, grabbing the top rope...

...and slingshots himself over the top, grabbing Bryant's head in a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT! DDT! WHAT A MOVE OUT OF ALPHONSE GREEN!

BW: We've got a new champion, Gordo!

[Green spins Bryant to his back, applying a weary lateral press as the referee dives to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[Suddenly, Alphonse Green pulls out of the cover, grabbing the referee's arm.]

GM: What in the...? Green just stopped the count!

[The challenger rises to his feet, wincing as he does so. He points down, drawing the referee's attention to Dave Bryant's foot placed on the bottom rope.]

GM: Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle! Alphonse Green just broke the pin because Dave Bryant's foot was on the bottom rope! Green just stopped the count because... I can't believe I'm saying this but... because it was the right thing to do!

BW: What the heck has gotten into Alphonse Green tonight?! He had the title won right there, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right, Bucky. Bryant seemed out after that DDT but somehow got his foot on the bottom rope. The referee didn't see it but Alphonse Green certainly did.

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Only ten minutes left in the contest. This one started with a thirty minute time limit and these two warriors have battled through twenty of those minutes already.

BW: Green needs to go for the kill right now. Go for the Hunger Strike or the Ground Chuck and end this thing! The title's within his reach, Gordo. It's closer than it's ever been before to him!

[Green has a brief discussion with the official before turning back towards Dave Bryant who has again wisely rolled out of the ring, this time not getting any further than the ring apron though.]

GM: Bryant's out on the apron but Green's right there after him, pulling him to his feet...

[Out of nowhere, Bryant slaps the hands away, grabbing Green by the back of the head, and drops off the apron, snapping the challenger's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant with a timely counter and that could totally turn the tide in this one, fans! Alphonse Green just went down hard off that... and Bryant's sliding in...

[Bryant crawls across the ring, throwing himself on top of Green.]

GM: The champion attempts the cover for one! He gets two! He gets- no! Just a two count there for Dave Bryant as he tries to find a way to finish off

his challenger and show the world why he's the de factor Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title.

[An agitated Bryant climbs to his feet, grabbing at his back as he does so. He shakes his head as he leans down, pulling Green to his feet. He leans down, folding Green's left leg up...]

GM: Lifts him up... and brings him down in a shinbreaker!

[Using the momentum of the shinbreaker, he pops Green right back up and over in a back suplex, bouncing the challenger's head off the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! That might do it, fans! Bryant drops down for another cover!

[The referee hits the mat once... twice... but not quite three times as the challenger muscles a shoulder off the mat before the official can count him down.]

GM: Another near fall... but this time, it's the challenger who barely gets the shoulder up! We're under nine minutes to go in this one, fans.

[Bryant pushes up to all fours, shaking his head again as he climbs to his feet, stumbling as he falls into the nearest set of turnbuckles...

...where he stomps his foot!]

GM: He's calling for the superkick!

[The crowd rises to their feet, buzzing as Bryant straightens up, steadying himself for the killshot to come as Alphonse Green struggles to get to his feet, barely able to put weight on the pain-filled left knee...]

BW: It's time for Alphonse Green to take two of these...

[Green pushes up, staggering in a circle in slow motion, turning towards where Dave Bryant is at the ready.]

BW: AND CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[Bryant explodes out of the corner, swinging his leg up at top speed...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[...but Green's knee buckles, causing him to drop down, avoiding the certain-to-end-the-match blow. Green bursts off his knees, rushing towards the ropes where he leaps up, springing off the middle rope, biting down the pain as he sails back towards a stunned Bryant...]

GM: GROUND CHUCK!

[...who does a front roll, just narrowly avoiding the kick himself as he rolls up to his feet, hitting the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: BRYANT GOES LOW!

[...and SLAMS his shoulder into the back of Green's left knee. The knee had buckled when Green missed the Ground Chuck, landing on his feet, and giving Bryant the split second he needed to deliver the hard shot to the back of the leg!]

GM: He clipped him! Clipped the leg right out from under Alphonse Green and-

BW: ROYALTY!

[Well, not exactly. "The Professional" Dave Cooper is coming pretty quickly down the aisle towards the ring but there is thankfully no signs of any of his comrades.]

GM: Get him out of here! He's got no business out here!

[Bryant grabs the leg, twisting it into a spinning toehold just as Dave Cooper climbs up on the apron, shouting at the champion...]

GM: Cooper's gotten himself involved right when Bryant was looking to put Green away and-

[The momentary distraction allows Green to plant his boot on Bryant's rear end, shoving him off and sending him CRASHING into Dave Cooper! The crowd roars as Cooper falls to a knee on the apron and Bryant staggers back towards Green...

...who reaches up, dragging the champion into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SO CLOSE!! SO CLOSE RIGHT THERE!! Alphonse Green was less than a half a count away from becoming the World Television Champion!

[Green slowly pushes up off the mat as Bryant crawls towards the ropes, looking to recover as well...

...and suddenly, Dave Cooper is back on his feet, now shouting at Alphonse Green!]

GM: Now Cooper's berating the challenger!

[A puzzled Green turns to look at Cooper, pointing at the downed Bryant. He shakes his head, gesturing at his waist.]

GM: Green's trying to explain that he's just trying to win the title and-

[Cooper shouts at Green, leaning over the ropes to point at him. Green again shakes his head at Cooper before dismissively waving him off, turning...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!!

[Bryant collapses backfirst onto Green, grabbing both legs and rolling into a tight cradle...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Dave Bryant retains the- look out!

[As the bell sounds, Dave Cooper rushes into the ring, drilling a rising Bryant from behind with a forearm to the back of the head. Cooper grabs Bryant by the hair, hammering him with closed fists down on the mat to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Dave Cooper, the Professional, has assaulted Dave Bryant right after Bryant survived over twenty-three minutes of action here against Alphonse Green to retain the title!

[Cooper climbs to his feet, raining down stomps on the ear of Bryant, stomping him into the canvas. An angry Cooper shouts at the protesting official as he drags Bryant off the mat...]

GM: Oh no. Somebody's gotta stop this.

[Grabbing Bryant by the arm, Cooper wings him into the ropes. As he rebounds off, Cooper lifts him by the upper thighs, rotating...

...and DRIVING Bryant into the canvas with his trademark spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! HE PLANTS HIM!!

[Cooper climbs back to his feet, dragging a thumb across his throat as he looks down at the motionless Doctor of Love...

...and then turns towards the official who has the TV Title belt in his hand. Cooper smirks as he approaches the referee, ripping it away from him.]

GM: Oh, come on! That doesn't belong to you!

[The Professional strides out to the middle of the ring, holding the title belt aloft in the air to the jeers of the crowd...]

BW: There he is, Gordo! The uncrowned World Television Champion!

GM: The... WHAT?! Give me a break, Bucky! Dave Cooper just attacked the champion from behind and that title belt does NOT belong to him, I can promise you that!

BW: Possession is nine-tenths of the law, daddy, and Dave Cooper's got that title belt in his hands!

[Cooper turns towards the crowd, stepping up on the middle rope and gesturing to the title belt as Bryant lies motionless on the canvas.]

GM: Dave Cooper is taunting this Texas crowd with that title belt and-

BW: LOOK OUT!

[The Professional is so distracted in taunting the fans, he fails to notice a rising Alphonse Green running behind him, leaping up to the adjacent middle rope, springing back as Cooper drops off the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH YEAH! GROUND CHUCK! GREEN CONNECTS!

[Cooper gets knocked flat by the springboard kick as Green stands over him, placing most of his weight on his right leg.]

GM: My stars! Alphonse Green came charging in out of nowhere and just LAID OUT Dave Cooper!

BW: Oh man... Royalty's not gonna be happy about this, Gordo.

GM: How many enemies can Royalty possibly make?!

[With Green still staring down at Cooper, Jason Dane steps through the ropes into the ring, mic in hand. The announcers drop off to let Dane do his thing as he approaches Green.]

JD: Alphonse... ALPHONSE!

[Green turns around and puts his hands on his hips, a sour look on his face as Dane rushes up to him, pointing at the downed Cooper.]

JD: You just gave the Ground Chuck to-

[Green raises his palm.]

AG: Cooper came out there and ruined what was supposed to be a great moment in wrestling history! They ruined a match that had each and every one of these people on the edge of their seats, givin' something that they could have told their grandchildren about! Now all the gleams in the eyes of

everyone out there in the arena and out there in TV land are going to be sad!

You ruined everything for future generations, and this won't stand! Why won't Royalty think of the future children??

[Green stares at the perhaps-surprisingly cheering crowd.]

AG: Royalty wants to ride with Alphonse Green?

[Green's creepy smile slowly forms on his face.]

AG: Buckle up, boys.

[Big cheer!]

JD: So does that mean you've changed your mind about joining up with Ben Waterson in his war with Royalty?

AG: Ya know, Ben, if you're watching out there, you know it takes a lot to change my mind unless food is involved.

I'm in.

[There's another surprisingly big cheer as Green thrusts his right arm in the air, and turns to march away. He does his "OOOOOOOOHHHH!" shout, as Dane looks on.]

JD: Looks to me like Ben Waterson's got himself a commitment in his battle with Royalty! If you told me that this was going to happen, I'd have think you were insane! Fans, we're out of time! We'll see you next time on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The camera pulls back to show a laid out Dave Bryant, a laid out Dave Cooper, and standing tall amongst them all...

...Alphonse Green? Oh brother. We may never hear the end of this one. Fade to black.]

Upcoming schedule

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