

# UNHOLY WAR

September 2nd, 2013 --- Chaifetz Arena --- St. Louis, Missouri

[We hear the closing notes to the theme from Webster just before we fade to black and then back up on a shot of the steel mesh that makes up the double caged hell known as WarGames. A voiceover that long-time wrestling fans can quickly and easily identify as belonging to St. Louis hero and former World Champion Hamilton Graham begins.]

"They call it WarGames."

[We get a sequence of slow motion shots from AWA WarGames gone by - MAMMOTH Mizusawa barreling over Juan Vasquez with a running lariat starts it off followed by Stevie Scott and Marcus Broussard trading right hands.]

"Ten men locked inside a cage that covers two whole wrestling rings."

[More footage, this time with Raphael Rhodes sailing off the top rope, smashing a flying headbutt down onto the Hotshot.]

"No rules. No referee in there to keep things under control. Ten men who despise each other with the freedom to do whatever they want to whoever they want."

[Kolya Sudakov's chain becomes involved in the 2010 edition of WarGames as Juan Vasquez loops it around the throat of Stevie Scott. Cut to Stevie Scott having a splintered piece of a wooden flagpole shoved into his bloody forehead by Tin Can Rust.]

"And to win? You gotta beat someone up bad enough to make them give up - the one thing that, to a man, every person who laces boots to get inside that squared circle hates to do the most."

[The footage fades to show Hamilton Graham standing behind a sheet of steel mesh himself. His fingers are wrapped in the metal, knuckles turning white under the grip.]

"They call it WarGames... and it's the damndest thing I've ever seen. War is coming and Hell is coming with it... right here... tonight."

[The shot of the legendary grappler suddenly bursts into static, leaving a black screen. Another voiceover is heard, this one digitally distorted to hide the identity of the speaker.]

"For months, I've warned you of what was coming. I've warned you of the threats facing the AWA. And I've told you what needed to be done to stop them. But you've all failed to listen.

Tonight, I'll MAKE you listen.

War is coming?

[The digital voice chuckles, an ominous sound with the distortion.]

"You haven't seen war yet. But you'll see the first shot fired... tonight."

[That voice fades out to leave the blackened screen which soon fades into a panning shot of the exterior of the Chaifetz Arena where the fans are still filing into the building under a large banner that reads "AWA's UNHOLY WAR - TONIGHT!" Some fans turn to shout at the camera as we take a look at the site of the final Heat Wave event of 2013. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

GM: Happy Labor Day, everyone, and welcome to the final event of the 2013 Heat Wave tour, UNHOLY WAR!

[The voice, piped in over the PA system, gets a big reaction from the crowd who we now see as we fade to the interior of the building. The panning camera shot shows us the squared circle with red, white, and blue ropes set up in the center of the building, surrounded by black mats, a steel barricade, and then rows upon rows of steel chairs just beyond the railing. There are also permanent seating set up in the "arena bowl." Every seat in sight appears to be full.]

GM: We are LIVE here in the Chaifetz Arena - the jewel of Midtown - here on the campus of Saint Louis University! We are LIVE in St. Louis, Missouri - the home of SuperClash II! It's been a summer where we've seen Memorial Day Mayhem and one of the most shocking title changes we've ever seen. We've seen James Monosso retired at the hands of Calisto Dufresne and Eric Preston. We've seen men like Glenn Hudson and Sultan Azam Sharif put on the shelf. We've seen the TV Title change hands TWICE! We've seen out and out war rage for weeks! We've seen opportunity knock for many of the AWA superstars but despite all of that, tonight just might be the biggest night of the summer!

[The crowd cheers again at that.]

GM: We are SOLD OUT here in the Chaifetz Arena - a crowd of over ten thousand fans in the building for this big night of action. By my side, as always, is the... colorful Bucky Wilde.

[We cut down to ringside to find Bucky Wilde standing next to a black-suited Gordon Myers and... well, colorful is a kind term. Bucky looks like he's been shopping in Apollo Creed's closet with a big red, white, and blue top hat. A bright sunburst yellow sportcoat, dark crimson pants, and Green Lantern-esque dress shirt round out the ensemble.]

BW: Colorful don't cut it when you're talkin' 'bout Bucky Wilde just like calling this the biggest night of the summer don't cut it when you're talkin' 'bout Unholy War! When you step back and look at this lineup, Gordo, on paper it's got a chance to be one of the biggest nights EVER! We've got all three titles on the line! We've got one of the biggest six man tag team grudge matches we've ever run across! We've got the Shane Gang facing off with their biggest rivals! AND we've got WarGames?! Incredible!

GM: Incredible indeed. Nine matches on the card tonight and I've had fans coming up to me all day long telling me how much they're looking forward to this match or that match and I think EVERY match on this show has fans that are looking forward to it the most. It's going to be a night jam-packed with action so we're not gonna waste any more time - we're heading straight up to Phil Watson for the opening matchup!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson, in a dazzling white tuxedo, holds the house mic. He grins broadly as he raises the mic.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[Very rarely does the sound of static generate such a negative response but the fans are instantly on their feet and jeering as the sound we've come to associate with the arrival of The Shane Gang is loud and clear over the PA system. The static is replaced by the group's music which plays for a few moments before the curtain parts.]

PW: Introducing first... being led to the ring by MISS Sandra Hayes... from Memphis, Tennessee... weighing in at 205 pounds... he represents The Shane Gang...

The "ATOMIC BLONDE"... DONNNNNNIIIIIE WHIIIIIIIIITE!

[Through the parted curtain comes the Atomic Blonde who looks quite pleased to be here, grinning one of the biggest, widest, and brightest smiles you'll ever come across. He's sporting a St. Louis Cardinals jacket that looks to have had a few cans of spray paint taken to it as there are streaks of paint all over the jacket as well as a sleeve cut out. His bleach blond mohawk is quite noticeable as well as he turns his back to the camera, pointing with both hands towards the entranceway where Miss Sandra Hayes slinks into view.]

GM: Donnie White is heading down the aisle for the biggest match in his young AWA career and in a lot of ways, I'd say this might be the biggest night to date for the Shane Gang as well, Bucky.

BW: They've got a lot going on tonight. White's got this match with Rage. The Ring Workers will square off later in that Wyldestyling Challenge with The Rave. And of course, Terry Shane is gonna lock in that No Escape on Hannibal Carver and never let go.

GM: A very big night for the Shane Gang but before any of that other stuff happens, Donnie White may have to pay for the things he's said and done to his opponent, Shadoe Rage.

[White climbs up on the apron, rushing to mount the ropes. He stands on the second rope with one foot on the top, beating his chest with clenched fists to the jeers of the crowd. Waving them off, he steps off the top, leaping down off the turnbuckles into the ring. As he starts to remove his jacket, his music fades and is replaced by the 80s synth of Irene Cara's theme to "Fame".]

PW: And his opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 248 pounds...

SHAAAAADOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage swings through the curtain, a blur of movement and color. He stands just beyond the entryway, striking a pose for the fans before going into a full twirl.]

GM: Fans, Mark Stegglet caught up with Shadoe Rage just moments ago. Let's get his thoughts on this matchup!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO..." where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

Ms: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Unholy War ... my guest at this t...

[He is interrupted as Shadoe Rage bursts into view and clamps his hand firmly over Stegglet's mouth.]

SR: Don't say another word! Don't you dare say one thing!

[Rage turns to face the camera square on. He looks like he's ready to burst through the screen.]

SR: Donnie White, it's Judgment Day. If you think you are going to get away with insulting my mother, you're dead wrong. You've embarrassed yourself enough with your pathetic rant about how you've been held down and held back! You weren't held down. You were left back. And that's just because you weren't good enough. There is nothing about you good enough to be anything except Terry Shane's pathetic lapdog. You want to bring out a muzzle and a dog for me? You're the one standing next to the dog. You've the one at Shane's heel, begging for scraps. In a promotion where men like Supreme Wright challenge for World Championships, you cry about a glass ceiling?

[Rage clenches his fist and holds it up to the camera.]

SR: You should have just smashed through that ceiling. Just like I'm going to smash through your glass jaw. You wanted to take it there and offend the memory of my mother? Donnie White, I'm going to hurt you for that!

You're going to find out that your quest for attention is going to back fire tonight. I'm going to prove to you that you are nothing more than a rabid cur. It's time for you to die, Donnie White. It's time for you to die in darkness!

[With that Rage hits the double biceps pose and glares at the cameras before he exits towards the ring, leaving Stegglet staring speechlessly after him. We fade back to live action where Rage, in a glittering deep blue robe and matching headband is about ten feet from the ring. He shrugs out of the robe, dropping it to the floor. He rips off the headband, throwing it into the crowd and revealing his well-sculpted physique underneath...

...and breaks into a dash!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Donnie White quickly bails out of the ring, swinging his arms apart and shaking his head as Shadoe Rage dives under the ropes into the ring. Rage climbs to his feet, shouting at White who quickly is pulled into a huddle with Miss Sandra Hayes who tries to settle him down...

...until Rage promptly climbs the turnbuckles. Hayes dashes away, leaving a surprised White to get wiped out with a crossbody off the top!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: RAGE TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[The crowd is roaring as Rage pushes up off the slightly-padded floor to his knees. He swings a leg over the downed White, balling up his right hand and hammering away at the skull of the Atomic Blonde to the thrill of the fans!]

GM: The bell hasn't even rung yet and Shadoe Rage is taking the fight to Donnie White out here on the floor right by us! Rage has been put through the emotional wringer by the Shane Gang - and especially by Donnie White - over the past several weeks and it's coming to a head right here tonight in St. Louis!

[And with the match not officially started yet, Sandra Hayes rushes forward, digging her fingernails into the eyes of Shadoe Rage and raking hard, causing Rage to fall over to his side, rubbing frantically at his eyes.]

GM: Sandra Hayes interferes! She goes to the eyes to save her man!

[Donnie White pushes up off the mat, rubbing his jaw before putting the boots into the ribs of Shadoe Rage out on the floor. A hard kick to the ribs forces Rage onto his back where White returns the favor, taking a knee and hammering away with short right hands between the eyes!]

GM: White's all over him! He's hammering away...

[A furious White pulls Rage up, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. White pulls himself up on the apron.]

GM: The bleached blond Donnie White is back up on the apron, stepping through the ropes... and there's the bell! Referee Ricky Longfellow sounds the bell to start the match... White dives right down into a chokehold, squeezing the air out of Rage!

BW: This one's real personal, Gordo. With all the stuff these two have said and done to one another over the past several weeks. Shadoe Rage was already in a bad mood with those matches with Colonel de Klerk - who I understand was pretty badly hurt in his last match with Rage and will likely miss some ring time - and the stuff with White just made things worse.

[White breaks at four, climbing to his feet and tugging his bright gold tights up. He runs a hand over his jaw, shaking his head before stomping Rage repeatedly, forcing him under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: A lot of people expressed shock at Donnie White seemingly being on the same side as de Klerk considering...

BW: Considering what?

GM: Well, de Klerk's opinion on people of color is well known and Donnie White is an African-American, Bucky.

BW: I ain't blind, Gordo. I can see that. But just because they disagree on that don't mean they don't completely agree on wanting to put Shadoe Rage out of the business.

GM: I suppose that's true. But right now, the man from Memphis, Tennessee is in complete control of Shadoe Rage as he pulls him up to his feet.

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, White blasts him between the eyes with a right hand, hanging onto the hair to make sure Rage doesn't fall to the floor... yet. He reaches over the ropes, hooking Rage around the head and neck, snapmaring him back into the ring.]

GM: White brings Rage in with the snapmare...

[The Atomic Blonde steps through the ropes, stepping up to the middle rope while grabbing the top with both hands...

...and then pushes off, swinging back to DRIVE his feet through the ropes and into the back of Rage!]

GM: Ohh! Innovative offense out of Donnie White as Rage rolls to the middle of the ring, seeking some cover in the early moments of this one as Donnie White slides back into the ring.

[White climbs to his feet, looking out to the crowd. He gestures at the downed Rage.]

"You wanna cheer for this?! FOR THIS?!"

[White stomps Rage a few more times before dragging him up to his feet. He tucks his head under the armpit, lifting Rage up and dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! Rage gets his spine rattled with that one!

[The Atomic Blonde spins, dashing to the ropes behind him...

...and runs headlong into an overhead elbow smash to the crowd of the skull!]

GM: OH! RAGE PUTS HIM DOWN!

[White scrambles back up to his feet, eating another elbowsmash that knocks him down. A third elbow connects as White gets up, sending him falling backwards into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Shadoe Rage charges in!

[Rage throws an elbow back under the chin, snapping White's head back!]

GM: Another big elbow in the corner... and Rage is up to the second rope, looking out at these fans...

[The crowd roars as Shadoe Rage lifts his right hand up, drawing the support of the St. Louis fans...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Rage hops down off the apron, grabbing White by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends him across... ohhh! White hits the corner hard!

[The Atomic Blonde staggers out of the corner towards Shadoe Rage who scoops him up off the mat, swinging around with him and slamming him down into the middle of the ring.]

GM: Big bodyslam right in the center of the ring...

[The crowd ROARS as Rage points to the corner!]

GM: Shadoe Rage is heading up top, fans!

[Rage hops through the ropes to the apron, quickly moving to the corner where he scales the turnbuckles. He looks out at the crowd again, waving for their cheers as he stands atop the corner...]

GM: Rage is perched up top, waiting for White to rise...

[And as the Atomic Blonde staggers up, Rage comes sailing off the top, crashing a double axehandle down over the mohawked skull!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!!

[Rage dives across the downed White, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But White slips a shoulder out at two.]

GM: A kickout at two by Donnie White!

[Rage is quickly back to his feet, questioning the official before pulling White off the mat by the mohawk. Using that handful of hair, Rage rushes the corner, slamming the Atomic Blonde headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Oh! Headfirst to the corner!

[White staggers backwards as Rage backs into the corner, twirling an outstretched arm in the air to the crowd...]

...and then rushes out, leaping up to drive his knee into the back, a blow that sends White crashing chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Donnie White hits the corner hard again and right now, Shadoe Rage is using his veteran skills to take control of this one.

BW: Veteran skills? Donnie White ain't some young punk out of the Combat Corner, Gordo. You're talkin' 'bout a guy who was a three-time All-State selection at tailback in High School... a two-time All-Conference selection in college... and he's been working all over the South for years. He got his start in the legendary Mid South Wrestling, Gordo.

GM: He certainly did. Bucky Wilde, you've certainly done your homework.

BW: Always do.

[Rage grabs Donnie White around the waist, lifting him up and setting him down on the top rope facing away from the ring.]



GM: Rage puts him up top!

[Rage steps up to the middle rope, wrapping his arms around White's waist again...]

GM: He's looking for a superplex here!

[As Rage goes for the belly-to-back superplex, White fires off a series of right hands to the head.]

GM: White's trying to fight his way out but Rage is having none of it! Rage is hanging on for that suplex, trying to get White up into the air...

[But White takes another route, jabbing a thumb into the windpipe of Rage, sending him falling backwards to the mat, grabbing at his throat. White straightens up, giving a shout to the crowd as he stands on the middle rope...]

GM: White's on the second rope and- HE LEAPS!

[The crowd "ooooooooos" at the graceful backflip off the second rope, crashing down on the chest of the prone Rage!]

GM: A backflipping splash off the middle rope connects!

[White reaches back, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Rage slips a shoulder out!]

GM: Two count only again!

[White climbs to his feet, looking out at Miss Sandra Hayes who smashes her hands into the mat, pointing angrily at Rage. White nods, diving on Rage with an elbow to the throat before hooking his hands around the throat again!]

GM: Another choke! Donnie White is choking Shadoe Rage relentlessly down on the mat!

[The referee's count hits four before the 205 pounder out of Memphis breaks off the choke, climbing to his feet. He looks out at the crowd, giving a little wiggle of his hips in their direction to the jeers of the St. Louis crowd.]

GM: White pulls Rage up by the hair, hanging on to it...

[White rushes the ropes, leaping over them, and SNAPPING Rage's throat down on the top!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: What?!

GM: White just took a page out of Shadoe Rage's playbook! He just stole that move from Shadoe Rage!

BW: Just like everyone's done with Ground Chuck! I don't hear you crying about that! Besides, the Atomic Blonde just did that move better than Shadoe Rage EVER has!

[White stands tall on the floor, arms spread wide as he looks out at the jeering crowd. He's flashing some of the brightest white teeth you'll ever see as Sandra Hayes closes in, applauding what she's seeing out of the Atomic Blonde as a coughing Rage rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Sandra Hayes certainly looks happy about this.

BW: Of course she is! She's the manager of one of the strongest groups in all of wrestling and they're about to start off one heck of a night by beating a relic of the 90s.

GM: A relic of the 90s?!

BW: Did I stutter? In case you missed it, Gordo, it's 2013. Shadoe Rage hasn't been a name of the lips of anyone but wrestling historians for over a decade! Yes, he's a former IIWF World Tag Team Champions. Yes, he's a former EMWC World Tag Team Champion. He's held countless other titles all over the business. But what has he done for me lately? What has he done for the business lately?

GM: Shadoe Rage has been on one of the hottest streaks of his career since coming back to the AWA, Bucky! And you know that!

BW: We'll see how he recovers when the Atomic Blonde puts him down for a the one-two-three.

[White drags Rage off the mat by the arm, turning him around...]

GM: No, no, no!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES RAGE!!

[Rage slumps back against the railing, arms draped over it as White stands a few feet away, gesturing for him to come back and keep fighting.]

GM: Donnie White is mocking Shadoe Rage, taunting him now. What's the reason for that? Why don't you fight the man straight up and forget about all that?

[White moves in on Rage, grabbing a loose side headlock and hammering away with short right hands to the skull before grabbing a handful of hair, walking Rage over to the apron...

...and SLAMS Rage's skull into the ring apron!]

GM: Oh! His head gets driven into the apron by Donnie White... and the Atomic Blonde shoves him back in.

BW: White doesn't want a countout, Gordo. He wants to pin Shadoe Rage in front of the entire world. Donnie White has waited his entire career to have an opportunity to break into the upper level of superstars in this business. Tonight, he gets that chance if he beats Rage.

GM: You would have to imagine that this match could have major implications in the World Television Title rankings. Shadoe Rage is already a top contender for it but if Donnie White scores a victory, he might be next in line for a shot at either Dave Bryant or Dave Cooper.

BW: That one's comin' up later tonight and is gonna be something else, Gordo.

GM: It certainly will but right now, we've got our eyes on Donnie White as he shoves Rage under the ropes and he's heading up top again...

[White steps one foot up on the top turnbuckle, lifting his right arm into the air and twirling his hand around and around, mocking Shadoe Rage again to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: White's taking a lot of time up there to taunt Shadoe Rage as the self-proclaimed Black Jesus climbs back to his feet...

[White gives a whoop as he leaps off the top, clasping his hands together.]

GM: OHHH! Double axehandle out of White! Another move right out of the playbook of Shadoe Rage as White goes for another cover. He gets one! He gets two! But that's all!

[The Atomic Blonde springs up to his feet, looking first at the official who holds up two fingers and then out to Sandra Hayes who angrily slaps the canvas. He stomps Rage in the sternum twice before leaning down...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh! He slapped Rage across the face and-

[Even down on his back, Shadoe Rage proves to be dangerous as he cracks White on the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand from down on his back!

[Rage pushes up into a seated position, throwing another right hand to the jaw that sends White falling back into the ropes...]

...where he bounces off, connecting with a low dropkick that puts the seated Rage back down on the mat.]

GM: White comes right back though, keeping Rage down on the mat.

[Grabbing Rage by the legs, White hauls him closer to the corner where he turns his back, hopping up on the midbuckle. He grabs the back of his head, swinging his hind quarters from side to side...]

BW: I've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: You've seen him shake his-?!

BW: ELBOW!

[White leaps off the middle rope, driving the point of the elbow down into the throat of Rage who flails about on the mat from the impact. White takes another lateral press as Longfellow drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd cheers as Rage kicks out at two!]

GM: A little bit closer that time but Shadoo Rage still manages to kick out of that pinning predicament in time, fans.

[White gets to his feet, again glaring at the official who holds up two fingers. The Memphis native shakes his head as he leans over to pull Rage up by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Donnie White CRASHING hard into the buckles. He staggers out towards Rage who boots him in the midsection before wrapping him up in a gutwrench, taking him over with a suplex.]

GM: Textbook gutwrench suplex out of Shadoo Rage!

[Rage falls back into the turnbuckles off the exertion of the suplex. The crowd cheers for him as he slaps the top buckle repeatedly, getting a rhythmic clap going from the fans...]

...and then charges out of the corner, stomping a recovering White in the back of the head.]

GM: Rage falls into the corner again. Donnie White has taken a lot out of the Canadian as we get closer to the ten minute mark of this - our opening matchup here at Unholy War!

[Rage gets that clap going for him again as White pushes up to all fours. The Black Jesus leans against the buckles, pulling extra oxygen into his lungs as White staggers to his feet...

...and Rage runs out, leaping up to snare White's head with his left arm, dragging him down to the mat in a bulldog-like clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline and Rage rides him all the way down with it!

[Shadoe Rage pushes off the mat in the middle of the ring, swinging his right arm around to the cheers from the crowd as he pulls White up by the hair...

...and then rushes the ropes, leaping over the top to SNAP White's neck down on the top!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[White snaps back hard, crashing to the mat and flipping over as Rage scampers back into the ring, crawling across to attempt a cover of his own.]

GM: Rage gets one! He's got two... but that's all! Donnie White slips that right shoulder up and-

[A fired-up Rage grabs a handful of hair, blasting White between the eyes with a right hand. He does it again... and again... and again, completely ignoring the referee's count.]

BW: He's gonna get disqualified and he don't care, Gordo!

[Rage finally breaks it off JUST before the five count comes down. The referee backs him off, shouting warnings at him as a glaring Rage shoves him aside.]

GM: Rage is moving right back in on White, forcing him back against the ropes and now it's Rage's turn to choke the Atomic Blonde!

BW: He's out of control, Gordo!

[The chokehold stays on until four as Rage breaks...

...and then charges right back in, connecting with a clothesline that takes White over the top to the floor!]

GM: Donnie White hits the floor... and Shadoe Rage is hitting the ropes!

[The crowd buzzes as Rage shoves aside the referee again, scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is heading for the high rent district up on that top turnbuckle as Donnie White struggles to get up off the floor.

[Rage is perched and ready for several moments as the Memphis native staggers to his feet despite Hayes' shouts of warning...]

GM: RAGE LEAPS!

[He sails down from the top rope through a sea of flashbulbs, SMASHING his clasped hands down across the skull!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE TO THE FLOOR!!

BW: A death-defying move out of Rage! We've seen him do it hundreds of times but it always looks devastating... no matter how old he is.

GM: White got wiped out by it and look at the concern on the face of Sandra Hayes.

[The Siren looks REAL nervous as she stands around the corner from Rage and White, shouting for her man to "GET UP! GEEEEET UP!"]

GM: Sandra Hayes trying to encourage Donnie White to get off the floor down here at ringside in St. Louis but I think Shadoe Rage is the first to rise.

[Rage is slow to get to his feet but he's still the first to get there as he looks out at the crowd, dragging a thumb across his throat.]

GM: I do believe that Shadoe Rage thinks this one is over, fans!

[He pulls a dazed White off the floor by the arm, pointing towards the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WHIPS WHITE INTO THE STEEL!!

[Moving in on White, Rage winds up his right arm, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes... and again... and again... and again. Hayes can be heard screaming as Rage finally pulls White off the steel, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: What in the...?

[Slinging White's arm over his neck, Rage nods to the cheering crowd.]

GM: He's gonna... he's going for a suplex on the floor!

[Rage muscles White up...

...and DRIVES him down to the barely-padded floor with a vertical suplex to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: WHAT IMPACT ON THAT SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!!

"TEN MINUTES EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Our opening match here at Unholy War has five minutes remaining in the time limit for this one and these two men have been put through the wringer already here in the Chaifetz Arena.

[Rage climbs back to his feet, grabbing at his lower back as he staggers over to lean against the ring apron. He glances up at the official whose count is up to seven before he rolls in, breaking the count...

...and then rolls right back out to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: He's not done with White out on the floor! I think he could've had the countout win right there but he wants to punish Donnie White for the things the Atomic Blonde has done to him... the things he's SAID to him about his father and his mother!

BW: Like I said, Gordo, this one's gotten REAL personal and I'm not sure either of these men will be happy unless they've left the other a wrecked mess inside that ring.

[Rage pulls himself up on the apron, climbing to his feet as he backs down the length of the ring ropes...]

GM: Uh oh! This can't be good news for Donnie White!

[The man from Halifax raises his right arm, preparing to bury his elbow in the heart of his opponent...

...but Miss Sandra Hayes steps in the way, frantically shaking her head.]

GM: Hayes is in the way! Rage wants to jump off the apron onto Donnie White but Hayes won't let him do it! He's going to have to jump onto her if he wants to do it!

BW: He might too! Rage is an animal! A mutt, just like Donnie says!

GM: Would you stop? How dare you say that about Shadoe Rage?! And you know very well he won't strike Sandra Hayes no matter how much she may tempt him to do so!

[Rage shouts at Hayes, ordering her to get out of the way. The referee leans over the ropes, yelling at the manager as well.]

BW: Boy, she put herself in harm's way and is really earning her paycheck right about now, Gordo.

GM: I suppose that much is true.

[With Hayes buying him time, White manages to crawl out of Rage's flight path, circling around the ring. The crowd jeers as an irritated Rage steps

back into the ring, stalking across towards where the Memphis native is pulling himself up on the apron...]

GM: White's trying to get back in there... but Rage cuts him off!

[A pair of right hands greets Donnie White before Rage hooks the front facelock again, stepping up onto the middle rope with both feet...]

GM: He's standing on the middle rope in the center of the ring and... my stars, he's gonna try and suplex him!

[With White hooked, Rage struggles and strains, powering the Atomic Blonde up off the apron, into the air...]

...and CRASHES down hard on the canvas with the makeshift superplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Rage rolls into the cover! ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[The crowd buzzes with surprise as White lifts the shoulder again!]

GM: My stars, I thought that was it, fans! I thought it was over right there!

BW: We're down to just over three minutes left, Gordo. If someone's gonna win this thing, they gotta turn up the heat right here and now!

[Rage tries to do exactly that as he pulls White to his feet, stalking out to the center of the ring and slams him down in the middle. He promptly points up into the air to a big reaction, immediately moving towards the corner...]

GM: I think this might be it, fans! He may be looking for that elbow off the top!

BW: If he hits that, I think it's all over!

[Rage steps up to the middle rope, giving a twirl of his arm to the crowd before stepping up top. He raises both arms, taking several deep breaths...]

...and then hurls himself from his perch, rocketing through the air, plummeting downwards...]

GM: ELBOW!

[The elbowdrop off the top rope SLAMS down into the chest of Donnie White, causing his legs to kick up from the impact. Rage goes to roll over to cover when suddenly a distracted Ricky Longfellow peels away, shouting at Miss Sandra Hayes to get down off the apron...]

GM: The referee's tied up with Sandra Hayes but I think Rage has this won!



[An angry Rage slaps the canvas three times, drawing a cheer from the fans but more anger from Rage who climbs to his feet, glaring at the official and the shapely manager.]

GM: Hayes just saved Donnie White, fans! She just saved- now what the heck is THIS all about?!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong come charging down the aisle. With the referee distracted, Anderson slides under the bottom rope, grabbing White by the arms and pulling him out to the floor to escape any further chance of a pin. A gleeful Sandra Hayes hops down, leaving Longfellow to argue with Rage who explains that he had White defeated.]

GM: The referee missed all of that activity and now these so-called Ring Workers have pulled Donnie White out of the ring! They've saved his bacon, Bucky!

BW: Maybe they have but Rage is hot!

[Shadoe Rage marches over to the ropes, shouting at Anderson and Strong from inside the ring. He steps up on the ropes, pointing at Strong who steps back, inviting Rage to come out to the floor and join them.]

GM: These guys WANT Rage to come after them.

BW: Of course they do! They'd be stupid not to!

[A furious Rage hops down off the ropes, pacing back and forth as Anderson helps Donnie White to his feet, shaking him repeatedly.]

GM: Aaron Anderson is trying to shake some life into Donnie White.

[White grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. Rage moves in on him, rearing back with the right hand...]

GM: Rage with the right- no!

[White lunges through the ropes, throwing his shoulder into the midsection of Rage. Grabbing the top rope, he slingshots over the doubled up Rage, landing on his feet behind him to secure the waistlock. He pushes him towards the ropes where Rage's chest hits the ropes, bouncing both men back into a rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: White rolls him up! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But just before the three count comes down, White's balance gets thrown off as he leans back too far for leverage, allowing Rage's leg strength to push White's legs out from under him, putting him down into a seated position with Rage's legs under White's armpits...]

...which Rage turns into a pinning position of his own by rolling to the side, pushing the shoulders down with his shins!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: HE DID IT! SHADOE RAGE SNATCHES VICTORY OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEFEAT AND-

[The crowd, which was cheering loudly at the victory, suddenly breaks out in jeers as Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong hit the ring hard, overwhelming Shadoe Rage with an attack of forearms and kicks!]

GM: Oh, come on! The man just finished one heck of a match and now he's gotta put up with these two idiots out here attacking him!

[Anderson holds Rage's arms as Strong pastes him repeatedly with forearm smashes to the jaw. Anderson shoves him at Strong who spins into a rolling sole butt before Anderson ducks down, muscling Rage up into an electric chair lift...]

GM: What the...?!

[Strong backs off as Anderson takes a step and spins around, falling backwards as Strong leaps up, hooking the reverse neckbreaker...

...and DRIVING Rage down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A DOUBLE TEAM!!

[The crowd boos wildly as Anderson pops up to his feet, shouting at the downed Rage. Miss Sandra Hayes gets up on the apron, directing traffic as Strong helps Donnie White up off the mat, pointing him towards the corner...]

GM: They're telling White to go for that headbutt off the top!

BW: The Flying Mohawk!

[Donnie White struggles to get to the corner, slowly climbing as Anderson approaches the buckles, watching as Strong makes sure that Rage stays down with a series of stomps and kicks...]

GM: Donnie White's heading to the top... and Aaron Anderson's right there to help him...

[White steps a foot up top, taking a deep breath as Anderson reaches up to grab him...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: A Rocket Launchin' Flying Mohawk?!

[Suddenly, the crowd ROARS!]

GM: THE RAVE! THE RAVE!

[Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz, dressed for battle, come tearing down the aisle towards the ring, diving under the ropes in unison. Jerby Jezz rushes the corner, ducking under a Lenny Strong clothesline attempt and throwing himself into a leaping enzuigiri on the side of Anderson's head, knocking him down to the mat where he rolls out to the floor!]

GM: ANDERSON'S OUT!

[Shizz Dawg leaps up, hooking a headscissors on Strong, and uses his legs to throw "Lights Out" Lenny Strong through the ropes and out to the floor too!]

GM: They clear out Strong as well!

[At a gesture from Jerby Jezz, Shizz Dawg rushes the corner, throwing himself into a flying dropkick that catches White in the leg, causing him to crotch himself up top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[With White downed, Shizz Dawg and Jerby Jezz climb the ropes in tandem, one on either side of White. They step up to the top rope, pulling White to his feet as they both hook an arm around White's head and neck, holding his arm up as well like for a uranage slam...]

GM: Oh my god... oh my god...

BW: They're not!

GM: I believe they are! I think they're-

[In unison, The Rave leap off the top rope, flipping backwards and carrying White with them. He also does a full flip as the three men go sailing towards the canvas...]

...and CRASH down hard to the mat with a backflipping uranage slam!]

GM: GREAT SCOTT!

BW: HOLY-

GM: THEY LAID OUT DONNIE WHITE!! WHAT THE HECK DO YOU EVEN CALL A MOVE LIKE THAT?!

BW: I think you named it yourself! Great Scott!

[The Rave flail about on the mat, clutching their chests as a stunned Sandra Hayes stands on the apron, jaw dropped at what she just saw. Shadoe Rage rolls from the ring to safety as Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong come back in, immediately getting Donnie White out of the ring...

...and then bullrushing the referee back into the corner.]

GM: What's this about?

BW: I don't know.

GM: Anderson is shouting at Ricky Longfellow and... I think he's trying to get the referee to start the match! He wants to start the tag team match right now - the Wyldestyling Challenge!

[Longfellow looks around, almost as if he's searching for help, and then signals for the bell!]

GM: What the-?! He did it! He's starting the next match!

BW: Well, we can throw the lineup for the show out the window. This wasn't scheduled to go on right now!

GM: But the Shane Gang, once again, showing that they don't give a darn about the rules. They're going to do things however they want to do them and apparently, WHENEVER they want to do them as well.

[With White and Rage out of the ring, Anderson pulls Shizz Dawg OG off the mat by the hair, throwing him into the closest set of buckles.]

GM: Aaron Anderson just manhandling the Dawg. Six foot five, 245 pounds out of Charlotte, Anderson was the first graduate of the Combat Corner under Todd Michaelson's tutelage but I don't think Michaelson ever dreamed that he'd end up like this.

BW: Like what? Successful? With Michaelson's track record, I'm not surprised he wouldn't expect success out of one of his students.

GM: That's not what I meant and you know it.

[Anderson leans over, driving his shoulder into the torso of Shizz Dawg OG as Lenny Strong pulls Jerby Jezz off the mat, lighting him up with a knife edge chop across the chest.]

GM: This most unusual matchup essentially has no rules at all but the match MUST end in a countout. There are no disqualifications, there are no tags to be enforced, and of course, no pinfalls or submissions either.

[Anderson grabs S-DAWG by the arm, looking for the whip as Strong does the same...]

GM: The Ring Workers bringing them together...

[But Jerby Jezz leapfrogs over a sliding Shizz Dawg OG, landing on his feet behind him. Jerby Jezz leaps right back up, hooking Anderson in a headscissors, taking him down to the mat. S-DAWG pops up off the mat, throwing a palm strike to the chin of Strong!]

GM: Good grief!

[Shizz Dawg grabs Strong by the arm as Jezz pulls Anderson into a side headlock. Strong gets whipped out as Jezz runs forward, driving the skull into Strong's midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move out of The Rave right there.

[With Strong doubled up, The Rave grab Anderson by the arms, sending him towards his partner who inadvertently backdrops Anderson down to the mat! The crowd laughs at the accidental backdrop as The Rave winds up...

...and throws a double dropkick at Strong, sending him sailing through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: The Rave sends him out to the floor... and look out here!

[Shizz Dawg rushes to the ropes as Jerby Jezz stands right by the ropes where Strong is out on the floor...]

GM: Jezz drops down... BACKDROP!

[Jezz backflips Shizz Dawg into a somersault, turning that into a dive onto the surprised Strong!]

GM: STRONG GETS WIPED OUT BY JERBY JEZZ!!

[Turning away from the outside, Shizz Dawg grabs Aaron Anderson by the hair, peppering him with short forearms to the jaw, forcing Anderson back into the ropes.]

GM: The Dawg with the Irish whip... no, reversed by Anderson!

[As S-DAWG comes charging back, Anderson crouches, grabbing the rebounding Rave member under the arms to shove him up into the air...]

GM: Up he goes...

[...and CRUSHES the dropping Shizz Dawg with a European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What a move out of Anderson!

BW: Now, Gordo... do BOTH guys have to be counted out of the ring?

GM: That's my understanding, yes. Both men have to be on the floor to be counted out at the same time. That's why referee Ricky Longfellow is standing by and watching. There will be no count on Strong or Jerby Jezz until their partner is out there as well.

[Anderson leaves Shizz Dawg down on the floor, stepping out on the apron where Jerby Jezz is pounding away on Strong with double axehandles to the back of the head. Sandra Hayes can be heard shouting at Anderson as he leaps off, smashing a forearm down on the back of Jerby's head.]

GM: Anderson with the assault from behind! And now he's holding the arms back, leaving Jerby Jezz wide open for his partner...

[Back on his feet, Lenny Strong lays in a backhand chop across the chest.]

GM: Ohh! Hard chop out of Strong!

[Grabbing Jezz by the hair, Strong tees off with a series of short forearms into the side of the head, ripping him away from his own partner into a snap mare on the floor...]

GM: Strong snapmares him down and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big kick! Right to the base of the spine!

[Anderson grins as he steps forward, asking his partner to step back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Wow! A second kick to the spine! These two Ring Workers are trying to outdo one another outside the ring on the floor, trying to put Jerby Jezz in a bad way so that they can get him prone for that countout.

[Strong angrily pulls Jezz off the floor, holding him by the hair as he lays in the trashtalk on him.]

GM: Lenny Strong - "Lights Out" Lenny Strong that is - is one of the hardest hitters in all of wrestling, Bucky. He's six foot four, 260 pounds out of Philly and while he did spend some time in the Combat Corner, he was well-trained before he ever got to the AWA.

BW: He's what you'd call an indy superstar, Gordo. He's the guy you bring into your All-Star show... your big yearly tournament to draw an extra fifty fans into an Armory or Elks Lodge or Jewish Community Center. Strong was getting rave reviews all over the world for his talents but just couldn't get onto the main shows here until he hooked up with Terry Shane III.

[Strong grabs Jezz around the torso, pulling him a few feet away from the ringsteps...]

"CLAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEFIRST INTO THE STEEL! GOOD GRIEF!!

[The steps get knocked over by Jerby Jezz' body. The Rave member is sprawled out, stretched back over the metal steps as Anderson gestures to the ring where Shizz Dawg OG is starting to get back to his feet.]

GM: They've got Jezz down and now they're heading back into the ring.

BW: This is brilliant, Gordo. You isolate one of them, take 'em down. You isolate the other, take them down too.

[Anderson is the first one in, taking a series of right hands from a rising and desperate Shizz Dawg...

...but CRACKING S-DAWG on the jaw with another European uppercut in response, sending S-DAWG back down to the mat.]

GM: Down he goes again! I'm not sure the Dawg can find a way to battle out from under these two guys at the same time. The Rave are small men for professional wrestlers, Bucky.

BW: Tall but thin. Both of 'em are under two hundred pounds and that means they need to work in tandem to survive matches like this. They need teamwork, they need doubleteams. When it's split up like this, they don't stand a chance.

[Strong pulls Shizz Dawg up by the arm, firing him the short distance into the turnbuckles. He moves in, holding a palm to the chest of the Dawg as Anderson heads to the opposite corner...]

GM: Anderson charges in!

[Strong sidesteps, giving Anderson a chance to charge in for a running clothesline...

...but Shizz Dawg tucks his legs, lifting his knees up so Anderson runs right into them!]

GM: Ohh! The Dawg with the big counter!

[The crowd cheers as one-half of The Rave hops up on the midbuckle, pushing Anderson back with his foot as Strong moves back in...

...and gets blistered with a right hand across the jaw!]

GM: Oh! What a shot that was!

[Strong is draped over the top rope as Anderson stands a few feet back, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs. Shizz Dawg leaps off the midbuckle, snaring the head between the legs...

...and flips him down to the mat with a rana! Big cheer!]

GM: The Dawg takes him down!

[Popping back up, Shizz Dawg charges the ropes where Strong is draped over the top rope. He baseball slides through the legs to the floor, landing on his feet where he reaches in to grab both of Strong's legs, yanking them out from under him.]

GM: He takes Strong down...

BW: They're both out on the floor, Gordo!

GM: Both members of The Rave are out on the floor so the referee DOES start that ten count now.

[Holding Strong by the legs, Shizz Dawg pulls him partially out under the bottom rope as Jerby Jezz pulls himself up on the apron, running down the length of it...

...and does a full somersault, crashing down on the midsection of Lenny Strong's torso, causing him to fall to the floor. Strong grabs his ribs, gasping for air as S-DAWG and Jezz climbs back up on the apron...]

GM: Strong's down on the floor...

[Aaron Anderson climbs back to his feet as Shizz Dawg OG leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: HEADSCISSOR- CAUGHT!

[Anderson shows off his surprising strength, catching Shizz Dawg up on his shoulders in a powerbomb position...]

GM: He caught the Dawg coming off the top rope!

[The Combat Corner alumni stumbles towards the ropes where Shizz Dawg slingshots himself through the ropes into a spear tackle, doubling up Anderson who gets yanked down in a rana again!]

GM: WHOOOOA MY!

[Both members of The Rave scramble to their feet, rushing towards Anderson who is trying to get off the mat...]

GM: Here they come again! Just a blur of movement inside that squared circle!



[Anderson explodes from a knee, catching Shizz Dawg with a forearm to the jaw. Jerby Jezz gets a knee slammed into his midsection, taking him down to his knees.]

GM: The Dawg got rocked with the forearm!

[A knife edge chop sends S-DAWG falling back into the ropes as Anderson leans down, hooking a gutwrench on Jezz, lifting him straight up off the mat...]

GM: He's got the gutwrench hooked in... a total deadlift right there!

[Anderson does a full spin, showing off the trapped Jerby Jezz to the crowd...]

...and then flips him over, throwing him down to the mat in a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Oh my! What a show of strength!

[With Jezz down on the mat, Anderson turns back to Shizz Dawg, shoving him back against the ropes. The Axeman winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop up against the ropes!

[Anderson winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Shizz Dawg clutches his chest as Anderson stands in front of him, grabbing him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The Irish whip sends Anderson into the ropes again. The young man from Charlotte drops down to his chest, allowing Anderson to leap over him...]

...and get clocked with a leaping back elbow from a recovered Jerby Jezz!]

GM: OHHH! Where the heck did that come from?! Jerby Jezz just popped back up to his feet out of nowhere to deliver that big elbow!

[Jezz and Shizz Dawg stand over Anderson, waving their arms back and forth to a cheer from the crowd.]

GM: They've got Anderson down but they've gotta get him out to the floor to try to win it.

[Jezz leaps up in the air just as his partner does. Jezz drops a leg across the throat as Shizz Dawg drops backfirst across the torso!]

GM: Wow! What a doubleteam!

[As both members of The Rave get back to their feet, they spot Lenny Strong climbing back to his feet out on the floor. Jezz nods to Shizz Dawg who rushes to the back ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: HERE COMES THE DAWG!

[S-DAWG leaves his feet, diving between the top and middle ropes for a tope dive...

...that Lenny Strong interrupts with a devastating elbowstrike to the jaw, hanging Jezz out to dry over the middle rope!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A SHOT FROM STRONG!

[With Jezz draped over the ropes, Strong reaches up, grabbing a handful of trunks...

...and THROWS Jezz down to the barely-padded floor in a makeshift slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Strong "dusts off" his hands as he leaves Jezz sprawled out on the floor, stepping up on the apron as Shizz Dawg rushes him, winding up a right hand...

...and Strong catches him coming in, a right elbow to the jaw! Strong steps up on the middle rope, holding the Dawg by the hair and blasts him with a second elbowsmash, sending Shizz Dawg falling backwards, dropping down to a knee.]

GM: The Dawg goes down... Strong's back in...

[Strong pulls Shizz Dawg up by the arms, shoving him back into the closest set of buckles. "Lights Out" Lenny Strong attempts to live up to his name, unloading with a series of forearms and elbows to the jaw.]

GM: He's lighting him up!

BW: Shizz Dawg's too small to absorb this much punishment!

GM: He's got his arms up, trying to cover up...

[Grabbing the rainbow-colored hair, Strong snaps off a series of short headbutts, knocking Shizz Dawg down to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Headbutts now as well! Strong is absolutely vicious!

[Grabbing the top rope, Strong rains down stomps to the face and chest of one-half of The Rave...

...and then leaps up, driving both feet down into the chest and face of Shizz Dawg with a double stomp, falling back down to the mat.]

GM: He might be out cold after that, fans.

[Strong shoves Shizz Dawg under the ropes to the floor, backing off and shouting for the referee to start the double count on the two laid out members of The Rave.]

GM: Here we go, fans. Another double count has started up by referee Ricky Longfellow, counting both members of The Rave outside of the ring.

[The referee stands on the apron to make sure everyone can see the count as he reaches three...]

GM: We're up to three. Both men took some hard shots there.

BW: Now, if I understand these rules correctly, only one of them has to get back up and get back in to break up the count.

[Out on the floor, we catch a glimpse of Shizz Dawg OG rolling over to his knees, looking up at the official who is up to five.]

GM: The count is up to five... and it's the Dawg back on his feet...

[The Shizz Dawg approaches the ropes...

...and EATS two feet to the face by a baseball slide from Lenny Strong!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Come on!

BW: That makes the referee restart the count though.

GM: It certainly does.

[Strong shoves past the referee, stepping out on the apron.]

GM: Strong apparently doesn't think they've done enough damage to The Rave to get the double countout. He's going out after him... them, I guess.

[Strong pulls Jerby Jezz off the floor, lifting him up into a fireman's carry. The hard hitting Philly native takes a few steps away from the ring apron, holding Jezz up on his shoulders by the arm and leg...

...and then swings him up, over, and DOWN hard on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a slam! Strong just DROVE Jerby Jezz down into the floor and I’m not sure if he’s getting up for that, fans. I’m not sure at all.

[Aaron Anderson pumps a fist from inside the ring, shouting encouragement down to his partner who turns his focus to Shizz Dawg OG, dragging him off the floor. He shoves him back into the ring where the Axeman is waiting for him, pulling him off the mat by the hair...]

GM: Ohh! European uppercut connects and down goes the Dawg again!

[With Shizz Dawg OG down on a knee, Anderson snares a cobra clutch on the kneeling Rave member. He gives a shout as he deadlifts him off the mat...

...and THROWS him down with a devastating slam!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Final Combat! Take that, Michaelson!

GM: Strong rolls back in... and I think they’re not done with The Rave quite yet, Bucky.

[Sandra Hayes shouts a few words to her men, giving some advice as Strong gives her a nod. He backs off as Anderson pulls a dazed Dawg off the mat, holding him by the hair...]

GM: Strong runs to the corner, leaping up to the midbuckle...

[Strong spins, leaping off the second rope...]

GM: FOREARM!

[...but Shizz Dawg OG slumps down, causing Strong to CRACK Aaron Anderson on the jaw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOODNESS! What a shot!

[Strong looks stunned at his staggered partner as Anderson falls back into the ropes.]

GM: Strong can’t believe what he just did!

[Shizz Dawg OG pops back up to his feet, grabbing Strong by the back of the head, tucking his head under the chin, dropping down to his knees.]

GM: Ohh! Jawbreaker!

[The Rave member immediately pops back up, throwing his leg up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: SUPERKICK! STRONG GOES OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!

[And with Lenny Strong cleared out, Shizz Dawg rushes across the ring at top speed, throwing himself off his feet with a clothesline on Anderson that takes both men over the top rope, depositing them down on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF! GOOD GRIEF!! THEY’RE ALL ON THE FLOOR, FANS!

BW: Anderson got taken out by Shizz Dawg! Strong did too with that superkick on the chin! Jerby Jezz was still down out there and now the referee... Gordo, he’s starting a double countout! A quadruple countout!

GM: The referee is starting a count on both teams! And if he reaches ten, this is a draw!

[The referee stands on the apron, raising both hands and shouting “THREE!”]

GM: The count is up to three. Sandra Hayes is screaming at her men, trying to get them... now what in the world?!

[The crowd boos wildly at the sight of Hayes taking it upon herself to pull Aaron Anderson by the arm, trying to drag him off the floor.]

GM: Sandra Hayes is trying to get Aaron Anderson off the floor! Come on! This can’t be legal!

BW: I’m not sure. The rules are kinda out the window in this one, aren’t they?

GM: I suppose they are but-

[Lenny Strong uses the apron, dragging himself to his feet. He grabs the bottom rope, tugging himself under the ropes into the ring. The referee points to Strong, waving his arms.]

GM: The Ring Workers are clear but the count continues on The Rave. The count is up to six now and neither man is- strike that! It’s the Dawg! The Dawg starts to stir again!

[Dazed from his own move, Shizz Dawg OG pulls himself up on the apron, trying to get back into the ring...]

...when Sandra Hayes rushes in from out of nowhere, grabbing him by the leg and pulling hard, causing S-DAWG to lose his footing, cracking his face solidly on the apron on the way down!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: It's all legal, Gordo!

GM: It can't be ALL legal! That has to be illegal! It just HAS to be!

[With Shizz Dawg laid out anew, the referee continues his count to eight... then nine...]

BW: It's over, Gordo! Ring the bell!

GM: The count is to nine... it's to...

[But suddenly, the referee waves his arms, gesturing across the ring.]

BW: What the heck?!

GM: Jerby Jezz! Somehow Jerby Jezz got back in to beat the count!

[A furious Lenny Strong pulls Jerby Jezz off the mat, battering him with short elbows to the jaw. He grabs an arm, flinging Jezz into the corner where the smaller man hits REAL hard!]

GM: Ohh! Hard whip into the buckles out of "Lights Out" Lenny Strong!

[Strong takes a few steps back, reaching up to slap his elbow as he waves for Jezz to come out of the buckles...]

GM: He's calling for that Rolling Elbow!

BW: He's gonna knock Jerby Jezz all the way down to Dallas for Homecoming, daddy! Jezz is gonna get to travel through time and space if Strong hits this one!

[Jezz stumbles forward as Strong starts to spin...]

GM: ELBO-

[Jezz ducks under it, allowing Strong to sail past him into the corner where Jezz runs in, running up the ropes...]

...and CRACKING Strong with a kick to the temple!]

GM: OHHH! HEAD KICK!!!

[Strong stumbles out of the corner, somehow winding up on the shoulders of the smaller Jerby Jezz.]

GM: All 195 pounds of Jerby Jezz has the 260 pound Lenny Strong up on his shoulders!

BW: What the heck is he gonna do with him?!

[Jezz staggers out to the middle of the ring, stumbling under the weight of the bigger man...

...and then upends to the right, dumping him down in a slam!]

GM: OHHH!

[As Strong hits the mat, Aaron Anderson pulls himself up on the apron. He's about to climb into the ring when Jerby Jezz rushes him, throwing himself into a shoulder tackle through the ropes, catching Anderson in the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Anderson got caught in the gut!

[Grabbing Anderson by the hair, Jezz sits out, snapping Anderson's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Anderson's in trouble!

[Jezz grabs the top rope, catapulting himself over the ropes, lacing his leg over the collarbone of Anderson...

...and riding him all the way down to the floor to a HUGE cheer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Anderson's down! And Jerby Jezz with one of the craziest moves I've ever seen has put himself down in a bad way as well.

[Shizz Dawg OG pulls himself off the floor, tugging himself through the ropes into the ring. He throws a pair of boots into the chest of a kneeling Lenny Strong before pulling him off the mat by the arm.]

GM: Strong gets whipped into the corner!

[Shizz Dawg rushes the ropes, hopping up on the middle rope. He gives a whoop, raising both arms...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The barrage of Mongolian chops to the side of Strong's neck leaves him wobbled as S-DAWG hops down, grabbing an arm to fling Strong to the opposite corner...]

GM: Strong hits the corner... here comes the Dawg!

[Shizz Dawg throws himself into the air, looking for a flying splash when Strong throws himself from the corner, cracking the Dawg with an elbow to the jaw, knocking him out of the sky!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Wow! He threw that elbow like an anti-aircraft missile! He knocked that rainbow traitor out of the sky!

GM: Traitor?

BW: A traitor to a future Senator deserves some harsh punishment if you ask me.

GM: Oh brother.

[Strong steps out of the corner, yanking Shizz Dawg up...]

GM: Strong backs off... ELBOW!

[The big swinging elbow comes up empty as Shizz Dawg ducks down, causing Strong to spin past him. He lifts off, throwing a dropkick to the back that sends Strong stumbling towards the ropes, falling with his head and chest draped over the middle rope...]

GM: Strong goes down... and the Dawg is out to the apron lightning quick!

[Shizz Dawg stands on the apron, looking down at a dazed Strong. He leaps up, springing off the top rope...]

GM: LEGDROP!

[...and plummets downwards, dropping a leg across the back of Strong, taking him through the ropes and down to the floor where they both SLAM down into the barely-padded concrete!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: That's a good way to shatter a tailbone, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is! And we've got EVERYONE down on the floor!



[Referee Ricky Longfellow climbs up on the apron, ready to count anew.]

GM: The count has started up... counting all four men out of the ring once again. If he reaches ten, this match is over. The Dawg just hit really hard on that flying legdrop... Strong took the legdrop to the back of the head and neck. Aaron Anderson is still down as well...

BW: Where the heck is Jerby Jezz?!

[Suddenly, Sandra Hayes lets loose a loud scream. A quick camera cut shows a hand coming out from under the ring apron, wrapping around her ankle.]

GM: There! He's right there!

[Jezz pulls himself into view, using Hayes to drag himself off the floor. Predictably, the furious Hayes winds up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: She slapped him! Right in the face!

[Jezz recoils from the slap, grabbing the ropes...

...and then lifts his arm, sending a blast of streamers into the face of Hayes, causing her to scream and shout, stumbling away as Jezz pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Jezz is in... that breaks the count!

[Jezz leans against the ropes, sucking wind as Sandra Hayes shouts at him... and then spins to shout at Anderson and Strong. Jezz rushes to the ropes, ducking down to grab S-DAWG by the wrists, tugging him into the ring as he waves for the referee to restart the count!]

GM: The count starts again! Both members of The Rave are in the ring and Hayes is trying to get Anderson and Strong back on their feet and into the squared circle.

[Hayes runs over to Anderson, pulling on his arms. She gives up, rushing to Strong and grabbing a handful of hair, tugging upwards.]

GM: The count is up to three. Look at Sandra Hayes trying to get him up through any means possible.

[She grabs a second handful of hair, tugging with all her strength.]

GM: Sandra Hayes is giving it all she's got, fans!

[The referee counts five for all to hear as Hayes spins around, going back over to Anderson to give another tug of the hair.]

GM: She's trying to get Anderson off the floor... wait a second! He's getting up! He's trying to get up to his feet.

[As the count rings out at seven, Anderson is on his feet, making a move towards the ring. Suddenly, Jerby Jezz breaks into a dash across the ring, dropping into a headfirst dive under the bottom rope...

...where he snares Anderson in a front facelock, swinging around for a tornado DDT!]

GM: DIVING DD-

[Anderson pulls to a stop, using his power to counteract Jerby Jezz' momentum. He lifts up...

...and Strong steps in, catching Jezz' legs on his shoulders.]

GM: What in the...?

[Anderson steps back as Jezz drops down...

...and gets BLASTED with a European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Anderson shouts at the downed Jerby Jezz as Hayes frantically gestures at the timekeeper's table.]

GM: What is she telling them to do?! What in the world is she plotting now?

BW: She told him to grab that table!

GM: They can't do that!

BW: Of course they can! There's no disqualification!

[Lenny Strong marches over to the timekeeper's table, shoving the timekeeper down as he snatches the table. He folds up the legs, lifting it horizontal across his body.]

GM: Strong's carrying the table towards the ropes, trying to put it into the ring and- OHHHH!

[The crowd roars as Shizz Dawg OG delivers a baseball slide into the table, knocking Strong backwards with the table falling down on top of him. Anderson steps in, grabbing Shizz Dawg OG by the hair, dragging him back towards the ring where he slams his head into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the apron!

[Anderson marches over towards the barricade, leaning down and digging his fingers under a seam in the floor padding. He gives a big tug, ripping it up and exposing the concrete underneath!]

GM: Anderson has pulled up the padding on the floor! He's exposed the concrete floor!

[Anderson shouts at the downed Shizz Dawg, dragging him over to the section of exposed concrete. He hooks a rear waistlock, preparing to drop him on the floor with a German Suplex!]

GM: Oh my stars... he can't do this! He can't do it, Bucky!

BW: He might break his neck if he does it!

GM: Anderson hooks him... the Dawg needs to get out of this one in a hurry. He needs to-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! HE KICKED HIM LOW!!!

[The mule kick catches Anderson squarely in the groin, causing him to slump down to a knee as Shizz Dawg OG turns around, delivering a hard knee to the face that knocks Anderson down on the floor. Shizz Dawg OG wheels around, heading towards the ring as Jerby Jezz climbs to his feet as well, staggering towards the ring apron.]

GM: The Rave are both heading towards the ring... and they're both heading up top!

[Shizz Dawg climbs one set of turnbuckles as Jerby Jezz climbs an adjacent one. They stand on the top rope, the crowd roaring for them as they look down on their helpless foes...]

GM: The Rave are up top! The Rave are gonna fly!

[Jezz throws himself off the top, sailing down and CRASHING down on the table covering Lenny Strong with a splash! At the same time, S-DAWG comes flying off the other ropes, hitting a matching splash on top of Aaron Anderson who is laid out on the concrete!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THEY GOT IT!! DOUBLE SPLASH OFF THE TOP!!!

[The referee quickly takes his spot on the apron again, starting the count on both teams.]

GM: The referee starts up that ten count again. Remember, BOTH members from a team have to make it back in the ring before victory can be declared!

[Rolling off the wooden table, Jerby Jezz clutches his ribs. Shizz Dawg OG pushes up to all fours several feet away, crawling towards the squared circle.]

GM: Both members of The Rave are showing signs of life as the count hits three. Both men are trying to get back into the ring and score the victory for their team.

[Shizz Dawg gets closer as the count reaches four, reaching up to grab at the ring apron with his left hand as Sandra Hayes is going ballistic from a few feet away, shouting for her men to get back up.]

GM: One-half of the The Rave is almost back in there! He's got a grip on the apron and is trying to pull himself back to his feet using it.

BW: Where the heck is Anderson?! Where is Strong?!

GM: They both got laid out with those splashes off the top to the floor. A death-defying move by both members of The Rave has put the Shane Gang in a bad way right now. I'm not sure if they'll be able to get there in time.

[Shizz Dawg struggles, getting one foot under him as he takes a knee, breathing heavily as the referee's count goes to six. Nearby, we spy Jerby Jezz crawling towards the ring as well.]

GM: The count is to seven! No one has made it back to the ring quite yet.

[The crowd cheers as Shizz Dawg pulls himself to his feet, using the ropes to walk himself along the apron. He leans down, hauling his partner to a knee as the count reaches eight.]

GM: Eight! Longfellow counts eight! The Dawg is trying to get Jerby Jezz to his feet... trying to beat this count...

"NINE!"

GM: The referee's at nine!

[With one last effort, Shizz Dawg yanks Jezz to his feet, and in unison they dive under the ropes just as the referee shouts "TEN!"]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: They did it! The Rave win this unique tag team matchup!

[A weary Shizz Dawg rolls to his back, sucking wind as Jerby Jezz kneels on the canvas, leaning over with his head down on the mat.]

GM: The Rave asked for a match that was right up their alley, a match where you could only win by countout, and that's exactly what they've done here tonight at Unholy War, fans.

BW: If this was a normal match under normal rules, I think Anderson and Strong had this thing won several times.

GM: Perhaps they did but on this night, they HAD to win by countout and they simply couldn't get the job done. And with the World Tag Team Titles being defended later tonight, you've gotta wonder if The Rave have just put themselves in an excellent position to get a future shot at whoever wins that one.

BW: They're going to shoot up the Top 10 rankings - that's for sure. The last set of rankings had them at Number Seven while Anderson and Strong were at Number Three. I expect a major upheaval in those rankings when the Championship Committee meets again this week.

GM: You got that right. Fans, we've got to take our first commercial break of the night... we're way past due for it so hang on tight and we'll be back shortly as two newcomers look to make a major impact here in the AWA. Don't go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and

with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back to Unholy War, fans. For over a month now, we have been waiting for tonight for many reasons. One of them is to see if Hannibal Carver has what it takes to be able to survive Terry Shane III's No Escape Challenge. However, it was two weeks ago in Kansas City that we saw Carver put an end to Shane's manhunt and use a metal pipe on him in an attempt to further injure that arm. Many believe, Bucky, that Terry Shane was lucky to walk away without ending up in a hospital bed beside Steven Childes who suffered a not as fortunate outcome when his leg was broken at the hands of Anton Layton and Brian Von Braun recently.

BW: Carver should've been fired, Gordo! Layton and Von Braun too but Carver? Carver's been suspended TWICE now for actions involving the Shane Gang! You're telling me he still deserves to be an active part of the AWA roster? No chance. There's no telling what lengths this animal's going to go to on any given night. Where will it end? Who has to end up in a wheelchair for the AWA front office to send this guy packing?

GM: All valid questions, Bucky. But it's not President O'Connor or a member of the front office that we spoke to earlier this week. In fact, earlier this week, Colt Patterson ventured out to Independence, Missouri - just four hours or so down the road here from St. Louis - which is the hometown of Terry Shane III as he prepared for tonight's action. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "Earlier this week..." where we open to a classic AWA interview setup. A large AWA banner hangs in the backdrop with two chairs in front of it. In one sits former AWA grappler and occasional commentator (as well as former World Champion) Colt Patterson with microphone in hand. On his left sits the man who will meet his arch-rival inside the ring at Unholy War, the Ring Leader, Terry Shane... who, of course, is flanked by the hardest working woman in the business and uber-agent to the Shane Gang, Miss Sandra Hayes. Shane stares at Patterson, waiting for the first question and it doesn't take much time for Colt to cut to the chase.]

CP: Terry, first off, thank you for opening up your home to myself and the AWA family. There's a dozen topics that I would love to discuss with you in a place such as this. A place where your father learned and honed his craft...

[Shane, uneasy, squirms in his seat.]

CP: But I promised the office that I would come here and get right to it. Everyone wants your response to the actions of Hannibal Carver in Kansas City. Everyone wants to know so there's no sense beating around the bush. Shane, how is your arm?

[The uneasiness vanishes. It is replaced by a cold, hard stare. A stare that is unmoving, heck, it's down right eerie.]

TS3: You came all the way to Independence to ask me that? You wasted your time, Colt. You wasted all of our time. You saw what happened last weekend. You saw what Carver did. My arm. You want to know how it is? You want to know how it feels?

It is JUST [pause] dreamy.

It was smashed with a lead pipe. Mangled. Battered.

CP: Does this mean-

MSH: Do not interrupt him, Narcissus!

[Colt shoots a glare of his own to Miss Hayes as he inches himself to the edge of his seat. Shane's arm extends out in front of him, not a threat, but a cautionary warning.]

TS3: What THIS means is that Hannibal Carver has done what I asked of him... Survived. This means that MANIAC lives for a few more weeks and gets to run around like an imbecile and spout off at the water cooler at Unholy War to whatever loser will listen about how he ESCAPED me and



robbed the people of St. Louis blind. MY people. We all know that nobody here cares about the Lynches and the Bullies putting on another pillow fight or Juan Vasquez and the technicolor dreamcoats playing footsie with Percy Childes and his puppets.

They came to see me BREAK Hannibal Carver's will.

They came to see me SNAP his neck.

They came to see me...

ME!

My fellow Missourians came to see me DESTROY that MONSTER.

Unholy War was NEVER about those wrestling relics trading personal jabs or putting one another up in hospital beds and shedding tears about it afterward. It was about two men who had no limits. Two men who had NO remorse. Two men who would go to ANY length and do ANYTHING necessary to CRIPPLE the other. Do you think Carver would cry himself to sleep if I never stepped foot in a wrestling ring again?

DO YOU, COLT?!

[Colt, ever the wiser, just shakes his head, "no".]

TS3: So what this all means is pretty damn simple. Instead of the No Escape Challenge...

[Shane also shakes his head.]

TS3: You get NO Terry Shane III. At the Chaifetz Arena, for the first time since I came BURSTING through the AWA doors and marched to the ring and embarrassed opponent after opponent in the ring....

...I am going to sit this one out. I am going to rest my arm and in two weeks I am going to march BACK into Dallas and END the career of Hannibal Carver.

CP: You realize if you duck out on Carver at the Unholy War that he gets to-

TS3: Hold it right there. You think I am DUCKING Hannibal Carver?! Have you gone MAD in your old age?! It's about being the bigger man and knowing when to walk away. Because at the end of the day I KNOW that I am better than that madman. I KNOW I can beat him at ANYTHING he comes up with. He can STACK the odds in his favor, Colt.... and knowing him HE WILL. But you will not see any crying or excuses out of me. What you WILL see is the future of this company recollect himself and expose Carver for the fraud that he is.

He is NOT a wrestler. He most certainly is not a THREAT either. What he is.... is a FRAUD. You saw it first hand... you know as well as everyone else

that deep down... Carver knew there was NO WAY OUT except the coward's way and he took it.

He snatched it right up and did whatever he could to ensure that he would survive tonight and make it back to where it all started. Bravo, Hannibal.

[Miss Hayes softly golf claps.]

MSH: Braaaaaaa-freaking-vo.

TS3: But what he did not plan for?

Was that no lead pipe...or steel chair...or metal chain...or rusted can opener can stop ME. I am not the bottom of the barrel filth and trash that Hannibal Carver made his name and reputation off of destroying. Do I look like Mike Waldrop? Do I look like Matt Saunders... or Derek Irvin or Tripp Shade or Killzdozer?! Are you confusing ME for Shane Destiny?! Do I look like any of those men who washed away just as quick as they came into this business?! I am Terry Shane III. I was a student first, then a competitor, and now I am the Ring Leader of the Shane Gang and the TRUE Number One Contender to the AWA World Title.

Hannibal Carver... he is standing in my way to achieving a level of greatness that I am destined to reach. At Homecoming, Carver, much like the men he disposed of on his path where he stands today, will become nothing more than a footnote on my road to the top of this business.

Now if you will excuse me, I have a Homecoming to prepare for...

[Shane stands up, ripping the mic piece from his shirt]

TS3: ...and I am NOT talking about St. Louis.

[Shane and Hayes storm out of view, leaving Colt Patterson behind as we fade back to ringside.]

GM: Some surprising news out of that clip, Bucky. Terry Shane has elected NOT to participate in his own challenge match later tonight here at Unholy War. He's bowing out of his own challenge!

BW: This is all Carver's fault! That maniac hit Terry's arm with a metal pipe. The whole world saw it! And now these idiots here in St. Louis are going to be deprived of their chance to see Terry Shane, in all his glory, in the greatest homecoming since I graduated college and moved back in with Mama!

GM: I see. It will be quite interesting to find out if the AWA front office has any opinion on this apparent change in the Unholy War lineup. We'll try to get a comment from them tonight as well but right now, it's time for our next match and before we hit the ring, let's go backstage where one of the combatants is standing by!

[Cut backstage to two very grim looking figures. The always dapperly dressed Victor T. Nolan Esq., leaning on his cane, and the vicious Porter Crowley, seemingly in a daze with that cloth on his head. He wobbles around, appearing about to fall over. Nolan casts a gaze his way, making sure Crowley is standing. He makes an abrupt sound, almost a chuckle, and turns back towards the camera.]

VTN: So, Curt Sawyer, you're the first man to openly challenge my crown jewel, Porter Crowley.

[Nolan raises an eyebrow.]

VTN: An interesting player in this game of war. The beer-slinger-turned-wrestler. Tell me, Mr. Sawyer, do you honestly think that just because you've had to toss a few rowdy fans over the years, that it makes you ready for the battles inside the ring?

[Nolan shakes his head.]

VTN: See, I don't think it does. Granted, you've looked impressive in the few matches you've had so far. But now?

[Nolan takes a quick look back at Crowley, who's now breathing heavily.]

VTN: Now you get to face an actual \_challenge\_. Oddly enough, you were the one to make the actual challenge to my charge.

[Nolan chuckles.]

VTN: You may yet live to regret that. Have you actually watched Porter Crowley in action, Mr. Sawyer?

[Crowley's uncovered eye lights up a bit.]

VTN: This man right here is violence personified. The apex of violence. So far, every single opponent my charge has faced has left the ring with help. Faces badly bruised.

[Nolan chuckles again.]

VTN: You want to try and stop a bonafide madman? Be my guest, beer-slinger. But don't ever say I didn't warn you.

[Nolan scratches his chin.]

VTN: Of course, you carry that axe handle with you wherever you go. Some hero to the people you are. You're clearly waiting for the right moment to use it in the ring.

[Crowley makes a disturbing low sound, indefinable as any normal noise. Nolan points to him.]

VTN: You want a weapon? THAT right there is a weapon. He's been breaking faces everywhere he goes, been a championship-level wrestler, all while the fans mock him.

[Crowley mumbles something indecipherable.]

VTN: Yes, indeed, he is my crown jewel of a weapon. And, like I've said before, he is but the first of my acolytes.

[Nolan cackles. Crowley picks this moment to speak up.]

PC: Sawyer.

[Crowley's eye lights up again.]

PC: SAWYER!

[Crowley begins shaking, and speaks in a slightly quivering voice.]

PC: I tremble, not out of any fear of you, no. I tremble because...

[Crowley lets the slightest hint of a smile out.]

PC: ...I can't wait to take my pain out on you. I can't wait to show the AWA the...

[Crowley chuckles.]

PC ...shape of things to come.

[Crowley rolls his head.]

PC: Now, for the first time, the AWA will see what I'm really made of.

[Crowley busts out into a full-blown smile.]

PC: Let the slaughter begin. What a beautiful sight it is.

[Crowley lightly starts singing a song. Unidentifiable to most, there might be a few people who pick it out, based on the lyrics he just chose for his final words.]

VTN: Tonight, Sawyer, you shall be the first to experience the true depths of madness. All I ask of you, beer-slinger? After the match, if you're able to walk upright, go. Go and warn the rest of the locker room of what's coming. Tell them that the true face of fear is coming for them all.

[Nolan looks at Crowley and nods. Crowley exits the picture slowly.]

VTN: Tell them of the shape of things to come.

[Nolan lets out a slight laugh and follows his charge towards the ring. Cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[The beautiful sounds of "The Shape Of Things To Come" from the Battlestar Galactica soundtrack is playing over the PA system as the ring announcer continues.]

PW: He is accompanied to the ring by Victor T. Nolan Esquire... weighing in at 260 pounds and hailing from Parts Unknown...

PORRRRTERRRR CROOOOWLEYYYY!

[The jeers pour down as Porter Crowley lurches out through the entrance curtain, cocking a head to the side as he looks out over the crowd. He doesn't pause his stride at all, wobbling down the aisle looking as if he might fall over at any moment. A black velvet cloth is draped over his face, obscuring what's underneath.]

Crowley is your average "everyman" in build - no bulging biceps, no powerful pecs. His black hair is cut in a shaggy bowl cut almost as if he cut it himself. He wobbles towards the ring with a dark green t-shirt with the sleeves cut out and a pair of black pants - not wrestling tights but what appear to be dress slacks.

Walking behind Crowley is his manager, the devious Victor T. Nolan Esquire. A rather slim and fairly young looking individual, Nolan has slicked back black hair and always wears a black suit with a red dress shirt underneath. Also, he walks with the aid of his brass cane topped by a silver winged gargoyle.]

GM: What a combo this is, Bucky.

BW: I wouldn't let them hear you mocking them. Monosso may be gone but I'm sure Crowley could arrange a trip to the hospital for you.

GM: The AWA doesn't tolerate attacking announcers, Bucky. You know that.

BW: I'm sure Porter Crowley has heard that rule... and really couldn't care less about it.

[Crowley reaches the ring, throwing himself between the middle and bottom ropes and rolling a few times to reach the middle of the squared circle, causing Phil Watson to quickly backpedal to avoid getting rolled into. Crowley pushes up to a knee, clutching the cloth to his face.]

GM: Porter Crowley has been with the AWA for a couple of months now but his opponent... well, his opponent is a recent signing to the AWA roster who really impressed some people with his showing in the Battle Royal that led to this match.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 270 pounds...

CURRRRRRT SAAAAAWYERRRR!

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

GM: One of the newest additions to the AWA, Curt Sawyer is in the house and you can hear from the reaction here in St. Louis that the fans have really taken a liking to this... well, I was about to say "young man" but I'm not sure how much that applies here.

BW: At thirty-five years old, "young" wouldn't be the first word out of mouth - especially in this business where you've got guys who train to be in at the age of eighteen... or earlier!

GM: Sawyer certainly has his work cut out for him trying to break into the pro wrestling game at an advanced age and this match tonight against Porter Crowley could be an excellent first test of his talents.

[Sawyer reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron as Nolan quickly snatches the cloth away and shouts "NOW!" at his charge who springs to his feet, wobbling towards the ropes where Sawyer is trying to rise up off his knee...

...and Crowley catches him on the way up, blasting him in the face with a headbutt!]

GM: Oh! Crowley attacks before the bell!

[Grabbing Sawyer by the hair, Crowley scores with a second headbutt, knocking Sawyer back to a knee on the apron. Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Crowley swings his right leg through the ropes, booting Sawyer in the face and sending him falling off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Porter Crowley is starting off fast and furious against the former owner and barkeep down at the Rusty Spur in Dallas, Curt Sawyer. These two men have very different paths to becoming professional wrestlers, Bucky.

BW: They absolutely do. You've got Crowley who was an orphan, out on the streets on his own at the age of 14 when he became involved in the world of "toughman" fighting. And if you know anything about that world, you know it's dirty, it's lonely, and it's hard. They don't have rules in that world and if you win, you're just as likely to get beat up in the parking lot by the loser

and his friends than you are to get a night on the town to celebrate. But he went all over the world fighting in that lifestyle.

[The bell sounds as, out on the floor, Crowley pulls Sawyer off the ground and promptly SLAMS his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Hard shot into the apron out of Crowley!

BW: A pro wrestling promoter actually saw Crowley fighting in Mexico in one of those toughman tournaments and invited him to wrestle up in the Pacific Northwest. And that's where he's been until now, Gordo. He's been fighting all over Oregon and Washington... he's a three-time champion in that region where he picked up a reputation as being one of the most brutal brawlers they've ever seen.

GM: And now he's here as part of the AWA Talent Relations' division recent drive to add some fresh blood to the scene.

[Pinning Sawyer back against the apron, Crowley slams the point of his elbow across the bridge of the nose. The former barkeep reaches up, cupping his face as Crowley rips his hands away, digging his fingers into the corners of Sawyer's mouth and starts pulling hard!]

GM: Oh, come on! A blatantly illegal fish hook applied by Porter Crowley!

BW: The ref's telling him to break it, Gordo. Can't help it if Crowley's got til five to do it.

[Crowley releases at four, grabbing an arm and steering Sawyer around at ringside towards the timekeeper's table where he promptly smashes Sawyer's face into the wooden table as well!]

GM: Porter Crowley has some of the most unusual offensive strategies you'll ever run across, fans, as he deliberately targets the face of his opponents in all of his matches.

[The camera zooms in on Crowley, breathing with harsh exhales, and showing us his badly-scarred face.]

GM: Uggh. Look at that.

BW: I'd prefer not to. There's a reason the fans mock him by calling him Pretty Porter.

GM: There are rumors that he suffered those scars during a fire as a child but I'm not sure they've ever been confirmed.

BW: And I ain't about to be the one who asks him either.

GM: I agree with that.

[Crowley grabs Sawyer by the back of the neck, slamming his head into the eyesocket, forcing Sawyer down to a knee. He stands over him, pulling his opponent's head back as he balls up his fist and drives the point of his knuckles down into the forehead over and over again!]

GM: Crowley's all over him, fans!

[He breaks off the attack, shoving Sawyer down to the floor as the referee orders him to get back into the ring, giving a count of six.]

GM: The referee's giving these men plenty of time to get back in there, Bucky.

BW: Referees don't like double countouts and disqualifications any more than we do. Sometimes they'll milk a count just to give these guys a chance to get back in there and keep fighting.

[Crowley stands over Sawyer again as a chant starts to build.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: These cruel, wicked fans in St. Louis are chanting "PRETTY PORTER!" at him! How mean can you be? These people are just bullies, Gordo! Plain and simple!

GM: It's certainly getting under the skin of Crowley.

[Crowley cups his hands to his ears, howling like an injured dog as Victor T. Nolan quickly makes his way around the ring, trying to soothe his man's feelings.]

GM: Crowley's paralyzed by it! He's just out here screaming in pain like someone's whipping him in front of us.

BW: Calm him down, Victor!

GM: You're already on a first name basis with Mr. Nolan?

BW: He's a good guy. And he picked up the lunch tab.

[With Crowley in distress, Curt Sawyer manages to slip away from him, rolling into the ring to break the count. Nolan whips around, realizing what's happening as the count hits eight. He frantically points to the ring which Crowley somehow acknowledges, wobbling back towards the squared circle...

...which is where Sawyer leans through the ropes, grabbing him by the head with both hands and SLAMMING it into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh!



[Keeping his grip on the head, Sawyer uses it to drag Crowley through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Both men are inside the ring for the first time in this one and look at Sawyer going to town on Crowley!

[Despite being trained in the Combat Corner, it's quickly obvious that Sawyer's best weapon is a big right hand as he hammers Crowley repeatedly, forcing him back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Those big hambones are really doing a number on Crowley who looks a little surprised at the punching power of the rookie.

BW: Still can't believe the bartender from the joint down the street from the Crockett Coliseum is a wrestler, Gordo.

GM: You keep bringing that up but it's certainly not all Curt Sawyer has in his background, Bucky. Don't forget that he's a former football player both in high school as well as for the University of Missouri - a bit of a homecoming here for him tonight also.

[Grabbing an arm, Sawyer whips Crowley across, sending him crashing into the buckles. On cue, Sawyer rushes across and shows off that football background by laying Crowley out with a running shoulder tackle!]

GM: Nice tackle out of Sawyer! He also was an Army Ranger who spent eight years in the Army including tours in Iraq, Bucky. You don't get to be an Army Ranger if you're just some schlub who can pour a mean Manhattan. He came out of the Army and started working at the Rusty Spur where the owner, Rusty himself, sold him the bar when he retired. But with a wife, four kids, and a fifth on the way, Curt's looking for a little extra income.

BW: Maybe he should look for a little extra birth control instead.

GM: Bucky!

[Hauling Crowley to his feet by the arm, Sawyer twists it into a wristlock, and then yanks Crowley repeatedly into shoulder tackles.]

GM: Sawyer certainly looks to have a lot of the basics down cold but I'd expect nothing less from a graduate of the Combat Corner. I'm told that Todd Michaelson was initially very reluctant to let him train there because of his age but...

BW: But Sawyer cleared out Michaelson's tab at the Rusty Spur and all was good.

GM: Not exactly. Todd was impressed with Curt's heart... with his passion for the business. I understand that when Curt was in Iraq, he said that watching wrestling videos from back home was one of the things that got him through his days there separated from his family and friends while he

was serving his country. We're honored to have a man like this competing in the AWA, fans, no matter what Bucky might claim.

BW: He served his country. Amen, hallelujah, and God Bless America. I'm proud of him for that. But that don't mean any GI who can wave a flag can go in this game, Gordo. You should know that.

GM: Well, he's certainly faring well for himself right now.

[A big elbowsmash across the twisted arm leaves Crowley staggering towards the ropes, clutching his tricep. Sawyer gives a fistpump to the crowd as he follows him in...

...and gets LEVELED by Crowley swinging his arm for a clothesline, catching Sawyer right across the face!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot out of Crowley!

BW: Sawyer tried to play up to these idiot fans and he paid for it right there, Gordo!

[Crowley jumps back in on the attack, diving to his knees where he grabs Sawyer by the head, hammering his fist down between the eyes. He flips Sawyer to his stomach, pulling his head up...

...and DRIVES his face into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the mat goes Sawyer!

[He flips over to his back, cradling his face as a smirking Nolan applauds from ringside.]

GM: Victor T. Nolan certainly likes what he sees from the first member of his so-called family. I shudder at the thought of that man getting more people to follow him.

BW: He didn't pick up the check for lunch with you?

GM: I certainly would not being having a meal with that man. There's something about him, Bucky. It just gives me the chills.

[Climbing back to his feet, Crowley backs into the ropes, slowly walking off, and just falling down with a kneedrop right across the forehead!]

GM: A unique kneedrop out of Crowley. He didn't jump at all, just fell down into it.

BW: At 260 pounds, you can get away with that, Gordo.

[Settling into a lateral press, Crowley grinds his forearm back and forth across Sawyer's cheekbone, earning a two count before the former Army Ranger kicks out.]

GM: Two count only for Crowley.

[Pulling Sawyer up by the arm, the former Toughman fires him into the nearest set of buckles, charging in after him with a back elbow across the mouth!]

GM: Good grief! Sawyer might need to get his dental work checked after that.

[With Sawyer cornered, Crowley pins his shoulders to the buckles before unleashing headbutt after headbutt to the trapped opponent.]

GM: He's going to town with those headbutts! The referee's right in there, calling for a break...

[At the count of four and a half, Crowley backs away, clutching his own forehead as Sawyer slumps down to a seated position against the buckles.]

GM: Curt Sawyer's experiencing what it's like to be a professional wrestler here in the AWA for sure right now. Crowley's a newcomer to the AWA as well but he's showing that even new competitors are among the toughest in the world.

BW: That's a fact, daddy. If you're not one of the toughest in the world, you ain't gettin' ink on a contract here.

[Crowley moves back in, grabbing the top rope with both hands and laying in stomp after stomp after stomp to the face of Sawyer who lifts his arms, trying to cover up as the referee starts another five count. Crowley shrieks at his opponent...]

"ARE YOU A TOUGH GUY NOW?! ARE YOU A TOUGH GUY NOW?!"

[The referee physically steps in this time, forcing Crowley backwards.]

BW: Davis Warren's a lot braver than I am to get in there like that with Crowley. I'd keep about six feet away at all times if I had to referee a match with him.

[Sawyer uses the ropes to pull himself off the mat as Crowley shoves past the referee.]

GM: Curt Sawyer's back on his feet, refusing to stay down... ohh! Big right hand! And another! And a third one staggers Crowley!

[Crowley stumbles back as Sawyer gets a three-step jog, leaping up and SMASHING his skull into Crowley's to a big cheer! Crowley goes falling back into the corner!]

GM: Leaping headbutt out of the former Army Ranger!

[Sawyer comes into the corner hot, smashing his shoulder into the gut of Crowley. He straightens up, grabbing a side headlock, and throwing a flurry of short right hands to the noggin to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Sawyer's putting together a little bit of a rally here, Bucky!

[Grabbing the arm, he flings Crowley across, smashing him into the buckles where the man from Parts Unknown wobbles out...

...and gets elevated sky high, flipping over before crashing to the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!!

BW: Wow! He really got him up, Gordo!

GM: Curt Sawyer may not have a ton of muscles but he's got incredible tendon strength. I've heard Todd Michaelson refer to him as one of the strongest competitors he's ever run across in his days in this business.

[Sawyer backs off to the ropes, slapping his elbow once as he watches, waiting for Crowley to pull himself off the mat.]

GM: Sawyer's setting up for something. It might be that Rusty Spur lariat we've seen from him before.

BW: If it is, it's over, Gordo, 'cause that thing is a lights out move.

[Crowley wobbles to his feet, Nolan shouting a warning at him as Sawyer charges across, leaping up...

...but Crowley sidesteps, causing Sawyer to slam chestfirst into the top rope!]

GM: Oh! I think that was a leaping elbowsmash but he came up empty...

[Staggering backwards, he winds up in the arms of Crowley who hooks a rear waistlock, powering the 270 pound Sawyer into the air and DROPPING him down with a released German Suplex that folds Sawyer in half!]

GM: Good grief! What a throw out of Crowley! I didn't know he had it in him, Bucky.

BW: Like we discussed, he was a three-time champ up in the Pacific Northwest and that area, you don't get to the top unless you know your way around the squared circle, daddy.

[Crowley rolls up to his knees, grabbing at his scarred face as the crowd again starts up the "PRET-TY POR-TER!" chant. He rocks back and forth, grabbing his ears.]

GM: That chant really causes Crowley some trouble inside the ring, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? These mean-spirited fans are mocking the man's handicap!

[Crowley pushes up to his feet, falling into the ropes as he cradles his ears, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: Porter Crowley hit that big suplex but he can't seem to take advantage of it because of the fans chanting that name at him. He's completely off his game right now and Victor T. Nolan is shouting at him, trying to get him to regain his focus.

[An angry Crowley surges forward, stomping Sawyer repeatedly and driving him under the ropes to the floor. Crowley steps through the ropes, standing on the apron with his back to the ropes. He leans back, giving a shout...]

GM: Crowley throws himself off the apron!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed a kneedrop! He missed a kneedrop on the floor!

BW: And that's a BIG problem, Gordo!

[Crowley howls in pain as he rolls to his back, clutching the kneecap that just slammed into the barely-padded floor!]

GM: It certainly is! You can see the look of concern on the face of Victor T. Nolan Esquire and Curt Sawyer needs to find a way to take advantage of this one, Bucky.

BW: But can a guy that has less ring time than YOU do figure out a way to do it, Gordo?

GM: We're about to find out.

[As the referee's double count hits four, Curt Sawyer rolls over to his chest, trying to push up off the floor as Crowley sits up, still holding his knee.]

GM: Both men are trying to get off the floor and get back into the ring. Sawyer pushes up to all fours now...

[Crowley grabs the ring apron, using it to drag his 260 pounds off the floor, tugging himself under the ropes into the ring as Nolan shouts at the official, "COUNT! COUNT FASTER!"]

GM: Nolan's imploring the official to count faster but Davis Warren is doing a good job with the count - nice and steady as it reaches seven...

BW: Sawyer's on his knees.

[Pushing himself forward, he grabs the bottom rope, tugging himself to his feet, and jerking himself under the ropes at the count of eight. The crowd cheers as Sawyer struggles to his feet, grabbing the back of his head.]

BW: Ain't no amount of training can prepare you for someone dropping you on your head the first time, Gordo.

GM: Curt Sawyer certainly seems to be feeling the effects of that German Suplex.

BW: Plus, we're about ten minutes into this match now and you better believe that Sawyer's never been in a singles match of this length. This is when his gas tank gets tested too.

[Crowley uses the ropes again, climbing to his feet as Sawyer approaches from the blind side...

...and delivers a big kick to the back of the knee, flipping Crowley back and dropping him on the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! He kicked the knee right out from under him!

[Sawyer drags Crowley off the canvas, scooping him up and slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Big bodyslam out of Sawyer... to the ropes!

[Sawyer bounces off, throwing himself into the air, and landing with a big splash across the chest!]

GM: Flying splash! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Crowley's shoulder comes up on the near fall to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: He almost got him with the splash, Bucky!

BW: Almost don't count for squat, Gordo!

[Sawyer pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together in frustration before he climbs to his feet. He pumps a fist and then starts running in place to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Sawyer's showing a second wind... Crowley staggers up...

[Sawyer dashes to the ropes, ready to lay out his opponent.]

GM: Sawyer off the ropes!

[But as he rebounds back, Crowley **THROWS** himself into a high impact crossbody... emphasis on **HIGH** as he comes across the face of Sawyer, knocking him back down to the mat where Sawyer's head snaps back into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! The back of his head slammed into the mat!

[Crowley stays down on Sawyer as Davis Warren drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd cheers the near fall escape!]

GM: Sawyer's out just in the nick of time, fans! That was incredibly close to being the end of the night for the rookie!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes left in the fifteen minute time limit for this one!

[Crowley slowly climbs to his feet, wincing as he puts weight on the leg he missed the kneedrop with. He falls back into the ropes, shaking his leg repeatedly as Nolan shouts orders from the floor.]

GM: Nolan's trying to get Crowley to go for Damaged Goods - that devastating kneestrike to the face.

BW: A smart move ordinarily but with Crowley's knee hurting, I'm not sure it's the best idea here.

GM: Nolan's insisting that Crowley go for it!

[Crowley nods at his manager, staggering off the ropes to pull a rising Sawyer from his knee right up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Oh my stars. He's got him up!

[Crowley wobbles out to the center of the ring where he steps down hard on his injured knee. It buckles under him, causing him to drop Sawyer who lands on his feet behind Crowley, dashing to the ropes. Crowley slowly turns as Sawyer rebounds, leaping into the air, and SMASHING his elbow in between the eyes of Crowley!]

GM: Leaping elbow connects!

[Sawyer pushes up off the mat to his knees, giving a shout as he clenches both fists and pulls his arms down in celebration.]

GM: He hits the big elbow... and he's calling for the Rusty Spur!

[Climbing to his feet, Sawyer slaps his beefy arm a couple of times, waving for Crowley to get back to his feet...]

...when suddenly, he spies Victor Nolan making a bee-line for his axehandle out at ringside!]

GM: Wait a second! Nolan's going for the axehandle!

[Shaking his head, Sawyer rushes across the ring, stepping down on the other end of the axehandle, preventing Nolan from getting. Nolan struggles and strains against the strength of Sawyer, trying to get the wooden axehandle away but Sawyer simply grins, holding his ground...]

GM: Sawyer not going to let Nolan take the axehandle but-

BW: But he ain't payin' a lick of attention to Porter Crowley!

[Up on a knee, Crowley throws himself at the back of Sawyer, shoving him into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Oh!

[As Sawyer staggers back, Crowley muscles him up onto his shoulders for a split second before shoving him up and over his head...

...and SLAMMING his knee up into the face of Sawyer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DAMAGED GOODS!

[Sawyer slumps unmoving to the mat as Crowley collapses next to him, howling in pain as he throws himself over Sawyer.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd jeers as Crowley rolls off of Sawyer, clutching his knee as the referee raises his hand. Crowley snatches his hand away as Victor T. Nolan steps through the ropes, smirking as he makes his way to his "family" member, raising his hand and gesturing at him with his cane.]

GM: Porter Crowley with an impressive victory here tonight at Unholy War but Curt Sawyer gave him one heck of a fight, Bucky.

BW: He did, Gordo. He gave him more of a fight than I thought we'd see out of him. But in the end, the inexperience cost him in a big way as he allowed Nolan's distraction to cost him big time.

GM: Crowley scores the win with Damaged Goods, that devastating knee to the face.

[Crowley suddenly lunges in, sinking his teeth into the forehead of Sawyer to the jeers of the crowd. Sawyer starts flailing about, kicking his legs as the referee shouts at him to break it off.]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting the forehead of Curt Sawyer!



[A grinning Nolan allows it to happen for several seconds until the referee threatens to reverse the decision at which point he slips the black cloak over Crowley's face, causing him to slump backwards away from Sawyer.]

GM: That cloak.. that black cloak appears to have some kind of power over Porter Crowley. Victor T. Nolan has managed to calm him down... and now simply leads him from the ring.

BW: This pair is pretty scary, Gordo. Crowley's only been here a couple of months with Nolan and they're already winning big in their first supercard singles match. What happens when they get even more experience together under their belt?

GM: You've gotta imagine Nolan will be steering his charge towards bigger matches and maybe even some title matches in the near future, Bucky.

BW: We talk about the World Television Title. You want to tell these two that they're not a top contender for that?

GM: I certainly do not. Fans, we're going to take another quick break before more action but before we do, let's go backstage where Jason Dane has caught up to Hannibal Carver! Jason?

[We cut to the backstage area, where Jason Dane is standing by. Next to him, wearing a black hooded zip-up sweatshirt with "SOUTHIE" emblazoned across the chest in collegiate block letters is Hannibal Carver. Hood pulled down almost over his eyes, Carver silently stewes next to Jason, heavily taped hands cracking knuckles as Dane begins.]

JD: I'm standing here with Hannibal Carver, who we saw viciously attack the leader of the Shane Gang, Terry Shane III, on the last Saturday Night Wrestling. As reviled as he is here in AWA, many are calling your actions over the line. Your thoughts?

[Carver nods, pulling his hood off to reveal eyes burning with intense anger.]

HC: Over the line? I went too far? Could be. Never gave it much thought. If it's a court of public opinion, I always skipped my court date. Just ask Terry, he obviously looked it all up on YouTube so he could sound like he's old enough to buy cigarettes. But if the folks out there are lookin' for an apology, yeh've got the wrong guy. I don't know jack about being a hero or being a role model.

[Carver stares dead ahead at the camera.]

HC: I fight for a living. I ain't never been good at anything else. Whatever it takes, I'm gonna do. Simple.

[Jason nods.]

JD: We all saw the pre-taped comments of Terry Shane III earlier this evening. He claims he won't be coming out to the ring tonight for the No Escape Challenge. Your reply?

HC: Terry can play the victim all he wants. He can cry about what I did to him. But the truth of it is, he had his chance. He had his chance the second I jumped the guardrail and got in his face. That was his chance for a straight ahead fight and to shut me up. But he ran. Then he played his crap. And like a fool, I played along.

[Carver spits on the ground.]

HC: Well Terry, I'm done playing games. Yeh've sicked the dogs on me time and again. Tried to end my career every chance yeh get. So the games are done. I mangled yer arm, but I don't really give a damn...

[Carver grabs the microphone from Dane and walks forward, staring directly into the camera, mere inches away.]

HC: Yeh WILL walk down that aisle tonight. Just like I have with all the crap yeh've pulled on me. All the injuries yeh've heaped on me. Yeh will be there... because I am giving yeh a reason to be there. Yeh can be a man and walk down on yer own... or yeh can force my hand, and I will MAKE yeh face me tonight.

[Carver shoves the mic back in Jason's hands.]

HC: See yeh out there, Terry. It's time.

[With that, we fade to black.

The black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

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

[And then we cut to an extreme closeup of a pair of bloodshot, angry eyes. Stringy black hair, greying near the roots, hangs down over the area, which is in letterbox format to keep only the eyes in view. A gruff, menacing voice is heard, coming from the person in the picture.]

Voice: They had to cripple me to stop me.

[We see a black-and-white slow motion replay of Eric Preston piledriving the former World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso, at Memorial Day Mayhem 2013. Monosso is clearly the one speaking.]

JM: The doctors say there's a ninety-five percent chance I'll never walk again.

Maybe so. But through the AWA Signature Series, the memory lives on.

["The Theme From Halloween"'s shrill piano starts in the background as highlights of Monosso's career flash by in rapid succession.]

JM: The AWA World Heavyweight Championship Tournament; all five matches plus Vasquez, from Wrestlerock to Blood, Sweat, and Tears. There's new footage you ain't seen. Commentaries by me, by some of my opponents, by other wrestlers.

[We see a clip of Monosso training, lifting old-style free weights in a run-down gym.]

JM: And there's footage from the days before the AWA. From UVW, and the night I first became a World Champion.

[Rare footage of Monosso, much younger and wearing a VERY different set of ring attire (a black, dark orchid, and yellow-colored bodysuit... yes, that was actually what he wore) in a steel cage match fighting an incredibly muscular blond man wearing blue-and-gold trunks and light grey fur boots.]

JM: From I-Slash, both in singles and teaming with John Van Mann as The New Millennium.

[Scenes of a tag team match from IWF/WOW. Monosso is wearing the same style of attire as he later would in the AWA, albeit with more silver. He and an athletic man in a two-strap dark green singlet are fighting a masked tag team with a lightning bolt motif.]

JM: And on to the AWA, where I fought them all. Martinez, Marley, Scott, Wright...

...Preston.

[Clips of matches with each man are shown, and Monosso practically spits out that last word with obvious bitterness.]

JM: And more. There's twenty-three matches, more promos, a documentary, some special features... I never did figure why the AWA sent a camera crew with me to go track down the people that trained me, but now I know. This is Volume Two in the Signature Series. This is the story of my career. This is madness.

[We get a look at the DVD boxed set, the cover of which features Monosso clutching the World Title at the end of Blood Sweat and Tears. The full title is "This Is Madness; This Is Monosso".]

JM: This is Monosso. Get it. Keep it. It's the only way you'll remember. Remember what I said. Remember what I did. Remember who I was. This isn't just a collectable; it's a legacy.

[Back to the eyes, and only the eyes. The angry, hateful, bitter eyes.]

JM: And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[And cut.

We fade back up to live action where we find none other than Jason Dane, wielding his usual weapon of choice, the microphone. Standing beside him is the two-time AWA Television Champion, decked out in his absurdly expensive customized robe, title belt strapped around his waist, is "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant. Bryant looks remarkably calm considering the possible shark tank he's about to swim into, and that hasn't escaped Dane's notice.]

JD: Tonight, you'll defend that championship against the last remaining founding member of Royalty, a group that's been a thorn in the side of the AWA for a long time now. Dave Cooper is one of the most dangerous men in this wrestling organization, a man who has taken out a disturbing number of high profile wrestlers -- how on earth do you look so calm?

[Bryant laughs.]

DB: How do I look so calm? That's a great question, Dane. Here I stand, alone, no friends, no allies, lining myself up opposite a group of men who have proven time and again that they'll do anything and everything they have to in order to win. That wouldn't be such a bad thing if winning just meant losing in the ring -- much as I hate that and hate to admit this, a loss in the ring is something you can usually recover from, nearly always leaving you with some way to claw back into the spotlight. To Royalty, though, winning can be anything from pinning your shoulders down center ring to leaving you laying with a leg so broken that you might never walk again without the aid of a cane.

[Bryant's grin looks almost resigned.]

DB: How do I look so calm, Dane? It's easy. I made my bed, and now I'll lie in it. I've used every dirty trick in the book, every underhanded dirty deed you can think of, I've done it. I've ripped guys apart to the brass behind their back, stuck knives in the backs of people who were my most fervent defenders, you name it and if I thought it could get me ahead in any aspect of life, I've probably done it. That bed I made might be dirty, it might be covered in landmines and wrapped in barbed wire, but none of that's a surprise to me, Dane, and nothing Dave Cooper can do will be a surprise to me. Nothing Royalty can do will be a surprise to me. There's no angle they can approach me from that I don't know, no strategy they can employ that I can't counter. Cooper's going to come at me with everything he has, full speed ahead, not because he wants to but because he's got no choice.

[Bryant gives Dane a somewhat sly look.]

DB: Now, since you fancy yourself a seeker of truth, Jason Dane, maybe you should ask me how I know all this.

[Dane pauses for a second, then shrugs.]

JD: I'll bite -- how DO you know all of that?

DB: Who is Dave Cooper aligned with?

JD: ...Royalty, like I said earlier.

DB: Yes, but more importantly, who \_precisely\_ is he aligned with? The Blonde Bombers, who are...

[Bryant looks at Dane expectantly.]

JD: ...The AWA World Tag Team Champions.

DB: Precisely! Who else?

JD: Callisto Dufresne, the AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

DB: Right again. Cooper is the only original member of that group that's left, after the screwjob he pulled to make sure Langseth couldn't make it back. The only original member -- and the only one without a title belt. He's not one half of the tag champs. He's not the World Champ. Right now, Dave Cooper is the most talented third wheel in the world of professional wrestling, and worse, he \_knows it\_. He'll lie until his tongue turns black to cover it up, but he's a desperate man. As we speak, there are two voices in Cooper's head, each one telling him something very different, Dane. Voice 1 is the confident one, the one sure of his victory tonight, the one telling him that once he's the Television champion, all will be well and all the questions he's asking himself about himself and his place in Royalty will be answered. The other is the one asking those questions, wondering how a man with no titles can possibly be considered the leader of his very own stable, and maybe, juuuust maybe, wondering why he decided to offload perfectly good friends and stablemates for scumbags like Larry Doyle and Callisto Dufresne.

[Bryant reaches up, patting the TV title belt.]

DB: This belt on my shoulder? To me, it's more than a championship, it's a symbol that I still have what it takes. It was my redemption when I was on my last legs, Dane. I think- no, I \_know\_ that Dave Cooper feels the same way. This is the answer to all his desperate questions, the reassurance that he's still the man in Royalty. Unfortunately for you, Cooper, I've got my own answer to all those questions you're too cowardly to give voice to.

[Bryant turns to leave, but Dane stops him with a simple question.]

JD: And what answer is that?

[Bryant turns, smirks, and says...]

DB: My foot in his jaw.

[With that, the Television champion stalks off as we fade back to ringside where the announce team is seated.]

GM: The World Television Champion seems determined to stop the roll that Royalty has been in in title matches as of late. It's been an incredible year for the group known as Royalty, Bucky.

BW: The World Tag Team Titles came to Royalty first back at the Stampede Cup in March. Then in May, those titles got unified with the National Tag Team Titles AND Calisto Dufresne became the World Heavyweight Champion. Tonight, it's Dave Cooper's turn to shine.

GM: Perhaps. But it will be no walk in the park for the Professional when he steps inside the squared circle later tonight against a man who is now a two-time World Television Champion in Dave Bryant.

BW: Speaking of walks in the park, our next match is gonna be a walk in the park for the Lynch Brothers.

GM: Oh?

BW: Yeah. A walk in Central Park where they get mugged and beat the hell out of!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot. Our next match that Bucky speaks of is a long-awaited six man tag team battle that pits Travis, James, and Jack - the Lynch Brothers - against the Beale Street Bullies of Robert Donovan, Adam Rogers, and Dick Wyatt. This feud goes back almost a year now - all the way back to SuperClash IV when Robert Donovan betrayed the Lynches in a most violent way.

BW: You mean when the Lynches betrayed Robert Donovan?

GM: I don't see it that way and I think very few wrestling fans do, Bucky. Donovan was frustrated at failing to win the National Tag Team Titles and took it out on the men who helped him get that title shot to begin with.

BW: Robert Donovan went from a man who seemed on the verge of contending for and perhaps even capturing the National Championship when Calisto Dufresne first won it... a former Longhorn Heritage Champion in his own right. He put all that aside... he put those singles titles ambitions aside to team with Jack Lynch against the Bishops when James was banged up and on the sideline. And where did it get him, Gordo? Where? Absolutely nowhere.

GM: Donovan would later bring in his own family so to speak - sons of his father's former allies in Mid-South Wrestling to form a group known as the Beale Street Bullies. They've made it their goal to destroy the Lynch Brothers and to show the world that while the Lynches have gotten all the attention, their family ties are just as strong and just as successful. So, tonight, we see perhaps the culmination of this six man feud. Both sides had words for us so let's take a look...

[A swift cut to the back brings us to a mostly empty locker room, populated by the largest participant of tonight's six man tag team match, Robert Donovan. The big man is already in his ring attire, just finishing up the tape on his right hand, left already wrapped and ready to go. Donovan leans back against the row of lockers, staring straight ahead towards the camera.]

RD: Ya know, seems like we've been goin' round in circles.

[Donovan lifts up his right hand, rolling it around in a circle, producing a number of audible pops and cracks.]

RD: The Lynches took a piece outta the Bullies when Dick went down with his busted arm...

[Donovan drops his right hand down, lifting the left up and repeating the rolling process.]

RD: ...an' then the Lynches got strapped to within an inch o' their miserable lives, but even then they got themselves a piece of the Bullies too.

[Donovan's face creases, somehow combining a smirk and a grimace.]

RD: Sittin' down ain't been a whole lot of fun for awhile now, that's for damned sure...an' that's the last bit of respect that anybody named Lynch is ever gonna get from anyone named Donovan. See, boys, I'm tired of this lil' circular dance. I'm tired of the back and forth, tired of havin' to keep eyes in the back of my head lookin' out for you three worms, tired of dealin' with Blackjack Lynch's scumbag legacy.

[Donovan leans forward.]

RD: Tired of hearin' the name Lynch chanted by adoring fans that ain't got no idea why you're famous, an' damn tired of people who ain't got a clue about folks named Donovan, Rogers, an' Wyatt. Now, is that your fault, boys? Naw, I suppose if I were bein' reasonable, I'd have to say that ain't your fault...but hell, let's throw reasonable out the window so I can be honest. The crowd loves the three of y'all because you've never had to get your hands dirty. You ain't ever had to work for what you've got because once your old man was worthless in the ring, he was smart enough to make sure his boys had their roads into wrestlin' paved smooth as silk. Yeah, I said smart -- smart enough to realize he had nothin' to pass down but an easy way to keep his name in the spotlight by livin' through his boys.

[Donovan chuckles quietly.]

RD: See, boys, y'all thought I was complainin' about everything I've gone through, every ache an' every pain I deal with every day, but I'll level with ya. That was the price I paid to make my name in this business. Adam? I know he gets up slow every damn day 'cause his body paid the same damn price mine has. Dick, well, his arm still ain't right, so he's already put more of himself into this business than anybody named Lynch could ever hope to. He's already suffered more 'n any of you three pretty-boy jackwagons,

already earned a right that none of the three of y'all ever earned -- the right to respect from his peers, the right to call himself a professional wrestler, the right to pride in carryin' his name throughout the rest of his career in this business.

[Donovan reaches up, scratching his head.]

RD: Enough ramblin' from this old man. I actually got some advice for you boys, not that you got enough brains between the three of ya to listen. Dick, Adam, an' me? We've all gotten our hands dirty, an' we know that to get rid of you three once an' for all, we're gonna have to get 'em dirty again. We got no real problem with it, an' that's why the Lynch brothers ain't ever gonna be rid of the Bullies, why the Lynch brothers ain't ever gonna come out ahead in this little conflict we've all gotten into. You boys ain't got what it takes, ain't willin' to get that dirt on your hands, ain't willin' to put somebody out to pasture for good 'cause they're your enemy.

[Donovan's eyes glint, taking on a dangerous light.]

RD: I'm gonna tell you boys somethin'...give you a warning. I'm gonna say it here, now, clear as day and twice as bright so when what I'm about to warn you about happens, you got no excuse. No excuse for not bein' able to stop the Beale Street Bullies 'cept for the fact that you ain't tough enough, strong enough, or good enough to keep us from doin' any damn thing we want to do. Y'all listenin'? Good.

[Donovan rises to his feet, the camera angling up a bit to maintain a shot of his face.]

RD: One of y'all, an' frankly I don't give half a damn which, ain't walkin' out of here tonight. You hear that, Lynches?

[Donovan's lips curl into a grin.]

RD: One...of...y'all...ain't...walkin'...out. Whether whichever two Lynches are left carry your sorry carcass out or you get loaded onto a stretcher an' rushed to the nearest ER makes no damn difference to me. By hook or crook there's gonna be one less Lynch brother in the AWA after tonight...an' if the WarGames don't manage it, the Bullies against the Lynches will for damn sure be Unholy War enough.

[Donovan storms away as the shot cuts again...

...to the backstage interview area, where Jason Dane stands, surrounded by the three members of the Lynch family. Jack, James, and Travis.

Standing in the center and slightly behind his two younger brothers, is Jack Lynch. Tall and lanky, Jack is, as usual, wearing his black cowboy hat, a gift from his legendary father, Blackjack Lynch. Today, he wears a full length black leather duster that goes from his shoulders to his ankles, concealing the rest of his ring gear. Jack stands silent and stoic, his hat pulled down low, concealing his eyes.



On the right is James Lynch, the clan's middle son. James wears a red satin jacket over a bare chest, showing off his thinner, but more chiseled physique, as well as a pair of yellow wrestling trunks and boots. James is practically vibrating with energy, moving back and forth, his eyes carrying more than a hint of wildness.

On the left is Travis who is wearing the new AWA Born in Texas Lynch family t-shirt and classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white. As he hears the screams from the females in attendance he flashes his pearly whites for a second.]

JD: From the top on down, Unholy War promises to be a night where men have the opportunity to avenge the wrongs done to them. And the three men that join me right now have before them an opportunity to right the many wrongs done to them by the Beale Street Bullies. James, it wasn't that long ago that we saw you literally whipped by the Bullies. You have to be ready for tonight's reckoning.

JAMES: Jason, you know I am!

Those Bullies, they whipped me like a dog! Left red stripes on my back. And they still haven't paid for what they did!

Jason, I don't mind telling you that it eats at me. Every day, I think about what they did to me. I have to wake up and look in the mirror, and I have to live with knowing that not only did they beat me with belts... they got away with it.

How do you think that makes me feel? I'll tell you Jason, it doesn't feel good at all. Every day those Bullies are out there, running their mouths, crowing about all the things they've done to me and my brothers? It just feels like that belt is hitting my back all over again.

There's only one thing to do, and that's put the Beale Street Bullies down, once and for all.

Now I know that my number one fan is out in the stands. I know she flew out to St. Louis early, just to see me get my hands on those Bullies. And I promise you, tonight, I won't let her or all my other fans down.

Tonight is the Unholy WAR... and yes, the Bullies have won a lot of battles. But tonight? The Lynches win the war!

Tell 'em, Trav!

[While he is normally one to play to the females, Travis is all business as he begins to speak.]

TL: As James said, night after night we have to listen to the Bullies run their traps about each one of us and our family...

[Anger surges into the eyes of Travis.]

TL: But that's going to come to an end! You see Rogers, Donovan, Wyatt - the days of you trying to drag the good name of Lynch through the mud are over. The days of you jumping us... hitting us with casts... whippin' us like government mules...

[Travis looks at his brothers for a split second.]

TL: THEY'RE DONE!

When you step into that ring tonight, you aren't facin' Jack, you aren't facin' James, you aren't facin' me or some combination of the two of us. Tonight, you three clowns step into the ring for the first time with the Lynches! I know I said somethin' similar to this before but honestly at AWA's Unholy War it seems fitting... what's going to happen inside that ring tonight isn't a battle between the Bullies and the Lynches, it's a war between good and evil and we're the good.

[James slaps Travis on the back and Dane turns next to the eldest Lynch.]

JD: Clearly, both of your brothers are fired up. Jack, I can only imagine that you feel the same way.

[Jack steps forward, his eyes still concealed by the shadow of his cowboy hat.]

JACK: Ya know, there's one thing I just can't help thinkin' about. Tonight is Unholy War. But ya know what comes after that?

Homecomin'.

Back to Dallas. Back to Texas. Back to the state where there Lynches are from. And I keep askin' myself... how we going to go home after losin' to The Bullies?

Answer is, we can't.

There's no way me and my brothers are goin' back to Texas, havin' spent the better part of a damn year chasin' them Bullies from one corner of the country to the next with nothin' to show for it. It can't happen. It won't happen.

I got my pride. And my pride ain't lettin' me come home a loser.

So Bullies, tonight?

[Jack removes his hat, and the camera focuses upon his narrowed eyes.]

JACK: Tonight you learn what it means when ya mess with a Lynch. Tonight, ya learn what it feels like, havin' an angry Texan squeeze your head until its about ready to pop. Tonight, three Bullies get three Iron Claws.

And like Texas, tonight, the Lynches rise again.

[Jack puts his hat back in place, and with a nod of his head, the three brothers exit the interview area, prepared to go to war as we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a six man tag team matchup scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[The sounds of the Charlie Daniels Band performing "The South's Gonna Do It Again" fills the air as the St. Louis crowd breaks into jeers.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 830 pounds... they hail from way down South... Adam Rogers, Dick Wyatt, and Robert Donovan...

THE BEAAAAAALE STREEEEET BULLLLLLIIIIIIIES!

[The music continues as the curtain parts to reveal one of the most hated trios in all of wrestling. Adam Rogers leads the way, his scruffy beard on display as he spreads his arms wide, allowing a "Stars And Bars" cape to drape over his shoulders. Dick Wyatt comes jogging out next to him, his hair dripping with moisture as he shouts at the nearest camera, "THE BULLIES ARE HERE, BABY!" Robert Donovan brings up the rear, dressed for battle as he rubs his hands together, the slightest of smirks on his face as they make their way down the aisle.]

GM: The Beale Street Bullies were a faction in Mid-South Wrestling for years in various incarnations and all of those incarnations either had a Wyatt, a Rogers, or a Donovan involved in their group. Now? It's all three in one group which really turns up the intensity for these three.

BW: They feed off each other, Gordo. They make each other want to destroy their opponents even more than they might on their own. Robert Donovan's been a cold-blooded son of a gun for years but being with Rogers and Wyatt has just made it worse for their opponents.

GM: And Adam Rogers was actually one of the most popular men in the wrestling world at one time. Look at what being with the Bullies has done to the former World Champion.

[Reaching the ring, Wyatt dives under the bottom rope into the ring, staying down on all fours as Rogers climbs the ringsteps, standing on the apron to pose for the jeering crowd while Donovan slings a leg over the top rope, stepping into the squared circle as the music starts to fade.]

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 745 pounds... from Dallas, Texas...

THE LYNNNNNNNNNCH BROTHERRRRRRRS!

[“Stranglehold” by Ted Nugent starts up to a huge reaction from the crowd. After a few moments, the curtain parts to a tremendous cheer from the St. Louis fans as the Lynches arrive, still dressed in the gear we saw in their interview moments ago!]

GM: Here they are, Bucky!

BW: The Stench Boys!

GM: Never gets old to you, does it?

BW: Absolutely not.

[James Lynch is the first one through, jumping up and down with anticipation as he points down the aisle where Dick Wyatt has mounted the middle rope, shouting down the aisle at the Lynches.]

GM: The Lynches look ready for a fight, Bucky! They look ready for a war!

BW: They’re about to go through one too, Gordo, so they better be ready.

[Rogers steps up behind Wyatt, shrugging out of the cape as he waves the Lynches down the aisle. Travis and Jack have taken up flanking positions on James at this point, quickly huddling up to stare down the aisle as the crowd is absolutely electric with anticipation.]

GM: You can feel the tension in the air for this one, fans.

[We quick cut to a familiar fan in the front row, a young woman we’ve seen on several occasions during Lynch matches now. She gives a shout of, “GO GET ‘EM, JAMES!” to the cheers of those around her.]

GM: There you see that young lady who has followed James Lynch all around the South this summer - his Number One fan.

BW: I hear they’re more than that if you know what I’m sayin’, Gordo.

GM: I’m not sure I do.

BW: I hear that Lynch picked her up at a bar at the beginning of summer and she became his... good friend if you know-

GM: Just say what you want to say!

BW: They’re together, Gordo! You want to keep it family friendly, I ain’t sayin’ more than that than to tell you that James Lynch has brought this chick with him all over the tour this summer. This chick has abandoned her life to come with James Lynch.

GM: Are you saying she hasn't followed him this summer? That they're actually in a relationship?

BW: She's followed him... from hotel room to hotel room.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Hey, I ain't judgin' Lynch for it. It ain't new to this business, Gordo. I'm just sayin' she ain't some good-hearted fan. She's his girlfriend if you want to call it that and he's payin' her way.

[The Lynches come storming down the aisle towards the ring, walking in tandem looking like the big cowboys in a Western movie heading for the showdown.]

GM: The Lynches are heading down the aisle and I've got a feeling that this one's not going to be a wrestling match - it's gonna be a fight, fans!

[Travis Lynch is the first one under the bottom rope, quickly getting himself stomped by Rogers and Wyatt who were lying in wait. The beating lasts mere moments though as James Lynch gets in, getting to his feet and dishing out a right hand to the jaw of Rogers to the cheers of the crowd. Jack Lynch is the final member in for his team, running right into a right hand from the biggest of the Bullies, Robert Donovan.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! All six men are in the ring and referee Marty Meekly's got no chance to keep this under control!

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring for the action before them as Wyatt squares off with Travis, James with Rogers, and Donovan and Jack trade haymakers as they've done so many times over the past nine months.]

GM: Fists are flying all over the ring and-

[Donovan swings a knee up into the gut of Jack Lynch. The seven footer grabs the elder Lynch by the back of the head, winging him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Donovan throws Jack Lynch over the top!

[The seven footer turns back into the ring, grabbing James Lynch from behind. He holds the arms behind him as Rogers squares up, throwing right hands at the midsection of the smallest of the Lynch boys as Travis Lynch and Dick Wyatt spill through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: We've got fighting going on all over the place right now!

[Travis Lynch gets the edge on Wyatt, hammering him back towards the steel ringside barricade. Lynch does the full spin, uncorking the discus punch that takes Wyatt over the railing and into the front row of the ringside seats!]

GM: Ohh! Wyatt goes out into the crowd... my stars, Travis is going after him!

BW: Travis Lynch is known in the locker room for having a hot head... a short-fuse on his temper and he's showing it right now. He's out in the front row as well.

[Grabbing Wyatt's stringy hair, Lynch SLAMS him facefirst into the seat of an abandoned steel chair!]

GM: Marty Meekly called for the bell some time ago but he's not even going to try to keep control of this. He's not counting anyone, he's not even trying to get anyone out of the ring. Marty Meekly, the referee in this match, has decided to let the rules slide in this one.

[We cut back to the ring where Donovan and Rogers are working over James Lynch with a series of clubbing forearms across the back, forcing him down to all fours where Rogers kicks the ribs, forcing James Lynch onto his back as Donovan stands guard, watching to make sure Jack Lynch doesn't get back into the fray...]

GM: Rogers pulls James off the mat... Irish whip...

[The former Natural takes a wild backhand swing at James who ducks under it, hitting the far ropes...

...and launches into the air, catching Rogers across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: High crossbody!

[James rolls out of the cover, not waiting for the count to start as he catches an incoming Donovan with a pair of right hands to the jaw!]

GM: James is fighting them both!

[Donovan swings a knee up into the gut of James Lynch just as he did to Jack moments earlier. He grabs an arm, flinging him towards the corner...

...where James runs right up the ropes, diving off and spinning around!]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[The high flying Lynch throws himself into a twisting crossbody off the top rope...

...but gets snatched out of the sky by Robert Donovan!]

GM: Oh! The big man caught him! He caught-

[But as Donovan turns with Lynch across his chest, Jack Lynch uses the ropes to slingshot over the top, planting a boot into the back of his brother and forcing Donovan down to the mat with James across his chest!]

GM: Jack knocks him flat! The referee dives in there!

[James scrambles back up to his feet though, back to his feet just before Adam Rogers charging from behind, smashing him in the back of the skull with a forearm smash! Nearby, Robert Donovan is getting hammered from his kneeling position by Jack Lynch.]

GM: Rogers jumps him from behind!

[We cut back to the crowd where Travis and Dick Wyatt are trading right hands again, the fans all around them screaming loudly. A cut back to ring shows Adam Rogers dragging James Lynch off the mat, pushing down on the back of the neck, forcing the throat into the top rope!]

GM: Rogers is choking James Lynch! He's strangling the air out of him!

[This time, the referee steps in, calling for a break as Rogers shouts out to the crowd... to one fan in particular.]

"WHADDYA THINK OF HIM NOW?!"

[At the count of four, Rogers breaks the choke and smashes the point of his elbow down on the back of the neck, snapping James back down to the mat as Jack Lynch uncorks a series of right hands that puts Donovan back into the ropes...]

GM: Rogers from behind!

[But Jack Lynch sees him coming, ducking down for a backdrop...

...and elevating Rogers all the way over the top and down to the barely padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROGERS HITS THE FLOOR!

[With Rogers out of the picture, Jack Lynch turns back to Robert Donovan...

...who shocks the crowd by hooking his massive paw around the throat of Lynch, climbing back to his feet while holding him...]

GM: Donovan's got him hooked! He's looking for the chokeslam!

[But Lynch is too fresh for that, slapping the hand away and jamming his elbow back up under the chin of Donovan!]

BW: Lynch battles out though. They haven't done enough damage to get into that, Gordo.

[Lynch throws a few big right hands, forcing Donovan back into the ropes where the Texan grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish- reversed!

[As Jack bounces back, Donovan lifts him under the armpit, letting Jack's momentum to spin them around...]

...and DRIVES him down in a sidewalk slam!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Donovan pushes up off the mat, shouting something off-mic at Jack Lynch before slapping an open palm down on the chest with a "COUNT 'IM!" as Meekly dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Jack Lynch kicks out with ease as Donovan glares at the official...]

...where James Lynch starts hammering away with forearms down on the back of the head and neck.]

GM: James Lynch is trying to get the edge here for his team... the referee still has no control out of this.

[Donovan pushes back to his feet, blocking a right hand from James Lynch and smashing a headbutt between the eyes, causing James to fall back into the corner.]

GM: Donovan's trying to take on both James AND Jack!

[Donovan approaches the corner, throwing an elbow back into the head of James Lynch!]

GM: Oh!

[The seven footer steps back, grabbing James by the throat, dragging him out to the center of the ring where Jack is climbing up off his back.]

GM: Donovan's got him out to the center... ohh!

[The crowd cheers as Jack Lynch throws a gloved hand to the midsection from his back... and another... and another...]

GM: Jack Lynch is fighting back against the seven footer!

[The cheers turn into a roar as Jack Lynch battles back up, throwing a big boot into the chest of Donovan, stunning the biggest man in the match.]



Suddenly, life sparks back into James Lynch as well, a flurry of right hands bouncing off the skull of Donovan!]

GM: The Lynches are taking the fight to Robert Donovan!

[James and Jack stand together like the former tag team champions - like the former Stampede Cup winners that they are - hammering away at the skull of Donovan with right hands. The big man stumbles back...]

GM: They're chopping down the redwood!

[A pair of kicks to the gut doubles up Donovan. Jack and James each grab an arm, slinging it over the back of their necks...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[With a tremendous effort and a roar from the crowd, the Lynches power Donovan up off the canvas...

...and DROP him down with a double suplex to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE SUPLEX!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Jack and James climb to their feet, pumping their fists at their tremendous effort. A big double high five between the brothers has the fans screaming, especially James Lynch's Number One fan jumping up and down with joy. We cut to the crowd where Travis Lynch has scooped Dick Wyatt up in his powerful arms, slamming him down on the exposed concrete floor!]

GM: Oh my! We've got action all over the Chaifetz Arena! Travis Lynch just slammed Wyatt on that unforgiving concrete floor!

[Travis falls back, sitting down in one of the abandoned seats several rows deep into the crowd. A sea of fans surround him, slapping him on the shoulders, on the back, ducking in to put an arm around him as they snap a pic with their cell phones.]

GM: That's a moment to remember forever for some of those fans out at ringside... and Travis Lynch is loving it!

BW: That big goof is out there posing for pictures! He's in the middle of a fight and he's posing for pictures with these St. Louis sweatogs!

[Travis strikes a single bicep pose, allowing a young lady to squeeze the muscle before he gets another photo taken. We cut back to the ring where Adam Rogers is pulling himself up on the apron. James nods to Jack, showing Rogers. The referee finally steps in though...]

GM: The referee's FINALLY going to try and get control of this thing after about five minutes of action. He's forcing Jack Lynch out to the apron. Donovan already rolled out to the floor but Jack Lynch is protesting as he's pushed out to the apron by Marty Meekly.

[With James Lynch as the legal man, he moves swiftly to intercept Rogers as the former World Champion gets up on the apron...

...and uses the ropes to tug himself into a shoulder tackle, slamming into Lynch's midsection!]

GM: Rogers goes downstairs!

[Rogers grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top into a sunset flip, dragging James Lynch down to the mat.]

GM: He's got him!

[Referee Marty Meekly swings around, diving to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[James slams his legs together on the ears of Rogers, breaking up the pin attempt. Both men try to scramble to their feet, trying to get there first. Rogers gets there, taking a big swing with his right hand that James ducks under...]

GM: Rogers misses the haymaker and-

[James leaves his feet, lashing out with his legs...]

GM: Ohh! Standing dropkick!

[The blow sends Rogers falling back, toppling over the ropes and down to the floor...]

GM: Rogers goes all the way over the top to the floor again! The Lynches keep sending the former World Champion down hard to the floor...

[James Lynch gets back to his feet, grabbing the top rope with both hands.]

BW: Look out, Adam!

[Despite the shouted warning of Bucky Wilde, a stunned Adam Rogers staggers to his feet just in time to see Lynch catapult himself over the top into a crossbody, knocking Rogers down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[We can see James' Number One fan in the background cheering on her man as James grabs Rogers by his dirty hair, slamming his fist into the skull of Rogers over and over again.]

GM: James Lynch is putting a beating on Adam Rogers out on the floor!

[Lynch gets back up, dragging Rogers up by the arm with him...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: ROGERS GETS WHIPPED INTO THE STEEL!!

[James Lynch stands by the apron, pointing at Rogers, shouting at him. A few moments of silence breaks up the crowd noise.]

GM: We apologize for the language of James Lynch right there, fans, but this is a volatile situation and James Lynch is certainly a volatile individual considering what’s been going on as of late.

[James stalks towards Rogers who is leaning against the barricade. His young lady friend leans over the railing, giving him a hug as he approaches...

...and lashes out with a knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Lynch hits hard!

[He squares up, throwing another big chop... and another...]

GM: James Lynch wants to prove something here tonight. A lot of people look at James Lynch as the high flyer of the group, maybe not as tough as Jack or Travis but James is proving otherwise right now.

BW: I ain’t one to say nice things about the Lynches but anyone who thinks James ain’t as tough as his brothers didn’t see him in those matches against Violence Unlimited a couple of years ago, daddy.

GM: You better believe it.

[James drags Rogers by the hair off the railing, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. A quick cut shows Travis Lynch chucking a dazed Dick Wyatt over the railing back inside the ringside area as well. Travis steps over the railing just as James steps through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: We’ve finally... FINALLY... got all of the Bullies and all of the Lynches around the ring since the first moments of this match. James is in... and there’s the tag to Jack...

[Jack steps into the ring, helping James back Rogers up into the ropes.]

GM: Doubleteam on the way from the former tag team champions...

[The double whip sends Adam Rogers into the far ropes where he rebounds back. Jack grabs James’ wrist and they mow Rogers down with a double clothesline that takes him back down to the mat!]

GM: Nicely done by the Lynches... and you have to imagine that whenever they can get these Bullies out of their hair, they might want to take aim at the World Tag Team Titles and either the Blonde Bombers or RyGunn, Bucky.

BW: They can get in line 'cause there's a whole lot of challengers who want their shot at those straps... and a whole lot of teams who've just walked in the door and started making noise - guys like Air Strike, the Youngbloods, and a whole lot of others.

[Jack Lynch pulls Rogers off the mat as James steps out, drilling him with a gloved right hand in the temple that sends Rogers falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Jack's going to send him for a ride again...

[Lynch fires Rogers from corner to corner, charging in after him...]

GM: Ohh! Big tackle downstairs to the ribcage of Rogers!

[Lynch backs off, a cheer rippling through the St. Louis crowd.]

GM: The Lynch brothers are popular wherever the AWA goes but Jack Lynch certainly is very popular in St. Louis. He spent some time in the formative years of his career wrestling right in St. Louis as well as in Kansas City competing against the legendary Hamilton Graham in some epic matches.

[As Rogers staggers out of the corner, Lynch lifts his right hand, looking to apply the Iron Claw...

...but Rogers sees it coming, stopping in his tracks with his hands raised. He stumbles backwards, spinning to make the tag...]

BW: Wrong corner!

[And gets rocked with a right hand from Travis who has finally taken a spot on the apron! The blow draws cheers from the crowd as Rogers stumbles back towards Jack and gets caught with another right hand, sending him stumbling again...]

GM: And it's James' turn to lay in the big right hand!

[The pinballing Adam Rogers stumbles and staggers into Jack Lynch who scoops him up off the canvas, spinning around a full turn and then slams him down near the Lynches' corner.]

GM: Big body slam... and Jack shows those teamwork instincts, making the slam right down in his corner to keep Rogers from making the tag...

[Jack hops up on the midbuckle, raising his right hand to a big cheer before leaping off and burying the clenched fist down between the eyes! Rogers' legs flail about on the mat as Jack leans into a cover.]

GM: We've got one! Two! But that's it!

[As Rogers shrugs out of the pin attempt, Jack climbs to his feet, dragging the former Natural up with him into a front facelock where he slaps Travis' hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Travis!

[The women scream as the muscular Travis Lynch scales the ropes from outside the ring, leaping off with a forearm across the back of Adam Rogers. Jack steps out as Travis takes control of the situation, pursuing Rogers as the former World Champion tries to get to his corner...]

GM: Rogers is trying to get there!

[But Travis reaches out and snares a handful of trunks, shaking his head as he pulls Rogers back into a side waistlock...]

GM: Travis cuts him off and lifts him up, holding him high for all to see...

[Lynch falls back, dropping Rogers down on the back of his head and neck with a belly-to-back suplex. He rolls over, taking the cover.]

GM: Travis gets one! He gets two!

[The crowd jeers as Dick Wyatt leans through the ropes, slapping Lynch in the back of the head. An angry Travis springs up, diving at Wyatt and grabbing him by the throat!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

BW: I told you he had a hot temper!

[Travis Lynch is leaning over the ropes, choking the life out of Dick Wyatt who has wrapped himself around the youngest Lynch, keeping control of him as Marty Meekly orders Lynch to back off...]

...which gives Adam Rogers a chance to swoop in from behind, laying in a knee to the kidneys of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Rogers from behind!

[Rogers winds up, driving the point of his elbow down into the lower back three times before dragging Lynch away from the corner. He grabs a handful of trunks, shoving Lynch away...]

GM: What's he doing... ohh!

[The crowd jeers as Rogers yanks on the trunks, pulling Lynch back as he lays in a powerful forearm shiver into the lower back.]

GM: Good grief. What a shot that was.

[Rogers looks agitated as he reaches out, slapping the hand of Dick Wyatt.]

GM: The tag is made to "Dangerous" Dick, the youngest of the trio. He's the son of the "Hands of Stone" Steve Wyatt and the nephew of Blackwater Bart, possessor of one of the most devastating moves I've ever seen, the Piedra Lariato.

[Wyatt comes in fast, shoving Travis chestfirst into the corner where he tees off with a series of short rights and lefts to the lower back of his opponent. He grabs the top rope, swinging in with a knee to the back as well. He drives the knee into the kidneys repeatedly, shouting with each blow.]

GM: Get him off the man, ref!

[The referee steps in, forcing Wyatt back...

...which allows big Robert Donovan to grab a handful of Travis' hair, pulling his throat down on the top rope to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: The Bullies are doubleteaming behind the back of the referee, choking Travis in the corner...

[Donovan lets go as the referee turns back around. Wyatt walks towards the ropes where Travis is draped over the top rope still. He grabs the legs, lifting Lynch's lower body off the mat...]

GM: Now what is this all about?

[Wyatt swings his leg up, catching Lynch in the (hopefully) stomach with a big kick. Lynch rolls to his back, clutching his beltline as he rolls around in pain.]

GM: That might've been a low blow, Bucky.

BW: Might've been but the ref's saying it hit the gut. Nothing illegal about that.

GM: He DID use the toe of the boot. I believe that's still illegal.

BW: Alright, sue him.

[Wyatt leans over the ropes, looking out at the young female fan we've come to learn may be James Lynch's girlfriend.]

"Hey baby... I don't think he'll be of much use to you tonight but if ya need a pick me up, I'm in Room 232 at the Hyatt!"

GM: How disgusting.

BW: Hehehe.

GM: Of course you liked that.

BW: Hey, it's a generous offer.

GM: I'm sure it is.

[Wyatt winks at the young lady who shouts a few obscenities (muted of course) in his direction.]

GM: Dick Wyatt is a man who can best describe as sleazy, Bucky.

BW: Sleazy?!

GM: Absolutely.

[Wyatt drags Travis Lynch off the mat, throwing a backhanded strike to the cheekbone that sends Lynch falling back into the corner. A smirking Wyatt pulls Lynch into a side headlock, dragging him out to the middle of the ring...

...and then turns his back to the official, blinding him as he jams his thumb into the throat of Travis Lynch! Travis collapses to his knees, coughing violently as Wyatt does a little strut all the way around the kneeling Lynch.]

GM: This guy just cheats his tail off in there, Bucky. The low blows, the shots to the throat.

BW: All of which the referee didn't see. It's only cheating if you get caught... and even then it's negotiable.

GM: You're too much, Bucky Wilde.

BW: Don't I know it.

[Wyatt ends up right back in front of Lynch, grabbing at his own throat and giving a few fake coughs before drilling Travis in the face with a boot to the mush.]

GM: Ohh! Big kick right to the face!

[Lynch falls back down to the mat, still coughing as his brothers shout encouragement to him from the corner. Wyatt signals to his own corner, causing the big man to lift his leg, placing his boot on the top rope as Wyatt drags Lynch up by the hair...]

GM: Wyatt takes him to the corner... and SLAMS Travis' face into the boot!

[Wyatt slaps Donovan's hand, bringing the big man over the top rope into the ring. The seven footer steps in, promptly grabbing the dazed Travis Lynch by the arm, firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Travis off the ropes...

[Donovan swings his leg up hard, slamming his knee into the gut of Travis Lynch, flipping him over and down to the mat hard!]

GM: Ohh! Donovan might've knocked the wind right out of him with that and-

[The big man backs into the ropes, rebounding back off...

...and leaping into the air, dropping a big leg across the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Legdrop! Donovan crawls over into a cover!

[The count gets to two before Travis Lynch again lifts the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only. Donovan's right back up. He still moves pretty well for a man of his size and with the amount of punishment that his body has taken over the years. Robert Donovan at one time put his body through the extreme style... the death match style of places like Japan and Los Angeles. And you better believe that style has taken its toll over time.

[Donovan allows Travis Lynch to crawl out to the middle of the ring, smirking as Lynch gets to all fours, stretching a hand out towards his corner before Donovan cuts him off, pulling him up by the back of the trunks...

...and yanks him right into a full nelson!]

GM: Whoa! Full nelson locked in... and with a man the size of Donovan, you know that this has GOT to hurt!

BW: Not a lot of guys use the full nelson anymore but Donovan's got the size and power to pull it off.

[Donovan straightens up, yanking the smaller man clear off the canvas, dangling him in his powerful grip...

...and starts swinging Travis Lynch from side to side, ragdolling him around while still trapped in the confines of the full nelson!]

GM: Donovan's got the full nelson locked in! He's swinging him back and forth like he's nothing... like a small child!

BW: You've seen a lot of small children locked in a full nelson?

GM: You know what I mean! We're about fifteen minutes into this match, Bucky, and Robert Donovan has Travis Lynch in some serious trouble right here!



[Lynch struggles against the full nelson, trying to get out of it as Donovan shouts "QUIT!" at him repeatedly.]

GM: Donovan's not letting go... he's not-

[The crowd cheers as Lynch plants his feet on the mat, shaking his head as the referee asks him if he wants to give up.]

GM: Lynch is fighting it!

[The powerhouse of the Lynch family starts to pull down with his muscular arms, trying to break the hold...]

GM: Look at this, Bucky!

BW: There's no way, Gordo! There's no way he can do it!

GM: If he can get out of this hold, he's real close to his corner! James and Jack are both there waiting for the tag to come!

[Donovan continues to apply the pressure, looking surprised as Lynch fights against it, his arms and legs shaking with effort as he tries to battle out of it.]

GM: The fists are pumping, the arms are trembling, and these fans in St. Louis are on their feet, Bucky!

BW: Tell 'em to sit down 'cause there ain't no way Travis Lynch is breakin' this hold!

GM: Are you sure about that?

BW: Donovan's fingers are still locked and as long as his fingers are locked, he's not giving up this hold!

[A closeup of the clenched hands behind Lynch's head and neck show the fingers separating as Lynch pulls his powerful arms down...]

GM: You were saying?

BW: Shaddup, Myers!

[Lynch keeps going and going...

...and suddenly, he's pulled his arms down to his waist, forcing the hold apart to the shock of Robert Donovan and the overwhelming joy of the St. Louis fans!]

GM: My stars! What power out of this kid!

[Donovan abruptly pulls out of the hold, slamming a forearm into the lower back of Lynch, causing him to drop to his knees, still reaching out for a tag.]

GM: Donovan cuts off the tag again, pulling him back up. Belly to back!

[But Lynch flips over the top, dropping to a knee behind a surprised Donovan who stumbles right into a gloved right hand from Jack Lynch to a big cheer! The seven footer wobbles back around...

...and Travis explodes from a knee, catching him with a big right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Travis rocks him!

[Travis winds up again and again, hammering Donovan with the haymakers as the crowd rises to their feet again, cheering the flurry of offense out of the youngest Lynch brother! Suddenly, Travis surges forward, leaping up to try and lean over Donovan for the tag...

...but the seven footer catches him, walking out of the corner with him, and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a sitout spinebuster!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Donovan cuts off the tag attempt! Travis Lynch was just about there but Robert Donovan cut it off!

[Donovan shoves Lynch aside, climbing to his feet. He strides the few steps across the ring for a seven footer and slaps the hand of Adam Rogers.]

GM: Rogers tags in! The former World Champion steps in, making a beeline for Travis Lynch.

[Rogers pulls Lynch to his knees, hammering down a closed fist between the eyes. The referee steps in to complain as Rogers tees off, hammering away over and over and over with the big right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Adam Rogers is doing a number on Travis Lynch...

[Rogers yanks Lynch from his knees into a front facelock, snapping him over with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Nice suplex by Rogers!

[The former World Champion rolls into a pin attempt, getting another two count before Lynch lifts the shoulder. Rogers climbs to his feet, angrily stomping the raised shoulder, forcing it back down to the canvas where he delivers a few more stomps. He spins away from the downed Lynch, gesturing at his crotch towards James Lynch...

...who comes tearing into the ring!]

GM: James is in! James is in!

[The referee rushes to cut him off, trying to force him back as Dick Wyatt ducks in behind the referee's back. Wyatt chucks Lynch into the ropes, throwing a boot into the gut of the rebounding Travis...

...and then drops down to his back, throwing a brutal uppercut to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Wyatt caught him with that right hand!

[Lynch staggers backwards into the waiting clutches of Adam Rogers who hooks the waistlock...

...and LAUNCHES Travis up and over, dropping him down on the back of his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: GERMAN SUPLEX! ALL IMPACT, NO BRIDGE!!

[Rogers flips over, crawling across the ring to apply a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[A diving James Lynch breaks up the pin to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: The German Suplex nearly gets the win for the Beale Street Bullies but James Lynch managed to break up the pin. He's cheering on his little brother, trying to get Travis to the corner to make that tag and get either he or Jack into the ring.

BW: After that suplex, Travis Lynch isn't long for this match unless he can get out and in a real big hurry.

[Rogers drags Travis Lynch off the mat by the hair, turning him towards his corner. He lifts a limp arm on Travis, mocking the outstretched arms of Jack and James Lynch...

...and then turns Travis back to the Bullies' corner where Rogers tags in Dick Wyatt who flies through the ropes, racing to the far side of the ring, and leaping into a flying forearm on a surprised James Lynch!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Wyatt's unpredictable, Gordo! He's nuttier than a squirrel at a buffet!

[Wyatt bails back out, avoiding a Jack Lynch right hand. He breaks into a big grin, gesturing at his groin to the Lynch corner...

...and then spins around, cracking Travis Lynch with a stiff right hand!]

GM: Good grief! You could hear that back in the locker room!

[Lynch falls back into the corner as Wyatt approaches. Donovan slips an arm around the throat of Travis, holding him steady as Wyatt throws boot after boot to the torso.]

GM: Wyatt drags him out of the corner...

[Hooking a front facelock, Wyatt slowly turns over, holding him in position...]

GM: He's going for the neckbreaker - the Dangerous Curve!

[...but Lynch slips out, reaching back with both arms!]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! BACKSLIDE!!

[As Wyatt's shoulders hit the mat, the referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Wyatt kicks hard, breaking out of the pin attempt!]

GM: He's out just in time! Just barely got out of that!

[Wyatt scrambles to his feet, slamming a knee up into the gut of a rising Lynch, shoving him back against the ropes where he tags Adam Rogers back in.]

GM: Rogers back in on the exchange...

[A double whip from the Bullies sends Travis Lynch across the ring, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: Double clothesline! No! Ducked by Travis!

[Travis hits the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and leaves his feet, scoring with a big double clothesline of his own!]

GM: TRAVIS TAKES 'EM DOWN!!

[The crowd is roaring, on their feet again as Travis crawls across the ring, trying to get to the outstretched hands of his brothers!]

GM: Travis is almost there! He's trying to get there so badly! He knows what's at stake here tonight for him and his family!

[A dazed Adam Rogers retakes his feet, staggering towards the crawling Travis as Wyatt rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Travis is on his knees! Just a little bit further!

[Rogers draws near but Lynch forces himself into a lunge...

...and SLAPS the hand of James!]

GM: TAG!

[James Lynch comes in hot, throwing right hands as quickly as he can at a stunned Adam Rogers.]

GM: Rogers is getting rocked with right hand after right hand!

[Grabbing a handful of Rogers' dirty hair, he rushes the neutral corner and SLAMS Rogers facefirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh!

[Rogers stumbles backwards as Lynch backs into the corner, hopping up on the midbuckle...

...and leaps off, throwing his legs out to catch Rogers on the chin with a dropkick!]

GM: OHH! DROPKICK OFF THE SECOND ROPE!!

[Lynch hops up to his feet, pumping a fist to the roaring crowd as Rogers crawls towards his own corner. James comes fast, grabbing Rogers by the boot and flipping him onto his back.]

GM: James drags him back towards the corner...

[James falls back, catapulting Rogers towards the corner where Jack cracks him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by Jack!

BW: Illegal doubleteam too!

GM: It certainly was. James is back on his feet now...

[The crowd roars as James holds up his right hand. The camera cuts to his Number One fan in the front row jumping up and down, shouting her approval as James looks to lock in the Iron Claw...]

GM: Rogers staggers up...

[The St. Louis fans EXPLODE into cheers!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW! CLAW!

[The cheers are wild as James Lynch digs his fingers into the skull of the former World Champion!]

GM: The Iron Claw is locked in - the favored weapon of the entire Lynch family!

[Robert Donovan steps over the ropes into the ring, coming to save his partner...

...but a rushing Jack Lynch leaps up, catching Donovan square on the chin with a leaping kneestrike!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DEAR GOD!! HE FLOORED DONOVAN WITH THAT KNEE!!

[Donovan rolls out to the floor as a frantic Dick Wyatt looks around in a panic...]

GM: Wyatt doesn't know what to do! The seven footer got dropped with the flying knee and Rogers is in serious trouble! That Iron Claw is sunk in deep and Rogers is fading fast! Adam Rogers is about to go down to the Lynch family Iron Claw!

[Wyatt looks around, back and forth, trying to find his answer...

...and suddenly finds it!]

GM: Wait a second! Where's he going?!

BW: Dick Wyatt just found a way to save his partner!

[Dick Wyatt comes on fast, approaching the steel barricade where Lynch's alleged girlfriend is standing...

...and he grabs her by the arm, yanking her bodily over the barricade into the ringside area to a HUGE shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: He's got that young lady! He can't do this, Bucky! He can't put his hands on a fan like this!

BW: Says who? Besides, the way I hear it, she likes it when the wrestlers put their hands on her!

GM: BUCKY!

[Wyatt drags her closer to the ring, ignoring her screams as she begs him to let her go. He points up at James Lynch, shouting to get his attention...

...and James immediately releases the hold, letting Adam Rogers slump down to the floor as he goes after Wyatt!]

GM: He's going after Wyatt!

[James reaches the floor in a split second, hammering Wyatt with a series of right hands, pushing him back towards the barricade. James pins him back against the railing, hammering with sloppy right hands.]

GM: Wyatt's getting overwhelmed by Lynch on the floor!

[The female fan backs off, grabbing her arm in pain as James Lynch defends her against Dick Wyatt...]

...and then grabs him under the arm and around the neck...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: HE THREW HIM LIKE A RAG DOLL INTO THE RAILING!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[With Wyatt laid out, James turns to check on his friend, seeing if she's okay as Jack shouts at him from the apron to get back in and finish off Rogers.]

GM: James Lynch is checking on her... she seems okay but I'm sure she's terrified. I don't know what the heck Dick Wyatt was thinking right there, fans.

BW: He was thinking that he had to find a way to save his partner!

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: You heard the timekeeper call ten minutes left in the time limit. What a battle this one's been so far!

[Seeing that his friend's okay, James Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, and points to the corner, turning to climb the turnbuckles as Adam Rogers struggles to get up to his feet, clutching his head.]

GM: James Lynch is climbing to the top... and Adam Rogers is in some trouble, fans! A whole lot of trouble!

BW: I'm not sure Rogers knows where in the world he is right now after being trapped in that Iron Claw for so long. Dick Wyatt certainly saved this match for his team, Gordo.

GM: I believe you're right.

[James Lynch steps up to the top rope, arms hanging down at his sides as he looks down at the rising Rogers...]

...and leaps off the top, catching Rogers squarely across the chest with a crossbody off the top!]

GM: CROSSBODY!! HE HOOKS THE LEGS!!

[The referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Rogers slips a shoulder out, barely escaping before the three count!]

GM: Adam Rogers just barely got the shoulder up! He just barely got up before the three count came down!

[Rogers tries to crawl away as James Lynch gets back to his feet, moving in on Rogers again. Rogers is on his rear, sliding backwards, raising a hand as he tries to beg off.]

GM: James is looking to finish off Adam Rogers but Rogers is trying to get away from him...

[Rogers backs towards a neutral corner as James pursues. James drags him up, pasting him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: James hammers away on Rogers...

[He grabs an arm, firing Rogers into the opposite corner!]

GM: Rogers hits the corner hard... staggers out!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: CLAW! THE CLAW IS ON AGAIN!!

[Rogers struggles against the Iron Claw again, trying to free himself.]

GM: Donovan's down! Wyatt is down as well! James Lynch is trying to finish off Adam Rogers with this Iron Claw in the center of the ring!

[Rogers stumbles towards the ropes before falling to his knees as Lynch stands over him, screaming as he digs his fingers in deeper...]

GM: He's got the Iron Claw locked in! It's over, fans! Adam Rogers is trapped in this hold and-

[Rogers suddenly flops back onto his back as Lynch pushes his head down into the mat. The crowd cheers - especially the young lady who remained inside the barricade and is now right there next to his man as he pushes Rogers' shoulders to the canvas...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! ONE!! TWO!!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd gasps in collective shock as James Lynch falls back motionless on the canvas.]

GM: James Lynch just... what the heck happened, Bucky?



BW: It was...it was HER! The girl! The girlfriend! She hit James Lynch in the face with her purse!

[The camera cuts to a now-smirking young lady who is looking on as a dazed Adam Rogers throws an arm across the chest of James Lynch. Jack Lynch goes to step in...

...but Robert Donovan grabs him by the leg, hanging on tight.]

GM: Donovan's hanging on to Jack Lynch! He's preventing him from getting-

[The referee dives down to count!]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!!

[The count hits one... hits two...]

GM: I can't believe-

[...and the referee slaps the canvas for a third time as the crowd explodes in jeers!]

GM: Ahhh! What a miscarriage of justice!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: The Bullies win it! The Bullies knocked off the Lynches!

GM: But HOW did they do it, Bucky? HOW did they do it?

BW: Who cares?! Nobody cares HOW they did it! They just care that they did it! The record books don't say a thing other than Adam Rogers pinned James Lynch in the middle of the ring to win the match!

[The camera cuts to ringside again where the female fan is smirking at the motionless James Lynch. Jack Lynch frees himself from Robert Donovan's grip, falling to his knees next to his brother. He shouts some harsh words in the direction of the young lady at ringside that get censored.]

GM: Jack Lynch is obviously upset over what just happened. Not only did they lose the match but his younger brother, James, just got betrayed by someone he felt was... well, at very minimum he thought she was a fan. A big fan.

BW: Nah, nah, nah. It was MORE than that, Gordo. Did you see how quickly he rushed to her aid when Dick Wyatt grabbed her by the arm?

GM: I certainly did.

[Wyatt struggles to his feet, jumping up and down with his arms raised to celebrate the victory as the fans jeer...

...and then throws himself into an embrace with the fan!]

GM: What the...?! Are you kidding me?!

BW: Oh, this is brilliant!

GM: This whole thing... was this a setup?! Did the Beale Street Bullies just set up James Lynch?!

BW: I love it, Gordo! The Bullies just outsmarted the Lynches AND beat 'em in the same night! How the heck can the Lynches even show their faces in Texas at Homecoming after this?

GM: The Lynches are in shock. The Bullies are heading down the aisle along with this... this Jezebel! This whole thing makes me sick, fans. We're going to take a quick break but before we do, let's go backstage where Jason Dane has tracked down Miss Sandra Hayes, the manager of Terry Shane...

BW: Whoa, come on Gordo, get it right. She is a PUBLICIST, and a damn fine one if you ask me.

GM: Fine. The publicist to the Shane Gang, Miss Sandra Hayes. Jason caught up with her to get her thoughts on Terry Shane's decision to not compete in the No Escape Challenge! Jason?

[We cut from the victorious Beale Street Bullies. A toned and tanned leg is the first thing we see. The camera pans upward following the luscious leg to the dangerously short black skirt. The skirt matches an equally black jacket to complete this "power" business outfit. The generous amount of cleavage is not what gives it away that this is the Siren. It's the claws toiling around the signature pink grip-taped handle of her infamous branding iron that gives away the secret.]

JD: Miss Hayes, excuse me.

[Hayes doesn't even bat an eye towards Dane. Instead she extends her free hand out towards another woman who gently paints the tip of a thin brush over her fingers. The woman, head down, continues on to her index finger as she gently strokes a bright pink polish onto her manicured nails.

JD: Sorry to interrupt but-

[Miss Hayes finally shoots Dane a hard glare.]

MSH: Sorry? You're sorry, Jason? Can't you see that I'm in the middle of something important here. We have a big night ahead of us and I need to look my Sunday best.

JD: So he IS here.

MSH: Excuse me?

JD: Shane. Terry is here?

MSH: Darling, what on earth are you blabbering about? You saw the footage just like everyone else. Terry is resting his sweet head on his pillow back in Independence, Missouri.

JD: But you said you were getting ready for the big night...

[Miss Hayes lets out a deep sigh, turning towards the stylist.]

MSH: I said downward strokes only! Geezus.

[Miss Hayes rolls her eyes, returning her stare back to Jason Dane.]

MSH: You heard me correctly, sweetheart. It IS a big night. After the show we are headed straight to the City for Ellie's first dog show! My little angel is going to be crowned Best in Show tonight, I just know it! I mean, look at us!

[Sandra reaches into her lap purse pulling out the light brown haired Chihuahua known formerly as Elaine. The tiny pup has a pink ribbon over her left ear and a matching bright collar with a big diamond E hanging under her head. Miss Hayes grabs her little paw holding it beside her hand, revealing the matching manicure given to the pair of them.]

MSH: Isn't she adorable?!

[Jason, speechless, says nothing.]

MSH: Jason... tell her she's adorable!

JD: Yes, she is... she's, adorable.

MSH: Oh stop! You're too sweet.

JD: So it's true then?

[Suddenly a figure slides across the far corner of the room. Jason's eyes shoot in the direction...

...of Hugh Jenner who walks by lazily, stuffing his face with a sandwich.]

JD: This isn't right. After what has happened he should be here. Shane laid out the challenge and-

MSH: Oh give it a rest already, would you? You're going to ruin Ellie's Feng Shui -- Oww!

[Hayes turns towards the stylist, grabbing her brush and throwing it to the ground.]

MSH: You cut me, you worthless hag! Start over.

[The stylist looks up at her, obviously frustrated.]

MSH: I said now!

JD: This is ridiculous.

MSH: Tell me about it. It shouldn't be this hard to make me look beautiful. Now if you'll excuse us...

[Jason just stares at Sandra.]

MSH: Umm, translation... creeeeepster... leave!

[Slowly the camera fades out to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Calisto Dufresne and Jason Dane standing side by side. Dufresne is standing in his wrestling attire, his blond hair pulled back into a pony tail and his wrists taped. The World Title rests over his shoulder as he stares confidently at the camera. Dane gets the signal to begin and he wastes no time.]

JD: Fans, I'm backstage here with the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Calisto Dufresne who is preparing for quite a match tonight as he has to beat both Supreme Wright and MAMMOTH Maximus in order to retain his title. Calisto, how are you feeling?

CD: How do you think I'm feeling, Dane?

[A smirk.]

CD: Tonight is the night. Tonight is the night that Royalty cements itself as the greatest conglomerate of wrestling talent in the history of the sport. Forget Westwego. Forget the night that Dave Cooper packed Mark Langseth's bags for good.

[A shake of the head.]

CD: Tonight we eclipse all of that. The Blonde Bombers are already the Tag Team Champions. Dave Cooper is about to send that Los Angeles reject Dave Bryant out to pasture and capture the TV Title. And of course, yours truly is – and still will be – your AWA World Heavyweight Champion. All that gold, under one single roof. Fort Knox ain't got a thing on us.

JD: IF the Bombers can defend their titles against RyGunn and IF Dave Cooper can beat Dave Bryant, it'll be up to you to ensure all three titles leave with Royalty. And that's not an easy task considering the caliber of the men you're facing tonight.

[Dufresne shrugs nonchalantly.]

CD: Since when has Calisto Dufresne ever been scared of a challenge? Supreme Wright and that giant oaf Maximus should be concerned about the caliber of the man they're facing tonight. Nowhere in Japan is there a man roaming around who has held the AWA Tag Team Titles, the AWA National Title and AWA World Title. Nowhere in the Combat Corner will you find a man who won the Stampede Cup and was the only PWR Pacific Champion in that organization's storied history.

No, Dane... It's not Calisto Dufresne that need be concerned. When the lights are brightest, you \_know\_ I bring my A game.

JD: Aren't you concerned about the possibility that you could lose your title while standing on the apron watching Wright and MAMMOTH wrestle?

CD: That could only happen if one of these mongoloids managed to pin me once. And I haven't seen any pigs flying around St. Louis – just the ones sitting out there in the Chaifetz Arena throwing down poundcakes and popcorn like no tomorrow.

Tonight's your shot at glory, gentlemen. But just like every other supposed challenger that President Karl O'Connor and the Championship Committee drum up, it's just two more men on their way to the gallows.

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: Hopefully you don't lose your heads.

[With that, the World Champion strolls off camera as we cut back to Bucky and Gordon.]

GM: The World Champion is obviously overflowing with confidence here tonight in St. Louis as he prepares for his World Title Triangle Match title defense later tonight. And if Royalty has their way, that match will be the one to show the world that Royalty holds all the gold! But before that stands a chance of happening, Dave Cooper has to win the World Television Title from the Doctor of Love.

BW: It's in the bag, Gordo!

GM: I thought you were a Dave Bryant fan, Bucky.

BW: I am. But I can see the writing on the wall and we're looking at the Era Of Royalty preparing to unfold in front of us. Cooper's going to win the Television Title, The Blonde Bombers will retain against the old man and Mr. Silver Spoon, and Calisto Dufresne is going to defy the odds thrown down on him by the Championship Committee and President O'Connor tonight to keep the World Title around his waist as well.

GM: We're about to find out if you're right. Let's head up to the ring for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first... he is the challenger...

["The Professional" by Leon starts up to a big negative reaction from the St. Louis crowd.]

PW: He hails from Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in at 260 pounds... representing Royalty...

“THE PROFESSIONAL” DAAAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOPERRRR!

[The music continues to play over the PA system as the sole surviving founding member of Royalty walks into view. “The Professional” Dave Cooper stands at the top of the aisle wearing black wrestling trunks, black kneepads, and white boots. Over his upper body is a brown vest with the words “The Professional” on the back in white lettering.]

GM: The challenger, Dave Cooper, has been waiting for a shot at this particular title for quite a while now but tonight, he gets that opportunity. We heard Dave Bryant talking earlier about Cooper being the odd man out in Royalty - the only man without a piece of championship gold around his waist. Tonight, Dave Cooper gets the chance to change that as well.

[Cooper stands at the top of the aisle for a few more moments before gesturing over his shoulder.]

GM: What’s this all about?

BW: Oh, come on now, Gordo. Did you really think that Dave Cooper was flying solo in this one?

[The crowd jeers as the curtain parts to reveal Larry Doyle, the Blonde Bombers, and Calisto Dufresne sliding into view.]

GM: Dave Cooper has called the rest of Royalty out here to join him... and it certainly looks like the Professional has decided to stack the deck against Dave Bryant here tonight.

[A grin crosses Dave Cooper’s face as Calisto Dufresne rests his arm on the shoulder of the Professional, gesturing to the ring. Larry Doyle steps in front of Cooper, pointing to his waist as the Blonde Bombers take up flanking positions.]

GM: Royalty is presenting a united front here tonight in St. Louis and that can not be good news for Dave Bryant, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. The Doctor of Love doesn’t have a friend in that locker room. He may have made the fans cheer for him but he certainly hasn’t made any allies back there who will come stand by him, come watch his back, come get in the path of the steam roller that is Royalty. No one wants to be the next Sultan Azam Sharif. No one wants to be the next Glenn Hudson.

[Cooper starts the walk down the aisle as his teammates follow close behind. Larry Doyle is talking up the Professional the entire way down the aisle, keeping up a running commentary as they approach the ring. Cooper pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring as the Blonde Bombers, Larry Doyle, and Calisto Dufresne take up spots - one on

each side of the squared circle. Cooper shrugs out of his vest, tossing it out to the floor as he stands in the middle of the ring, swinging his arms across his chest to stay loose.]

GM: This is not a good scene... this is not a good situation for Dave Bryant to walk into.

[The ring announcer continues.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada and weighs in at 228 pounds... he is the AWA World Television Champion... the Doctor of Love...

DAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYAAAAANNNT!

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to... surprisingly perhaps, cheer. After a few moments, the "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant walks into view, clad in the same sequined robe we saw him in earlier. He looks down the aisle, looking concerned.]

GM: Dave Bryant is lacking the confidence that we're used to seeing out of him, Bucky.

BW: This is what I'm talking about, Gordo. He's afraid! He's worried! And quite frankly, he got outsmarted! Did he really think that Dave Cooper was going to come out here alone? Did he really think that Royalty might not use their numbers to their advantage?

[Bryant slowly edges down the aisle as the cheers build. He stares down the aisle at Larry Doyle who stands at the end of the aisle, smirking as he waves for the Doctor of Love to get to the ring.]

GM: Even Larry Doyle is taunting Bryant. He thinks they've got this under control.

BW: You think they don't?

[Stopping several feet down the aisle, Bryant unties his robe, dropping it to his feet on the floor. He unclasps the AWA World Television Title belt from around his waist, slinging it over his shoulder. He taps the faceplate of it a few times, pointing at the ring where Dave Cooper has approached the corner, shouting at Bryant to get in the ring.]

GM: Bryant might be stalling a bit, trying to buy some time before he gets into the ring with Dave Cooper - surrounded by Royalty!

[Bryant takes the title belt off his shoulder, laying it down at his feet on the concrete floor before him...

...and then takes two steps back, waving Cooper out to him.]

GM: What in the world...?



BW: Bryant's trying to get Cooper to come to him. He's drawn the line in the sand and is inviting Cooper to come out on the floor and cross it!

[The referee, Ricky Longfellow, steps between the two men, holding a hand in Cooper's chest as he gestures out at Bryant, waving him into the ring.]

GM: Bryant's refusing to get in there... refusing to put himself into a situation where he's surrounded for four men and who can blame him, Bucky?

BW: It's a valid point but... he can't fight the match on the floor!

GM: Maybe not but doing something like this might throw Royalty's gameplan out the window... and you know they've got one, Bucky.

BW: Of course they do. You don't get to be as successful as they are without having a gameplan at all times.

[Cooper looks around, puzzled at Bryant's actions. He grabs the official by the shirt, gesturing to Bryant. The referee again tries to get Bryant to come into the ring but the Doctor of Love is holding his ground...

...and finally Cooper decides to go after him!]

GM: Cooper's coming out to the floor! He's heading down the aisle!

[Cooper marches down the aisle, full of fire as he heads towards the World Television Champion who greets him with a right hand on the jaw to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Here we go!

[The ringside crowd leaps to their feet, shouting their throats raw as they watch champion and challenger exchange haymakers with the World Television Title resting at their feet. Referee Ricky Longfellow gives a shout to try and get things under control and then gives up, calling for the bell!]

GM: The referee just rang the bell! This match is officially underway!

[Bryant uncorks another right hand... and another, throwing two for every one thrown by the Professional. Stepping over the title belt, the Doctor of Love backs Cooper down...

...until Cooper reaches out and digs his fingers into the eyes of Bryant, raking hard!]

GM: Oh, come on! He goes right to the eyes!

BW: The greatest equalizer in any fight, Gordo. The eyes are the weak spot on any man.

GM: The referee is warning him from inside the ring but Cooper's not even listening to him.

[Grabbing Bryant by the arm, Cooper looks for a whip into the ring apron...

...but Bryant reverses, sending Cooper's lower back SMASHING into the edge of the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Cooper SLAMMED into the apron! The small of his back hit the hardest part of the ring!

[Cooper winces in pain, sliding down to his knees as Bryant approaches, throwing a big kick into the chest. The Doctor of Love turns as Kenny Stanton creeps close, getting his fists up and ready in case Stanton makes a move towards him...

...but a smirking Stanton backs off, huddling up with Larry Doyle as Bryant pulls Cooper off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Bryant puts Cooper in... and it looks like after Stanton just tried to get the jump on him, the champion has decided things will be safer inside the ring for him.

BW: We'll see about that.

[Bryant rolls under the ropes into the ring, climbing back to his feet as Cooper does the same. Cooper backpedals towards a corner, clutching his lower back as Bryant stalks towards him...

...and again Cooper reaches out, this time sticking a thumb in the eye!]

GM: A second time to the eyes! Ricky Longfellow is IMMEDIATELY in Cooper's face to warn against it.

[Longfellow holds up one finger and then points to the back.]

GM: The referee just laid down the law. He says if Cooper goes to the eyes one more time in this match, he's going to disqualify him!

BW: And you better believe that Dave Cooper does NOT want that, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. The title can only change hands on a pinfall or submission. A countout or disqualification gets Cooper the winner's share of the purse but the title would stay on Dave Bryant.

[Grabbing the blinded Bryant by the hair, Cooper slams his skull into the top turnbuckle. He squares up, throwing hooking left hands into the ribcage of the champion, leaving Bryant gasping for air against the buckles as he slams a knee up into the lower back.]

GM: Cooper gives a knee to the back, perhaps paying back Bryant for the shot to the back he took out on the floor.

[Cooper pulls Bryant from the corner into a front facelock, slinging Bryant's arm over his neck...

...and SNAPS him up and over with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice execution on the suplex out of Cooper!

[Cooper spins over, scrambling into a cover on Bryant but gets just more than a one count before Bryant lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Only a one count off the suplex as Dave Bryant shows it's going to take a lot more than that to put him down for a three and take his World Television Title that he worked so hard to win and keep.

BW: We've talked about it before, Gordo, but that title means everything to Bryant. To him, it's the proof that he has revived his career - reliving the glory days of the late 90s when he was on top of the world. He pulled himself out of the independent circuit wrestling in Elks Lodges and Jewish Community Centers to be a major superstar once again. Without it? Who is Dave Bryant then?

GM: He's still one of the best who've ever laced boots in our sport and he hopes to show that here tonight against odds that many would claim are insurmountable, Bucky.

[Back on his feet, the Professional lunges forward, catching an on-all-fours Bryant with a diving elbow to the back of the neck. A second one connects with the back of the skull, putting Bryant back down on the canvas.]

GM: Cooper's turned this around from the opening moments of the match and now he's looking to punish Bryant, wear him down a bit.

[Cooper pulls Bryant into a front facelock, leaning down on the back of the neck to try and wear the Doctor of Love out.]

GM: This is a tough hold to get out of and it'll definitely make Bryant feel the strain on his gas tank.

BW: Absolutely. Cooper's packing 260 pounds and he's putting all of it right down on the back of the neck...

[Cooper kneels on the mat, leaning over to put his weight in the proper position on the back of Bryant's neck, making the smaller man "carry" him as he struggles to escape. Suddenly, we hear a burst of cheers from what sounds to be a mostly female part of the audience.]

GM: Cooper's digging in his heels, trying to keep this hold locked in for as long as he possibly can...

[The squeals grow louder and larger now with a few "JOSHUA!" screams mixed in.]

GM: Fans, you may be able to hear the fans reacting in the background here. It is not for Dave Cooper but rather it appears as though we have a special guest arriving in the building right now.

[The camera cuts up to one of the luxury suites where famed singer Joshua Dusscher has arrived at Unholy War, complete with an entourage of burly, suit-wearing bodyguards.]

GM: I'm sure most of you are aware that Joshua Dusscher will be joining us at Homecoming with a special concert... but he's such a big fan of the AWA, he wanted to be here tonight as well to see all of the action!

[With the females still squealing, Cooper abruptly releases the front facelock, climbing to his feet and turning his attention towards the luxury suites. He sits down on the middle rope, waving in the direction of the seats.]

GM: Is Dave Cooper inviting Joshua Dusscher into the ring?!

BW: I don't think Cooper took too well to someone trying to upstage him in the middle of his match.

GM: Bucky, Joshua Dusscher is a very polite young man in my conversations with him. He wouldn't try to do anything like that.

BW: He's a global superstar who loves the attention on him at all times. Guess again, Gordo.

[An irate Cooper pulls Bryant off the mat, shoving him back into the corner where he lays in a series of hooking blows to the ribs. He grabs an arm, whipping Bryant across where the champion hits the buckles hard, staggering out...]

GM: Cooper charges him!

[But a clothesline attempt goes sour as Bryant drops into a drop toehold, dropping Cooper facefirst into the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: Nice counter out of Bryant!

[Bryant rolls to his feet, still holding the leg. He tucks his foot in behind Cooper's kneecap, lifting the leg off the mat...

...and using his foot to DRIVE the kneecap into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cooper cries out in pain, rolling back and forth as he grabs at his knee. Bryant watches as Cooper crawls across the ring, trying to get away from the champion.]

GM: Bryant with a seamless bit of offense right there and he really put Cooper in a bad way.

BW: He went right after the leg without hesitation... and maybe Bryant's looking to avenge Glenn Hudson tonight just as much as he's looking to defend his title.

GM: You could be right about that.

[Bryant approaches as Cooper grabs the ropes, pulling himself off the mat...

...and delivers a hard kick to the back of Cooper's knee, flipping him into the air where he drops hard on the back of his head!]

GM: Goodness! Bryant kicked the leg right out from under him!

[Grabbing the top rope, Bryant unleashes a series of hard stomps to the knee, forcing Cooper to roll under the ropes to the (relative) safety of the ring apron.]

GM: Cooper's trying to escape as Bryant's painting a bullseye for himself on the left knee of the Professional, his challenger in this World Television Title match.

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Only five minutes left in the time limit for this one as Bryant leans over, looking to bring Dave Cooper back in the hard way...

[Bryant pulls Cooper into a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck.]

GM: Suplex coming up!

[The Doctor of Love struggles to get the bigger man up into the air...

...when suddenly Brad Jacobs reaches in under the bottom rope, yanking Bryant's foot out from under him. The move causes Cooper to crash down on Bryant's chest as Jacobs crouches down, holding the ankle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Suddenly, Ricky Longfellow snaps up to his feet, pointing at the ankle being held down...]

GM: He saw it! The referee saw what Jacobs was trying to do!

[Jacobs straightens up, pleading his innocence as the referee points at him...]

"YOU! OUT OF HERE!"

[The crowd ROARS as the ejection as Jacobs slams his powerful arms into the ring apron, complaining loudly.]

GM: Brad Jacobs has been ejected! He's been sent back to the locker room for blatantly interfering in this match!

[An irate Jacobs gets pushed back by Kenny Stanton and Larry Doyle, trying to make sure he doesn't rush the ring in response to the ejection.]

GM: Well, that'll help even the odds for Dave Bryant as the challenger pulls him back to his feet...

[A pair of big right hands to the gut backs Bryant up against the ropes where Cooper grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whip by the challenger...

[Cooper drops to a knee, delivering a palm strike to the gut that doubles up the World Television Champion. Backing up a few steps, Cooper rushes forward, throwing a big kneelift to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Cooper connects with the kneelift!

[With Bryant straightened up and dazed, Cooper winds up and delivers a powerful lariat, knocking Bryant flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it, fans! Cooper flips him to his back, making the cover...

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd cheers as Bryant lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only on the champion and Dave Cooper thought he had him right there, I believe.

[Cooper shows the referee three fingers and gets two in response.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow insisting it was only a two count.

BW: A slow two count.

GM: Looked pretty good from where I'm sitting. But Dave Cooper does not have time to argue with the official and it sounds like that's what Larry Doyle is telling him right now. Doyle's telling him to stay on Dave Bryant, keep working on the champion.

[Cooper pulls Bryant up by the hair, hammering down an overhead elbow on the back of the neck that sends Bryant stumbling chestfirst into the ropes.]

The challenger pulls him out, lifting him up, and dropping him down with a back suplex!]

GM: Beautiful execution on the suplex out of the challenger... and he's headed for the corner, fans!

[Cooper hops up on the middle rope, raising his arms into the air to the jeers of the crowd. He lowers his hands, gesturing at his waist a few times...]

GM: Cooper's saying he's about to win the title...

[The challenger leaps off the middle rope, smashing his knee into the skull of the downed Bryant!]

GM: Kneedrop!

BW: That was Cooper's half of the move that he and Eric Matthew Somers used to win countless matches as Rough N Ready... a move they called Rough Housing!

[Cooper sprawls into a cover, hooking the back leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant again lifts a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Again, Bryant escapes defeat in the nick of time!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

GM: Only three minutes to go in the ten minute time limit for this World Television Title match here at Unholy War and both of these men may need to turn up the heat right about now, fans.

[Cooper gets to his feet a little gimpy from the kneedrop.]

BW: Cooper may have hurt his knee on that move, Gordo. The knee was already a little banged up by Bryant early in the match and now it looks like Dave Cooper has injured it even more.

[Leaning on the ropes, Cooper shakes his leg, trying to revive it so he can finish off the TV Champion.]

GM: Cooper's having a hard time putting weight on that knee.

BW: It wasn't the knee that he delivered off the buckles, it was the other knee that had to absorb the impact of his fall. That's the one that took the jolt and that's the one that Bryant had gone after early in the match.

[Cooper turns around, his back against the ropes as he sees Dave Bryant push up to all fours, shaking his head back and forth to try and clear the cobwebs.]

GM: Bryant's starting to stir and if Dave Cooper is going to take advantage of this situation, he needs to do it now.

[Recognizing that, Cooper pushes off the ropes, hobbling towards the downed Bryant who shoves up to his knees as he feels the challenger approaching...

...and blasts him in the gut with a right hand! Big cheer!]

GM: Big right hand to the midsection by Bryant!

[Winding up, Bryant throws a second one to the gut!]

GM: Another one downstairs! Bryant's trying to fight back from his knees, Bucky!

[Bryant rears back to throw a third but switches to an uppercut, catching the doubled-up Cooper right on the jaw, sending him stumbling back...

...but he comes right back in, drilling Bryant between the eyes with a right hand of his own that cuts off the comeback!]

GM: Ohh! Cooper returns the favor!

[Cooper goes to pull Bryant up for another offensive attack but Bryant reaches down, yanking the legs out from under him. The crowd cheers as Bryant quickly grabs the injured leg under his armpit...

...and drops back, effectively delivering a DDT to the leg!]

GM: OHHH!

[Cooper cries out in pain again as Bryant pushes up to a seated position on the canvas.]

GM: What a counter out of the World Television Champion!

"TWO MINUTES!"

GM: Two minutes left and Dave Bryant's gotta turn it up a notch here if he wants to defeat the challenger here in St. Louis!

[Climbing to his feet, Bryant turns his focus onto the leg that Cooper is clutching to try and protect. A vicious series of stomps puts Cooper flat on his back, howling in pain as Bryant grabs the foot, dragging Cooper out to the center of the ring...]

GM: Bryant's looking for the figure four!

[Bryant executes the spinning toehold part of the hold but in mid-spin, Cooper uses a boot to the rear to shove Bryant off into the buckles!]



GM: He couldn't get it on! Cooper had too much left in the tank to allow himself to get caught in that hold!

[Suddenly, Larry Doyle hops up on the apron, shouting at the official who is drawn over to put him down...

...which allows Calisto Dufresne to hop up on the apron, grabbing Bryant around the head and neck...]

GM: Dufresne!

[But Bryant slaps his hands away, throwing a right hook that catches Dufresne flush on the jaw, knocking him off the apron to a big cheer!]

GM: BRYANT KNOCKS DUFRESNE DOWN!

[Kenny Stanton comes up on the apron as well, ready to jump in...

...but Bryant throws a dropkick through the ropes, catching him on the knee and sending him sprawling off the apron as well!]

GM: Dufresne's down! Stanton's down!

[Bryant pops back up to his feet, turning to the corner where he stomps his foot a few times to a big cheer!]

GM: And Bryant's looking to knock Cooper out cold with the superkick!

[Cooper rolls to all fours, gingerly trying to push himself up off the mat - completely unaware that Bryant is waiting for him with his most dangerous weapon locked and loaded...]

GM: Cooper's almost to his feet!

[A shout from Larry Doyle seems to warn Cooper, giving him enough of a heads-up so that when he turns around and Bryant uncorks the superkick, Cooper ducks down to avoid it, allowing Bryant to sail past him...]

GM: Cooper kicks him in the gut...

[The Professional hooks Bryant for a suplex, drawing a thumb across his throat...]

GM: He's calling for the Gourdbuster!

[Cooper reaches down to hook Bryant, looking to finish him off, but Bryant reaches down, hooking a leg as he pulls the Professional into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[The referee dives to the mat, ignoring Larry Doyle's attempt to distract him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost got him! Bryant was a heartbeat away from retaining the World Television Title!

"SIXTY SECONDS!"

GM: Just one minute left!

[Cooper and Bryant both scramble up, each trying to beat the other to their feet. Bryant gets there first, rushing at Cooper who ducks down, avoiding a clothesline as the Doctor of Love hits the ropes.]

GM: Bryant off the far side...

[Cooper spins around, catching the rebounding Bryant by the upper thighs, hoisting him into the air, pivoting around...

...and DRIVING Bryant down to the canvas with a spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

[Cooper pushes up to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And this time it's Dave Bryant who barely gets out in time! Dave Cooper was a half count away from winning the World Television Title but Dave Bryant got the shoulder up!

[An irate Dave Cooper climbs to his feet, glaring at the official.]

BW: No time for hate! You gotta finish it now!

[Doyle seems to be shouting something similar as Cooper nods to the Royalty manager, turning back towards Bryant and pulling him off the mat by the hair. He pulls him into the front facelock again, looking for the Gourdbuster...]

GM: Cooper's got him hooked! He lifts!

[But at the top of the lift, Bryant somehow reverses his momentum, tightening the arm around Cooper's neck into a front facelock...

...and DRIVES him skullfirst into the canvas on the way down!]

GM: DDT! DDT OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Bryant shoves Cooper to his back, throwing an arm across.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The referee pauses in mid-count, climbing to his feet and moving swiftly to the ropes. Outside the ring, Larry Doyle is shouting at the official who huddles up first with the timekeeper... then with Phil Watson.]

GM: I think the time limit expired, Bucky.

BW: I think you're right.

GM: Phil Watson's about to make it official.

[Phil Watson raises the house mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the time limit for this match has expired. Therefore, this match is declared a DRAW!

[The boos pour down for that one.]

PW: Still the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant!

[The boos turn to cheers for that announcement as a dazed Bryant rolls from the ring just as Kenny Stanton and Calisto Dufresne get in. The Doctor of Love shakes his head, wagging a finger at Royalty as he backs down the aisle.]

GM: A time limit draw and Bryant quickly bails out before Royalty can get to him.

BW: So, first he escapes with his title... and then he just flat out escapes!

GM: Bryant remains the World Television Champion but both sides came incredibly close to victory in this one. Bryant almost won it as time expired but if Cooper had hit the Gourdbuster, it would've been a very different story, fans.

[Stanton and Dufresne help Cooper off the mat, explaining to the staggered veteran what just happened as Larry Doyle continues to berate the referee.]

GM: This night will NOT end with Royalty holding all of the gold here in the AWA thanks to the efforts of Dave Bryant... but the question now becomes, how much gold WILL they have? Can the Blonde Bombers fight off the efforts of the Number One Contenders, RyGunn? Can Calisto Dufresne defeat TWO men in a single match? We'll find out the answers to those

questions later tonight but right now, let's go up to the luxury suites where I'm told Jason Dane has a very special guest who just arrived here in the building. Jason?

[Cut to a shot of a Chafitz Arena luxury box that fits about three seats. On either side sits a strong burly man in a suit and tie, one black, one white, both wearing a pair of Raybans. In the middle lounges the relaxed figure (with his own pair of Raybans) of the breakout pop star Joshua Dusscher, nursing a bottle of Budweiser. What little of Dusscher's wavy brown hair that's visible peeks out of his St. Louis Cardinals cap, which clashes with his Kurt Warner St. Louis Rams jersey, though both go well with the blue jeans and white Nikes (crossed over and kicked up on the guard rail) that finish off the ensemble.

On the far left of the shot stands Jason Dane, who, for reasons unknown, has a little more distance from Mr. Dusscher than what would seem natural.

JD: Thank you Gordon, and what an incredible treat I have for everyone! In two weeks time he will be performing his hit songs at AWA Homecoming, but, as you may have heard, he is also among us tonight. Ladies and gentlemen, the one, the only, Joshua Dusscher! Mr. Dusscher, thank you so much for your time.

[Jason Dane stretches over the railing to extend the microphone towards Joshua Dusscher, who speaks in the boyish, falsetto voice that made him the idol of teen and tween aged girls the world over.]

Joshua: No problem, Jason. Whassup St. Louie?

[Joshua raises his beer in salute, and the crowd gives Mr. Dusscher a firmly mixed reaction, the positives coming from the higher pitched voices, the negatives from the lower ones. Dane waits a few seconds, while the camera pans the arena to take in this reaction, speaking once more when the shot returns.]

JD: This is such a big surprise, Mr. Dusscher, nobody knew that you would be in attendance tonight!

Joshua: You know, I just finished up a couple of shows at the Scottrade Center last night, and, you know, the stars just aligned just right, and here I am!

JD: So what do you think of the action so far?

Joshua: Well, I've been really busy these days so I'm still kind of catching up on everything, but I was a huge fan as a kid. Did you know, that when I was eight years old, my stepdad took me to see Showtime VI at MSG?

JD: Really!?

Joshua: God, that was amazing! Guys like...uh...Kowalski! Curtis Hansen! Oh, [snaps his fingers in excitement] THE KILLING BOX! God, I loved that damned Killing Box!

[Jason Dane shifts around uncomfortably for a second before determining how to move on.]

JD: Well, I don't want to trouble you too much on your leisure time, but I just want to say how much \*everybody\* in the AWA is looking forward to your upcoming appearance at Homecoming!

Joshua: Yeah, it's gonna be a blast! Still working out what's, uh, appropriate for the show, but, um, it will definitely be something that both music \*and\* wrestling fans will truly appreciate, I promise you that!

JD: Joshua Dusscher, thank you again for your time, and enjoy the rest of the show! Gordon, back to you.

[Cut back to the broadcast booth, a beaming Gordon Myers sitting besides a VERY unhappy Bucky Wilde.]

GM: That's right fans, Joshua Dusscher, the number one pop star in the country, will be \*performing\* LIVE at AWA Homecoming in two weeks time, and Bucky, I can't wait!

BW: Uh...Gordo, have you ever heard any of his recent stuff? His newest album? His latest single, "GIrl, That Ain't All That's Blue"?

GM: I'm not really hip to the latest trends, but I really liked his breakout song "Say Hey!"

BW: Yeah, that bubblegum pop got him in the door, but that ain't who he is now! You get squeamish when someone says "Shizz Dawg", what are you going to do when that degenerate starts singing and pantomiming about what Shakeemah's gonna to do him in the Kwik-E-Mart bathroom?

GM: Bucky!

BW: THAT'S WHAT THE SONG'S ABOUT!

GM: Look, I met that young man and talked with him myself. Regardless of what he does to entertain some people, he's a good kid with a good heart, and I just know that he's going to give our fans a performance to remember!

BW: And I just know that this is NOT going to end well, Gordo. Mark my words.

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break but before we do, let's go backstage where I'm told Mark Stegglet is standing by. Mark?

[We cut backstage to a very uncomfortable looking Mark Stegglet. Why? Well, you'd be uncomfortable too if you were sandwiched in between Cletus

Lee Bishop and William Craven, both looking down menacingly at you. Also in the frame is Eric Preston in a dark blue polo and jeans, Duane Henry Bishop who is punching a taped fist into his open palm repeatedly, and in the middle of it all, the owner of Empire Sports, Chris Blue who is decked out in a dazzling white Dodgers jersey.]

MS: Th...thanks, Gordon. Chris... err, Mister Blue... can you tell us what brings you - them - all of you to Unholy War tonight?

[Blue eyes Stegglet.]

CB: Why, whatever do you mean? Unholy War is supposed to be a showcase of the best professional wrestlers in the world, right? It's supposed to be a night to put the exclamation point on one of the biggest summer tours of all time, right? It's supposed to be when the AWA says "au revoir" to the rest of the country and heads back home to Texas for the winter, yes?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: But none of you guys are booked.

[A grin crosses Blue's face.]

CB: Ah, much like your colleague, Mr. Dane, you cut right to the heart of the matter, Mr. Stegglet. Before you stands the greatest collection of wrestling talent walking the Earth today... and yet none of them are booked at this so-called major event. Does that... trouble you, Mr. Stegglet?

[Stegglet looks nervous.]

MS: Trouble?

CB: Yes. Does it bother you? Concern you? Worry you?

[Stegglet is speechless. Blue sighs.]

CB: I liked you better when you were the geeky kid hanging around my locker rooms trying to start your own wrestling hotline.

Suffice to say, Mr. Stegglet... it worries me.

[Blue lays a hand to rest on the shoulder of Eric Preston.]

CB: It worries me because I know these men and as much as they listen to my advice, it worries me because I know that when they're not given the opportunity to show exactly WHY they are the greatest collection of wrestling talent walking the Earth today...

[That grin reappears.]

CB: ...they just might take matters into their own hands.

[Stegglet speaks up.]

MS: Are you threatening someone here tonight? Royalty? The Unholy Alliance? RyGunn? Juan Vasq-

[Blue raises a hand.]

CB: Calm down, son. We have no intention of spoiling anyone's night.

[Blue smirks.]

CB: Well, not tonight at least. Homecoming on the other hand...

[Stegglet interrupts again.]

MS: Homecoming?!

[Blue turns on Stegglet, a disturbing toothy grin on display.]

CB: It is only out of sentiment for the fine job your Uncle did for me for so many years that I don't turn my Dragon loose on you.

[Craven puts a firm hand on Stegglet's shoulder.]

CB: However, my sentimentality only goes so far and I would advise you to not interrupt me again.

Homecoming is set to be a tremendous night. A welcome home party from the great fans back in Dallas. I'm sure they will be lining the streets to welcome back men like the greatest tag team in AWA history...

[Blue gestures to the Bishop Boys.]

CB: Like the Dragon himself... the man who took so much out of Alex Martinez, the Hall of Famer ran off to Hollywood to find an easier job...

[Blue points to the creature known as William Craven.]

CB: And, of course... the best thing to EVER come out of the Combat Corner - including Mr. Wright - and the man who put James Monosso out to pasture where he can hock DVDs without fear of reprisal... Eric Preston.

[A nod.]

CB: I'm sure the fans of Dallas will be waiting with arms wide open for us, Mr. Stegglet. But just to ensure that they get their money's worth that night at Homecoming. Just to make sure that they feel that their night at the arena was worth the hard-earned coin they get slopping pigs, cleaning out toilets, or pouring beers down at the Rusty Spur...

I have my own special night planned for them.

[Stegglet waits to make sure Blue's finished.]

MS: And I'm guessing you have no intention of sharing that with us now?

[Blue smirks.]

CB: As a matter of fact... I do plan on giving a sneak preview.

Picture it now...

[Blue holds up his hands, pretending to write on a marquee. You know the gesture. Don't lie.]

CB: AWA Homecoming. The best wrestlers in the world.

And Chris Blue center stage...

...telling the entire world exactly who one of the Wise Men are.

[Blue lets that hang, staring at the camera as Stegglet's eyes go wide...

...and we slowly fade to black.

Over the wild sound of prepubescent cheers, in the midst of the gaudy lights of a huge stage stands a baby-faced young man with brown hair, brown eyes, a big smile, and a small trickle of sweat running down his cheek. A polished, professional male voice handles the narration.]

VO: His audition on X-Factor captivated the nation.

[Quick cut to judge Nicole Scherzinger, looking on in reverence.]

NS: \*That\* was amazing!

[With the sound of the cheers remaining in the background, quick cut to YouTube page, playing a crude, self-produced video of the young man singing his song "Say Hey!" Immediately, the shot starts zooming in on the hit total, an unbelievable 357,145,002.]

VO: His debut song took the \*world\* by storm!

[The chorus of that song plays in the background, as the screen briefly fades to black, before the AWA logo fades in on the top half of the screen.]

VO: ...and now, he is coming to the AWA!

[As the chorus comes to an end, the bottom half of the screen fills with these words:

September 14th, 2013  
AWA Homecoming  
Joshua Dusscher



LIVE!

After a three second pause, cut back to find Jason Dane standing in front of the "Unholy War" banner on a small backstage setup. To his left is Donnie White and his blonde mohawk that has its' own zip code. To his right are both members of the Ring Workers; Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. All three men are still in their Shane Gang ring colors of green and white, though White's sleeveless jacket that hangs to the floor is quite the contrast in comparison to the track suits that Strong and Anderson wear. That aside, all three are bickering back and forth and Dane does his best to project his voice over the rowdy bunch.]

JD: Gentlemen...

DW: He's dead! D-White is gonna bust that sucka up!

JD: Gentlemen.

LS: I'm gonna snap that tool in half!

JD: Guys!

DW/LS/AA: WHAT?!

[Jason's eyes nervously dart from each individual to the other.]

JD: We all want to know. We NEED to know. Where is Terry Shane III? Is the Ring Leader going to be present tonight and face Hannibal Carver --

DW: You heard it just like we heard it, playa! You don't need the Memphis Mohawk to spell it out for ya do ya? Shane ain't got no bizness here tonight! Carver... that MANIAC... he tried to END the Ring Leader and that just ain't right, foo'!. Shane needs to rest up. He's the BEST around for a reason. He ain't nobodies whippin' boy! Now Shadoe Rage on the other hand --

JD: Wait, wait. You can't be serious?

[Strong snaps Dane's arm towards him, leaning over the mic.]

LS: You havin' trouble understandin' my man Donnie here or what, Jason? He told you what you wanted to know. Accept it. Shane owes these people nothin'! It's Carver who owes them. It's Carver who stole their hometown hero away from them. These people have been fillin' the streets for weeks and weeks to catch a glimpse of THEIR champion. Carver... he STOLE that from them. He tried to cripple Shane and now he's left without a war to fight in tonight. Hannibal Carver can go trade punches with a string puppet for all I care.

JD: You all keep talking about how much these people here in Missouri mean to Shane. He grew up just miles away from the Arena tonight. Is he that injured? Or is it just all an act?

AA: An act? An act?!

[Lenny holds Anderson back, rubbing his shoulders.]

LS: Does he know how to put it or what? You know Jason... we don't really have an interest in wastin' any more time with you. Just like we don't feel like dragging out this charade with the Rave any longer than we have too. Seems like too much damn work. You got these idjits complaining cause they don't get titles shots, or recognition, or fame, or how future Captain Hook and that pesky alligator keep chasing them . It turns into shouting matches of us making sense and them talking jibberish cause that's what they do. They had a pretty sweet deal. They could have just sat back, shut up, and let us beat them around for a few months and cashed in a few hefty paychecks and let their lives rot away for the next zillion years playing dress up and paintin' each others nails.

No offense, Donnie.

[White shrugs, "It's cool."]

LS: Because lets be honest, the thing they are best at ain't tag team wrestling. It's making noise. It's being a nuisance. It's being stupid. It's botherin' Aaron over here and myself and trust me, you don't want to be the one botherin' the Axeman.

[Strong firmly slaps Aaron on the shoulders.]

LS: But even more importantly, it's over.

All of it.

[A rough, ragged chuckle spills from Strong's lips.]

LS: The Rave could have come out and just took their beating like men and gotten it over with. Now it's time they live with the consequences for gettin' in our way. You may have got the jump on us a time or two, but that doesn't make all the nonsense you been spewing anymore true does it?

[Snort.]

LS: I don't think so. So hear this Jezz, Shizz, hell Carver you better be listenin' too and I hope you're holdin' Shadoe's hand cause he's gonna need a friend. The Shane Gang are comin' for you, all of you...

It ain't over.

[Another snort.]

LS: We're just gettin' warmed up.

[The trio walk off the set leaving Jason Dane standing there by his lonesome.]

JD: Some strong words from the Shane Gang. If what they say is true then we have to wait two more weeks to see Hannibal Carver get his hands on Terry Shane III, but at what cost? No showing tonight's challenge means Carver will get to handpick the stipulation for their match in Dallas and there's no telling what he might come up with. We're going to-

[Dane suddenly grabs at his earpiece.]

JD: I'm being told...

[He pauses, listening again. His eyes suddenly go wide.]

JD: Cut to the ring! Now!

[We cut to the ring abruptly...]

GM: Oh my!

[... with Miss Sandra Hayes handcuffed to the top ring rope, on her knees frantically struggling to break free as standing just a few feet away are the stylist she just had a confrontation with backstage...]

BW: What's that maniac got in his warped mind this time?!

[... and Hannibal Carver. Carver grins before requesting the microphone from Phil Watson.]

HC: I may be a lot of things. I've been hearing them nonstop around the ol' water cooler lately. Maniac. Monster. Madman.

[Carver shrugs, as if to say "Yeh've got me there".]

HC: But one thing I am NOT, is a liar. I told yeh I'd get yeh out here tonight Terry, one way or another. Yeh didn't want to be a man and take yer lumps, so here we are. Funny thing? Everyone hates yer guts so much it's easy to get everyone from the boys in the back...

[He nods at the stylist.]

HC: ... to the gal whose job it is to suffer through makin' yer harpy look presentable to agree to anything, just as long as it puts the screws to yeh.

[Carver shakes hands with the stylist to big cheers, but stops her as she is about to exit the ring.]

HC: There's just one more thing I need from yeh, dahlin'.

[Carver nods towards a small leather bag the stylist is holding. She chuckles and hands it to him, as he quickly unzips it open.]

BW: Oh no! Don't you harm one hair on her head!

GM: I don't think he's planning to harm one hair, Bucky...

[The crowd pops huge as Carver reaches into the bag and holds up high...]

GM: ... I think he plans on shaving them all off!

[... a pair of cordless electric clippers.]

HC: I know yeh ain't much of a man, Terry. Yeh've proven time and again that yer a coward that'll hide behind yer jackals until yeh can squeak through. But tonight, if I see yer Gang, if I see anyone walk through those curtains but you...

[Carver turns on the clippers and holds them mere inches away from Hayes' head as she screams.]

HC: ... tomorrow morning in the Econo Lodge yeh'll be waking up next to Sinead O'Connor!

[Static.]

GM: Looks like he's got company!

[Carver's smile twists and contorts into an eerie grin as Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play.]

GM: Carver has lived up to his end of the bargain, Bucky.

BW: He diva-napped Miss Sandra Hayes!

GM: He did what was necessary to prevent Shane from ducking out on his end of the bargain. You heard it just like everyone else did earlier tonight, Shane wasn't going to show tonight. He was satisfied with waiting until Homecoming and getting his hands on Carver then.

BW: It makes no sense! Had Carver just let bygones be bygones, he'd get to pick the stipulations for Homecoming. Now...

GM: Now we've got ourselves a challenge. Do you think Carver is the type of guy that just wants Shane handed to him on a silver platter? He wants to make him pay. Tonight, two weeks from now, forever. Terry Shane III and his goons have dragged him through hell and back and this Boston Madman wants vengeance. He wants to make Shane suffer.

[Finally, he emerges. The Ring Leader moves slowly, stepping out into the aisle way draped in a sparkling emerald robe that hangs down from his shoulders to the floor. He lifts his arms up, stretching them wide, exposing the beautiful and intricate silver inseams of the long ensemble. Shane's green trunks match that of the robe, while TS3 is printed in small white

italics above his left hip. Matching knee pads and shin guards wrap over his same-colored boots with white laces and soles.]

GM: See?! He IS here! Terry Shane and his Gang told the entire world that Shane wasn't even in the building but that was just another lie.. another trick... another game. The Siren is screaming for Shane to run down and save her! Carver still has those clippers and he has them flush against her cheek! That coward needs to come save his leading lady!

BW: Only a fool would rush in there unprepared! Shane has a game plan, I can feel it!

[Hayes tries to squirm along the ring ropes, doing her best to drag the handcuffs along the top rope while Hannibal Carver clings to her arm, pulling her right back into him. He lifts the clippers high up into the air which draws a large ovation from the crowd. The Ring Leader rips his robe away, revealing a white guard that is fastened over his wrist and forearm.]

GM: Shane still has that wrist guard in place! It didn't do him much good two weeks ago when Hannibal Carver blasted him the arm with that lead pipe!

BW: He's a maniac, Gordo. Shane isn't fit to compete tonight but he's out here anyway. He's a fighter, the future heir to the AWA World Title if you ask me!

[Shane feints stepping into the ring and Carver takes a big step towards him which retracts him back. Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps between the two, ordering Carver back. Shane leans in, mouthing, "Let her go."]

GM: Shane is trying to order Jagger to get Carver to let Sandra go here and our Senior Official is doing just that. He's asking Carver for the key and-

[Carver shakes his head, pointing to Shane, "I ain't lettin' him run".]

GM: Jagger is trying to gain some sort of control of this. Carver wants Shane in now and Terry wants no part of this until Sandra is released. But knowing Terry Shane III, he'll take off the second Miss Hayes is let go.

BW: You don't know that! He's just looking out for her safety!

GM: Doubtful, Bucky. Johnny's got a tough task at hand but it looks as though he's trying to compromise with both individuals. He seems to be explaining to Shane that he doesn't have the ability to unlock Miss Hayes but he'll restrict Carver to the far side of the ring while he comes in

BW: Doesn't seem like much of a compromise if you ask me, Gordo.

[Shane points towards the far corner and Carver grins, pleading to Shane to come in. Miss Hayes screeches out, "Get me out of these!" Shane cautiously steps in and Jagger signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It looks as though we are going to get this started! Shane is yelling at Carver to get down on all fours!

BW: Carver is shouting something.

[Jagger leans towards Carver who whispers into his ear.]

GM: I'm not sure what-

BW: No, they can't! That arm is injured!

[Jagger points towards Shane's wrist guard and Shane shakes his head.]

GM: Jagger is telling Shane he needs to check that wrist guard and Shane wants no part of it! He's refusing, Bucky!

BW: He's hurt, he shouldn't even be out there!

[Jagger, ever the daring and bold Senior Official that he is, steps up to Shane and unfastens the buckle, trying to slide it off Shane's hand.]

GM: Apparently Jagger is banning the guard from this challenge.

BW: This is absurd. Look at Carver, he's loving it!

[Carver maniacally laughs in the corner while Shane shouts over to him. Jagger continues to peel the guard off of Shane and while he does...

...Miss Sandra Hayes positions herself behind Carver, swinging her leg violently forward and SMACKING it into his groin!]

GM: MY STARS! LOW BLOW BY THE SIREN!

[Shane snaps away from Jagger, sprinting towards Carver who is buckled over. Shane grabs Carver's arm and leaps over him, coiling his arms around his torso and contorting him over...

...flipping him onto his back while he CLUTCHES his arms around the neck and arm of Hannibal Carver!]

BW: FLYING CRUCIFIX NECK CRANK!

GM: HE'S GOT CARVER IN THE NO ESCAPE! Jagger never even saw it happen!

[Shane locks Carver's free arm between his legs as the Senior Official slides down to the ground, asking Carver if he is submitting and Hannibal belts out a defiant, "HELL NO!"]

BW: Carver is getting EXACTLY what he deserves here!

GM: Hayes cheated! She hit him with the low blow!

BW: Shane got hit by a lead pipe in that arm! Whose the cheater?!

[Carver continues to squirm on the mat. He tries desperately to bring his feet towards his knees so he can sit up but as Shane wrenches back further he loses his footing and is flattened back out. Carver continues to rock back and forth, at times grunting as Shane's eyes shut as he intensely squeezes the neck of Carver.]

GM: The window of opportunity for Carver to escape is quickly closing.. the longer he is in this hold the more damage he is going to incur. At what point does he just give up and save himself for Homecoming?

BW: That would be the intelligent thing to do, Gordo. But we're talking about Hannibal Carver here.

[Carver throws his feet into the air and begins trying to rock himself up.]

GM: He's trying to throw his feet up and over Shane! This is all lower back and leg strength as his arms are fully extended in that crucifix position! I don't know if he has it in him-

BW: NO! NO!

[Carver heaves a second time, a third, and a fourth... each time getting his legs higher into the air. Jagger remains nearly glued to his face asking him if he gives up. On the fifth time Carver's leg is flung high up and they teeter for a second, perpendicular to the mat...

...until Miss Hayes KICKS his chest, knocking him back to the mat!]

BW: YES! GENIUS!

GM: She has no business out there! This is absurd!

BW: Carver is the one that brought her down here!

[Carver lays limp for a moment, unable to even shake his head no at this point as the submission is locked in dangerously tight. He belts out another, "NO!" as Shane buries his left forearm into Carver's neck, grimacing as well from the pain against his exposed arm.]

GM: I don't know who is gonna give first?! If Carver can hang on here long enough Shane's arm might not hold up to the challenge! That beating that took place two weeks ago is showing its effects now.... Shane is struggling, REALLY struggling!

[Shane, sensing his grip is loosening, switches from a conventional grip to an over-under grip, hoping to take some pressure off his left arm. As he grinds the neck of Hannibal Carver the madman begins to try and twist to

his left, rolling his neck away from Shane's knees and towards the Ring Leader's left forearm...

...and right into striking distance of his sharp, yellow stained teeth.]

GM: HE'S BITING HIM! HANNIBAL CARVER IS BITING THE LEFT ARM OF TERRY SHANE III!

BW: GET IN THERE JAGGER! STOP THIS!

GM: MY STARS, BUCKY! HE'S GOING TO BITE HIS WAY FREE!

[Carver sinks his teeth in deeper as Shane's arm shields the view of Johnny Jagger who watches the grip of Terry Shane III weaken....loosen...

...and eventually break!]

"DING! DING!" DING!"

GM: HE DID IT, BUCKY!

BW: HE CHEATED! HE BIT HIM!

[Bursting from the back comes Donnie White, Aaron Anderson, and Lenny Strong. The Shane Gang sprint down the aisle towards Shane and Carver who both do their best to pull themselves back up to their feet.]

GM: Carver's got Shane's arm!

[Carver whips Shane away from him only to hold and jerk him back in his direction as he winds up his BIG elbow...

...but instead of hitting Shane he SMASHES right into the oncoming face of Lenny Strong!]

GM: Strong ate the elbow! He's out! He's out cold, Bucky!

BW: But here comes Donnie White and Aaron Anderson!

GM: AND HERE COME THE GOOD GUYS!

[Sprinting down the aisle are Jerby Jezz, Shizz Dawg OG, and Shadoe Rage.]

GM: All six of these men have already gone to battle with one another tonight! They aren't done by a longshot gettin' their hands on the Shane Gang and they aren't about to let Hannibal Carver go down like this!

[Jezz catapults himself into the ring, wiping out Aaron Anderson. Shadoe Rage power tackles Donnie White to the ground. Shizz Dawg OG peels Shane off of Carver only to be met with a vicious right hand by the Ring Leader. Miss Hayes does her best to kick anyone within striking distance



while Jagger tries to restore order. Suddenly, Marty Meekly, Davis Warren, and Ricky Longfellow come jogging down the aisle.]

BW: Not exactly the Southern Syndicate coming down here, is it?

GM: All of our officials are out here trying to get a grip on things! We've got to cut away to our sponsors because knowing these guys they'll be out here all night trading shots if we let them!

[As the battle continues inside the ring, we 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 run-down gym.]

JM: And there's footage from the days before the AWA. From UVW, and the night I first became a World Champion.

[Rare footage of Monosso, much younger and wearing a VERY different set of ring attire (a black, dark orchid, and yellow-colored bodysuit... yes, that was actually what he wore) in a steel cage match fighting an incredibly muscular blond man wearing blue-and-gold trunks and light grey fur boots.]

JM: From I-Slash, both in singles and teaming with John Van Mann as The New Millennium.

[Scenes of a tag team match from IWF/WOW. Monosso is wearing the same style of attire as he later would in the AWA, albeit with more silver. He and an athletic man in a two-strap dark green singlet are fighting a masked tag team with a lightning bolt motif.]

JM: And on to the AWA, where I fought them all. Martinez, Marley, Scott, Wright...

...Preston.

[Clips of matches with each man are shown, and Monosso practically spits out that last word with obvious bitterness.]

JM: And more. There's twenty-three matches, more promos, a documentary, some special features... I never did figure why the AWA sent a camera crew with me to go track down the people that trained me, but now I know. This is Volume Two in the Signature Series. This is the story of my career. This is madness.

[We get a look at the DVD boxed set, the cover of which features Monosso clutching the World Title at the end of Blood Sweat and Tears. The full title is "This Is Madness; This Is Monosso".]

JM: This is Monosso. Get it. Keep it. It's the only way you'll remember. Remember what I said. Remember what I did. Remember who I was. This isn't just a collectable; it's a legacy.

[Back to the eyes, and only the eyes. The angry, hateful, bitter eyes.]

JM: And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[And cut to backstage where Jason Dane stands in the interview area, his hand waving towards someone off camera. As Dane watches, three men step forward. The three men? The two members of RyGunn, and their "manager" young Justin Gaines.]

JD: Welcome back, fans, and gentlemen, thank you for joining me.

[On the right stands Ryan Martinez. A young man in his early 20's, Ryan's brown hair, normally kept neatly trimmed and is now ragged around the edges, and his face, normally clean shaven, show several week's worth of stubble, both of these things suggesting that Ryan's focus has been on things other than vanity. Shirtless, and wearing black wrestling trunks, black boots, black kneepads and black shoulderpads, Ryan looks slightly slimmer and more muscular, again, suggesting that he's undergone very intense training, his body trimmer but also more chiseled as a result of a vigorous regimen.]

In the middle stands young Justin Gaines, who has his usual track warmup jacket with a thin gold chain, blue jeans and cowboy boots. As usual, he appears uncontrollably pleased to be where he is - namely, standing to a legend on one side and a rising star on the other.

And on the left is the very epitome of a "grizzled" veteran, Gunnar Gaines. His dark brown hair is tied back in a pony tail, his beard neatly trimmed. He's ready for ring action in more or less the same outfit he's been known for all these years - white thermal undershirt, an open red flannel shirt with the sleeves cut off, and cutoff jeans, with black knee pads and boots. A metal brace is on one of his knees. A Grizzly Grin? It's nowhere to be found, as an intense and concentrated look is on his face.]

JD: I think its safe to say that tonight is the night that RyGunn has been waiting for ever since the first time you two shook hands and agreed to team up. Tonight, you two get your first, and, truth be told, last shot at the World Tag Team titles against the only team to have ever defeated you - The Blonde Bombers. Mr. Gaines, can you reflect for a moment on all that's happened between your first encounter with Mr. Martinez and tonight?

[Gunnar pauses and thinks... then speaks.]

GG: Wow. You know, I hadn't thought about that, but it really has been a lot that's happened. We started as opponents. As you might remember, I beat young Mr. Martinez in that encounter, but I respected his ability, so I made him what I thought was a very generous offer. Be my protege, my student. Now as we all know, Ryan \_rejected\_ that offer and made one of his own. That we be partners. It was an offer that I accepted, and a year later, here we are. We're standing here on the cusp of winning the AWA World Tag Team Championship. For Ryan, this is a big opportunity. But for me, it's a return to the glory that I used to know. And I don't have to tell people how improbable that seemed for all these years. If you would have predicted it, people would have laughed. Well, Jason Dane, I can promise you just one thing. After tonight, no one will be laughing anymore.

JD: As I mentioned before, The Blonde Bombers are, in fact, the only AWA team to hold a victory over RyGunn. And one has to give a lot of the credit for that win to the Bombers' manager, Larry Doyle. But tonight, it would seem that Larry Doyle is going to be neutralized. Justin, you'll be handcuffed to Mr. Doyle. Tell us how you plan on ensuring your father and his partner get a fair fight.

JG: Well, Jason, people look at me and see some high school kid. A high school kid with a hell of a pedigree, but a high school kid just the same. Well, this high school kid, now graduate by the way, has spent the past six months making sure that Ryan and my father get fair fights. Almost every time, the result has been simple - we've won. There's been one exception. The one guy that's managed to stay one step ahead of my efforts is Larry Doyle. Well, you can't stay one step ahead of someone that you're cuffed to at the wrist. That's why we put it in the contract that Larry Doyle stays handcuffed to me. I'm afraid if the Blonde Bombers are going to cheat, it's

going to have to be some other way. I don't just predict that... I'll make sure of it. And that means you can take it to the bank.

JD: But though Larry Doyle can be considered a non-factor in tonight's match, there is still a dangling question. Two weeks ago, Mr. Martinez, you broke from training to take on the very dangerous Mr. Sadisuto. And that resulted in you sustaining injuries to your shoulder. My first question to you is, how is your shoulder?

[Young Ryan, who has been silently and intently staring straight ahead as his partner and Justin have been speaking, turns to look at Jason.]

RM: It hurts, Jason. I'm still banged up. Two weeks ago, it wasn't one hundred percent. And all the training? All the sparring? It hurts more now than it did after Sadisuto was done with it. Does it surprise you, hearing me say that?

JD: I confess, it does. I wouldn't think you'd want to alert the Blonde Bombers to a potential vulnerability.

RM: That is because, Jason, you don't understand me.

Why am I saying that my shoulder still hurts? Because I want them to know. I want them to come at it. I want them to try to injure me. I want them to try to cripple me. I want them to know that I'm hurting. Because tomorrow, I want them to know - I want them to know, that they did everything they could, and they still came up short.

I want the Blonde Bombers to have to stand in front of Larry Doyle tomorrow and explain why they are no longer the tag team champions. I want them to feel the pain and the shame of having to admit that they are not as good as Gunnar and I. I want them to feel, deep in their soul, the pain of realizing that RyGunn is the best team in wrestling today. And I want them to serve as a testament to all other tag teams in the AWA, whether it be SkyHerc, or The Ring Workers, or Preston and Craven, or the Bishops, or anyone else, that there is no chance against Gunnar and I.

I want the Blonde Bombers to serve as an object lesson. Every time someone thinks "Gunnar Gaines has a bad knee and Ryan Martinez has a bad shoulder," I want them to understand that injuries don't stop us. Every time someone thinks "Ryan Martinez is too young and inexperienced and Gunnar Gaines is washed up and over the hill," I want them to understand that heart isn't something that can be quantified and measured. And that heart, more than anything else, propels a man forward and into championships.

Yes, my shoulder hurts. Come see how much it matters.

[Dane nods as he turns back to the veteran member of the team.]

JD: Mr. Gaines, as someone who has been training alongside Mr. Martinez, can you tell us how you feel in the face of the news about his injured shoulder?

GG: You're asking me, Jason? You heard my partner just now. You heard him talk about how confident he is in spite of that injury. What kind of partner would I be to argue with that? Ryan Martinez knows better than anyone what he can and can't do. Just like no one knows better than I do what Gunnar Gaines is capable of doing, regardless of what anyone says about my knee. Bottom line? I predict Ryan's shoulder is going to be the least of our worries.

JD: Earlier, I asked Mr. Gaines about his reflections. But can you, Ryan, take a moment to reflect on all that's happened on the road to this, your first actual title shot in the AWA?

RM: To do that, I need to go back to the beginning. And for me, it all begins in Japan. This is a story I've told before, but it bears repeating. When I first decided to be a wrestler, my father called me. And he told me about all the places he could get me a job. Canada, Las Vegas, even Dallas. But you need to understand. Taking handouts from my famous father? That's not who I am. Getting something I didn't earn? I've no interest in that.

So I went to Japan.

And there, I spent a long time waiting outside a dojo to be trained. And an even longer time washing mats and setting up rings. It was hard work. But I was happy to do it. Because it meant I was earning something. And there, in Japan, I met a man who became my chief mentor. Some of you might know him - "Black Dog" Yoshito Katsumura. It was Katsumara-sama that helped shape the views I already had, he gave me the language and the understanding to shape the code I live by.

And what Katsumara-sama taught me is that a man's life is determined by the paths he chooses to walk down. There are many roads, and each one has its own code. Bushido is the code of the samurai, the path of the true warrior. It is a code of discipline and of strength. But most of all, it is a code of honor. Its that code that finally brought me to the AWA.

And its the road that led me to Gunnar Gaines.

[Martinez claps his partner on the shoulder.]

RM: Because, right from the beginning, I understood who Gunnar was. I could see into his heart. And what I saw was a man willing to fight to his last breath, just like me. What I saw was a man who sometimes fell down, but always picked himself up. A man who might not have always made the right choices, but who was willing to make up for those mistakes.

I saw a warrior, just like me.

This hasn't been an easy road. I had to prove myself to Gunnar. I had to prove that I could carry my weight. Just as he had to show me that he still has all the tools that made him a fierce and feared man in wrestling. And along the way, we've both had to make sacrifices. But all the things we've had to do, all the sacrifices we've had to make? They were all worth it.

Because the road we're on? It leads straight to tag team gold.

Men like Doyle and the Bombers took a different road. An easier road. A road of glory, but fleeting glory. Ten years from now do you know who the Blonde Bombers will be? They'll be the team that RyGunn beat to win the World Tag Team Titles.

I know that everything I've sweat and bled for was worth it. I wanted that TV title shot, but I gave it up because there was something more important down the road. I had to give up something I wanted so very much, because it was the right thing to do. Because I have to honor my commitment to RyGunn. I have to honor my friendship to Gunnar. And doing the right thing has paid off. Because tonight is our night. Tonight is the end of the Bombers' short road to glory, and the start of our long journey into legend.

[Martinez turns back towards Dane.]

RM: You asked about my shoulder earlier. It hurts, yes. Maybe I could have stayed home. Maybe I could have gotten a medical exemption. But do you think, for a minute, I am going to let Gunnar, my partner and friend, down? Do you think I'm going to let \_my\_ pain get in the way of \_our\_ victory?

I think of Katsumara-sama's words: when engaged in combat, concern yourself only with the vanquishing of your enemies. Victory is your only goal. Suppress all fear, ignore all pain. Think not of your own pain and think only of the glory of winning. With sacrifice comes victory. This is the truth that lies at the heart of all great warriors.

We've sacrificed a lot. But think of what we have, right now. We have a moment to shine. Larry Doyle is neutralized. All we have to do is ignore our sore knees and aching shoulders. All we have to do is win.

And Gunnar, are we going to win?

[Gaines looks at his partner.]

GG: Ryan, how can you even ask that? You know better. Everything we've done, everywhere we've been, it all leads to what's going to happen later tonight. Let me just say this. At the end of this match, the three of us - you, me and Justin - will be standing proud in the middle of that ring. And what's going to happen tonight? Well, not even the Blonde Bombers are going to see it coming.

[Gunnar smirks. Then, standing between Justin Gaines and Ryan Martinez, he puts an arm around each.]

GG: Beat \_us\_ - if you can!

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

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS...

Introducing first...

[The opening riff of "Bad To The Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings out throughout the arena as the crowd roars in response!]

PW: At a total combined weight of 540 pounds... accompanied to the ring by Justin Gaines... the Number One Contenders and the challengers...

RYAN MARTINEZ... GUNNAR "GRIZZLY" GAINES...

RYYYYYYYYYGUNNNNNNNN!

[As the famous open to the song reaches the point where the rest of the instruments kick in, it transitions right into "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead. At this point, the challengers step through the curtain to a huge reaction from the St. Louis crowd.]

GM: Here they come, fans... the Number One Contenders to the very titles they'll be challenging for here tonight.

BW: For the first, last, and ONLY time, daddy!

GM: That's right. It was in the contract that they signed. This is their one and only shot at the Blonde Bombers and the World Tag Team Titles. If they fail to win the titles tonight, they'll never get another shot at the Bombers.

[The trio walks down the aisle, dressed in the same attire we saw moments earlier with one very noticeable addition... Ryan Martinez has had his shoulder heavily taped.]

GM: There you can see the tape on the shoulder - a gift courtesy of Mr. Sadisuto who I bet was paid very handsomely by Larry Doyle and Royalty for putting the hurt on young Ryan Martinez on the last Saturday Night Wrestling - the 99th episode of that show.

BW: Martinez was the idiot who took the match. Heck, he WANTED the match! Just days before the biggest match of his life and he took a singles match?! He's as big of an idiot as his old man.

GM: Alex Martinez, of course, is in Hollywood shooting a major motion picture but you better believe he's in front of a television right now to watch his son battle for the World Tag Team Titles.

[The threesome quickly make their way down the aisle. Martinez pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes into the squared circle as Gaines climbs the apron, stepping up to the middle rope to salute the cheering fans as his 18-year old son takes a spot in the corner, clapping for both men.]

GM: This team has come a long way since they first formed a union so many months ago - almost a year now actually. It's been a long road for this team as they struggled to mesh in their early days... then shocked the world at the Stampede Cup when they almost won the whole thing, making it all the way to the Finals where they lost to the very team they'll be facing tonight. Since then, they've beaten all comers and now find themselves looking their destiny square in the face. A win here and it was all worth it. A loss and they wake up tomorrow morning wondering what's left for them.

BW: Nothin'! Nothin' will be left, Gordo! Their days as a tag team will be over 'cause if you can't challenge for the World Tag Team Titles, then what the heck is the point?

GM: I don't know... and perhaps we won't have to find out.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[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: Allow me, my dear Watson.

[Doyle clears his throat as he's flanked by his men, continuing to walk down the aisle.]

LD: Introducing first! The woman's pet and the man's regret, the Doctor of Style, the Gangster of Love. The bacon in her eggs and the man for whom she begs!

"SMOOTH"! KENNY! STAAANTOOOOOOOON!

[Stanton stands tall, toned and tanned, with long blonde hair. He wears light blue tights with the hair-and-bombs insignia on the thighs and seat with white boots and black kneepads.]



LD: And his tag team partner...

The Tower of Power, the Master of Disaster, the Scourge of the Far East! The One Man Weapon of Mass Destruction!

"THE BIG DEAL" BRAAAAAAAD! JACOOOOOBS!

[Jacobs is built to the hilt with tremendous traps, sculpted upper body, and dark brown skin with a big "305" tattooed on his left shoulder. His short black hair has a blonde faux hawk freshly dyed in the center of it as he stands in traditional short trunks, the same color blue as Stanton's with the same logo on the seat. The two men high five at the introductions as Doyle stands, the title belts slung over his shoulders.]

LD: And these beautiful pieces of gold right here mean that they ARE the reigning, defending, and ETERNAL AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

THE BLOOOOOOOOONDE BOMMMMMMMBAAAAAAAAAAHS!

[The boos are even greater as this particular trio reaches the ring. Jacobs stands in front of Doyle as referee Davis Warren steps closer, holding up a pair of handcuffs.]

GM: Uh oh! It's time to handcuff "Hollywood" Larry to Justin Gaines!

BW: This isn't right, Gordo. Larry ain't some kind of common criminal like that punk Gaines is. He's a fine, upstanding gentleman. One of the best minds in the entire business! He doesn't deserve to be treated like this!

GM: He signed the contract! He knew what he was getting himself into!

BW: He was tricked! Deceived!

[Jacobs shakes his head, refusing to allow the referee access to his manager. Davis Warren insists, pointing at Jacobs while dangling the handcuffs in front of him. Kenny Stanton gets involved, stepping in...]

"No chance, baby! No chance! "Hollywood" Larry can't stand the feel of cold steel on his wrist... unless it's for recreational purposes, ya dig?"

[The official is insistent, trying to get around Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton as Doyle protests from afar. The official finally gives up, turning back towards the ring and getting inside. Out on the floor, Larry Doyle is all grins...

...until Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, I have been asked to inform Larry Doyle that he signed a contract stating that he would be handcuffed for the duration of this match to Justin Gaines!

[Big cheer!]

PW: I have also been informed that if Mr. Doyle does not allow Davis Warren to handcuff him to Mr. Gaines... Mr. Doyle will be EJECTED from ringside as well as thrown out of the building!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: And finally, by decree of the AWA President Karl O'Connor... if Mr. Doyle does not follow the rules of the contract, he will be considered in BREACH of his contract and will be SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: WHAT?! He can't do that! Abuse of power! Abuse of power!

GM: Larry Doyle's got a decision to make, Bucky!

BW: That's no decision at all! He doesn't have a choice! He's gotta do it! He's... this is awful. I can't believe O'Connor would have the gall to do something like this.

GM: I'm just glad the AWA President had the foresight to issue this ruling in advance. He knew that this was a potential problem. He knew this might happen!

[Doyle, head hung down, gets an embrace from Kenny Stanton who pats him on the back with a "It'll be okay, Lar. We got this." Doyle nods as he walks over to the timekeeper's table where Justin Gaines is ready and waiting, one cuff already around his wrist.]

GM: Justin Gaines is already cuffed... and all that remains is...

[Big cheer!]

GM: Yes! Doyle's cuffed to him!

[Justin Gaines jerks his arm hard, nearly pulling Doyle off his feet to the cheers of the crowd as the referee warns Gaines not to do it. With the crowd cheering, Stanton and Jacobs huddle up for one final strategy session before they climb the ringsteps.]

GM: Both teams are having some final conversations. No one wants to rush into anything and make a mistake here.

[Jacobs steps in, striking a double bicep pose in the direction of the challengers. Kenny Stanton applauds from the apron as Martinez and Gaines split apart...

...and Martinez steps out to the apron.]

BW: Take a look at that, Gordo. Martinez usually starts for his team but not tonight. I think that shoulder is hurt a whole lot more than anyone wants to admit. I'm surprised Martinez got medical clearance to compete tonight.

GM: Gunnar Gaines, the Hall of Fame veteran, will be starting it off for the challengers. The very epitome of the phrase "living legend", Gunnar Gaines is looking to capture his first championship in several years.

BW: Never thought you'd see the old man with a title on the line again, did ya?

GM: Quite frankly, no. Until he returned to compete in the World Title Tournament last summer, everyone thought Gaines' career was over... that he was retired for good.

BW: Never say never in this business.

[With Gaines in one side, Jacobs steps out to allow Stanton to start for the World Tag Team Champions. Davis Warren checks to make sure both teams are ready...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! One fall, thirty minutes, and the World Tag Team Titles on the line!

[Stanton comes out of the corner, flicking out a jab. Gaines doesn't even react to it, keeping his fists balled up.]

GM: These two look like they're about to square off in a boxing match right now - not a wrestling match.

[Gaines sidesteps as Stanton throws two more quick jabs. He does a little dance, shuffling his feet Ali-style...

...and gets popped on the chin with a left jab!]

GM: Oh!

[Gaines rattles off a series of short left jabs to the chin before uncorking a right hooking haymaker that takes him off his feet, dumping him down on his rear!]

GM: Gaines drops Stanton with that big right hand!

[Stanton slides back to his corner as Larry Doyle holds up a clenched fist, complaining to the referee who warns Gaines for the illegal strikes. Gaines nods as he steps to the middle of the ring, waving for Stanton to get up.]

GM: Stanton's back up to his feet, glaring at Gaines.

[The smaller member of the Bombers marches out to the middle of the ring, sticking a finger in the chest of Gaines, jabbing it in...

...and then shoving the same finger in the face of Gaines, reading him the riot act.]

GM: Stanton's letting Gaines have it for-

[Suddenly, the Alaskan lashes out with a right hand that knocks Stanton off his feet again. A few kicks to the ribs forces Stanton to roll out to the floor, angrily slapping his hands down on the apron as he complains to the official for the right hand. The referee again reprimands Gaines who pleads innocence as Stanton paces back and forth at ringside.]

BW: And this is usually where Larry Doyle would come over to help his man regroup and develop a new strategy but since he's handcuffed to that punk kid, he can't do it!

[Doyle tries to go around the corner to Stanton's side but Justin Gaines holds his ground, not moving a bit. Doyle grits his teeth, pulling hard on the handcuffs... but can't budge him at all.]

GM: The Blonde Bombers are going to have to do this one on their own, Bucky.

BW: This isn't right. They've got a manager! A legally licensed and sanctioned manager!

[Stanton pulls himself up on the apron, still running his mouth as he steps into the ring. The two men meet in the middle again as Gaines tugs Stanton into a powerful side headlock, dragging him towards the challengers' corner...]

GM: The tag is made!

[A fired-up Martinez steps in, winding up and slamming his right hand into the ribcage of Stanton.]

GM: Martinez is right in there on him, shoving him back into the corner...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinez shows that even with a bad shoulder, he can still hit harder than most of the people in the locker room.

[He winds up again, throwing the knife edge chop across the chest.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”  
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[The referee steps in, forcing Martinez back as Stanton staggers out of the corner...

...and gets dropped with a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by Martin- ohh!

[The young man immediately winces, grabbing at his shoulder as he reaches out to slap the hand of his veteran partner. Gaines promptly steps back into the ring, pulling Stanton up off the mat.]

BW: I told you, Gordo! Did you see how much throwing that simple clothesline hurt Martinez? There's no way that Gaines can count on him when it counts in this one!

[Gaines scoops Stanton up in his powerful arms, spinning back towards his own corner before slamming Stanton down to the mat.]

GM: Big bodyslam... and a leaping fistedrop as well!

[Stanton flails on the mat, kicking his legs from the impact of the fist driven down between the eyes. The crowd roars as Gaines grabs a handful of hair, hammering away at the forehead of Stanton!]

GM: Gunnar Gaines isn't playing around here tonight. He has no desire to abide by the rules... he wants those World Tag Team Titles and with his partner at less than a hundred percent, Gaines knows he may need to take this fight to the extreme.

[The referee forces a break at four as Gaines climbs back to his feet, staring across at Brad Jacobs who is pacing back and forth on the ring apron. Gaines leans down to grab Stanton by the hair, hauling him up to his feet.]

GM: Gaines drags him to the neutral corner... ohh! He slams his skull into the buckle!

[The veteran spins Stanton around, pushing him back against the buckles.]

GM: Gaines has him trapped in the corner!

[Squaring up, Gaines throws a pair of hooking right hands to the jaw before switching to lefts downstairs into the midsection. He smashes Stanton between the eyes with a headbutt before throwing rapid-fire rights and lefts to the ribcage to the roar of the crowd and the protests of Brad Jacobs, Larry Doyle, and the referee.]

BW: Back him off, ref! Back him down!

[The referee finally forces a break at which point Gaines steps back, grabbing Stanton by the arm...]

GM: Whips him across... he's coming after him!

[Stanton raises his legs, catching Gaines in the chest with a pair of boots!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him coming in!

[Stanton hops up on the middle rope, giving a quick swivel of his hips before leaping off...]

GM: Double axehandle!

[Gaines raises his arms, breaking the hands apart and blocking the move. The Hall of Famer hooks a bearhug on Stanton, popping his hips and driving Stanton down with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OHH!

[Gaines dives across Stanton, hooking a leg, but only getting a two count out of it as Stanton lifts the shoulder. Larry Doyle can be heard SCREAMING instructions to his man from his trapped place at ringside.]

GM: Goodness, can someone please shove a gag in that man's mouth?

BW: Oh, that's great! He's been denied his freedom to help his men from their corner and now you want to deny his freedom of speech as well!

[Gunnar Gaines climbs to his feet, looking to his corner where his partner nods.]

GM: Martinez raises the foot up on the ropes... and Gaines SLAMS Stanton's head into it!

[Gaines slaps Martinez' hand.]

GM: The tag is made by the challengers again as opposed to the champions who've yet to make an exchange, Bucky.

BW: It's still early, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is but it could be a sign of things to come in this one.

[Martinez comes in, grabbing Stanton by the hair and throwing him back into the neutral corner. The young lion lays in knee after knee into the ribcage of Stanton.]

GM: A smart move here by Martinez. When he went with the clothesline, he hurt his shoulder... but the knees should be a safe - and effective - way of wearing down Kenny Stanton.

[With Stanton sucking wind, Martinez drags him out to the middle of the ring. He scoops Stanton up off the mat, slamming him down to the mat. He winces for a split second, starting to grab his shoulder before thinking better of it and leaping up, dropping a leg across the chest.]

GM: Leaping legdrop out of Martinez!

BW: But did you see him grab the shoulder again? A simple bodyslam hurt that injured shoulder, Gordo. And you think these two can win the World Tag Team Titles when he's hurting like this?

GM: I don't know, Bucky. The odds certainly seem stacked against them.

[Grabbing the leg, Martinez pulls Stanton to the corner where he tags in Gunnar Gaines. Gaines comes in quick, leaping up with an elbowdrop down to the chest. He rolls into another cover, again getting a two count before Stanton kicks out.]

GM: Gaines repeatedly going for quick covers.

BW: You're surprised? He knows he needs to finish this thing before Martinez has to get in there for an extended period of time. If the kid gets in with that shoulder banged up, it's done... it's over. And not just the match, Gordo, but their hopes of being the World Tag Team Champions? Finished.

[Gaines climbs back up, pulling Stanton up with him. He marches towards a neutral corner, slamming Stanton's head into the top turnbuckle. He grins as the crowd counts "ONE!" and continues to repeat the move...]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Stanton goes rebounding out, staggering to the middle of the ring where he takes a big punch at the air and falls facefirst to the mat.]

GM: Stanton goes down hard after having his head rattled!

[Stanton immediately starts crawling towards his corner where Brad Jacobs has his muscular arm outstretched...

...but Gaines grabs his ankle from behind, cutting off the attempt to get to the corner.]

GM: Gaines cuts off the tag, dragging Stanton back... and another big elbow dropped down across the back of the head!

[Gaines flips Stanton to his back, pushing his forearm down across Stanton's cheek in another cover... and another two count. Gaines shows a little bit of frustration on his face as he gets back to his feet.]

GM: Gaines is bringing a whole lot of offense in the early part of this match. I think we're under five minutes still, Bucky.

BW: I think you're right and at his age and size, you gotta wonder how much of this Gaines can keep up.

[We cut to ringside where Justin Gaines shouts encouragement at his father as Larry Doyle is shouting to his men.]

GM: Justin Gaines and Larry Doyle are both rooting on their teams.

[Gunnar Gaines pulls Stanton off the mat by the hair...

...and hooks him by the throat!]

GM: GAINES HOOKS 'IM! HE'S CALLING FOR THE GRIZZLY SLAM!

[Gaines pulls Stanton by the throat to the center of the ring, ready to deliver his finishing move...

...but Stanton lashes out with a back elbow to the ear!]

GM: Stanton's fighting back!

[Two more elbows land, breaking the grip on his neck. Stanton breaks into a dash to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Jacobs tagged himself in - blind tag!

[Jacobs steps in, rushing forward as Stanton ducks a clothesline from Gaines, bouncing off the far ropes...

...and Stanton goes into a rolling tackle of the legs, sweeping them out as Jacobs CLUBS Gaines across the mouth with a clothesline!]

GM: SIDEWINDER! SIDEWINDER!

[Stanton bails out of the ring as Jacobs covers the downed Gaines!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Gaines fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Two count only!



[Brad Jacobs grabs Gaines by the hair, hammering him in the skull with right hands.]

GM: And the big man is going to town on Gaines!

[Jacobs breaks the beatdown on Gaines at four, marching to the corner where he backs in, dropping down into a three point stance...]

GM: The three point stance! Jacobs is a former three-time All-American defensive tackle at the University of Miami so you better believe he knows what he's doing in this stance.

[As Gaines struggles to get up, Jacobs barrels across the ring and lays in a big shoulder tackle, knocking Gaines down to the canvas.]

GM: What a tackle out of Jacobs!

[Jacobs smirks at the downed Gaines, curling up his arm and planting a kiss on his bicep. He stands over Gaines, looking to the corner where Ryan Martinez is shouting encouragement to his veteran partner. He gestures for Ryan to come at him...]

BW: Jacobs just doesn't care, Gordo. He'll take on anyone at anytime. Martinez wants to get in there with him without a tag? He's down for it, Gordo.

[Jacobs leans down, pulling Gaines off the mat and hammering home a forearm to the jaw. A few more follow, battering Gaines back into the corner...]

GM: Gaines gets hammering back into the buckles...

[As Jacobs approaches, Gaines fires back with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Gaines throws another, backing Jacobs down a couple steps!]

GM: Gaines is fighting back with those hambone right hands!

[Jacobs sees Gaines coming for him, slipping a big knee into the gut of Gaines before hammering down a forearm across the back... and another... and another...]

GM: Jacobs puts Gaines down on all fours, just doing a number on him with those heavy forearm shots... and Gaines is down!

[The powerhouse Jacobs pulls Gaines to the middle of the ring, lifting him up by the hair. He nods to the jeering crowd, pumping his arms a few times...]

GM: Are you kidding me?

[Jacobs leans down, lifting Gaines up in a scoop...

...and then muscling him up higher, putting his hands in position...]

GM: PRESS!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Brad Jacobs gorilla presses Gunnar Gaines straight up over his head, holding him there just long enough for everyone to awe at his strength...

...right before he steps out from under him, causing Gaines to crash chestfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HOW DID HE DO THAT?! HOW IN THE WORLD DID HE DO THAT?!

[With Gaines chestfirst down on the mat, Jacobs stands over him, and then drops an elbow down on the back of the head. Jacobs scrambles back up, dropping another elbow...]

GM: A series of elbowdrops down on the skull.

[After a half dozen elbows connect, Jacobs flips him to his back, applying a lateral press...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Gaines lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin as Ryan Martinez shouts to his partner from the corner. Justin Gaines' voice can be heard as well as he encourages his father to get back into the fight.]

GM: We're just about ten minutes into this thirty minute time limit as Jacobs pulls Gaines off the mat...

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Jacobs pulls Gaines into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's looking for the powerbomb!

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo! He hit this powerbomb on Gaines back at the Cup!

GM: Can he do it again?

[Jacobs leans down, hooking his arms around the torso of the Hall of Famer...

...who suddenly straightens up, backdropping Jacobs down to the mat!]

GM: Backdrop! Gaines backdrops out of it!

[Gaines falls to his knees, breathing heavily as a stunned Jacobs lies on the canvas. Kenny Stanton shouts to his partner from the apron, sticking his hand out, screaming for the tag as Larry Doyle insists on the tag.]

GM: Doyle's calling for the tag! Stanton's calling for the tag!

[Jacobs rolls to all fours quickly, crawling on his elbows and knees towards the corner where Kenny Stanton awaits him as Gunnar Gaines inches across the ring on his knees towards Ryan Martinez' outstretched hand...]

GM: Both men looking for the tag! It's a race now to see who can get there first!

BW: Larry is SCREAMING at his man, begging him to make the tag...

[And he does, slapping Kenny Stanton's hand to jeers from the crowd but cheers from the mouthy manager. Stanton slingshots over the ropes into the ring, rushing across...

...and throwing himself into a dropkick, catching a leaning Ryan Martinez on the chin and knocking him from the apron!]

BW: Oh! Absolutely brilliant move right there, Gordo! Gaines was too close and Stanton didn't want to risk attacking him and having him make the tag so he took the partner out instead!

[With Martinez out of the picture, Stanton wheels around and drills Gaines between the eyes with a right hand before grabbing an arm, dragging him off the mat]

GM: Stanton pulls Gaines up... big elbow down between the eyes!

[The veteran from Fairbanks, Alaska staggers under the elbowsmash, falling back into the ropes where Stanton pushes his face down on the rope, dragging him to the neutral corner!]

GM: He rakes the man's face down the ropes!

BW: That'll leave a nasty burn on Gaines' face and his face needs all the help it can get.

GM: Very funny.

[Stanton tees off on Gaines in the corner, throwing a series of hard right hands followed with a back elbow to the jaw to keep him there. With Davis Warren calling for a break, Stanton grabs Gaines by the arm...]

GM: Big whip shoots Gaines across...ohh! Hard into the corner!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: We've hit the ten minute mark in the thirty minute time limit as Stanton backs to the buckles... charges across!

[Stanton turns at the last moment, throwing himself off his feet backwards and SMASHING his elbow under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard elbow shot out of Kenny Stanton, hailing out of Dallas, Texas and a man who appeared on the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: On that night, he was on the losing end but what a night it's gonna be for him in his hometown when he walks into SNW 100 - Homecoming - as a big winner with the title belt around his waist.

GM: They've gotta beat RyGunn to make that happen and there's plenty of fight left in Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez, Bucky.

BW: I'm not so sure about that.

[Stanton grabs the arm again, looking for another Irish whip...

...but Gaines reverses it, falling to his knees as he puts everything he's got into the whip...]

GM: REVERSAL!

[Approaching the corner fast, Stanton actually leaves his feet, sailing over the turnbuckles and wiping out on the barely-padded floor to a tremendous roar from the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!!

BW: What the heck was that?!

GM: You thought Gunnar Gaines had no fight left in him but the Hall of Famer, the former World Champion, just proved you wrong in a big time fashion as he rockets Kenny Stanton all the way out to the hard, hard floor!

[The camera cuts to a shocked Larry Doyle whose jaw has dropped at the sight of his man flying to the floor. After a few moments, he makes a move towards Stanton but Justin Gaines pulls him back, shaking his head. Doyle shouts at Gaines for a bit before backing off, not wanting a physical altercation with the 18 year old.]

GM: Stanton went down hard to the floor and this is Gunnar Gaines' chance to get that tag and get a breather...

[Gaines pushes up to his feet, looking to the corner where Ryan Martinez has his arm stretched out, looking for the tag. The veteran looks at him, taking two steps towards the corner...

...and then stops, shaking his head. He gestures at his shoulder, pointing to Martinez who shouts at his partner, insisting he's ready for the tag as Gaines walks over to the side of the ring where Stanton is, stepping through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Gaines refuses to tag in Martinez!

BW: That's a tough call for the veteran to make. On the one hand, he knows he's in bad need of a breather, a chance to recover. On the other, Ryan Martinez' shoulder is a wreck and could cost them the match at any moment. Gaines had to make a judgment call right there and he just did it.

GM: Gaines backs to the ringpost... we've seen this before!

[Gaines raises his right arm into the air, calling for the running elbow off the apron onto a floored Kenny Stanton...

...when suddenly Brad Jacobs drops down to the floor, pulling his partner clear of any assault off the apron.]

GM: Jacobs pulls him out of the way! Brad Jacobs just helped his partner avoid that elbow off the apron and Gunnar Gaines is hot! He's shouting at Davis Warren who, in turn, shouts at Brad Jacobs.

[Jacobs ignores the official, helping his partner to his feet...

...and failing to see a hot-tempered Ryan Martinez on the floor behind him, grabbing him and Stanton by the backs of the heads!]

GM: A MEETING OF THE MINDS!

[Having clashed the Blonde Bombers' heads together, Martinez throws Stanton under the ropes into the ring before grabbing a dazed Jacobs by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ SENDS HIM TO THE STEEL!

[The referee slides out to the floor, ordering Martinez to go back to his spot on the apron in his own corner as Jacobs reels from hitting the steel barricade at ringside.]

GM: Jacobs is in a lot of pain out there and Ryan Martinez is on his way back to his corner.

[Gunnar Gaines steps back into the ring as well, pulling the dazed Kenny Stanton back to his feet...

...and dragging him to the corner where he slaps Ryan Martinez' hand!]

GM: TAG! I think Ryan just proved to Gunnar that he's good to go!

[Martinez comes in hot, overwhelming Stanton with a series of right hands and backhand chops, forcing Stanton back into the ropes where he grabs the arm...]

GM: Big whip by Martinez...

[The young lion scoops up the rebounding Stanton, pivoting and DRIVING him down with a thunderous powerslam! Martinez grabs his shoulder for a split second before diving in for a cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Stanton fires a shoulder off the mat, avoiding the pinfall. Martinez claps his hands together as he swiftly gets back to his feet, giving a shout to the St. Louis crowd as he leans down to pull Stanton back to a vertical base as well...]

GM: Martinez slips in behind him... atomic drop!

[He brings Stanton down tailbone-first on a bent knee, causing Stanton to fall forward into the corner, slamming his face into the buckles. He staggers backwards as Martinez gives another shout, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: He hooks him!

[Martinez powers Stanton up into the air, showing tremendous fighting spirit as he guts his way through the pain in the shoulder, DRIVING Stanton's head and neck down with a German Suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX!!

[Martinez' attempt at bridging fails quickly as he grabs at his shoulder, visibly in a lot of pain as he struggles to get to his feet. A winded Gunnar Gaines offers the hand but Martinez shakes his head.]

BW: Gunnar saw the look on the kid's face. He offered to make the tag even though he's still trying to recover but Martinez won't have any of it, Gordo.

GM: This kid is tough... he's got a lot of heart. You see him fight through a lot of pain in that ring - channeling the fighting spirit that the Japanese competitors are so well known for. We all know that Martinez cut his teeth in this business in Japan and he's incorporated some of that style into his own.

[Leaning down, Martinez pulls Stanton off the mat.]

GM: Scoop slam! Right down by the the ropes...

[He reaches out, slapping the hand of his Hall of Fame partner...]

GM: The tag is made... Gaines grabs the top rope...

[Martinez grabs the top rope as well, yanking hard to pull Gaines over the top rope...]

GM: SLINGSHOT SPLASH!!

[Gaines' near 300 pound frame crashes down on the prone Stanton as Martinez steps out, shouting at the referee to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But before the three count can land, Brad Jacobs reaches under the ropes, pulling Gaines clear out of the ring!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Jacobs just saved the titles!

[Jacobs ducks down, scooping Gaines up into the air, spinning, and SLAMMING him down with a powerful bodyslam on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Big slam on the floor! Blatantly saving the title and-

[As Jacobs turns around, Ryan Martinez comes rushing down the apron, throwing himself off in a clothesline that knocks Jacobs clear off his feet! HUGE REACTION!]

GM: THE CROWD IN ST. LOUIS IS GOING NUTS!! MARTINEZ JUST WIPED OUT JACOBS WITH THAT DIVE OFF THE APRON!!

BW: Jacobs is down! Martinez is down! Gaines is down! The last man standing is Kenny Stanton, daddy!

GM: Stanton's down off that splash by Gaines so he's not standing either! All four men are down as we're just moments away from the fifteen minute mark in this match - the halfway point in the time limit!

[From a few feet away, Justin Gaines drops to a knee, shouting for his father to get off the floor and keep fighting as Larry Doyle looks on, yelling at the referee to start a ten count.]

GM: Doyle wants the ref to start counting. He wants that countout!

BW: Of course he does. For the champs, a countout is as good as a pinfall!

GM: Justin Gaines is begging his father to get off the floor.

BW: Why isn't this idiot Davis Warren counting?!

["This idiot" is checking on Kenny Stanton as Stanton pushes off the mat, clutching his ribcage. Stanton waves for a count to start and the official obliges...]

GM: The referee is starting his ten count - just like Bucky Wilde and Larry Doyle were begging for!

BW: About damn time! He should start at four since it took so long to get going!

GM: He'll be starting at one just like usual.

[The count gets to three as Kenny Stanton wobbles into the ropes, looking down at Larry Doyle who is telling him to stay back and let the referee count.]

GM: Stanton's encouraging the referee to count faster... but Gunnar Gaines is already starting to get back up.

[We cut to the floor where Martinez is clutching his shoulder and Gunnar Gaines is using the ring apron to drag himself off the floor. A frustrated Kenny Stanton approaches, ducking through the ropes to attack...

...and getting popped with an uppercut that causes him to spew a mouthful of saliva into the air!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Stanton stumbles backwards as Gaines climbs up on the apron. He ducks through the ropes, approaching Stanton from behind...]

GM: Gaines grabs him from behind by the hair...

[With two hands filled with Stanton's long blonde hair, he pulls Stanton around to face him, smashing his skull down between the eyes of Stanton's.]

GM: Big headbutt!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We've hit the halfway point in the matchup... and what in the world is Gunnar Gaines going for right here?

[Gaines slams a knee into the gut of Stanton, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Powerbomb? I'm not sure I've seen Gaines use a powerbomb.

[The Hall of Famer hoists Stanton up into the air, putting him up on his shoulders in powerbomb position...]

GM: What is he going to do with...?



[...and suddenly drops backwards, catching Stanton's throat HARD across the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: GUNNAR STUNNER! GUNNAR STUNNER!!

[Stanton hits the mat, clutching his throat as Gaines dives across the downed opponent.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

BW: FOOT ON THE ROPES!

GM: Stanton's got a foot on the ropes but-

[Outside the ring, the crowd roars as Justin Gaines pulls Larry Doyle back hard, nearly yanking his shoulder out of socket!]

GM: Doyle did it! I knew it! He put his man's foot on the bottom rope!

BW: Oh, that can't be, Gordo! Justin Gaines is handcuffed to him to prevent such chicanery!

GM: I can sense your sarcasm from a mile away, Bucky. He did it and you know it. Justin Gaines may have lost his focus for a moment and as a result, Larry Doyle was able to save the match for his team. That Gunnar Stunner was something else but he couldn't get the titles with it.

[An angry Gaines shouts something at Doyle as he pulls Stanton off the mat, throwing him bodily into the nearest corner. He charges the few feet in, throwing himself into a big splash in the buckles!]

GM: Splash in the corner!

[Gaines steps out, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: Big whip sends Stanton hard into the neutral corner again... and another splash!

[But as Gaines leaps, Stanton pulls his legs up, exposing his knees and causing Gaines to SLAM into his raised knees!]

GM: OHHH!

[Stanton waits as Gaines staggers out of the corner...

...and then charges out, throwing himself into a spinning leg lariat that takes Gaines off his feet and down to the mat!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A MOVE OUT OF STANTON!!

[A weakened Stanton crawls across the ring, reaching the corner where he tags in the recovered Brad Jacobs.]

GM: In comes the big man on the tag, yanking Gaines up by the arm...

[A whip sends Gaines in as Jacobs dashes to the opposite set of ropes, leaving his feet...

...and flattening Gaines with a leaping shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohh! Jacobs wipes him out!

[Jacobs plants his open palms on the chest of Gaines, barking "Count 'im!" at the referee.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Gaines' shoulder comes sailing up, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only!

[Getting quickly back to his feet, Jacobs looks out at Larry Doyle who is shouting instructions to his men. With a nod, Jacobs leans down to pick up Gaines...

...and gets cracked with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Gaines fires back!

[Gaines pushes up to his knees, throwing a second right hand to the jaw that knocks Jacobs a few steps back.]

GM: Gaines is back up...

[The grizzly veteran snaps off a series of jabs, forcing Jacobs back into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Jacobs!

[The powerhouse sends Gaines rebounding off the ropes...]

GM: Gaines off the far side... Jacobs buries a boot to the gut!

[Jacobs steps forward, hooking the standing headscissors again.]

GM: Martinez is back up on the apron, slapping that buckle to cheer on his partner...

[Jacobs leans down, hooking his hands around the torso...]

GM: Jacobs is looking for that powerbomb!

[But suddenly, Gaines yanks the legs out from under Jacobs, falling back into a catapult...]

GM: CATAPULT!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez cracks the approaching Jacobs with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Jacobs staggers backwards as Gaines slips under him, pulling him down into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Whoa boy! These fans in St. Louis thought Gaines had him right there. They thought were about to crown brand new World Tag Team Champions here tonight at Unholy War!

[Gaines starts to crawl towards the corner, trying to avoid Jacobs who quickly gets up...

...and hooks Gaines by the back of the tights, blocking the tag. He muscles the veteran up, dragging him back into a tag to Stanton...]

GM: The tag is made to Stanton...

[Jacobs powers Gaines up for a belly to back suplex as Stanton rushes in, leaping up to hook Gaines' neck in his arms...

...and they DRIVE Gaines to the canvas in tandem!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A DOUBLETEAM!!

[Stanton flips over, diving across Gaines as Martinez steps in...

...and stomps the back of Stanton's head, breaking the pin at the count of two.]

GM: Martinez breaks up the pin! I don't know if that would've been enough for a three count but Ryan Martinez was NOT about to take any chances here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Ryan Martinez has taken a TON of chances here tonight... but I get your point, Gordo.

[Martinez backs out of the ring at the referee's orders as Brad Jacobs slips back in behind the referee's back.]

GM: Both of the World Tag Team Champions are in...

[Jacobs whips Gaines into the corner before grabbing his own partner's arm, flinging him at the buckles where Stanton jumps into a leaping corner splash!]

GM: Big splash by Stanton!

BW: Supernova who?!

[Jacobs storms in after his partner, crushing Gaines with a big splash in the buckles!]

GM: And Jacobs follows right behind him!

[Jacobs steps out to the floor as Stanton pushes a dazed Gaines back into the neutral corner. He throws a pair of haymakers to the jaw, stepping back to figure out his next move.]

GM: Gaines looks like he's in some trouble, fans. He's taken a lot of punishment in this match trying to protect his partner's shoulder but right now, he needs to forget about the pain in Ryan's shoulder and he needs to find a way to make that tag!

[Stanton grabs the arm again, dragging Gaines to the Bombers' corner where he tags Brad Jacobs back in.]

GM: The tag is made again...

[Jacobs steps in, scoops Gaines up, and slams him down on the canvas. He steps back to the corner, tagging Stanton again...]

GM: Another tag - the Bombers switching in and out at will at the moment.

[The crowd begins to buzz as Stanton climbs the buckles.]

GM: They're looking for the Rocket Launcher, fans!

BW: If they hit this - AND if they keep Martinez out of there - this one's over, daddy!

[Stanton steadies himself as Jacobs steps towards the corner, reaching up with both arms...]

GM: They've got it set...

[Jacobs nods as he throws Stanton off the top...]

GM: ROCKET LAUNCHER!

[Stanton goes sailing across the ring, heading towards a downed Gunnar Gaines...]

...who suddenly lifts his knees!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: STANTON LANDED ON THE KNEES! GAINES GOT THE KNEES UP AND HE MADE STANTON PAY FOR IT!!

[With Stanton down and in tremendous pain, Gunnar Gaines rolls from his back to his knees.]

BW: He landed right on that metal kneebrace that Gaines has been wearing since the Stampede Cup to protect the knee he injured that weekend! He turned it into a weapon, Gordo!

GM: It wasn't a weapon! He was simply defending himself!

[Stanton clutches his ribcage, howling in pain as Jacobs reaches out, looking for a tag as Larry Doyle begs his man to make the exchange.]

GM: We're closing in on the twenty minute mark of this match and right now, both Gunnar Gaines and Kenny Stanton DESPERATELY need to make the tag!

[Gaines inches towards his younger partner's outstretched hand, getting closer and closer as Stanton goes absolutely nowhere.]

“TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

GM: Stanton might have broken ribs, fans! He might have busted something up inside on that failed Rocket Launcher attempt as Gunnar Gaines crawls towards his partner and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG! TAG!

[Martinez comes in fast, pulling the dazed Stanton up and promptly burying a pair of knees into his injured ribs.]

GM: Right to the ribcage...

[Martinez shoves him back into the corner, opening up with a series of kicks to the ribcage. The referee steps in, counting to four and forcing Martinez to step back...]

...but the young lion charges back in, swinging his knee up into the gut!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Martinez steps back, uncorking right hand after right hand...]

GM: He's rocking Stanton in the corner!

[The referee forces him to step back again... which he does before doing a full spin, coming back in with a spinning backfist on the side of the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot in the corner!

[Martinez grabs a handful of hair, dragging Stanton from the corner to the middle of the ring, yanking him into a front facelock. He slings Stanton's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for the Brainbuster!

[Brad Jacobs has seen enough, stepping back into the ring and rushing towards Martinez, hammering him across the lower back with a double axehandle!]

GM: Jacobs cuts it off!

BW: Gaines is still down on the apron. He's down and doesn't know his partner's about to get doubled up on again!

[Jacobs grabs Martinez' arms, pulling them back behind him as Stanton straightens up...

...and signals to Larry Doyle who attempts to lean down.]

GM: What is Doyle... he's trying to take the boot off! He's trying to remove that loaded cowboy boot and-

BW: What the heck is that punk kid doing?!

[Every time Doyle tries to lean over, Justin jerks his arm hard, pulling Doyle back up!]

GM: Justin's not gonna let him do it! Justin's preventing Doyle from getting the boot off!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Doyle and Justin Gaines...

...which allows Gunnar Gaines to step in, take a three step strut, drop to his knees...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ALASKAN UPPERCUT ON STANTON FROM BEHIND!!

[The crowd is roaring as Gaines pulls Stanton into the corner, setting him up on the top turnbuckle. He steps back out to the apron as Martinez moves in.]

GM: They're going for the Splashbuster!

[Martinez steps up to the second rope, pulling Stanton into a front facelock, slinging Stanton's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Gaines is scaling the buckles... his partner is ready and waiting...

[The aging veteran takes a little extra time in climbing the corner buckles on his banged-up knee.]

GM: Martinez is set... Gaines is ready!

[The young lion from Los Angeles goes to lift Stanton up for the middle rope brainbuster...]

...and suddenly howls out in pain, grabbing at his shoulder!]

GM: Oh! He couldn't do it!

BW: Of course he couldn't do it! That shoulder can't support a move like that!

[With the referee telling Martinez to clear out of the ring, Brad Jacobs steps in, rushing across to shove Gaines off the ropes and down to the floor where he hits hard!]

GM: OHHH! GAINES FALLS TO THE FLOOR!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[With Gaines down and out from the big fall, Stanton grabs ahold of Martinez' injured limb...]

...and leaps off, forcing him down in a single arm DDT that jolts the injured shoulder!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: The arm's done, Gordo! The shoulder is done after that! That move on the mat used to be called Divorce Court 'cause of all the shoulder separations it caused. Off the top? It's over!

GM: You could be right. Gunnar Gaines went down hard!

[We cut to the floor where Gaines is laid out on the ringside mats. His son is a few feet away, shouting at his father as Stanton scrambles to his feet, taking a straddle on Martinez who is facefirst down on the mat. He reaches down, hooking the injured arm under his armpit...]

...and yanks back in an armbar!]

GM: Uh oh! Stanton hooks in an armbar!

[Martinez instantly cries out in pain, trying to grab his injured shoulder with his free hand. Stanton grits his teeth, shouting at the official...]

"ASK HIM! ASK HIM, DAMN IT!"

[The referee drops to his knees in front of Martinez who instantly shakes his head.]

GM: I don't know, Bucky. I'm not sure if Stanton can force a submission out of Kenny Stanton no matter how much pain he's in.

BW: No man is impervious to pain, Gordo. Sooner or later, he's gotta quit!

GM: Ryan Martinez has a ton of heart! A ton of fighting spirit! I'm just not sure Stanton can get it to happen.

BW: Would Martinez risk permanent injury to stay in this match?

GM: I think he would, Gordo.

BW: Then he's a bigger idiot than I thought... and that's saying something after he just cost his team the match by going for that brainbuster with a banged up wing!

[Brad Jacobs stands guard on the apron, making sure that Gunnar Gaines has no chance to intervene.]

GM: Gaines is still down on the floor. Jacobs is out there making sure he doesn't get back in but Gaines isn't moving at all.

BW: Gunnar's not but Justin is! Justin's down on his knees, screaming at his father... begging him to get up! "Get up, old man! Get up!" - that's what he's saying!

GM: It's absolutely NOT what he's saying, Bucky!

[Martinez shakes his head at the official again, refusing to submit away this first and last shot at the World Tag Team Titles. The referee informs Stanton who angrily cranks back even harder on the limb.]

GM: Stanton's trying to turn up the pressure on the arm...

[Justin Gaines looks into the ring, shouting encouragement to Martinez. He tugs at the handcuffed arm, trying to get into the ring but Brad Jacobs threatens a big kick to the skull, forcing Gaines to back off...

...where he suddenly grabs the shirt of Larry Doyle by the collar!]

GM: What the-?! Gaines grabs Doyle!

BW: Why?! Let him go! Beating him up can't do you any good!

[Gaines yanks hard, ripping Doyle's shirt clean off his chest...]



GM: He's ripping the man's shirt off! He's trying to humiliate Larry Doyle and-

[Suddenly, Justin Gaines rears back, throwing the torn shirt into the ring where it lands by the referee. The official pushes up, looking out at Gaines who nods...

...and then leaps up, waving for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Gaines gave it up! Justin Gaines threw in the towel!

GM: I can't believe it! The match is over... Kenny Stanton releases the armbar!

[A shocked Larry Doyle looks at Justin Gaines who hangs his head. Kenny Stanton starts jumping up and down, waving his arms in triumph as Brad Jacobs steps in, rushing into an embrace with his tag team partner. Phil Watson huddles with the official before making the announcement.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the cornerman for RyGunn, Justin Gaines, has **THROWN IN THE TOWEL** for his team!

[The crowd jeers as Gaines buries his face in his arms out on the apron as the referee slides out to undo the handcuffs.]

PW: Therefore, your winners of the match...

[Pause.]

PW: ...and **STILL AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...**

**THE BLONNNNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMBERRRRRRRRRRRS!**

[The jeers intensify as a freed (and shirtless) Larry Doyle slides into the ring under the bottom rope, leaping into an embrace with his men as the title belts are given back to them. Doyle is jumping up and down, clutching one of the title belts to his chest as Justin Gaines covers the back of his head with both hands.]

GM: Justin Gaines looks... he just looks absolutely crushed, Bucky. Like he can't believe what he just did.

BW: I can't believe what he just did. It takes a lot of guts to throw in the towel for someone you know might kick your tail for doing it.

GM: Justin Gaines wanting so badly to see his father and Ryan Martinez win the Tag Team Titles here tonight. He's just heartbroken.

[Justin turns away from the apron finally, wobbling over to drop to his knees next to his father who has finally started to move.]

GM: A big victory for Royalty. Dave Cooper may have come up short in winning the World Television Title earlier tonight but the Blonde Bombers and Larry Doyle have held up their end of the bargain. Now that leaves Calisto Dufresne.

BW: He's got it in the bag, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that. Justin Gaines is out here at ringside, helping his father to his feet...

[Justin leans in, pointing to the ring, explaining what happened. He gestures at his shoulder, miming an armbar, pointing at Stanton...]

...and an angry Gunnar Gaines slides into the ring just as the Bombers bail out. Stanton mocks Gaines from the floor, clutching his shoulder as Justin joins his father inside the ring.]

GM: The Bombers want no part of RyGunn, they're heading out of here.

BW: And thanks to that stipulation in the contract, they don't have to have any part of RyGunn! RyGunn is doomed to be the bridesmaids but never the brides forever, daddy!

GM: Gunnar's staring at the Bombers leaving, shaking his head. He knows what this loss means as well, fans.

[Gaines stands, hands on his hips as Justin shouts something down the aisle after the retreating World Tag Team Champions. The Hall of Famer kicks the bottom rope before turning to help his partner back to his feet. Ryan is still holding on to his shoulder as he gets up.]

GM: Ryan's back up as well now. This can't be a good feeling for any of the men inside the ring right now, Bucky.

[Ryan falls back into the corner, grabbing his shoulder as he looks across the ring...]

...and then raises his good arm, pointing at Justin Gaines.]

GM: Martinez is pointing at Justin... what's that about?

BW: I think Ryan realizes that Justin threw in the towel!

[Martinez marches across the ring towards Justin Gaines, delivering a hard shove that knocks him back into the turnbuckles to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: Yeah! Get that punk kid and teach him to stay out of your business!

[Gunnar immediately steps in, playing peacemaker between his partner and his son.]

GM: Gunnar's gotta settle Ryan down. He needs to explain to him that Justin was just doing what he thought was the best thing for Ryan's wellbeing... for his career! He thought that Ryan's career was in jeopardy. He may have just saved his career and made sure that Ryan would live to fight another day!

BW: Ryan Martinez may indeed live to fight another day, Gordo, but RyGunn is done! Finished! Sure, they could keep on teaming together but why? What's the point? They'll NEVER challenge the Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Titles again!

GM: We heard you the first time, Bucky! We know what's at stake! We know what happens with-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's reaction comes from Ryan Martinez turning to walk away...

...and Gunnar Gaines drilling him in the back of the head with a forearm smash!]

GM: Oh my god! What the... what the HELL was that?!

BW: Gunnar Gaines, the old man, dropped him! He jumped Martinez from behind!

[The crowd is buzzing with shock as Gunnar Gaines stands, glaring at the downed Martinez as the young man battles to try and get back up off the mat.]

GM: I can't believe what I just saw! What the heck is Gunnar Gaines doing?! These fans are stunned! These St. Louis fans are absolutely shocked at what they just saw!

[Martinez pushes up off the mat, barely able to stand as he looks at his partner in disbelief.]

GM: Look at Martinez! Look in his eyes! He's shocked! He can't believe what just happened either! Gunnar Gaines just stabbed him right in the back and- no! NO!

[Gaines reaches out, grabbing Martinez around the throat. He powers him up and DRIVES him down in a no release chokeslam!]

GM: GRIZZLY SLAM! MY GOD! He just hit the Grizzly Slam on his own partner, Bucky!

BW: I'm pretty sure you can call him a FORMER partner now, daddy!

[Gunnar Gaines stares out at the jeering crowd, shaking his head at them before slowly walking towards the corner. Justin steps in front of him, shaking his head.]

GM: I think Gaines is trying to go up top but it looks like his son, Justin, is trying to stop him! I think Justin may be as surprised as any of us are!

[Gaines ignores his son, stepping out to the apron, and quickly moving up the ropes.]

BW: Gunnar's moving pretty well on that bum wheel, Gordo.

GM: What's he doing up there?

BW: I'll give you one guess.

[The Grizzly One leaps off the top, sailing through the air to crash-land nearly 300 pounds down on the prone Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GRIZZLY SPLASH OFF THE TOP!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Gaines climbs back to his feet, again looking out at the jeering crowd. He points at the downed Martinez, gesturing at the crowd who try to encourage the young lion to get up. With a shake of his head, the Hall of Famer drops his metal-brace covered knee down into the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Kneedrop with the metal brace!

[Gaines rises, repeating the kneedrop over and over as he continues to smash the metal frame of the brace into the skull of his presumably former tag team partner as Justin Gaines stands by, shaking his head...]

GM: He's gotta stop this! Gunnar, please! Please stop! Those kneedrops are- my stars, he's busted him open!

[The jeers get louder as Gaines lets up, staring down at the rapidly-reddening face of Ryan Martinez as the crimson starts to flow strongly down his forehead. A pissed-off Gaines reaches down, adjusting his kneebrace.]

GM: What's he doing now?

BW: It looks like... is he taking it off?

[Gaines quickly unhooks the kneebrace, throwing it aside. He looks out at the crowd and then leaps up, performing a few jumping jacks to even more boos from the fans.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: Wow! I had no idea that Gaines had this in him, Gordo!

GM: His knee wasn't hurt at all! His knee is perfectly fine! He continued wearing that kneebrace after he didn't need it... but why?

BW: Why? Look at what a great weapon it made!

[The crowd thoroughly disgusted by all things Gaines really lets him have it as he pulls a bloody Martinez up by the hair, shoving him towards Justin...]

GM: Now what?

[Justin Gaines hesitates for a moment, looking at his father who nods in response. Justin returns the gesture, pulling Ryan into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Oh my stars! What is Justin Gaines doing now?!

[Justin muscles Ryan up, lifting him right up into a crucifix powerbomb position...]

GM: He's got him up! He's got him-

[...and then drops him so that he can hook Martinez' head, jamming the back of his neck into Gaines' shoulder, and dropping down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars, I-

BW: That was crazy, Gordo! He put him up like he was gonna powerbomb him but dropped him into a neckbreaker instead! I've never seen that before!

GM: Ryan Martinez isn't moving. He's not moving one bit, fans. The Grizzly Slam, the Grizzly Splash, that neckbreaker... all after the total hell that Martinez was put through at the hands of the Blonde Bombers tonight. This kid isn't moving and I can't be surprised about that.

[Gunnar Gaines gives his son a nod of approval as Justin regains his feet. The Hall of Famer strides across the ring, gesturing for the house mic.]

GM: Apparently Gunnar Gaines has something to say about what just happened here. I'm eager to hear how he can justify what he just did to Ryan Martinez.

[Gaines lifts the mic to his mouth, opening it slightly. He pauses, looking out at the crowd that is really letting him have it. A wadded-up paper cup and a few empty water bottles come sailing over the ropes into the ring. He looks down at them with disdain...]

...and simply drops the mic to the mat, stepping through the ropes to exit the squared circle with his son in pursuit.]

GM: Well, perhaps he DOESN'T have something to say.

BW: I have a feeling that the Hall of Famer will speak when he's damn good and ready, Gordo. If he wants to tell us what happened right now... ten minutes from now... an hour from now? He'll do it.

GM: Fans, you can see our medical team hitting the ring right now. Dr. Bob Ponavitch and his staff are checking on Ryan Martinez who has yet to move an inch since that neckbreaker... that devastating hanging neckbreaker. They've got the stretcher out here with them and I'm afraid they're going to need it.

[The announcers fall silent for about fifteen seconds, letting the concerned buzz of the crowd and the medical team's chatter fill the soundwaves.]

GM: We're going to take another break. We'll be right back with the World Title match so don't go away, fans.

[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-striping. He's wearing brown and red pants, blue fingerless gloves, and orange-and-grey goggles. His hair is a poofy afro which is half-red and half-white.

When they speak, they are subtitled.]

JJ: Greetings, protosheep! The Rave are in the flippety floppety floo, so satellate your earlobes while we distribute the upload!

SUBTITLE: "Greetings, primitive person with little knowledge! The Rave are here, so listen while we explain things to you!"

SDOG: Our mission from 2032 to defend the timestream from translitization by a gyzzrus roilspur needs your slapback! Wildstyling is only one of the

niques we use to regulate the timeflow; we also have to make sure timegularities flow the way they were in the history holovids.

SUBTITLE: "Our mission from 2032 to protect history from being changed by an evil time traveller needs your help! Wrestling is only one way we keep history safe; we also have to make sure specific historic events happen the way our history books say."

JJ: And that takes creds, jaggos! We can't snarf 2032 megatech and scoopit to the futurepast, because we'd flutz the timeflow! We gotta possback, and we can only shill with our futurefax so much without vascabrating the credservers.

SUBTITLE: "That takes money, good people. We can't bring much future technology to the present because that would damage the timeline. We must procure on site, and we can only use our future knowledge for gambling so much without destabilizing the economy."

SDOG: But The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior makes the demandment that all credflips must be a rawkus deal! So we're hayesing out the most winhaving hempshreds that the teens ever plotted!

SUBTITLE: "Our belief system requires that all money transfers be fair deals. So we are selling the best clothing this decade has ever seen."

[Jerby pulls open a crate, and multicolor shirts can be seen inside. They all read RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT in various glow-in-the-dark colors.]

JJ: Frally! Each bodsheath is rainbowlderized with a codecation of no less than eight distinct shades! In 2032 that is sircebezz!

SUBTITLE: "Really! Each shirt is randomly colorized with a guarantee of having at least eight distinct colors. In 2032, that is SERIOUS BUSINESS."

SDOG: We have them in every fit from shrump to quintuple-gyzzrus fatbody! Because we flow that this era has a lot of shrumps and a lot of fatbodies.

SUBTITLE: "We have them in every size from extra small to 5XL! Because we know that this era has a lot of midgets and a lot of obese people."

JJ: And if that wasn't buhdass enough for everyhumie, we also satellated to the primitates' teargrieking about your scrap inability to flow with our winhaving vocalingo. So we amadably decided to use frackish 2D media, just for you, and producted an official Rave 2032 vocalinganary!

SUBTITLE: "And if that wasn't awesome enough for everybody, we also heard the primitive people whining about their inability to understand our great 2032 language. So we kindly decided to use outdated 2D media, just for you, and created an official Rave 2032 language dictionary!"

[Shizz reaches into another box with a pair of tongs, and pulls out a

softcover book. It reads "OFFICIAL RAVE 2032 VOCALINGANARY" in multi-colored print.]

SDOG: Snarf these rawkus deals now from the Intersquib at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, and give the slapback so we can RAVE!

SUBTITLE: Get these great deals now from the Internet at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to our belief system, and help us so we can...

RAVE: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

SUBTITLE: ...we're still not sure what that's supposed to mean.

[And we cut to black before fading back up to live action. Jason Dane is standing by with the dark-suited, bespectacled, and uncharacteristically scowling, Louis Matsui. Behind them is the huge form of MAMMOTH Maximus, who has on a black mask and a black singlet, with a silver M across the front.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. Louis Matsui, after all your complaints, you and your client have now been given what you asked for; tonight, MAMMOTH Maximus gets a shot at the World Heavyweight title in a match that has only been done once before here in the AWA. How do you approach something like this?

LM: Firstly, Jay-Dee, do I look like a happy man to you? Does Maximus look like a happy man to you? Should we be pleased that my client's been screwed out of a straight-up one-on-one match with the champion once again? Where instead of beating the reigning champion for the title, he has to beat Dufresne AND Supreme Wright?!

MM: You see, Dane, truth is, Supreme Wright nearly had my number, but I had the POWERBOMB all queued up before that stinking snake Calisto Dufresne got involved! Supreme Wright knows what would have happened had I successfully hit the powerbomb! Dufresne knows what would have happened had I successfully hit the powerbomb! And the champion KNOWS what would have happened if it were me going one-on-one against him here tonight! Now, Dufresne might have complicated things a bit, as snakes tend to do, but he cannot delay the inevitable! If he wants to retain his title, he's got to beat me, one way or another, and that's just NOT! GOING! TO HAPPEN!

Wright, I'll give you this; you nearly had my number, and you might well have it tonight. If you do walk out of here tonight with the title around your waist, hey, at least it's not Dufresne! At least it's not Royalty!

[As if the name disgusts him, Maximus spits, before walking away from Jason Dane. Matsui shrugs, before following his client, making a show of stepping over the spit on the floor as we crossfade to pre-taped footage marked "Earlier Today". We're inside a completely empty Chaifetz Arena. Seated in one of the ringside seats, we see the number one contender to the



AWA World title, Supreme Wright, staring right at the ring. He's dressed in a form fitting navy blue tweed suit, a grey/blue/red striped necktie, and a crimson red dress shirt underneath. His hair is pulled back into tight cornrows and he's wearing a pair of black-rimmed glasses. As he begins to speak, his eyes remain fixated on the empty ring, as if he's seeing a match taking place in there that no one else can.]

SW: One year ago today, I stepped into the Lakefront Arena in New Orleans, fighting to become the first-ever AWA World Champion.

And on that Saturday, Supreme Wright shattered the Sword of Damocles and stopped Royalty from taking the World Title. On that Saturday, Supreme Wright put an end to William Craven's Hardcore Revolution. And when I woke up on Sunday morning, some people were saying that Supreme Wright had single-handedly saved the AWA.

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: Nah. I didn't do anything like that. Because When that weekend ended, all I did...

...was fail to win the AWA World title.

[His face doesn't show any emotion, but there's a bitter edge in his voice that suggests the slightest hint of regret.]

SW: A little over two months later, I stepped in the Los Angeles Sports Arena, fighting for the World title again. And I came close...I came DAMN close to winning...

...but once again, I failed.

[Supreme leans back in his seat and takes in a deep breath.]

SW: So when Mr. Dufresne says that tonight is the most important night of my life?

[Exhale.]

SW: I respectfully disagree.

[...]

SW: I've challenged for the World Title before, Mr. Dufresne...and until I actually WIN, today feels just like any other day.

A day without the AWA World title around my waist.

[His expression hardens slightly.]

SW: A painful reminder that I've been nothing...

...but a failure.

[His eyes cast downward and he allows himself the faintest of smirks.]

SW: It's funny. Mr. Vasquez said that there's nothing harder to be in this world, than a hero.

[...]

SW: I respectfully disagree.

[He sits up in his chair and leans forward, resting his elbows on the guardrail.]

SW: The hardest thing to be in this world is a wrestler.

[Suddenly, Supreme grips the top of the railing with both hands tightly.]

SW: In the AWA, I see a locker room filled with men claiming to be rulers, conquerors, heroes, villains, schemers, scammers, paupers and kings. And it makes me feel kinda' insignificant, 'cause all I EVER wanted to be was a wrestler.

[Still gripping the railing, he rises to his feet.]

SW: But do you know what it means to be a wrestler?

[He lets go of the railing and stands up to his full height, finally turning towards the camera with an extremely serious look on his face.]

SW: It's nothing BUT sacrifice.

It's a life filled with missed birthdays and holidays. Nothing but endless days filled with heartbreak and broken relationships. It's traveling to small towns and wrestling in sweat boxes, making just enough money to be able to travel to the next town for your next match.

And the cycle just keeps going on and on and on.

It's wrestling, bleeding, and hurting for 365 days and nothing BUT. It's sacrificing your love for everything else...

...to love a sport that rarely ever loves you back.

[His expression softens slightly at that and he pauses, almost sighing.]

SW: To be a wrestler...it's just about the loneliest damn existence in the world.

[And then, he looks up with a grin on his face.]

SW: But I wouldn't have it any other way.

[The smile is short-lived, disappearing as Supreme's expression once again turns serious.]

SW: That's the struggle that forges a champion. That's the adversity that must be overcome to achieve greatness. That's what's required to be the very best.

[Supreme's voice becomes a near whisper.]

SW: Some people might say that my sacrifices aren't worth it.

[His eyes narrow into a fierce, intense glare directly into the camera.]

SW: I respectfully disagree.

[The discomfort caused by his glare is almost palpable.]

SW: Every day the AWA World Title isn't around my waist just makes me want it that much MORE.

[Supreme breaks away eye contact from the camera and lowers his head, a thoughtful look on his face.]

SW: But I sit here and I wonder...what does Mr. Dufresne know about sacrifice?

What does Mr. Dufresne know about struggle?

What does Mr. Dufresne know about being a wrestler?

[He shakes his head.]

SW: Not a thing.

Not a single damn thing.

[There's a thousand yard stare on Supreme's face.]

SW: And that's fine with me.

[He looks anything BUT fine.]

SW: I'll TEACH you what it means to be a wrestler, Mr. Dufresne.

[That one simple sentence is filled with nothing BUT bad intentions.]

SW: You call yourself the most brilliant mind in this sport, Mr. Dufresne. Always thinking three steps ahead.

And MAMMOTH Maximus? Unstoppable. Wild. A rampaging animal bent on destruction.

[Supreme seems to smile at the thought. These are the types of challenges he lives for.]

SW: In order to grab hold of my dream, in order to become the AWA World Champion, I'm gonna' have to defeat you both. Some people say it's impossible.

...I respectfully disagree.

[His words are resolute. His confidence unwavering.]

SW: You'll see, Mr. Dufresne...you'll see Maximus...that being this sport's greatest opportunist and most diabolical mind; that being an unstoppable beast...

[He points towards the wrestling ring right in front of us.]

SW: ...doesn't mean a single damn thing, when you're standing inside MY ring.

[His eyes grow wide. Crazy.]

SW: So when Mr. Dufrense says that tonight is gonna' be a night I want to forget?

[A stone-faced stare.]

SW: I respectfully disagree.

[A beat.]

SW: After all, why would Supreme Wright want to forget the night...

[He smirks.]

SW: ...he became the AWA World Champion?

[Fade out from the pre-taped footage to Mark Stegglet standing backstage.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is one of the all-time greats in our sport. He is a former World Heavyweight Champion as well as a hero to the people here in St. Louis. Please welcome... Hamilton Graham.

[The former World Champion steps into frame. He's wearing a dark grey sportscoat with a bleached white dress shirt underneath that is unbuttoned just enough to show off a tuft of chest hair with a gold chain hanging in it. He doesn't look to be in a good mood.]

MS: Mr. Graham, it must be great to see the AWA back in St. Louis after a few years away.

[Graham nods. Stegglet's offered mic gets no words in it.]

MS: Okay. How are you enjoying the action so far tonight?

[Graham glares at Stegglet but responds with a single one gruff word.]

HG: Great.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: What about the World Title match? Any predict-

[This time, the veteran has heard enough.]

HG: Predictions? You want me - a lowly wrestler - to predict the outcome to the biggest match of the night. Oh, you can believe that by the way. They may have stuck WarGames on the marquee and put the promotional dollar behind it but at the end of the day, when the World Heavyweight Title is on the line - THAT'S the Main Event, jack.

MS: Mark.

HG: Couldn't have said it better myself. But you want to know what I think about the World Title match? I think Calisto Dufresne should be ashamed of himself. Embarrassed.

MS: For his actions outside the ring?

HG: No. For not making the World Title the Main Event every night out. I couldn't care less if he waffles a guy with brass knuckles or if he has Dave Cooper, Larry Doyle, Joe Petrow, Mark Langseth, Mr. Honeydew, the Awesome Alliance, King Apples, and the [BLEEP]damned Highwayman interfere in his matches. He's the World Champion. It's his responsibility to make that title the most treasured prize in the sport... and he had a guy refuse a shot at it tonight.

I have no doubt that MAMMOTH Maximus and Supreme Wright will give Dufresne a run for his money. Hell, one of 'em might even win the title here tonight but when the smoke clears, Dufresne'll be sitting in the locker room with his feet up while the Main Event goes on. And that just ain't right to this old timer.

[Stegglet pauses, waiting to see if more is coming. Graham turns to him.]

HG: That it?

MS: I was going to ask you the same question.

HG: Alright, then I'll give you one more. I ain't got a pick for tonight's title match, Stegglet. The truth is - I didn't expect anyone to ask me who I thought would win.

I thought you might ask a clown... a rodeo star... a tennis player... a magician... a stand-up comic... maybe the local sheriff... how 'bout the guy who sweeps up after the matches... or the fat kid in the fifteenth row? All of 'em would have a damn good opinion on who might win.

Or maybe you could go ask that snot-nosed punk in the luxury box who thinks he knows a damn bit of anything about the sport I've given my entire life to.

[Ah. The source of Graham's surliness.]

MS: Uhh, Mr. Graham, Mr. Dusscher is an invit-

HG: I don't much care who invited him, Stegglet. In my day, when the marquee out front said "WRESTLING", it meant it. It didn't mean an excuse to get some reporters to spill some ink all over their pants by having some punk kid singing in our ring.

[Stegglet grabs at his earpiece and promptly pulls the mic away.]

MS: Hamilton Graham everyone! Now, let's go down to the ring for our World Title matchup!

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... it is now time for our TRIANGLE MATCH!

[Big cheer!]

PW: This match has no time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: The rules are as follows - the three men will come to the ring, each carrying one of the ceremonial coins. As the match begins, the three coins will be flipped and the coins that match will compete in one-on-one action. After that fall concludes, the coins will be flipped again to determine the next matchup. In order to win the match, one competitor MUST defeat the other two!

And now, introducing Challenger #1...

[Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play over the arena speakers. Twenty-five seconds in, a mountain of a man, if one could call it a man, emerges from the entranceway. He is decked in a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk. The large helmet is attached to black shoulder pads, like those used in football, which help to hold the headgear up on the man's massive frame. In addition, he is wearing a black singlet, with a silver M across the front, black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads and black boots with silver trim.]

GM: Look at the size of that man, Bucky.

BW: As much as I think Calisto Dufresne is going to retain the World Title here tonight by hook or by crook, you could very well be looking at the next World Heavyweight Champion, Gordo.

GM: He certainly has the size, the strength, and the managerial wiles of Louis Matsui to get to the top of the mountain, Bucky. Many remember that World Title match he had earlier this year against James Monosso where he was on the verge of winning the World Title when Calisto Dufresne interfered to make sure that wouldn't happen. Tonight, Dufresne may live to regret that decision.

[The man balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him, as the bespectacled Louis Matsui, steps through the entranceway, dressed in a dark suit, as usual. Matsui rubs his hands with glee, pats his client on the shoulder and points to the ring. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him. Matsui, on the other hand, cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd.]

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

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entrance aisle. He begins to remove the helmet, with Matsui's assistance, to reveal a black mask with silver markings around the back. Maximus places the headgear in front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke. He approaches the ring and steps through middle and top ropes. Louis Matsui enters the ring after him and, as the music starts to fade, gives MAMMOTH Maximus some final instructions, before climbing back down to the ringside area and leaving his client in the ring.]

PW: And now... Challenger #2...

[The lights go out as the haunting vocals of Deborah Harry can be heard over the PA system.]

# Step into a world #  
# Where there's no one left # # But the very best #  
# No MC can test #

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the St. Louis crowd responds with a HUGE roar!]

GM: And listen to this reaction for Supreme Wright, Bucky!

BW: He's come a long way in just over a year, Gordo. When he came back to the AWA - returning to the scene of the crime so to speak - the fans really let him have it for jumping ship to a rival promotion but now, they've got their arms wide open for him.

[As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through, in a white version of his usual ankle-length longcoat. Wright has his arms crossed in front of his chest, staring straight ahead towards the wrestling ring...\_his\_ wrestling ring with an intense focus.]

PW: ...he hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing 225 pounds...  
SUPREME WRIIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[As Wright walks the aisle, the announcers switch back to hype mode.]

GM: At SuperClash IV, Supreme Wright challenged James Monosso for the World Heavyweight Title but came up just a little bit short. Tonight? He gets a chance to change that.

BW: The Championship Committee has really stacked the deck against the champ tonight, Gordo. Two of the top contenders in the entire company trying to snatch the title belt off the waist of Calisto Dufresne.

GM: Dufresne certainly has his work cut out for him here tonight.

[Wright enters the ring and proceeds to remove his coat, revealing a lanky, but powerful build, with extremely well-defined musculature, cutting an impressive figure. He wears MMA-style shorts, white w/ gold trim. Wright's hair is pulled back into cornrows snaking into an intricate "S"-shape design and his arms and chest are covered in various tattoos. He wears MMA fight gloves on his hands and amateur-style wrestling shoes. There's no doubt in his demeanor...he's ready for battle. Wright stares across the ring at Maximus who is in the opposite corner, shifting his weight back and forth from foot to foot...]

PW: And their opponent... from Avery Island, Louisiana... he weighs in at 245 pounds and is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

Representing Royalty... he is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAALIIIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUUFRESNNNNNNE!

[The sounds of "Sharp Dressed Man" by ZZ Top fill the air to a tremendously negative reaction from the St. Louis crowd. Dufresne takes two steps through the curtain, standing in his trunks and boots...

...and thrusts the title belt over his head to a ton of boos from the crowd!]

BW: The champ... is... here!



GM: Calisto Dufresne won the World Heavyweight Title back in May at Memorial Day Mayhem when he defeated James Monosso in a brutal showdown that left Monosso in retirement. In the past three months, it seems he's found a way to avoid almost every major challenger - with the exception of his victory over Juan Vasquez at Opportunity Knocks. Tonight, that all changes, fans.

[Dufresne looks quite agitated as he makes his way down the aisle, slapping the title belt that is draped over his shoulder. He's at ringside in a flash, ignoring his usual slow, elongated entrance walk. There is no time to berate the fans, no effort to show off the title belt, no chance to mock his opponents. He simply grabs onto his championship a little bit tighter and steps up on the ringsteps, his head moving back and forth between his two challengers.]

GM: Dufresne steps through... and reluctantly hands the title belt over to AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger.

[Jagger steps out to the middle of the ring, holding the title belt high over his head to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: That's what it's all about right there, Gordo. If you're in this business and you don't have your eyes locked on that title every day and every night, then you should go find a different line of work.

[Dufresne settles back into a corner, still looking back and forth between Wright and Maximus who've both turned their gazes onto the World Heavyweight Champion.]

GM: The referee's calling them to the center, asking them to get their coins out for the first flip of this unique Triangle Match.

[All three men come to the middle, holding their coins out in the front of them. The official gives all three coins a quick inspection to make sure they're the officially awarded coins.]

GM: Smart move by Johnny Jagger - making sure no one has switched out a coin.

BW: Really smart move. Wish I'd have thought of that.

[Jagger gives the three men a three count and signals for the toss.]

GM: Three coins go up... three coins go down...

[Phil Watson steps in, looking at the coins...]

PW: The coin of the World Champion... HEADS!

The coin of Supreme Wright... TAILS!

[Wright grimaces, obviously wanting to get his hands on the World Champion.]

PW: And the coin of MAMMOTH Maximus... HEADS!

[The crowd roars at the announcement, knowing it means that Maximus will start the match against the World Champion. Dufresne's eyes go wide, shaking his head back and forth as the referee forces Wright from the ring. Maximus nods, grinning widely as he gestures at his expansive waist, giving a "THE WORLD IS MINE!" shout as Louis Matsui cackles at ringside.]

GM: Dufresne didn't want in there with either of them if you ask me but this might be a worst case scenario for him! He's gotta take on a fresh MAMMOTH Maximus!

[Maximus is exhaling sharply, nodding his head faster and faster at Dufresne as the World Champion comes out of the corner. The referee stands between both men, giving final instructions...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Dufresne tries to puff up his chest, running his mouth in the direction of the much-larger man. He jabs a finger into his chest, shouting "THE WORLD IS \_MINE\_, FAT MAN!"]

GM: I'm not sure this is a good id-

[The crowd instantly reacts as Maximus slams his boot up into the gut of a shocked Dufresne, doubling him up. The big man steps forward, hooking a standing headscissors.]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

BW: You gotta be kidding me!

[Maximus doesn't hesitate, lifting Dufresne up into the air over his shoulder...

...and DROPS to a knee, driving Dufresne into the mat!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! THE EXTINCTION LEVEL EVENT!!

[Maximus doesn't pause for a moment, grabbing Dufresne by the legs, dragging him across the ring to the corner.]

GM: Oh my stars!

[Maximus again nods to the crowd, stepping up to the middle rope. Still holding the top rope, Maximus gets some momentum behind him, bouncing once... twice... three times... four times... five times...

...and then leaps up, kicking out his legs to go horizontal to the mat!]

GM: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!

[And CRUSHES Dufresne beneath him! He applies the cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Your winner of the first fall... MAMMOTH MAXIMUSSSSS!

[The crowd roars for the result - not so much for Maximus himself but for the shock of it all.]

GM: My stars! Can you believe that? MAMMOTH Maximus just defeated the World Heavyweight Champion in near record time and finds himself now just a victory over Supreme Wright away from becoming the World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: That means Wright has to go into defense mode, Gordo. He'd love to win, he'd love to beat Maximus if that match happens but at all costs, he has to prevent Maximus from winning!

GM: But he HAS to win, Bucky. There are no time limits in this. He can't stall out a draw. He HAS to defeat Maximus or Maximus is the new World Champion!

[The referee signals for the coins again. They quickly get handed over by the timekeeper.]

GM: The coin toss will occur in the ring, which basically provides a break period for the men involved in the first fall.

BW: I don't think Maximus wants a break period... but you better believe Dufresne does. Dufresne is praying right now to not be involved in the next fall.

GM: But that puts him in a very dangerous situation as well, Bucky. If Dufresne's not in the ring during the next fall, he could lose the World Title without even being in the ring!

BW: That's why he's at such a bad spot being in a match like this. O'Connor really put him over a barrel with this one, Gordo.

[The coins go up into the air, hitting the mat as Jagger steps in...]

“Dufresne... HEADS!”

“Wright... TAILS!”

“Maximus... TAILS!”

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: Oh yeah! I think this is one of the matchups that these fans in St. Louis bought their tickets to see! Supreme Wright versus MAMMOTH Maximus should be a war of attrition!

[Dufresne gets helped from the ring by the official, rolled under the ropes to the floor...

...when the bell rings to start the next fall!]

GM: Here we go again!

[Wright comes tearing across the ring, leaping up to smash a forearm into the jaw of Maximus, sending him teetering back into the buckles.]

GM: Wright tees off! Forearm after forearm across the jaw!

[The referee steps in, forcing Wright to step back...

...and as Wright steps back in.]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Maximus slapped him across the face!

BW: No pain, daddy! Maximus feels nothin’!

[A furious Wright uncorks a slap of his own across the face, causing Maximus’ head to snap back. He replies with a hooking forearm to the temple, sending Wright down to a knee.]

GM: Oh! Hard shot out of Maximus!

[A second hooking blow causes Wright to backpedal to the middle of the ring...

...where he returns fire with a powerful elbowstrike to the side of the head that causes Maximus to backpedal in response!]

GM: They’re tearing into one another in the middle of the ring here in St. Louis with the biggest prize in the wrestling world on the line, fans!

[Maximus takes a couple deep breaths as Wright gestures for him to come back at him... and then does exactly that, cracking Wright in the side of the head with an elbowstrike of his own!]

GM: Another heavy duty shot out of the four hundred pound beast!

BW: You want to talk about two of the hardest hitters in our sport? You're looking at 'em right now, daddy!

GM: You certainly are.

[Wright steps back into the pocket, throwing an elbow with enough force to send Maximus falling slowly backwards, hitting the ropes where he bounces back to stable footing, stalking towards a waiting Wright...]

GM: Neither man is trying to defend at all. This is a simple case of you hit me as hard as you can and I'll hit you as hard as I can and at the end of the day, we'll see where we end up!

[Maximus steps in, throwing another big elbow to the side of Wright's jaw, sending him toppling backwards...]

...but he pops right back in, throwing another elbow to the side of the head!]

GM: It's a stand off in the center of the ring as these two hard-hitters try to put one another down!

[Maximus grabs the back of Wright's head, throwing another hard elbow to the side of the face. Wright takes a big step back before surging forward, swinging his arm up...]

GM: Blocked by Maximus!

BW: I think he got sick of being hit in the head!

[Blocking the elbow with two raised arms in front of his face, Maximus yanks his arm down, throwing a hooking blow that Wright ducks down, watching it swing past his head. Maximus throws the left as well but Wright ducks again, avoiding a blow for the second time...]

GM: Wright ducks 'em both!

[Wright pops back up, throwing a big elbow to the side of the head that sends Maximus staggering back!]

GM: But Maximus couldn't avoid that! Wright popped him!

[Wright drops back, hitting the ropes behind him to get some momentum as he charges Maximus, arm coiled back at the ready...]

GM: Big righ-

[Maximus sidesteps the blow, swinging his forearm into Wright's kidneys as he shoots past. A double axehandle down between the shoulderblades knocks Wright down to his knees...]

GM: Maximus caught him off-balance and made him pay for it!

[The big man reaches down, hooking Wright around the torso...]

GM: Are you kidding me?! He can't do this!

BW: Oh yes he can!

[Maximus deadlifts Wright off his knees in a waistlock, taking him all the way over the top in slow motion...

...and DRIVES him down on the back of the head and neck on the release!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: That might do it, Gordo! Supreme Wright went right over the top and landed on the back of his head... back of his neck. He got folded up like an accordion!

GM: Wright's in a lot of pain, grabbing at the back of his neck. He looks a little confused. He might've taken a hard whack to the head there, Bucky.

BW: He definitely did. Wright's out of it! He's in trouble!

[Before Maximus can get back to his feet and take advantage of the situation, Wright rolls the short distance under the ropes, falling off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Wright rolls out! Good move by the Combat Corner alumni right there to avoid Maximus going for a pin attempt.

BW: He might get counted out out there which would be just as good... right?

GM: To be honest with you, Bucky, I'm not entirely sure. Ordinarily, the title can not change hands on a countout or a disqualification but in this match, I don't think we've heard that ruling made official. Maybe... if the guys in the truck are listening in the back, any chance we can get clarification from some of the officials backstage on that?

[Maximus pushes up to a knee, rubbing the side of his jaw as Louis Matsui barks instructions to his charge punctuated by "IT'S YOURS! IT'S ALL YOURS!"]

GM: Wright is still down on the floor, holding the back of his neck. That may have done more damage than we realized.

[The big man from the mountains of Southern California climbs to his feet, gesturing at his waist to the fans.]

GM: There you see it. MAMMOTH Maximus believes he's the next World Champion and if he can find a way to defeat Supreme Wright in this match, that's exactly what he'll be.

[Maximus goes to approach the ropes, perhaps thinking of bringing Wright back inside the squared circle but the official cuts him off, waving to Wright.]

GM: Johnny Jagger says he's going to start the count on Wright.

BW: But we still don't know if that crowns him the World Champion or not!

[Wright pushes up to his knees, wincing in pain as he grabs the back of his neck. The count goes to four as he looks up in the ring where MAMMOTH Maximus is pacing back and forth, barking at the ringside fans that are jeering him.]

GM: Wright's starting to rise on the floor... and it looks like Calisto Dufresne is finally getting up out there as well. He's holding the back of his head too. Maximus has done a number on both of the other men in this match this time.

[The former Combat Corner student climbs up to his feet as the count hits six. He looks up at the ring where Maximus has taken the center of it all, waving for Wright to come to him. The Louisiana native grabs the ropes, pulling himself into the ring...

...and breaking into a charge!]

GM: Wright ducks the clothesline! Hits the far ropes!

[Wright rebounds off the far ropes, charging at Maximus who leaps up, clapping his arms together on the side of Wright's head, toppling the youngster with his four hundred and twenty pounds crashing into Supreme Wright!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Maximus wipes him out, taking him right down off his feet!

[Maximus actually falls to the mat as well but quickly takes a knee, holding up a hand to Louis Matsui who nods his head, smiling gleefully.]

GM: Matsui's gotta be loving what he's seeing right now!

BW: What he's seeing is that after years of being here in the AWA with an absolute giant... after being here with a mountain of a man in Maximus... he's finally... FINALLY... on the verge of managing the World Heavyweight Champion? The Matsui Corporation may be about to become the biggest powerbroker in the entire industry!

[The big man climbs to his feet, looking down at Wright who is again struggling to get up off the mat. As the Number One Contender gets to his feet, Wright gets clocked in the temple with a hooking forearm shot that sends Wright falling back into the corner...]

GM: Maximus knocks him to the buckles! This could be ugly!

[Maximus squares up into the corner, lashing out with a hooking blow to the side of the head that buckles Wright's knees, forcing him to grab the ropes with both arms to stay standing.]

GM: Whoa! He nearly took his head off with that!

[He leans down, throwing a pair of blows into the ribcage of Wright, doubling him up so that a powerful overhead forearm smash to the back of the neck knocks Wright to his knees.]

GM: Maximus is simply dominating Wright with these powerful strikes right now, forcing Wright all the way down to the mat.

BW: These fans are in shock, Gordo. You know they came here to the building tonight rooting for Supreme Wright to walk out with the World Title. Now they're facing the fact that MAMMOTH Maximus just might win two straight falls and walk out with the gold...

[Grabbing Wright by the arm, Maximus yanks him to his feet, firing him across the ring, sending the Louisiana native crashing into the corner as Maximus rushes in after him...

...and THROWS himself into a leaping body splash in the corner!]

GM: OHHHH! BIG AVALANCHE SPLASH!!

[Maximus takes a couple steps back and then moves right back in, clubbing Wright across the ear with a hooking forearm smash! He leans down, throwing a left to the gut and then a right to the head. He switches up, throwing the right downstairs and the left to the temple!]

GM: Maximus is battering Wright in the buckles, just hammering away on him! Supreme Wright is getting pummeled by the four hundred pounder!

BW: And just imagine the force - the impact - behind blows like that thrown by a big man.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Maximus hammers away with a series of short elbows to the temple, forcing Wright down to a knee again. Again, Wright gets yanked off the mat.]

GM: He whips him across again...

BW: Another one?!



GM: Maximus charges! OHHHH! ANOTHER BIG SPLASH IN THE CORNER!!

[Maximus straightens up, throwing three quick left hooks to the side of the head followed by a big swinging right that clips him across the face and knocks him down to a seated position in the corner, leaning against the turnbuckles.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus has looked virtually unstoppable in the opening moments of this match. We're under ten minutes into this World Title Triangle Match and all this beast of a man has done was pin the World Champion in nearly record time and physically dominate Supreme Wright, the 2012 Rumble winner... a Semifinalist in the World Title Tournament... a former SuperClash Main Eventer. Incredible!

[The camera zooms in on the face of Wright. The young man blinks several times, trying to clear the cobwebs from his head as Maximus stands over him, barking at the crowd again.]

GM: And you can sense the confidence growing in MAMMOTH Maximus. He knows that the World Title is within his reach.

[A cut to the floor shows a nervous Calisto Dufresne pacing back and forth, a second ringside official making sure he doesn't interfere.]

GM: You can see another AWA official out here at ringside. His job is to make sure the man outside looking in doesn't get involved in the match.

[Dufresne slams his hands down on the apron, shouting to Supreme Wright as Maximus drags the Combat Corner alumni to his feet by the arm...]

GM: Short-arm clothesline coming up!

[But as Maximus pulls Wright towards him, Wright somehow manages to duck under the swung arm that comes across Maximus' chest. Wright moves in quickly, snaring the arm around the big man's own throat as he slips his hand in behind the neck...]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!! HE HOOKS IT!!

[With Maximus trapped in the most dangerous submission hold in the entire AWA, Wright forces him down to a knee...

...and then flattens him out, pushing him down to his stomach as Wright leans back, pulling the arm into the throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!!

BW: We haven't seen anyone escape it either!

GM: Wright's got the Cobra Clutch Crossface, designed in the Combat Corner by Todd Michaelson, locked in! This is the great equalizer, Bucky!

BW: It works on opponents any size... any strength... any skill level. We've only seen it used a handful of times by Supreme Wright and, of course, by Eric Preston who used the hold to defeat James Monosso once.

GM: Choked Monosso into unconsciousness is what he did.

BW: That may be what's about to happen right now too! Listen to Calisto Dufresne, screaming at Wright... begging him to put the big man into dream land!

GM: If he does that, Dufresne's right back in this thing, Bucky. If Wright knocks out Maximus, then we've got both challengers with a victory but the match will keep going. Dufresne will have another chance to get on the board.

[Wright arches back, giving a big shout as he pushes more exertion into his arms, trying to wrench the air out of Maximus. Louis Matsui is running back and forth at ringside, shouting for the big man to break the hold as the referee leans in, checking Maximus for signs of life.]

GM: Wright is trying to knock him out and Johnny Jagger's going to be right there to see if he does it!

BW: I think he's close, Gordo! Maximus' eyes are closed... his arm is drooping down...

[The referee steps in, lifting the arm up... and dropping it down.]

GM: That's one! If it falls three times, it's over.

[Johnny Jagger lifts the arm a second time, holding it... and drops it a second time.]

GM: That's two.

BW: One more.

GM: Matsui is screaming at Maximus, trying to revive him as the referee lifts the arm again and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! Maximus is out!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: The referee has stopped this fall due to MAMMOTH Maximus being unable to answer the referee. Your winner of the second fall... SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Big cheer!]

GM: Maximus has one win. Wright has one win. For Maximus to win the World Title, he's gotta beat Supreme Wright. For Wright to win it, he's gotta beat Calisto Dufresne who is on his feet and in the ring... he wants the ref to flip the coin. What's the rush?

BW: Are you serious? If he flips the coin and puts Dufresne in there with Maximus, it might be an easy win for the Ladykiller!

[The official calls for the coins again, flinging them into the air...]

GM: Down they come... Johnny Jagger taking a look...

[Jagger peeks down at the coins...]

"Maximus... HEADS!

Wright... TAILS!

Dufresne..."

[There's a dramatic pause.]

"HEADS!"

[Dufresne lunges forward, smashing Supreme Wright with a forearm in the back of the head, knocking him through the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: OH! COME ON!

[The World Champion spins back around, diving across Maximus' chest!]

GM: He's got the cover on Maximus who is still down from the Crossface!

[The referee reluctantly drops to his knees to make the count.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in surprise as Maximus lifts a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[A stunned Dufresne gets up, shouting at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: There must've been JUST enough time for Maximus to get a little bit of daylight into his brain! JUST enough time for the big man to wake up to lift that shoulder up!

[Dufresne launches into a vicious attack, stomping the downed Maximus over and over and over.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to stay on him now... trying to get something together that will finish off Maximus.

BW: He needs to work fast and he needs to work strong. He needs something more than these stomps and he needs it quickly.

[Realizing Bucky's point, Dufresne backs to the ropes, hopping up on the middle rope...

...and leaps off, smashing his fist down between the eyes of Maximus!]

GM: Fistdrop! Off the second rope!

BW: Will it be enough?

[Dufresne takes the press again, reaching to lug one of Maximus' large legs into a cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Big cheer!]

GM: Again! Again Maximus gets the shoulder off the mat!

[Maximus tries to roll off his back but Dufresne is right back on the attack with a series of stomps, putting Maximus back down on his shoulders. He backs to the corner again, hopping up to the second rope...]

GM: Dufresne off the middle rope for the second time!

[Leaping into the air, Dufresne drops a leg across the chest of Maximus!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That might be enough!

GM: We're about to find out as Johnny Jagger drops down to count again- he's got one! He's got two! He's got thr-

[The crowd roars again as Maximus lifts the shoulder! Cue a temper tantrum from Calisto Dufresne who slams his balled-up fists into the canvas, shouting at no one in particular as he climbs to his feet.]

GM: Dufresne can't find a way to keep the big man down for a three count. He's come close on a couple of occasions but he just can't find enough to keep him down for three.

[Dufresne suddenly throws his arms out at his sides, indicating it's over as he reaches down, trying to muscle the much-larger man to his feet.]

GM: Why in the world is he trying to get him up?! He's got the big man down where he wants him! Why would he want him on his feet?!

BW: Because he's gotta have him up to go for the most devastating finishing move in our sport!

[The Ladykiller gets Maximus to a knee, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: He can't get him up for this, Bucky. There's no way!

[Dufresne struggles and strains, trying to get Maximus into a standing position...]

...when suddenly, Maximus climbs to his feet, lifting Dufresne up while still in the front facelock...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and HURLS the World Champion halfway across the ring, dropping him down to the canvas facefirst!]

GM: MAXIMUS COUNTERS THE DDT!!

BW: The big man is up... and he looks angry, Gordo!

[Dufresne scrambles off the mat, swinging a right hand that Maximus easily blocks before uncorking a hooking blow to the temple that spins Dufresne around, knocking him into the ropes chestfirst where the Ladykiller slumps down, falling through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Dufresne goes out to the apron! It looked like he dove out there intentionally, Bucky.

BW: If he did, it might be a smart move. Maximus is fired up and Dufresne might be outgunned!

[Out on the apron, Dufresne pulls himself up to a knee...]

...and Maximus steps through the ropes, going out after him.]

GM: What in the world...?!

BW: I thought Maximus was gonna bring him back in but now I'm not so sure! I think he's gonna try and finish the World Champion once and for all!

GM: He already beat him so beating Dufresne doesn't help Maximus!

BW: In fact, with a loss to Supreme Wright under his belt, Maximus might NOT want to hurt Dufresne too badly. Who knows what the next match will be? If Maximus lays out Dufresne and the coin toss calls for Dufresne versus Wright next, Dufresne might be easy pickings for the Number One Contender!

GM: So much strategy involved in a match like this. You would think having an extra mind at ringside in Louis Matsui might give Maximus some kind of an edge but-

[Matsui rushes over to Maximus, pointing out Bucky's point.]

GM: I think Matsui's trying to make the same case to Maximus that you just said, Bucky. He doesn't want to badly injure Dufresne right now because of what might come next.

[Maximus is listening to Matsui...

...when Dufresne sticks a thumb into his eye!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by the World Champion!

[Dufresne throws himself through the ropes back into the ring as Maximus wipes at his eye.]

GM: Maximus can't see a thing out of that eye and Dufresne went back in, trying to buy himself some time...

[A pissed-off Maximus steps back through the ropes...

...right when Calisto Dufresne stands up, rears back, and KICKS the middle rope up into the groin of Maximus!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What the HELL is Dufresne doing?!

BW: It's genius! It's brilliant! Don't you get it?

GM: What are you talking about?

[Dufresne waves for Phil Watson to make it official.]

PW: Your winner of the third fall as a result of a disqualification... MAMMOTH MAXIMUS!

[Dufresne then waves to the official, gesturing for the coin toss.]

BW: This is a brilliant calculated risk by Dufresne. He wasn't having any success against Maximus, right?

GM: Right.

BW: He knows that Maximus can lay a serious beating on him and cause an injury, right?

GM: Right.

BW: He also knows that losing to Maximus again doesn't hurt his chances of keeping the World Title. AND that a coin toss has three possible outcomes. If Maximus and Wright go at it again, Dufresne can't lose the title there and Wright might do some more damage to Maximus. If Wright and Dufresne get drawn, no harm done. But if Dufresne and Maximus get the call again? He just might've done enough damage to win himself the match!

GM: Unbelievable. The coin toss is up!

[The coins fall to the mat as Johnny Jagger leans in to check them.]

"Wright... TAILS!

Maximus... HEADS!

Dufresne..."

[Dramatic pause.]

"HEADS!"

[Dufresne pumps a fist, rushing to the ropes where he pushes Maximus back out to the apron. He leans him over, hooking the front facelock again as he pulls Maximus through the ropes...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Brilliant! He couldn't get him up for the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am on his own but with the help of the ropes...

GM: He's got it hooked!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[Maximus' skull is SPIKED into the canvas by Dufresne who promptly muscles the big man onto his back, diving across.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him!

BW: It's all tied up! One fall apiece now, Gordo. Dufresne's gotta beat Wright. Wright's gotta beat Dufresne. And MAMMOTH Maximus has got to beat Supreme Wright as well! Any of those victories will end the match and crown the World Champion!

GM: You talk about a match with twists and turns and unpredictability, we're looking at it right here and now! We're over fifteen minutes into this thing

and now we're one win away from having a new World Champion - either Maximus or Wright - or we could be a win away from Calisto Dufresne retaining the title as well! Incredible!

[Dufresne scrambles to his feet, falling back to the corner with a HUGE grin on his face as he holds up one finger to Supreme Wright who is stepping back into the ring. Wright nods at him, gesturing at his waist.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne only needs one more win. Supreme Wright only need one more win... but they both need to beat each other!

BW: Here comes the coin toss!

[The coins go up again, bouncing off the canvas...]

GM: Johnny Jagger leans in to check the coins...

"Wright... HEADS!"

"Dufresne... TAILS!"

[Wright turns, kicking the bottom rope in frustration.]

"Maximus... HEADS!"

[The crowd buzzes at the idea of seeing Maximus and Wright square off some more.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Dufresne steps out of the ring, rubbing his hands together.]

BW: And the World Champion just got REAL lucky again. Wright has to beat him to win the World Title... and now Wright's gotta survive MAMMOTH Maximus again.

[Wright shakes his head as the referee calls for the bell. The Combat Corner alumni rushes in, flipping Maximus over to his back.]

GM: Wright's trying to take advantage of the DDT!

[Johnny Jagger dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Maximus fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Two count only! Supreme Wright tried to take advantage of that situation, tried to get the quick win so he can move on and get that shot at Dufresne and the World Title. He's a very honorable man so you can only imagine how much it hurt him to try to do that but this is the World Heavyweight Title on the line.



[Wright slides out of the lateral press, grabbing Maximus by the arm and attempting to secure an Anaconda Vise.]

GM: He's trying for a submission hold!

[Maximus lashes out, striking hard with his elbow, repeatedly striking Wright in the side of the face!]

GM: Maximus is fighting out! He knows that if Wright hooks that in, it might be over!

BW: He's already been choked out once by Wright tonight - he's got no intention of letting it happen again! Supreme Wright, love him or hate him, is a mat wrestling genius! He's a damned savant on the canvas, Gordo. A Rembrandt of the mat.

[Wright rolls away, grabbing the side of his face as Maximus climbs to his feet, angrily stalking towards the man who already defeated him once.]

GM: Wright scrambles to his feet but Maximus is coming hard!

[Maximus is already swinging as Wright turns to face him, catching him on the side of the head with a hooking blow that causes Wright to spin away, falling chestfirst into the corner.]

GM: Good grief! Wright's taken so many shots to the head tonight from Maximus!

[With Wright trapped in the corner, Maximus winds up, throwing rights and lefts to either side of the Louisiana native's ribcage!]

GM: Maximus is treating the man like a heavy bag, throwing those fists just like a boxer would!

BW: This ain't no Golden Gloves, Gordo! By the time Maximus gets done with Wright, he may be wearin' crimson gloves!

[Maximus is ordered back by Johnny Jagger before he steps back in, yanking Wright out by the back of the tights, tugging him into a side waistlock.]

GM: Maximus looking for the suplex...

[The big man hoists Wright up into the air...

...but Wright lashes out, catching him with a knee to the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Wright knees out of it!

[Maximus instantly lets him go, dropping him to the mat where Wright BLASTS Maximus with a stiff elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Maximus slumps to a knee as Wright dashes to the ropes behind him, springing off...]

GM: Running elb- OHHHH!

[The crowd groans as Maximus leaves his feet, clashing his arms together on the ears of Wright, knocking him down to the canvas with his torso.]

GM: Goodness! Maximus throws four hundred pounds at him and knocks him flat!

[Maximus stands over the prone Wright, raising his right arm, and drops a heavy elbow down into the sternum!]

GM: That's a big time elbowdrop!

[The four hundred pounder rolls into a lateral press.]

GM: Maximus gets one! He's got two! But that's all as Wright lifts the shoulder!

[Maximus pushes up to a knee, holding Wright by the hair, and cuffing him repeatedly with short hooking right hands to the skull!]

GM: Agh! Each of those shots just sends a chill down my spine, Bucky. We hear so much in the news these days about brain trauma and concussions and to see the force that MAMMOTH Maximus is unleashing on Supreme Wright with those blows to the head... just shocking to witness.

BW: The big man's bringing him back to his feet now... ohh! Hard shot downstairs! Not only is the power of Maximus something amazing to behold but the accuracy is as well. He's pinpointing his targets with those blows.

[Maximus grabs the wrist of Wright, flinging him out and then snapping him back into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! He nearly took his head off his shoulders with that!

[Maximus turns towards the jeering crowd with a bark of "NO FEAR! NO FEAR!"]

BW: Maximus says he's got no fear and I think we just saw an example of that as he went right back to the same move that got him caught earlier in this match - the short-arm clothesline.

GM: But this time, Wright didn't have the counter for it and got laid out by the big man!

[With Wright laid out in front of him, Maximus backs into the closest set of ropes, rebounding off with a slow-walk...]

...and then leaps into the air!]

GM: SPLASH!

[But Wright rolls aside at the last moment, causing Maximus to crash chestfirst into the canvas...

...at which point a scrambling Wright hooks the arms of Maximus, trying to pull them back into a grounded double chickenwing!]

GM: Going after the arms! Wright's a master of submission holds and he's looking to hook in another one on Maximus right now...

[Holding the arms, Wright flips over in a somersault, bridging as he applies pressure to the arms!]

GM: Oh my! Look at that hold!

[Maximus grits his teeth as the referee kneels down to check for a submission. Outside the ring, Louis Matsui is shouting at his man, giving advice on how to survive the submission hold.]

GM: Matsui's screaming at Maximus! He needs Maximus to escape this hold and somehow find a way to beat Wright to put that World Heavyweight Title around his waist!

BW: So far, Maximus is refusing to give up. This hold is tiring for the man putting it on as well, Gordo. Holding a bridge like that for an extended period of time - that can't be easy.

[We cut to Calisto Dufresne on the floor who is shouting encouragement to Wright.]

GM: The Ladykiller is cheering on the Number One Contender, trying to get past this fall and into a situation where it's Wright versus Dufresne with the World Title on the line. But Maximus could wreck those plans and walk out with the World Heavyweight Championship right here and now if he can find a way to defeat Supreme Wright.

BW: A match like this makes for strange moments. Calisto Dufresne rooting for Supreme Wright?!

[Wright gives a shout as he tries to hold the bridge just a little bit longer before slumping down to the mat, releasing the double armbar.]

GM: He couldn't hold it any longer! Wright tried to force a submission out of Maximus there but he just couldn't sustain the bridge for any longer.

[Rolling to his knees, Wright glares at Maximus who pushes over to his back, breathing heavily...]

GM: This match has passed the twenty minute mark and for virtually that entire time, MAMMOTH Maximus has been inside the ring. He's gotta be teetering on the verge of exhaustion, Bucky.

BW: A body like his ain't made for a marathon, Gordo, it's made for a sprint.

[Wright climbs up to his feet, reaching down to pull Maximus off the mat and muscle him into an Irish whip. He can't get a lot of force behind it, sending MAMMOTH lumbering into the corner.]

GM: Wright shoots him in... here he comes!

[Wright leaps up, scoring with a kneestrike to the jaw that seems to stun the big man!]

GM: Ohh! What a knee!

[Wright reverses course, running to the opposite corner, throwing himself back into the buckles...

...and then sprints across the ring, driving his arm up into the underside of the chin with a European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness!

[Wright runs again, this time to the ropes where he rebounds off, building momentum, and then leaves his feet, cracking Maximus on the jaw with a flying forearm smash!]

GM: Good grief! Three brutal shots by Wright and he's got Maximus in trouble!

[With Maximus dazed, Wright hops up on the ropes, standing on the midbuckle as he pulls the big man into a front facelock...]

GM: Spinning DDT out of the corner could be on the way here. He kicks off, twisting around...

[And then wraps his legs around the torso, tightening his grip on the head and neck!]

GM: CHOKE! HE HOOKS A CHOKE!!

BW: This place just lost it at that, Gordo! They thought he was going for a DDT just like you did but now we can see he's locked in a guillotine choke and is looking to choke out the big man for the second time tonight!

[A closeup of Maximus shows him struggling to escape the dangerous hold, wobbling out of the corner to the center of the ring. He throws a couple weak blows to the ribs, trying to find a way out.]

GM: Maximus is running out of time! These chokes from Supreme Wright work very fast. You can't stay in them very long and hope to survive it. If Maximus is getting out of this, he needs to do it now, fans!

BW: I'm not sure he is! Wright may be about to choke him out TWICE in one match!

[Maximus wobbles across the ring, almost blindly as Matsui shouts, "COME TO MY VOICE!" and positions himself near the turnbuckles...

...where Maximus LUNGES forward, smashing Wright against the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Wright gets crushed into the corner!

[The crowd roars as Maximus stumbles back and is still trapped in the hold!]

GM: But he's hanging on! Wright's trying to keep that hold applied no matter the consequences!

[Maximus takes two steps back, wrapping his arms around the body of Wright...

...and then falls back, throwing Wright off of him in a released Northern Lights Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He LAUNCHED Supreme Wright all the way across the ring! Good grief!

BW: What a counter! You can see just how badly Maximus and Matsui want to win this thing, Gordo!

GM: You certainly can. MAMMOTH Maximus is digging deep into an area we've never seen out of him because he knows he's a three count over Supreme Wright away from becoming the World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: And I thought Calisto Dufresne was going to jump out of his shoes when Maximus countered that front choke. He thought Wright had it sewed up, Gordo.

[Maximus sits up on the mat, breathing heavily as Wright lays on his back across the ring.]

GM: Both men are down, fighting on pure instinct right now. Wright has a little bit of gas left in the tank but you better believe that he's running low while Maximus has gotta be down to fumes right now.

[Using the ropes, Maximus pulls himself off the mat, dragging himself up to his feet as Supreme Wright rolls under the ropes across the ring, avoiding any pinfall attempt.]

GM: Wright rolls out to the apron but Maximus is stalking him, stepping off those ropes...

[The crowd buzzes as Wright uses the ropes to pull himself up on his feet on the apron...

...and Maximus rushes across, throwing himself at Wright and clashing his arms together on his head, sending Wright sailing off the apron and down hard onto the floor!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES WRIGHT!!

BW: He went down hard, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did... and we may be about to test out that theory on whether or not the title can change hands on a countout, Bucky. We never heard anything from the production truck about it so at this point, we just don't know! So, if Maximus allows Supreme Wright to be counted out for the deciding fall, he's taking a tremendous chance, fans.

BW: I don't think that's going to be a problem.

[With Matsui shouting advice, Maximus gives a nod, tugging at his singlet as he steps out on the apron, dropping to a knee before going down to the floor. The outside official takes up a defensive stance, standing between Calisto Dufresne and the action.]

GM: There you see the second official making sure that the World Champion does NOT get involved in this as Maximus pulls Wright off the floor.

[Grabbing Wright by the back of the head, he walks the Combat Corner alumni over towards the ring...

...and SMASHES his head into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the apron...

[Spinning Wright around, Maximus tees off again, throwing rights and lefts to the body first then moving up to the head, causing Supreme Wright to lift both arms, trying to cover up and absorb some of the blows...]

GM: Maximus is hammering him against the apron!

[With Wright slumping down to a knee, Maximus yanks him back up, grabbing him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: BIG WHIP INTO THE RINGSIDE BARRICADE!!!

[Maximus eyes the dazed Wright, his arms draped over the railing for support as Maximus beats his chest a few times with his clenched fists...

...and then charges in after him, leaping into the air...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Maximus' attempt at a leaping splash against the railing goes awry. As Supreme Wright uses the railing to yank himself out of Maximus' path, the big man crashes chestfirst into the steel barricade...

...and the sheer weight and force behind the move causes the barricade to detach, falling over and sending Maximus spilling into the crowd at ringside!]

GM: Dear god in heaven! Is everyone okay out there?! We need some officials down here to check on the fans at ringside!

BW: The couplings that hold the railing together must've snapped under the force! Maximus just took out an entire section of ringside barricade!

GM: I don't think any of the fans got hit by that... somehow. But we need to get someone out here to check...

[A flurry of activity hits the ringside area as AWA officials storm the scene to check on the ringside fans.]

GM: We've got chaos out here at ringside and...

BW: And in the middle of it all, Johnny Jagger has started a ten count and he's already up to five!

[Jagger, standing on the apron, holds up both hands as he shouts "SIX!"]

GM: Maximus is down! Wright is down! And the referee is counting both men out of the ring!

BW: What happens if they BOTH get counted out?!

GM: This fall is a draw and we'd go to another coin toss, I'd imagine!

BW: Maximus hasn't moved a bit since hitting his sternum on the railing. He could be suffering from severe internal injuries with a shot to the chest like that.

GM: Supreme Wright is crawling towards the ring, trying to find a way to beat the count... which is now at seven.

[The St. Louis fans rise to their feet, cheering loudly as Wright creeps closer and closer towards the squared circle. The referee's shout of eight does little but increase the sense of urgency in the air as the AWA faithful cheer on the Combat Corner alumni!]

GM: Wright is right by the ring apron, reaching up for the ropes... trying to drag himself to his feet...

“NINE!”

GM: The count is up to nine! Wright is pulling hard, trying to get there and-

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: He couldn’t do it! Supreme Wright could NOT beat the count!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... BOTH men have been counted out of the ring. The match remains tied with all competitors needing one victory to win!

[Dufresne rolls under the ropes, waving for Jagger to do the coin toss. The AWA Senior Official gets the okay from the ringside officials who are checking on the fans’ safety and then tosses the coins up into the air.]

GM: The coins go up once again... and let’s see the result!

[Jagger steps in to check...]

“Dufresne... HEADS!

Maximus... TAILS!

Wright...”

[Dramatic pause.]

“HEADS!”

[The crowd ERUPTS at finally getting to see Calisto Dufresne, the World Heavyweight Champion, do battle with Supreme Wright. The Ladykiller dashes towards the ropes, sliding out under them to the floor where he pulls the dazed Supreme Wright off the concrete...

...and SMASHES his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the apron again!

[Dufresne pulls him up, glaring at the Number One Contender...

...and SLAMS his head into the apron again!]

GM: Twice he goes headfirst into the hardest part of the ring, fans! And if Wright wasn’t already suffering from being out on his feet, that might’ve done it right there.



[Dufresne shoves the dazed Wright under the bottom rope into the ring before pulling himself back in as well, immediately crawling into a lateral press.]

GM: The champ gets one! He gets two! He gets th- no! Just two!

[The Ladykiller angrily slaps the canvas, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers. Dufresne climbs to his feet, pulling Wright up with him. He pulls him into a makeshift Muay Thai clinch, rocking the challenger with some hard knees to the skull before using the same clinch to throw Wright into the buckles.]

GM: Dufresne continues right where Maximus left off, going after the head of Supreme Wright...

[Grabbing Wright by the arm, Dufresne fires him across the ring, causing a whiplash-type effect when Wright hits the corner. He staggers out into a boot to the gut. Dufresne grabs Wright's arm, lacing a leg over the back of his head and neck...

...and leaps up, DRIVING him facefirst into the mat!]

GM: OHHH!

[The World Champion flips him over, applying another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH- again Wright is out at two!

[A frustrated Dufresne swings a leg over Wright's torso, grabbing the hair and hammering away with right hands to the skull. The referee applies a count, forcing a break at four as Dufresne gets to his feet, stalking away from the downed Wright.]

GM: The World Champion taking a breather, trying to figure out his best course of action to put Supreme Wright down for a three count.

[Dufresne rushes back in, stomping the forehead of Wright. He steps back, driving a picture perfect elbowsmash into the skull again!]

GM: Calisto Dufresne is head hunting here tonight, fans. After the amount of punishment that Wright has already taken with those repeated blows to the head, each one of those must send his world spinning at his point.

[The World Champion backs into the ropes, slowly walking off...

...and DROPS his knee down into the forehead!]

GM: Ohh! Beautiful kneedrop!

[Dufresne applies the lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: The kneedrop gets him one! It gets two! It gets- no, just a two count again!

[The World Champion again glares at the referee.]

GM: He can try to intimidate AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger as much as he wants but you better believe it won't get him anywhere.

[Dufresne climbs to his feet, pulling Wright up with him. He pushes the challenger back against the ropes...]

"You think you can beat me?!"

[Dufresne paintbrushes Wright across the face.]

"YOU THINK YOU CAN BE THE CHAMP?!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Dufresne's demeaning slap is immediately paid back as Wright fires back an instant and HARD one-two combination of slaps to the side of Dufresne's head, smashing down onto his ears!]

GM: Ohh!

[Wright finishes the combo with a brutal forearm smash to the side of the face, knocking Dufresne right off his feet!]

GM: Good grief! Now THAT'S how you fire back!

[Dufresne scrambles right up, taking a big swing at absolutely nothing before falling through the ropes to the ring apron!]

GM: He doesn't even know where he's at right now, fans!

[Wright grabs him by the hair, not wasting any time as he drags him back over the ropes into the ring, blasting him with a short elbow to the side of the face that sends him falling back into the corner...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Dufresne!

[Wright hits the buckles, staggering back out as Dufresne sets his feet...]

GM: SUPERKIC- Wright rolls under it!

[Popping back to his feet, Wright sets as Dufresne spins around to find him...

...and gets CRACKED with a high roundhouse kick to the head!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: He yanked that one out of the playbook of former National Champion Kolya Sudakov!

GM: It caught Dufresne flush and the champ is down!

[Wright dives across him, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: My stars! I think everyone in this building thought he had him right there, Bucky.

BW: I think you’re right but the World Champion finds a way out to keep the battle going!

[Wright pushes to his knees, wincing as he shakes his head back and forth. He slowly climbs up, approaching the downed Dufresne. He yanks him up, quickly hooking the arm into a hammerlock...

...and then spins around, kicking Dufresne’s legs out from under him, causing the World Champion to crash down onto his own trapped arm!]

GM: Oh!

[With Dufresne down on the mat, Wright grabs the wrist of the arm he just attacked...]

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Big kick to the arm!

[Wright looks out at the cheering crowd, nodding his head.]

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

[Wright finally releases the trapped arm, throwing it down to the mat as the crowd roars their approval for the series of kicks. Dufresne cradles the arm to his torso, trying to get out of reach of Supreme Wright who simply pulls him back up by the back of the trunks.]

GM: Wright brings him back up, slowing down the pace in this one a bit as he targets the arm...

[Grabbing the wrist, he executes a very swift armtwist, forcing Dufresne to fall facefirst to the mat.]

GM: Oh!

[With Dufresne down, Wright plants his knee on the shoulder joint while grabbing the wrist with both hands, cranking back on it!]

GM: Wright with an armbar submission, using his own knee to provide pressure as he tugs on that wrist...

BW: That arm is being bent in a direction that it certainly shouldn't be bent, Gordo!

[Dufresne claws at the canvas, looking for an escape...

...and then uses his lanky frame to his advantage, slipping a foot over the bottom rope which forces a break.]

GM: He got to the ropes! The referee's calling for the break!

[Wright releases it, standing up and using his grip on the wrist to drag Dufresne away from the ropes...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[But before he can, Calisto Dufresne gets his knees under him, taking away some of the leverage...

...and sticks a thumb in the eye!]

GM: Dufresne goes to the eyes!

[With Wright reeling, Dufresne grabs a handful of hair, wrapping his leg around his opponent's...

...and DRIVING his head into the mat with a reverse Russian legsweep!]

GM: OHH! Again he attacks the head of Wright!

[Dufresne flips him over onto his back, going for another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That one was REAL close, fans! Dufresne almost got him right there and that would've meant the title retained for the World Champion.

BW: This is his chance, Gordo. He almost got him there so he needs to go for the kill right here and now to wrap this up...

[Dufresne does exactly that, yanking Wright back to his feet and right into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for it!

[The World Champion gets a nasty smirk on his face as he shouts out "WHAM! BAM! THANK YOU-"...]

...before getting pulled down to the mat in a Fujiwara Armbar!]

GM: OHH! ARMBAR!

BW: The Fujiwara is locked in! The same hold that Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews used for so many years to dominate this sport!

GM: You might remember Wright defeating Matthews last year on Saturday Night Wrestling, a match currently under consideration by you - the fans - for the greatest match in Saturday Night Wrestling history! Now, Wright tries to use the very move that Matthews made famous to win the World Title here in St. Louis!

[Flat on his belly, Dufresne screams out in pain, desperately searching for a way out of one of the most painful holds in the entire sport...]

...when suddenly, a buzz erupts from the crowd!]

GM: ROYALTY!

[The Blonde Bombers, fresh off a successful title defense, are the first charging down the aisle...]

...but run headlong into MAMMOTH Maximus who drops Kenny Stanton with a big clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! MAXIMUS WANTED NO PART OF ROYALTY GETTING INVOLVED WITH THIS!!

[Maximus stands guard in the aisleway, blocking Dave Cooper and Larry Doyle who are trying to get to the ring to help the Ladykiller escape the Fujiwara Armbar! Suddenly, Brad Jacobs lunges at him, tackling him around the waist and shoving him back against the railing!]

GM: Maximus was trying to hold him at bay but Jacobs got involved and-

[Wright breaks the hold as he spots Dave Cooper sliding under the bottom rope into the ring...]

...and greets him with short elbow smash to the side of the head!]

GM: Ohh! He caught Cooper coming in!

[A couple more short elbows puts Cooper back against the ropes...]

GM: Wright's got Cooper in trouble but-

[The crowd jeers as Larry Doyle tugs off his cowboy boot, shoving it through the ropes to a waiting Calisto Dufresne...]

GM: The Ladykiller's got the boot!

[Wright rushes forward, connecting with a clothesline that takes Cooper over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Cooper goes over the top!

[The referee is shouting at the interfering Royalty when Dufresne cradles the boot to his chest...

...and then BLASTS the incoming Supreme Wright between the eyes with the boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dufresne throws the boot out to the floor, crawling across the ring into a cover. The referee whips around, diving to the mat...]

GM: No, no! Not like this!

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Gaaah, I can't believe it! Royalty stole this one!

[Dufresne promptly rolls out of the ring, falling into an embrace with Larry Doyle.]

GM: Supreme Wright had Dufresne trapped in the Fujiwara armbar in the middle of the ring and there looked to be no way out of it, Bucky.

BW: No way but the Royalty way!

GM: The Blonde Bombers got Maximus tied up and then Cooper and Doyle went to work on Supreme Wright. And it was that cowboy boot... that damned loaded cowboy boot... that Dufresne used to bash Supreme Wright between the eyes and keep the title secured around his waist.

[Cut to the aisleway where Royalty is beating a retreat.]

GM: And Royalty is fleeing up the aisle like thieves in the night! Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, it's Main Event time here at Unholy War!

[Fade to black.

Fade up. Over the wild sound of prepubescent cheers, in the midst of the gaudy lights of a huge stage stands a baby-faced young man with brown hair, brown eyes, a big smile, and a small trickle of sweat running down his cheek. A polished, professional male voice handles the narration.]

VO: His audition on X-Factor captivated the nation.

[Quick cut to judge Nicole Scherzinger, looking on in reverence.]

NS: \*That\* was amazing!

[With the sound of the cheers remaining in the background, quick cut to YouTube page, playing a crude, self-produced video of the young man singing his song "Say Hey!" Immediately, the shot starts zooming in on the hit total, an unbelievable 357,145,002.]

VO: His debut song took the \*world\* by storm!

[The chorus of that song plays in the background, as the screen briefly fades to black, before the AWA logo fades in on the top half of the screen.]

VO: ...and now, he is coming to the AWA!

[As the chorus comes to an end, the bottom half of the screen fills with these words:

September 14th, 2013  
AWA Homecoming  
Joshua Dusscher  
LIVE!

After a three second pause, cut 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 cut to the locker room, for a rare backstage interview.

There's no interviewer here, just the Unholy Alliance. Rick Marley, Johnny Detson, Tully Brawn, Danny Tyler, Radiant Raven, and Nenshou are assembled here. Raven holds the microphone, a bitter glare in her usually impassive eyes.

The group is still in street clothes, having recorded this earlier in the day (in order to get the most preparation and focus time).

"Showtime" Rick Marley is on the left. He is wearing a nicely pressed suit in a medium grey, red power tie, and white shirt. He's sporting the beginnings of a beard and his shoulder length dark hair is hanging loose.

Next to him is Tully Brawn. Tully's wearing a copper-colored button-up dress shirt and navy slacks. His short dark hair is loosely tousled, and he has a fu-manchu mustache.

In the middle is "Delicious" Daniel Tyler, wearing a dark red dress shirt, diagonally-striped mauve tie, and black slacks. The spiky-haired redhead is practically snarling as the scene opens.

Radiant Raven is next to him, clad in a classically-styled dark red dress with pearl accents, and long black gloves. The pale-skinned tall dark-haired beauty is wearing excessive makeup, red eyeliner with facepaint that streaks down from the eyes like tears of blood.

Johnny Detson is to the right of Raven, wearing a navy blue designer suit, golden-yellow dress shirt, and navy tie. The blonde-haired veteran is wearing designer shades and an expression of disgust.

Lastly, to the far right, is Nenshou. Unlike all of the others, he seems to be already in ring gear. His black robe is draped over his face, and from the point of his chin we see that he hasn't donned his facepaint yet.

Raven holds the microphone out to Johnny Detson, who starts this off.]

Detson: So it comes down to this...

[With his hand he motions towards his stable mates.]

Detson: No Percy. No Stevie. No Childes. You saw to that didn't you?

[Detson holds up a finger.]

Detson: But wait, you're sorry right? So that makes everything much better. What exactly are you sorry for Juan? That you gave yourself a tactical advantage for this match? That you let a madman loose to attack someone not even here to compete? Or is it just that the "Immortal" Juan Vasquez finally gets called out on all the garbage that he's done?

[Smirking, Detson continues.]

Deston: We know what we are, and more importantly, we know what you are too. You are all the same shade of grey that we are. You don't wear the white hat you proclaim to. So please stop hiding behind your God or your kids or whatever makes you think you're better. You're not.

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: You're sorry? Not half as sorry as you will be. Not half as sorry as you'll be once you, Juan Vasquez, see what you forced us to do. What you forced us to do; what you forced this to become.

[Detson lowers his head and speaks in a soft, hushed voice.]

Detson: And for that Juan, I apologize...

[Detson quickly looks up.]

Detson: You accept my apology, right Juan?

[Raven then moves to Tully Brawn, who gives the camera a Kubrick Stare as he speaks.]

TB: I came to this place, to Dallas, to the AWA to prove a point. To prove that I was the best of the Von Brauns... the one they wouldn't train, because they thought I was the black sheep of the family. Percy Childes saw the truth. I was never the black sheep. I was the WOLF in a whole family of black sheep! All I wanted was to settle with my brother. Brian Von Braun. Supposedly the greatest wrestler our family ever produced. The one who was so fearful that his little brother would supplant him that he kept me down for years. I dreamed of a day when I could show him up in front of thousands of eyewitnesses, and Percy is the one who made my dreams become reality.

Then you bastards stabbed him. And broke his nephew's leg because stabbing him wasn't enough.

Tonight, I'm going to face my brother in the ring for the first time, but this is not what I dreamed of. This is not what will settle our issue. This is about cold-blooded revenge now. Brian, you broke Steven Childes' leg; don't you dare blame that fat animal Layton. You were the one with the Von Braun Leglock on him. You used that weapon to try to destroy my friend's career.

Brother, tonight you're going to realize what the Alliance already knows. The Von Braun Leglock, the career killer... that weapon you used in an attempt to take Steven out for good? I do it better than you.

And tonight, I'm gonna end somebody's career with it.

[The microphone then moves to Daniel Tyler. Tyler is animated, loud, and barely in control of himself.]

DT: If you five egomaniacs think for one minute that you're going to get away with what you did because of your phony apology, you have a hard reality check coming your way! We don't buy your apology for a minute! You're just trying to stay popular, and keep your fat merchandising paychecks rolling in!

After tonight, we got a new piece of merch, just for you. A brand new T-Shirt. "I SAW THE IMMORTALS DIE, AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT AND A VALUABLE LIFE LESSON." That lesson is to never trust anyone who tries to act like a hero! You're as phony as Stevie Scott's wife's chest, and tonight you're going down just as easy as she does!

[The microphone moves to Rick Marley to end it.]

RM: (shaking his head) I've said it before and I'll say it again: Compared to Vasquez and company, I'M a paragon of truth. I'm not afraid to tell the locker room, the crowd, or the people watching at home the truth, no matter how uncomfortable it is for them to hear...and the fact of the matter

surrounding their attack on both of the Childeses is simple: They plotted and planned to attack a weaker guy.

Percy isn't a wrestler...they arranged to get Layton a chance to stab him...

[Marley pauses, jabbing a finger in the air to emphasize his point.]

RM: STAB. HIM.

[Marley shakes his head.]

RM: ...in the head with that spike.

But that wasn't enough...no. After the Unholy Alliance went to the hospital to check on our friend, they isolated Stevie Childes, then they intentionally broke his leg.

After the match had ended...after he was already on the ground...von Braun went BACK to break his leg.

[Marley spits with disgust.]

RM: If you think for one damned minute that an "I'm sorry" is gonna cut it, you're out of your damned minds.

You think that what you were turning into under Layton's direction was monsters? If that's the case, you have no idea what a real monster looks like.

I was in a war with the Russians when AWA first opened...they were looking to end my career and possibly my life by damaging my throat. I met them in the very first AWA WarGames. THEY were monsters.

I was in a war with William Craven...for two years he pulled everything he could out of his twisted mind, even resorting to poison gas. I met him one on one in a steel cage. HE was a monster.

When I first came back to AWA, I went toe to toe with James Monosso, who was on his roll of retiring guys...HE was a monster.

But you? You're a group of schoolyard bullies playing dress up and pretending that you're some sort of white-hat wearing superheroes. You're everything that you've ever accused US of being: Thugs. Goons. Villains.

Later tonight WarGames is gonna be just that: a war. No more posturing...no more attention whoring on your part...It's time for you to put up or shut up. I've been inside of that double cage three times already...I've been in there with true monsters, so when a bunch of egomaniacal school yard bullies on steroids lay claim to that title?

[Marley waves a dismissive hand.]

RM: Please.

You just don't measure up...and make no mistake: Tonight we're GETTING our pound of flesh...we've got rooms reserved for you right next to where Percy and Stevie stayed...and the sad part is that each and every one of you feels...deep down in your heart of hearts...that you BELONG in those rooms.

Which is a big part of why you'll end up there.

[Raven then turns to Nenshou. Nenshou gives the throat-slash thumbs down sign, and that, friends, is all he has to say about the entire situation. Finally, she turns to the camera.]

RR: Percy Childes is still at home recuperating. But he sent us one more comment to play. Run the tape, director.

[The scene shifts to Percy's office. As seen on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, Percy is sporting a white-and-gold Pharaohs mask to cover his scars. He's garbed in a tan suit, black dress shirt, and blue tie. The walls of his office are lined with books, like a library, and the mahogany shelving is punctuated by blue wallpaper.]

PC: We have said all that needs to be said at this point. There is only one more thing I have to say. A single sentence. And to provide context for this sentence, I present to you a clip. A video clip from AWA history.

November 26, 2009. SuperClash One. And in the aftermath, on AWA Access, Gordon Myers made a plea. A plea that resounds even today...

[The scene cuts to footage from 2009. In the backstage area of the Dallas Memorial Auditorium, we pick up, in progress, Jason Dane asking Gordon Myers his thoughts on how SuperClash went.]

GM: I didn't plan on doing this but... someone needs to say something. Jason, I sit out there every other Saturday night and watch this company get bigger and better. I see the best in the world entertaining our fans. It's truly an honor to be out there.

But...

[Pause.]

GM: Someone's gotta do something, guys.

JD: Gordon, what do you-

GM: How many great wrestlers need to be wheeled out of the ring on a stretcher? How many trips to the hospital? Marcus Broussard... Adam Rogers... Sweet Daddy Williams... Kolya Sudakov... Ron Houston... Tumaffi... City Jack.

Someone's gotta do something.

[Myers sighs.]

GM: I'm tired of seeing the injuries... the shortened careers. Someone needs to step up... someone needs to stop these guys. People like Scott, Waterson, Bright, Mizusawa, Rhodes, Freeman, Dufresne... someone's gotta stop them.

Like the song says, I'm holdin' out for a hero.

[Myers nods solemnly.]

GM: Someone let me know when he gets here.

[And back to Percy. We can see the wan smile underneath his mask.]

PC: There are no heroes left to man.

[And we cut to another part of the building where seated at a bench with a towel draped over his left shoulder and an opened case of Milwaukee's Best at his feet is Hannibal Carver. He smirks as he peels the tape off his wrists. He rolls the tape into a ball and tosses it off-camera as he reaches down for a can of beer. He pops the top, taking a long sip before finally looking up to address the camera.]

HC: Wild and wooly tonight, huh? Terry, yeh were warned. I told yeh that yeh'd come out there hell of highwater. More importantly, I told yeh I'd be on the winning side when it was all said and done.

[Carver nods as he takes another long sip.]

HC: I was planning on doing this in the ring in front of the fans that paid their hard earned sawbucks... but after that brawl I wasn't sure there was even any working mics left, heh.

[Carver grabs the towel, wiping some sweat from his brow before continuing. That is, after he takes another long sip and crushes the empty can, tossing it in a nearby aluminum trash can.]

HC: To the winner goes the spoils... but in this case to the winner goes the stips.

[Carver nods, smirking.]

HC: Yeh, I said stips. As in the plural. Yeh see, I figure between yer nearly bald harpy and yer pack of jackals... yeh've been able to squeak by me time and again. So for that reason, and the fact that stompin' yer skull into dust one measly time just ain't gonna cut it...

[Carver grins grimly.]

HC: TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS.

[Carver raises a fist, slowly extending his index finger.]

HC: Way I see it, finally getting my mitts on you is worth a celebration. And I'm in a charitable mood. I figure, why not spread the joy around? And more importantly, I don't want yer little goons robbing me of a good time. So fall number one? Lumberjack Match.

[Carver extends his middle finger, although with his index finger still extended it's still PG.]

HC: Once everyone's had a good time putting their boot when the sun don't shine, time to get to business. And as yeh've mentioned over and over to the point of nausea, my business is blood. Second fall? First Blood.

[Carver grins especially at that, before extending a third finger.]

HC: And if by some miracle yeh survive I want what, more than anything, is due to me. I want to beat yeh Terry. I want to whip yeh so bad yeh won't even THINK of standing up. And if I have my way? It'll be a permanent condition. So for the third fall... seeing as how this is where I've made my home for the time being?

[A grin, but one totally devoid of humor.]

HC: TEXAS DEATH.

[Carver cracks open another beer and laughs.]

HC: See yeh in hell.

[And with that, we cut back to the interior of the Chaifetz Arena. A panning shot shows the glittering double cage of steel mesh that covers the two rings. There is a buzz in the air as the anticipation sinks in at what they're about to witness.]

GM: There it is, fans. The ultimate battleground here in the AWA - WarGames. Ten men are about to step inside those two rings surrounded by steel mesh - skin-tearing, unforgiving steel mesh - and to win, you've gotta make the other team give up.

BW: There ain't nothin' like it nowhere on the planet, Gordo. You can hear the horror stories of matches all over the world - exploding rings, barbed wire, thumbtacks, Killing Boxes, all that jazz... but at the end of the day, there is no match more likely to shorten - or end - your career than WarGames.

GM: To make it official, let's go down to Phil Watson for the rules.

[Crossfade down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing, mic in hand.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: IT'S TIIIIIME FOOOOOR WAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!

[DEAFENING ROAR!]

PW: The rules for this match are as follows. Shortly, two teams of five will come down to the ring. One man from each team will enter the ring for a five minute period. After the five minutes, referee Johnny Jagger will toss a coin. The team that wins the coin toss will enter a second man to give his team a two-on-one edge for two minutes at which point the loser of the coin toss will send in their second man. The teams will alternate back and forth until all ten men are inside the cage.

At that point, The Match Beyond begins and the winner can only be declared when one team has been forced to SUBMIT or SURRENDER!

[As the crowd is still hot about the cage, the opening sequence to "Saints Of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue begins to play over the PA. The cheers turn to very loud boos.]

GM: It appears that the Unholy Alliance is about to make their entrance, Bucky. This capacity crowd is giving them what for.

BW: What for?

GM: It's a figure of speech. It means that they're loudly booing them.

BW: No, "what for", as in, "why would they boo the Unholy Alliance"? They ain't stabbed nobody yet. They ain't broke nobody's leg so bad he might not wrestle again.

GM: Vernon Riley and Ron Houston would disagree with that. As would Anton Layton, for that matter.

BW: That was Monosso. THIS group has done nothing but try to establish itself as the top stable in wrestling, and the Immorals have acted out of jealousy.

GM: Bro-THER. Anton Layton was responsible for those deeds, and he was ostracized for it.

[As the banter gives any newcomers some background on recent events, the curtain parts to admit the Unholy Alliance membership. Up front is "Delicious" Daniel Tyler, power-walking to the ring in his eagerness to avenge his partner and manager. The spiky-haired ginger is wearing the Aces' standard purple trunks with a black "A" on the side of the trunks, neoprene knee braces that are black with the actual kneepad over the brace in purple, black boots with a purple stripe outlining the front, black wrist tape, purple elbowpads, and purple armbands that circle just above his bicep. He is garbed in a black T-Shirt with a grey chain-link fence design on it.



Behind him is Radiant Raven, who is also walking at a much faster pace than usual. The pale-skinned tall dark-haired beauty is wearing excessive makeup, red eyeliner with facepaint that streaks down from the eyes like tears of blood. She's wearing a dark red dress with pearl accents, long black gloves, and holds her mirror at her side.

Next in line is "Showtime" Rick Marley. The cruiserweight, wearing his standard long legged dark tights with blue-white spotlights running up the legs, is sporting the beginnings of a beard and his shoulder length dark hair is hanging loose. As he approaches the ring, he jaws at the fans, mocking their choice of heroes and drawing even more vitriol from them.

Then comes Johnny Detson, draped in a black hooded sweatshirt and bearing a nasty scowl. His blonde hair is barely visible beneath the hood, and he wears his usual long gold tights and black boots. He seems to be trying to ignore the fans, but whenever somebody says something that gets him, he bolts towards the barricade ready to fight. His antagonists invariably back off, and he resumes his angry walk towards the ring.

Following him is Tully Brawn. Tully is a thickly built man with loosely tousled dark hair, a fu-manchu mustache, and somewhat lanky arms and legs. He is dressed in his wrestling gear: blue trunks, kneepads, black boots, and taped fists. He also has on a black shirt with "BRAWN" etched in bronze letters across the front. He keeps his hands over his ears, shouting at the fans to shut up. Occasionally, he has to hold Detson back from creaming one of the jeering fans.

Bringing up the rear, walking slowly, is the black-robed form of Nenshou. The Asian Assassin's features cannot presently be seen, as the pointed hood of his robe hangs over his face. We can only see his chin, which reveals white and pale-green face paint... an odd departure from his normal color scheme. He ignores the chaos around him totally.

The group arrives at ringside, and holds a meeting with the referee group. Detson steps to the front and mediates, explaining in no uncertain terms that he wants to check the coin and make sure it is not loaded.]

GM: The fans are quite adamant in their hatred of this group.

BW: They must be, to condone the crimes they've suffered.

GM: These men are not innocent victims here, Bucky.

BW: I never said that. Nobody is innocent in this sport, Myers. But the fans sure seem to arbitrarily pick 'em.

[And on cue, the music changes to the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" as the curtain parts again.]

Juan Vasquez is the first one through, forgoing his usual tracksuit for a set of white trunks and matching boots. His hands are nicely taped, showing off white tape up to mid-forearm.

Stevie Scott follows his fellow former two-time National Champion into view. Scott swings his arms back and forth, ready for battle in a set of full-length crimson tights and matching boots. He claps Vasquez on the shoulder, pointing down the aisle at the ring. Scott turns to salute his hometown fans as he jogs in place.

Luke Kinsey comes out next, moving to Juan Vasquez' side. Kinsey has selected black trunks and boots on this night. He joins the huddle as the fan favorites stare down the aisle.

Brian Von Braun walks through the curtain to join his team, standing in long black tights with dark green trunks over top of the tights. Down each leg is BVB in the same dark green. He wears a black, one-strap singlet up top. His boots are dark green with black trim with "BVB" down the outside of each boot in black. He also sports dark green elbowpads with a black brace covering his injured knee.

Lastly, Supernova brings up the rear, pumping a fist to the cheering crowd as he stands in white full-length tights with a blazing fire on the legs and rump of them. His face is covered in the same white and yellow facepaint as he gives a big howl to the St. Louis crowd.]

GM: Here they come!

[The cheers grow louder as the fivesome makes their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: These men have been waiting a long time for a night when they can end this war with the Unholy Alliance - one way or another - once and for all. Tonight is that night.

[As the Immortals reach ringside, the referee team holds them back as Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps in between the two teams.]

GM: Johnny Jagger's explaining the rules to both sides - you better believe they know the rules like the backs of their hands, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Like we talked about on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, several of these men have competed in one or more WarGames in their careers. Tonight is just the latest time they're journeying to hell and back.

GM: Jagger is sending the Unholy Alliance down to the far side of the double cage structure. That will be their door to enter as they're accompanied down there by Ricky Longfellow who will be in charge of that door. Juan Vasquez and his Immortals head to the opposite side of the structure with Davis Warren by their sides. They'll watch the doors while Johnny Jagger and Marty Meekly will circle this double ring, searching for the submission that will end the matchup.

[Both teams huddle up in front of their respective doors, going over their final pieces of strategy.]

GM: This is the calm before the storm, Bucky, as these two teams make their final preparations. Without Percy Childes out here to guide them, one of the questions surrounding the Unholy Alliance tonight is - who will be acting as their general? Will it be Rick Marley? Johnny Detson? Perhaps the enigmatic Nenshou?

[Quickly breaking away from the huddle, Stevie Scott grabs the side of the cage, shaking it a few times before climbing the steps, ducking through the ropes and giving a big shout to his hometown fans who roar in response!]

GM: The Chaifetz Arena is jammed to the rafters and you better believe that the chance to see this man, Stevie Scott, competing in WarGames is one of the big reasons why.

BW: Stevie Scott is a three-time veteran of WarGames here in the AWA. Every time this double cage has been erected, he's been standing inside of it. Of course, both times before this night, he's also been the man who lost the match. He quit in 2008 when Tin Can Rust jabbed the business end of a broken wooden flagpole into his forehead and then again in 2010 when Juan Vasquez wrapped a steel chain around his throat.

GM: He's hoping to change that history here tonight in his hometown, Bucky.

[Scott stands in one ring, swinging his arms back and forth to stay loose...

...when suddenly, the crowd erupts in jeers as Johnny Detson climbs the steps on the other side of the hellish structure.]

GM: Johnny Detson's going to start things off for the Unholy Alliance!

[Detson steps just inside the cage, eyeing Scott from afar as the referee clangs the steel door shut behind him. Reflexively, Detson reaches back for the door, wrapping his fingers in the mesh and giving it a hard tug.]

GM: Yup, you're locked in now, Johnny Detson. Welcome to the AWA!

[Detson edges away from the steel door, looking back at his teammates who are imploring him to take the fight to Stevie Scott.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And the WarGames has begun, fans!

[The crowd is roaring, cheering on Stevie Scott as he wastes no time in stepping into the second ring, coming in quickly on Johnny Detson who backpedals to buy himself some time...

...and backs right into the cage!]

GM: There's no way out for Johnny Detson!

[Detson realizes that, bringing up his hands just as Stevie Scott uncorks a big right hand to the skull to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: The Hotshot's bringing the pain!

[Scott has Detson backed into the cage, hammering away with right hands. Detson lifts his hands up, trying to push away, trying to defend himself but Scott pushes him right through the ropes into the mesh! The Unholy Alliance is screaming at Scott, banging on the mesh as Scott continues to pummel Detson against the steel.]

GM: Stevie Scott is taking the fight to Johnny Detson. You'll remember that Detson and Scott clashed back in July at Opportunity Knocks without a clear winner. Well, tonight, Scott wants to be that clear winner.

[Pulling Detson out by the arm, Scott fires him across the ring...

...and drops him with a running clothesline to another big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! Right about now, Johnny Detson's gotta be looking at his wristwatch to figure out how much time he's got left in this thing. Remember, this first period of action is five minutes long as these two tear into one another.

[Scott reaches down, grabbing Detson by the foot. He quickly applies a spinning toehold, looking for a figure four as he leans down...

...but Detson reaches up, raking his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: OHH! Detson goes to the eyes!

[Detson scrambles to his feet, approaching the blinded Hotshot from behind...

...and rakes his fingernails down Scott's back!]

GM: Right down the back! Detson rips the skin right off the back of the former two-time National Champion.

[Detson winds up, burying a right hand into the ribcage of Stevie Scott as Scott leans over the top rope. Another blow finds the mark before Detson pulls Scott off the ropes, turning him around...]

GM: Detson shoots him across...

[He catches the rebounding Scott under the chin with a back elbow, knocking him right off his feet. The Unholy Alliance applauds, cheering on Detson from ringside as he shouts, "I'M GONNA BREAK HIS LEG!"]

GM: Detson says he's going to break Stevie Scott's leg... and I have a feeling this might be a running theme throughout the match, Bucky. The Unholy Alliance seems out to avenge their fallen partner, Stevie Childes, and the leg injury he suffered at the hands of Anton Layton.

BW: And Brian Von Braun. And okay'd by the boss, Juan Vasquez.

GM: The boss?

BW: You really think this is an equal partnership kind of squad? Is it a big surprise to anyone that Vasquez was the one who went out and got his best friend, Luke Kinsey, involved in this? Did Stevie Scott get to go out and find a partner for them? Did Von Braun or Supernova? This is Juan Vasquez' team and when he says jump, they say "how high, sir?"

GM: I don't see it that way at all.

BW: Can't say I'm surprised by that.

[With the announcers bantering, Detson set to work stomping Stevie Scott's knee over and over and over before grabbing the legs under his armpits...]

GM: Johnny Detson's looking for a Boston Crab here!

BW: He calls it the Reality Check!

[But Stevie Scott is immediately flailing about, trying to avoid the submission hold being applied. Detson resets his feet, trying again...]

GM: He's going for it again! Remember, fans, you can NOT get a submission and win this thing until all ten men have entered the ring so Johnny Detson can lock this hold in all he wants right now but he will NOT win the match at this stage of it.

BW: No, but if he busts up Stevie Scott's leg now, it'll be a whole lot easier to get the submission during The Match Beyond.

GM: They're about halfway through the opening period here, trying to wear one another down on behalf of their teams.

[Cut to ringside where Juan Vasquez, gripping the steel mesh with his fingertips, shouts some encouragement to his former arch-rival just before Detson gives up on the Boston Crab attempt...

...and falls back, catapulting Stevie Scott up into the air...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

GM: OHHH! CATAPULT INTO THE STEEL MESH!!

[Scott clings to the side of the cage, hanging on tight as his face is pressed up against the skin-tearing metal. Detson climbs to his feet, "dusting off"

his shoulders as he approaches Scott from behind. Daniel Tyler is right up against the mesh shouting at Scott...]

"YOU WANTED WAR, HOTSHOT?! YOU GOT IT! WE'RE GONNA RIP YOU APART!"

[Detson smirks as he grabs Scott by the hair from behind, raking Scott's face back and forth on the mesh!]

GM: Ahhh! He's raking his face on the cage, trying to rip the skin right off the face of the Hotshot!

[The camera catches a pretty brutal (and great) shot as Detson leans his forearm into the back of Scott's head, pushing his forehead into the steel where crimson starts to form around the steel links.]

GM: He's busted Stevie Scott open and in a war like this that means that Stevie Scott will be trapped inside a double caged hell for north of twenty minutes or more, just bleeding uncontrollably.

BW: That'll wear a man down and that's exactly the point of these periods leading up to The Match Beyond. You want to bleed a man, you want to hurt a man, you want to injure a man if possible. Any damage you can do now will get you closer to victory when it comes time to make someone submit or surrender, daddy.

[With the blood starting to stream pretty heavily now, Detson yanks Scott away from the ropes. He tucks him into a side waistlock, lifting the Hotshot off the mat for a belly to back suplex...

...but Scott backflips out of it, landing on his knees behind Detson!]

GM: Scott avoids the suplex and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! THE HOTSHOT GOES LOW ON DETSON!!

BW: Perfectly legal in WarGames!

GM: Absolutely! Scott gets back up... he's got him by the trunks...

[The crowd roars as Scott rampages towards the side of the cage and LAUNCHES Detson into the air, sending him smashing facefirst into the steel mesh!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! He threw him headfirst into the cage!

[Detson staggers back out, eating a series of stiff jabs to the face out of Scott before the Hotshot grabs him by the hair, charging towards the cage again...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN INTO THE STEEL!!

[Grabbing the hair, Scott returns the favor from earlier, pressing Detson's face against the steel and raking it back and forth until the crimson starts to flow!]

GM: He's busted open Johnny Detson in reply! Both men are busted open before we even hit the five minute mark in this one! This is not a match for the weak at heart and parents, if your little ones are watching with you on this holiday evening, please note that parental discretion is certainly advised for this one!

[Spinning Detson around, Scott pushes him down to a knee and DRIVES his fist down between the eyes of Detson, aiming his knuckles right at the laceration on the forehead!]

GM: Stevie Scott's trying to split that wound wide open!

BW: We're getting close to the end of the period, Gordo. The referees are gathering up out here, getting ready for that coin toss to see who will hold the numbers advantage throughout the match.

[Scott hammers the cut again, throwing a glance to his corner where Brian Von Braun is slapping the cage a few times, shouting some cheers in to the Hotshot.]

GM: Both teams are showing support for the first man in right now. You can hear Von Braun cheering on Stevie Scott and on the other side, Daniel Tyler's running his mouth a mile a minute. Just a stream of trash talk coming out of that kid's mouth.

BW: His partner got crippled by these thugs! Can you blame him?

GM: Stevie Childes has a broken leg... a badly broken leg... but no one would ever consider that "crippled."

BW: Is his career in jeopardy?

GM: Yes, from what I understand, it is.

BW: So, a kid who has spent his entire life in this business. A kid who got yanked out of a job in a strip club and put in the ring... who bled and sweat all over Mexico and Japan to become one of the best high flyers in the world... who got thrown into the deathpits in Los Angeles because no one

else would give him a chance... that kid may never step in the ring again and you want to say he didn't get crippled?!

GM: It's a very bad situation. We all know that. Juan Vasquez apologiz-

BW: To HELL with Juan Vasquez and his apologies. He can kiss my as-

GM: BUCKY!

[Stevie Scott slams an overhead elbow down on the split open forehead as the referees toss the coin...]

GM: The coin is up on the floor... and it's the Alliance! The Unholy Alliance wins the toss and they're going to be in control numberswise throughout the rest of this thing until we get to all ten men in the ring. The referee is telling them to enter... and it's Rick Marley! Marley's going in next!

[Rick Marley moves quickly through the cage, rushing across towards Stevie Scott's exposed back...]

...but Scott wheels around, catching him coming in with an uppercut on the chin!]

GM: Goodness! What a shot that was!

BW: Rick Marley is a WarGames veteran, Gordo. He competed in the very first WarGames here in the AWA, coming out a winner in that one, but he's also got two others under his belt elsewhere. He's won two out of three WarGames that he's been in and tonight he gets the chance to run that record to 3-1!

GM: And with Rick Marley, the high flyer that he is, stepping into the cage, it's a good time to point out that the cage for this edition of the WarGames has been given a little bit more head room. This one is up a bit to give these guys some room to operate inside the squared circle.

[Marley backpedals to the corner as Scott pursues him. "Showtime" lashes out with a back kick into the midsection, catching Scott by surprise. He grabs two hands full of Scott's hair, SMASHING his head into the steel mesh!]

GM: Ohh! And that'll turn the tide for the Unholy Alliance already!

[Scott staggers back away from the cage, falling to his knees where the blood is pouring down his face. Marley nods to his teammates out on the floor as he winds up, driving a right hand down into the cut on the forehead, knocking Scott down to his back.]

GM: Marley hammers him down... look at this!



[The crowd explodes in jeers as Marley stomps down over and over and over on the bloody forehead as Johnny Detson climbs back up, moving in to join his partner-in-crime.]

GM: Detson and Marley are going to work together.

BW: And this is where the coin toss comes into play. For the next ninety seconds or so, Stevie Scott's gotta survive a two-on-one attack from the Unholy Alliance.

[Marley and Detson each grabs a handful of trunks, racing across the ring...

...and HURLING the Hotshot over both sets of ropes, sending him crashing down in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! Marley's directing traffic in there. We talked about looking for a leader for the Unholy Alliance in there and we may be seeing him right now as Marley's telling Detson to get in that other cage...

[Detson steps through both sets of ropes, grabbing Scott by the leg and stretching out his limb...]

GM: What in the...?

[Marley steps up on the ropes, reaching up and grabbing the top of the cage as he steps across to the other top rope...

...and kinda flings himself off, not wanting to smash his head on the top of the cage, dropping a double axehandle across the stretched out knee!]

GM: OH! Marley's going after the leg! Just like Detson did in the opening period!

[Detson is positively gleeful as he stomps the knee of Stevie Scott, shouting at the Hotshot as he does it.]

GM: We're closing in on the end of these two minutes with Stevie Scott trapped in there against Detson and Marley... and you've gotta wonder. Who will be next in there to aid Stevie Scott?

[Marley climbs to his feet, joining Detson in repeatedly stomping the leg over and over as the countdown begins...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The cage door opens...

...and Supernova comes tearing up the ringsteps, climbing through and rushing towards the Unholy Alliance!]

GM: Supernova's in! The young lion from Venice Beach is- BOOM! Big right hand on Detson sends him down to the mat!

[Supernova gladly turns his focus to Rick Marley, hammering with a right hand... a backhand to the face... another right hand... a knife edge chop, all sending Marley stumbling backwards into the corner...]

GM: Supernova's got him! Big whip!

[Marley slams into the corner hard as Supernova throws himself back into his own corner...]

GM: HEAT WA-

[But before Supernova can take flight, Johnny Detson rushes in, throwing a knee into the midsection, knocking Supernova down to his knees.]

GM: Ohh! Detson cut it off!

[A smirking Marley charges out of the corner, throwing a low dropkick to the face of the kneeling Supernova!]

GM: Big running dropkick connects!

[Marley rolls to a knee, again directing traffic as Detson rains down stomps on Supernova's painted face...

...and then grabs the legs!]

GM: He's going for the Boston Crab - the Reality Check!

[But just as Scott did earlier, Supernova begins fighting back against the Boston Crab attempt, refusing to be rolled over...

...which allows Marley to drop a leg down across the throat!]

GM: Marley's trying to soften Supernova up - these two have been at it for months now, trying to get an edge on one another but it's essentially been a stalemate until now.

[Detson continues to try to flip Supernova over for the Boston Crab but with the face-painted young lion still battling, Detson gets other ideas...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DROPPED A KNEE TO THE GROIN!

BW: Perfectly legal! Just like Scott's low blow was earlier!

[Detson taunts the downed Supernova, strutting away from him as Marley grabs a handful of the short hair, hammering the painted face with short right hands to the skull!]

GM: Marley's hammering away... and Detson's going to the second rope...

["Showtime" pulls Supernova to his feet, holding his arms behind him as Detson measures...

...and leaps off, smashing a double axehandle down across the skull of Supernova!]

BW: Man, the Unholy Alliance looks good in there, Gordo. They look like a seamless machine in there working over Supernova and Stevie Scott.

[Marley grabs a dazed Supernova in a front facelock, looking out at the jeering crowd...]

GM: He's setting for Limelight and-

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova leans down, lifting Marley up into the air, taking a few big steps...

...and THROWING him down across two pairs of top ropes, landing gutfirst over it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Supernova swings away from Marley, drilling Johnny Detson with a right hand to the skull, sending him falling backwards through the ropes. His lower body stays in the ring while his upper body rests against the steel mesh...]

GM: Supernova's got Detson in trouble!

BW: The two minutes are almost up. We're about to get the Unholy Alliance back to an advantage. Will it be Tyler? Brawn? Nenshou?

[Supernova rears back, cracking Detson with a right hand that knocks him up against the mesh. A second right hand does the same thing and allows Supernova to lean forward, grabbing Detson by the upper body...

...and HURLS the back of his head into the mesh!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Wow! Who would've thought a goody two shoes like Supernova could get down and dirty like this?!

GM: Did you miss the Tower of Doom last year?! Supernova fought his heart out from the top to the bottom of that triple cage nightmare!

[Supernova pulls Detson towards him...

...and SLAMS his head back into the cage again! Across the ring, Stevie Scott shows a little bit of hobble as he climbs to his feet, stumbling over where he ducks into the other ring, walking over towards the door where the Unholy Alliance will emerge, waving for that door to open...]

GM: Stevie Scott looks like he's having a hard time staying on his feet, fans. He may be feeling the loss of blood more than we thought.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The cage door opens...

...and Nenshou comes up the steps!]

GM: Nenshou's in! The former Longhorn Heritage Champion!

[Scott is waiting for him, catching him as he comes through the ropes with a backhand chop. He squares up, throwing a pair of right hands before grabbing Nenshou by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends Nenshou across...

[Scott sets for a backdrop but Nenshou slides to a stop on one knee, lashing out upwards with a stiff-fingered martial arts thrust to the throat, causing Scott to straighten up, gasping for air.]

GM: Nenshou with the counter!

[The Asian Assassin winds up, lighting up Scott against the ropes with a knife-edge chop... and a second one knocks Scott back into the ropes. Nenshou leans on him, pushing his arms back...]

GM: He's trying to tie Stevie Scott up in the ropes!

[The crowd is jeering as Nenshou goes to work, wrapping the top and middle ropes around the arms of Scott, trapping him!]

GM: He did it! He's got him wrapped up and-

[Nenshou gestures outside the ring where Daniel Tyler suddenly produces the crystal-topped cane of Percy Childes.]

GM: What the-?!

[Tyler shoves the cane through the mesh into the waiting hands of Nenshou who rears back, jabbing the end of it into the midsection of the two-time National Champion!]

GM: Nenshou's got the cane in there, using it as a weapon!

[He winds up, taking a baseball-style rip with it, cracking Scott across the ribcage...

...and then does it again, slamming the edge of it across Scott's kneecap, causing him to howl in pain!]

GM: Nenshou's using that cane to great advantage here in-

[The Asian Assassin spins away, ready to go to the other cage...

...when Supernova leaves Marley and Detson behind, rushing across, and deadleaping over BOTH sets of ropes, catching Nenshou with a flying clothesline that wipes him out completely! HUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: SUPERNOVA TAKES OUT NENSHOU! OH MY!!!

[Supernova climbs to his feet, hammering his chest with his fists before cupping his hands to his mouth and letting loose a howl to the crowd who echoes it right back at him!]

GM: What a move out of the young man from Southern California!

[Supernova pulls Nenshou off the mat, pasting him with a right hand that sends Nenshou falling back into the turnbuckles. The kid lays in a few big boots to the gut before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[He falls back in the corner, ready for another Heat Wave attempt!]

GM: HERE COMES THE HEAT!

[But Rick Marley has other ideas as he comes out of a crouch near a stunned Nenshou, hurling a handful of powder into the face of Supernova just before he leaps, crashing chestfirst into the corner as Nenshou stumbles out of the way!]

GM: That was... salt?! Powder?! What the heck was that?!

[A blinded Supernova screams out in pain, staggering out of the corner as he tries to wipe the substance from his eyes...

...which gives Rick Marley enough room to lunge, driving his shoulder into the back of Supernova's knee!]

GM: Ohh! He clipped him!

[Supernova collapses to the mat, clutching his knee.]

GM: Five men are inside this double caged terror - halfway to the point where it becomes submit or surrender to win this thing!

[Johnny Detson, back in the other ring, frees himself from the ropes as he wobbles, stumbling from the loss of blood across the ring. He steps through the ropes, moving into Ring #1 where the other four men are inside.]

GM: Detson's back in, trying to get back into the mix... and he goes right back to Supernova, helping Rick Marley attack that knee. Marley's holding the leg while Detson stomps it repeatedly!

[Detson winds up, kicking the side of the knee full force to the jeers of the crowd. Nenshou wobbles back towards Stevie Scott who has managed to free himself from the ropes, trading heavy shots with the Hotshot to the roar of the St. Louis crowd as the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The cage door opens...

...and the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Juan Vasquez getting into the cage!]

GM: VASQUEZ! VASQUEZ!

[Juan Vasquez steps in, rushing across the ring. He steps through the ropes, climbing into an overly-crowded Ring #1...

...and catches an incoming Rick Marley with a headbutt that sends Marley staggering back.]

GM: Vasquez caught Marley coming in!

[Detson abandons Supernova to come after Vasquez as well, catching a back elbow under the chin, knocking Detson back into the corner...]

GM: Detson's in the corner and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop!

[Vasquez cracks Detson with a hard elbow shot to the jaw... then a chop... then an elbow... then a chop... then an elbow!]

GM: Vasquez is throwing a violence party for Johnny Detson!

[Vasquez suddenly dives aside, just avoiding a running kick to the back of the head that Nenshou throws...]

...but Detson catches it flush in the face!]

GM: OHHH! Nenshou missed and hit Detson!

[Vasquez catches Nenshou under the arm...]

...and ELEVATES him over both sets of ropes, flinging Nenshou into the second ring with a king-sized hiptoss!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Now THAT'S a hiptoss!

[Vasquez wheels around, catching a rising Marley with a back elbow up under the chin. He grabs Marley by the hair, turning towards the side of the cage. He points at the wall of the cage, earning a big cheer from the crowd...]

...and rushes at the side of the cage, flinging Marley facefirst into the mesh!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARLEY GETS PUT INTO THE STEEL!!

[Marley flops facefirst down to the mat as Vasquez spins away, ready to continue the fight. He kneels down next to Supernova, checking on him as Stevie Scott leans against the ropes, wiping the blood from his eyes before he staggers across and catches Detson with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Stevie Scott is still taking the fight to Johnny Detson! Those two were in there at the beginning and they're still going at it all over these two rings... all over this double cage nightmare.

BW: It's starting to look like a horror movie out there with the blood all over the mat, Gordo. Man oh man.

[Scott gestures to Vasquez, calling his partner over.]

GM: They've got Detson by the arms... double whip...

[Joining hands, Vasquez and Scott run Detson down with a double clothesline! Scott dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Vasquez...]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Vasquez hiptosses Scott onto a prone Detson in a makeshift senton!]

GM: OHHH! Nice doubleteam out of Vasquez and the Hotshot... and now it's Vasquez to the ropes...

[The rebounding Vasquez leaves his feet, leaping up into the air, and dropping backfirst down on Detson!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[But just as Vasquez gets up to celebrate, Nenshou comes sailing off the top rope, catching him with an overhead chop between the eyes, putting Vasquez down on the mat...

...and catches an incoming Scott with a thrust kick to the chest, sending the Hotshot stumbling back into the buckles.]

BW: Gordo, did you notice that Nenshou is in there wearing white?

GM: I did. So?

BW: How much do you know about Japanese culture, Gordo? In Japan, the color of white is symbolic for "death"... just like black would be here in the States.

[Nenshou grabs the bloodied Stevie Scott, hurling him over both sets of ropes into the other ring. He steps back through to pursue, moving in on Scott.]

GM: Nenshou certainly seems focused here tonight - as usual.

BW: You know, a lot of people were making a fuss about Nenshou entering that Battle Royal for a World Title shot a couple weeks ago... like maybe he didn't want to be a part of this WarGames. But I think this proves otherwise, Gordo.



[Pulling the bloodied Scott to a seated position, Nenshou rains down overhead chops to the cut forehead. A split screen comes up for a moment, showing an angry Rick Marley stomping the knee of Supernova. He drapes Supernova's foot on the second rope...]

GM: Marley's going for the knee!

[Marley steps up to the second rope, dropping all his weight down on the straightened leg of Supernova!]

GM: Ohh! That can do a whole lot of damage, fans!

[With Marley working over the leg of Supernova and Detson hammering Vasquez with right hands down on the mat, the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The cage door opens...

...and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler rushes into the ring, a determined-look on his face as he promptly grabs Juan Vasquez, yanking him to his feet...]

GM: Tyler made a beeline straight for Vasquez and-

[He leaps up, snaring Vasquez' neck against his shoulder, and SLAMMING down to the mat!]

GM: Neckbreaker! The Razzle Dazzle connects on Vasquez!

[Tyler snatches Percy Childes' cane off the mat, diving forward to press the wooden cane down on the throat of Juan Vasquez!]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking the life out of him with the cane!

BW: And Vasquez ain't got a soul to help him right now, Gordo. Supernova's knee is a wreck at the hands of Rick Marley and Stevie Scott's getting destroyed by Nenshou in the second cage.

[Tyler holds the choke as Vasquez' legs flail about, trying to get free. As the legs slow, Tyler backs off, shouting for Detson to lift him up...]

GM: Detson pulls Vasquez off the mat, holding a front facelock...

[Tyler is pacing back and forth, a ball of furious energy as he mutters to himself...

....and then winds up with the cane...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"YOU WANT TO CRIPPLE MY PARTNER?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"MY MANAGER?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"MY FAMILY?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez slumps to his knees but Tyler's not finished yet, waving for Detson to pick him back up. This time, Detson holds his arms, holding Vasquez up as Tyler stands in front of him...]

"You go to hell, Vasquez..."

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE BROKE IT! HE BROKE THE DAMN CANE!!

[The wooden cane splinters on impact with the forehead of Juan Vasquez, causing Vasquez to fall to the mat as Tyler spikes the splintered piece of wood down to the mat.]

GM: Tyler broke that wooden cane over the head of Vasquez and... oh my stars.

[The camera catches a closeup of Vasquez where the blood has started to pour down the forehead of the former two-time National Champion.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has been split wide open by that wooden cane from Daniel Tyler who has got quite the chip on his shoulder right here tonight, fans.

[Tyler steps up on the second rope, taunting the fans who are jeering him louder as Johnny Detson stomps the bloodied forehead while Rick Marley drags Supernova away from the ropes to the middle of the cage...]

GM: Marley's got Supernova out in the middle...

[Holding the legs, Marley looks to be going for the Showstopper.]

GM: Marley's going to use Supernova's own hold on him!

BW: It ain't Supernova's hold! Marley was using it first!

[Marley goes to step through but Supernova raises his hands, grabbing the foot to block it...]

GM: He's blocking it! He's blocking the Showstopper!

[Detson steps in, dropping a fist down between the eyes of Supernova, cutting off his defense!]

GM: They're like a pack of dogs in there, fans! Everywhere you turn, it seems like there's a member of the Unholy Alliance in there to jump on someone.

[We cut to the other ring where Nenshou has got Stevie Scott down on the mat, strangling the air out of him with both hands.]

GM: Nenshou continues to put the fight on Stevie Scott, keeping him out of the fray in the other side of the cage where he might be able to help his team out.

[Grabbing Scott by the arm, Nenshou hauls him up to his feet...]

GM: Irish whip sends Scott to the corner...

[Nenshou throws himself back to the corner, charging out...]

GM: Handspring... ELBOW!!

[But Nenshou comes up empty as Scott dives out of the corner, causing Nenshou to slam backfirst into the turnbuckles. Scott crawls up onto the middle rope, raising his right hand...]

GM: Nenshou hits the corner hard and Scott's up on the ropes!

[Scott brings the fire, raining down blows.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"  
"THREE!"  
"FOUR!"  
"FIVE!"  
"SIX!"  
"SEVEN!"  
"EIGHT!"  
"NINE!"  
"TEN!"

[The Hotshot jumps down, snaring a side headlock as he swings an arm around...]

GM: He's calling for the Riley Roundup!

[Scott charges out of the corner, leaving his feet, and PLANTING Nenshou facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG! BULLDOG!!

[The exertion of the big move leaves Scott down on the mat, breathing heavily as another countdown starts...]

"TEN!"  
"NINE!"  
"EIGHT!"  
"SEVEN!"  
"SIX!"  
"FIVE!"  
"FOUR!"  
"THREE!"  
"TWO!"  
"ONE!"

[The cage door opens...]

GM: KINSEY'S IN!!

[Luke Kinsey is in like a flash, pulling Nenshou off the mat by the hair...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and propelling him into the side of the cage!]

GM: OHHH! KINSEY PUTS HIM INTO THE STEEL!!

[With a head of steam, Kinsey hits the far ropes, rebounding off, stepping up onto the middle rope, and throwing himself into a front flip over the ropes...]

...and WIPING out a stunned Rick Marley and Johnny Detson!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!! KINSEY TAKES `EM DOWN!!

[With Kinsey in play, Daniel Tyler comes to face off with him, catching a knee to the gut on the rebound. Kinsey facepalms him to straighten him up...]

"Hey Danny! I ain't sorry!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KINSEY KICKS HIM LOW!!

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you none of them were really sorry for what happened to Percy and Stevie!

GM: Well, Luke Kinsey has always been a bit of a... controversial competitor.

[With the entire Unholy Alliance down at his hands, Kinsey gives a big grin to the nearest camera and gets a huge reaction from the St. Louis crowd. Kinsey turns to help his best friend, Juan Vasquez, back to his feet...]

GM: Vasquez and Kinsey on their feet... and they're going to work!

[Kinsey and Vasquez start stomping the hell out of Daniel Tyler, bringing the crowd to their feet.]

GM: They're stomping Tyler right down through the mat!

[Tyler tries to flee, rolling under the ropes into the middle of the two-cage setup. Vasquez reaches over the ropes, pulling Tyler up to his feet in between the two rings...

...and BLASTS him with a headbutt between the eyes, causing Tyler to slump down, his torso hanging over the top rope...]

GM: Look at this!

[Vasquez leans over, tucking his head under Tyler's armpit and lifting him up from his spot between the ropes. Luke Kinsey steps up to the ropes in the middle of the ring. He steps to the top, reaching up to grab the cage to steady himself...]

GM: What in the world is Kinsey trying to do?

[Kinsey reaches over, hooking a front facelock on Daniel Tyler...]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: No way! Don't even try it!

GM: He's gonna do more than try it! He's got him hooked!

[Vasquez and Kinsey fall backward in tandem. The move doesn't come off as clean as one might hope as Kinsey lets go of the cage a little late, bringing Tyler down at an awkward angle, smashing his face into the mat!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT! DDT! MY GOD, HE SPIKED TYLER ON HIS SKULL!

BW: Not exactly, Gordo. With that weird setup for it and the awkward fall, Tyler got smashed down on his face instead!

[Tyler rolls to his back, blood pouring from his nose AND mouth!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: I told ya, Gordo! Tyler got spiked on his face!

GM: Daniel Tyler is bleeding profusely from his nose... his mouth as well, it looks like. He might have a broken nose... maybe lost some teeth. Tyler's in a whole lot of pain as well.

BW: Like we need any more blood out here. It's a vampire's dream in that ring tonight!

[Tyler reaches up to his mouth, blood pouring out onto his hand. We cut to the other ring where Stevie Scott has Nenshou back on his feet, hammering him with chops up against the ropes.]

GM: Vasquez and Kinsey are going after Nenshou!

[The crowd buzzes at the sight of a potential three-on-one on the Asian Assassin as Vasquez moves in to help Scott. The two former rivals take turns blasting Nenshou across the pectorals with chops before grabbing him by the arms...]

GM: Double whip...

[As Nenshou rebounds back, Scott and Vasquez duck down, launching him through the air...

...where he SLAMS into the cage, before flopping back down to the mat, landing on the back of his head at a dangerous angle!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP INTO THE CAGE!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Vasquez pumps a fist as Scott leans against the cage, wiping the blood from his eyes as Luke Kinsey stands in the center, wiggling his fingers as he stalks Nenshou, waiting for Nenshou to get back to his feet...]

GM: Kinsey's waiting for him! He's ready to strike again!

[Nenshou hasn't even begun to get back to his feet yet when the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The cage door opens and the cleanup hitter for the Unholy Alliance, Tully Brawn, comes charging into the ring. He stops, looking across the cage into the second ring where Stevie, Vasquez, and Kinsey are standing around the downed Nenshou.]

GM: Not so fast, Mr. Von Braun!

BW: Don't call him that! He's forsaken his slave name!

GM: His slave- Bucky Wilde!

[Brawn shakes his head, not wanting to run into a three-on-one situation...

...and simply turns towards the recovering Supernova, kicking him violently in the back of the knee, knocking him back down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Tully Brawn goes after Supernova instead!

[Grabbing Supernova by the ankle, Brawn drags the young lion out to the middle of the ring. He spins around the leg, tying it up...

...and then falling back in the Von Braun Leglock!]

GM: He's got it locked in! The figure four is applied in the middle of the ring!

BW: But it's too early to get the submission! They're still two minutes away before The Match Beyond begins and the submission would count!

GM: But like we've said all match, these submission holds going on early can help a lot towards the end of the match as well.

[With Detson and Marley back on their feet, they start stomping Supernova...

...which brings Stevie and Vasquez into the first ring, throwing haymakers at anyone they can!]

GM: Stevie clobbers Detson! Vasquez lights up Marley!

[The Unholy Alliance members start throwing haymakers in response, fists flying from both teams as the crowd roars!]

GM: We've got a brawl going on and-

[Back in the other cage, Kinsey yanks Nenshou up to his feet. He buries a short forearm into the kidneys of the Asian Assassin, slipping an arm up into a half nelson...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: I've seen this before!

GM: So have I! But not in many years! This was Kinsey's finisher from his EMWC days!

BW: And if I remember right, it can put ANYONE on the shelf for good!

[Kinsey goes to lift Nenshou up into the air but Nenshou slips out, delivering two quick back elbows on either side of the head. He leaps up, blinding lashing out backwards with a leaping kick to the side of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kinsey slumps to his knees, grabbing at the side of his head. Nenshou scrambles to his feet, grabbing at his windpipe...]

GM: No, no, no!

[But before Nenshou can spew the mist into his eyes, Kinsey throws himself at Nenshou's torso, driving him all the way back into the opposite corner!]

GM: Oh! Kinsey cuts him off before the mist!

[Holding the middle rope, Kinsey slams shoulder after shoulder into the midsection. A split screen shows Juan Vasquez dropping a senton on Tully Brawn, breaking the figure four.]

GM: Vasquez breaks up the Von Braun Leglock!

[Vasquez leans down, pulling Supernova off the mat...

...and CHUCKS him over the ropes to the other ring!]

GM: Whoa!



BW: Vasquez is trying to get Supernova out of there... trying to get him to safety. It's a unique move but it might help him out.

[The two-time former National Champion wheels around, catching a rising Tully Brawn with a right hand, knocking Brawn back into the corner. Rick Marley scampers away, scaling the ropes and stepping across...

...and leaping off, catching Luke Kinsey in the chest with a dropkick, knocking him down!]

GM: Marley's moving into the other ring! Supernova's down over there in a lot of trouble and you better believe that Rick Marley smells blood in the water.

BW: Like a shark. It's gonna be a feeding frenzy in there.

[Marley crawls over to the downed Kinsey, hammering him with right hands to the skull as Nenshou staggers out of the corner, stomping the knee of Supernova as the countdown begins.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The cage door opens for the final time...]

GM: In comes Brian Von Braun, obviously coming in last in an attempt to protect that injured knee... and The Match Beyond has begun! Any attempts at a submission now could result in a victory.

[Von Braun promptly goes after Nenshou, smashing him between the eyes with a right hand. He grabs Nenshou's mop of a hairdo...

...and SMASHES his head into the steel mesh!]

GM: Whoa my! Brian Von Braun is fired up and he's looking to take the fight to the Unholy Alliance!

[Von Braun leans down, pulling a bloodied Daniel Tyler off the mat from between the rings, dragging him into the second ring where he flings him into the ropes...]

GM: Tyler off the far side...

[As Tyler rebounds off, Von Braun lifts him up over his shoulder...

...and FALLS BACK INTO THE CAGE!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: VON BRAUN FACEPLANTS HIM INTO THE CAGE!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[With Tyler down on the mat, blood pouring from his nose and mouth, Von Braun leans down to grab his foot, lifting it off the mat...]

GM: He's going for the Von Braun Leglock!

[A split screen shows Stevie Scott hammering Johnny Detson with right hands up against the cage while Juan Vasquez is turning Tully Brawn towards the cage, grinding his face back and forth against the mesh...]

GM: We've got fighting all over these two rings, all over this double cage! We're having a hard time calling all of the action, fans, so bear with us but right now...

[Cut back to Von Braun about to apply the figure four leglock.]

GM: This is the one to see! Von Braun's going for the kill!

[But as he twists the leg around his own...]

GM: MIST!

[...a spray of yellow explodes from the mouth of the Asian Assassin, going directly into the eyes of a stunned and unprepared Brian Von Braun who cries out in pain, falling to the mat!]

GM: Yellow?! What the heck is yellow mist?!

BW: It paralyzes the victim!

[Von Braun immediately goes stiff, collapsing to the mat as Nenshou stands over him, gripping his windpipe when suddenly the fans boo wildly as the short, squat form of Percy Childes marches down the aisle. Childes is wearing a black suit with a red dress shirt and yellow tie, and is carrying his walking stick.

Behind him is a six-foot-nine black man, athletically built with a large afro, mustache, and a very prominent beard which extends over an inch below his chin in a conical shape. He's wearing a brown corduroy suit with a light purple undershirt, and a light brown fedora. The man glowers at the ring, carrying a large attache case in his left hand (the thumb of which is heavily taped).]

GM: PERCY CHILDES IS HERE!

BW: And he ain't comin' alone, daddy! Look at that behemoth!

GM: That's the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake, from the Saint Louis territory! One of Hamilton Graham's proteges; the most hated man in the territory today! What is he doing here?!

BW: Reinforcements, daddy!

[Nenshou looks out to the floor where a nodding Percy Childes is standing with his "reinforcements." Childes points to the downed Von Braun, dragging a thumb across his throat!]

BW: Percy's telling him to finish off Von Braun!

[A bloodied Daniel Tyler crawls up to his feet, nudging Nenshou and pointing to the downed Von Braun. A few feet away, Rick Marley is on his feet, pushing Supernova into the corner where he delivers chop after chop across the chest...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Supernova backs into the corner, ready to strike...

...when Nenshou suddenly handsprings in, leaping back to smash his elbow into the point of Supernova's heart!]

GM: Ohh!

[Grabbing Supernova by the hair, Nenshou drags him out to the center of the ring. He drops down as Marley and Tyler rush in, throwing twin superkicks into the jaw of Supernova, dropping the face-painted young lion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Supernova's down off the superkicks!

[Childes gives Demetrius Lake a signal which causes Lake to open up the attache case he's carrying.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Zipties! Brilliant!

[Lake slides a pair of zipties under the bottom rope which allows Daniel Tyler to grab the unconscious Von Braun, dragging him over to the ropes, securing his wrists to the steel cage!]

GM: Tyler ties Von Braun to the cage!

BW: He can't submit 'cause he's out cold!

[Tyler looks down at the helpless Von Braun...

...and then leaps into the air, doublestomping the knee!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Hah! Turnabout is fair play!

GM: Von Braun can't even react to it because of that yellow mist but he might've broken his leg right there just like Stevie Childes had happen to him about a month ago.

[The bloodied Tyler gestures to the downed Supernova, watching as Marley drags him out to the center of the ring.]

GM: Marley's looking for the Showstopper! He wants to make Supernova give up to his own hold!

["Showtime" Rick Marley steps through the legs, tying them up, and flipping him over onto his stomach!]

GM: He's got it on! He's got it locked in!

[Luke Kinsey makes a lunge to break the hold but gets cut off by a kick to the face by Nenshou. Nenshou and Tyler hold the arms of Kinsey, preventing him being able to help Supernova who is clawing at the canvas, trying to escape the hold.]

GM: Supernova's trying to get out of this hold! He NEEDS to get out of this hold!

BW: We've got two referees out there checking for the submission. If Supernova gives it up, they're going to be right there to hear it!

[Spotting Supernova in trouble, Stevie Scott breaks away from the brawl going on in the first ring. He steps through the ropes, unseen by Tyler and Nenshou...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: HEATSEEKER! HEATSEEKER!

[Marley collapses backwards, clutching his jaw as Scott rushes past, drilling the bloodied Tyler with a right hand. He spins, cracking Nenshou with a haymaker as well. The St. Louis crowd rallies behind their hometown star, shouting their hearts out...]

GM: Stevie Scott's putting together a rally here.

[The crowd roars as Scott leans down, untying his boot and pulling it off.]

GM: The Hotshot takes off his boot and-

[Scott winds up with it and BLASTS Tyler between the eyes, knocking him down to the mat. Nenshou is back up, coming fast as Scott goes low, cracking him in the gut with the boot!]

GM: Scott goes downstairs on him!

[With Nenshou doubled up, Scott rears back with the boot, blasting him with it over the back of the head, knocking him flat. Scott turns, pointing at Percy Childes and flinging the boot at the side of the cage. Childes surges forward, shouting at Scott as Demetrius Lake looks on menacingly.]

GM: There is absolutely no love lost between Percy Childes and Stevie Scott after the Hotshot broke Childes' jaw. Childes would like to see nothing more than for Stevie Scott to submit in WarGames for a third straight time!

BW: With Von Braun out of commission, we've got a five on four matchup, Gordo... so Vasquez, Scott, Kinsey, and Supernova are in some serious trouble.

[Scott helps Supernova back to his feet, pointing out the bodies strewn all over the ring with them. Supernova nods, hobbling across to Daniel Tyler...]

GM: Supernova pulls Tyler off the mat... big knife edge chop backs him to the corner...

[The Venice Beach native rockets Tyler across the ring, sending him crashing into the buckles as he throws himself back into the corner...]

GM: Supernova grits his teeth... here he comes!

[The young lion races across the ring, leaping up into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

[...and CRASHES into a stunned Daniel Tyler. Supernova steps aside, shoving Tyler out of the corner and down to the mat.]

GM: Tyler's in trouble.

BW: He ain't the only one!

[We cut to the other ring where a back suplex from Johnny Detson puts Juan Vasquez down on the mat as Brawn leaps off the middle rope, smashing a fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Vasquez is the victim of a two on one back in the other ring...

[Von Braun grabs Vasquez by the leg, twisting it around his own...]

GM: VON BRAUN LEGLOCK!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova hooks the Solar Flare on the bloodied Daniel Tyler as Tully Brawn secures the Von Braun Leglock on an equally-bloodied Juan Vasquez!]

GM: We've got the Solar Flare locked on in one ring and the Von Braun Leglock applied in the other!

BW: It's dueling submissions, daddy!

GM: This may become a battle of who can force the submission out of their opponent first! Will it be Juan Vasquez giving up to the Von Braun Leglock or will it be Daniel Tyler quitting while trapped in the Solar Flare?!

[The St. Louis fans are on their feet, screaming themselves hoarse as they wait to see who gets the submission. Percy Childe can be heard smashing his crystal-topped cane into the cage, shouting at Marley and Detson to break the hold on Tyler...]

GM: Tyler's screaming in pain, clawing at the canvas...

[Suddenly, a dazed Rick Marley is back on his feet, hooking Supernova in a front facelock. He spins quickly, snatching the three-quarter nelson...

...and DRIVING Supernova facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: LIMELIGHT! HE KNOCKED 'NOVA FLAT!

[With Supernova laid out on the mat, Marley lies on the mat next to him. The bloodied Daniel Tyler is facefirst on the mat, a pool of blood forming underneath his face as well. Nenshou is using the ropes, trying to get back to his feet... but where in the world is Luke Kinsey?]

BW: KINSEY!

[The crowd erupts as Luke Kinsey, drags himself up on the ropes, giving a shout before throwing himself off the top rope, his back nearly scraping the roof of the cage...

...and CRASHES down on the chest of Tully Brawn with a frog splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT'LL BREAK THE HOLD!!

[Vasquez rolls to the side, clutching his knee as a shocked Johnny Detson looks down at Tully Brawn grabbing at his ribs down on the mat.]

GM: Detson can't believe it! He can't believe what he just saw!

[Detson hears Percy Childe shouting at him, rushing in to bury a boot into the gut of a rising Luke Kinsey. Detson quickly hooks the arms...

...and PLANTS Kinsey facefirst on the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HOYLE DRIVER! Kinsey’s out!

[Detson moves quickly again, grabbing at Juan Vasquez’ legs.]

GM: He’s going for the Reality Check on Vasquez!

[But Vasquez is ready for him, pushing off strongly with both legs, sending Detson sailing backwards...

...where he ends up trapped in the ropes!]

GM: Detson got caught! Detson’s arms got caught in the ropes!

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, visibly wincing as he grabs at his knee...

...and then gives a loud shot before unleashing the Right Cross, cracking Detson across the cheek with it, leaving him motionless and trapped in the ropes!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A SHOT OUT OF VASQUEZ!

[Vasquez shouts at the motionless Detson before turning back towards the other cage where Scott and Nenshou are tangled up again, hammering away at one another.]

GM: Vasquez is coming to help the Hotshot!

[Nenshou catches Stevie Scott with a stiff-fingered shot to the throat, knocking the Hotshot back into the turnbuckles. That clears a path for Vasquez to come in towards Nenshou, rearing back the right hand...

...but Nenshou is ready for him, throwing himself into a front flip, catching Vasquez in the chest with his heel!]

GM: Nenshou’s giving it everything he’s got - fighting off two men at the same time!

[Nenshou rolls right through the kick, getting back to his feet, and throwing a thrust kick into the chest that knocks Vasquez back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Nenshou grabs the arm - big whip!

[The Asian Assassin tumbles across the ring, throwing himself backwards in a handspring elbow...]

GM: ELBOW... CAUGHT!

[Vasquez snares Nenshou in a rear waistlock, swinging him around...

...and DUMPING him on the back of his head with a German Suplex, folding him up!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet, giving a shout to the fans who roar in response...

...and then points to the rising Rick Marley!]

GM: Marley’s climbing back to his feet! He doesn’t have a clue that Vasquez is waiting for him! He doesn’t have a clue that Juan is on his feet and-

[Vasquez moves in, hooking Marley from behind...]

GM: ASSASSIN’S SPIKE! VASQUEZ HOOKS THE SPIKE ON MARLEY!!

[Marley’s eyes go wide at suddenly having Vasquez’ taped thumb jammed into the side of his neck. Childes screams out at his man as Demetrius Lake steps closer to the cage, wrapping a massive hand around the mesh and yanking hard.]

GM: VASQUEZ MIGHT HAVE IT HERE!

[Marley struggles against the Assassin’s Spike, his arms flailing back and forth as he looks for an escape...]

GM: Look at Childes! Childes is trying to hand his cane in to Marley!

[Marley grabs the cane with both hands...

...but a kick from Stevie Scott sends the cane flipping away, landing down on the canvas as he remains trapped in the submission hold!]

GM: Stevie kicked the cane away and-

[From his knees, Nenshou grabs at his windpipe...]

GM: No, no! Not again! Please don’t-

[Nenshou grabs Vasquez by the arm, swinging him around...]

GM: MIST!

[...and sprays it RIGHT into the eyes of Luke Kinsey who threw himself in front of the jet black spray to save his best friend!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE CAUGHT KINSEY WITH THE MIST!!



[Kinsey drops to the mat, screaming in pain as the mist seeps into his eyes!]

GM: It's the black mist!

BW: That'll take away someone's eyesight permanently!

GM: And Juan Vasquez knows it!

[Vasquez looks down in shock at his best friend, suddenly diving on top of him to cover up his head.]

GM: Vasquez is on him, trying to protect his best friend!

[Stevie Scott comes in on Nenshou, cane in hand...

...but Marley and Brawn attack from behind, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: Marley and Brawn attack Stevie Scott... they're... what are they-?!

[The crowd jeers as Marley and Brawn drag a struggling Hotshot over to the side of the cage where Demetrius Lake hands them another pair of zipties, helping them secure the Hotshot to the side of the cage!]

GM: Stevie Scott's been immobilized as well! He can't help Vasquez! He can't help Kinsey!

[With Kinsey down and Vasquez covering him, Brawn, Marley, and Nenshou are stomping the hell out of both men, not letting up at all...]

GM: This is a mugging! A flat out mugging!

BW: Stevie Scott's tied to the cage. Von Braun's tied to the cage. Supernova's down and he's not moving. I think Vasquez and Kinsey are in serious trouble here, Gordo!

GM: You're absolutely right! Luke Kinsey's eyesight is in jeopardy here. The longer that black mist stays in the eyes without being washed out, the higher the risk of permanent damage.

BW: And you don't think Vasquez knows that? He's completely aware of that and he doesn't care! He'd let his own mother take a beating if it meant he could come back and win at the end!

GM: I don't believe that for a second!

[Snatching the fallen crystal-topped cane off the mat, Marley winds up with the cane, and smashes it down on the back of Vasquez!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot across the back!

[Marley raises the cane again, smashing it down on Vasquez again as Brawn and Nenshou continue to stomp the head of Kinsey...]

...when suddenly Vasquez turns towards the cage wall, waving a hand.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd falls into a stunned hush at the sound of the bell. The camera cuts to Percy Childes who looks almost shocked at first... and then slowly, a smile grows across his face.]

GM: Juan Vasquez gave up! Juan Vasquez just gave up this match!

[A shocked Stevie Scott, still tied to the cage wall, looks down in disbelief at the kneeling Vasquez as Brawn and Marley trade a high five.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here are your winners...

THE UNHOOOOOLYYYYY ALLIIIIANNNNCE!

[Johnny Detson staggers into the second ring, joining his teammates in their celebration. Marley leans down, dragging the bloodied Daniel Tyler off the mat as Nenshou stands, looking down at Vasquez and Kinsey.]

GM: Juan Vasquez... you can hear him pleading for some help in there. He knows the risk to Luke Kinsey's vision and he's begging for some water or something... anything to clear the eyes out.

[With the Unholy Alliance celebrating, Percy Childes and Demetrius Lake scale the ringsteps, joining their team inside the squared circle.]

BW: The party is on and it's gonna rage all night, Gordo!

GM: WarGames is over and... my stars, I can't believe I'm even saying this... the Unholy Alliance has won!

BW: Why are you so surprised?! They're a cohesive unit! They're like-minded individuals with a very clear purpose! They weren't a bunch of people thrown together into a team like Vasquez and his boys were.

GM: You aren't saying anything that's not true but Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott have been the backbone of this promotion alongside men like Supernova for years now!

BW: Well, that backbone just got BROKEN, daddy! Juan Vasquez, your hero, the hero of these idiot fans... he quit! He gave up!

GM: To protect his friend... to save the eyesight of his friend!

[Suddenly, at a gesture from Percy Childes, the Unholy Alliance start stomping Vasquez, Kinsey, and Supernova again to the shocked jeers of the crowd!]

BW: A lot of good it's doin' him now!

GM: This is uncalled for! This is totally uncalled for!

[Johnny Detson wheels around, blood caked on his face, as he delivers a big right hand into the midsection of the "crucified" Stevie Scott, his hands still tied to the steel mesh. Detson hammers away over and over at the torso of the Hotshot...]

GM: Detson's going to work at a defenseless Stevie Scott! The rest of the Alliance including this big man Lake are stomping Vasquez... they're stomping Kinsey who still hasn't gotten medical attention... they're even stomping Supernova!

[Daniel Tyler slumps back to the corner, falling to a knee clutching his ankle, wincing his blood-soaked face.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is taking the heroes of the AWA to town and they're beating them down in the middle of this double cage in St. Louis! They're-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in a shocked reaction that nearly knocks the roof off the Chaifetz Arena!]

GM: What in the hell...?!

BW: Oh, now THIS is getting interesting!

[The growing buzz from the crowd is getting nuts as they spot the World Heavyweight Champion, the World Tag Team Champions, and the Professional himself walking down the aisle.]

GM: ROYALTY IS HEADING FOR THE RING!

BW: Why?! Why are they out here, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea but... this is going to be bad news for someone!

[Larry Doyle brings up the rear, a huge grin on his face as the men holding the gold walk down the aisle to the ring...]

GM: Royalty is heading down the aisle, walking towards this double cage with purpose... but what in the world is the purpose?!

[Percy Childes, spotting the arrival of Royalty, waves off the attack on the men inside the ring as the Unholy Alliance turns in unison, watching the approach of the oncoming Royalty...]

GM: Percy Childes has called off the dogs because he's got a new threat on the horizon! The Unholy Alliance is watching Royalty walk down the aisle and... well, I can't wait to see what this is all about.

[Leading the way, Brad Jacobs grabs the steel door where the Immortals had entered the ring, ripping it open so that his group can enter the cage.]

GM: Jacobs is in! Stanton is in! Dufresne is in! Cooper is in!

[The Unholy Alliance backs off, standing their ground and staring across the ring at Royalty who seem ready for a fight. Jacobs is bouncing back and forth from foot to foot, slapping himself across the face as he shouts at the Alliance.]

BW: Come on, guys! Give peace a chance!

GM: This is a standoff! Who's gonna make the first move?!

[Dufresne huddles up with Dave Cooper, pointing across the ring at the Unholy Alliance. Percy Childes places an open hand on Demetrius Lake's chest who looks like he wants nothing more than to tear across the ring and fight Brad Jacobs.]

GM: Childes is holding Lake back... his men are battered and bloodied... this can't be good for the Alliance.

[Cooper shouts something at Childes who shakes his head, gesturing angrily with his crystal-topped cane...

...and then gestures again.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: They're leaving! The Alliance is walking out of here!

[Detson and Marley help a barely-conscious Daniel Tyler down the steps as Tully Brawn shouts something at Royalty as he backs out of the cage. With Lake watching his back, Percy Childes makes his exit as well...]

GM: Childes is walking out too! The Unholy Alliance has backed down from this fight!

BW: Backed down?! They're living to fight another day! They've just been to hell and back inside two rings wrapped in steel. They're bloodied. They're beaten... and now they've decided that if they're going to fight Royalty, they're gonna do it on their terms!

GM: Wait a second...

[With the entirety of the Unholy Alliance out on the floor, Percy Childes turns back to look inside the cage...

...only to find that the entirety of the Unholy Alliance is NOT out on the floor.]

GM: Nenshou's still in the cage! He didn't leave!

BW: Why?! Get out of there!

GM: Nenshou's not backing down from Royalty! He's still inside that cage, surrounded by Royalty and-

[The crowd ERUPTS in surprise as Kenny Stanton lunges at Nenshou from the side, clubbing him in the ear with a forearm shot, knocking him down to the mat. Brad Jacobs jumps in to aid his partner, stomping Nenshou repeatedly.]

GM: Royalty strikes! The World Tag Team Champions have jumped on Nenshou and...

[Cut to the floor where Percy Childes, looking quite anxious, is holding his guys back.]

GM: Childes has abandoned Nenshou in there! The crown jewel of the Unholy Alliance is under assault and Percy Childes is preventing his men from helping Nenshou!

BW: Hey, Percy made a decision! He made the choice to walk away from this fight and Nenshou disobeyed that order!

[Jacobs pulls Nenshou off the mat, shoving him towards Dave Cooper who lifts Nenshou off the mat, spinning around and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a spinebuster!]

GM: Oh my! Cooper plants him!

[A desperate Juan Vasquez crawls over towards the cage door, pleading with the ringside crew to give him a bottle of water to try and aid his best friend.]

BW: Vasquez is running for it! He's jumping ship!

GM: He is NOT! He's trying to get some help for Luke Kinsey and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOYLE SLAMS THE CAGE DOOR ON VASQUEZ' HEAD!

[With Stevie Scott still tied to the cage, Calisto Dufresne walks over to his old ally and starts hammering him with right hands to the skull.]

GM: The World Champion's going after Stevie Scott!

BW: Now THIS is a mugging, Gordo!

GM: Dufresne's going after Scott, the Bombers are stomping Kinsey, Cooper is hammering Vasquez with right hands!

BW: Royalty is taking out everyone in sight! They said this was their night. They said that they'd be the ones everyone was talking about tomorrow

morning! They said that they'd be the top force in the wrestling world and they're proving it!

GM: They're taking advantage of what had already happened! The Unholy Alliance and the Immortals had battled for a half hour inside this double cage, bleeding each other dry, and beating each other to a pulp... and NOW Royalty wants a piece of them?!

[Jacobs pulls Nenshou into a standing headscissors, powering him up over his shoulder as Stanton slips in, hooking a reverse neckbreaker...

...and they DRIVE Nenshou down in tandem!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NENSHOU GETS SPIKED!

[The Unholy Alliance continues to back down the aisle, forced backwards by Percy Childes as they watch one of their members get stomped into the canvas.]

BW: The Bombers are going to town on Nenshou!

[With the situation under control, Larry Doyle climbs into the ring, handing the World Title belt to Calisto Dufresne who smirks at the trapped Stevie Scott, takes aim...

...and SMASHES the title belt between the eyes of the Hotshot!]

GM: OHHH!

[Dufresne is all smiles as he turns away from Stevie Scott. Dave Cooper climbs back to his feet, leaving Vasquez laid out on the mat as he joins up with his allies. The five men raise one another's hands, earning a feverish rage from the crowd...]

GM: Royalty has just laid out everyone! Everyone in sight! They've just beaten a member of the Unholy Alliance... they've beaten up Vasquez... Scott... Supernova... Kinsey... this is nuts, fans! I can't believe what we just saw and if Royalty wanted to get on the radar of everyone in the entire AWA, they just accomplished exact-

[A burst of static is accompanied by the arena lights cutting out. The familiar distorted voice is heard.]

"After all these months of warning, what we feared the most has come to pass.

Royalty stands atop the AWA... and the rest of the AWA have fallen at their feet..."

[There's a noticeable crowd buzz as flashbulbs fire, trying to catch a glimpse of anything...]

"It's a matter that should've been handled by others. It's a matter that should've been handled by now.

It was not.

But that's about to change..."

[The distortion starts to clear up, giving a better sounding voice.]

"Everything is about to change.

Some will choose to ignore what I'm saying... just like they have for almost a year now...

But I assure you..."

[The distortion disappears completely, leaving the voice as clear as day.]

"That would certainly not be... wise."

[The lights kick back on, revealing someone standing at the top of the aisle, mic in hand. It's a familiar face to AWA fans yet someone who has been absent from AWA television for over a year.]

GM: IT'S BEN WATERSON! BEN WATERSON IS HERE!

BW: THE AGENT TO THE STARS IS BACK, DADDY!

GM: But... is he one of the Wise Men?! Is that what he's saying?!

[Waterson stares down the aisle at the combined forces of Royalty. A fired-up Calisto Dufresne points down the aisle, gesturing at Waterson.]

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?!"

[Waterson stays stoic, staring down the aisle...]

GM: Ben Waterson is back! He's back in the AWA! But what... what in the world does that mean?! Is he one of the Wise Men?!

BW: He's gotta be! Right?!

GM: I have no idea! Fans, we've gotta go! We're out of time! We'll see you at Homecoming!

[The camera holds on the black suit-wearing Ben Waterson whose eyes are locked on the ring as we slowly fade to black.]