

ALLSTAR SHOWDOWN

Friday, August 22nd, 2014 - Cow Palace - San Francisco, California

[We fade up from black with the FOX Network "bug" in the corner of the screen as the sound of a throbbing synth bassline starts to play. The first wrestler to appear on the screen is green screened over a white backdrop with their name in bright green and white lettering. It is the night's challenger for the World Television Title - Willie Hammer.]

WH: Don't think for a second, Johnny Detson... don't think for a second that I'm looking past you tonight to the Battle Of Los Angeles. I'm gonna be in LA on Labor Day representin' the Combat Corner and the rest of the AWA... believe that... but when I get there.

[Hammer grins.]

WH: I'll be wearin' that glittering piece of gold around my gorgeous waist.

[Hammer gestures to his ample waistline as we crossfade to a shot of World Television Champion Johnny Detson, long gold tights, black sweat jacket, unzipped. He stands in front of a black backdrop, Television Title nowhere to be seen, but his name is splashed behind him in a gaudy graphic.]

Detson: Willie Hammer, you must be a Todd Michaelson disciple.

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: Arrive on the scene and face the World Champ. Lose, leave, and come back to challenge for the World Television Title. MY Television Title? You really do lead a charmed life, don't you?

[Detson glares at the camera.]

Detson: You want to fight Michaelson's battles? You want a piece of the Wise Men? You want a piece of me? You may think you lead a charmed life

but you step in that ring with me and try to take my belt? Well, then I got news for you.

[Detson raises his right hand which has been holding the strap below the view of the camera. He looks at the title and then glares at the camera.]

Detson: Fairy tale's over!

[Cut to Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor, the TexMo Connection. They're standing in a studio, and behind them, projected onto a green screen, is their team's logo. The "TEX" is written in a cursive script that looks like a lasso, with a cowboy hat hanging off the left side of the "T" while the "MO" is written in a font similar to a series of mountains, with a reaper's scythe coming out of the bottom right corner of the "O". Jack Lynch is dressed head to toe in black, his cowboy hat slung low to cover his eyes, while Bobby O'Connor is wearing a black Blue Oyster Cult shirt, the "BOC" across the chest in a bold font with a image of the grim reaper with scythe in hand seated at a throne beneath it.]

JL: Tonight ain't about no Wise Men. Tonight, me and Bobby are keepin' it real simple. Tonight is about just one thing.

[Lynch bends his head forward, pulling his black cowboy hat off and running his fingers through his dark hair. As he lifts his head, he's grinning slightly.]

JL: Tonight's about havin' a good old fashioned fight.

Now the Samoans and the Lynches? We got us what ya might call a bit of a history. A history that happened right here in San Francisco. Me and Jimmy were here a few years ago, raisin' hell, and I still remember how tough you two were. But that was then, and this is now.

And right now, William Payne is goin' around, runnin' his mouth and usin' them two big hosses to do his dirty work. You've racked up quite the impressive list of broken bones, busted noses and lost teeth. But as big and bad as Manu and Scola are?

Well, me and Mr. Bunkhouse here are just a bit bigger, and whole a lot badder.

Like I said, tonight's about as simple as it gets. Four rough and tough individuals are steppin' in that ring, and only two of 'em are gonna get their hands raised.

You wanna tell him who's takin' it tonight Bobby?

BOC: Who's taking it, are the two that were born in this sport. The two who love this sport and have this sport running through their veins. Not the two monsters. Not the two savage beasts led around on a leash by a pompous businessman. Mister Manu? Mister Scola? You may have everyone running scared, and with good reason.

Everyone that is, but me and Jack.

[Jack nods as he slaps a hand on Bobby's right shoulder.]

BOC: So tonight the hunted become the hunted as you two enter OUR jungle... and get laid on the butcher block!

[Bobby and Jack nod, raising their fists in a determined fighting stance for the camera as we cut to a giant graphic proclaiming the SAMOAN HIT SQUAD is in the house. We see William Payne centered, framed by the snarling Samoans. Manu is to his right, head tilted tongue lolling ferocity about him. Scola is to his left, eyes scrunched and glaring, upper lip twitching in battle hunger.]

WP: Let history tell you a story about San Francisco. Let them tell you about the history of the Samoans and the Lynches. The battles and wars throughout the years. The bloodshed and the pain. The destruction and mayhem.

[He takes a cursory glance at each of his massive charges.]

WP: And now let history tell you of the truth of San Francisco and the battles between the Samoans and the Lynches. Let history tell you _the_ truth. This city is the house the Samoans built.

The house... of Payne.

[Beat.]

Let the battle begin.

[We fade away from Payne to a graphic heralding "JAMES + TORA" where the high flying sensation TORA stands next to the hard hitting phenom Brian James. The pair of them are standing in place, but radiate youthful intensity.]

BJ: Tonight, it's Brian James and TORA taking on the Lights Out Express for the World Tag Team Titles! TORA and I are being pumped up! Because tonight? Well, you tell the people out there what we're going to do, TORA!

T: We're going to go in there, and we're going to show the world that our time has come! The future is here, and that future isn't the Wise Men or the Lights out Express!

BJ: Strong, Anderson, you two have cheated and lied your way to those titles. But that all comes to an end tonight. No one can save you. Not Percy Childes, not Larry Doyle. And certainly not Sandra Hayes. Tonight, TORA and I are stepping up to the plate!

T: And we're walking out Tag Team Champions. Ohhhh...

[TORA pauses, waiting. With a grin, Brian lets out his trademark howl.]

BJ: YEAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

[We fade again, this time to a graphic of a large steam engine with the words "LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS" written in the billow of steam coming out of the train. Miss Sandra Hayes with the AWA World Tag Team Titles slung over her shoulders with Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson flanking her on either side stand alone.]

MSH: TORA, TORA, TORA...just doesn't have the same ring too it as it once did, does it boys?

[Strong smirks while Anderson puffs his chest out with his forearms folded up against it.]

MSH: Complete surprise. That's the literal translation of your name, hun. But there seems to be a gigantic elephant in the room and I'm not talking about the one on that Brian James' back as he tries to follow in his alleged daddy's footsteps. The real issue is we know you're coming in hot. All fired up and I'm sure you've got big your big boy pants pulled up nice and tight and your mom, brother, sister, uncle, nephew, and second cousin twice removed are watching...

...to see if THIS is the night that TORA finally lives up to the hype.

If THIS is the night that Brian lives up to the James name.

If this...ANY OF THIS... even matters.

Let me catch you both up to speed.

[She gestures for the camera to come in real close and it does.]

MSH: [whispering] It doesn't. This is All-Star Showdown, boys. This night was created to evolve around the brightest stars of our company and to pay homage to OUR champions. This is the night for big boys to thrive...

[Hayes winks.]

MSH: ...and for the rest of you to die trying.

[We fade into a shot of Supreme Wright, pacing back and forth in front of the entirety of Team Supreme. His charges, as usual, are a grim-faced army staring straight ahead with arms crossed and devoid of movement. Suddenly, Wright stops in front of the monstrous Cain Jackson and turns to the camera, calm and composed, but voice filled with a restrained fury.]

SW: For three months, Dave Bryant has deceived you. For three months, Dave Bryant has been living a lie. For THREE months, Dave Bryant has told the world that he is the AWA World Heavyweight champion.

[He lowers his head, literally shaking with rage.]

SW: But tonight, the deception is over. Tonight, the lie ends.

[Wright raises his head slightly, teeth clench with cold eyes glaring from under a furrowed brow.]

SW: Tonight, I take back MY World Title.

[He relaxes slightly, his grim expression turning into a sick smile.]

SW: And the AWA will once again...

...reign Supreme.

[Crossfade to the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant. Bryant is clad in his robe and ring gear, championship belt slung over his shoulder. He stands in front of a large AWA banner, and looks...less than happy.]

DB: So, everybody saw what happened to SkyHerc and Ryan Martinez. Everybody saw how Percy screwed them over, saw that he isn't even trying to be subtle about the horsecrap he pulls on us from now on...and let's face it, he doesn't have to be. He's got the reins, and he's going to run this horse until it dies...or until it throws him off.

[Bryant looks over to the title belt on his shoulder, then back at the camera.]

DB: Wright, I'm sure you think you've got an easy win tonight, think Percy's got MY championship all nice and gift-wrapped, just waiting for you to grab it...and you might be right. Just know two things, though, Supreme...

[Bryant holds up one finger.]

DB: One? Win or lose, you and I are nowhere near finished. Two...

[Bryant holds up a second finger along with the first.]

DB: You may walk out with this title, but I for damn sure mean to make you pay for it.

[We fade from the World Heavyweight Champion as the sounds of "Obsession" get louder and we cut to a series of shots as the music plays, showing the combatants in tonight's advertised matches in action...

...and as we freeze on Bryant connecting with Call Me In The Morning, the All-Star Showdown graphic splashes behind him. It holds for a moment.

We fade to the interior of the Cow Palace, the crowd cheering loudly on our wide shot of the arena crowd. A sharp-eyed viewer would spot a very full ring in the midst of the usual AWA setup of ringside mats, a steel barricade surrounding it and working up the aisle where a black carpet has been set, leading back to the locker room area. We keep that shot as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

GM: ALL-STAR SHOWDOWN WELCOMES YOU TO THE LEGENDARY COW PALACE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA!

[We cut to a banner hanging from the rafters with the All-Star Showdown logo before fading to a shot of Gordon Myers. Myers appears to be elevated because we can see the full ring behind him. He's clad in a black tuxedo with a white collared shirt and red bowtie - unusual attire for the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing.]

GM: Hello, everyone... I'm Gordon Myers and it is my distinct honor and privilege to be here with you all for this - the very first time the AWA has hit the FOX Network. We are LIVE here on prime time television for what promises to be an outstanding American Wrestling Alliance event. As many of you know, we are just ten days away from our big Battle Of Los Angeles event and much of what you see here tonight will have a direct impact on that huge night in the SOLD OUT Forum in Los Angeles... but right now, let's talk about tonight. Let's talk about this huge World Title rematch.

[Bucky Wilde strides into view, clad in a gold sequined jacket with "BIG BUCKS" stitched in silver thread on the back. We know that because Bucky sidesteps into the shot with his back to the camera. He jerks a thumb at the jacket before spinning around to reveal his usual #ScumbagTravis t-shirt.]

BW: Yeah, let's talk about it, Gordo!

GM: Quite obviously joining me at this time is my co-host for the evening, Bucky Wilde... and Bucky, what do you have to say about this World Title showdown?

BW: Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright have been battling it out since last fall... almost a year now. The way I look at it, this is the rubber match between those two.

GM: How do you figure that? Dave Bryant won their match in the Chase For The Clash tournament last fall. Supreme Wright won that controversial cash-in of the Steal The Spotlight contract last November at SuperClash. Then Bryant won the World Title back at Memorial Day Mayhem in May.

BW: You want to talk about controversy. Memorial Day Mayhem - the Gainesville Gyp - was the epitome of controversy.

GM: Indeed it was as Marty Meekly showed his true colors on that night and took a payoff from-

BW: That's speculation... and borderline slander, Gordo!

GM: He called for a phantom submission on Supreme Wright as part of a Wise Men plot to get Wright on their side... and it obviously worked. Bryant may not have liked how he won the title but there's no question that he's proven himself to be a tremendous champion in the months that have

followed. But tonight, he gets the chance to get the clear and clean victory to show the world that he IS better than Supreme Wright.

BW: Just like Wright has the chance to win back the title that he never shoulda lost, daddy!

GM: In addition to that, the World Tag Team Titles are on the line when the Lights Out Express takes on the new Number One Contenders, Brian James and TORA!

BW: The Whitebread Express ain't got a snowball's chance in California of knocking off the Wise Men's chosen champions. It's gonna be...

[Bucky throws an elbow into the palm of his hand, sorta getting the desired sound effect.]

BW: ...lights out for the baby-kissin' goofs!

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Speaking of tag team action, what about the TexMo Connection taking on the Samoans?

BW: There's a long and bloody history here in San Francisco between the Lynches and the Samoans and this is shapin' up to be another chapter in that. But the real question is - can Lynch and O'Connor survive a war with the Samoans? And just how much cash did the Wise Men slide William Payne to take them out of the Cibernetico in just ten days?

GM: What are you saying?! What do you know?!

BW: Not a thing, Gordo... but if I was runnin' that ship, I'd be lookin' to pick off as many of the other boat's crew members as possible.

GM: You mentioned the Cibernetico - the Main Event of the Battle Of Los Angeles. One of the team captains, Johnny Detson will defend the World Television Title right here tonight against Willie Hammer!

[Bucky starts to chuckle.]

GM: What? What are you laughing at?

BW: I JUST heard something from a source backstage... we'll see if Hammer even makes it to that match.

GM: Fans, as you can see behind us...

[The camera pulls back enough to reveal that Gordon and Bucky are indeed on an elevated platform to announce all the action. We can see the ring behind them filled with the Wise Men's Army.]

GM: ...the Wise Men have lived up to their word for once and have assembled in the ring to announce their team for the Cibernetico just ten days away. Let's go to them right now!

[The camera shot cuts to a wide shot of the ring, showing everyone we need to see inside the ring. The technical director allows the crowd plenty of time to boo loudly as we cut to the various people inside the ring.

Firs, we see the erstwhile president of the AWA, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. Clad in a white formal suit with a shiny grey undershirt and black tie, Childes is all smiles as he grips his crystal-topped cane in his free hand. He is attended very closely by all three members of the Dogs Of War. Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker are wearing their midnight blue ring gear. Each of the three seems alert for any threats. Also not far from this group is the towering six-nine form of the self-professed "King Of Wrestling", the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake. Wearing a brown sport jacket in a throwback style, black slacks, brown dress shoes, and a black fedora, Lake stands confidently, letting the fans know that they should bow at his feet.

The shot cuts to his partner-in-crime, "Hollywood" Larry Doyle and his attending entourage. Doyle is in a black leather jacket, a confident smile on his face as the hulking bodyguard, Van Alston, hovers over him as protection. Nearby, the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov stands stoic in his ring gear partially covered by a hooded black sweatshirt. The heavy Russian chain dangles over the back of his neck. Brad Jacobs is in street clothes - white t-shirt and blue jeans - staring out emotionlessly at the crowd as Doyle taunts the fans.

Another cut takes us to the self-proclaimed first lady of the AWA, Miss Sandra Hayes. Hayes is rocking a jet black body-hugging dress and matching heels as she twirls her pink-wrapped branding iron over her shoulder. The Lights Out Express is nearby, pointing and whispering to each other as they sport the World Tag Team title belts over their shoulders. Noboru Fujimoto is in the corner in a floor length black leather trenchcoat. His black sunglasses hide his eyes as he looks out on the jeering fans, pulling back the coat to reveal the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Championship around his waist.

"Showtime" Rick Marley stands alone, as far away as he can manage from the others in street clothes. He looks agitated at pretty much everyone in his view... especially the World Television Champion, Johnny Detson, who is in his ring gear and has a smile plastered across his face.

Finally, we get one more cut to the corner of the ring where Supreme Wright is standing in his fighter's robe, his head down in focus and concentration. In an attempt to not break the ring, the entirety of Team Supreme has gathered out on the floor near Wright, cheering on their leader as the San Francisco fans attempt to boo this assemblage out of the ring.]

GM: I... how many people is this, Bucky?! The match at the Battle Of Los Angeles is a Cibernetico, not a Battle Royal!

BW: Percy negotiated the ability to set the size of the teams, daddy! And it looks like the size he settled on is "ginormous".

[Up to the ring, where Percy has the mic.]

PC: So. How do you like our team?

[BOOOOOOOOO!]

PC: Demetrius Lake, the King Of Wrestling. Rick Marley, a legend of the sport. The Dogs Of War, the most feared unit ever to walk the AWA. The Lights Out Express, the finest tag team in wrestling today. Brad Jacobs, a physical marvel by every definition. Kolya Sudakov, the Pro Wrestler Hunter-Killer. Noboru Fujimoto, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Heavyweight Champion. Supreme Wright, the once and future AWA World Heavyweight Champion... only a few minutes in the future at that. And the captain of the team, the World Television Champion and future Hall Of Famer, Johnny Detson.

Do YOU know twelve men who can beat this team? Because I don't.

[The fans boo, and start calling out and chanting the names of their heroes.]

PC: The size of the teams will be my favorite number. Lucky number thirteen. I have one more, but I'll hold that announcement off until a bit later. I'd like Todd Michaelson to hear about that one firsthand. And while I know he'll be here to announce his own team in a moment, let me give you a sneak preview.

[Percy grins.]

GM: What's he talking about, Bucky?

BW: I think my sources were right, Gordo.

[Percy gestures at the arena's big screen with his crystal-topped cane.]

PC: Let's get a live look at one of his team members!

MSH: SPOILERS!

[And we cut to the parking lot.]

GM: What is...?

[The camera comes into focus on the scene where some paramedics are working to peel the broken, bloodied body of Willie Hammer from the crushed windshield of an SUV. The crowd is going bananas.]

GM: WHAT?! No! Percy Childes... how can he justify this?!

BW: The question you might should ask yourself, Gordo, is WHY should he justify this?

[Back to the ring, where Percy has an exaggerated fake look of horror on his face.]

PC: Oh no! What happened?! It must have been a hit and run accident, right?

[Pedro Perez steps in, grabbing the mic.]

PP: As a legend once said, that is EXACTLY what happened.

IC: There was hitting and running involved.

PP: And he had an accident before it was all over.

[The Dogs Of War laugh to themselves, several others in the ring joining in - especially Johnny Detson - as Percy retakes the mic with a smile.]

PC: Sadly, it seems that Team Todd is a man down. That's a shame. Especially because of the deadline.

[Beat.]

PC: Oh, did I not tell you about the deadline? It's in the contract, you see. The entire team has to be announced by the time we go off the air here tonight, or only those wrestlers who have been announced can compete in the match.

In short, for those who cannot use basic logical reasoning, if Todd Michaelson has fewer than thirteen wrestlers signed to his team in the next eighty minutes, he'll be fighting a handicap match.

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Percy lowers the mic with a grin.]

GM: What the-?! That's not fair at all!

BW: No one ever said that war would be fair, Gordo! Michaelson wanted this fight. Martinez, Carver, O'Connor... all of 'em wanted this fight and now they're getting it! This is how the Wise Men fight a war!

[After a few moments, we hear the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.]

GM: Oh yeah! You want a war, Percy Childes?! This man is comin' to give it to you!

[As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, the sound replicating the stomping of hundreds of feet. A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi"]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

[On cue, Ryan Martinez and Todd Michaelson stride side-by-side through the curtain, staring down the aisle. Michaelson shakes his head at Childes, turning to say something off-mic to Martinez, pointing at the ring. Ryan shakes his head in agreement before waving behind him.]

GM: You want an army?!

[Martinez turns back towards the ring, a smile creeping across his face as his teammates for Cibernetico walk into view.

The brutal Boston Brawler, Hannibal Carver, in a black hooded sweatshirt and black jeans. He stares at Martinez for a moment before turning to face the ring instead.

Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch, the TexMo Connection, enter in tandem, already dressed in their ring gear for their match later in the night.

Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, the former World Tag Team Champions stride into position next to their teammates.

Brian James and TORA enter as well, James shouting off-mic towards the ring as they stand next to the former champs in their ring gear.

And finally, the World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant, walking into view with the title belt slung over his shoulder. He steps up next to Ryan Martinez, leaning over to say something to Martinez and Michaelson...

...and with a shout, they start to walk towards the ring with the purpose of starting one hell of a fight!]

GM: UH OH! THESE MEN AREN'T GONNA WAIT FOR CIBERNETICO!
THEY'RE NOT GONNA WAIT FOR THE BATTLE OF LOS ANGELES!

[We cut to the ring where many are getting ready for a fight. A completely calm Percy Childes shakes his head, raising the mic.]

PC: Security...

[From seemingly out of nowhere, a flood of security guards pour into the aisle from the ringside area - some even out of the crowd itself.]

PC: Form a line.

[The guards follow orders, forming a human wall between the incoming fan favorites and the ring. The crowd jeers as they pull to a halt, shouting off-mic at the Wise Men's Army who is now very confident, beckoning them into the squared circle.]

PC: Mr. Michaelson, if any of your men cross that line, they will be barred from the building.

PP: And escorted to their car. Hammer-style.

[Martinez makes a break for it but Michaelson and O'Connor grab him by the arms, dragging him back.]

TM: That's what he wants, Ryan. Don't give it to him.

[The hot-headed Martinez fumes for a few moments before settling back in the line, glaring at Childes and Perez.]

TM: They want you out of Cibernetico... they see you as a threat, just like they did Willie... just like they did Sweet Daddy last weekend in Vegas. They want you out of this match in the worst possible way... but we can't let that happen.

I need you in that match, kid.

[Michaelson gestures to the rest of the team.]

TM: WE need you in that match... and most importantly...

[Todd gestures to the crowd.]

TM: THEY need you in that match.

[BIIIIIG CHEER! Martinez looks around, nodding.]

TM: You see, Childes... just a little bit ago, you said that with Willie going through that windshield, it means that Team Todd is a man down...

[The AWA co-owner shakes his head.]

TM: This isn't Team Todd. I may be out here trying to get a team together to face you but make no mistake, this isn't my team, Percy. This is Team AWA!

[HUGE CHEER!]

TM: This is a team for everyone in that locker room who knows that under your power, they don't stand a chance of being treated fairly. It's for every legend whose name you've disrespected and spit on - men like John Wesley Hardin, Brody Thunder, and Caleb Temple.

[Big cheers for the Hall of Fame trio!]

TM: It's for every man who ever stepped foot inside that ring to try and make the AWA the best wrestling company in the world - men like City Jack, like Marcus Broussard, like Juan Vasquez...

[More cheers!]

TM: And most of all, it's for each and every single fan who has ever dropped a hard-earned dollar on a ticket for an AWA show... on an AWA t-shirt... on an AWA Pay Per View!

[LOUDEST CHEERS!]

TM: That's why this team is here! That's why this team is putting aside their differences and standing as one! That's why every man you see out here right now is ready to come to Los Angeles for the biggest fight of all our lives!

Look at this team...

[Michaelson gestures to the men beside him.]

TM: LOOK AT IT!

[Big cheer! The camera pans down the line of competitors standing beside him, all ready for a fight to break out at any moment.]

TM: Former champions, current champions, sons of Hall of Famers who live, breathe, and bleed this business with their every move... people who know what's at stake on Labor Day and are willing to do WHATEVER it takes to make sure the Wise Men are no more.

[Michaelson pauses.]

TM: You think you got the jump on us? You injured Nenshou. You injured Sweet Daddy. You just took out Willie.

Is that supposed to rattle us?!

[Another pause.]

TM: You think there aren't a dozen guys waiting back there to take their spots for the chance to TAKE... YOU... OUT?!

[BIG CHEER!]

TM: By my count, we've got nine guys out here... so there's four spots left to be filled before the end of the show. Consider it done.

[Todd lowers the mic as the camera pans to the group in the ring. There are varying expressions of concern, anger, confidence, game faces, and so on. But Percy, Doyle, and Hayes are all smiles.]

PC: You know, it is fascinating. For an owner of this company, you're not very informed as to where your talent is being sent and when.

[The former World Champion looks confused at the ring.]

PC: Earlier this week, I reached agreements with our friends in Tiger Paw Pro and SouthWest Lucha Libre.

Brian James and TORA will NOT be available for Team AWA because they're heading to Mexico on a four week tour immediately after the show. They'll be back just in time for Homecoming.

[The fans boo, and Brian James has to be held back from charging through the line of security. TORA is trying to calm down his partner as Todd lets off a "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKNG ABOUT?!" off-mic.]

PC: They SAID they would accept any match, any time, anywhere. You should teach these kids about making open-ended promises some day, Todd: it's your weakness, too.

As for Tiger Pro, well, Miss Hayes just signed their World Champion, Noboru Fujimoto... part of our team for Cibernetico - to a managerial contract for a tour here in the AWA.

A deal brokered by our Japanese contact, Mr. Sadisuto. Having contacts in Japan is critical in this sport, wouldn't you agree?

[Percy grins.]

PC: But we had to give up a good bit to secure his release while still the champion. A bit of quid pro quo, you might say. Just as a Tiger Pro athlete competes here, we're sending SkyHerc to Japan for a once-in-a-lifetime chance to become the Global Tag Crown Champions when they meet Violence Unlimited... in a match that will be aired via satellite at BOLA. After all, they won a battle royal for it, so they've already signed the contract!

[More boos, and Michaelson visibly facepalms as Hammonds stalks over to the barricade, shaking it violently as Skywalker Jones presumably curses the hell out of Childes off-mic.]

PC: So, you're not four spots down, Mr. Michaelson... you're EIGHT spots down. With seventy-five minutes to fill them. Good luck!

[The AWA co-owner looks down the row at his team in disbelief. Martinez shakes his head, pulling Michaelson close and pointing towards the ring, trying to fire up Michaelson who is obviously stunned.]

PC: Oh, and by the way.

World Heavyweight Champion Dave Bryant.

[Bryant steps out of the line, shouting off-mic at Childes.]

PC: There has been an awful lot of controversy in all of your previous matches with Supreme Wright. And since you joined this allotment of

rabblerousers in an effort to take down the administration of the AWA, I have no alternative but to conclude that you must be opposed to good order. Very likely, you've arranged for much of the interference and such that have surrounded you of late. Because of that, I've decided to make your title defense against Supreme Wright this evening... A LUMBERJACK MATCH.

[Bryant looks surprised, shouting again.]

PC: So glad you agree. Oh, and that match...?

[Percy chuckles.]

PC: ...is now.

[The crowd CHEERS for the title match but there's a large portion booing the Wise Men's machinations.]

GM: The title match is now?! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's apparently going to be a Lumberjack Match for the World Heavyweight Title so don't you dare go away!

[We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloopers are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Terry Shane III from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that TORA leaping down the staircase at Robert Donovan? And why are Dichotomy beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights 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 Nenshou is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit MAMMOTH Maximus with a flying bodypress, Bobby O'Connor is hiptossing Dave Cooper across your family room, and Strictly Business and Air Strike are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Tony Sunn as he had Demetrius Lake in a headlock while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal 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 Three 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!

[SkyHerc does a double throw to send The Lights Out Express over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the SkyHerc and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Steve Spector tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Spector and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Juan Vasquez and Gibson Hayes double-clothesline Willie Hammer 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 Eric Preston. 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 Jack Lynch, Shadoe Rage, Mr. Sadisuto, and William Craven. 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!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where the bell is ringing and Dave Bryant is rushing across the ring, throwing himself at Supreme Wright in a full body tackle, driving Wright back into the buckles.]

GM: We are back live here on All-Star Showdown and this World Title matchup is underway as Dave Bryant is coming out fast and hard against the former champion!

[The camera cuts to the floor, panning around to show the wall of wrestlers on all sides of the ring.]

GM: The Wise Men got out of here as did Todd Michaelson but we've got wrestlers everywhere to be seen in what has become a handicap match.

[Bryant uses the second rope to drive his shoulder into the ribcage a few times before straightening up, throwing wild haymakers to the jaw of the Number One Contender as AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger orders him to back off.]

GM: And it's quite the relief to see Johnny Jagger out here in the middle of this one rather than that crook Marty Meekly.

BW: An odd choice of officials for President Percy.

[At the count of four, Bryant backs off but steps right back in, throwing a knife edge chop across the challenger's chest!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by the champion of the World... going for the whip...

[Bryant sends Wright across, crashing into the turnbuckles. The World Champion gives a shout, rushing across the ring to land a heavy clothesline across the collarbone!]

GM: Clothesline connects... and Bryant's sending him across a second time...

[Wright hits the buckles again as Bryant tears across, turning to the side and THROWING himself backwards into a stiff back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! That one rocks the challenger for certain!

[Bryant bounces out, rushing to the ropes as Wright staggers out of the corner...

...and sidesteps the charge, grabbing a handful of trunks and launching Bryant through the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Bryant gets sent to the floor and - look out here!

[Bryant soon finds himself under assault from Cain Jackson, Tony Donovan, and Demetrius Lake who are stomping and kicking the World Heavyweight Champion into the barely-padded floor...

...until Jack Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, and Brian James rush into view, clearing enough space for the World Champion to get back to his feet, pulling himself up onto the apron where Wright approaches, throwing a hard elbow to the temple!]

GM: Oh! Wright catches him coming in...

[He hooks a front facelock, slinging Bryant's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Suplex coming up!

[...but Bryant flips over at the top of the lift, landing on his feet behind Wright. He drops down, hooking an arm between the legs and dragging the World Champion down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: SCHOOLBOY BY THE CHAMPION!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the surprising pin attempt falls JUST short as Wright kicks out...

...but keeps a grip on the wrist, scissoring the arm between his legs in a cross armbreaker!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!

BW: This might be it, Gordo! We might be about to crown a new champion!

[Bryant frantically grabs at his arm, flailing about on the canvas...

...and desperately slipping a foot over the bottom rope. The referee spots it, getting up and calling for a break just as Pedro Perez slaps the foot off the apron. Jagger turns his focus to Perez, shouting at the Dog Of War as

Wright holds the armbar until the count of four. Bryant grabs his arm, rolling under the ropes.]

GM: Look out!

[With the official distracted by Pedro Perez, Wade Walker runs right over Bryant with a heavy clothesline, knocking him flat on the floor to jeers from the crowd. Ryan Martinez shouts at the official, pointing out what just happened as TORA rushes over to aid Bryant as the Wise Men's Army backs off, giving TORA the chance to get Bryant back up, shoving him back on the apron.]

GM: Bryant's climbing up on the apron - Wright moving in on him...

[Using the middle rope, Bryant slingshots through the ropes, driving a shoulder into the gut of the challenger...

...and then skies over the top rope, dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP BY THE CHAMPION!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright clashes his ankles together on the ears of the World Champion, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: The challenger scrambles to his feet, trying to get there before Bryant and-

[Wright THROWS himself into a powerful kneestrike to the ribcage before Bryant can get off all fours. A second one flattens out Bryant on his stomach before a third sends him rolling under the ropes to the floor...

...where Johnny Detson is waiting with a trio of boots to the gut of the standing Bryant who slumps down to a knee. The fans are jeering loudly as Hannibal Carver stalks into view, threatening Detson who backpedals away.]

GM: Johnny Detson STILL wants no part of Hannibal Carver.

[Carver abruptly shoves Bryant back under the ropes where Wright is waiting for him, pulling him into a front facelock. The former Combat Corner student unloads with a series of kneestrikes up into the torso of the World Champion...

...before taking him down with a guillotine suplex!]

GM: Nice suplex by the challenger... rolling right into the mount...

[Wright straightens up, throwing a heavy elbowstrike from the mount... and a second... and a third... and a fourth. Bryant raises his arms, trying to

defend himself as Wright continues to rain down elbows from the mount position. The referee steps in, calling for a break...]

GM: Johnny Jagger wants a break...

BW: It'll be Bryant's face breaking if Wright keeps this up.

[The challenger gets back to his feet, glaring at Johnny Jagger as Bryant rolls to his stomach, dragging himself towards the corner where Ryan Martinez is repeatedly slapping the canvas, shouting encouragement towards the World Champion. Wright stalks in behind Bryant, pointing a finger at Martinez as the World Champion drags himself to his feet in the buckles...

...and Wright spins him around, throwing a knife edge chop in the corner, glaring down at Martinez.]

GM: Wright with a big chop in the corner... what's this all about?

[The crowd jeers as Tony Donovan hops up on the apron, clapping his hands and chanting...]

"SU-PREME WRIGHT!"

"SU-PREME WRIGHT!"

[Wright shakes his head at Donovan before obliging with the accompanying chops.]

"SU(CLAP)-PREME(CLAP) WRIGHT[CLAP!]"

[Of course, it's only Donovan doing this as the fans jeer wildly.]

"SU(CLAP)-PREME(CLAP) WRIGHT[CLAP!]"

"SU(CLAP)-PREME(CLAP) WRIGHT[CLAP!]"

"SU(CLAP)-PREME(CLAP) WRIGHT[CLAP!]"

"SU(CLAP)-PREME(CLAP) WRIGHT[CLAP!]"

"SU(CLAP)-PREME(CLAP) WRIGHT[CLAP!]"

[Wright grabs Bryant by the arm, shooting him across the ring to the opposite corner, charging in after him...]

GM: RUNNING UPPERCUT IN THE CORNER!!

[The challenger grabs the arm again, shooting Bryant across a second time. He leans back in the buckles before dashing across...]

GM: He's going for it again and-

[Bryant pushes up off the mat, raising both knees as Wright throws himself backfirst into them!]

GM: OHH! KNEES UP BY THE WORLD CHAMPION!!

[With Wright dazed, Bryant hops up on the midbuckle, giving a shout as he leaps off, snaring a side headlock...]

...and DRIVES Wright facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!!

[Bryant flips Wright to his back, diving across and hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wright's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the three count...

...and a fired up Bryant, swings a leg over Wright's torso, pinning him down as he balls up his right hand!]

GM: Bryant's beating the hell out of him on the canvas!

[The beating continues until the four count forces Bryant back to his feet, shouting at Johnny Jagger. He turns, pointing a threatening finger at Johnny Detson... then at Demetrius Lake... then at Kolya Sudakov.]

GM: Bryant with some threatening words towards some potential future challengers...

[The World Champion wheels around, grabbing a rising Wright in a side waistlock, hoisting him up...

...and dropping him down in a back suplex!]

GM: Suplex by Bryant and- he's going for the legs! He's going for the legs!

[Bryant grabs the legs, looking for the Iron Crab as the crowd goes nuts at the idea of Wright being trapped in the dangerous submission hold.]

GM: Bryant's going for the Iron Crab! He's going for the very hold that put Calisto Dufresne out of action back at SuperClash and no one's seen the Ladykiller since then!

[Wright is struggling against it, trying to resist the submission hold attempt...

...when suddenly, Aaron Anderson is up on the apron, shouting at the World Champion.]

GM: Anderson's on the apron! Anderson is-

[Bryant breaks his grip, swinging to the side...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and snaps off a superkick, catching Anderson under the chin and sending the first graduate of the Combat Corner sailing off the apron down to the floor to a tremendous roar from the crowd!]

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK CONNECTS ON ANDERSON!

[A fuming mad Bryant approaches the ropes, shouting at the downed Anderson as Lenny Strong screams back at the World Champion...

...which allows Wright to regain his feet, slipping in behind an unaware Bryant.]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[Wright pops his hips, hurling Bryant overhead, and dumping him down on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex!]

GM: WAISTLOCK SUPLEX BY WRIGHT!

[Wright rolls to the side, dragging Bryant back up to his feet.]

GM: Bryant's dazed off the suplex and-

[The leader of Team Supreme breaks the waistlock, reaching forward to hook Bryant's left wrist with his right hand. He slips the left arm up under Bryant's left armpit, pushing his hand down on the neck...]

GM: CROSSFACE! HE'S GOING FOR THE COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!

[Bryant suddenly throws his body backwards, smashing Wright back into the turnbuckles. He throws a quick one-two back elbow to the temples of Wright leaves the challenger in a daze as he wheels around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Right hand! What a right hand by the World Champion!

[Bryant ducks down, setting Wright up on the top turnbuckle. He steps back, throwing a pair of right hands to stun the challenger before he starts his climb up the turnbuckles...

...and gets BLASTED with a headbutt between the eyes!]

GM: Headbutt by Wright!

[The challenger throws a second one, rocking Bryant. He grabs a handful of hair, keeping Bryant up on the ropes...

...and then snaps off a series of stiff European uppercuts!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bryant is dazed, barely able to stand as Wright shoves him off, sending him down to the canvas. Wright straightens up, standing on the middle rope...]

GM: Wait a second! What is Supreme Wright doing?!

BW: I don't think I've ever seen him on the ropes!

[Wright leaps off, aiming a kneedrop at the chest of the prone Bryant...

...who rolls clear, causing Wright's knee to SLAM into the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Bryant rolls back to his feet, looking out at the cheering fans. He staggers towards Wright, grabbing the ankle...

...and spins it around in a spinning toehold, picking up the off leg...]

GM: FIGURE FOUR!! FIGURE FOUR LOCKED IN!!

[The World Champion drops back, applying pressure on the trapped leg as Wright cries out in pain.]

GM: Dave Bryant's got the figure four applied in the center of the ring and I don't know if there's any way out of this for the Number One Contender, Bucky.

BW: There's gotta be! Somebody do something! Somebody get Wright out of this!

[Demetrius Lake reaches through the ropes, ready to assist the former World Champion...

...but Jack Lynch rushes him, blasting him with a gloved right hand! Big cheer!]

GM: Lynch cuts off Lake!

[Tony Donovan pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at the official...

...but Brian James grabs him by the legs, yanking him down off the apron. James swings him around, tearing into him with rights and lefts up against the edge of the ring!]

GM: James is all over Donovan!

[With chaos starting to break out on the floor, Johnny Jagger wheels around, shouting at James and Donovan...

...which is Isaiah Carpenter's cue to slip into the ring, digging his fingers into the eyes of Bryant, breaking the hold!]

GM: OHH! CARPENTER GOES TO THE EYES!

[But before Carpenter can celebrate, Bobby O'Connor slides in, charging across...

...and takes them BOTH over the top rope with a clothesline to a HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: O'CONNOR CLEARS OUT CARPENTER!!

[O'Connor hits the floor in front of Wade Walker and Pedro Perez who attack instantly. TORA and Skywalker Jones rush into the fray, dishing out right hands as the referee looks on helplessly.]

GM: We've got a fight out on the floor! We've got-

[A blinded Bryant climbs to his feet, rubbing his eyes fiercely, trying to clear his vision as Supreme Wright does the same, grabbing at the knee that was tormented in the figure four leglock. Wright is clinging to the ropes for balance as Bryant staggers towards him...

...and KICKS him in the back of the leg, causing Wright to flop backwards on the back of his head!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant goes right after the leg!

[Wright rolls under the ropes, seeking a temporary safe haven. Cain Jackson tries to shield his employer...

...but Hannibal Carver has other ideas, rushing into the fray with a series of right hands to the head of the bodyguard, freeing Wright up for Ryan Martinez to shove back into the ring.]

GM: Wright's back in!

[Bryant pulls Wright off the mat, drilling him with knife edge chops against the ropes. He pulls him off, cradling the leg as he lifts Wright into the air...

...and DROPS him down in a shinbreaker, using the momentum to bounce him back up into a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant dumps him on the back of the head again and-

[Demetrius Lake grabs Wright by the arm, dragging him under the ropes...

...until Bryant rushes at him, throwing a baseball slide dropkick through the ropes, catching Lake flush and sending him sailing backwards into the steel barricade!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: What the-?! Bryant's got no business hittin' the King like that!

GM: Lake got himself involved in this and I think that means that Bryant's got EVERY right to go after him!

[Bryant shouts after the downed Lake as he pulls Wright back into the middle of the ring by the legs...

...and hooks them under his armpits!]

GM: Bryant's going for the Iron Crab again!

[But Wright jerks a leg free, swinging the heel up into the gut of Bryant, doubling him up...

...and then swings his leg to boot Bryant in the cheek!]

GM: Bryant's down to a knee... Wright back to his feet...

[Wright grabs Bryant by the hair, throwing a front kick to the face... and again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Bryant's getting rocked with the front kicks!

[The challenger slips behind him, hoisting him up quickly into a torture rack...]

GM: Oh my stars! Oh my stars! He's going for Reign Supreme! This is how he won the World Title at SuperClash!

[Wright steps out to the middle of the ring, looking for a potentially match-ending backbreaker...]

GM: Wright's looking to end this right now! He's looking to become a two-time World Champion right now on All-Star Showdown-

[But the knee buckles on him, allowing Bryant to pull his momentum back the other way, dragging him down into a crucifix...]

GM: CRUCIFIX! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Wright rolls through it...

...and STANDS STRAIGHT UP!]

GM: OH MY GOD! WRIGHT'S GOT HIM UP IN THE FIREMAN'S CARRY!!

[Wright wastes no time on this occasion, promptly throwing Bryant up and over his head...

...and DROPS to his back, dropping Bryant gutfirst over his raised knees!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY! FAT TUESDAY! FAT TUESDAY!

[But the challenger instantly grabs his knee, crying out in pain as the crowd roars.]

GM: Supreme Wright very well could've won the World Title back right there! He could have regained the title right there!

BW: That might not have been the best idea by Wright, Gordo... but that was instinct... sheer instinct!

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurting!

[After several moments, Wright scoots on his back, dragging himself to the ropes that he uses to haul himself to his feet. He winces, trying to not put weight on his leg.]

GM: Supreme Wright might've had this won but he couldn't take advantage of Fat Tuesday...

[Wright hobbles towards Bryant who has pushed up to all fours. He pauses, waving Bryant back to his feet. The dazed World Champion shoves up to his knees, looking up at Wright...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAD KICK! HEAD KICK!

[Wright collapses to his knees, wincing as he attempts a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

[Wright pushes off to his knees, looking on in shock at Johnny Jagger who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only! Supreme Wright thought he'd knocked him out with that roundhouse kick to the head but he only got a two count!

BW: Man, these two men were BORN to wrestle each other, Gordo!

[A surprised Wright leans down, dragging Bryant back up to his feet. He grabs a handful of hair, throwing a high impact elbow to the temple...]

GM: Oh!

[Two more elbows connect, sending Bryant staggering back into the ropes. The challenger spins, throwing a back kick into the gut to double up the World Champion...]

...and pulls him by the hair into a standing headscissors!]

GM: He's got him hooked! He's going for the Billion Dollar Bomb!

[The fans are jeering the unmitigated gall of Supreme Wright for going for his former teacher's signature hold...]

GM: He hooks one arm... he hooks the oth-

[But the World Champion straightens up, backdropping Wright over the ropes and down into the pile of lumberjacks at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Bryant falls to his knees, breathing heavily as Wright is tended to by his allies out on the floor. The fan favorites work their way towards him but are being cut off by all the Team Supreme members.]

GM: Both men are down... both men are hurting. We've got to take another break but if this match ends during the break, we'll show you exactly what happened! We'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

Fade back up on what sounds like a very passable punk cover of the Beach Boys' "Surfin' USA" with a sun-drenched beach. A voiceover begins.]

"The experts say that it promises to be the hottest summer on record."

[A shot of a pair of bikini-clad girls being baked by the sun.]

"But it's not global warming's fault."

[A shower of sand is kicked in the girls' faces, causing yelps and angry shouts. We slowly pan up from the sand to reveal a grinning Miss Sandra Hayes in a bikini of her own.]

"It's the AWA's fault"

[Cut to shots of AWA action with sunburst graphics and transitions cutting from shot to shot as the voiceover continues.]

"It's become an annual tradition when the AWA hits the road every summer, leaving their hometown of Dallas behind and going out to all the cities thirsting for the professional wrestling action that only the AWA can provide."

[A series of show dates appear on the screen, scrolling past one by one.]

"But this year, the AWA makes history by going COAST TO COAST for the very first time. So, check the tour schedule now for the show nearest you because you do NOT want to miss it when the AWA comes to your town!"

[We cut back to the bikini-clad Sandra Hayes, now with her pink branding iron slung over her shoulder.]

MSH: Can you feel the heat?

[A seductive smile and wink follows before we fade to black...

...and then back up where Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright are back in the ring with the challenger raining down overhead elbows to the back of the skull of the champion.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! During the break, Supreme Wright managed to regain the advantage...

[A swinging elbowstrike sends Bryant falling back into the corner. The challenger ducks down, lifting the champion into a seated position on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Wright's got him up top!

[Wright backs off...

...but Bryant boots him in the face!]

GM: Oh! Wright got cracked!

[The challenger moves back in...

...and gets kicked in the face again!]

GM: Bryant fighting back!

[Bryant steps up on the middle rope, setting himself as Wright staggers back towards him...

...and then surges forward, rushing up the ropes to PASTE Bryant with a European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright promptly wraps his arms around Bryant's torso, throwing the World Champion from his perch and BOUNCING him off the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly superplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! THAT MIGHT BE IT!!

[Wright rolls over, crawling towards the prone World Champion!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD, HE JUST _BARELY_ GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Ryan Martinez leads the cheers for Bryant, slamming his hands into the canvas in rhythm, cheering on the World Heavyweight Champion...]

GM: Supreme Wright was less than a half a count away from regaining the World Title... from becoming a two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion! Whew, these fans are loving this one here in San Francisco in the legendary Cow Palace and who can blame them?

BW: In the 50s and 60s and beyond, the Cow Palace was the West Coast capital of professional wrestling, Gordo. These fans have seen a lot of tremendous pro wrestling action over the years and this match fits right into that history! What a battle!

[Wright is slow to get up, shaking his head at the near fall as he drags Bryant up by the hair again...

...and ducks down, hoisting Bryant up into the torture rack again!]

GM: Again, he's looking to Reign Supreme! Walking out to the center of the ring.

BW: This has to be a major moment of deja vu for Dave Bryant who lost the World Title the first time around to this very same move.

GM: Wright to the middle, composing himself... looking to finish off the World Champion...

[A pair of well-placed elbows to the head loosens the grip, allowing Bryant to slip free, stumbling away but as Wright turns...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK! THAT'S IT!!

[Bryant collapses to all fours after delivering the devastating blow, knocking Wright flat on his back near the ropes. The World Champion takes several deep breaths before willing himself to crawl across the ring...]

GM: Bryant's looking to cover!

BW: He's taking an awfully long time, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is but- COVER!

[The crowd roars as Johnny Jagger dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...

...but peels away before three, pointing at Wright's foot draped over the bottom rope.]

BW: Foot on the rope! Wright got a foot on the rope!

GM: He just saved his chance at becoming the two-time World Champion!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees, looking surprised at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Bryant questioning the referee but Johnny Jagger is doing an outstanding job thusfar in this very difficult and important matchup.

BW: Meekly woulda done better.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[The World Champion curses to himself as he climbs to his feet, looking over to Wright who is out on the apron. Bryant approaches, leaning over to drag Wright to his feet.]

GM: Bryant's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[Bryant sets for a suplex, ready to lift Wright over the ropes...

...but out on the floor, Kolya Sudakov grabs the World Champion by the ankle, preventing the lift. Referee Johnny Jagger spots the interference, shouting at the former National Champion, telling him to back off!]

GM: Blatant interference by the Russian War Machine and I believe that Johnny Jagger would have been completely within his rights to disqualify Supreme Wright there!

BW: I think President Percy would've overturned that call in a heartbeat.

GM: You might be right. That may be why Jagger let it go.

[Sudakov backs off, his hands raised, but that gives Wright the chance to reverse the suplex attempt...

...and falls off the apron with Bryant, right down onto the pile of lumberjacks underneath them!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE PILE OF LUMBERJACKS THEY GO! WOW!

[The crowd is buzzing as both champion and challenger lay flat on their backs in the midst of a bunch of pushing and shoving lumberjacks.]

GM: Tensions are running high out here at ringside.

BW: You get the feeling this whole thing could explode at any moment, Gordo.

GM: You certainly do.

[A hard shove by Jack Lynch to Pedro Perez has the Puerto Rican shouting at the Texan, threatening to "rip his Texas heart out." There's more pushing and shoving as Cain Jackson helps the challenger off the ringside mats. Wright promptly shoves TORA out of his way as he pulls Bryant off the mat, throwing him back into the ring.]

GM: Wright puts the champion back into the ring... back up on the apron now...

[The challenger ducks through the ropes, pursuing the World Champion who works his way back to his feet, stumbling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Wright's moving in on the World Champion... Bryant with a right hand!

[The crowd cheers as Bryant fires the fisticuffs from the corner, catching Wright with a series of right hands...

...and gets a series of stiff elbows in response, backing him into the buckles again!]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Wright rushes the corner, running up the turnbuckles, backflipping out...

...and SLAMMING down to his feet, letting out a cry of pain as he jams his knee on impact.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: He jammed his knee when he landed! A bad decision by Wright!

[He staggers, spinning away as Bryant rushes out, throwing himself shoulderfirst into the back of the knee!]

GM: He clipped him! Bryant clipped the leg!

[Bryant grabs the leg, spinning around for the figure four...

...but Wright plants his boot on the butt of Bryant, shoving him off towards the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where Demetrius Lake pulls down the top rope, bringing Bryant crashing down on the floor in front of him!]

GM: Lake pulled down the top rope! He pulled down the rope and-

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch tears around the corner, leaping up to floor a surprised Lake with a Fierro Press!]

GM: LYNCH TAKES LAKE DOWN!! HE'S POUNDING HIM!!

[As the Dogs Of War move in on Lynch, Bobby O'Connor and Hercules Hammonds rush to intercept them. Skywalker Jones leaps up, delivering a Superman punch on a surprised Brad Jacobs. Kolya Sudakov gets grabbed by Hannibal Carver who flings him bodily into the barricade!]

GM: IT'S BREAKING DOWN! IT'S BREAKING DOWN AT RINGSIDE!!

[Brian James rushes into the fray, throwing punches at every Team Supreme member in sight. They swarm him, knocking him down to the floor where they're stomping the heck out of him...]

GM: We've got fights all over the ringside area! There's not a single soul at ringside not throwing punches except...

[Except TORA who has taken the chance to slide into the ring, rushing at Supreme Wright who throws a back elbow that TORA ducks...

...before leaping to the top rope, twisting so that he's facing away from the mass of humanity attacking his partner...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and blindly springs off the top, moonsaulting onto the pile, and wiping out everyone in sight!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the chaos reigning, Dave Bryant slips back into the ring where Supreme Wright is staring on in shock at what just happened. He slowly turns around...

...where Bryant sweeps out both legs to a huge reaction, flipping him over onto his stomach!]

GM: IRON CRAB! IRON CRAB!! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED!!

[The crowd is DEAFENING as Bryant sits back on the hold, wrenching the back of the Number One Contender!]

GM: The Iron Crab is on, it's deep, and Supreme Wright's got no way out!

[Johnny Jagger drops down on all fours, leaning in, checking to see if the former World Champion is going to give it up...]

GM: Jagger's in perfect position! He's right there, right down there checking for a submission... right down there-

[The crowd JEERS madly at the sight of Percy Childes at the top of the aisle, frantically gesturing with his crystal-topped cane towards the ring...

...when Marty Meekly emerges through the curtain, rushing down the aisle towards the squared circle!]

GM: No, no, no! Get him the HELL out of here!

BW: Hey, Marty Meekly is a licensed official! He's within his rights to be here!

GM: He is NOT! He is NOT the assigned official for this match, Bucky!

BW: Maybe Percy's changing that assignment right now.

GM: He CAN'T do that!

[Marty Meekly dives under the bottom rope into the ring, takes a quick look around at the action all around him...

...and then BURIES a kick in the ribs of Johnny Jagger!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[He kicks Jagger again... and again.]

GM: He's beating the heck out of his fellow referee and-

[Dragging the AWA's Senior Official up by the hair, Meekly HURLS him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: HE JUST THREW JAGGER OUT OF THE RING!

BW: I guess Meekly's the referee for this one now!

[Meekly swings back towards the action...

...and finds himself eye-to-eye with the World Heavyweight Champion!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: No! You can't touch him! You can't touch him, Bryant! He's a licensed AWA official!

GM: It didn't stop him at Guts & Glory!

[Meekly points to the AWA logo on his shirt, begging off as Bryant walks towards him...

...and sweeps the legs, turning Meekly over into the Iron Crab!]

BW: AHHHHHH!

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! BRYANT'S GOT THAT NO-GOOD, SON OF A-

[But just as Bryant is about to break Marty Meekly's back and potentially make him humble, another individual slides into the ring...

...and nearly takes Bryant's head off with a running clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAD JACOBS NEARLY DECAPITATED THE WORLD CHAMPION!!

[The crowd is all over Jacobs now as the former World Tag Team Champion grabs Bryant by the hair, dragging him limply to his feet...]

GM: Dear god, what is he doing?!

[Jacobs powers Bryant effortlessly up into a vertical suplex, standing tall in the center of the ring with him held there...]

GM: This is a Lumberjack Match! It's not No Disqualification! Ring the bell, Meekly... ring the- OHHH!

[...and brings him CRASHING down to the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jacobs slowly gets to his feet, shaking his head at the downed Bryant...

...and then grabbing the pain-ravaged Supreme Wright by the arm, dragging him towards the prone Bryant, putting the arm over the World Champion.]

GM: No, not like this. Don't count that!

[Meekly drops to the mat, slapping the canvas as quickly as possible.]

GM: NO!

[Once... twice...]

GM: NOOOO!

[...and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd instantly deflates as the sound of the bell seems to stop the fighting at ringside - all eyes turning towards the ring to see what happened...

...and then staring in shock as Marty Meekly raises Supreme Wright's hand, pointing to him. Meekly marches over to the timekeeper, demanding the title belt, shouting at Phil Watson who shakes his head, reluctantly raising the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner...

[Pause.]

PW: ...and NEWWWWWWWW WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMMMMPIONNNNN...

[The boos start up again, louder and angrier than before.]

PW: SUUUUUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEEEE WRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[The first reaction shot is of Ryan Martinez, slamming a balled-up fist down into the ring apron before rolling in to check on a motionless Dave Bryant.]

GM: This is a sham! This is a travesty! You talk about the Gainesville Gyp - this is the San Francisco Screwjob for sure! Dave Bryant was just robbed of the World Heavyweight Title! Out and out ROBBED!

[Cain Jackson reaches under the bottom rope, dragging the new World Champion out of the squared circle as the ring quickly fills with the fan favorite lumberjacks, all fired up and spewing angry words towards the Wise Men's Army who are celebrating their triumph.]

GM: Supreme Wright... I can't believe I'm saying this... but Supreme Wright is once again the World Heavyweight Champion and in the span of about a month, we've seen all three AWA titles change hands through... well, saying they were controversial wins would be a gross understatement if you ask me.

BW: You might not like how it happened... these fans might not like how it happened... but at the end of the day, the record book says that the Wise Men have all three titles under their control! Johnny Detson, the World Television Champion. The Lights Out Express, the World Tag Team Champions. And now, Supreme Wright is a two-time World Heavyweight Champion, daddy! And all four of those men will be on Team Wise Men in ten nights at the Battle Of Los Angeles! Incredible!

GM: Dave Bryant is barely able to stand after that devastating move from Brad Jacobs... he may not even know that he just lost the World Title for the second time.

[Ryan Martinez and Bobby O'Connor are holding Bryant up on his feet, glaring down the aisle where Team Wise Men are in full retreat, exiting with the brand new World Heavyweight Champion as we slowly 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 a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufresne using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

VO: They're called "house shows". Classic matches, held in arenas all over the United States, seen only by the fans in attendance. But the AWA did have cameras at some of these events... and captured some of these intense battles. And now, for the first time ever, you can witness them too.

[We get a product screen featuring a DVD Set: AWA Signature Series Volume Three: House Show Classics. The cover features a montage of images from each clip shown above.]

VO: The AWA Signature Series, Volume Three. House Show Classics, featuring unaired matches from the entire AWA run.

[As each match below is mentioned, we get a clip of it...]

VO: See... From 2013, Calisto Dufrense defends the AWA World Heavyweight Championship against the World Television Champion Glenn Hudson.

From 2012, James Monosso defends the very same title against Dave Cooper.

From 2009, a 15-man West Texas Bunkhouse Battle Royal.

From 2010, Stevie Scott defends the National Title against Vernon Riley.

From 2013, Dave Bryant defends the World Television Title against Mr. Sadisuto.

From 2011, Nenshou defends the same belt against James Lynch.

From 2013, The Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles against The Rave.

[Back to the product splash.]

And besides these seven great matches, there are eleven other great contests. Eighteen matches in all, on a two DVD set. Special features include...

[A clip of a variety of young wrestlers setting up a ring... some of whom we recognize as stars today.]

VO: ...a behind the scenes documentary on the travels and travails of life on the road...

[And then another of a training session at the Combat Corner.]

VO: ...and an exclusive look inside the Combat Corner over the years. See some of the friendships and rivalries that formed before they were stars!

AWA Signature Series Volume Three, House Show Classics. Available today from Amazon, Best Buy, and AWAsShop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends as we fade back to the interior of the Cow Palace - back to the elevated announce platform.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and quite frankly, I'd like to apologize if I seem a little down right now. After what we just saw, I don't think any of our fans could possibly blame me though. Supreme Wright just won the World Heavyweight Title for the second time in one of the most... again, controversial doesn't seem to cut it for me but... controversial victories I've ever seen.

BW: A win's a win, Gordo. No matter how the job got done, the fact of the matter is - it got done.

GM: It's a dark night for the AWA already here tonight as Supreme Wright has regained the World Heavyweight Title and Team AWA has found themselves deep in the hole numberswise thanks to some chicanery by the Wise Men.

BW: The Wise Men's Army is going to be thirteen men strong come the Cibernetico... but what about Team AWA? Can Michaelson and Martinez really find that many men back in the locker room willing to stand together against the Wise Men at the Battle Of Los Angeles?

GM: That remains to be seen... but two men who we know for a fact will be in Los Angeles for Cibernetico is the tag team of Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor, two men that have taken to calling themselves the TexMo Connection. They're backstage right now getting ready for their matchup here tonight and our own Mark Stegglet is standing by with them now. Mark?

[We open backstage to Mark Stegglet, who's standing by with Jack Lynch and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. All three are standing in front of a blue curtained backdrop with a large AWA logo hung in its center. Bobby is now dressed in his ring gear, cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim and matching knee/elbow pads and boots. Lynch wears a long black leather duster, open to reveal a bare chest and his black wrestling trunks and boots. His cowboy hat is on, as always, tilted forward to cast a shadow over his face. Mark turns to Bobby as Jack stands slightly to the back of his tag team partner.]

MS: Bobby, tonight you and Jack face a challenge unlike any you've faced thus far in your team's young life. Are you prepared for the unorthodox attack of the Samoan Hit Squad?

BOC: Yes, Mister Stegglet, I believe we are. Those two may not act like your neighbors you see on the weekend at the grocery store, but they aren't so different. No matter what their manager might like the world to think, they aren't monsters... they're men. They feel pain and make mistakes just like everybody else. Even moreso than your typical man, because while they're so wrapped up in being wild animals... they trip up and then next thing you know, the TexMo Connection just beat the odds again. Nobody expected such a new team to get their hands raised against a top talent like Lake and, no matter what I think of him as a man, a legend like Graham... but they were wrong. And we're gonna prove those critics all over again right here tonight.

MS: You mentioned him a moment ago, but what about the element that William Payne brings to the table? Some have said he is the true mind behind the violence that Manu and Scola bring to the ring.

BOC: Sure, he's got a mind. I don't think anybody lasts as long in this sport without even once ever stepping into the ring as an athlete without having it all upstairs. And of course anytime you have that extra man on the outside you're at a disadvantage. And you can bet Mister Payne knows it, too. He may be looking past us, not knowing much about us because let's be honest... there isn't much to know since we've been teaming up for such a short time.

[Bobby nods with a grin, gesturing to his right temple with his index finger.]

BOC: And THAT'S where the advantage is all in our corner. Because he may not know much about us... but I know PLENTY about him. He goes through clients the way most guys go through socks, but over a decade ago he was revving up his client to take on one man. My mentor, Hannibal Carver. Mister Carver may have fallen out of contact in recent weeks... but you better believe the second he caught wind of Mister Payne being in the same company as him I got a crash course in how this man operates. I know every sleazy trick up his sleeve, and now Jack knows as well. Both of our heads will be on a swivel, and if he's up to his tricks?

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: Well, I guess I just have to apologize to the parents watching at home for what their children might have to see.

MS: You alluded to it earlier, Mr. Lynch, but there's history between the Samoans and the Lynch family. History that played out in this very city. Indeed, in this very arena.

JL: Ya know Mark, when ya say it like that. When ya say there's "some history between the Lynches and the Samoans," it all sounds so cold, so bloodless. But if ya know somethin' about that history, then ya know that "bloodless" is the last way you'd ever described what happened.

Jimmy and I came through 'Frisco and he and I raised the kinda hell that Mr. Bunkhouse here is too innocent to hear about, much less indulge in. And through all that hell raisin' and butt kickin', we found ourselves continually bumpin' up against two of the rowdiest, meanest, deadliest bastards to ever step foot inside a wrestlin' ring. I'm talkin' about Manu and Scola.

And for all the blood and pain, it was a hell of a good time.

[Jack reaches up, pulling his cowboy hat off.]

JL: I'm so happy I got tonight. I'm so happy that, for one night, there ain't no Wise Men doin' their best to screw me. There ain't no Demetrius Lake

duckin' me. And there ain't no Percy Childes decidin' that punches are illegal too. There's serious business to take care of in Los Angeles. But up north?

It's as simple as four men givin' it their all, and doin' their best to bust their opponents open.

Last time I was here, it was with my brother Jimmy. And everyone knows how good I am when I got my brother at my side. I'm a Lynch, and I'm damn proud to be. But lemme tell ya somethin', I'll take an O'Connor on my side any day. Bobby here, way I feel about him? He may as well be blood.

Now, don't get me wrong. They make 'em big and mean and scary in Samoa and Manu and Scola are the biggest, meanest and scariest of the bunch. But I promise you, by the end of the night, them Samoans are gonna seem just a little less intimidatin', because they're about to see that Missouri and Texas both produce their own brand of tough.

"Just remember one thing."

[All three, Lynch, Stegglet, and O'Connor turn around to see who is interrupting them. And who is? None other than Todd Michaelson.]

TM: I can appreciate you two wanting to mix it up. But you need to remember one thing – you're needed in Los Angeles. You are two of the, pardon the phrase, lynchpins of my plan. We're already down a few men.

I can't... the AWA can't... afford to lose you two.

[Jack Lynch dons his hat once more.]

JL: You don't have to worry about that. On my word as a Texan and as Lynch, I promise you, we'll be there in LA.

Look at my partner.

[The camera cuts to O'Connor, fired up and ready to go.]

JL: Does that look like the face of someone who won't show up?

[Michaelson smirks.]

TM: I can't argue with that. The Wise Men already got over on us tonight... and there's a former World Champion in his locker room right now throwing furniture at the wall that would love for someone - anyone - to get some payback for him. The Samoans and Payne may not be part of the Wise Men... but you better believe that they'd love to take you two out and earn favor with...

[Michaelson grimaces.]

TM: ...President Childes. So, you go out there and show the Samoans... and the Wise Men... just how right Ryan and I were to get you two on this team.

[With a nod from Lynch and O'Connor, they walk out of view as Mark Stegglet and Todd Michaelson are left behind.]

MS: Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor are looking to relive a little of this city's history right here tonight when they take on the Samoan Hit Squad who are standing by!

[We go backstage and immediately are assaulted by barely restrained violence. Before an AWA banner in a back interview area are the tattooed Samoan warriors, Manu and Scola. Each near three hundreds pounds of unbridled fury, the primal monsters push each other. They snarl as if opposed alley hounds, pull their long dark hair, slap their own chests, pace and grunt. They roar out in their own language at the camera, daring the viewer to come closer.

To the side stands their manager, William Payne. Dressed in a navy blue suit, white shirt and red tie, the somewhat balding, well groomed man watches his monsters. His arms are crossed, fingers and wrists bedecked in gold. He grips a cell phone in his right hand and bounces it contemplatively off his clean shaven chin.

Scola, a sweeping dark tattoo coming down across his chest walks forward looking into the camera. His head lolls from side to side as he speaks gutturally. Manu pushes him aside, doing much the same and is pushed away by Scola in turn. The two go head to head, yelling at each other before separating and going about their own stomping ways.]

WP: These two men are brothers. Raised together from childhood. They learned to fight together. They travelled the world together engaging in battles and brawls, in wars. At a moments notice, these two will go fist to fist, draw each other's blood. The level of violence I've seen these two create against each other leaves me breathless.

[Payne shakes his head, almost as if sad at his statement.]

WP: Now think Bobby O'Connor and think, especially you Jack Lynch, think what these men can and _will_ do against someone they truly hate. Think what the Samoans have done to the Lynches in the past and wish, just wish that was true violence.

Tonight, these two men, these two brothers. They are heading out not for glory. Not for accolades. They care not for anything that trivial.

[The two come together, standing shoulder to shoulder as Payne walks out amongst them.]

WP: The Lynches and the O'Connors are families who think only their name and their legacy matter. They worry about the gold and the glory their families have won in the past.

And...

[He emphasizes the point with a raised finger.]

WP: ...at the cost of everyone else in wrestling including the Samoans. Oh yes, Jack Lynch. I know the history between the Samoans and the Lynches in this very city. I know the wrongs you and your family have perpetrated on the Samoans. You are not the only family that matters in wrestling, Lynches. You O'Connors are no better. And tonight at All-Star Showdown..

...the Samoans are getting payback.

[Scola and Manu mug for the camera, teeth bared as we fade back up on the inside of the Cow Palace, a panning shot of the crowd as the bell sounds and the voice of Phil Watson is heard.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... from the Isle of Samoa... being led to the ring by their manager, William Payne... Mafu... Scola...

THE SAAAAAAMOOOOAN HIIIIIT SQUAAAAAAD!

[And that's when the first tubular bells from the theme of "The Exorcist" ring over the speaker system, bringing a loud reaction from the crowd. Payne smirks widely as stomping from the back comes the Samoan Hit Squad. Manu and Scola don't stop as they make their appearance, railroading all the way down the aisle towards the ring. Barefoot and clad in solid black pants, the tattooed Samoans roar with tongues out, clawing the air and threatening immediate violence. Their pull at their long hair, snarling gutturally as they finally enter the ring...]

BW: This is a team to watch, Gordo. The Samoans have always been dangerous but with William Payne leading them now - they could be future World Tag Team Champions, daddy.

GM: They certainly have been more focused and more dangerous than ever... and we'd be remiss if we didn't note a strong contingent of fans here tonight for the Samoans. As we've noted earlier, these two men - as well as their extended family - have been top stars here in San Francisco for years and so you'd have to expect them to have some fans behind them even against opponents as popular as the two men they're facing tonight.

[Phil Watson flinches as Mafu gets right up in his face, letting loose a god-awful roar.]

GM: Uggh. Can you imagine being on the receiving end of that?

[Ever the professional, Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Who Do You Love" by George Thorogood & The Destroyers starts up over the PA to a big reaction.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas and Jefferson City, Missouri respectively... the team of JACK LYNCH and BOBBY O'CONNOR...

THE TEEEEEEXMOOOOOOOO CONNECTIONNNNNNN!

[The fan favorite duo comes loping through the curtain, looking very determined as they appear just as they did moments ago. O'Connor gives a shout towards the ring, pointing down the aisle at the Samoans who are pacing back and forth, ready for a fight. Jack Lynch smiles at his partner's enthusiasm, giving him a slap on the back before the duo heads down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: These two men are ready for a fight at Cibernetico but the Samoans got to 'em first and they're gonna get one heck of a fight right now!

[O'Connor slides under the bottom rope where Mafu is waiting to stomp him viciously in the back of the head. Jack Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, greeting an incoming Scola with a big right hand!]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow calls for the bell and this one is off and running in San Francisco!

[Lynch lands two more right hands before slinging himself over the ropes, smashing a forearm down between the eyes of Scola, sending him staggering back across the ring. The Texan turns his attention to Mafu who is still attacking his partner, bashing him between the shoulderblades with a forearm smash!]

GM: The fight is on! Lynch working over Mafu near the corner...

[Grabbing an arm, Lynch whips Mafu across to the neutral corner, lumbering in after him with a clothesline...]

GM: Big impact on the clothesline!

[Lynch bounces out, pumping a fist in celebration...

...and gets WIPED OUT with a running clothesline by Scola!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot by the big man from the Samoan Hit Squad! And William Payne certainly liked that, Bucky.

BW: Of course he did! That stupid Stench thought he'd accomplished something and then Scola nearly removed him from his boots!

[Scola gives off a roar as he throws his arms out to the side, turning...

...and gets tackled by a charging Bobby O'Connor who jams him back against the buckles, staying low as he throws rights and lefts to the midsection at a rapid pace!]

GM: O'Connor's got Scola trapped in the corner, working him over!

[A rising Mafu slams a double axehandle down across the back of the doubled-up O'Connor, grabbing his arms and dragging him back from the corner as the referee tries to get him to back off.]

GM: The official's having a very hard time establishing some control in this matchup...

[Scola buries a kick into the gut of O'Connor. The bigger Samoan slams a forearm across the back, knocking the Jefferson City native down to his knees as Mafu hits the ropes, rebounding back with a running front kick to the mush!]

GM: Ohh!

[Mafu pulls O'Connor up as Scola reluctantly exits to the ring apron. Jack Lynch has rolled to the floor on the other side, trying to recover from the clothesline as Mafu scoops O'Connor into the air, slamming him down hard on the canvas.]

GM: Big bodyslam by Mafu!

BW: You talked about O'Connor and Lynch trying to get ready for the Cibernetico but what about the Samoans? The Samoan Hit Squad is taking on the Northern Lights at the Battle Of Los Angeles so they've got to get prepared for- haha! I almost got that out with a straight face. The Samoans are going to eat the Northern Lights' lunch and come back for dessert, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that in just ten days' time, Bucky.

[Mafu bounces off the ropes, leaping into the air with a heavy splash across the ribs of O'Connor, reaching back for a leg as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! But that's all as O'Connor slips out the back door.

[Mafu grabs O'Connor by the hair, blasting him with overhead chops down between the eyes before hauling him off the mat, bodily throwing him back to the corner where he tags in Scola.]

GM: The tag is made... and in comes the big man...

[The crowd reacts as Mafu and Scola take turns throwing kicks into the midsection - Scola more of the traditional wrestling front kicks while Mafu throws side kicks into the ribs. They keep going until the count of four when Mafu exits.]

GM: Simple but effective doubleteam offense out of the Samoans as Scola drags O'Connor out of the corner... look at this!

[The crowd buzzes as Scola powers O'Connor up, pressing him slightly overhead before bringing him ribfirst down on the bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker by Scola puts O'Connor down!

[Scola sticks out his tongue, pressing his palms into the chest of O'Connor as the referee counts again, again only getting to two before O'Connor kicks out.]

GM: Scola drags him to the corner... another quick tag...

[Mafu and Scola each grab an arm, flinging O'Connor into the ropes, sending him bouncing back towards them...

...where they both crouch, launching O'Connor up and over with a double backdrop!]

GM: Wow. The Samoan Hit Squad are having their way with Bobby O'Connor right now.

BW: And like him or not, you gotta say that "Bunkhouse" Bobby is tougher than Rousseau or Shawnay, Gordo.

GM: The Northern Lights are not pushovers, Bucky... and if the Samoans think they are, they may be in for a big surprise on Labor Day in Los Angeles.

[Mafu hauls O'Connor up by the arm, whipping him into the ropes again...

...and DROPS him hard with a standing double chop across the chest complete with a terrifying howl from Mafu!]

GM: OHHHH!

[William Payne can be heard shouting instructions from the floor as Mafu nods to him, dragging O'Connor back up, steadying him as he backs off...]

GM: THRUST KICK!

[But O'Connor sidesteps it, cracking Mafu with a right hand as he goes by. A flurry of haymakers follow, staggering Mafu before O'Connor dashes to the ropes, gathering momentum...

...and gets DROPPED with a back thrust kick to the chest that sends him falling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH! O'Connor's out to the floor... and Mafu's going out after him!

[With O'Connor down, Mafu steps out on the apron, backing down to the ringpost where he slams his own head into the turnbuckle a few times...

...and then spins, charging back towards the prone O'Connor, leaping off...]

GM: SPLASH!

[But O'Connor raises his knees, catching Mafu flush in the breadbasket as he comes down on top of him!]

GM: OHHH! O'CONNOR GOT THE KNEES UP!!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby rolls to his knees, peppering the downed Mafu with a series of short right hands before climbing back to his feet, dragging Mafu up with him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: WHIPPED INTO THE STEEL!!!

[O'Connor backs away, pumping his fists and firing up the crowd...

...before charging back towards the Samoan!]

GM: O'CONNOR!!

[The Missouri native connects with a running clothesline that sends both he and Mafu toppling over the barricade and into the front row of the Cow Palace!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: O'CONNOR PUTTING HIS BODY ON THE LINE RIGHT THERE!
GOODNESS GRACIOUS!

[The crowd at ringside are buzzing over the move that has left Mafu and O'Connor motionless beyond the railing.]

GM: Both men are down in the front row... can they recover in time? We'll find out after the break so don't go away, fans!

[Fade out.

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 an unseen instructor is barking out instructions to two young students who 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're back in the ring with Scola throwing O'Connor into the turnbuckles, rushing in after him with a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner puts O'Connor on Dream Street, fans. The Samoans quite obviously have re-established control during the commercial break and... uh oh.

[Scola leans down, setting O'Connor up on the turnbuckle. He steps up to the second rope, ready to attack when O'Connor fires back with a right hand... and another... and another...

...and then slams his arms together on the ears of Scola!]

GM: OHHH!

[Scola slumps back, falling back down to the mat. O'Connor steps up on the middle rope, pumping his fist to a big reaction as Scola scrambles up to his feet...

...and O'Connor leaps off his perch, connecting with a flying clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE MIDBUCKLE!! What a shot!

BW: O'Connor's heading for the corner! O'Connor's looking for a tag!

[On all fours, the Missouri native crawls towards his partner's outstretched hand and with a lunge...

...he slaps it!]

GM: TAG!

[Jack Lynch comes tearing into the ring, leaping up to land a high knee on an incoming Mafu, a blow that sends the Samoan back over the ropes and down to the floor in a heap!]

GM: Oh my!

[Lynch wheels around, throwing a standing dropkick to the jaw of the rising Scola, knocking him back into the corner where Lynch charges, leaping up on the midbuckle with his fist raised...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch drops down, shaking his hand in pain as he drags Scola out of the corner to the middle of the ring where he lifts him up, dropping him down with a vertical suplex.]

GM: Big suplex by Lynch... off the ropes...

[A sky high leaping kneedrop connects, Lynch diving into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Mafu reaches in from the floor, dragging Lynch off Scola and out under the ropes...

...but Lynch CRACKS him with an uppercut, stunning the Samoan!]

GM: Lynch fighting off everyone!

[He grabs Mafu by the hair, slamming his head into the ring apron...

...but Mafu whips his head back up, staring with his crazy eyes at the surprised Texan before cracking him with an uppercut-style finger thrust!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Lynch staggers back, clutching at his throat as Mafu rolls him back in to a waiting Scola who pulls him up as Mafu rolls back in himself.]

GM: Both Samoans are in but only Scola is legal!

[Each Samoan grabs Lynch by the hair...

...and PASTES him with a double headbutt!]

GM: OHHH! That might do it!

[Scola grabs the limp Lynch, swinging him up over his shoulder. He charges to the middle, driving Lynch down with a running powerslam as Mafu hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and Scola throws him skyward, sending him crashing down on Lynch with a headbutt!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That's it, Gordo!

GM: Mafu covers but he's not the legal man!

BW: Longfellow's telling him that right now... telling him to get out of the ring...

[Mafu gets up, staring at the official with aforementioned crazy eyes...

...and throws him aside as Bobby O'Connor comes rushing back in, leaping into a crossbody that knocks Mafu down. O'Connor takes the mount, hammering Mafu with right hands as Scola pulls him off from behind...]

GM: Scola's got O'Connor...

[But a booming right hand from "Bunkhouse" Bobby sends Scola staggering back. The referee steps in, shouting at O'Connor to get back but the youngster has lost his cool and also pushes the official aside. Longfellow falls to the mat...

...and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhh.

BW: O'Connor got disqualified!

GM: I'm not sure about that, Bucky. The referee is gesturing at everyone... he's-

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... referee Ricky Longfellow has DISQUALIFIED _BOTH_ teams in this match! The official decision is a DOUBLE disqualification!

[No one in the ring seems to hear - or care about - the official announcement as they continue to brawl all over the ring. O'Connor and Mafu spill through the ropes to the floor, continuing their fight out there as the bell rings again.]

GM: The match may be over but the fight continues all over the ringside area!

[The brawling continues...

...as we crossfade to a shot of a monitor in the back showing the same match. We slowly pan to the right, showing Todd Michaelson and Mark Stegglet watching the action.]

MS: Mr. Michaelson, this hasn't been the best night for Team AWA yet. This can't be what you were expecting when you got here to San Francisco tonight.

[Michaelson grimaces.]

TM: Of course not, Mark. But when you're dealing with the Wise Men, you have to expect the unexpected. I should've known something was coming tonight. I... I just didn't think it was that. Messing with the boys' schedules? A flat-out robbery of the World Title that would make Mark Langseth and Joe Petrow proud?

[He shakes his head.]

TM: I should've seen it coming.

[A voice rings out from off-camera.]

"That's the difference between us, Michaelson. I DID see it coming."

[The camera pans to the side as Louis Matsui skulks in, dressed in a grey sports coat, with thin black lines forming a plaid pattern, over a red V-necked T-shirt and dark blue jeans.]

TM: Matsui.

[Michaelson looks less than happy to see the portly, bespectacled Asian who is looking a little worse for wear. Gone is the characteristic smirk, replaced by dark rings under his eyes, a slight hint of stubble and uncombed hair.]

LM: Michaelson.

TM: Not to be rude but I've got a lot going on here tonight. What do you want?

[Matsui nods.]

LM: Michaelson, you and I have never been on the same page but if I'd been involved with this little plot of yours from the beginning, I would have known what the Wise Men were capable of doing and I could've told you.

[Todd nods.]

TM: I'm sure you would have known... since you were one of them at one point.

[Matsui shrugs.]

LM: Things change, Michaelson. I'm not standing with them now... I'm standing here... with you.

TM: And?

LM: And I was watching when Percy sprung his big surprise on you earlier. I'm guessing you can do the math as well as I can. You need more soldiers for your army.

TM: The AWA's army.

[Matsui gives a dismissive gesture.]

LM: You need more soldiers. And I've got one for you. I've got a man for your team.

[Michaelson looks intrigued.]

TM: Mizusawa? Maximus?

[A shake of the head.]

LM: No, not them. Something... different.

[Michaelson looks puzzled.]

LM: It's like I've been saying, Michaelson. When I come for my vengeance for what they did to me... fear is coming with me.

[Matsui jabs a finger in Michaelson's chest.]

LM: At the Battle Of Los Angeles... at the Cibernetico...

Fear... is coming... with me.

[The jabbing finger turns to an open hand, offering a handshake to Michaelson. The former World Champion stares at the offered hand for several silent moments...

...and then accepts it. The smirk immediately returns to Matsui's face.]

LM: I'll see you in Los Angeles.

[Matsui turns, walking away and leaving Michaelson to stare at his back.]

MS: Mr. Michaelson... are you sure-

[Michaelson interrupts.]

TM: Desperate men do desperate things, Mark.

[As the AWA co-owner continues to watch Matsui walk out of view, we fade to black.

Open to a finely set dinner table in an upscale restaurant, as soft classical music is playing. Tuxedoed servers are hustling and bustling, bringing finely polished silver trays of food to tables. The camera zooms in on one table, where one person stuffs a napkin into his collar and picks up his fork and knife...

...Bucky Wilde.]

BW: Ya know, daddy, I been everywhere in this sport of ours, and I seen 'em all. I know what it takes to be a top guy, I know what it takes to keep them turnstiles movin' and keep them cash registers ringin'.

I've seen the best technical wrestlers of all time, I've seen the highest flyers that've ever lived, I've seen the most powerful human beings to ever walk the face of the Earth!

But when it comes down to it, we all wanna see the same thing...

[The last waiter comes and sets down the kind of plate you'd see for a gigantic bird or maybe a small dinosaur. With a finely manicured hand the waiter takes off the lid of the obviously gourmet meal...

...and reveals the newest AWA DVD! AWA's Best Grudge Matches!]

BW: ...a good fight!

[The scene goes from Bucky in the restaurant to clips of some of the AWA's most famous fights, as Bucky narrates.]

BW: AWA's Best Grudge Matches is gonna bring to you the most intense, the most personal battles we've ever seen. Fifteen matches in high definition, with yours truly and my main man Gordo on the call. And even better, I'm your host!

[The shot switches to the intense staredown between Calisto Dufresne and City Jack.]

BW: It was nothing but high drama and emotion when Calisto Dufresne and City Jack squared off, I guarantee you that.

[Switch to a much younger Eric Preston pulling back on James Monosso in their famous Towel Match.]

BW: Or maybe you wanna relive Eric Preston and James Monosso goin' toe to toe in a towel match, with nothin' but pride and sanity on the line!

[Switch to the Southern Syndicate huddled outside the massive WarGames structure, with Juan Vasquez looking across the ring, the crowd in the background frenzied.]

BW: And what would a DVD about grudge matches be without WarGames? The Southern Syndicate in all their glory, daddy, standin' across the ring against Juan Vasquez and his all star team. What a match it was! And for you completist fans, we've got the first ever AWA WarGames, featurin' names you haven't heard in a long time, like Werewolf Gregorson and Despair!

It's all here, baby, all the matches that made your hair stand up. Alex Martinez and the Dragon, William Craven!

[Cut to that barbed wire match, both have been punctured.]

BW: The Lynches, the Beale Street Bullies, Broussard vs. Stevie in a Loser Leaves Town. Juan Vasquez and Dave Cooper puttin' it ALL on the line!

The tension, the emotion, the heartbreak, the sorrow. The pain, the blues and the agony! It's all right here, daddy. So get off the couch, run to your car, and go get you some!

[Cut back to Bucky in the restaurant, piece of meat on his fork.]

BW: Bring home the bacon today, daddy, and sink your teeth into the finest the AWA has to offer!

[As Bucky inhales his dinner, the camera fades to the DVD cover as a voice over plays.]

"AWA's BEST GRUDGE MATCHES is available at AWAsShop.com, Target, Wal-Mart, Kmart and wherever DVDs are sold. Kids, get your parents' permission!"

[We fade back to live action to the backstage area where Colt Patterson is standing by with the World Television Champion, Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed to wrestle with long gold tights, black boots and a sweat jacket. Detson is all smiles as the Television Championship is held at his side.

Standing in the background are President Percy Childes, Larry Doyle, and Sandra Hayes-Dane-Michaelson. They look on as Colt starts the interview.]

CP: I'm standing here with World Television Champion, Johnny Detson, and champ, you gotta be confident going into the Battle Of Los Angeles with everything that's happened here tonight already.

[Detson laughs and nods his head before casually throwing the title over his shoulder. He then begins to count on his fingers. Looking up at the camera, he smirks again.]

Detson: You're running out of people, Todd, aren't you? Between...

[Detson looks back at the Wise Men.]

Detson: ...mechanical difficulties and travel itineraries, the cupboards are getting bare. And while we, the Wise Men, have an endless supply at our disposal; you are soon to be shopping at the bargain rack. Perhaps a one legged green monster...

[Detson shrugs.]

Detson: Perhaps another relic from your SoCal past...

[Detson laughs to himself before stopping suddenly. As if he just got an idea, he stops and snaps his fingers.]

Detson: Maybe you want to dust off the boots and adjust that broken back of yours and wrestle yourself.

[Detson nods, slowly forming a huge smile.]

Detson: Sure you do, come on, Todd... lace up those boots... step in the ring just one more time. Certainly you have to have some pride left or are you content watching your students drop like flies in your name?

I've taken on bigger and I've certainly taken on better. The fact is, Todd, it really doesn't matter if you field a full team or not because the one thing you don't have is the one thing you need the most. Someone who has actually backed up the rhetoric and the hype. Someone who does what they say. Someone who has gotten the job done!

[Detson smirks and grabs the title off his shoulder to show the camera.]

Detson: And that person is me! Because whatever you have; each one of them when put up against me has FAILED! Each and every one of them has fallen at my feet! They have all failed where I have triumphed! A fact I intend on proving, yet again, tonight!

[Percy Childes has heard enough, stepping in to address his team captain.]

PC: Just remember, Johnny. They know this. They know that if they got a cheap shot in on the captain of the team, it would give them a chance. So above all else, stay healthy and watch out for any dirty tricks.

[Detson chuckles and places a reassuring hand on Childes' shoulder.]

Detson: Percy, relax... unlike some of your previous charges, I have everything under control. Who lead you in WarGames and the Tower of Doom? Who has done everything they said they would? Who delivers every time? And whose name is on that arena back in Dallas? So you need not worry as long as the team the three of you put together follows my lead.

[Percy nods slightly, looking back at Sandra Hayes-Dane-Michaelson and Larry Doyle who are huddled up, deep in discussion.]

CP: So I can assume since Willie Hammer is obviously in no shape to compete tonight or any time in the future, you don't intend on fighting here tonight?

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: Absolutely, Colt, I am a fighting champion as people like Jack Lynch have found out! Just because Willie Hammer is injury-prone doesn't mean we should deprive these fans and the FOX Network of their World Television Champion! Johnny Detson came here to wrestle; Johnny Detson came here to compete; and Johnny Detson came here to win!

And that's just what Johnny Detson is going to do!

[With that, Detson walks off leaving the collective Wise Men group behind, still deep in discussion.]

CP: Hey guys... feel like giving a scoop at who the 13th man on your team will be?

[Doyle looks back at Colt Patterson.]

LD: When we've got something to tell the world, you'll be the first one I call, Colt.

[Patterson grins, turning back to the camera.]

CP: Take that, Jason Dane. Yours truly is picking up all the scoops...

[He flexes a single muscular bicep.]

CP: ...and all the ladies as well. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We crossfade back to the elevated announce desk.]

GM: Thanks, Colt. The Wise Men - and their team captain in particular - seem very confident going into Cibernetico.

BW: And why shouldn't they be? Todd Michaelson is so desperate, he's taking a former Wise Man's offer! He's letting Louis Matsui bring someone to the Cibernetico!

GM: The team is starting to slowly form, Bucky. Seven spots left on the team after adding Matsui's offering to the mix. But this show is more than half over. Can Todd Michaelson and Ryan Martinez and the rest of their allies manage to put together a full thirteen man team in time?

BW: No chance. No chance at all.

GM: That remains to be seen. In fact, I'd imagine that as we speak, the members of that team are on the phone... they're knocking on doors... they're searching high and low for men with enough courage to stand against the Wis-

[Suddenly, "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play to an almost instant shower of boos from the San Francisco fans.]

GM: Oh, give me a break!

[Johnny Detson walks out into view, wearing long gold tights, black boots, and a black sweatshirt that's unzipped. The World Television Title is grasped by a single strap in his right hand which is down around his waist which almost makes the belt hit the floor.]

GM: This is ridiculous, Bucky.

BW: What's your problem now, Gordo?

GM: Johnny Detson was set to defend the title here tonight against Willie Hammer, the young rookie, but the Wise Men... probably those damned Dogs Of War if I know anything about it... threw Hammer through a god-through a windshield! He knows he's got no opponent here tonight.

BW: Hey, the team captain said he was coming out here to defend his title and he's a man of his word, Gordo!

GM: I wouldn't trust Johnny Detson as far as I can throw him.

[Detson smirks at the jeering crowd as he makes his way down the aisle, climbing up the ringsteps, stepping through the ropes, and grabbing an offered microphone.]

Detson: San Francisco, I'll make this real simple so even you will understand...

[The boos get louder as Detson insults their intelligence. Detson turns towards the wrestler's entrance and holds the title chest high.]

Detson: If you've got the time, then I've got the title!

[Small pop from the crowd.]

Detson: Seeing how my opponent here tonight has had... car trouble...

[The crowd bursts into jeers again as Detson snickers before continuing.]

Detson: I'm making an open challenge to anyone here tonight that wants to make themselves the latest example of the Wise Men dominance.

[There's a mixed response for that - cheers for the idea of someone whuppin' up on Detson and boos for his threatened show of Wise Men dominance.]

Detson: I'm serious. I want to give the world a small preview of what's to come in Los Angeles!

[More boos! Detson continues to look down the aisle, waiting.]

Detson: I'm gonna put this title on the line...

[Detson paces back and forth, still waiting.]

Detson: I don't care who it is! Just give me someone to wrestle!

[Detson throws the mic down to an explosion of buzz from the crowd.]

GM: Be careful what you wish for, Mr. Detson. There are a bunch of guys back in that locker room who could very well clean his clock, Bucky.

BW: He's a former World Champion. He's the current World Television Champion. He's the team captain for Team Wise Men for Cibernetico! Are you really telling me that some random schmoe back in the locker room is going to-

["We Hold On" by Rush kicks in to a HUUUUUGE CHEER from the San Francisco crowd!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: No, no, no! He can't do this! This isn't who he challenged!

GM: Johnny Detson challenged ANYONE in the locker room!

[Tony Sunn emerges into view to an even bigger cheer, the Ithaca native nodding and rubbing his massive hands together, his powerful muscles flexing as he does...

...and raising a powerful arm, warning a suddenly-concerned Johnny Detson who is looking back and forth frantically, trying to reason with Davis Warren who shrugs and says, "You called for anyone!"]

GM: Tony Sunn is heading for the ring and Johnny Detson suddenly looks not as confident as he was!

[Sunn reaches the ring quickly, pulling himself up on the apron. As he ducks through the ropes, Detson rushes forward, clubbing him with a forearm to the back of the head. A double axehandle follows, knocking Sunn down to a knee.]

GM: There's the bell! Ten minute time limit as with all World Television Title matches and Johnny Detson is off to a quick start, trying to get an edge over the man he obviously didn't expect to answer the challenge here tonight!

[Detson grabs Sunn by the arm, attempting a whip but Sunn reverses on the smaller man, sending the former World Champion into the ropes where he rebounds back...

...and lifts him effortlessly off the mat, twirling him around, and dropping him across a bent knee with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker!]

GM: OHHH! Sunn drops him hard! He almost broke the man in half with a single move!

[Detson rolls to all fours, trying to crawl away from Sunn who gets back to his feet, striking a double bicep pose for the cheering crowd...

...and then marches up behind Detson who is using the ropes to climb back to his feet, applying a waistlock...]

GM: Sunn hooks him from behind!

[And launches him up and over, releasing the German Suplex in mid-throw, sending Detson sailing halfway across the ring where he SLAMS into the canvas!]

GM: Tony Sunn just folded the World Television Champion in half!

BW: Get up, Johnny! GET UP!

[Sunn climbs back up, throwing his arms apart in a "It's over!" gesture...

...when suddenly, Percy Childes rushes into view through the curtain, frantically waving his crystal-topped cane towards the ring, sending the Dogs Of War rushing into view!]

GM: THE DOGS OF WAR ARE COMING!

[And as Childes turns back towards the locker room, "Showtime" Rick Marley tears past him as well, charging down the aisle behind Walker, Carpenter, and Perez!]

BW: Hey! What the heck is Ricky Marley doing out here?!

GM: Percy Childes seems to be asking the same question!

[Isaiah Carpenter is the first one to the ring, leaping up on the apron and getting knocked right back off thanks to a Tony Sunn shouldertackle, sending him sprawling on the floor!]

GM: Sunn clears Carpenter off the apron!

[Pedro Perez quickly climbs up the apron, charging down it towards Sunn...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...who throws a muscular arm out, whacking Perez across the collarbone with a clothesline that sends Perez flipping backwards, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: PEREZ GOES DOWN AS WELL!

[Wade Walker climbs up on the apron on the other side, pausing to stare across at Tony Sunn as the Ithaca powerhouse turns to face him, waving him into the ring repeatedly...]

GM: Tony Sunn's not about to back down from Wade Walker either! He's gonna take 'em all on!

[Rick Marley is up on the apron as well, screaming and shouting at Sunn from behind. Sunn turns to face Marley...]

...allowing Johnny Detson to throw himself at the back, drilling Sunn with a knee to the kidneys. He clubs him across the back a few times, knocking Sunn into the ropes near Marley.]

GM: Can you believe that?! Rick Marley just gave a window of opportunity to Johnny Detson to get back into this match! Detson's opening up with elbows across the back of the head and neck... and SLAMS him headfirst into the top turnbuckle!

[Sunn staggers back as Detson hops to the middle rope, measuring him...]

...and leaps off with a double axehandle, smashing it between the eyes of the New York powerhouse!]

GM: Axehandle connects! And down to his knees goes Tony Sunn!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Detson rears back and opens fire, drilling Sunn between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand... and another!

[But Sunn starts to shake them off, glaring into the eyes of Detson who throws a third haymaker... and a fourth.]

GM: These shots aren't having any effect on Tony Sunn!

[Sunn climbs to a knee, shaking his head as Detson throws another... and another. The crowd roars as Sunn climbs to his feet, waiting as Detson rears back...]

GM: Blocked!

[The Ithaca native slaps the punch away, scooping Detson up and slamming him down with a heavy bodyslam!]

GM: Big slam by Sunn!

[The powerhouse hits the ropes as Detson staggers up, flattening him with a running clothesline!]

GM: Down goes Detson again!

[Detson scrambles up off the mat again, staggering towards Sunn...

...who easily scoops him up, pressing him skyward!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS! HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

[A desperate Johnny Detson reaches down, stretching out his arm as far as he can...

...and DIGS his fingers into the eyes of Sunn!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Detson!

[Detson lands on his feet, instantly charging back at the ropes...

...and running right into Rick Marley, sending Marley off the apron! Detson spins around, stunned at what just happened!]

GM: Detson ran into Marley! He wasn't looking where he was going and-

BW: No way, Gordo! Marley did that on purpose! Marley got in his way and he's trying to cost him-

[Detson angrily turns back towards Tony Sunn...

...and gets PRESSED overhead again, this time wasting no opportunity to spin to the side and dropping him down, catching him in mid-fall, and DRIVING him down with a thunderous spinebuster!]

GM: HIGH NOON! HIGH NOON!

[Sunn reaches down, dragging Detson to a knee...

...and then wheels around, throwing a powerful leaping forearm shot to the jaw of Wade Walker, clearing the last member of the Dogs Of War off the apron!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Walker!

[Sunn turns back to Detson, ducking a wild right hand out of the World Television Champion. The powerhouse turns so that they're back to back, trapping the arms like he's going for a backslide...

...and lifts him up so that Detson is trapped, being stretched across Sunn's broad back while his ankles are hooked onto Sunn's thighs!]

GM: OHH! LOOK AT THIS!

BW: SUNNSTROKE APPLIED IN THE MIDDLE! HELP!

GM: The Dogs Of War is down! Rick Marley is...

[Marley is actually on his feet, looking at the ring, moving very slowly towards it. He pulls himself up on the apron, looking at a trapped Detson as Sunn stretches him across his back...]

BW: DO SOMETHING, MARLEY!

[...and with a grin, Marley drops down off the apron, leaving Detson all alone with no choice but...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THAT'S IT! IT'S OVER!

[Sunn releases the Gory Special instantly, leaping into the air with a double fist pump as Phil Watson happily makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner...

...and NEEEEEEEEEW WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

TOOOOOOOOONYYYYYYYY SUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd ROARS for the triumphant New Yorker as he is handed the title belt by Davis Warren, clutching the title belt to his chest.]

GM: Tony Sunn has done it! Tony Sunn has struck back for the forces of good here tonight in San Francisco! The team captain - the leader of the Wise Men's Army - was forced to submit to the Sunnstroke in the center of the ring and Tony Sunn is the brand new World Television Champion!

BW: This is a travesty, Gordo! Tony Sunn doesn't deserve that title! Johnny Detson had NO idea he was facing Sunn tonight - he was prepared for Willie Hammer!

GM: Just like Ryan Martinez had no idea he was facing anyone but Mr. Sadisuto when he lost the title! Turnabout is fair play and the Wise Men are tasting a little bit of their own medicine right about now.

BW: I would NOT want to be in the Wise Men's locker room right now, Gordo.

GM: Neither would I but as Tony Sunn walks back up the aisle, celebrating this tremendous victory with the AWA fans, you gotta love this moment if you're on the side of Team AWA! You gotta love this moment, fans!

BW: Detson is beside himself! He can't believe this just happened... and look at Ricky Marley. That son of a gun could've stopped this from happening but he did nothing! NOTHING!

GM: You're right, Bucky. Rick Marley COULD have interfered and saved the title for Johnny Detson but he chose not to... and thankfully, Tony Sunn had managed to fight off the Dogs Of War for the time being.

BW: Not for long. The Dogs are gonna rip Sunn limb from damn limb, daddy.

GM: Perhaps... but not on this night! Not on this night when Tony Sunn has the entirety of the AWA faithful on his side! Not on this night when everything has gone so wrong for the forces of good so far until this very moment!

[Fade to black.

And back up from black on a shot of the sun shining on a hot summer day over a beautiful white sand beach.]

"It's summer. The time of the year when all minds turn to one thing..."

[The camera drifts over a beach volleyball game with some well-toned bodies.]

"Wresting!"

[The shot shakes and then breaks apart to reveal AWA action inside the ring.]

"The summer is that one time every year where the AWA goes on the road, bringing all the hottest action to the town near you. And this year, for the very first time, we're going COAST... TO... COAST!"

[The shot fades to show a graphic over top of it.]

"Tomorrow night in San Jose, it's Bobby O'Connor taking on Demetrius Lake with a special hometown appearance by the San Jose Shark himself, Marcus Broussard!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Sunday afternoon in Bakersfield, the AWA comes to town with the Lights Out Express taking on The Northern Lights with the World Tag Team Titles on the line!"

[Another change of information on the screen.]

"Saturday, August 30th, the AWA hits San Diego for the final non-televised stop of the Coast To Coast tour with a special six man tag team matchup brought to you by our friends at SouthWest Lucha Libre!"

[One final change of graphic.]

"And on Monday, September 1st, in the Fabulous Forum in Los Angeles, it'll be the Battle Of Los Angeles LIVE on WKIK with the fate of the American Wrestling Alliance hanging in the balance!"

[The graphic fades, leaving the AWA logo.]

"It's the major league of professional wrestling coming all summer long to a town near you as we go COAST TO COAST!"

[We fade back to the locker room area where the fan favorites have gathered, celebrating the victory we just saw. The Northern Lights are trading high fives with Jack Lynch. Cesar Hernandez has an arm over the shoulders of Sweet Daddy Williams, likely reminiscing about the "good ol' days." A few unrecognized faces in Combat Corner t-shirts are sitting with Clayton Shaw, smiling and laughing.]

MS: Fans, I've made my way back to the locker room area where this place is a party! These guys just saw what Tony Sunn managed to do - strike a blow against the Wise Men - and they're celebrating!

[Stegglet ducks a stream of champagne sprayed in his direction just as the new champion, Tony Sunn, walks into view, the title belt slung over his shoulder, a grin on his face as he is quickly engulfed by the good guys, cheering and shouting as Todd Michaelson looks on with a smile.]

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

[All eyes turn to the newest entrant into the locker room, the former World Television Champion, Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is in street clothes, wearing a black polo shirt with a white t-shirt under, and a pair of khaki pants. His hair is slicked back, and he's clean shaven. The locker room has quieted, the wrestlers not quite sure how young Ryan will feel to see the title he loved around another man's waist.]

RM: It ought to.

This is the moment when we took something back that they took from us. This is the moment when they realize that there are cracks in the foundation.

[Martinez moves closer to Tony Sunn and there's a tense moment when they look each other in the eyes, before Ryan throws an arm around his shoulder and pulls him close.]

RM: This is the time when Tony Sunn brought the Television Title back home. This is a moment for all of us.

But mostly, Tony, this is your moment.

Enjoy this...

[Martinez taps his palm against the face plate of the Television Title.]

RM: Because you earned it!

And all of you remember these moments. Remember when you first heard Hannibal Carver give a call to arms. Remember when you heard me call out the Wise Men. Remember when Bobby O'Connor stepped up. Remember when Jack Lynch said enough was enough.

Remember when Todd Michaelson came back.

[Martinez moves towards the craft services table, picking up one of the last unopened bottles of champagne. Grabbing it by the neck, he moves back to the middle of the crowd.]

RM: These are the things that you need to remember. Enjoy them. Savor them. Let them sink into your memory. Because one day, when you're old and your career is over, these are the things you can talk about.

These are the things that you can say "I was there for that." "I saw that happen." "I stood up with my brothers, and I helped take on Percy Childes and his Wise Men." "I saw an injustice, and I stood up for what's right."

You can say that you were there for the fall of the Wise Men. And no one can ever take that away from you.

We're all of us together now. We're bound as brothers. And maybe we won't all make it to the end. Maybe I'll fall. I don't know. But I know this. We're going to Los Angeles, to my city and my home, and we're going as a single unit. This moment, all of these moments join us. And whatever happens.

[Martinez shakes up the champagne bottle and then pops the cork. With a quick motion, he pours the fizzy champagne over Tony Sunn's head.]

RM: Now, let's go to LA and kick some-

[The party suddenly falls silent, all eyes turning off-camera. The camera slowly pans towards the sound of the door closing...

...and reveals a face not seen on AWA television in quite some time. Longtime AWA fans recognize him instantly but for those that don't, this is the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson arguably the greatest manager in AWA history.

And he's clapping.]

ATTSBW: Impressive. Good job, Mr. Sunn.

[Waterson offers a handshake to Sunn who stares through champagne-stung eyes... and shakes his head, turning his back. Waterson smiles, flexing his hand a few times before turning towards Ryan Martinez.]

ATTSBW: And you. How things change in such a short time. It was barely a year ago when you were nestled in daddy's loving embrace, fighting those who had wronged you. Saw your father in Hollywood recently actually... he sends his love.

[Martinez glowers at Waterson who still has the smirk on his face. Todd Michaelson shoves past a few bodies, storming into view.]

TM: I don't know what the hell you think you're doing here but I do know that you've got no business in this locker room with people who're putting their bodies on the line to fight for this company when all you've ever tried to do was bring it down.

[Waterson makes a "tsk tsk" sound, wagging a finger at the AWA's co-owner.]

ATTSBW: On the contrary, Todd, as my former trainer, you should know that I've never wanted the AWA to be anything but a success. And one might argue that the AWA has never been a greater success than when I was here trying to dominate it.

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: But that's a debate for another time. I look around this room right now at men like Ryan Martinez... like Jack Lynch... like...

[Waterson taps his chin, pointing at Michaelson.]

ATTSBW: ...you. And I see a problem. Do you see a problem, Todd, 'cause I sure do. The problem is that you've got a bunch of goody two shoes in here with you. I'm surprised you didn't bring Vasquez back for this little showdown... seems right up his alley.

[Michaelson looks away, betraying his thoughts.]

ATTSBW: I see. Too busy, huh? Not willing to share the stage with the young lions of the business trying to take his spot?

[Waterson chuckles as Todd stays silent.]

ATTSBW: I'll take your silence as-

[Todd angrily interrupts.]

TM: You take it for whatever you want and you get the hell out of here!

[Waterson pauses.]

ATTSBW: A tempting offer... but not as tempting as the one I'm about to make. You and I might not see eye to eye on much... anything really. But what we do agree on is that when we're wronged, we want payback. That's why you're here...

[Waterson points to the others in the locker room.]

ATTSBW: That's why they're all here.

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

ATTSBW: And that's why I'm here. The Wise Men thought they could get rid of me? I won't rest until that group is burning and I'm holding the damn torch. You understand me?

[Michaelson stares into the eyes of Waterson who returns the stare.]

ATTSBW: This is a one time offer, Michaelson. Take it or leave it. Your team needs help.

I'm here to offer it.

[Waterson extends his hand.]

ATTSBW: Shake my hand and I'll bring you two more for your army.

[Michaelson's eyes go wide for a moment before settling back in, staring at Waterson's offered hand. There's a buzz around the locker room as Todd rubs his chin, thinking hard on what to do...

...and sticks out his hand, accepting it.]

ATTSBW: Good. We have an arrange-

[Todd grips the hand harder, pulling Waterson close to him.]

TM: If you betray me... us... I'll end you myself.

[Waterson slowly nods.]

TM: Consider. Yourself. Warned.

[Michaelson releases as Waterson backs away, shaking his hand in a bit of pain as he backs out of the locker room, giving a slight bow before his exit. There's a hush in the locker room, the wrestlers stunned at Todd Michaelson's deal with Waterson. It's Ryan Martinez who steps forward, putting a hand on Todd's shoulder.]

RM: I trust you, but I've got to ask. Is this the right move? I've never had any personal dealings with him, but I've seen and heard enough to know that Waterson isn't any more trustworthy than the people we're taking on.

You sure you aren't trading one devil for another?

[Todd slowly nods, looking at the leader of Team AWA.]

TM: Ordinarily, I'd say no... but he's got no love for the Wise Men after what they did to him.

[Mulling it over for a minute, Martinez finally nods his head.]

RM: The enemy of my enemy is my friend. But I'm keeping my eye on him. Because once the Wise Men are dealt with, I'm expecting the knife to come for my back.

[Now, Michaelson nods.]

TM: Smart man. But Waterson only gets us to five spots left.

[Ryan nods.]

RM: Got any surprises up your sleeve?

[Michaelson grins.]

TM: I might have a few.

[He pats Martinez on the back, gesturing for the cameraman to cut to black before he address the fan favorites still in the locker room...

...as we fade back to the ring where several members of the Wise Men's Army are standing. Miss Sandra Hayes seems to presiding over this scene as she waves her pink-taped branding iron towards the entryway, resulting in the arrival of the Dogs Of War, dragging someone covered in a long black hood between them. The figure struggles now and again but the trio is too much for them, pulling them towards the ring and shoving them under the ropes.]

GM: Fans, I have no idea what's going on here. During that celebration back in the locker room, the Wise Men's Army stormed out here... they're hot! After what they just saw happen to Johnny Detson, they're BEYOND hot!

BW: And rightfully so! That was a travesty! The man has a building named after him for crying out loud! He deserves more respect than that, Gordo... even you have to admit that.

GM: I'm not concerned about Johnny Detson right now. What I AM concerned about is who under that hood that the Dogs Of War just threw into the ring... and that they're not holding down on the mat. Who in the world is that, Bucky?

BW: He's got a hood on! Could be my mama for all I know... except she's a supporter of the Wise Men.

[Sandra Hayes lifts her branding iron up as if it were an extension of her index finger and shoots it out towards the man in the corner of the ring.]

MSH: You see this? Do you SEE this?!

[She lowers the tip of her branding iron and presses it to the mat. Slowly she drags it from side to side, drawing an imaginary line across the ring.]

MSH: We gave this man a choice. These men in the ring... Pedro Perez, Demetrius Lake, Koyla Sudakov, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker... they were all given the same choice. Join our movement. Better yourselves, your careers, your dreams... better the chances of obtaining everything you hoped to gain the moment you wanted to become a professional wrestler. Stop letting the monarchs and egotists dictate your path, your glory. Let us allow you to shine. Let us let you be great!

That's what our movement is about.

These men chose to stand on OUR side because quite frankly the alternative is dismal and depressing. They chose not to be looked over for men like Ryan Martinez who was spoon fed success. They chose not to file behind Eric Preston who despite his outlandish ways and barbaric nature still has the blessing of dear old daddy...

[She playfully waves.]

MSH: Yeah I'm talking about you, Todd. Mom tell you she loves you today? I know I got a nice "go get em' girl" letter with XOXO in my AWA cubby this morning. Oh... she didn't? Well, that's just heartbreaking, old man.

[She wipes away a fake tear as the man in the corner starts to squirm.]

MSH: Oh, will you please shut him up?!

[Demetrius Lake drives his knee into the torso and a loud "ummmph" is heard as the man slinks down. Wade Walker and Isaiah Carpenter join in and pummel him with their boots.]

MSH: Maybe if you decided to MAN up for once in your life we wouldn't be in this position would we? Mom would have had enough respect for you as a man to tell you from Day One. But she, like the rest of, always knew that Todd Michaelson the wrestler has a lot more cajones then Todd Michaelson the father, husband, and man.

But that's what we've all come to expect from you, isn't it? Todd Michaelson... the reactor. The guy who is always last to the party and wears a thousand masks to hide his loneliness and depression. The man who runs for the border the moment things get tough. Leaves his wife, his family, and his students.

[She smirks as the fans jeer wildly.]

MSH: Supreme Wright didn't steal anything from you, Todd. He picked up the pieces you left for dead and he made them matter. Just like I did. Look at Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. I took what you couldn't and made them champions. Look at Brad Jacobs. Larry Doyle made him a champion. Look at Supreme Wright. The one YOU let get away. You want to talk about failures?

You FAILED them, Todd. You failed them all.

Just like your failed this one...

[She gestures to the hooded man.]

MSH: And come the Battle of Los Angeles, you will have officially failed all of these people who think you're some kind of a savior. Believe me when I say... you're no savior.

[She pauses.]

MSH: But just like you have a lot of work to do to fill out your team, the Wise Men have one piece of business remaining. And to make that happen, we need to be joined by an old friend.

Terry Shane... come on down.

[Static. "Dance of the Knights" kicks in and as the trumpets and horns blast over the arena speakers Terry Shane emerges from the back. No robe, no grandiose entrance, no signature spin. As the violins and woodwind instruments strike up Shane stands still, dressed in a green v-neck and charcoal washed jeans as he makes his way down the aisle, staring with confusion at a waiting ring full of people.]

GM: What is this all about?

BW: Isn't it obvious? Terry Shane is the final man! He's the 13th man in the Wise Men's Army!

GM: Well, that would make a lot of sense but if that's the case, Terry Shane certainly didn't seem to know about it.

[Shane reaches the ring, rolling under the ropes and climbing to his feet where he finds Isaiah Carpenter waiting, offering a steel chair to him as Walker and Perez each yank an arm of the hooded man and pull him out of the corner. The hooded man's legs give out underneath him as he gets dragged on his knees to the middle of the ring.]

MSH: There. Hold him right there.

[The Dogs Of War oblige as Hayes looks at Terry Shane who still looks puzzled. His eyes drift from the kneeling mystery man across the ring, locking eyes with Lake, Fujimoto, and then back to a grinning Miss Hayes.]

MSH: Terry, I know you might not believe me... but I am a sentimental woman. A woman who is experiencing a true mother-daughter relationship for the first time in my life. A woman who realizes that she owes a certain bit of gratitude for the man who helped her get to the AWA to begin with.

[She grins.]

MSH: That's you, sweetheart.

[Shane continues to stare at Hayes who is grinning at him.]

MSH: It took a lot of convincing but I managed to get Percy and Larry to agree to it. I convinced them that you could be trusted... that you would do the right thing and be a good little soldier here in the Army... as long as you were properly motivated.

[Carpenter sticks the chair towards Shane again, nodding at him. Shane snatches the chair away, shouting at Carpenter who smirks before backing off.]

MSH: We've given you the opportunity. We've given you the weapon. Now, all you have to do it prove your loyalty.

[A knowing smile crosses her face.]

MSH: Loyalty. Most people who've followed your career know that loyalty doesn't mean a damn thing to you. You've thrown aside partners... allies... your own father...

And even your friends.

[Shane's eyes flash, darting over towards the hooded man.]

MSH: Most people would say that Terry Shane has no friends. We... we know different, don't we, Terry?

[Shane shakes his head, gripping the chair tighter in his hands.]

MSH: You get one chance here, Terry. One chance. You know what to do with that chair. You do it... you get a spot at Cibernetico... you get a place at the table... you get a chance to do what you've always wanted to do and be what you've always wanted to be. The World Title is back where it belongs... but the Wise Men can get you a shot at it...

[She snaps her well-manicured fingers.]

MSH: Just... like... that.

[Shane grips the chair with both hands now, staring at the hooded man who tries to get up only to be kicked violently in the kidneys by former Mixed Martial Arts champion, Kolya Sudakov, knocking him back down to his knees.]

MSH: How bad do you want it, Terry? How bad do you want that World Title around your waist? You...

[She inches herself closer to him.]

MSH: ...can finish him now and have EVERYTHING.

[Shane stares at her, just inches away now. She steps back with a seductive smile, gesturing with the branding iron.]

MSH: Let's let the rest of the world in on the mystery.

[Kolya Sudakov steps forward, yanking the hood off.]

GM: OH MY GOD! IT'S BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[It certainly is the third generation competitor. His right eye is swollen shut and there are small blood splatterings underneath his nostrils but we can easily tell that it's him.]

MSH [low]: Do it.

[Shane's knuckles redden as he tightens his grip on the chair and lifts it up.]

MSH: Do it now!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern, begging for help.]

GM: No, no, no! Get someone out here, damn it! Get someone out here right now!

[O'Connor coughs, blood trickling down his bottom lip. Walker and Perez wrench back on his arms and his head limply rolls from one shoulder to the next.]

MSH: I SAID, FINISH HIM!

[Demetrius Lake marches forward and shouts at Shane which finally ignites the Ring Leader who hoists the steel chair over his head, grits his teeth, bellows out, and swings...

THWAAAA-AAAAACK!!!

...and DRIVES the steel down over the skull of Demetrius Lake, who just barely gets up his arms to absorb the brunt of the blow!]

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD, BUCKY! SHANE JUST TOOK OUT –

BW: NOT THE KING! PLEASE SAY IT ISN'T SO!

[Demetrius Lake's legs crumble underneath him as he falls to the mat. Walker and Perez heave O'Connor to the side and fumble over one another allowing Shane enough time to lift the chair, pivot...

...and SMASH the chair into the shoulder of Pedro Perez who spirals around and crashes through the ropes!]

BW: GET HIM! GET THAT TRAITOR!

[The crowd ROARS.]

GM: MY STARS, HERE COMES BACK-UP! JACK LYNCH! TORA! RYAN MARTINEZ! THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION IS ON HIS WAY OUT! THE BENCHES ARE CLEARING, BUCKY!

[As the aforementioned names sprint down the aisle, Sudakov and Walker look at one another and then to Miss Hayes who is already half-way out of the ring. They follow her lead and exit out the far side of the ring as Jack Lynch dives under the bottom rope and instantly attends to a bloodied and barely conscious Bobby O'Connor. He shouts for more help as Martinez and Bryant stand in-between Shane and Bobby.]

GM: Terry Shane has chosen his side in this war, Bucky!

BW: Has he, Gordo?! Or has he just chose to swat away the hand that fed him!

GM: Dave Bryant may be asking himself the same question as he stands in between them all.

[Ryan Martinez mouths something to Shane who heaves the chair to the side. He slowly backpedals away from the group, leaving them all to attend to O'Connor as the camera fades.

We fade to black.

In the background, we hear the slowly building sounds of the Alan Parsons Project's "Sirius."

One word slowly fades in, filling the entire screen.]

"SUPERCLASH"

[We cut to a montage of still photos from SuperClash events gone by - Stevie Scott standing nose to nose with Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez putting William Craven into barbed wire, Dave Bryant locking the Iron Crab on Calisto Dufresne, City Jack standing over his best friend to protect him with a baseball bat, Bobby Taylor trading blows with Kevin Slater, and so on and so on. The graphic changes.]

"VI!"

[As the roman numeral fades, we catch a glimpse of AWA owner Bobby Taylor in what appears to be a major city, walking the busy streets in his cowboy boots. We see glimpses of illuminated marquees with the latest big musical productions. We see towering buildings. Jam-packed streets. A small hot dog cart with a vendor hawking his offerings.

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

The shot fades to the black screen again with three letters that say it all, coming up one by one.]

"M...S...G."

[Cut immediately to a panning shot of the world's most famous arena, the camera circling around it before cutting to an overhead shot of it before cutting to the sign that reads "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN." And then one more cut to a black screen with all the details.]

"SUPERCLASH VI
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY
NOVEMBER 27, 2014"

[The graphic holds for a moment and then cuts to one more graphic.]

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[We slowly fade from the graphic back to live action where backstage the Wise Men are in scrambles. We instantly open up on Percy Childes spearing the air with his crystal tipped cane as he barks out demands to multiple

members of the Wise Men. The Dogs of War seem to be taking the blunt of his verbal tirade and they understandingly nod while hammering their fists together before breaking away. "Hollywood" Larry Doyle is pacing a grave into the concrete floor beneath him as he circles around Koyla Sudakov, Brad Jacobs, Noboru Fujitmoto, and Mr. Saduisto. Somehow, Colt Patterson finds himself in the middle of everyone and he turns to the only person that seems to grant him any sort of attention... the cameraman.]

CP: Gordon, Bucky, it's pandemonium here backstage here in Camp Wise Men after seeing Terry Shane stick the knife in the heart of his soldiers. Ever since the Wise Men revealed their hand and identities it seems as though Shane has been at ends to where his loyalty lies. Is he devoted to the team that brought him to the dance or he is devoted only to the person he cares about most? Himself.

Out in that ring earlier we saw a third party enter the picture. Not only did Shane make his intentions perfectly clear that he wants no part in the Wise Man's attempt to take over the AWA but he-

[These words seem to draw some angst from Childes who nearly jabs Patterson in the chest with his cane.]

PC: Attempt?! The power lies in our hands, Colt. There are no questions about that. If you think for a single second that the return of Todd Michaelson changes anything then you are sadly mistaken and misinformed. The grandfather of the AWA may have woken up from the dead but these men behind me are ready and eager to dig him another grave and bury him and anyone who stands beside him. You think losing Terry Shane to that mongrel shifts the power back to their side?

[Childes scoffs.]

PC: Look at these men, these soldiers, who would you want to go to war with, Colt? Hmm?

[Colt holds his hands up defensively, gently placing the end of Percy's cane away from his chest.]

CP: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Don't mix my words and my intentions with your battle, Percy. I'm a warrior at heart. I'm an ex-Navy Seal. I'm too old to wage war anymore. That's what you and your army are here for.

[Lenny Strong steps in.]

LS: That's exactly right, jack! You think we are back here shakin' in our boots cause Terry Shane ain't apart of the Gang no more? Gimme a break. He ain't EVER been with us. Shane looks out for one man and one man only, you said it yourself. If those goons want to invite him to their tea party and share crumpets then they can have him. Don't say no one ain't warn ya when ya end up with a sword down the back of your neck.

But ya see this...

[He gestures to Aaron Anderson. To Johnny Detson. Noboru Fujimoto, Ricky Marley, Wade Walker, Brad Jacobs, Demetrius Lake, Pedro Perez, Kolya Sudakov, and even to Miss Hayes, Doyle, and Childes.]

LS: WE got swords too. WE got tanks. WE got machine guns. WE got Bombers, Russian War Machines, Japanese Missiles, and the damn Dogs of War on our side. You think we need Shane, brother?! You been sippin' too much of Hannibal Carver's crazy Kool-Aid my man. You want to call this scrambling?

[Strong shakes his head.]

LS: This is evil geniuses preparing us for a war like no other. THIS is our kingdom, brother. What you see is a whole Army of our countrymen here in defiance of tyranny. They've come to fight as free men under the leadership and guidance of the Wise Men. Percy Childes, Larry Doyle, and Sandra Hayes gave us a choice... to fight, and battle, and wage war as free men under their banner, jack! We are here for them because WE believe in their way. We believe in their purpose! We believe that Todd Michaelson is a farce and when push comes to shove he's going to run for the hills and leave his soldiers to die for his cause and save himself.

Todd wants chaos, absolute and total chaos. Well, guess what?!

The mayhem started on Memorial Day and tonight the insanity ensues and two more men will sacrifice their careers for his cause.

TORA... Brian James... This ain't no feel good story, brother. This ain't no Hollywood movie. When you march out to the ring tonight and fight for everything you stand for, everything HE believes in... ask yourselves... is it worth it? Why ain't he on the frontline with you? Why hasn't Todd thrown his hat into the ring and put his life, and being, and blood on the line with you. You wanna fight?

You should run...

...run for the hills and don't ever look back. Because at the end of all this... no matter how much pride ya got, no matter how much honor is bestowed upon ya, no matter how good ya feel at night lyin' next to yer loved ones. It all comes to a crashing end.

Yer gonna end up with your head on the chopping block and the guillotine cuttin' you down.

You boys want freedom from the Wise Men?

[Grunt.]

LS: Yer gonna die in that ring like William Wallace.

AA: Hammer. Nenshou. Matsui. Blue. Supernova. GONE! DEAD!
FORGOTTEN!

[The commotion in the background has seized. Standing in unison behind the Lights Out Express are Doyle, Hayes, and Childes. Filing in behind them are their troops.]

AA: Tonight your names are going to be added to that list, fellas.

TORA. Brian James.

[Anderson makes a slit-throat motion with his hand.]

LS: It's gonna be LIGHTS...

[Strong drives his elbow into the palm of his hand making a thundering
SMACK! noise over the mic.]

LS: ...OUT!

[And then turns to Anderson who just stares dead eyed into the camera.]

AA: Burn. In. Hell.

[Crossfade to another area backstage, where, in front of the lockers, stands Mark Stegglet, flanked by Brian James on the left and TORA on the right. Both competitors are dressed in their ring gear. And both are pumped up and ready to go. There is a "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" graphic on the shot.]

MS: Moments from now, we're set to see a tag team match that promises to be one for the ages, as the Lights Out Express defend their World Tag Team championship against the two men who've joined me. TORA, this is an unprecedented opportunity for you and your partner. Both of you have been in the AWA for less than a year. I can tell you're excited. Tell me, are you nervous too?

TORA: Nervous? Nahhhhh. Ready for the chance, heck ya, Mr. Stegglet. The two of us came from out of nowhere really. Yeah, man, Brian has an awesome pedigree. I've worked my butt off all over the world. But in the huge world of the AWA we're not much. We're like third tier Avengers. But after tonight, we're on the main team, man!

MS: Mr. James, I don't think you're nervous either.

BJ: Oh no, Mark. I'm not anything but excited.

One of the things that Mr. Claw taught me and that Mr. Michaelson reinforced is that you have to be confident in everything you do. Be bold, and the world will be yours. I know that Strong's elbows are no match for my knees. And I know that there's nothing Anderson can do that can come anywhere close to what my partner can do!

We may be new on the scene, but you don't have to be old to make an impact. This is the new wave. We are the future.

And Lights Out Express, the future is coming for you!

MS: Perhaps overshadowing the opportunity tonight is the news that you two are being sent south, to take part of a tour of Mexico. It has to be disappointing, knowing you two will not have a chance to aid the AWA in their battle against the Wise Men.

[TORA sighs deeply.]

TORA: On one hand, heck ya, Mr. Stegglet, we're mad. Mad all all heck because this company means the world to us. The opportunity we've already talked about... we want to keep that going. But, on the other hand... it's Mexico! I've wrestled there a ton of times and am happy to go back. But this fight... darn it all Mr. Stegglet, I really wish we could be here and fight.

BJ: I won't lie, Mark. I'm as mad as I can be about what happened. But one thing that Ryan Martinez has said over and over again is that you can't lose hope. You can't let the Wise Men hold you down. And I believe in Ryan Martinez and Mr. Michaelson and everyone else on that team, and I know, without a shadow of a doubt, that they will triumph.

I also know that even if we can't be there in Los Angeles, we can do something for them tonight. Because, mad as we are, TORA and I realized something that never dawned on Percy Childes.

TORA: Tonight we get to take out the Lights Out Express, we get to take out too of Mr. Childes' biggest weapons. And not to mention, how powerful are the Wise Men when they don't have the tag team titles anymore and we do?

BJ: Tonight, we're taking all the anger we have over what happened out on those two jerks Anderson and Strong. Wise Men? You want to take us out of the Battle of Los Angeles? Well, I said I was going to prove to Mr. Michaelson that he's a great trainer.

Just wait until he sees his student as one half of the new tag team champions of the world!

MS: As big an opportunity as this is for you two, it isn't without controversy. Some would say that the team of Dichotomy should be standing with me right now, about to take advantage of the same opportunity you two are.

TORA: Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah. What happened happened. We're here, they're not. Like, seriously, man. They need to really just chill.

BJ: Mark, Dichotomy ought to be called Whine-otomy! Because that's all they do, whine, whine, whine! Can you think of two bigger whiners in the AWA? They think the world owes them something.

Well, in this case, those two squeaky wheels are only going to get...

MG: Screwed, if history is any indication.

[Mark, TORA, and Brian all turn to their right, startled. There stands Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, the team of Dichotomy. The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee, and a mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol. He's wearing a black U.N.I.T. polo shirt and heavy wrist tape.

The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white. He's wearing a black T-Shirt that reads I AIM TO MISBEHAVE in bulky brown picture-text.]

MS: This is not your time!

MH: Yes, it is! These two phlegmwads stole our shot at the titles two weeks ago! Our name was drawn from the lottery drum, not yours! We're the ones who should be here right now, because unlike the two of you, we're actually a tag team instead of two singles wrestlers who fell in love with one another while taking up space on the roster.

MG: For months now, we have seen these two sycophantic oxygen thieves get television matches, major show matches, every opportunity that Mark and I have toiled for, for a much longer time. They jumped the line because one of them is apparently some wrestler's offspring. And it is high time they were put back into their place.

[The expressions on the faces of Brian James and TORA turn serious.]

BJ: You think so? Why don't you try it right now?

MS: Gentlemen, please! Brian, TORA, you have a World Tag Team Title Match coming up next!

TORA: Don't worry about it. The moment we're done with the Lights Out Express, we're coming for you two! We'll see what you have to say then!

MG: Highly unlikely. You'll be collecting the rather significant foreign tour bonus that the AWA pays out when they send someone to advance into another country. A bonus that we've never had a chance to earn. And about which you've been complaining.

BJ: You think that's what we wanted? We wanted to stay here and fight for the AWA! Something I don't expect you two jerks to understand

MH: We don't want to hear it! You steal our title shot, you steal our opportunities, and you steal our television time... and you expect anyone to think YOU'RE the ones being wronged?

[Dichotomy stomps off in a huff.]

MS: Dichotomy is obviously very upset. And I suspect we haven't heard the last of them.

BJ: I'm sure we haven't. But tonight isn't about them. Tonight is about taking those tag team titles from the Lights Out Express.

Ready, TORA?

[TORA's answer comes in the form of a vigorous nod of his head, followed by a double high five shared by the pair of them.]

MS: There you have it. Gordon, Bucky, back to you!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[The sounds of... well, the crowd losing their minds fills the air as the four men in the World Tag Team Title match come spilling through the curtain, already brawling!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! They couldn't wait to get their hands on one another!

BW: I'd act surprised but after what happened to Bobby O'Connor out here a little while ago, I'm not.

GM: I suppose I'm not either. Bobby O'Connor is a very close friend of Brian James and TORA as well as being one of the most popular men in the entire locker room. You better believe these competitors are hot under the collar and fired up over what happened to him.

BW: I was referring more to that backstabbing twit Terry Shane sticking the blade in the backs of the Wise Men!

GM: A wild night here in San Francisco for sure. All four men brawling in the aisle, heading towards the ring... but conspicuous by her absence is Miss Sandra Hayes, the manager of the World Tag Team Champions.

BW: She's gotta be in a high level strategy session with Percy and "Hollywood" Larry right now, figuring out who the final member of their team is going to be now that Shane spurned them. Maybe it'll be me, Gordo!

GM: Oh, I'd pay to see that.

[Arriving at the ring, Brian James hurls Aaron Anderson under the ropes as the referee manages to get TORA and Lenny Strong apart from one another and heading towards their respective corners before waving for the bell.]

GM: The bell sounds and we're underway in this volatile situation.

[Brian James throws a front kick to the chest of the rising Anderson, sending him falling back into the corner where TORA is slapping the top turnbuckle to cheer on his partner. A fired-up James grabs the top rope, snapping off brutal roundhouse kicks to the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! James is taking the fight to Aaron Anderson in the corner!

[James steps back, tagging in his partner who slips into the ring, doubling over to grab the middle rope. He drives shoulder after shoulder into the body, rocking the torso of one-half of the World Tag Team Champions.]

GM: TORA may be a smaller competitor but he knows methods to use what weight he does have to his advantage just like he's doing right now.

[TORA bounces back off a tackle, backflipping a couple of times about three-quarters of the way across the ring...

...and then dashes back in, taking flight with a Superman-esque dive into the corner, driving his shoulder in one more time!]

GM: OHHHH! A series of tackles in the corner by TORA leaves Aaron Anderson gasping for air.

[TORA grabs Anderson by the head, using a snapmare to take him over to a seated position before tagging his partner again.]

GM: Quick tags by the challenger so far, both men in now...

[With a double high five, they each throw a kick - TORA to the chest and James to the back that leaves Anderson arching his back in pain.]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the challengers right there as James pulls Anderson up...

[Anderson digs his fingers into the eyes, breaking the attack. James staggers away as Anderson rears back, burying a forearm shank into the kidneys, sending him staggering across the ring.]

GM: Anderson's right in there after him, throwing forearm shots to the lower back...

[Grabbing James by the hair, Anderson yanks him off his feet and down onto a bent knee!]

GM: Hairpull backbreaker by the champion!

[Anderson gets back to his feet, slapping his partner's outstretched hand. An angry Lenny Strong is in fast, stomping James repeatedly, forcing him to roll under the ropes onto the apron. Strong leans over, dragging him up to his feet, facing away from the ring. He loops the arms back over the ropes, exposing James' chest...]

GM: James is trapped in the ropes!

[...and Strong starts clubbing the chest of James repeatedly, landing a half dozen blows before dashing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Strong off the ropes...

[A charging Strong leaps up, throwing a knee between the shoulderblades, sending James flying off the apron and down onto the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James hits the floor hard, cradling up as Strong stands on the middle rope, taunting the jeering fans. He turns back to TORA, marching towards the corner and shouting at him...

...who jumps through the ropes, charging at him which brings the official in to block his path.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren cuts him off! He's trying to get TORA out of there...

BW: But while this idiot TORA is in the ring, look at Aaron Anderson!

[Anderson pulls Brian James off the ringside mats, spins him around...

...and HURLS him into the ringside railing!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES BRIAN JAMES!

[The first graduate of the Combat Corner stalks away, hopping back up on the ring apron before the referee turns around, starting a ten count on the downed Brian James.]

GM: The referee missed all of that!

BW: Thanks to TORA!

GM: Well, TORA and Brian James are a brand new tag team here in the AWA. They're still getting used to one another and to being a tag team in general. It's highly likely that an experienced team like Anderson and Strong will be looking to take advantage of that fact.

[The referee's count reaches five before James stirs on the floor, staggering towards the ring. He climbs up on the apron at seven, eating a stiff forearm to the jaw as Strong pulls him into a front facelock...]

GM: Strong's looking for a suplex!

[...but James is thinking otherwise, throwing rapid-fire right hands into the ribs of Strong. Freeing himself, he lands a swinging elbowstrike of his own, sending Strong stumbling back.]

GM: James is fighting his way out of it. The challenger fighting back and-

[As Strong comes in again, James grabs the top rope and leaps into the air, lashing out with a kick to the head.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The kick sends Strong staggering back, slumping down to his knees as James slips back into the ring, heading towards his corner...]

...but Strong makes a lunge, grabbing the legs and cutting off the tag attempt.]

BW: Strong might be dazed from that head kick but he still has the presence of mind to cut that ring in half and prevent the tag!

[James swings around, grabbing Strong in a Muay Thai clinch, slamming knee after knee into the skull of the World Tag Team Champion before using his power to muscle Strong up, still in the clinch...]

...and HURLS him using the clinch into the corner where James slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: TORA tagged back in and he's coming in fast!

[He throws a few quick short roundhouses to the ribs before leaping up, twisting to bury his heel into the sternum.]

GM: Ohhh! Nice combination of kicks in the corner!

[TORA pulls Strong out onto the ropes, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Strong!

[The reversal sends TORA into the ropes where he rebounds back, ducking a clothesline. He builds more speed hitting the ropes again, sprinting towards Strong, ducking a back elbow to hit the ropes a third time...]

GM: TORA's like a speeding bullet right now!

[...and leaves his feet, throwing a spinning leg lariat that knocks Strong right off his feet and down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Nice leaping kick by TORA...

[TORA springs to his feet, charging the ropes where he leaps up onto the middle rope, blinding springing backwards...

...and landing a crossbody that takes Strong down again!]

GM: A blur of motion inside that ring as TORA flies all over in every direction.

[Strong gets to his feet where TORA is dashing into the ropes again, charging back. The champion doubles over for a backdrop as TORA leapfrogs over, stopping dead as he throws himself forward into a handplant...

...and scissors Strong's head as he turns around, ducking and rolling through into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Strong kicks out at two, sending TORA scrambling back to his feet.]

GM: TORA has such unique and sudden offense...

[TORA snaps off a series of short kicks to the sternum of the kneeling Strong who is trying to get back to his feet. He spins, dashing to the ropes...

...where Anderson slips down the apron, burying a knee into the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Cheap shot by Aaron Anderson!

[And as TORA staggers back, Strong grabs him under the armpits, launching him skyward...

...and BLASTS him with an elbowstrike on the way down, knocking TORA flat!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot from Strong after the illegal assist by his partner... and there's a tag to Aaron Anderson.

[Anderson and Strong each grab an arm, pulling TORA back to his feet...

...and HURLING him backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh!

[Strong ducks out as Anderson pulls TORA out to the middle, hooking a vertical suplex and taking the much-smaller man up...]

GM: He's got him up!

[And holds... and holds... and holds... and holds...]

GM: Look at the strength of Aaron Anderson! He may not look like a powerlifter out here but you better believe that this young man is one of the stronger men in the company!

[...and holds...and holds...and holds... and holds...]

BW: Incredible, Gordo!

[Anderson suddenly does a full 360, showing him off the crowd before dropping him down in the suplex!]

GM: Oh, spine-rattling suplex by one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!

[Anderson floats into a cover, pressing his forearm across TORA's cheekbone for a two count.]

GM: Two count only for the champions, trying to find a way to finish off the new Number One Contenders.

BW: Co-Number One Contenders. Don't forget about Dichotomy.

GM: I wish I could. But if anyone should be co-Number One Contenders, it should be Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds... the former World Tag Team Champions... if you ask me.

[Anderson gets back to his feet, taunting the crowd and Brian James as TORA rolls over to his hands and knees...

...and Anderson sets into motion, reaching down to secure the gutwrench...]

GM: Look at this!

[Anderson deadlifts TORA up into the gutwrench, dangling him off the mat...

...and then hoists him up and over, throwing him down to the mat before going for another cover.]

GM: Another two count for the champions.

[Anderson climbs back to his feet, glaring down at TORA. He pulls the smaller man up, grabbing him by the arm as he tags in his partner.]

GM: In come Strong off the tag...

[Strong and Anderson each grab an arm, twisting it around in a double armtwist...

...and SLAM their elbows to the sides of TORA's skull, sandwiching his head between their strikes. They spin back the other way, dropping low with a double back elbow to the gut.]

BW: Look at this doubleteam, Gordo.

GM: I'm watching it... and I'm watching a lack of a five count from the official to get one of them out of the ring.

[Reaching up, each grabs TORA behind the neck, still holding the arms as they flip him over into a seated position...

...and DRILL the smaller man with a double kick to the spine!]

GM: OHHHH! Come on, referee! Get the illegal man back out on the apron.

[Strong attempts a lateral press of his own, earning a two count before TORA kicks out. Strong angrily batters him with short forearms before pulling him up and tagging Anderson back in.]

GM: The tag is made... Strong holds TORA as Anderson hits the ropes...

[Anderson comes charging with a high kick but TORA slips out, causing the high kick to send Strong spilling through the ropes to the floor. The fans cheer as TORA makes a move towards a waiting Brian James but Anderson pulls him back by the trunks, going for a back suplex...

...but TORA flips back over the top, landing on his feet before dashing to the ropes.]

GM: Off the ropes again...

[Anderson is ready for him, shoving him skyward for the pop-up European uppercut...

...but TORA snags his head between his legs at the peak of his lift, snapping Anderson over with a rana!]

GM: HEADSCISSOR TAKEDOWN!

[TORA pops back to all fours as Anderson gets up...

...and TORA crawls right through the wickets, front rolling to get going, and makes a lunging tag!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Brian James steps in, coming in hot with a series of jabbing punches that backs Anderson into his own corner. James lands a few alternating kicks to each side of the ribcage before grabbing an arm...]

GM: James whips him across... Anderson bounces out...

[James hoists him up on the rebound, twisting around...

...and DRIVES Anderson into the mat with a spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! HE PLANTS HIM!

[James dives across, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Strong yanks him out by the leg, going for a forearm shot but James slaps it away before cracking him with a spinning back elbow that sends Strong staggering away.]

GM: James is back up on the apron...

[He slings himself forward, driving a shoulder downstairs on Aaron Anderson...

...and slings himself forward again, going up and over to take him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP GETS ONE!! IT GETS TWO! IT GETS-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Brian James was a half count away from winning this thing for his team! So close right there!

[James claps his hands together in irritation as he climbs to his feet, shaking out his black-tape wrapped fingers. He pulls Anderson off the mat, looping a lanky leg over the back of his neck...

...but as he leaps, Anderson shoves him off and up, dropping him with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! ONE!! TWO!! THR- DIVING SAVE BY TORA!!

[The referee forces TORA out of the ring as Anderson pulls James off the mat, looking out to the floor where Lenny Strong has tugged a different elbowpad into place on his arm.]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Anderson nods, whipping James across the ring...

...or trying to as James reverses, sending Anderson towards a loaded elbowstrike!]

GM: OHH! ANDERSON SLAMS ON THE BRAKES AND-

[James rushes forward, throwing a leaping one-legged front kick to the chest that sends Anderson falling back into Strong, knocking Strong off the apron again.]

GM: Anderson staggers off... SMALL PACKAGE!! ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But again, Anderson slips out in time. A fired-up James pulls him up, wrapping him in a waistlock, rushing across the ring...

...where Anderson ducks down as Strong gets up on the apron again, winding up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOADED ELBOWPAD OFF THE SKULL!!

[James collapses like he's been shot as Anderson spins around, throwing himself into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[TORA scrambles in, trying to save his partner...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

[...and just barely falling short.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Lights Out Express retain the titles!

BW: What a win!

GM: A crooked, dastardly victory for Anderson and Strong who proved they don't need Miss Sandra Hayes out here to cheat to win.

BW: That elbowstrike is devastating!

GM: Especially when the elbowpad is loaded up with something, Bucky.

BW: Slander.

GM: TORA and Brian James could've won the World Tag Team Titles tonight but the Wise Men strike again... and speaking of the Wise Men, I'm told that Todd Michaelson is standing by with Mark Stegglet yet again.

[Cut to the back. Standing alongside Mark Stegglet is a man who looks equally disappointed and disheartened.

MS: A tough loss there for TORA and Brian James, Mr. Michaelson... a tough loss for Team Michaelson too. I know you were hoping we'd see new World Tag Team Champions crowned here tonight but you've got to be proud of

them. Those are men who gave it their all... tremendous effort... and they just narrowly missed adding another championship to the list of Combat Corner alumni.

[Michaelson looks at Stegglet for a moment, pauses, and lets out a deep exhale.]

TM: Team AWA, Mark. Team AWA.

[Michaelson, annoyed, spits off to the side and wipes his mouth with his sleeve.]

TM: But you're right. They put up a hell of a fight out there but quite frankly, it wasn't enough. Once again, just when you think the forces of good are gonna make a dent... are gonna knock these guys down a peg, the Wise Men and their Army dig down, break some more rules, call in some more favors, grease some more palms... whatever it is that they need to do to make sure that they prevail.

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: What you saw out there wasn't TORA and Brian giving it their all and losing a fair fight. What you saw out there was the reality staring the AWA in the eyes.

We are outnumbered.

We are outpowered.

We are outmanned.

We need help, Mark. We need it fast. I've been through a lot of battles in my time and stared down some of the most vindictive and violent men this sport and world has ever seen. You were there for some and I'm sure you've heard of the others. But this is different.

[He pauses.]

TM: I've never felt like this before, Mark. I've talked a big game the last couple of weeks but it just seems like every time I feel like we're getting an edge, the Wise Men have something to knock us back down. I've never felt like I was going into a fight that... that quite honestly, we might not be able to win.

[He shakes his head, looking down.]

TM: Maybe I made the wrong choice. This whole challenge and all? I don't know. Or maybe I just walked away too soon after all that stuff went down at SuperClash.

Maybe they're right, you know? Maybe this is my fault.

[Todd lets out another sigh, obviously frustrated and down...

...when in walks a familiar face.]

TM: Are you here to gloat? I don't need it right now, kid.

[Fresh off his battering of the Wise Men, Terry Shane still remains in the same street clothes we saw him in earlier.]

TS: I am here.

[There's a lingering pause.]

TM: And?

TS: And I do not see a line at the door answering your prayers, Todd. You need me.

[Michaelson looks to Mark and then back to Terry Shane and smirks.]

TM: You've got to be kidding me.

TS: You said it yourself. I heard you clear as day. You need help. And I?

[Shane pauses a beat.]

TS: I can stop the pain. I can stop this bleeding death that your students and your cause is suffering from. Do you want to lead your men to their death bed? Or do you want to shove a knife down the throat of Percy Childes and the Wise Men and end this.

[Todd points a finger, gesturing wildly.]

TM: That right there! Right there! Bleeding death? Death bed? Shove a knife down their throat? Who the hell do you think you are? I've already got a Carver on my team. What makes you think ANYONE on my team would trust you after... after everything?!

[Shane shrugs as if the answer is obvious and clear as day.]

TS: Necessity. You have no other choice. Let me help, Todd. Look around. Take a good, long, hard look around.

[Michaelson takes the suggested look, running a hand through his hair. He looks at Stegglet who offers nothing. Slowly, he turns back to Shane.]

TM: Your friends... your allies out there? They trusted you and look where it got them. You just tried to cave in the skull of one of the only guys who ever said anything nice about you.

[Michaelson shakes his head, looking down again before looking back up in Shane's eyes.]

TM: There's a lot at stake in this. Everything. You want me to risk it all on you?

[Another head shake.]

TM: You're crazier than I thought.

[Shane tilts his head in thought.]

TS: Crazy.

[Shane lets that word linger.]

TS: Crazy is all you have right now. You have soldiers, Todd. You need Generals. You need Leaders. You need a man who is hellbent on destroying the Wise Men and everything that they stand for. You think the World Title fuels me? Ask Steve Spector what makes me tick. Ask him what I am capable of when provoked. Ask him what lengths and extremes I will go too to win a war. All of a sudden...

...crazy does not sound that insane, does it?

[Todd ponders this notion and as he does so, Shane extends his hand out to him.]

TS: We can win, Todd.

You...

...can win.

[Yet again, Todd Michaelson finds himself with a decision to make - a decision to trust a man that ninety minutes earlier, he would have never dreamed of trusting. He takes a long, hard look into Shane's unblinking eyes - a silent staredown.]

TM: You had it right the first time.

WE... can win.

[Michaelson accepts the handshake, a brief exchange before Shane withdraws, walking away without another word. The AWA co-owner turns to a shocked Mark Stegglet whose jaw is dropped.]

MS: Matsui? Waterson? Now Shane? What the hell have you done?

[Michaelson shrugs.]

TM: What had to be done. We're almost there, Mark. Time to finish this.

[Michaelson walks out of view as we fade to black.]

Fade back up on what sounds like a very passable punk cover of the Beach Boys' "Surfin' USA" with a sun-drenched beach. A voiceover begins.]

"The experts say that it promises to be the hottest summer on record."

[A shot of a pair of bikini-clad girls being baked by the sun.]

"But it's not global warming's fault."

[A shower of sand is kicked in the girls' faces, causing yelps and angry shouts. We slowly pan up from the sand to reveal a grinning Miss Sandra Hayes in a bikini of her own.]

"It's the AWA's fault"

[Cut to shots of AWA action with sunburst graphics and transitions cutting from shot to shot as the voiceover continues.]

"It's become an annual tradition when the AWA hits the road every summer, leaving their hometown of Dallas behind and going out to all the cities thirsting for the professional wrestling action that only the AWA can provide."

[A series of show dates appear on the screen, scrolling past one by one.]

"But this year, the AWA makes history by going COAST TO COAST for the very first time. So, check the tour schedule now for the show nearest you because you do NOT want to miss it when the AWA comes to your town!"

[We cut back to the bikini-clad Sandra Hayes, now with her pink branding iron slung over her shoulder.]

MSH: Can you feel the heat?

[A seductive smile and wink follows before we fade to black...

Open to a pan of an empty Crockett Coliseum, before an event. The blue seats form a sea around the ring, which stands out like an island.]

VOICEOVER: The home of champions.

[Brief flashes of famous faces appear as the pan continues. Vasquez. Scott. Monosso. Dufresne. Wright.]

VOICEOVER: The home of legends.

[More: Broussard. Rogers. Martinez (the elder). Spector. Langseth.]

VOICEOVER: And the home of the best in the world today.]

[More: Shane. Martinez (the younger). Lake. Carver. Bryant.]

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

[The pan of the arena slowly morphs from a live action shot, to a 3D digitized animation shot of the exact same place. Everything looks the same, except this is no longer live footage... it looks like a video game.

And in the next shot, we see that it IS one; the stands are filled with virtual fans as a virtual Supreme Wright locks up with a virtual Dave Bryant. Rapid-fire cuts to the game avatars of many AWA stars, past and present, either in ring, in selection screens, or in entrances.]

VOICEOVER: The year is 2014. And the game... has... changed.

[And cut to a still shot of Supreme Wright holding up the title after his championship win at SuperClash, because that's the cover of AWA 2K14 by 2K games.]

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[Cut.

When we return from commercial, Team Wise Men is re-entering the ring. Percy Childes strides to center ring, flanked by Larry Doyle and Miss Sandra Hayes, and scoops up the mic.]

PC: It has been an... eventful evening. I hope you have all enjoyed it.

[The fans actually cheer that, especially because it makes a now de-belted Johnny Detson rant and rave angrily. The camera catches Rick Marley holding back a grin.]

PC: But now is the time to finalize everything. Both teams must be announced in full by the time we go off the air tonight, remember. Mr. Michaelson, come on out and reveal the rest of your team. And then we will reveal the rest of ours.

[There is a decent-sized silence as the Wise Men wait for the arrival of Team AWA. After a few moments, the curtain parts without a hint of entrance music as Team AWA in its announced entirety strolls into view.

Ryan Martinez is the first into view, walking alongside Todd Michaelson. Martinez has a very obvious concerned expression on his face - perhaps some doubt over the choices made by the AWA owner throughout the evening.

Jack Lynch is the next one through, an arm holding up Bobby O'Connor who looks a little worse for wear as he comes out with his tag team partner to a big cheer.

Louis Matsui walks out alone, no sign of the man he is bringing with him at the Battle Of Los Angeles but present and accounted for nonetheless.

Dave Bryant walks out without the World Heavyweight Title belt he carried only ninety minutes earlier. He looks... pissed.

Hannibal Carver stays away from the rest of the team but he's there... oh yes, he's there.

As is Terry Shane who makes sure he's standing as far away from Hannibal Carver as possible... a smart move given their history.

The team stands at the top of the aisle, assembled together with one goal - to end the Wise Men. Todd Michaelson slowly raises a mic.]

TM: I've got to hand it to you, Percy... Sandra... Doyle... you guys had a heck of a night. Hell, there was a even a moment... a nationally televised moment no less... where I thought this whole thing might be for nothing. That there was no chance we were going to put together a team that could stop what you've put together up there...

[The crowd buzzes as Doyle cockily gestures to the team, welcoming the assemblage down the aisle to charge the ring.]

TM: I... was wrong.

[BIG CHEER!]

TM: You see these men out here right now? They've come together through bad blood... through conflicting views... and through hell and highwater to take you OUT of the AWA once and for all.

And they're not alone...

[Michaelson slowly turns, pointing to the curtain where the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson walks into view. He continues to where the assembled team is standing, taking Michaelson's offered mic.]

ATTSBW: Well, I can't say that once upon a time, I imagined it would all turn out like this. If things had gone differently, I might be standing in that ring right now... getting threatened by the same men standing next to me right now.

[A smirk.]

ATTSBW: Funny how things work out. Now, let make this abundantly clear. I'm not in this for your holy crusade, Todd. I'm not in this to make the AWA a saintly place once more.

What I AM in it for is payback. Bloody... fierce... brutal... payback.

And I'm not the only one.

[The sounds of "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd kick in to a HUUUUGE reaction from the AWA faithful.]

ATTSBW: In the history of this promotion, there's only been one group to cause as many problems as the men inside that ring right now... only one group on par with the Wise Men.

And we were better.

[A smirk.]

ATTSBW: If you want to beat the Wise Men, you gotta be able to get down and dirty... and no one does down and dirty better than...

THE SOUTHERN SYNDICATE!

[The crowd reacts huge again as the curtain parts. The first man into view is a former AWA National Champion and in recent weeks is just an all-around stirrer of the proverbial pot.]

GM: "HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT!

BW: WHAT?! He's not medically cleared!

GM: I'm betting you're wrong on that! And what an addition to this team!

[Stevie pauses, hands on hips, looking towards the ring...

...and jerks a thumb over his shoulder as the curtain parts again.]

GM: Oh my god.

[The crowd ROARS in shock at the sight of a man who has been absent from AWA television for about nine months...

...former World Heavyweight Champion, Calisto Dufresne!]

GM: DUFRESNE! DUFRESNE IS IN THE BUILDING!

BW: WHAT?! What does HE have against the Wise Men?!

GM: I haven't got a clue but Calisto Dufresne, the former World Champion, has just signed on for Team AWA! The Southern Syndicate will ride again in ten nights at the Battle Of Los Angeles!

[Dufresne steps up next to Waterson, allowing the "Agent To The Stars" to keep Stevie Scott away from him. The camera quick cuts to Dave Bryant who is shaking his head, speaking off-mic to Michaelson. The music fades as the Wise Men nod solemnly, serious expressions on their faces.]

PC: Impressive, go on.

[Michaelson takes the mic back from Waterson.]

TM: Not that long ago, I was sitting on a beach in Mexico licking my wounds... but you've heard that story.

[Michaelson winces.]

TM: Sort of. Turns out I left a part out... an important part... the part where an old friend came down to visit me to try and talk some sense into me.

It didn't work, mind you... not that day... but as we stood on the beach and discussed everything, he made me make a promise.

"If you go back... if you get the chance to make things right... let me go back with you and end things the right way."

[Michaelson shrugs.]

TM: If nothing else, I'm a man of my word. I told you that I wanted the right to name anyone to my team who wanted to join. That... well, that just happened to include anyone who was banned from the company.

[Percy looks puzzled, shaking his head.]

TM: And if we gotta have the Southern Syndicate by our side to raise some hell, then we damn sure gotta have the guy who helped build this place from Day One!

Ladies and gentlemen... the first man to ever wear championship gold in the history of this company...

My friend...

THE SAN JOSE SHARK... MARCUS BROUSSARD!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as the very first AWA National Champion strides into view, grinning at the reaction inside the ring. They're not happy and they're showing it. After several moments have passed, Percy settles down enough to call together a brief huddle amongst Childes, Doyle, and Hayes.]

PC: Alright. Not bad. Continue.

[Michaelson grins.]

TM: I could bring out John Wesley Hardin and Caleb Temple right now and you'd just nod, smile, and tell me it was "okay", right?

[Percy arches an eyebrow.]

TM: Don't worry. They're not taking my calls. But... well... this guy is.

[Michaelson shrugs as the curtain parts again.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[The crowd is buzzing at the arrival of the latest man to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Todd Michaelson.]

GM: CHRIS BLUE HAS RETURNED!

[And by the way, he also looks pissed.]

CB: Let's make it clear that I don't give one damn about any of you.

[Michaelson shrugs and says, "That's true" off-mic.]

CB: But I have a certain reputation to uphold. And that reputation says that I'M the most powerful man in the history of this business... not the three of you. It says that I'M the man that everyone fears... not the three of you. And it says that when you want someone to show up and tip the scales in your direction, I'M the man you call.

And when I get the chance to get payback on someone who left me for dead...

[Blue glares at the ring.]

CB: You're damned right I answered the call... and made a call of my own.

[Blue turns slightly, looking back at the curtain...

...which again parts, bringing a HUUUUUGE REACTION from the crowd!]

GM: CLETUS LEE BISHOP! THE REDNECK WRECKING MACHINE RETURNS!

BW: What the... what the...?! What the hell is going on here, Myers?!

GM: Todd Michaelson said he had some surprises! He said he was putting a team together! The Wise Men wanted to play games and break this team apart?! Well, they may be regretting that decision right about now, Bucky!

[Cletus Lee, sweating profusely and shaking with rage, stares down the aisle at the ring where Percy Childs and Larry Doyle are deep in conversation... oh, and the Lights Out Express just started clutching the World Tag Team Titles a little tighter to their chests. Todd Michaelson takes the mic back.]

TM: Come on, Percy. Even you have to admit you might not have seen that one coming.

[The Wise Men intend to admit no such thing as they huddle up, discussing what they're seeing.]

TM: Fair enough. We'll keep going. By my count, we're down to two spots left.

[Michaelson pauses, looking around at the growing line of talent surrounding him. He spreads his arms for a moment, soaking up an extended cheer from the crowd.]

TM: As I look up and down the row at these men, I see a lot of history. Men who've been in the AWA since the very first day... men who are new to the party but no less committed to it. I see men who've been a part of the early days of my career... who many might say deserve the credit for my big break. I see friends... I see foes... heck, I even see men I barely know.

But I see something missing too.

[A pause.]

TM: Family.

[Michaelson turns to a grinning Martinez who marches back, yanking open the curtain to a DEAFENING CHEER!]

GM: ERIC PRESTON! ERIC PRESTON IS IN THE BUILDING!!

BW: WHAT?!

[Martinez grabs his best friend by the wrist, raising his arm emphatically. Preston smiles at his friend's enthusiasm, pausing for a quick embrace before marching to the line, taking a spot next to Todd Michaelson, slipping an arm over his shoulders before leaning over the mic.]

EP: Miss me?

[The crowd roars again but Percy Childes simply smiles. Supreme Wright can be seen to nod in approval.]

PC: Normally, that would be quite an addition. But... are you medically cleared, Eric?

TM: The deal was that I could add ANYONE. That supercedes...

PC: That supercedes your responsibility to the health and wellbeing of people that trust you, I understand. Who else are you going to get killed?

[Todd pauses.]

TM: This was Eric's decision. When I went to his hospital bed in Phoenix and told him that it might end up like this, there was one thing he had to say...

"Count me in."

[Michaelson pauses as the crowd cheers and Eric Preston nods with a smile.]

TM: And as someone who has gotten into the ring time and time again against doctor's orders... against doctors warning that I risk ending up in a wheelchair if I wrestle... I'm in no position to tell anyone to listen to a doctor.

So, that makes twelve.

[Michaelson smiles.]

TM: You wanted thirteen? You get thirteen. A very, very unlucky thirteen for all of you.

This battle? This Battle Of Los Angeles? This isn't just about business to me. This is personal.

[He raises an arm, pointing at the ring.]

TM: Because you chose to make it personal when you involved my family. You went after my brother-in-law. You went after a kid who is like a son to me.

[Michaelson jerks a thumb at Preston.]

TM: And most of all, you went after my family.

So, if my family is going to be involved... we're gonna be involved... and I'm not talking about the spoiled princess in there.

[Miss Sandra Hayes throws a brief tantrum before snatching the mic away from Percy Childes.]

MSH: I was hoping you'd be man enough to enter yourself, "dad". In fact, I was counting on it. I've seen your medical history... being related sooo closely, the people at the office never questioned it. And we know that after what happened to you the last time you stepped into the ring? You'll never do it again... well, if you do, it'll be the last time. That's for sure. And then who will be the AWA's hero?

[Todd grits his teeth at everything Sandra says, but goes on.]

TM: That's where you're wrong, princess. For years, the doctors have been telling me that I was risking paralysis every time I got in the ring and for years, I ignored them. But those medical reports you saw? Those got substantially worse after I faced James Monosso.

[Percy grins.]

TM: That maniac almost killed me. He did kill me, as far as ever wrestling again is concerned. I just... I can't do it. I promised Lori that I'd never do it again.

So, no... it won't be me.

[The Wise Men look a bit puzzled.]

TM: See, I left this one up to the member of my family that you forgot. The one you always underestimate. Jason. Jason had plenty of time in the office you put him in to make calls, and he repaired a bridge we burned long ago.

You brought the Danes into this, so they exercised the nuclear option.

Our thirteenth man is my brother-in-law... but not Jason.

No, it's the man who is banned from wrestling in nine states... the man we always said was too dangerous to compete here in the AWA...

..."MANIAC" MORGAN DANE!

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Oh my God. He... he can't be serious!

[The knowledgeable AWA crowd is stunned at the announcement, rising to stare at the aisle to see if Todd Michaelson's telling the truth. Several members of his own team look just as shocked, staring at Michaelson for the punchline.

But this is no joke.

From the back strides a tall, bulky man in a brown fur cloak. Morgan Dane, with his unkempt dirty-blond hair and his large scraggly long beard looking every bit the "Maniac" that he is, has finally arrived in the AWA. Dane has many scars across his body, and a flat nose which was broken once too often. He wears a pair of black jeans and is shirtless under the cloak.

Morgan stomps forward to where Todd is, and reaches for the microphone. Michaelson thinks for a moment before warily handing it over. With a snarling frown on his face, Morgan speaks in a low, raspy voice.]

MD: That thump you just heard was Satan fallin' on his ass, 'cause hell just froze over an' a flyin' pig just hit him in the face.

[Dane points at Michaelson.]

MD: This man hates my guts. His wife... my sister... she thinks I'm an embarrassment. And little Jason is the only one who'll talk to me because it tears at his soul that he wasn't born with the guts to be a wrestler and he lives vicariously through me.

[These words irritate Todd, who can be heard to protest, "He does not!" But Morgan goes on.]

MD: They didn't want me within fifty miles of an AWA show because of what I do. What I do is violent. What I do makes sponsors vanish, censors weep, and children lose whatever innocence the world hadn't wrung out of them yet. They let in Ebola Zaire - the bloodthirstiest son of a bitch that I've ever gone to war with - four times... FOUR TIMES... and not Morgan Dane. Never Morgan Dane. You think on that.

[He glares at Michaelson.]

MD: He worked for this other bastard...

[Dane turns to stare at Chris Blue.]

MD: ...who ran a place born in barbed wire and baptized in blood. A place where broken glass and thumbtacks was just another night at the office. A place where the so-called King of the Death Match hid for years so that the true Shadow Of Violence didn't touch him. A place where a man lost a finger and no one blinked an eye.

Nothing. My whole damned family worked there and I couldn't get a seat to a show.

[Dane slowly turns his stare off Blue who may have just shivered a bit.]

MD: And they want this so bad that they swallowed their pride and called me? I had to come. I had to. This was everything I ever dreamed of, and it is about to get even better. I promised Jason Dane that I would compete in the Cibernetico. And I will do exactly that!

[And then, his frown slowly twists into a sick, demented grin.]

MD: ...for the only member of my family that never betrayed me!

[Morgan pauses to let that turn of phrase sink in. Todd sees the grin... watches Morgan step from alongside him to in front of him... and sees the look on Sandra's face. And he understands. His pupils dilate and he starts to speak.]

TM: ...wait!

MD: MY NIECE! HA HA HA HA HA!

[The fans boo madly as all three Wise Men smile and celebrate in the ring. Michealson steps back, stunned.]

PC: Oh, by the way. Todd, our thirteenth man?

... is "MANIAC" MORGAN DANE!

[And now that sickening voice snaps Todd from horror to rage. Broussard has to hold Todd back as he steps to Morgan.]

TM: WE TRUSTED YOU! WE WERE GOING TO PUT THE PAST ASIDE! WE WERE GOING TO BURY THE HATCHET!

MD: Yeah? Good for you. I wasn't. 'Less you mean bury a hatchet right in your yellow, crumpled-up spine!

[Preston has heard enough, and he lunges for Dane. But Michaelson reaches out an arm to stop him, as he sees what the camera soon focuses on. Morgan has reached into his cape.]

MD: Now, I ain't fool enough to think I could take on all of you here in the aisle, but I can promise this...

[Dane withdraws his hand, revealing a pearl-handled razorblade... perhaps familiar to longtime wrestling fans.]

MD: ...first one of you that touches me will be the one whose slashed-up face ends any hope the AWA has of gettin' on network TV a second time. Heh heh heh. Wouldn't that be a shame, Michaelson? I could end that dream of yours in a second, right now, couldn't I?

[Todd's face is a blend of anguish and rage as he backs Preston down. Off-mic, we can hear an almost whispered "Morgan, please... stop" from the AWA co-owner. Dane laughs in his face.]

MD: No. No, I won't. Or should I say, YOU stop me. Seems like I was your trump card, Michaelson, and now you got squat. Or... well, now that ain't exactly true, is it? You still got one last option, and about ninety seconds to use it. Only one person you can put in that match now, right? The only man you can really ever trust... and the one who let you down more often than not. The man in the mirror.

[Preston puts a hand on Michaelson's shoulder, trying to keep him back as Todd clenches his teeth together, staring into the eyes of the Shadow Of Violence himself.]

MD: And you want it, dontcha? You always wanted to fight me. ALWAYS. But you knew I'd cut you. You were too yellow to fight me because it'd be on my terms. Well, here's your chance. Cibernetico, Michaelson. Tag yourself in.

You want this.

And if you do it, I'll do it your way. AWA-style. No blades, no razors, no barbed wire. I won't promise that I won't park a chair upside anybody's head, but... ha ha, nobody's perfect, right?

[Michaelson grits his teeth harder as the crowd eggs him on just as much as Morgan does. We can hear Broussard telling him "Don't do it, Todd!", while Preston looks like he wants to vomit. Todd clenches his fists.]

TM: If I do this, it would be suicide...

MD: Yellow as ever.

TM: ...but I'd take you with me.

[Dane smiles at that, nodding his head, waving the razorblade to call Todd forward.]

MD: DO IT! BE A MAN!

[Michaelson is shaking with intensity now. He's got Eric Preston on one side and Marcus Broussard on the other, both trying to talk him down off the cliff he's perched himself on. Michaelson raises the mic to answer, nodding his head when Ryan Martinez steps in front of him, placing a hand on the mic.]

RM: No.

[Michaelson looks up at Martinez who shakes his head, taking the mic away.]

RM: The answer is no.

[Morgan Dane smiles at the new speaker in front of him.]

MD: You. You're Martinez' pup, ain'tcha?

[Ryan grimaces, nodding.]

MD: Your old man ducked me for over a decade.

[Dane slowly raises the blade, reaching out towards the AWA's White Knight with it.]

MD: Maybe... if I...

[He does a little flourish with the blade.]

MD: Cut out yer heart, he'd come lookin' for me.

[Dane gives a laugh at Ryan's focused face.]

RM: Todd, you've done enough. You got us here. You got us together. And just like Juan said to Eric all those months ago... this is OUR fight now.

You sit back and watch at the Battle of Los Angeles...

[He suddenly gives a sadistic smile back to the threatening Morgan Dane...]

RM: We're gonna make you proud.

[The voice of Percy Childes cuts through the tension between Martinez and Dane as Broussard and Preston prevent Michaelson from doing anything dumb.]

PC: That's it, then! At the Battle Of Los Angeles, it will be-

[In the middle of Percy's sentence, the lights go out.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: What's happening?!

[The fans are roaring now as they sense that something's about to happen.]

GM: Stay on the air! Stay on the air! Something is going on!

BW: No, no, this is just a power outage. In fact, that's the end. For Gordon, this is Bucky, signing off!

GM: NO! Bucky, don't you dare! If we're still on the air...

[A single spotlight turns on.

It does not shine in the ring, or in the aisle, or in the crowd. No, it shines upwards.

In the rafters...

...at the man known simply as Supernova.]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!! THERE'S STILL HOPE! SUPERNOVA IS HERE!

[The crowd collectively loses their mind as Supernova steps forward, off the rafters, and rappels straight down on a cable towards the ring!]

PC: WE'RE OUT OF TIME! GOODBYE! CUT THE FEED!

GM: DON'T YOU DARE! AT ALL COSTS, BY GOD, STAY ON THE AIR!

[Supernova lands right in front of Percy Childes, snatches his mic, and shouts for the world to hear.]

S: I! AM! IN! OOOOOOOOWWWWWW!

[And then he hauls off and decks Percy, sending him flying. This immediately triggers the Dogs Of War to jump on him, tackling him down... and here comes Team AWA, rushing past Morgan as someone has snatched his razor from him in the confusion!]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS THE THIRTEENTH MAN! THE AWA IS ALIVE! AND THE BATTLE OF LOS ANGELES IS STARTING HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO!

[The ring quickly fills with soldiers from both sides in this horrific war that has raged for far too long.

The ultimate war for the fate... for the future... for the very existence of the American Wrestling Alliance.

Fists are flying. Feet are too. Bodies are sailing from the ring in every direction.

The fans though. The fans are standing... screaming, shouting. They know they have witnessed the first shot being fired in the battle to come.

They know the battle is upon them. The Battle Of Los Angeles.

They know that in ten nights, the war will commence.

And it... like all wars before and yet to come...

...will be Hell.

Fade to black.]