



GLITS & GLORY

July 4th, 2014 ☆☆☆ Hammons Field ☆☆☆ Springfield, Missouri

[We fade in from black on a shot of a waving flag of the United States of America. Gordon Myers' voice is heard in voiceover form.]

"A great man once said 'Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and success of liberty.'

On this, our nation's birthday, we will celebrate the very best way we know how - by presenting the greatest professional wrestling action in the world today. But while you are enjoying our birthday gift to America, we ask that you please take a moment and recall the true price of liberty and freedom - the sacrifices being made by our servicemen around the world yesterday, today, and tomorrow as well as their families who selflessly send them off to a foreign land, knowing very well what tomorrow may bring.

To them, we say thank you...

...and God Bless America."

[The shot of the flag fades out and is replaced by a shot of the World Heavyweight Title belt, shining and glittering under a spotlight. A voiceover begins.]

"Some prizes are as clear as day. Golden. Shimmering. The kind of prize you can look at and know you must have it."

[We fade to a shot of Terry Shane III in a gym, running on a treadmill.]

"For some, the prize is destiny - something they were meant to hold. A tradition passed down from grandfather to father and now to son. A birthright."

[Then to Dave Bryant doing leg presses, his teeth clenched as he exerts himself.]

"For others, the prize is the end of a life-long journey. A hard-fought battle to regain that they once held as a certainty. The light at the end of the tunnel. The ultimate reward for a career's worth of hardships."

[We crossfade to the monstrous metal structure known as the Tower of Doom.]

"But some prizes are a bit more abstract. There is no gold awaiting the winner. There is no trophy to hold overhead at the end of the battle. For some, these prizes are in their hearts... in their souls..."

[Fade to a shot of the five men (well, six so far) representing the Wise Men in the Tower.]

"For these men, the prize is power. The collective strength to rule over everything their eyes can see. Gold, money, influence - the ability to make the world cower at their feet."

[And then to the five men who will stand against them in one of the most dangerous structures in all of wrestling.]

"And for these, the prize is freedom... independence... the ability to win and lose on their own merits... to succeed and fail based on their own talents and abilities and not on the whim of the wicked."

[We fade to black.]

"But what is the price? What is the price of gold? Of the ultimate prize? What is the price of power? Of freedom? What will it take to win your heart's desire?

And are these men willing to pay that price?"

[The voiceover fades...

...and we fade up from black on a raucous crowd jammed into Hammons Field in Springfield, Missouri. The minor league baseball stadium looks like a sparkling jewel for this exciting night of professional wrestling action. The stands are full, the luxury boxes the same. We can spot fans on blankets in the general admission lawn seating beyond the outfield fence. Temporary bleachers have been brought in to seat even more fans in the outfield grass with rows upon rows upon rows of steel chairs covering the rest of the field, encircling the squared circle.]

GM: Happy 4th of July to one and all! We are LIVE here in Springfield, Missouri at Hammons Field on WKIK for what promises to be an amazing night of action as we present Guts & Glory!

[As Gordon speaks, we focus on the ring - red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom with a gorgeous printed apron with the Guts & Glory logo splashed on it. There are thin ringside mats covering the grass and dirt from the stadium field surrounding the ring with a steel barricade keeping the crowd at bay beyond the mats.]

Another cut shows two red carpets coming from either dugout, coming together near the home plate area to form one carpet leading over the pitcher's mound and straight to the ring. Steel railings are set up on both sides of the carpet to form an aisleway.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, it's a beautiful evening here in Springfield!

BW: They've come out in full force to welcome home their treasured sons like Terry Shane, Demetrius Lake, and Hamilton Graham, daddy!

GM: I'm not so sure about that but we have over 15,000 fans on hand here in Hammons Field for our annual 4th of July event!

[A large Jumbotron in the outfield has the Guts & Glory logo glittering on it as we make one final cut, this one to an elevated shot of the stadium. As we pull back, we find that the shot is between the bodies of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde who are standing in the friendly confines of the stadium's Press Box. Gordon is dressed in a black sportscoat with a white dress shirt and a red/white/blue American flag tie while Bucky is... well, more flamboyant. Bucky's jacket seems to be made of the American flag itself. His shirt is eye-blazing white. And his tie? Well, his tie is made up of a series of LED lights that show a firework launching, moving into the "sky", and "exploding" right below his chin.]

GM: Good evening everyone and welcome to Guts & Glory. I'm Gordon Myers and with me as always...

[Gordon looks Bucky up and down, shaking his head.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, you never cease to amaze me.

BW: Thanks, Gordo! My mama picked out this jacket herself.

GM: And the tie?

BW: That was a special gift from Percy Childes who appreciated me giving him the chance to tell the truth two weeks ago.

GM: The truth? Give me a break. Percy Childes couldn't be further from the truth if we put him on the first manned mission to Mars... which isn't a bad idea if you ask me! Fans, we are way up here in the Press Box here in

Hammons Field with a word's eye view as Chick Hearn used to say of all the action that will go down here tonight in Springfield.

BW: I like it up here, Gordo. We're far away from all those sweat, stanky Missourians. We should get one of these put in the Coliseum back in Dallas.

GM: We've reached the halfway point in this year's summer tour as we go Coast To Coast. All roads lead to Labor Day weekend in Los Angeles for the final event of the summer but right here tonight, we've got eleven HUGE matches on the card including the World Title being on the line, the World Tag Team Titles at stake, and don't forget about the Tower Of Doom! It's going to be a night filled with action and we haven't got a second to waste so let's head right up to Phil Watson for our opening matchup!

[Crossfade to the squared circle where a beaming Phil Watson is ready to get this party started (quickly) in his standard black tuxedo.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit!

[The opening chords of "The House That Heaven Built" by Japandroids blares over the loudspeakers to a considerable cheer from the eager crowd.]

PW: First, weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds, and hailing from Portland, Oregon. Here is...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!

[As the crowd cheers loudly, out from the dugout comes Brian James. James is practically sprinting down to the ring, pausing to alternately throw shadow punches in the air and reach over and slap the outstretched hands of the cheering fans. James is tall, with a lean, lanky build. His dirty blond hair is pulled back into a loose ponytail that bounces as he races to the ring. To the ring, James wears a black t-shirt with the words "Claw Academy" written in gold across the chest, with a stylized orange and black tiger emblazoned on the back. Instead of normal wrestling trunks, he wears Muay Thai style boxing shorts, black on the left side, and white on the right, the Claw Academy logo embroidered on the back.

Over each hand he has the same half black/half white five ounce MMA style gloves, with white tape underneath extending to mid forearm. We can also spot some black tape on his fingers - a remnant of his injury suffered at the hands of Supreme Wright. Both elbows and knees are covered in black pads. His boots are standard black wrestling boots with white laces, the letters "BJ" done in gold on the outside of each. Once at the ring, James wipes his boots several times on the ring apron, before passing between the first and second rope, stepping towards the center of the ring. He peels off his t-shirt and throws a few more punches, waiting eagerly for the bell to ring.]

GM: Talk about a man with something to prove. A tough but very close loss to Ryan Martinez, a loss against the Dogs of War. He wants to do his family

and trainer proud with a big win here in the opening match of Guts and Glory.

BW: His papa is watching down from Heaven right now.

GM: Bucky...

[One song fades out and another starts up, this one a beat... a beat... an electronic sizzle. Lights start flickering around the entrance way, timed to the beat of the music. Red... Blue... White... Red... Red... Red, white blue in staccato. Darude's "Sandstorm" hits into full and from the smoky curtains bursts TORA, spinning around and around before coming to a crouching pose, one hand fingertipped on the ground, the other straight up above him. He pops up and starts his way down to the ring, bobbing and dancing along to the song.]

GM: Talk about a bundle of energy.

[TORA is dressed for the occasion and dressed quite appropriately, aping one Captain America. Dark blue pants are tucked into black boots and kickpads. He wears a Winter Soldier styled jacket, white star on the front, worn open to show off a tanned and athletic physique.]

PW: And his opponent, from Duluth, Minnesota...

... TOOOOOOOORAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BW: Duluth?! How does this guy flip and fly around the ring like a luchador and hail from Duluth?!

GM: It's the kind of guy who worked hard to get from middle America to the big time in Mexico and Japan before coming back here to the States to perform in front of all these amazing fans here in Springfield.

[TORA slaps hands, ruffles hair and high fives all the way down to the ring, exchanging with every fan who asks. He poses as fans try and take pictures, he fist bumps and finally as he dances his way to the ring stops to give a small boy a mask... a Captain America mask! The kid high fives him, running back to his parents with the biggest smile his little face ever had.]

BW: That's just so sweet. Sickly sweet. But sweet.

[TORA slides into the ring, depositing his jacket to an attendant as he nods at his opponent across the ring.]

GM: Let's see if these two can keep the pace they did in the Mayhem match.

BW: Let's see if they can keep that pace without a partner to tag out to. I think Brian James has a distinct advantage in this one. Size, strength, striking power. He can slow the match down and work at his own pace.

Little TORA is going to have to hummingbird around and that will tire out anyone.

[The bell sounds as the two men edge out of their corner, circling one another.]

GM: Here we go. The two are out of their corners a bit more deliberately this time. This is a much different pace than Mayhem. They're looking for an opening, feinting and testing. Neither wants to make a mistake on such a big stage.

[Brian James is the first to make a move, ducking low and diving in for a double leg. TORA posts and sprawls, popping his hips down to keep James at bay. Using his speed, he stretches back up, snatches an arm and spins into a pinning predicament.]

GM: La Magistral!

[That doesn't even get a one, James kicking out and standing right back up, TORA to his feet with a fun "thiiiiis close" with his index finger and thumb.]

GM: In less than it takes to make a three count, these two hit the mat and are back up.

BW: I am not sure James likes what happened there. These two may be both goody two shoes, lucky as they go fan favorites, but James was trained by Tiger Claw and raised by the late, great Casey James. He's going to have some fire in there somewhere.

GM: Casey James is not... just... nevermind.

[The two circle again... and again it's James making the first move, striking out with a front kick. TORA swats it aside and backs up. James nods and goes back to a Muay Thai stance again. TORA squares off, dancing around the ring. James goes for a kick again, but this time it is only a feint, TORA getting his hands up to protect his face, an opening created so James can dive in, take both of the high flyer's legs out from under him and flip over, back to chest for a pin.]

GM: And a quick knockout by TORA to escape that!

[Both men get up quickly, scrambling to square off. This time it's James who mocks TORA right back with the same finger and thumb that far apart gesture.]

GM: And so the mind games begin.

BW: If it's mind games, this match has about ten more seconds left in the gas tank.

[Rolling his shoulders, James suddenly lashes out with a straight right hand which is slipped by TORA. A left hand is ducked as is a big swinging right

hook. Backing off, TORA looks to move past, only to be pushed back against the ropes by James. The taller man steps back and goes for a big swinging backfist, TORA not only ducking but rolling off to the side. He is right up, hitting the ropes and coming back at James. BJ is caught as TORA leaps and turns, snaring his waist in a wheelbarrow. He pushes off the ground and reaches back hooking under BJ's elbow and sending him over his shoulder.]

BW: Lucha libre style arm drag!

[James shows agility that belies his size and rolls right through and back up immediately moving into a run, hitting the ropes and returning, flattening TORA with a shoulder block. The lithe high flyer hits the ground but is right back up, kippping to his feet.]

GM: Down goes TORA off the shoulder tackle but he's instantly back up!

BW: That takes incredible tendon strength to do that, Gordo. The kid's stronger than he looks.

[With TORA back up, James hits the ropes again and the same thing happens: Shoulder block, TORA down, TORA back up...

...and runs in with a shoulder tackle of his own that barely budges the larger man.]

BW: Well, that's not going to work.

GM: TORA might need to try a different approach than that one.

[Smirking, James shakes his head and hits the ropes once again, but on the way back...]

TORA: STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOP!

[James halts in his tracks, stunned.]

GM: We've seen this before.

[TORA lashes out with an enzuigiri, but his foot is caught and James sweeps out his other leg, depositing him hard on the back spine first!]

BW: And finally someone counters that move!

GM: A brilliant catch by Brian James!

[James lashes out with a single foot stomp, but TORA rolls out of the way. James tries the other leg and TORA goes back in the same direction, slides closer and lashes out behind BJ with a kick up into the lower spine. BJ stumbles away, giving the crowd favorite high flyer room to roll to his feet and take the second gen down with a drop toe hold.]

GM: La Magistral again!

[But this time BJ sees it coming, pulls his arm away and shoots it up, pulling TORA down.]

GM: SCHOOL BOY!

[The pin gets barely a one count, TORA rolling away from it. James surprises the smaller man with a kip up of his own and lashes out with a high kick. TORA ducks it and spins as he does, going for a leg sweep. BJ leaps that with ease, lands and squares off with a combat stanced TORA, the crowd on their feet in applause!]

GM: WOW! What an exchange by these two athletes! The future of the AWA has never been brighter with men like these at it's helm.

BW: I might disagree on this one. What I saw was two rookies do a whole bunch of fluff with no crunch. I get it from someone like TORA. He's all flash. By Brian James? Man, your dad would slap you upside the head if he was here.

GM: Or they are so closely matched that neither has been able to get even a little bit of advantage. Can't you watch and enjoy sometimes, Bucky?

[The two go to engage again but this time James starts the action off with a snapping kick to the stomach. TORA clutches at his abdomen, backing off. BJ keeps the pressure on, lashing out with a chopping kick to the leg!]

GM: And there we go, shades of his trainer.

[Another one staggers TORA, making him hop on one leg and a third furthers the damage, TORA retreating to a corner.]

GM: Brian James can and is doing some damage with those leg kicks. You take out the wheels of a high flyer like TORA and you are going to be at a huge advantage.

[James waits for TORA to recover before charging in and leaping, feet into TORA's hips. He sends him over with a monkey flip, only somehow TORA lands on his feet (but not without staggering first). He is off to the races, running straight into the other corner and up, running up the turnbuckles and leaping from the top, turning and rolling as he does, coming down back first across a following Brian James! The crowd gasps and then applauds loudly, TORA scrambling for a cover.]

BW: Where did that come from?!

GM: Cover and... NO! Not quite! Brian James still has a lot left in him, Bucky.

[TORA keeps the offense on, stomping down on the back of Brian James. He hits the ropes again, legs shooting forward with a sliding dropkick to the temple!]

GM: That one rung some bells!

[The crowd cheers as TORA gets back up, fist pumps and measures James, hitting a snapping leg drop across the neck. He gets up just as quick, runs off the ropes and hits another and then a lightning quick third before hooking a leg.]

GM: A series of rapid leg drops and a cover!

[That gets a ONE... TWO... and a kickout by James, TORA rolling off and pulling his opponent up to his feet.]

BW: I really figured it would be James on the offense here in this match. I am pretty shocked it's TORA keeping up this pace.

GM: He's shaken that leg out a couple times. He might be on the positive side of this match but don't think for a second he hasn't already paid the price of this grueling contest.

[Putting James into the corner, TORA backs off at the referee's request before lashing out with a series of his own kicks, lefts and rights to the body followed by a leaping back kick that connects squarely in the chin!]

GM: My stars! That one connected right on the knockout point of the chin! Brian James could be hurt!

BW: He's barely moving!

[TORA tries to whip him out of the corner but James is all but dead weight, one arm draped over the ropes, eyes closed and breathing heavily.]

GM: Look at Brian James!

BW: Does he even know where he is? TORA is in trouble if he severely hurt Brian James. There are going to be some upset people.

GM: We're about five minutes into this one as the referee pushes TORA aside, checking on the Combat Corner graduate who waves the official off. He says he's good to go, Bucky.

[Given the go ahead, the high flying phenomenon grabs James by the arm once again and goes for an Irish Whip. James somehow plants his foot mid whip and reverses the hold.]

GM: James with the revers- TORA!

[Gordon's reaction comes from TORA leaping on a dead run straight to the second rope, twisting as he springs off, leaping WAAAAAAAAAAAAAY up for a crossbody...

...only this time James takes a step back and whips his leg way up, connecting with the head of TORA, sending him crumpling to the mat to a big shocked gasp from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A KICK! THIS COULD BE OVER RIGHT HERE! Cover by James! ONE! TWO! THR--kickout! WOW! I thought that was it, Bucky!

BW: I am shocked he had the wherewithal to even go for the immediate pin, let alone that little kid being able to kick out.

GM: Call TORA a kid all you want but he's world traveled and his instincts showed right there! He might have not even known he was pinned, but his brain told him to kick out and he did.

BW: A discombobulated, bruised brain now.

[Red-faced with disbelief, James mounts TORA, winds up... and then stops. He pauses with a cocked fist above the young death defier, shakes his head and gets up, instead grabbing TORA by the hair and putting him against the ropes.]

GM: Brian James nearly lost his temper there in a moment of anger, but thankfully he caught himself.

BW: Thankfully? It's a wrestling match! Fight!

[Using the moment of hesitation, TORA hits back with a forearm to the jaw and a second getting room to escape. James won't allow it though, grabbing TORA by the arm...]

GM: Judo style takedown by James... and he's got the mount again!

[A flash of anger goes through James' face as he once again cocks the fist... and once again doesn't follow through, waving himself off.]

GM: It's not in his blood, Bucky. He knows he can win without this.

BW: Not in his blood? Are you kidding me?! You DO know his last name is James, right? You've been in this business a long time and seen all the James family in action. Casey, Rob, Kyle, Tommy... even Jessie! They're all down and dirty inside that ring and Casey, his own father, is probably the worst of them all!

[With James backing off, shaking his head at himself, TORA rolls up to his feet, charging in at James' back...]

GM: Leaping forear- blocked!

[James blocks the leaping forearm shot, ducking a second, using his leg to take TORA's legs out from under him, popping his hips up to take TORA over and down to the mat. He pauses a moment...]

...and then takes the mount for the third time.]

GM: Another judo takedown by Brian James and-

BW: Do it, kid!

[James pauses a moment, nose flaring... fist cocked...

...and lets loose with mounted elbows!]

GM: Elbows! My stars! Elbows to the jaw!

BW: There's the James clan we all know and love!

GM: Those are tooth rattling strikes!

[The referee looks in on the situation, no rules being broken, but does ask James for a moment of levity and compassion. Hands up, he does as much, getting back up to his feet, nodding at something unheard from referee Johnny Jagger.]

GM: They definitely chose the right referee for this match. The AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, is known for his love of technical, smashmouth wrestling. He knows what competitors like these two are capable of.

BW: Jagger's own son spent some time here in the AWA, Gordo.

GM: Jeff Jagger certainly did. We're told that young Jeff is flourishing on the independent circuit right now, hoping to get another shot here at the AWA in the future.

[James pulls the rising TORA up from a knee, scooping him up and slamming him down hard to the canvas. He leans down, slapping a hand into TORA's sternum before leaping up, dropping a knee in the exact same spot he slapped!]

GM: Sky high kneedrop by Brian James! And he goes for another cover, hooking the leg deep for a ONE! TWO! but that's it, TORA managing to kick out. TORA still has a ton of fight in him but against the second generation star he's in some trouble at this point of the matchup.

[Grabbing his smaller opponent, James heaves him up and against the ropes. He steps back avoiding a five count, hitting a hard roundhouse kick to TORA's chest. TORA takes a deep exhalation before falling victim to another hard kick.]

GM: Those are brutal, brutal kicks.

BW: Like father's friend, like son.

GM: That doesn't... that makes no sense at all, Bucky.

[Grabbing the wrist, James goes to whip TORA, only TORA is able to plant his feet and slap down on the hand half way through the turn and break the hold. James goes to grab him, stunned as a weary TORA, bent over in pain, gets a hand up and asks him "Stop."]

GM: Is he hurt or something? I didn't expect...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[TORA promptly lashes out with an enzuigiri to the temple that puts James on wobbly legs!]

GM: NO! No he isn't hurt!

BW: That tricky little...

[Climbing to his feet, TORA gives a slight smirk, shrugging his shoulders before rushing to the ropes, using the momentum to charge right back at James.]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM BY BRIAN JAMES OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The crowd is on their feet, counting along as he hooks a leg, Johnny Jagger sliding in for the count.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THRE- NO! TORA kicks out! TORA kicks out!

[A camera shot of the crowd shows an even mix of exasperation and excited cheering, the crowd evenly split for the two, if not cheering the action as much as they're cheering the competitors involved.]

GM: The crowd doesn't even know who to get behind in this match, a match that is starting to kick into another gear. Brian James looking to pour on the offense here as we reach about the halfway point of this match.

[James pulls TORA off the mat again, whipping him in as he sets for a backdrop...

...and eats a kick to the chest!]

GM: James sets too soon! Rookie mistake by Brian James!

[But James snaps back up quickly, shaking off the counter strike as he charges at TORA who backpedals...

...and springs the trap he was baiting, dropping down and pulling the ropes down with him, sending James right over the top and down to the thin ringside mats below!]

GM: OUT TO THE FLOOR GOES JAMES!

[The crowd instantly begins to buzz with anticipation as TORA straightens up, throwing a glance out to James to gauge his position on the floor.]

BW: This is where this little guy is dangerous.

GM: You're one hundred percent correct there, Bucky. There are few in the AWA - in the entire business for that matter - with TORA's combination of fearlessness and death defying stunts.

[Not leaving the ring too crazily, TORA charges across the ring and back, both feet colliding with the rising James' chest, the impact sending him arms tilting backwards, tumbling over the ringside barrier and into a scattering crowd! The fans not near start buzzing like crazy!]

GM: What's going on here?! This match just spilled over the railing into the front row and...

[Gordon trails off as TORA drops down to the floor, giving the railing a hard tug to pull it a bit closer to the ring.]

GM: He's pulling in the barricade that holds the crowd back and... No way. No way, Bucky. He wouldn't!

BW: He would!

[James gets back to his feet just beyond the barricade as TORA hops onto the apron, facing the ring. BJ waves his arms around, disoriented, sending fans scrambling away. TORA looks back, takes a deep breath and leaps right up, landing on the middle rope and using it to propel himself backwards and over. Cameras around the arena flash as he flips backwards in a moonsault, landing on the upper body of Brian James, the two going down in a heap as the entire crowd jumps to their feet in unison with a THUNDEROUS ovation!]

GM: OHHHH MYYYYYYYYYY! OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A MOVE! WHAT A MOVE! That was one of the most death defying, crazy things I have ever seen! The fans are getting a show not to be missed here at Guts and Glory!

[Johnny Jagger rushes out to check on the pair, security trying to keep the surging crowd back.]

BW: Amazing. Just... amazing.

GM: It took my breath away. Listen to this crowd. They are still deafening!

BW: Amazingly idiotic. That's why he's a show opener and tonight in the Main Event, Terry Shane is going to remain in the ring and wrestle a smart match. You won't see him or Dave Bryant trying to get on a poster with a stupid dive. You'll see them try and win a wrestling match.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes left in this one and... after all that, after that huge risk, you're going to disparage the effort?

BW: I am not insulting their effort. I am insulting how stupid they are.

GM: Johnny Jagger is back in the ring and I think he's going to have to give them the ten count, Bucky.

BW: It's the risk of high risk. Sometimes you get too hurt to be able to get back in the ring and actually win a match.

[Johnny starts counting down, throwing his hands in the air with "THREE!" Long pause. "FOUR!" Long pause.]

GM: I see some movement out there, it looks like TORA is moving!

["FIVE!"]

BW: Someone better hurry here, Gordo.

GM: Here comes TORA, crawling over the railing and collapsing on the floor!

["SIX!"]

GM: Can they make it?!

["SEVEN!" The crowd is really buzzing, especially as Brian James steps over the railing, TORA up to his feet and staggering away, the apron keeping him balanced. "EIGHT!" TORA slides in but the referee keeps counting!]

GM: Brian James is in trouble!

["NINE!"]

GM: And... THERE HE IS!

[James slides in to break the count, only to roll out again, trying to regain some sense of where he is, breathing heavily. He shakes his head, waving off the referee as he warns him that his count will begin again.]

BW: That's a pretty smart move, Gordo. He broke the count, then went back to safety. TORA might be recovering, but BJ is too. He's catching his breath, rethinking his plan.

GM: TORA is... wait! He's moving!

[Boy, is he ever! Lining BJ up, he wiggles his fingers in anticipation, looking down between the ropes and to the floor. He speeds into a sprint, hits the ropes and comes right back like a missile, diving between the ropes...

...and left there as BJ lashes out with a spinning backfist that connects perfectly!]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! MY STARS! WHAT A COUNTER BY BRIAN JAMES!

[TORA is just draped over the middle rope, barely moving except for an eye flutter and a quick headshake. James sees his opening and slides right back in, pulling TORA by the ankle and into the middle of the ring.]

GM: This is it! This one is over! A ONE! A TWO! AND A... NO! NO! He got a shoulder up! Somehow, from somewhere, TORA got a shoulder up! This one is not over, Bucky! This thrilling contest is going to keep going here! What a way to open up Guts and Glory.

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

GM: Time is running out here for Brian James!

[Inspired by the announcement, Brian James pulls TORA up and switches to a rear waistlock.]

GM: James sets for a suplex!

BW: German comin' up! If he hits this, it might be enough!

[With a heave, he throws him up, trying for a bridge, only the smaller TORA is able to tuck his legs in and flip right over, landing on his feet.]

GM: TORA LANDS ON HIS FEET!

[He takes a couple steps backwards, keeping his balance with prominent agility. James gets back up, spinning as he does but before he is able to get up, still kneeling, TORA grabs his head in a front facelock and snaps his legs forward, spiking BJ down on the head at lightning speed!]

GM: WHAT A DDT! Sudden impact right on the skull!

[The crowds GASPS at the move, TORA getting right under BJ, using his legs, both arms and shoulder to roll the James clan member over onto his back, going into a lateral press. The referee slides in... ONE! TWO!]

BW: THREE!

GM: NO! Brian James kicks out!

[A replay shows James getting a shoulder up, the referee _just_ stopping and swiping off to the side instead of hitting the mat.]

GM: It does not get closer then that, Bucky!

BW: It's going to have to if one of these men wants to win this match. Something is going to need to be good enough to finish the other. I am not sure TORA has something like that in his repertoire.

GM: TORA has some incredible weapons still in his arsenal that we've yet to see here tonight, Bucky. But so does Brian James. This is as even as it gets between these two incredible athletes who are absolutely putting on a show for the second major event in a row!

BW: James should dig down deep here and... waffle 'im with a chair!

GM: Bucky!

BW: Come on, kid! Search your feelings! Realize who you are! You're the son of the Blackheart, damn it! Act like it!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[TORA puts his hands over his face in exasperation as he sits on the mat, shaking his head back and forth. He looks up at Johnny Jagger who shows two fingers.]

GM: Jagger's telling the young high flyer that it was only a two count.

BW: Of course it was only a two count! What is this dumb kid doing?! He's wasting time! We're under two minutes to go!

[TORA takes a deep breath and rolls to a single knee, waiting, motioning, beckoning for Brian James to get up.]

GM: This crowd is on their feet, Bucky! Everyone is up and watching this exciting match!

[BJ starts to stumble up, using the ropes to get to his feet. He clambers up, turns on shaky knees, TORA leaping up to snatch his head...]

GM: TORA CUTTER!

[But the move is counters, James pushing TORA off with a two handed shove.]

GM: Brian shoves him off!

[TORA hits the ropes, returns annnnd...]

GM: TORA coming back with a head of steam...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! SPINEBUSTER BY JAMES!! SPINEBUSTER OUT OF NOWHERE BY THE SON OF THE HALL OF FAMER!

[On impact, James bounces off, rolling off his back and hooking a leg deep, forearm across the face of TORA.]

BW: FINISHED!

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE--

[SHOCKED POP!]

GM: KICKOUT! MY STARS, HE KICKED OUT! RIGHT HERE AT GUTS AND GLORY, MY STARS AND GARTERS, TORA KICKED OUT OF THAT IMPACTFUL SPINEBUSTER!

[This time, it's James' turn to show frustration, pounding his fists into the mat in utter shock and disbelief.]

GM: Brian James can't believe it. He thought the spinebuster was enough and I can't blame him!

"SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

[The announcement of the time snaps James out of it as he looks at TORA... at the corner...]

GM: Brian James is thinking of something here!

BW: He's taking too long to think, Gordo! We're under sixty seconds left in the time limit! If he's gonna finish this punk kid, he's gotta do it and he's gotta do it now!

[James takes another look at TORA... then to the corner... and then finally gets up, snatching TORA physically off the mat, slinging the much smaller man over his shoulder. He strides across the ring, smashing TORA backfirst into the buckles!]

BW: How that spinebuster didn't finish the match, I will never know, but here's something we've seen James win with before!

GM: James is looking for the superplex!

[Ducking down, he lifts TORA up and sits him on the top turnbuckle. He quickly puts both legs on the outside of the ropes and locks on a front facelock, climbing to the second rope and then up to the third.]

GM: Precarious balance there... wait... wait... TORA is showing life!

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[TORA holds on, refusing to be taken all the way up. He only lets go to blast a right hand to the rib, another and another, trying desperately to escape the hold.]

GM: TORA's fighting it but James is hanging on!

[James keeps the hold on, grunting in pain, still standing on the top rope, bent over, trying to pull TORA up and over.]

GM: If he hits this, it is _over_.

[And it starts to work, James pulling TORA up to a full stand... then to one foot on the top rope... but TORA keeps fighting, making room for a headbutt to the chest, a second, a third, fourth, fifth...]

GM: They're fighting up top! Who can get the better of this exchange?!

[With James wobbling, TORA bends backwards and hits another flurry of shots!]

"TEN SECONDS!"

[And Brian James finally lets go of his grip allowing TORA to shove both hands forward, sending James careening off the top rope flying backwards!]

GM: JAMES GOES DOWN!

BW: Look out below!

[TORA climbs up, nearly slipping as he makes his way up to the top rope, facing the crowd and away from the ring. He takes a deep breath.]

"FIVE SECONDS!"

[And leaps, twisting, arms tucked, finally coming down across James with a comet's impact!]

GM: FIRE IN THE SKYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd cheers dramatically as it hits. TORA scrambles backwards, rolling and crawling to drape himself across James.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What... the bell just rang! The referee is checking with the timekeeper.

[Even the referee is shocked, not having made the pinfall count yet.]

BW: Time ran out, Gordo! Time ran out!

GM: I think you're right, Bucky! I think time ran out before the count was made! Let's hear the official announcement.

[Phil Watson does the job.]

PW: After fifteen minutes of action, this match has reached the time limit and is therefore declared a TIME... LIMIT... DRAAAAAW!

[The crowd's boos at the announcement turn to cheers for the efforts of the competitors, both down prone, exhausted, in the middle of the ring. Johnny Jagger goes to both, patting them on the chest, explaining to them the outcome. TORA seems disappointed, shaking his head and sitting up. James, holding his abdomen, takes a deep breath of relief, he too rolling over and to a kneeling position. He looks through a sweat drenched face at his opponent... and smiles.]

GM: I think we are seeing some mutual respect coming out here. What a great moment.

[James starts speaking to TORA, the conversation inaudible but friendly as the smaller man smiles. He gets up to shaky feet, reaching a hand down to help James up. The two continue to clasp hands, shaking in appreciation and thanks.]

GM: This is something you don't see often enough, ladies and gentlemen. Two athletes who went through fifteen amazing minutes of wrestling still able to show respect afterwards. Still able to shake hands and walk out of here with their heads held high.

BW: Does this mean we have to see this again?

GM: Let's hope so! I, for one, would call that match gladly. Fans, we're going to take our first break of the night but when we come back, Gibson Hayes will be in action!

[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 on a panning shot of Hammons Field.]

GM: Welcome back to Guts & Glory where we're already off to a hot start after that thrilling time limit draw in the opening matchup.

BW: I may not like the attitudes of those two kids but you can't deny that they're something special inside that ring. If that's the future of the pro wrestling business, I think we'll be alright, Gordo.

GM: I agree. But speaking of futures, there has been a lot of speculation as of late as to the future of former World Champion Gibson Hayes here in the AWA after putting together a losing streak.

BW: There's just something not clicking with Hayes, Gordo. Everyone sees it. When a company invests in the kind of contract that a former World Champion gets, they expect a certain level of performance both in and out of the ring. With Hayes, he hasn't hit the mark in either area if you ask me.

GM: If you ask a lot of people. Hayes has very publicly lost three matches in a row on television and seems to be reeling, coming off perhaps the worst loss of his career, as he comes into this match here tonight at Guts & Glory. In fact, right now, we're going to take a look back at this losing streak and show you how Gibson Hayes got here.

[We fade to footage of Gibson Hayes walking to the ring in Apollo Creed's Rocky IV outfit before his Memorial Day Mayhem match against Nenshou. The sounds of Beck's "Loser" plays in the background. It crossfades into a shot of Hayes addressing the camera before that match.]

"So, let's see it, Nenshy-kins. Show me what you got."

[We crossfade back into the ring where Hayes is down on his knees as Nenshou hobbles around him.]

GM: Hayes is on his knees... barely moving...

[Hayes looks up, waving Nenshou forward with a spiteful glare on his face.]

"THAT ALL YOU GOT?!"

[A devastating roundhouse kick to the skull floors Hayes before Nenshou scales the ropes...

...and then HURLS himself backwards, floating through the air, and CRASHING down on Hayes' prone form! The referee drops down as Nenshou hooks a leg, counting to three.

We abruptly fade to two weeks later on Saturday Night Wrestling. The shot is of an arrogant Hayes but the voiceover belongs to Gordon Myers.]

GM: Former World Champion Gibson Hayes, perhaps the most unpopular man in the AWA locker room, apparently has something to say.

BW: I'm not sure there's a "perhaps" needed there, Gordo. Gibson Hayes IS the most unpopular man in the AWA locker room. Even his fellow so-called bad guys don't like him. In fact, I heard a story recently where he's been kicked OUT of the locker room and had to dress in a janitor's closet!

[The words of Bucky Wilde echoes as Hayes begins to speak.]

GH: You're already waiting with bated breath for my decision. Which little bit of pawn shop repurposed gold is Gibson Hayes going to elevate? Will he go straight for the jugular and take the big daddy of them all... or will he take the smaller fry and make it the most talked about championship on this earth?

[An exasperated Jason Dane replies.]

JD: You are just coming off a loss...

GH: ...of concentration. You're interrupting very important talking here. You're stopping me from telling these fans, these poor yokels who've slaughtered their pigs and other assorted livestock to afford the tickets to see me. The wallets out there waiting for a true champion and I have decided to finally give them one. Most of the guys in this place are either hicks, fat slobs, street trash, dirty foreigners - what kind of message is that sending? Fat, drunk and stupid is no way to go through life, Jason. In fact...

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TAAAAHNIIIIIGHT?!"

[As Sweet Daddy Williams emerges from the locker room, we crossfade to the two men battling inside the ring. He's hammering Hayes back towards the corner with a series of right hands before whipping him across the ring, charging in after him...

...but Hayes uses the top rope to yank himself clear, sending Williams crashing backfirst into the buckles. Instead of taking advantage of the situation, Hayes walks out to the center of the ring, taunting the fans, making the "belt gesture..."

GM: This doesn't seem like the best of moves for a former World Champion. Not sound strategy at all as he has his opponent in trouble and is now looking for-

BW: LOOK OUT!

[...and Williams rushes out, leaping up to snare the side headlock, and DRIVES Hayes facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP! RILEY ROUNDUP!

BW: He got the bulldog!

GM: Williams with a cover!

BW: No way!

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS BEATS A FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!

[A defeated Hayes lies on the canvas as we crossfade again, this time showing Hayes speaking two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling. Jason Dane is with him at ringside.]

JD: Mr. Hayes, you're fresh off losing another match, this time against AWA Original, Sweet Daddy Will-

[A yawn escapes the former champion. Dane looks irritated.]

JD: You don't seem to be too concerned about your recent losing streak.

[Hayes gives a dismissive gesture towards Dane.]

GH: I'm not. I mean, I did quite a bit of thinking. I took a good, long look at myself. I began to wonder just what I was doing. I had to take stock, look over options, and ask the most important question of my career.

[Dane has to ask the questions.]

JD: And what question would that be?

GH: Would I look better with the World Championship or the Television Championship around my waist? Think about it, Dane. Really think - which belt accentuates my wardrobe? Which bit of shiny lucre is more slimming?

[Zoom in on Dane's disgusted face. The voice of Hayes is heard before we see his arrogant face again.]

GH: Do you want proof of what I can do? Fine, I'll show you just what you want to see. Lemme think... I know, bring out that little jumpy guy, you know the one. Stupid name, from Mexico.

JD: You're talking about Caspian Abaran.

GH: Sure, whatever. Send him out, let's be done with this. Sheesh...

[Crossfade into the ring where Hayes, still in street clothes, is sitting on the top turnbuckle as Caspian Abaran climbs into the ring.

Fade again just as Hayes spits in the face of the luchador before taking him down with a hairpull. He decides to bow to each side of the booing arena.]

GM: Hayes continually refuses to rise to the occasion - he's staunch in his refusal to acknowledge the weight of the situation.

[Fade to Hayes scooping the luchador up for a bodyslam, attempting a sloppy cover for a two count, and then throwing a fit in the referee's direction.]

[Hayes kicks Abaran in the stomach as Caspian tries to get up. Another kick to the gut and Gibson picks up the luchador off the mat.]

GM: Hayes has snapped! He's shouting at the official! He can't believe that wasn't a three count and-

[Suddenly, Abaran reaches up, dragging Hayes down in a schoolboy. The referee dives to the mat as Abaran runs in place, applying more pressure to the cradle.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Abaran springs up off the mat, throwing his arms in the air in triumph before wisely bailing out of the ring before Hayes can attack him. The crowd is roaring for the luchador.]

GM: Gibson Hayes has lost again! That's three matches in a row and you'd have to bet that this loss is perhaps the worst in his career!

BW: And Hayes none too happy! He has his hands in his head and looks beside himself, daddy! This ain't the way show you're worth your contract.

[Hayes is angrily kicking the bottom rope in frustration as Abaran backs down the aisle, celebrating his shocking victory.]

GM: This has GOT to be one of the biggest upsets in AWA history, fans! What a moment for Caspian Abaran! And what a terrible moment for Gibson Hayes who looks as shocked as you could possibly imagine!

[The final words of Gordon Myers echoes as we hold on Hayes' dismayed expression...

...and then to black.

We fade back up to a makeshift interview area backstage. Standing alone, head tilted up so he stares down at the camera, is Gibson Hayes. His posture is more rigid: shoulders tensed, head cocked at an angle, arms folded, legs at parade rest. Hayes isn't in his dark blue business suit - he's festooned in a dark crimson cloak and appears to be in wrestling gear. The crowd reacts negatively as they see him on the Jumbotron inside the stadium.]

GH: Everyone thinks they know me. Everyone believes they "get" me. Everyone smirks and flippantly decide what I mean when I speak or can ferret out the root meaning of my actions. Truth be told, not one of you have a cypher for my language... sometimes even I do not know why I do what I do.

[Hayes puts his head down for a moment, then comes back up.]

GH: What I do know is that I have had my fair share of losses in this business. We all have come up short, from time to time. The true test is whether or not you bounce back - whether you get hungry and pounce on an opportunity or just slink back into the background with the scavengers. Not everyone can be a lion - we all need the lambs to sate that burning in the belly.

[Slight head nod, as if he's agreeing with himself.]

GH: And then, after being through the ringer... after clawing, after conniving, after considerable collateral damage, you can lose your way; forget what it takes to fend off the salivating pack of curs nipping at your heels. Complacency. Corpulence. Settling. Stagnation. Those are all leeches that can plague you... weigh you down... end your career.

[A far off gaze, then a snap back head shake.]

GH: One loss. One loss to a guy who had everything to lose. Sure, he still had to pony up to pay the piper, but he... Nenshou, he rose above his limitations to seize the opportunity by the throat. He may not be better for it, but he sure as hell knows more about himself afterwards. I told myself: "...it's just one loss." So confident, so flippant... so uninvested. I came here with the rot, deep in my heart. A chip on my shoulder because, well, I earned it, to be frank. My resume, my history, speaks volumes. Triple Crown winner down in Phoenix, Double Champion, World Champion. Nearly 8

months with nary a shoulder on that mat. Mid-Year and Year End Awards line my closet. I've taken down folks with Hall of Fame candidate resumes. My threat level rose so high that even James Monosso couldn't show my face on AWA television. I was the guy the AWA never wanted you to know about...

[Gibson bites his lips.]

GH: ...and nothing has gone right since I stepped into "enemy" territory. Steal the spotlight - let's get cute. Act like Bruce Lee, play everyone like a sucker... only to get caught in my own trap and choked out by the winner, now former World Champion. Final four... not a bad debut, but it could have been so much more. Then came Devon Case... and there went Devon Case. Gone as quickly as you could say "injured reserve". Big guy from the 1990s - my target to prove just how "Dangerous" I am - my statement, so to speak. All that was left was a shot to the knee and a dead end.

[A hard exhale of breath through the nose punctuates Gibson's peeved status.]

GH: So why not take out Nenshou. The "Asian Assassin" - one of the top men in AWA for quite some time. I poked and prodded his mind, dug up skeletons and bluffed the "no fear" to keep him off balance. He wasn't off balance when he hit that second moonsault. Sweet Daddy Williams? No, that isn't how things were supposed to shake out. This isn't how my story is supposed to go. This situation... it sickens me. I know what I can do... what I will do. Everything changes. Gibson Hayes, the man the AWA doesn't want you to know about. These last months haven't been the kind of months Gibson Hayes has, nor will endure. There's a war being waged around me, battle lines being drawn. It's time to strike, to leave wreckage and stake a claim. There's the scent of blood on the wind and a burning, gut wrenching thirst to quench.

[Deep breath.]

GH: It all changes, tonight. There's going to be damage and there are going to be tears. I'm going to make sure each and every one of you can't take your eyes off me. I am going to give you something to hate, something to loathe... something that makes you FEEL. What I do to Caspian Abaran, I do not just for myself, but for you all. So that, for just one brief moment in your mundane and colorless life, you'll be brought back to life. That I will be brought back to life. It's time to live again...

[Hayes throws his cloak's hood over his head, obscuring his face, as he walks off.]

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

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

[A short Mexican man with curly brown hair walks into a view to a decent-sized reaction all based off his recent upset victory. He wears colorful yellow

full-length tights with an intricate red-and-brown pattern on them with boots and wristbands that match the color scheme.]

PW: From Monetmorelos, Mexicooooo... weighing in at 209 pounds...

CAAAAAAASPIAAAAAAN AAAAAABAAAARAAAAAAN!

[Abaran gives a fist pump at the announcement of his name, pointing at the ring with much enthusiasm as he heads down the aisle, slapping any offered hand.]

BW: This guy doesn't even have entrance music, Gordo.

GM: Most of the preliminary wrestlers don't until they get some wins under their belts, Bucky. And remember, until his shocking victory over Gibson Hayes two weeks ago that prompted this rematch, that's exactly what Caspian Abaran was - a preliminary wrestler.

BW: Hey, he might've been touched by an angel two weeks ago but that don't mean he's suddenly a world-beater, Gordo. You can dislike Gibson Hayes all you want but you can't deny that he's a former World Champion who now has a fire lit under him. I'm betting he ends this kid's miracle run right now.

GM: Abaran, despite being barely more than a rookie, has quite the story in his history as well. He was a highly-regarded rookie down in SouthWest Lucha Libre, the Mexico-based promotion that the AWA has often shared talent with. He was trained by the legendary El Mascara Casanova but as a rookie, he found himself over his head in a feud with the current SWLL champion El Danado who defeated him a Mask vs Mask match, stripping the prized mask from Abaran.

BW: That's like losing your identity completely down there.

GM: It certainly is. Abaran was humiliated and fled to the States, starting at the bottom and working his way up the card... which he definitely may have done with his victory two weeks ago.

[Abaran reaches the ring, hopping up on the apron and giving another fist pump to the fans before catapulting himself over the top rope in a front flip, rolling through and up to a knee where he extends his arms, waving his hands for cheers.]

GM: That victory seems to have put a whole new confidence in Abaran, Bucky.

BW: Hayes may kick that confidence right out of his head.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[The luchador climbs to his feet, moving to the corner as the PA system comes alive with Eliot Lipp's "Rap Tight."]

PW: And his opponent... making his way to the ring from Tuscaloosa, Alabama... weighing in at 223 pounds...

GIBSONNNNNN HAAAAAAAAAAAAAYES!

[Gibson Hayes steps out from the dugout wearing a red satin boxer's robe with white trim. He's bouncing up and down on the home plate area, staring down the aisle at Caspian Abaran who is pacing back and forth, waiting for his opponent.]

GM: Hayes looks to be a different man here tonight, Bucky. No silly entrance. No mindgames. He's focused and determined.

BW: Sometimes a bad loss is what it takes to knock you back on track.

[Hayes sheds the robe somewhere near the pitcher's mound, revealing red trunks with black swirls on the side. He doesn't react to the jeering crowd, keeping his eyes on Caspian Abaran who awaits him in the ring.]

GM: The former World Champion steps up on the apron...

[But he seems unable to jaw a bit at his opponent as he stands there, holding onto the top rope...

...which allows Abaran to grab the ropes, catapulting Hayes over the top in a front flip before he crashes to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! The luchador takes the fight immediately to Gibson Hayes... and Hayes rolls right out!

[He wobbles around the ringside area, clutching his back as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: This one is officially underway and Abaran's going out after Hayes!

BW: I think this is a smart move for him, Gordo. You don't want to give someone like Gibson Hayes time to regroup and figure out his next move. He needs to press the pace, keep him on defense, try to catch him by surprise with something like he did two weeks ago.

[Abaran slides out to the floor, pursuing Hayes who starts to flee from his luchador opponent, rounding the ringpost and rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Hayes back in... Abaran right behind him...

[Hayes cuts him off, dropping an elbow down on the back of the head and neck. The former World Champion grabs him by the back of the hair, lifting his head off the mat...

...and SLAMMING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Abaran still look like the next World Champion to you, Gordo?!

GM: I didn't say that! I didn't say anything approaching that, Bucky!

[Hayes drags Abaran off the mat by the arm, twisting it around before firing him a short distance into the turnbuckles where the luchador hits chestfirst before staggering back into a punishing forearm smash into the kidneys!]

GM: Oh! Another hard shot by Hayes!

[Grabbing a side waistlock, Hayes muscles him up for a back suplex but Abaran goes right over the top, landing on his feet with a back somersault...

...and jumps right back up, sending both feet into the back of Hayes and knocking him chestfirst into the turnbuckles to another big reaction from the Springfield crowd!]

GM: Hayes hits the corner!

[Abaran charges in as Hayes stumbles backwards, rushing past him to jump up on the second rope, springing off and blindly twisting around for a cross body...

...that Hayes ducks down on, causing the luchador to eat canvas!]

BW: Hah! Those flashy moves get you nowhere in a hurry!

[Hayes quickly unravels a piece of tape from his wrist, looping it around the throat of the luchador, strangling him with it!]

GM: Oh, come on! That's a blatantly illegal... oh, would you look at who this referee is?!

[The boos pour down as the fans catch a glimpse of Marty Meekly on the Jumbotron on the outfield wall. Meekly leans in, shouting at Gibson Hayes who is choking the luchador with a knee between his shoulderblades.]

GM: Hayes is strangling him with that tape!

[Abaran claws at the canvas as Meekly starts a five count.]

GM: I'm surprised this guy is even calling for the break.

BW: Innocent til proven guilty, Gordo. Especially on the 4th of July, I'd think you'd remember the rules our country's legal system is built on.

GM: If Jason Dane is to be believed, the Championship Committee is quickly building up a list of questionable decisions that Mr. Meekly has made in the past.

BW: I haven't seen such a list. Have you?

GM: Not yet.

BW: Then he's innocent until proven otherwise... no matter what that paranoid nut Dane tells you.

[Hayes releases the choke at the count of four, ripping the tape off and throwing it over the ropes into the crowd.]

BW: Hey, a nice souvenir for someone!

[A few moments later, the tape is thrown back into the ring to cheers.]

BW: Ungrateful jerks!

[Hayes glares in the direction of the thrown tape before dragging the luchador off the mat, shoving him back into the ropes...

...and hitting a cross-armed chop into the throat, leaving Abaran gasping for air down on the mat.]

GM: Double chop to the throat puts the luchador down hard. He's having a very hard time catching his breath, Bucky.

BW: It's tough to catch your breath when someone's hitting you in the throat.

[Proving Bucky's point, Hayes drags Abaran up into a side headlock...

...and JAMS an extended thumb into the throat!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get in there, Meekly! Marty Meekly comes from a long line of officials. His father, his twin brother... even his grandfather, the legendary Max "Moldy" Meekly was an official back in the heyday of the EMWC.

BW: Hey, he's doing them proud! How many of them got to referee a World Title change like he did at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[With Abaran clutching his throat, the luchador falls into the corner where Hayes moves in, pushing Abaran back to open him up...

...and BACKHANDS him across the face! The boos pour down for that one.]

GM: Hayes with a slap across the face! What a jerk!

[The former World Champion grabs the arm, setting for an Irish whip that sends the luchador across the ring, crashing into the corner where Hayes charges in after him...]

GM: Hayes coming hard!

[...and runs RIGHT into Abaran's raised boots! Big cheer!]

GM: OHH! ABARAN WITH THE COUNTER!!

[The luchador hops up to the second rope, leaping off to snare Hayes' head between his legs and SNAPS him over and down to the mat with a rana!]

GM: Nice takedown by Abaran... Hayes rolls clear to the floor...

[But that doesn't stop Abaran who quickly decides to dash across the ring, hitting the far ropes. He bounces off, steaming across the ring for the big dive...]

GM: SUICIDE DIIIIIIIVE!

[The crowd roars for the daredevil move that puts Hayes back down on the canvas. The luchador leaps up, throwing both arms in the air to another big cheer.]

GM: Caspian Abaran's got this Springfield crowd behind him for sure!

[Abaran pulls Hayes off the mat, throwing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: He fires Hayes back in... and Abaran's up on the apron...

BW: He's going up top... going for another high risk move of some kind, Gordo.

[The luchador quickly scales the ropes, standing atop the turnbuckles as he waits for Hayes to rise to his feet...]

GM: Abaran's up top! Hayes is getting up, doubled over...

[Abaran leaps off the top, throwing his legs out...

...and catches Hayes flush with a flying dropkick off the top!]

GM: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[The blow sends Hayes flipping end over end across the ring, coming to rest back against the turnbuckles. Abaran climbs to his feet, giving another enthusiastic fist pump to the cheering crowd.]

GM: Gibson Hayes is having all sorts of problems here with the luchador and we could be on the verge of seeing this losing streak extended to four matches, Bucky.

BW: That just might be enough for Hayes if it happens. He might walk out the door and never come back.

GM: Good riddance to bad rubbish if you ask me.

[Abaran moves in, leaning over to grab Hayes by the afro, hauling him up to his feet...

...and gets an uppercut to the throat!]

GM: Oh! Another shot to the throat!

[With Abaran staggered, Hayes grabs him around the torso, lifting him up off the canvas, twisting his body...

...and DROPS the luchador throatfirst over the top rope!]

GM: HOT SHOT! THAT STUNS HIM FOR SURE!

[Abaran lies flat on his back, grabbing at his throat as he kicks his legs helplessly on the canvas.]

GM: That might do it for sure, Bucky.

BW: It might. Hayes is glaring down at him like he got his shoes dirty. Man, I hate that too.

GM: Look at this, using the hair to pull Abaran up to his feet...

[Hayes steps back, measuring for the GHK-1 - the roundhouse kick to the head...

...and lets it fly just as Abaran slumps down to his knees!]

GM: Abaran ducks!

[An off-balance Hayes quickly gets hooked from behind, dragged down to the canvas...]

GM: SCHOOLBOY! HE'S GONNA DO IT AGAIN!!

[Marty Meekly dives to the canvas as Abaran frantically runs in place, trying to get more leverage on the cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! HAYES KICKED OUT IN TI- OHHHHHHH!

[As the former World Champion scrambled to his feet after the near fall, he snapped off another roundhouse kick, this time BLASTING Abaran in the temple!]

GM: What a shot! That's it, fans!

[Hayes drops into a cover.]

GM: There's one. There's two... and there's the th- oh, come on!

[Hayes pushes up at the last moment, pulling Abaran off the canvas by the hair. He shakes his head at the booing crowd, glaring coldly out at them as he climbs to his feet, dragging a stunned Abaran with him...]

GM: The man's had enough! One of those... what does he call it? The GHK-1?

BW: That's it, Gordo! And I think we're about to see another one!

[Hayes uses the hair to straighten up his opponent, trying to steady him...

...and then suddenly steps back, letting the head kick fly for a second time!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaaah! He drilled him!

[The unconscious Abaran collapses to the canvas as the arrogant Hayes dusts his hands off, settling down to his knees for a lackadaisical cover.]

GM: One. Two. Three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hayes rises up off the mat, gesturing to his wrist and ordering the referee to raise his hand in victory which Meekly quickly does to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Gibson Hayes is your winner and in impressive fashion... although I can't say that I like HOW he did it, Bucky.

BW: No one's asking you to... least of all Hayes. All he cares about is the "W" in the record book and the possibility that he might start turning this whole thing around here tonight. That was a very different Gibson Hayes than we're used to seeing, Gordo.

GM: It certainly was. But now that he has one win under his belt, will he be able to keep up that intensity or will he go back to being the Gibson Hayes we all saw - and despised - for the past eight months? Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, it'll be "Showtime" Rick Marley taking on William Craven and believe me, you do NOT want to miss that!

[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, we'll be in Des Moines, Iowa for a live event featuring Johnny Detson and Demetrius Lake taking on the Lynch Brothers! And then Sunday in Omaha, Nebraska with a Memorial Day Mayhem rematch with the Dogs Of War taking on Preston, O'Connor, and Martinez!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Friday, July 11th, the AWA steams into Kansas for a triple shot weekend. Friday in Overland Park featuring the Shane Gang in action! Saturday in Wichita with the World Heavyweight Title on the line! And Sunday afternoon in Topeka when Ryan Martinez defends the World Television Title!"

[It evolves again.]

"On Friday, July 18th, we'll be in Tulsa, Oklahoma with a special come-as-you-are Bunkhouse Battle Royal featuring Bobby O'Connor, the Dogs Of War, Demetrius Lake, and more!

On Saturday, July 19th, the AWA storms into Oklahoma City for another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!"

[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!"

[The AWA logo fades to black...

The camera cuts backstage to the interview area...but instead of Jason Dane or Mark Stegglet, this time Unholy Alliance member (we assume)

"Showtime" Rick Marley stands alone in front of the AWA backdrop. The dark haired cruiserweight stares into the camera for a moment before taking a deep breath and raising the mic to his lips.]

RM: I'm going to do this solo today...I don't need any banter.

No quips.

No back and forth with an interviewer.

No smiles.

No threats.

When you approach a moment like this, you should do it with some semblance of solemnity... it's a big occasion.

Tonight is the end of the line for William Craven...

[Marley pauses, as if allowing the concept to sink in to both the fans and to him.]

RM: See, I came out here to bury Craven, not to praise him...because that's what we do in the wrestling business, right? When someone is done, they get taken out to the pasture and shot like a lame horse...they get run out on a rail...sent to a home, barely able to walk.

Ask James Monosso.

[He pauses for a moment, then continues.]

RM: They live on in 'Best of' DVDs...they help to sell new 'Grudge Match' compilations, but our collective memories forget about the amazing things... the terrible things that they did over the years that lead up to those moments? The ins and outs of their matches...the aura of intimidation that they brought with them?

That gets buried...dead and forgotten while the next 'next big thing' hits the stage...and that's how it's going to be with Craven.

Percy? He says that Craven's in the way of the Unholy Alliance...that Craven needs to be taken out.

Clearly, Percy's never lead me wrong so far...so Percy's gotta be on the money for this one too... doesn't he?

It's not just Johnny Detson's way that Craven is in. It's the ENTIRE Unholy Alliance...

Even if it's not.

[Marley pauses, looking frustrated...frowning, then shaking his head.]

RM: So now it's MY job to make sure that Craven doesn't make it out of the ring under his own power...to PROVE myself...to stop him.

Because Percy asked for it, and Percy's got EVERYONE's best interests at heart...just ask him.

After all, Percy is an honorable man...

And it's wrong for me to sit here and question his motives...to think that he DOESN'T have my best interests at heart.

It's my imagination that they're snickering at me behind my back...that Detson, Lake and the rest of the Alliance is locked in one direction while I'm not included...I should just act like everything is okay...on the up and up...and under no circumstances call them on their nonsense.

Don't cry foul. Don't wreak havoc.

And don't look for payback...

Because that would be wrong...this match is about me and Craven...and the end of an era in wrestling...when the Motor City Madman is finally sent home for good...

Isn't it?

[Marley pauses again, looking into the screen as the camera fades back to the press box where our announce team is standing, the ring spotlighted behind them.]

GM: Perhaps a bit of internal conflict from Rick Marley there who has been on the outs with his own partners as of late. We saw two weeks ago that Marley was hoping to be the team captain in the Tower of Doom later here tonight but not only was he not named the captain but Percy Childes wouldn't even let him be a part of the team, Bucky!

BW: Are you trying to imply that Percy doesn't know what he's doing, Gordo?

GM: All I'm saying is that he passed on a former World Champion and went with a pair of unproven rookies as well as-

BW: Unproven rookies like the Dogs of War who defeated Ryan Martinez, Eric Preston, and Bobby O'Connor a little over a month ago!

GM: I'm just saying, Bucky... Rick Marley doesn't seem to be the kind of wrestler who has anything to prove yet Childes has given him his marching orders here tonight. He's ordered him to put William Craven out of action and clear the path for the Wise Men.

BW: For the Unholy Alliance. Hey, it's a smart move. Craven is buddies with Jack Lynch... with Carver... with O'Connor. If Marley takes Craven out, the UA might run the table here tonight, Gordo.

GM: Exactly what Percy Childes is hoping, I'm sure. But can Marley do it? Will Marley do it? He didn't exactly seem enthusiastic about the idea, Bucky.

BW: Hey, those two have a long history. Their names have been linked for ages. They first crossed paths in Marley's early days in the business and have continued to run across each other. Craven's taken Marley out... Marley's taken Craven out. They had a brutal cage match that many think Craven's never been the same since. Maybe Marley's having survivor's guilt or something.

GM: But if he doesn't take Craven out, is he willing to risk the backlash from Percy Childes... from the Unholy Alliance... from the Wise Men?

BW: What are you saying?

GM: I'm saying that if Rick Marley isn't able to finish off William Craven right here tonight... is there a windshield in his immediate future?

[Bucky looks alarmed at the idea.]

GM: Let's go to the ring.

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

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

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...and is a NO DISQUALIFICATION MATCH!

[The crowd ROARS in surprise!]

GM: Wait a second! Who decided that?!

BW: It ain't WISE to ask that question, Gordo!

GM: Are you telling me that somehow the Wise Men managed to get this turned into a No Disqualification match?! But who in the world does that benefit, Bucky?

BW: It would seem to benefit Craven, wouldn't it?

GM: It certainly would... but why? Why in the world would they want Craven at his worst against Marley?

[Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first...

Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do.

[The stadium lights dim as laser lights begin to play around the building for a five count. Suddenly, a pair of white pyro bursts set in time with the bass drum light up the entry way as the remainder of "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system. As the audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley standing at home plate with his back to the crowd on the field. The dark haired cruiserweight is wearing a leather biker jacket festooned with LED lights running up the sleeves and down the back, where they reveal script that reads "Simply The Best".

Under the jacket, the fair skinned light heavyweight has his dark hair slicked back and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs. Turning around and holding his arms up over his head to soak in the negative reaction from the fans in attendance before he pumps his fists and starts his way down to the ring.]

GM: A whole lot of pressure on that man here tonight... and you notice there's no sign of his partners-in-crime by his side. No Johnny Detson. No Percy Childes.

BW: Percy's a busy man, Gordo. He's got the big tag match later tonight plus the Tower of Doom... not to mention everything else that the Wise Men have a stake in here tonight.

GM: I don't disagree but this is no way to show confidence and solidarity with one of your own.

[Marley foregoes his usual efforts to badmouth the fans as he heads to the ring, climbing the ringsteps to get up on the apron. He steps through the ropes, taking off his light-up jacket as he strides across the ring, stepping up on the middle rope with his arms raised to jeers from the crowd...

...and snaps off a picture perfect backflip, landing on his feet in the middle of the ring as his music fades.]

GM: Marley looks a little more focused on the matter at hand here tonight perhaps realizing the gravity of the situation. He's gotta put Craven on the shelf here tonight or he's... well, we don't know the other part of that. Does he get kicked out of the Unholy Alliance? Will Percy sic Detson on him or the Dogs of War?

BW: And now he's gotta do it in a No Disqualification match!

GM: Which you better believe just made his job much, much harder.

[Dimming ever darker, the deep and slow bass guitar licks of Black Sabbath's "Into the Void" drone out over the PA as a dark figure emerges from the entrance portal.]

#Rocket engines burning fuel so fast; up into the night sky they blast.#
#Through the universe the engines whine. Could it be the end of man and time?#

[Pausing midway down the ramp beneath a brightening blue spotlight, he's revealed to be a bulky, green-skinned man-beast wearing black vinyl slacks and matching gas mask. His hands and otherwise bare feet wrapped in tape he raises a wooden sword high overhead before staring skyward in reverence.]

#Back on earth the flame of life burns low, everywhere is misery and woe.#
#Pollution kills the air, the land and sea, man prepares to meet his destiny,
yeah...#

[The music goes instrumental as he finishes his trek to the ring, stops again, and, with one hand, lifts his gas mask from his head.]

PW: From Detroit, Michigan... He weighs in tonight at 315 pounds. This is WILLIAM CRAVEN!

[From beneath the mask, a face of horror is revealed. Tattooed, scarred, with sharpened teeth and a split tongue, William Craven screams skyward before climbing the ringsteps...

...and moving into the ring where Rick Marley charges across, hammering him with a clubbing forearm across the back! Referee Ricky Longfellow quickly calls for the bell to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! Marley versus Craven and it is on here in Springfield!

[Marley shoves Craven back into the corner, lighting him up with a trio of knife edge chops across the chest. Craven still has his wooden sword dangling from his right hand as Marley grabs the left, looking to whip his much-larger opponent across...

...and has it reversed, sending Marley crashing backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Marley hits the corner hard... here comes Craven!

[Howling like a horror movie monster, Craven charges across the ring, wooden sword pulled back over his head like an axe...]

BW: LOOK OUT, RICKY!

[A wild swing of the wooden sword is aimed right at the skull of Rick Marley...

...who diverolls out of the way, causing Craven to slam the sword down on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: He missed!

[A wild-eyed Craven wheels around, taking a Yasiel Puig-sized cut at Marley's temple...]

GM: Marley ducks out of the way!

[Marley rushes to the far ropes, trying to build some momentum as he charges back towards Craven...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: RIGHT ACROSS THE RIBS!!

["Showtime" Rick Marley doubles up, clutching at his abdomen in pain as Craven stands over him.]

BW: Get that thing away from him!

[Craven winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Marley flattens out on his belly, a red welt quickly forming across his shoulderblades.]

BW: You think Craven knows that Marley's after his career here tonight?

GM: It would certainly seem that way. William Craven may be the odd man out in the Kooky Quartet here tonight. Hannibal Carver's in the Tower of Doom while Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch are in that tag match later tonight.

BW: He's the odd man out EVERY night, Gordo. You think those three actually like hanging out with that lunatic? It's like making buddies with the nutjob at work because you're afraid he's going to come back for payback when he gets fired!

[Craven winds up again, ready to lay in a third blow with his wooden sword...

...when Marley abruptly rolls to his back, lashing out with an upkick to the midsection, cutting off the attack!]

GM: Marley goes downstairs, scrambling up to his feet...

[Grabbing hold of the sword, Marley wraps his leg around Craven's, using the sword for leverage to SNAP Craven back down to the canvas with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Ohh! What a takedown as Marley uses Craven's own weapon against him, Bucky!

BW: You play with fire and sometimes you get burned, daddy!

[Marley grabs the sword in both hands, pushing it down on Craven's windpipe as the referee calls for a break.]

GM: He's choking him with that wooden sword! The referee's counting but it's No Disqualification.

BW: That's right. Marley can choke him all night and it doesn't matter one bit!

[After about a ten count, Marley lets go, shouting at the official as he snatches the wooden sword up by the handle...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and SLAMS it down across the ribcage of Craven!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Marley is trashtalking the downed Craven as he winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The second blow has Craven rolling, slipping under the ropes and out to the floor. Marley wastes no time in pursuing, stepping out on the apron, wooden sword still in hand...]

GM: Rick Marley stands out on the apron, keeping his eyes on Craven to make sure the Dragon doesn't break loose.

[Marley leaps off the apron, smashing the sword down between the eyes of Craven, knocking him down to his knees.]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Craven off the shot to the head!

[With Craven kneeling in front of him, Marley gets a two-handed grip on the weapon, swinging it back over his head. He steps forward, standing in front of his long-time rival...]

GM: He's gonna crack that sword over his head, Bucky!

BW: If he does that, it might be over right now!

[Marley goes to swing the wooden sword down...

...but Craven rises up, blocking the blow with his raised and powerful arms, absorbing the strike!]

GM: Craven blocks it!

[The Motor City Madman swings a leg up, driving his knee into the midsection of his rival. The wooden sword falls uselessly to the covered grass as Craven hooks him in a Muay Thai clinch...

...and SLAMS his knee repeatedly up into the chest of the smaller man!]

GM: The knees come up time and again into the torso and-

[Using the same Thai clinch, Craven HURLS Marley off his feet, flinging him into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Good grief!

[A fired-up Craven stalks after Marley, ignoring the referee's cries to get the action back inside the ring. He pulls Marley off the floor by the hair, scooping him up...

...and SLAMMING him over the railing into the front row of chairs, sending the AWA faithful scattering!]

GM: Oh my! Craven throws him into the front row!

BW: This guy is a lunatic! He's a menace to society and the Wise Men will be doing the wrestling world a favor if they make it so this guy NEVER wrestles again, daddy!

GM: At forty-seven years old, William Craven's days in this sport are probably numbered as it is. A serious injury at this stage of his career could be a career-ending injury.

BW: Which is EXACTLY what Percy Chiles is banking on, daddy!

[Craven lets loose a roar in the direction of the ring which brings cheers from the fans as Marley tries to get back to his feet, standing on one of the chairs...

...and leaps off, striking the railing with his feet, sending it SMASHING into Craven's left kneecap as he turns around!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DROPKICKED THE RAILING INTO HIS KNEE!

BW: Hah! Craven's knee has been banged up for a few months now but being the lunatic monster that he is, he hasn't taken a second of time off to let it heal. You better believe that Rick Marley - who knows Craven as well as anyone - knows it!

[Craven falls back, grabbing at his knee as Marley slingshots over the railing into the ringside area, gets a running start at the wobbly Craven...

...and THROWS HIMSELF at the back of Craven's knee shoulder-first!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He clipped him! Rick Marley just clipped the leg out from under William Craven!

[Craven collapses on the thin mats at ringside, grabbing at his left knee as Marley gets back to his feet, looking menacingly down at the Dragon as the crowd jeers the attack from behind.]

GM: Marley's taking aim at the leg - stomping and kicking it out on the floor.

[Marley grabs Craven by the arm, dragging him to his feet.]

GM: He's gonna whip him to the steel!

[But as he tries, Craven reverses it, sending Marley towards the railing...

...that Marley leaps over, landing on his feet just beyond the barricade!]

GM: Whoa!

[Marley spins around, leaping up on the barricade. He balances himself there for a few moments...

...and then leaps off in a somersault, knocking the hobbled Craven off his feet and back down on the floor!]

GM: Marley floors him again!

["Showtime" Rick Marley gets to his feet, soaking up the jeers from the crowd as he stares down at Craven.]

GM: Marley puts him down again and if he really wants to put him out of action, he might be in a position to do it right now.

[Marley drags Craven back to his feet, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He climbs up on the ring apron, measuring the downed Craven...

...and catapults over in a somersault, dropping a leg across Craven's chest!]

GM: OHHH! Beautiful move from the man who - from time to time - has been known as the Human Highlight Reel... but right away, you can see there's no attempt at a cover.

BW: A pinfall doesn't get it done in this one, Gordo. If Marley's gonna win - and I mean, truly win - he needs to put Craven on the shelf once and for all.

GM: Somewhere in the locker room area, you have to imagine that Percy Childes is looking on, watching with great joy at what he's seeing out of Rick Marley so far in this one.

BW: Ricky Marley might be earning himself a place at the table when it comes to the Wise Men, Gordo. He's complained so long about the glass ceiling... the Wise Men have the power to shatter that thing for him once and for all.

[Marley gets to his feet, stomping the knee a few times before grabbing the ankle, straightening out the leg...

...and drops a vicious elbow down into the knee!]

GM: Ohh! Elbow right on the kneejoint!

[The former World Champion drops the elbow a second time... and a third before he backs off, allowing Craven to grab his knee.]

GM: Bucky, can you possibly envision a scenario where William Craven would actually SUBMIT?

BW: If that knee gets destroyed like Marley intends, I think Craven might not have a choice. Like you said, a serious injury at this stage of his career - at his age - might be a career-ender. He can't afford to have that happen. If he has to submit to avoid it, then he'd better do it.

[Marley stalks around the downed Craven who attempts to crawl away...

...and drops down, burying his knee into the side of Craven's knee!]

GM: He drops the knee down on Craven's leg!

[Kneeling on the kneejoint, Marley pulls Craven up, battering him with a half dozen right hands before shoving him back down to the canvas. He switches his attack, grabbing the left ankle and pulling up on the leg as he continues to pin down the knee with his own weight.]

BW: We don't get to see this side of Ricky Marley very often, Gordo. He likes to dazzle the crowd with all that high-flying stuff but every once in a while, he just grabs a hold and goes to work on someone.

GM: As a former World Champion, Marley is adept at several different styles but you're right - we usually don't see a submission game implemented by "Showtime."

[Marley straightens up, holding the ankle as he kicks at the knee.]

GM: Marley's trying to do serious damage to the leg and-

[Craven swings his right leg back, using his left leg to shove Marley off, throwing him down to the mat to a cheer!]

GM: Craven kicks him off!

[The Dragon rolls to his right knee, pushing up off the mat as Marley comes dashing at him. Marley goes for a dropkick to the knee but Craven sidesteps, causing him to hit the canvas...

...and DROPS down on his right knee, pinning Marley's chest to the canvas. Craven instantly pushes back up, dropping down with a second knee to the chest!]

GM: Kneedrops to the chest! That'll knock some of the wind out of Marley's sails!

[With Marley gasping for air, Craven reaches down, hooking Marley by the throat with both hands...

...and deadlifts him straight up into the air with a double choke!]

GM: THUNDER MELT-

[Marley promptly goes to the eyes, digging deep to free himself from the madman's grip.]

GM: Marley goes to the eyes! He slips out and-

[Marley grabs Craven around the head, rushing the ropes, leaping into the air...

...and SNAPS Craven's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! Director's Cut!

[Out on the floor, Marley marches over to the timekeeper's table, ordering Phil Watson out of his seat. He snatches up the steel chair he was on, flinging it over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Marley rolls back in, going for the chair...

[The Unholy Alliance member scoops up the steel chair, turning it so that the seatback is aimed down...

...and DRIVES the edge of the chair down into the knee joint!]

GM: OHHH!

[Marley takes on a fierce look, driving the chair down a second time and then a third before throwing the chair aside.]

GM: Marley's savagely attacking that knee and if there was any doubt about whether or not he should carry out Percy Childes' orders here tonight, they seem to have been erased!

[Pulling Craven by the injured leg towards the ropes, Marley drops his ankle down on the bottom rope. He nods to the jeering crowd, stepping up on the middle rope...

...and springs off, sitting down on the injured knee!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: And there's a rare sound, Gordo. Craven screamed out in pain after Marley dropped down on his knee. The Dragon's usually pretty good about pretending he doesn't feel anything at all.

GM: Maybe he actually doesn't.

BW: So, he's an indestructible monster who doesn't feel pain? Next thing you're going to tell me is that he's got a clone.

[Marley drops to his back, rolling out to the floor. He reaches in to grab the legs, pulling Craven's lower body under the ropes.]

GM: Craven looks like he's in a lot of pain, Bucky.

BW: He's about to be in a whole lot more, Gordo.

[Marley lifts the injured leg up as high as he can, holding it straight up...

...and SLAMS the back of the knee down on the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: And you've gotta start to wonder if the referee should take a look at stopping this thing. We already knew that Craven had a bad wheel coming into this match and Rick Marley's done nothing but attack that knee over and over and over.

[Marley looks around at the jeering crowd, hands on his hips.]

BW: Whaddya waiting for, Ricky?! Do it again! End this miserable freak's career and get yourself back in position to be the AWA World Champion!

GM: You think the Wise Men can do that for him?

BW: I KNOW they can. You think Dave Bryant can withstand the Wise Men if they want the belt on "Showtime" Rick Marley? You think the Shane Gang can stand united against the Wise Men?

GM: So, this match has even greater stakes then. This could be the difference between Rick Marley continuing to live under that so-called glass ceiling and being the next World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: That's why he's gotta cripple Craven!

[Marley looks to hesitate a bit as Craven tries to grab at his leg. "Showtime" shakes his head before grabbing the leg again, lifting it straight up in the air...

...and SLAMS it down again! Craven instantly cries out in pain, flailing about on the canvas as Marley stands at ringside, glaring at him. The referee kneels down, looking for a submission.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow wants to know if Craven gives up and- ohh! Come on! Craven just shoved him down!

[Craven crawls away from the ropes, heading across the ring as Rick Marley shakes his head out on the floor.]

GM: I think Marley thought that might do it but Craven shoved Longfellow away. He didn't want any part of submitting.

BW: Gotta keep it up, Marley. Grab that chair and waffle him with it!

GM: He might be able to beat him... but has he done enough to put Craven on the shelf? That's the bar here. It's not a victory. It's a man's career!

[Marley crawls headfirst under the ropes into the ring, down on all fours, watching and waiting...]

BW: What's he waiting for?

GM: I'm not sure... Marley seems to be hesitating a bit...

[Craven grabs hold of the ropes on the opposite side of the ring, dragging himself back to his feet. Marley claps his hands together, rushing across the ring...

...and Craven ducks his head, backdropping Marley over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARLEY HITS THE FLOOR!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Marley hits the floor hard, landing directly on the thin mats covering the infield dirt.]

GM: Right down on that rock-hard dirt that makes up the infield... and that'll take a lot out of Marley for sure.

[Craven slumps against the ring ropes, trying to keep his injured leg off the canvas to prevent putting any weight on it. He shouts something at the downed Marley as he tests out the knee, wincing in pain as he does.]

GM: We're over ten minutes into this battle as Rick Marley attempts to appease his masters and end the career of William Craven.

BW: I don't know if he needs to end his career but he DOES need to put him on the shelf for an extended period of time, Gordo.

[Marley grabs the ring apron, trying to drag himself up to his feet. Craven leans through the ropes to assist, smashing Marley's face into the ring apron a few times before hauling him up on the apron...]

GM: Craven's gonna suplex him in! He's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[But Marley doesn't allow it, lashing out with a kick through the ropes into the kneecap. Craven falls back as Marley grabs a front facelock of his own...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and suddenly spins, looking for a Limelight, and SNAPS Craven's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: OHH! LIMELIGHT FROM THE APRON!!

[With Craven sprawled on the floor, Marley quickly scales the turnbuckles, stepping up top...]

GM: Marley turns 32 years old tomorrow, fans, and what a birthday present it would be for himself to defeat his long-time rival and to cement himself as an integral member of the Unholy Alliance!

[Marley pauses, taking a few deep breaths as he measures the downed Craven...]

...and then leaps into the air, taking flight and dropping a leg down across the throat!]

GM: OHHH! LEGDROP OFF THE TOP CONNECTS!

[Marley scrambles around, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[But "Showtime" suddenly straightens up, waving off the official.]

GM: He broke his own pin! Marley didn't want the three count!

BW: 'Cause he hasn't put Craven on the shelf yet! He might've gotten the pin there but that's not enough. He knows he has to hurt the beast if he wants to earn Percy's respect again!

[Marley pushes up to his feet, stalking across the ring towards the corner. He's facing out towards the corner, angrily kicking the bottom turnbuckle.]

GM: I gotta say, Marley doesn't seem too happy about this, Bucky.

BW: Happy or not, he's got a job to do! He'll be a lot happier when he's beaten Craven, got that monkey PERMANENTLY off his back, and is taking aim at the World Heavyweight Title once more.

["Showtime" leans forward, placing his head against the top turnbuckle as the crowd murmurs in surprise at his reaction.]

BW: Percy's not liking this, I guarantee you that.

[Marley slaps a hand down on the top turnbuckle, again showing frustration as he turns back towards the ring where Craven has pushed up to all fours. The former World Champion snatches the chair off the mat, unfolding it and placing it open on the mat.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this one bit, Bucky.

BW: Neither does Craven!

[The Unholy Alliance member pulls Craven off the mat, hooking him in a side waistlock and bending the leg up for a shinbreaker.]

GM: He's looking for a shinbreaker on the open chair!

[Craven frantically slams his right hand over and over into Marley's face, breaking the grip. A few clubbing forearms follow, forcing Marley to double up as Craven grabs two hands full of hair...

...and SMASHES Marley's face into the open chair!]

GM: OHHH!

[Craven shakes his head, stepping in behind Marley to grab his legs under his arms...]

GM: Look out here!

[The Dragon muscles Marley up off the mat, actually lifting his bad leg up off the mat...

...and THROWS Marley up and over with a wheelbarrow suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Incredible power on display by Craven! He used that big suplex and he did it off one leg, Bucky!

BW: You don't see that kind of thing too often, Gordo. It just shows you how much power this guy's got.

[Craven rolls back to his feet, pointing a menacing finger at Marley as he drags himself off the mat, falling back into the corner...]

GM: Craven's coming in on... he's got the chair!

[Craven folds the chair back up, slamming it down on the mat a few times as he winds straight back over his head...]

GM: HE'S GONNA CLUB HIM WITH THE CHAIR!

[But as Craven approaches, Marley EXPLODES out of the corner, jamming his foot up under the jaw with the superkick!]

GM: CASTING CALL!

[The superkick stuns Craven, forcing him to drop the chair down on the mat where Marley buries a boot into the gut before Craven can topple, tugging him into a front facelock...

...and swings around, leaping up to DRIVE Craven facefirst into the fallen steel chair!]

GM: LIMELIGHT! LIMELIGHT ON THE CHAIR!!

[Marley flips him over, diving into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Marley wins it! Marley defeats the Dragon!

BW: But wait a second...

GM: I know exactly what you're going to say, Bucky. His job here tonight as ordered by Percy Childe was not to defeat Craven... but to injure him. To put him on the shelf. To cause havoc within the Kooky Quartet. Did he accomplish ANY of that with this win?

[Marley sits up on the canvas, burying his head in his hands in disbelief.]

GM: I think... perhaps that was all on instinct for Marley. Perhaps he didn't mean to go for the cover right there, Bucky.

BW: Maybe not but he did it! He pinned Craven! And now, he's gonna-

[The former World Champion climbs to his feet, angrily slamming his hands together. He stomps down hard on the canvas, stalking across the ring.]

GM: Marley's hot under the collar! It's setting in on him what he just did.

BW: It's not too late, Gordo.

GM: What?

BW: He's got him down... he's got him laid out! He could finish him right here and now!

[Marley suddenly jerks his head towards the downed Craven...

...and seems to decide to do exactly what Bucky's suggesting. The former World Champion stomps across the ring, snatching up the dropped steel chair.]

GM: What's he-?!

[The crowd buzzes as Marley leans down, opening the chair and closing it around the injured knee of Craven.]

GM: Oh no... oh my stars, no.

[Marley backs off, hopping up to the middle rope.]

GM: He's gonna jump off on that chair! He's gonna shatter Craven's leg!

[The Unholy Alliance member nods his head at his fallen and trapped rival, ready to potentially end his career...]

GM: Marley's gonna do it! We need to get some help out here!

BW: Where are Craven's buddies now?! Where are they when he needs them?!

GM: We're hearing... there's some kind of disturbance going on in the back! There's something-

[A quick split-screen shows the Dogs Of War engaged in a brawl with Hannibal Carver, Jack Lynch, and Bobby O'Connor!]

GM: There! His allies are trying to get to him but those damned Dogs Of War are stopping them!

BW: Percy strikes again! He knew he might need to buy Marley some more time! He knew it!

[Marley's eyes drift over to the Jumbotron, watching as the Dogs Of War "buy him time." "Showtime" nods his head, readying himself...

...looking out to the crowd again, many of which are pleading with him not to do it.]

BW: What the hell is he waiting for?! Do it, Marley! Do it!

[Marley looks down at Craven, running a hand through his hair. He shakes his head, putting his hands over his face...

...and then hops down, waving off the downed Craven.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: Get up there and do it, Marley! Don't throw away your career like this!

[The former World Champion steps through the ropes, angrily dropping off the apron and stalking back up the aisle, leaving Craven down and out on the canvas.]

GM: Marley's walking out! Rick Marley had William Craven right where he wanted him and he's walking out of there!

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo. Marley just signed his own death warrant! He just ruined everything he's ever worked for because the Wise Men? They don't forgive. And they damn sure don't forget!

[Marley continues to walk angrily down the aisle, muttering to himself the entire time as the referee extricates Craven's leg from the steel chair...

...but signals towards the locker room anyways.]

GM: It looks like we're still going to need medical help out here for William Craven. Marley did enough damage to the leg to require a doctor out here but I don't think... from what I could tell, he didn't do enough to put Craven on the shelf for good!

BW: No, I think you're right, Gordo. The doctors are on their way out - Dr. Ponavitch and his team. Craven might be heading to the hospital after the abuse his knee has taken here tonight and as of late but I don't think this is the career-ending injury that Percy Childe and the Wise Men were looking for, daddy.

GM: Fans, we've got the stretcher coming out here... and while that's going on, we want to remind you about the AWA's newly revamped All-Access service. Our subscribers get exclusive content from backstage and interviews that cannot be seen anywhere else. News, rumors, and even footage from non-televvised events.

BW: And the Call Of The Wilde every Friday night! Who wouldn't want that?

GM: One such backstage incident was shown earlier this evening, and while we're waiting for the medical team to help William Craven out of here, we've decided to show it to our fans on the broadcast. Two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling, the tag team of Dichotomy made an open challenge for tonight's show. They were told that we didn't have the time for an extra match tonight, and when they came to the arena looking to intervene in the night's events, well, here's what happened...

[We cut to footage that is clearly labelled "EARLIER TODAY". A handheld camera operator is in the back parking lot to catch wrestlers as they arrive for some of those exclusive Access interviews. Currently heading towards

the arena back entrance are Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, the team of Dichotomy. Ginn is wearing a professional-looking white shirt, red tie, and black slacks while Hoefner's wearing a threadbare brownish-grey jacket, wrinkly blue dress shirt, and blue slacks; the sort of professional attire that many wrestlers wear to and from the arena. Both are carrying large duffels, and both are stopped by a small group of security guards outside the door. Ginn flashes an ID.]

SG: I'm sorry, Mr. Ginn, but the two of you are not on the list. You can't go in.

[The six-seven lanky Massachusetts native with the reddish brown Caesar hair, well-trimmed beard and mustache looks incredulously at the head guard, a tall short-haired female.]

MG: I am aware that we are not scheduled for a match, but that does not mean that we cannot go in as stand-by.

SG: Tonight it does. For this show, only people on the list get in. That's straight from the top.

[At this, the dusky-skinned Hoefner explodes. The athletic man with short black (receding) hair jabs the guard in the chest with his finger.]

MH: Oh? Oh?! Why? Tell me why!

SG: I don't need to know why.

MH: Then I'll tell YOU why. Obviously the AWA heard us make the challenge and they don't want us on their big show!

[As Hoefner starts ranting, Ginn facepalms, sighs, and steps away.]

MH: Everybody's always conspiring around here! We all know the AWA paid off Marty Meekly to screw Supreme Wright. We all know the Wise Men make all the matches. We all know they get together to decide who does what where and...

[As Hoefner rambles about conspiracies, a man in a grey tweed blazer, beige slacks, white shirt and blue-and-red tie walks through the door. It is former World Champion and current AWA road agent Tommy Fierro.]

TF: I'll handle this.

[The lead guard steps aside. Fierro steps down with his hands out in a placating manner.]

TF: It's just for this one show, guys. We'll cover your travel expenses for this but you gotta move along to the next town. Tonight, only people who have a match or who are on the cleared list can be backstage.

MG: How convenient, there's a list. May we peruse this list, and can you tell us who compiled it?

TF: No, and yes. The front office did. You know, the guys who own this place and write your paychecks.

[Fierro sighs.]

TF: Guys, with a basically lawless match involvin' ten guys and a partially-unknown Wise Men team, we're puttin' a lid on who comes and goes to keep any nasty surprises out of that match. And... well... the other reason was what you said last Saturday Night.

MH: I KNEW IT! I told you there was a conspiracy, but nooooo, you said "tin foil hat" and "paranoid" and "there's no such thing as Novus Ordo Seclorum" and...

MG: Enough! Fierro, explain yourself.

TF: It has nothin' to do with me, so I don't need to explain 'myself'. But you boys went out and outright said, plain on TV, that the only reason you wanted a match on the show was because the supercard payouts are so much bigger. You want a supercard payout? So does everyone! Heck, so do I! If all ya do is show up just because you want a payout, does that mean we got to give you one? Don't that mean we got to give everyone who shows up one? Pretty soon, every big show we'd have the whole roster try that trick.

[Fierro bristles.]

TF: Not to mention that most people in this sport have some pride. Winning and losing matter, championship glory matters. It damn sure mattered to me and everyone I knew. You two just go out and say 'we just want our checks', and who's gonna get behind that? The fans? The boys? The office? No. If you want a big match, earn it like the rest.

[Dichotomy look at one another as Fierro goes on, both with unimpressed looks on their faces.]

MH: What'd he say?

MG: I believe he just attempted to appeal to our sense of honor and community, and instead ended up committing the division fallacy, the slippery slope fallacy, and the bandwagon fallacy in quick succession.

TF: Think what you want.

MH: Well, I think it's perfect. Just perfect that this happens on the Fourth Of July. Last year was all about opportunity. "The Fourth Of July is about freedom and opportunity", you all said! Because last year, you celebrated the America that lives in people's minds. The illusionary America. But this year we get the real thing, don't we? The real America. The oligarchy

where the people who have all the money control things so that they continue to get all the money. And anybody that doesn't like it gets marginalized. The American way. Happy birthday, America, you piece of garbage.

[Now Fierro gets hot. Hoefner simply spits on his shoe, which doesn't help.]

TF: HEY! What the hell's wrong with you?!

MG: His analogy was unusually well-reasoned from where I sit. Though to be fair, I am much more intelligent than you are, so perhaps you don't understand.

TF: I understand that you're a bitter punk kid who went AWOL on the Marines!

MH: I stood up for what I believed in, you washed-out fool! THAT is the America people say they believe in! I took a stand and they made sure I'd never work a real job again! I had to come here, to wrestling, because...

TF: Because we even give deserters a second chance!

MH: Because of all the places I could legally make enough money to get my record cleaned up, it was the only rock low enough to crawl under where they wouldn't find me!

TF: Why, you...

[Fierro whips off his blazer, clenches his fists and heads towards Hoefner, but the security personnel interject themselves.]

SG: Nobody's fighting back here, not even you, Fierro. And you two? Get lost or you'll spend the night in jail. Sounds like it wouldn't be a first for you.

MG: Keep your witless commentary in the empty space where it belongs! Come on, Mark. I've heard this all before; people like this just revel in their own ignorance.

[Dichotomy marches off in an angry huff. Fierro picks his blazer back up and glares after the duo.]

SG: Back inside, if you're going to let people bait you like that.

TF: No, no, my fightin' days are done. Those two'll run those mouths in the wrong direction before long. Seen it a million times...

[As Fierro walks out of view, we crossfade back to live action established by a panning shot of the jam-packed Hammons Field.

Boos start to slowly spread through the crowd, and the camera catches the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes strolling down the aisle. Childes is

wearing a pleated dark grey suit, black undershirt, and white tie. The bald, moderately overweight manager with the dark goatee is carrying, as usual, his crystal-tipped cane.]

GM: This is never a good sign. Percy Childes, two weeks removed from being on the receiving end of the first punch that Supreme Wright has ever thrown...

BW: He'll be lucky if it isn't his last.

GM: That is not outside of the pool of possibilities in tonight's Tower Of Doom match, but neither is the loss of some of the key people that keep the intimidation ploys of the Wise Men going. I am more concerned about the fact that I know of no immediate need for Percy Childes to address everyone, so this means he has something new.

[Childes walks up to the timekeeper's table, procures the mic, and begins to head up the steps. He enters the ring and begins his address, though the crowd is now booing loudly.]

PC: The longer you boo too loudly for me to be heard clearly, the longer you will have to wait for the next matches.

[That does quiet the crowd some.]

PC: See? Even you can see reason. Perhaps it's time for me to give in to conceit and get my own entrance music, so all of that aggression can be spent while I go about posing or such. But no, that sort of thing is for wrestlers to do.

And yet it seems that most wrestlers in the AWA cannot grasp the difference between themselves and me. They think that I'm someone you can attack with impunity. They think that they can stop me with wrestling matches. They think they can provoke me with challenges and insults. They're wrong on all counts.

To wit: are you all looking forward to the Tower Of Doom?

[The crowd cheers loudly.]

PC: Let me tell you what is at stake in the Tower Of Doom. Ten careers. That structure... three cages, stacked all atop one another. The floors of the top two cages is, of course, another cage wall itself. It sways slightly, it has hinged pieces that will be weaponized, and there are eight foot drops between levels. Do you remember the last time we held a Tower Of Doom match? Do you remember who was in it?

That match claimed careers. Go back and look. Some of the men in that match are not here or anywhere else in the sport today because the injuries of that match were that ruinous. That is what is on the line tonight.

And thank goodness for that, because that makes it worthwhile. When it's all said and done, I will still be here. So will Larry Doyle. So will our third Wise Man... assuming that it's not one of the participants, of course. So I ask you... when will you learn? When will the AWA learn that there is no reason to fight us?

Under our watch, we never monopolized title opportunities. We made sure our people got them, of course. But so did people like Supreme Wright, Ryan Martinez, Alphonse Green, and so forth. The overreaction to our existence has been so profound that it boggles the mind. All we have ever done is protect the wrestlers that the fans would not protect, for the betterment of the entire sport.

[The fans boo this subtle lie.]

PC: The Tower Of Doom is already just one more example of how you cannot beat us. Whether you win or whether you lose, we're not going away. But for the roster to waste time and energy fighting us, thrashing about impotently as they are... well, that's not wise. It does not help us, and it does not help them. So I am here today to offer a compromise. A truce, really. Terms under which we can end this stupid, pointless conflict. You could all get on with your careers, safe in the knowledge that a quote-unquote "secret cabal" was not undermining your careers.

And that is simple... make me the new President of the AWA.

[The crowd loses it over that, and boo loudly. Percy nods wanly at the reaction.]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Let him explain, Gordo!

PC: I knew that you wouldn't understand. Seeing why this is a good thing for everyone involves logical thinking and wisdom, two traits that the common man tends to lack. So let me lay this out for you as simply as I can.

A President can make many of the decisions that the Wise Men currently have to work for. Currently, the Wise Men waste time and effort better used for promotion on getting intelligent policy made. The President makes these decisions openly, and they are subject to review. Currently, the Wise Men make decisions far away from public view, and with no oversight. Wrestlers can file grievances with the President over our decisions in the President's office. Currently, grievances to the Wise Men are handled by special committee in the parking lot.

And most importantly, the Wise Men have the express goal of maximizing profit for our client wrestlers. If every wrestler in the AWA were under that umbrella... as you all would be if I were the President... I'm not seeing a downside here. We want to make the entire AWA as profitable as possible, because a bigger pie means bigger slices. We are not, and never have been,

at cross-purposes with the AWA as an entity. The paranoia of specific individuals have blown our whole agenda out of proportion. In closing, making me the President will put the Wise Men where you can all see them, and everyone will make more money. You show me the downside to that.

[Percy lowers the mic, a manipulative smile on his face as he waits for someone to respond...

...and gets his response in the form of "Big" Jim Watkins walking into view in a red, white, and blue windbreaker. He's got a mic gripped in his hand as he heads towards the ring.]

JW: Some things around this place never change, I guess. I've been gone for quite a while, Childes... and yet you're still here spewing the same lies and causing trouble just like you always have.

[Watkins draws closer to the ring as Childes shouts something off-mic at him.]

JW: The last time I had any power in this place, I was too blinded by the problems with Petrow and Royalty to see what a REAL threat you were. All that time you were gathering power, making deals, entrenching yourself in every corner of the AWA.

[He climbs the ringsteps, moving through the ropes.]

JW: You actually think anyone would agree to this garbage proposal? You think anyone would actually let you become the AWA President?

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: You're looking at the next AWA President, Childes. I'm the one with the experience... with the knowledge... with the authority... and yeah, I'm the one with the REAL wisdom to run this place.

[The fans cheer as Percy looks around in disgust.]

JW: But you... you're a threat to the AWA and everything it stands for. You like to try to convince everyone that the Wise Men are looking out for everyone. That everything's been fine on the Wise Men's watch. But I think we both know that's just not true.

And we don't have to look any further than Memorial Day Mayhem to see how the Wise Men influence things that they don't like.

We don't have to look any further than the list of men on the sidelines thanks to the Wise Men... men like my good friend, Supernova... like "Hotshot" Stevie Scott... like Karl O'Connor... need I go on?

[Watkins glares at Childes.]

JW: And I don't have a speck of proof but I'd be willing to bet my last red cent that you and these Wise Men had something to do with Juan Vasquez putting his career on the line in that Exploding Ring in Japan. I'd be willing to bet that Dave Cooper was doing YOUR dirty work when Vasquez nearly had his eye taken out.

[Percy lowers his eyes to the mat, no longer meeting the gaze of the former Chairman of the Championship Committee.]

JW: So, you're damn right that I consider you a threat to the AWA... maybe a bigger threat than Joe Petrow and Royalty ever was.

[Watkins lifts a clenched fist to a big cheer.]

JW: Maybe you remember how I handled that situation.

[Childes has heard enough and angrily responds.]

PC: Jim Watkins, you are the biggest hypocrite I've ever had the express displeasure of seeing.

[Watkins glowers and takes a step towards Percy, who doesn't flinch.]

PC: Supreme Wright got away with it because he is valuable to the AWA. Nobody would miss you. Accost me and they'll find you in the parking lot wearing your Cadillac around your waist.

But let's talk about the last time you were in charge. After all... you're one of the two reasons that the Wise Men were even necessary.

[A bit of a surprised reaction, and Watkins gets a sour look on his face.]

PC: You and Vasquez. You pandered to the fans with every decision. You thought that if you made the fan favorites happy that you'd have job security, and so you rendered the most one-sided decisions possible. You even boasted about "giving the fans what they want", but you never thought about giving your employees what was fair. There is no industry on Earth that would tolerate the idea of these 'sealed envelopes' that let you randomly apply contract law from two years ago to people who were not under contract to the company at the time those were signed. That is illegal, and you know it. Your 'envelopes' wouldn't last two seconds in a court of law, and here you are using them to force our wrestlers into a career-ending debacle. You ought to know how the Tower Of Doom shortens and ends careers, because you were a party to it the first time!

You have done nothing but show bias and partiality as a leader. That is why you were REALLY removed the first time. Believe me... that took some doing.

[Watkins' eyes flare up in anger, but again, Percy doesn't flinch.]

PC: This isn't news, you know. Physically assaulting your own employees is a fairly clear example of partiality and bias. There is no company in the world where someone who did that would ever be rehired. Would professional wrestling be THAT backwards?

[Watkins raises the mic.]

JW: Oh, but that's where you're wrong, pal. I think the front office is plenty sick of you by now. I think they're just waiting for someone to step up and end these Wise Men so that they don't have to.

And there's one other thing you're wrong about, Childes...

[Percy arches an eyebrow.]

JW: You're not my employee yet.

[Watkins advances on Childes who raises his hands defensively, swinging his crystal-topped cane back...

And then both stop in their tracks, because the PA system has come to life with a familiar twang of a guitar. Childes' eyes go wide; Watkins even looks shocked.]

GM: Wait a minute...wait a minute!

BW: I know that music, Gordo! There's no way!

[The crowd does too, and begins buzzing in anticipation, The music then pauses, long enough for a catchphrase that hasn't been heard in a long time.]

"IT'S TIIIIIIIME FOR STEVIIIIIIETAINMEEEEEENT!"

BW: No! No! It can't be!

[Ah, but it is, Buckthorn. The music cranks back up, that early-90's anthem "Everything About You" by Ugly Kid Joe, and it signals the entrance...indeed, the return of one of the most important names in AWA history.

"Hotshot" Stevie Scott.]

GM: HE'S BACK! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, BUCKY WILDE! HOTSHOT STEVIE SCOTT IS BACK IN THE AWA!

[Scott emerges into view to an ENORMOUS pop! He can't contain a smile as he soaks in the cheers, looking around at the crowd. Childes immediately begins accusing Watkins of bringing his former enemy back, but Watkins shrugs in return as he seems as shocked as everyone else. Stevie, dressed in his old casual attire of a silky light blue shirt, tan bermuda shorts and loafers, makes his way down to the ring, his eyes locked on Percy the entire way.]

GM: Stevie Scott is back and now it's time for Percy Childes to come face-to-face with the man he tried to put out of wrestling!

[Scott reaches the ring, climbs through the ropes, and waves animatedly at Childes, seemingly ignoring the presence of Watkins. He ascends a near turnbuckle, raising his arms in the air setting off another huge pop. As he hops down, the cheers turn into a chant..

"WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK!"

GM: These fans here in Springfield, Missouri, are definitely a lot happier to see Stevie Scott back in the AWA than is Percy Childes!

BW: He should have been warned about this! Totally unfair and no doubt a ploy by that old fossil up there!

GM: Watkins looks just as surprised as the rest of us, Bucky.

BW: The man's always been a great liar.

[The chant continues until Stevie holds up his left arm, and raises a microphone with his right to address the AWA for the first time in many months. He hesitates, taking a step closer to Childes who again raises his cane.]

HSS: Miss me, Chubbs?

[The crowd pops again, Stevie grinning and enjoying the moment while Childes? Yeah, not so much.]

HSS: Percival Francis Childes. That's your full name, right?

[Percy goes to answer but is, predictably, cut off.]

HSS: Exactly. So...you look surprised to see me. Did you really think you'd gotten rid of me for good?

[He drops his shoulders in fake disappointment.]

HSS: Come on, man. It's me! Haven't you figured it out yet? No matter how hard you try, no matter how many people you pay off, no matter how many strings you pull or numbers you call or prayers you utter...

[Stevie quickly moves in on Childes, not to strike, but stands nearly nose-to-nose with him.]

HSS: You. Can't. Kill. ME!

[Yes, another huge pop. Stevie pauses, smiles and steps away.]

HSS: Now don't get too worried about your physical safety this time, Chunk. Unfortunately, your goons did quite the number on my neck, which was no great shakes to begin with, and try as I might...I haven't been cleared to return to competition.

[The crowd boos some while Percy's tension seems to be relieved a bit, even smiling smugly.]

HSS: So as much as I want to shove my foot so far up your ass that I kick your teeth out from the inside...

[Stevie grins a li'l grin as the crowd roars at the threat.]

HSS: ... I'm not going to do it. Yet.

But let me cut to the chase and tell you why I AM here. You see, wrestling...it's like an addiction, you know? Once you get it in your blood, it's damn hard to get it out. And, frankly, I just got tired of sitting at home and watching all this go down, and there I was, at home in St. Louis just about three hours from here unable to do anything about it.

But then...then it came out that the AWA needed some leadership! Someone to take the company into the 21st century and beyond! Someone to get a handle on people like YOU, my furry fat little friend.

What I saw, Percival, was an opportunity.

[He starts pacing.]

HSS: The last thing this place needs is YOU running the show. I mean hell, look at you...you'll blow the catering budget in two weeks! That's bad fiscal management, son. We can't be having Twinkies delivered by the truckload for ya, Jabba. And Jim...

[For the first time, he acknowledges Watkins.]

HSS: I love you and all, but the only thing you need to be hooking up is your accountant with your social security check. You had your chance, and you blew it. And you're old. You should be spending your waning years driving around south Florida with your left turn signal constantly flashing.

There's only one man in this ring that's the man for the job.

[Slowly, a smile creeps over his face.]

HSS: And you're listening to him.

[BIG POP!]

GM: Did you hear that, Bucky? Stevie Scott has declared his candidacy for the President of the AWA!

BW: But... but... hasn't the deadline passed or something?!

[There are only a couple people who can answer that question...

...and thankfully, one of them appears in the aisleway, shaking his head at what's unfolding inside the ring. It's one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance, Jon Stegglet. Stegglet's got a stylish black suit on and looks very much the man who sat at the announce desk for the EMWC all those years ago - except for some noticeably greying hair. It's not easy running the biggest wrestling promotion in the world as many would attest to. Stegglet reaches the ring swiftly, joining the three men inside the squared circle.]

JS: Now, this is my kind of party.

[Big cheer! Stegglet smiles.]

JS: But we've got a lot of guys sitting back there waiting to come out here and do what they do best... so we need to settle this situation and get on with the show. As everyone here knows, we've been running a poll on the AWA website for the last two weeks to determine who you, the fans, want to see as the new AWA President.

[Percy starts to interrupt but Stegglet raises a hand.]

JS: Now, obviously there are certain candidates who have just announced their intentions here tonight who were not included in the poll. But everyone who had been revealed was on the poll and in a landslide, this man...

[Stegglet gestures at Jim Watkins to a pretty big cheer.]

JS: ...has been winning. But seeing as though we've got a new candidate...

[Percy shouts at Stegglet, holding up two fingers.]

JS: Fine. TWO new candidates. I suppose a decision needs to be made here. Since it should be real clear that there's no chance in hell that a biased, corrupt individual like Percy Childes would win this office, I think it's also pretty clear that there are two candidates inside this ring who would be great fits as the new AWA President. But will it be "Big" Jim Watkins?

[Big cheer!]

JS: Or will it be "Hotshot" Stevie Scott?

[Another big cheer... maybe even slightly bigger than Watkins'. Stevie grins, jerking a thumb at his chest as Percy finally interrupts.]

PC: Excuse me, but haven't we just had a discussion about partiality and bias? Assuming that I might show it, though my positions have always favored the entire company, while exonerating Watkins is either blatantly

biased or incredibly stupid. If Scott's addition as a candidate forces a rethink with him involved, then so does mine.

[Stegglet chuckles, shaking his head before speaking.]

JS: Percy, you misunderstand. I'm not saying that WE are going to exclude you. I'm saying that the fan vote will. You remember when you hired somebody to rig an AWA.com vote for Demetrius Lake during your Ban The Iron Claw campaign? Yeah, that's not going to happen again. It showed us that we needed to hire a network security firm. The chances of the fans legitimately voting you in are slim and none.

[This time, it's Percy's turn to chuckle and shake his head.]

PC: Actually, the AWA by-laws disagree with your logic. Will you violate your own constitution to benefit your friends? Are you Jim Watkins?

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

JS: What is that supposed to mean?

[Percy smiles, obviously having gotten one over on the boss.]

PC: It means that the fan vote might inform YOUR vote, if you're so naive as to think that the fans' whims would make the best corporate decisions. But the corporate by-laws say that a vacancy can only be addressed by a full vote of ownership. Not a fan vote. Unless they all buy into the company tomorrow, their vote is, like their opinions... irrelevant.

[BOO!]

JS: Assuming you're correct in that... and you can be sure the AWA legal team is going to check into that... and that we need to have a vote of ownership to name a new AWA President, in what possible world can you imagine that Bobby Taylor or myself are voting for you?

[Big cheer! Percy nods, glaring at Stegglet.]

PC: If you examined the situation impartially, thought about it logically, and actually listened to a single word I had said... yes. Yes, you would. Stevie Scott may seem well-intentioned but he has a long history of betrayal, and zero experience in any executive capacity. Jim Watkins is the most blatantly corrupt figure since Nixon. That leaves me, and I have never lied about who I am. People of true character are almost always unpopular.

But if you were listening to me, you would know that I said a FULL vote of ownership. Now, by my recollection, you and Mr. Taylor are not the only owners in your group.

[Stegglet pauses, arching an eyebrow.]

JS: You're talking about Todd.

[It's not a question. Childes grins, nodding.]

JS: You think Todd is going to vote for you?

[Childes does not respond, locking eyes with Stegglet.]

JS: If that's the way it has to be, then that's how it'll be. In two weeks' time in Oklahoma City, I'll be there... Bobby Taylor will be there... and Todd Michaelson will damn sure be there!

[Big cheer!]

JS: And when he shows up, all three of us will vote for a new AWA President.

[Stegglet lifts a hand.]

JS: And it won't... be...

[He jabs a finger defiantly into Childes' chest.]

JS: ...you!

[Stegglet wheels around, making his exit to the cheers of the crowd as we crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky in the booth.]

GM: Wow! What a showdown that was, Bucky!

BW: Abuse of power! Abuse of power!

GM: What are you going on about now?!

BW: There's no reason for Jon Stegglet to say that Percy Childes can't be the AWA President... and there's even less reason to give consideration to someone like that that treacherous rat Scott!

GM: Are you STILL bitter that he joined forces with Juan Vasquez?

BW: I'm bitter that he's not the Stevie Scott who ran roughshod over this company as the leader of the Southern Syndicate! I'm bitter that he's not still the guy who tried to break Vasquez' neck with the piledriver! And I'm bitter he stopped buying me dinner after the shows!

GM: Hah! The truth comes out! Fans, we've got ourselves a good ol' fashioned Three Way Dance for the AWA Presidency but in two weeks' time, when the AWA comes to you live from Oklahoma City for the next Saturday Night Wrestling, we're going to see Democracy in action! The AWA owners will be in the house and they will vote for the new President right there for the whole world to see!

BW: PRESIDENT PERCY! MAKE IT HAPPEN!

GM: I don't think so. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Strictly Business in tag team action!

[Fade to black...

The scene opens on a pair of college coeds at a party with red Solo cups in their hands talking to a young hispanic man and "Showtime" Rick Marley. The hispanic college student nods at the girls smiling as Marley looks on, appearing irritated. As another guy walks behind him, Marley glances over his shoulder, then back at the girls, just in time to notice the girl standing across from him glance at the guy walking by...]

RM: Wait a minute...back that right up? What do you think you're doing?

Girl: Nothing...I was just...

Guy #1: Hey, knock it off, man...

RM: (ignoring him) Nothing is right. I am the greatest thing here, bar none. The fact that you're looking at some sunken-chested moron when he wanders through your idiotic field of vision just shows how worthless you really are. You're standing in front of the greatest--

[The guy grabs him by the arm and takes him to the kitchen as he continues to throw insults towards the girls.]

Guy #1: Jim, eat a Snickers.

RM: (looking offended): Why? What makes you think that *I* need a Snickers bar?

Guy #1: You get really touchy when you're hungry...

[Marley considers it for a moment, then nods, taking a the candy bar and taking a bite...the camera cuts back to his friend.]

Guy #1: Better?

[The camera cuts back to where "Showtime" Rick Marley had been standing a moment before. Now in his place stands a shorter, heavy-set Asian guy holding a Snickers Bar and chewing.]

Jim: Mmmmmm. Better.

Announcer: Snickers. Because you're not yourself when you're hungry.

[The two guys walk back over to the girls they were talking to a moment before, only to find that the girl on the right has been replaced by Nenshou.]

Jim: Sorry ladies.

[Nenshou responds by spraying green mist at him as the camera abruptly cuts to black while Jim screams in pain.]

Fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area of Hammons Field where William Craven, sprawled upon a stretcher and crying out in pain is being wheeled towards a waiting ambulance, lights flashing.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see, Jack Lynch, Hannibal Carver, and Bobby O'Connor are out there trying to clear a path for this stretcher. William Craven is going to the local medical facility after suffering a serious knee injury during our last match we just saw against Rick Marley.

BW: Heh. Maybe Marley got the job done after all.

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky.

[The ambulance doors are open as Craven's stretcher reaches it. With great effort, the AWA's medical team is able to get the stretcher up into the vehicle...

...when out of nowhere, the Dogs of War strike again!]

GM: What the-?!

[The boos can be heard from the stadium crowd watching on the Jumbotron as Carpenter, Perez, and Walker assault Carver, Lynch, and O'Connor, causing a big brawl to break out with AWA officials pouring into view to try and settle the situation...]

GM: These Dogs of War are everywhere, damn it! Every time we turn around, they're out here attacking someone!

[As the Dogs of War battle with the Kooky Trio, another figure jumps out from behind the ambulance, shoving a pair of EMTs away.]

GM: DETSON! IT'S JOHNNY DETSON!

[Detson smirks as he grabs the heavy ambulance door...

...and SLAMS it on Craven's knee!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[The former World Champion pulls it back again, SLAMMING it down a second time!]

BW: Johnny Detson decided to get the job done for the Alliance on his own! Rick Marley may not have been able to do it but Johnny Detson damn sure can!

GM: This is out of hand! We need help out there!

[Detson slams the door a third time before a stampeding Hannibal Carver gets to him, hammering him back against the ambulance with a series of right hands, smashing his head into the side of the vehicle. Carver spins off to check on his ally as Detson and the Dogs of War run off into the night.]

GM: Unbelievable. A sneak attack, hit-and-run assault by Johnny Detson and the Dogs of War and... my stars, listen to Craven.

[The wails of pain and agony fill the night air as the medical team regroups to check on him. Soon, a wall of bodies - including Lynch, O'Connor, and Carver - surround him... all with concerned looks on their faces... as we fade back into the press box of Hammons Field.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting, Bucky.

BW: What?!

GM: The lengths that this Unholy Alliance... that these Wise Men will go to to get their way.

BW: Hey, Percy set a goal here tonight for Ricky Marley. He told him he wanted Craven out of the picture. He wanted him out of the way. He saw him as a threat. Marley had a mission and if he couldn't get it done, Percy's got a whole army of men who can, daddy!

GM: Like Johnny Detson.

BW: Like Johnny Detson, you got it.

GM: Disgusting. Fans, we'll try to get an update on William Craven at some point here tonight but right now, we have a match that we don't know much about. For the past two weeks, fans have been scouring the Internet trying to figure out who Strictly Business has brought to face them tonight.

BW: They can scour all they want, Gordo, because the legends have been tight lipped about who their opponents will be. Even to me, one of their closest confidants.

GM: Hopefully they'll be less tight-lipped with you about why they keep avoiding Air Strike!

BW: Give me a break; they're not avoiding Air Strike. They bought them two front row seats to the match tonight!

[The camera cuts to the front row where Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz are sitting while being mobbed by nearby fans. Aarons smiles at the camera while Mertz is pre-occupied; signing an autograph for a fan. We cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: They've accepted the invitation and as you can see, they are giving the fans plenty of attention right now. Whatever it takes to get themselves in front of Strictly Business, this young duo will do.

BW: They also probably want to have great seats for two legendary teams going at it.

GM: Well, let's not make the fans wait any longer and head down to ringside where Phil Watson is ready with introductions.

[The camera cuts to Phil Watson, standing inside the ring, microphone in hand.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first, weighing in at a combined 457 pounds, they are Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian...

STRICTLYYYYYYY BUUSSSIIIIINNEESSSSSSS!!!

[The opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" begin to creep through the Hammons Field PA system as the fans react with obvious displeasure at the arrival of Strictly Business. The duo jog up the dugout steps and onto the field as the volume of the jeers increases.

Tucker is clad in a pair of long, black wrestling tights adorned with white lightning bolts. His white wrestling boots go to mid-calf and have black lightning bolts on them. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders and his torso glistens with water. His eyes are covered by his trademark pair of Oakley sunglasses. The clean-shaven Sebastian rocks a pair of black tights, accentuated by his familiar forest green calling card logo on the right leg; his moniker showcased down the other. His platinum blond hair immediately captures the eye as it glistens with perspiration under the beaming outfield lights.]

GM: Interesting that Strictly Business is introduced first, Bucky.

BW: Who possibly could have higher billing than two should-be Hall of Famers!?

[Tucker and Sebastian walk around the ring towards where Air Strike is sitting and the pair stop and smile at Air Strike, who do not return the gesture. In fact, they stand up and begin to jaw with them. Tucker pulls off his sunglasses and reaches into his boot, pulling something out...]

GM: What does Tucker have there!?

BW: I'm not sure; these seats aren't exactly right next to the ring.

[The camera zooms in, revealing the object to be a Sharpie marker and Tucker yanks off the cap and begins signing the lens of his sunglasses. Tucker then leans over and tries to put the sunglasses on Cody Mertz's face before having them slapped out of his hand by Mertz.]

GM: You've got to be kidding me, Bucky! They duck these two for weeks on end and now they try and emasculate them like this!?

BW: What in the world do you mean, Gordo? Air Strike are such big fans, Tucker is doing them a favor! Do you know how much those sunglasses are worth now!?

[Strictly Business smirks at the flustered Air Strike before rolling back into the ring next to Phil Watson. Sebastian snatches the microphone from the AWA's ring announcer before taking a leisurely stroll around the ring.]

MS: This ain't quite like that time we sold out Olympic Stadium in Montreal, is it, Drew?

[Tucker, who has now magically come up with a microphone shakes his head a bit.]

AT: Who did we face that night? I can't remember. Harlequins, maybe?

MS: Could have been. Them or the Machines. We should just ask the custodial staff. Chances are they've still got parts of whomever-it-was in the mop head.

[Tucker walks over to the side of the ring where Air Strike is sitting and casually leans over the top rope.]

AT: You see, boys, this is a big deal for the AWA. You don't get a band like Styx out here for Saturday Night Wrestlin'. And you certainly don't put a team like Air Strike on the marquee when you've got a team like Strictly Business on the roster. You boys'll do fine if the AWA is rollin' up to a middle school gym, but when you're puttin' on a show in a stadium like this...

[Tucker waves his hand around at Hammons Field.]

AT: ...you don't call in a lazy pop fly to the second baseman; you call in a 450 foot shot to center.

[Tucker jabs a thumb at himself and Sebastian.]

MS: And that's where we come in. We're no strangers to the big stage, pups. Clearly. The first day we stood front and center with the spotlight shining down, we did what the Babe did seventy years prior - we called our shot. And we've spent the last decade plus rounding the damn bases. Today is no different.

Back when we came in through the out door at the turn of the century, nobody gave us a swipe. Which was fine. We knew we'd change the face of tag team wrestling in due time. But you two horns? The only thing you two fanboys have to change up is going from Cracker Jacks to cotton candy while you watch 'Drew and I do what we do better than any team that's ever laced a pair of boots.

AT: But enough about you guys, let's get down to what these fans paid to see. There's two legends in the ring already and there are two more about to make their way out here.

[Sebastian nods.]

MS: Individually, they're the faces of the Hall of Fame. Together, you might not find two better.

AT: You might have heard 'em called many things, but perhaps the most recognizable nicknames are simple ones: The Lone Wolf... The Outlaw...

[The fans leap to their feet and begin to cheer as they prepare for two legends to come walking through the dugout.]

MS: It is our honor to introduce two legends in this business. Please give a huge Springfield welcome to...

[Simultaneously.]

AT/MS: DR. INSIDIOUS AND THE NEFARIOUS ONE!!!!!!!!!!

[The crowd immediately begins to boo as Air Strike rolls their eyes from their seats.]

GM: You have got to be kidding me, Bucky.

BW: I told you they'd be bringing two huge names!

GM: This is an embarrassment.

[The fans jeer loudly as Dr. Insidious and The Nefarious One stroll out of the dugout and head towards the ring, arms raised. They eventually get into the ring as Air Strike continue to stare on, shaking their heads with a disgusted look on their face from the outside.]

GM: We all should have known that Strictly Business would do something like this.

BW: What, put on a great show for such an important event? Yes, they would!

[The two "legendary teams" stand across the ring from another, smiling. Strictly Business reaches out their hands to shake and Dr. Insidious and The Nefarious One oblige. The teams raise each others' arms in the air as the boos increase in volume.]

GM: Can we just cancel this sham right now?

BW: These fans paid to see legends, Gordo; you can't just cancel it because you don't like them.

[The teams raise their arms to each side of the ring before ending up facing the side of the ring where Air Strike is sitting. Here, they linger even longer with Tucker and Sebastian grinning towards the young duo. Tucker winks as those smiles drop from their face as "Flash" yanks Dr. Insidious towards him, kicking him in the gut and doubling him over.]

GM: And on top of it all, Strictly Business attacks these two before the bell!

BW: Legends win by any means!

[The Nefarious One has a shocked look on his face as Sebastian sends him flying over the top rope. Tucker drops a leg over the neck of Dr. Insidious...]

GM: TRENDSETTER!

[Sebastian quickly runs over to their corner and steps to the outside, which causes the bell to ring, beginning the match. Tucker dashes over and tags his partner, who leaps up to the top rope.]

GM: Sebastian is going to fly and here he comes with the Stock Market Crash!

BW: FLASH AND CASH, DADDY!

GM: And Ricky Longfellow quickly makes the three count and mercifully, this one is over.

["When Worlds Collide" comes through the PA system once more as Strictly Business jump up and high five each other, a sweat not even broken. Tucker reaches over and grabs Phil Watson's microphone before he can even announce the decision and begins screaming into the microphone towards Air Strike.]

AT: You see that, you two little crumbsnatchers!? That's what it'll look like if we ever decide to grace you with our presence inside the ring! In fact, Mikey, I don't think they've seen enough!

[Sebastian nods and immediately begins putting the boots to the downed Dr. Insidious.]

GM: This is absolutely despicable, Bucky.

BW: I don't see it that way, Gordo. Air Strike has been chirping off about them for months and it's about time that these two young punks see what Strictly Business is capable of.

[Sebastian yanks a wobbly Dr. Insidious up to his feet as Tucker sizes him up and unleashes a superkick square on the chin.]

GM: And there is the Chronic Jumble Jaw! This has gone too far!

[Air Strike seems to agree with Gordon's assessment because they've just jumped the railing, much to the Springfield crowd's delight.]

GM: And here comes Air Strike!

BW: WATCH OUT, GUYS!

[Strictly Business can't hear Bucky's warning as Aarons and Mertz hit the ring like in a matter of seconds. Sebastian spins around, only to be met by a dropkick by Michael Aarons that sends the Aspen native flying over the top rope to the outside.]

GM: There goes Sebastian! Air Strike is in like a house of fire!

[Tucker sees his partner go flying by him and spins around, only to be speared by Cody Mertz who immediately scampers up towards his head and begins firing away with lefts and rights while Tucker desperately tries to block whatever he can.]

GM: They've been calling out Strictly Business for weeks now and they're finally getting their hands on them here in Springfield! Mertz has got Tucker up and whips him to the ropes...

[Where he is tripped by his own partner, which sends him sprawling to the mat.]

GM: And Sebastian yanks Tucker out of the ring by his leg and these two are high-tailing it out of the stadium and probably Missouri completely!

BW: Air Strike is gonna pay for this, daddy, mark my words!

[Sebastian helps Tucker back towards the dugout as the crowd goes crazy for Air Strike, who stand on two separate turnbuckles, screaming at the veterans.]

We crossfade back up to the Press Box area.]

GM: Someday in the very near future, Air Strike is going to get their hands on Strictly Business in a tag team match and when that happens, I think Tucker and Sebastian will be singing a much different tune.

BW: "We Are The Champions?"

GM: No, I-

BW: "Who's The King?"

GM: Bucky, I'm-

BW: "Hall Of Fame."

GM: BUCKY! STOP!

[A snickering Bucky Wilde causes an exasperated Gordon Myers to glare red-faced at him.]

GM: Fans, moving on, later tonight, we're going to see Terry Shane III cash in his long-held shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Title to take on Dave Bryant for the big gold. Our own Colt Patterson is backstage right now, trying to get a word with the challenger in tonight's Main Event!

[We crossfade backstage to the three-time former EMWC World Champion. The man once known as Narcissus but now going by his real name of Colt Patterson. Despite being retired from active competition for quite some time, he keeps in shape - a fact that the woman beside him is making no bones about noticing - and hasn't ever looked much like a modern World Champion type with a very classically handsome face, no piercings, and no visible tattoos. He sports a bright purple sleeveless vest over his chiseled and bare upper body. A pair of similarly-tinted sunglasses covers his eyes as a bright gold beret rounds out the unique ensemble.]

CP: Why me?

[The words are directed to the woman to his right, Miss Sandra Hayes. The Siren is anything but a classic beauty. She is dolled up to the nines in a figure-flaunting red dress that spotlights her body in the sexiest way. Ruching at the sides flatter every curve of her body. The spandex like material appears painted on to her body, low cut and circular around the neck line, long slits down the sleeves that stretch to her wrists. Her black rat-tail is braided just as tight as the florescent pink grip tape on her patented branding iron.]

MSH: For starters, you strike me as a bit of a no nonsense kinda guy, Colt. I like that. It makes me trust that you're the right man to capture the magnitude of a night like this.

CP: Sandra, let's cut right to it.

MSH: See, [she waves a finger at him] that right there. That's what I'm talking about!

CP: Hey, I AM the guy who calls 'em like I see 'em... and the way I see it is that when you're dealing with a top level talent like Terry Shane, you need a top flight announcer like yours truly not a superfan like Stegglet or the Grand Inquisitor like Dane.

[Sandra smiles, placing a hand on Colt's bare chest.]

MSH: Look, Colt... I'm going to level with you.

Tonight is a big night for us. A big night for the AWA. Tonight, Bucky Wilde's statements and claims will never ring more true when the AWA rolls out of Missouri and the Shane Gang will be the home of not one but TWO World Titles. The World Tag Team Titles and the World Heavyweight Title.

[Colt nods.]

CP: It could be the biggest night of all of your lives but I've gotta ask the question, Sandra. Where is Terry Shane? You promised me an interview with Terry Shane.

MSH: And that's exactly what I'm going to give you.

[From off-screen walks a man. Black slacks.. white collared shirt rolled up his forearms.. polished shoes.. salt and pepper hair tucked behind his ears. His leather skinned forehead has noticeable scar tissue and his jaw-line has a thin scar that runs up his left cheek bone.]

MSH: Colt... I believe you two have met before a long time ago. Terry Shane... Junior.

[The elder Shane extends a hand and Colt, taken back at first, extends a hand of his own, and the two engage in a firm handshake.]

CP: Mr. Shane-

TSJ: Colt, ya know I ain't one for formalities. Terry will do just fine.

CP: Terry. It's a bit... of a surprise to see you here tonight.

TSJ: Heh, that a question, Colt?

CP: I suppose it is.

TSJ: I know what'cher thinkin' so ya don't even have to say it... I'm here for one reason and one reason only...

...because I sure as hell missed the good people of Missouri and when I heard the AWA was rollin' into town, I just knew I had to make an appearance. But we both know there's an elephant in the room so I ain't gonna cut around the issue. My boy, well, what much can I say that you and everyone else doesn't already know 'bout him. He's a good boy, Colt. Maybe he spent too much time runnin' with the wrong crowd and listenen' to the wrong people...

MSH: Excuse-

TSJ: Oh, don't act all surprised. I told the boy from the start you were nothin' but trouble for him.

MSH: If it wasn't for me -

TSJ: If it wasn't for you, my boy would already be a World Champion. Who in their right mind woulda let him run around for over a year with a World Title shot in his front pocket and done nothin' 'bout it? Strike while the iron is hot is what I always say. You've been feedin' him garbage since the first

time you showed up on the doorsteps of MY Yard. You took my boy from me, Cassandra. You took him out on the road and filled his head with white lies and false hopes and dreams.

MSH: Wait, wait, wait... is that what this is about? Do you miss your little boy, Terry? Let me tell you something about your son-

[Shane interrupts angrily.]

TSJ: Sugar, you ain't gonna tell me nothin' I don't already know about-

[It's Sandra's turn to interrupt.]

MSH: Oh please, you were too drunk to even realize he was gone for over-

"Stop this."

[Heads spin on shoulders and eyes lock on to the man standing at the far end of the corridor...]

...Terry Shane. The Third. The Ring Leader moves towards them and Colt's eyes dart from Father to Hayes and then back at the youngest of the Shane family whose frozen glare is unwavering.]

TS3: What is this?

MSH: Terry, I-

TS3: Never mind. It is not important. You...[staring at Sandra]... you know better than to bring HIM around me. It is the one thing I made you promise me when I decided I would LET you join me on the road. You need to go. Now.

[Terry Shane Junior smirks at the response.]

TS3: And you... [staring at his father eye to eye] You are no better. In fact, you are far worse. She was only half right about you. You were too drunk to notice the talent I had when it was right under your nose but more so too ignorant to do anything about it. You never believed me in but I will be damned if you are going to get any tears out of my eyes. You are not worth it. Never haven been.

TSJ: You better watch your mouth, son.

TS3: Or what? What are you going to do, old man, that you have not done before? I survived everything you handed out to me as a child and eventually I grew up. It was inevitable. Just like my success and glory was inevitable. It was not me who was not ready, it was you. You were not ready to see your baby boy leave the Yard. You were not ready to let your last son go because after everything you accomplished in this business you had nothing left to hold onto. Tonight I am going to march out to that ring and become the World Champion I was born to be...

TSJ: You're right, son. I ain't always been there for ya and maybe now you're startin' to see why. Maybe ya won't fully understand till ya got a boy or little girl of yer own, can't say for certain. But If there was ever a time in yer life where I needed ya to listen to me...

...it's right now.

[Shane's father takes a deep breath, knowing he may only have his son's attention for thirty seconds at most as the Ring Leader cracks his knuckles.]

TSJ: Yer better than this and yer damn sure better than the act she's dressed ya up in. You're talented, kid, we all know it.. heck, I knew you were made for this business the first time I brought ya on the road. But you're a bad listener and ya never saw the big picture and ya didn't stick around long enough for me to paint it for ya. Ya don't need the stack of heels next to ya and ya don't need those goons flexin' their muscle behind ya. Yer one of a kind, son. You got champion written all over ya and the bloodline to back it up.

For cryin' out loud yer a Shane, son. Don't ya get it? Ya don't need smoke and mirrors and fancy robes or other people fightin' yer battles for ya. Yer the best. Is that what ya needed to hear? Ain't gettin' your ego stroked enough to realize this? Yer a one of a kind talent in a one of a kind world.

[The elder Shane's words earn him a brief response.]

TS3: I know.

[His father, albeit stunned that his words got through to him, flashes a grin while Sandra Hayes' beaming eyes fill with anger.]

TS3: For once in your life.. you are right. Sandra, I only demand one thing of you tonight. Call off the boys. Tell Lenny and Aaron to stay in the back and watch on the monitors like everyone else. This is MY night and I do not need anyone to screw it up for me.

In fact, you should stay back there with them.

[The anger quickly boils into rage.]

TSJ: Now yer thinkin' kid, we can do this.

[The younger Shane turns his attention back to his father.]

TS3: We? There is no we. I said you were right because I CAN do this on my own. I do not need her and I most certainly do not need you, old man. For all I care, you can crawl back into whatever hole in the ground you were hiding in and if you never show your face around me, it will be too soon.

[With that, the Ring Leader exits. Colt stares at both as they rest momentarily in an uncomfortable silence.]

CP: Sandra. Terry.

[Junior shakes his head and turns away in the other direction, walking off screen. Miss Hayes stares at Colt with a hint of rage building behind her eyes.]

CP: I'm guessing this didn't go the way you were hoping.

MSH: Save it, Colt. I've got a job to do.

[Patterson looks puzzled.]

CP: Which is?

[Hayes chuckles.]

MSH: Colt, it is my responsibility is to make sure Terry Shane III leaves the state of Missouri with the World Title around his waist. Sometimes that means taking matters into your own hands.

CP: What does that mean?

MSH: Like I said, it means I have a job to do.

[Hayes strides out of view, leaving Colt Patterson all alone.]

CP: You heard the lady. Terry Shane III with a newfound motivation here tonight and he says he wants to do it alone! No Shane Gang at ringside during the Main Event! Can Terry Shane live up to his fathers' expectations and become the World Heavyweight Champion right here tonight in Springfield? We're a couple of hours from finding out! But right now, we're heading over to some pre-recorded comments from yet another angry father - Robert Donovan!

["EARLIER TODAY" scrolls across the bottom of the screen, and a slow fade reveals a rather large man in a mostly empty locker room. This large man happens to be Robert Donovan, already dressed in his black jeans, blood-red tank top, boots and braced left elbow. Donovan looks someone less than pleased -- moreso than usual. Donovan has his hands clenched together, as if in anticipation of wrapping them around Cain Jackson's neck, and growls out the following:]

RD: It's about time.

[A hint of a grin creases the big man's features briefly.]

RD: Jackson, you an' I, we ain't really men of words, are we? Naw, you an' me, we'd be better off not talkin' at all, better off just steppin' between those ropes an' havin' at it...but that ain't how things work out, is it? I got things I need to say, say to you an' say to that damned hardheaded boy o' mine.

[Donovan's hands unclench and drop to his sides.]

RD: Startin' with you, Jackson...you wanna rough up the kid because your boy couldn't handle his business? Beat up someone who ain't even graduated from the Corner, someone that's wrestled one match in his life?

[Donovan chuckles disdainfully.]

RD: Hell, an' I thought I was the last Bully 'round here.

[Donovan pauses briefly.]

RD: You pull that crap on anybody else...an', well, I don't give half a damn, I guess. You pull it on my boy, Jackson, an' I got a great big problem with that. I don't give a damn that he volunteered, that he walked into it eyes wide open -- just means the kid's got the courage of his convictions, that he's willin' to own up to a mistake, even if it ain't his mistake. You know damn well that Wright lost because o' Wright, 'cause that Cobra Clutch Crossface ain't all it's cracked up to be, else Dave Bryant woulda been a pile o' meat on that mat way before the bell ever rang for time.

[Donovan barks out a laugh.]

RD: So, y'all look for a scapegoat, an' since you're too gutless to go after Percy yourself, Jackson, you go after my boy...an' now, yer gonna pay for it. I don't care how much I have to leave out there to do it, Jackson, but I'll be damned if I let you walk out of here with a win tonight. I'm gonna beat you in the middle o' that ring, an' show my son an' the world that you an' the rest of Team Supreme ain't worth half a damn.

[Donovan rolls his neck, producing a loud crackling noise.]

RD: Now...boy, I'm talkin' to you, an' I want you to listen good. Don't let Jackson's bullcrap about me not trustin' you get in your head. Don't let him tell you I ain't treatin' you like an adult, because that ain't what any of this is about. This is about keepin' you safe -- not physically, 'cause you bein' a wrestler means physically safe just ain't in your future.

[Donovan cracks a pained smile at that.]

RD: No, boy, protectin' you ain't just about you...it's about me. Ain't a damn thing left for me in this business, 'cept you. Keepin' you safe, gettin' you ready to carry on the family name...ain't nobody else who can do it but you, Tony. Now, if Team Supreme wants to talk about me lackin' trust...they ain't wrong. I don't trust them a damn bit! I trusted Todd, I trusted Clayton, I trusted the Corner to get you ready for the fight, trusted 'em to teach you the right way to do things 'cause I sure as hell didn't trust me to do either. I wanted you to be able to wrestle, Tony, not to be another big, dumb kid who throws a nasty uppercut an' don't know a wristlock from a wristwatch.

[The big man takes a deep breath, heaving it out.]

RD: Now, Wright, Jackson, Team Supreme...when they yanked you out o' the Corner, they started screwin' with your future...an' my legacy. I ain't got a damn thing to be proud of for all my years in wrestlin', nothin' to really hang my hat on for all the years of blood an' sweat I've put into it. Nothin' except you, boy. I know you're a grown man, you make your own decisions, but I also know you got the Donovan temper worse'n your old man and you got all the patience of your uncle Adam. You saw what you thought was a fast way to learn how to get it done in that ring, an' you took it.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

RD: Ain't no way I can talk you down, kid, but maybe, just maybe, after I beat the hell out of Jackson an' wrap my hands around the neck o' your supposed great teacher, your new role model...well, maybe that'll get through your thick skull, maybe that'll show you that you can't always do things the quick an' easy way.

[Donovan laughs, an almost helpless-sounding chuckle.]

RD: Maybe I can teach you a lesson I never learned, save you...an' save the last thing I give a damn about.

[The big man stalks off as we crossfade to the top of the home team's dugout in Hammons Field as the words "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" appear at the bottom of the screen. There, we see the huge, imposing figure of Cain Jackson step into view, followed soon by the rest of the red and black tracksuit army that is Team Supreme. Jackson is dressed in his black tracksuit bottoms, with a "TEAM SUPREME" t-shirt worn in place of his usual jacket. He speaks with a loud, commanding tone; a deep, refined voice befitting of a man of his stature. From the top of the dugout, he stares straight ahead, not even bothering to look down at the camera.]

CJ: We look at Robert Donovan and think to ourselves...

"What a waste."

[While Jackson may not bother dignifying us with his stare, the rest of Team Supreme looks down at us with cold, passionless gazes.]

CJ: Two years ago, Robert Donovan could have been the National Champion... the World Champion... the man that would stand on top of the wrestling world. Redemption at last, for the old man.

[A slight smirk forms on Jackson's face as he continues on.]

CJ: But he never became any of those things. He threw away his opportunities. He wasted his chance. Story of his life. And we thought to ourselves...

"What a waste."

[Jackson finally lowers his head down towards the camera, blessing us with his stare at long last.]

CJ: And now here he is, a desperate old man, fresh off wasting another year of a career that can't afford to waste any more years, trying to "save" a son that doesn't need to be saved, against an opponent...

[A sadistic, bloodthirsty grin forms on Jackson's face.]

CJ: ...that he can't possibly defeat.

And once again, we think to ourselves...

"What a waste."

[He's almost amused by this.]

CJ: This is a fight that could have been avoided. This will be blood that didn't have to be shed. For months, we have been told to show you patience. For months, we have been told to show you mercy. But just like Tony, you've made your choice, Robert Donovan, and now you WILL have to deal with the consequences.

[Jackson crosses his arms over his chest, looking down towards the camera with a look of disdain.]

CJ: You won't listen to reason. You won't listen to sense. But I do hope you will listen...

...to your son.

[Removing his hoodie, young Tony Donovan takes a step forward to stand beside Jackson.]

TD: Don't be a hero. Don't be something you're not. When the time comes...
STAY DOWN.

Because if you don't stay down...

[Tony pauses briefly to look towards a stone-faced Jackson, before turning his attention back towards the camera.]

TD: ...you're going to be PUT down.

[And with that, Jackson turns and walks away, as the rest of Team Supreme follows suit. Tony Donovan lingers there for a moment, before pulling the hoodie back over his head and disappearing over the dugout roof as we fade out to the ring.]

The bell sounds as Phil Watson does his duty.]

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

[The lights go out.]

PW: ...he hails from Goose Creek, South Carolina....weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds...

CAAAAAAIIIIINNNNN JAAAAACCCCKKKKKSSSSSOOOOONNNN!!!

["Point of No Return" by Immortal Technique begins to play over the PA system as the crowd immediately erupts in boos at the sight of Cain Jackson, along with the rest of Team Supreme emerging out from the entrance way. Missing their namesake and leader, the members of Team Supreme are dressed in their trademark red and black tracksuits, with the exception of Jackson, who wears a sheer black version of the tracksuit, signifying his status above the rest of the pack.

Jackson is a large African-American male with a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a ponytail. Once he reaches the ring, he barks some orders at the other members of Team Supreme, who proceed to surround the ring. Removing his tracksuit, Jackson reveals plain black leg-length wrestling tights and white wrestling boots.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening notes of the Metallica cover of "Turn the Page" hit the PA...and a few moments later, the looming figure of Robert Donovan steps into the aisle.]

PW: On his way to the ring, hailing from Pensacola, Florida...he stands seven feet, two inches tall and weighs in at three hundred and thirty-two pounds...

ROOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOVAAAAAAN!

[Donovan is wearing a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "Heritage" scrawled across his abdomen, and black boots. He pauses halfway up the aisle to adjust the heavy brace on his left elbow, then makes his way up the aisle, stepping slowly up the ringsteps and pausing on the apron briefly before stepping over the top rope into the ring...

...and immediately comes together with a surging Cain Jackson in what amounts to a sloppy-as-hell collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Here we go!

[Referee Marty Meekly signals for the bell to officially start the match.]

GM: Marty Meekly, on probation, is out here for this one as well. The AWA is certainly giving him every chance to prove himself here tonight, Bucky.

BW: If they really wanted to let him prove himself, they'd make him the official of record for the World Title match.

GM: Highly unlikely in my book, Bucky.

BW: Your book is more like a pamphlet, Gordo.

GM: I'm surprised Jackson doesn't attack Marty Meekly right now after what Meekly did to Supreme Wright.

BW: He's no fool, Gordo. We may not know much about Cain Jackson but from my conversations with him, I can testify that he's no fool. Even if Meekly's under investigation... even if he's on probation... he's still an AWA official and if Cain lays him out like he wants to, he's looking at a fine... maybe a suspension too.

[The tieup has the two big man jockeying for position for a few moments before Donovan keeps a grip with one hand, pulling the other free to reach out and slug the bodyguard in the side of the head!]

GM: Big right hand by the seven footer!

[Jackson follows suit, releasing one hand to throw bombs while the other hands on for dear life, keeping Donovan close.]

GM: Cain Jackson returns fire!

[The two big brawlers continue that way for a while, throwing a haymaker only to be hit with their opponent's haymaker a few seconds later. But the grip on the back of their heads prevents either man from staggering away or ducking out of range. They're in close proximity...

...and they're droppin' bombs on one another!]

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[The crowd rises to their collective feet, roaring loudly as Donovan and Jackson stand in the center of the ring, throwing punches as quickly as their large bodies will allow it!]

GM: This is a fight, fans!

BW: Heck no, Gordo... this is a war!

[Donovan lands a fierce shot to the left eyesocket just before a right to the nostril causes his eyes to water.]

GM: This is the kind of fight that Callum Mahoney's gotta be out of his seat going crazy for back in the locker room area, fans! He loves a good barn-burner of a slugfest and that's exactly what we're seeing right now!

[Two more Jackson blows connect, causing Donovan's knees to buckle before he returns fire with a stiff headbutt to the eyebrow. The headbutt causes Jackson to lose his grip but Donovan keeps his, landing a second headbutt before letting go, watching as Jackson stumbles back, falling into the ropes...

...and Donovan surges forward with a clothesline, taking the Team Supreme bodyguard over the top rope!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[The crowd gasps as the agile Jackson lands on his feet, reaching under the ropes to yank Donovan's legs out from under him, sending the bulky veteran down to the canvas.]

GM: Jackson landed on his feet! Incredible show of athletic ability as he drags Donovan out to the floor... ohh!

[A fierce back elbow to the jaw stuns Donovan who slumps backwards against the apron, his elbows on the apron to stay on his feet. A second back elbow causes Donovan to slump down to a knee.]

GM: The younger Cain Jackson is getting the edge on the veteran out on the floor...

[Grabbing a handful of Donovan's hair, Jackson opens fire with right hands to the skull of the kneeling veteran. He switches to a two-handed Muay Thai style grip, slamming knees into the sternum instead.]

GM: Jackson's hammering those knees into the torso and-

[Donovan surges up from a knee, lifting Jackson up over his shoulder, turning back towards the ring...

...and SLAMS him spinefirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHH! DONOVAN PUTS HIS BACK INTO THE APRON!!

BW: That doesn't tickle either, Gordo. It'll send a jolt down your spine that you can feel all the way down to your toes, daddy.

[The seven footer pulls Jackson off the apron...

...and DRIVES him back into it again!]

GM: Twice into the apron... and Donovan shoves him back under the ropes into the ring.

[The former Longhorn Heritage Champion climbs up on the apron, glaring at a nearby Team Supreme member before swinging one leg over the top rope and stepping back in. Grabbing Cain Jackson by the arm, Donovan shoots him into the ropes...

...and SLAMS his knee up into the gut of the rebounding Jackson, causing him to flip over in a somersault onto his back!]

GM: Ohh! Donovan goes downstairs with the knee!

[Donovan backs off, shouting to the cheering fans who are eager to see him finish off Cain Jackson. He stops, raising his arm and wiggling his fingers...]

GM: He's calling for the chokeslam!

[The seven footer waits, watching as Jackson staggers up off the mat, clutching his midsection...]

...and Donovan reaches out, hooking his massive paw around the bodyguard's throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!

[Donovan stalks out to the center of the ring, holding Jackson's throat with his arm at full extension, trash-talking the Team Supreme member the entire time...]

...but Jackson lashes out with another back elbow to the side of the jaw, breaking Donovan's grip and sending the larger man spiraling away!]

GM: Jackson counters the chokeslam and- look at this!

[Stepping up to the plate, Jackson lifts Donovan up under his arm, and DRIVES him down with a ring-shaking side slam!]

GM: Good grief! Robert Donovan is 332 pounds of legendary brawler inside that ring and Cain Jackson just hoisted him off the canvas like a small child!

BW: We may be seeing a changing of the guard, Gordo! This could be the end of Robert Donovan and a new beginning for Cain Jackson as the king of the big men!

[Jackson pops to his feet, throwing his arms apart as he does so, shouting at the downed Donovan. He stands over Donovan, looking out at the jeering crowd...]

...and then leaps high up into the air, dropping an impactful legdrop down across the chest! Jackson stays seated, waving for the official to count.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Donovan pushes the legs off of him, breaking the sloppy cover.]

GM: Two count only off the lackadaisical cover by Cain Jackson. You would think that someone training under the tutelage of Supreme Wright would make a better pin attempt than that, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Jackson was in the Combat Corner first. You don't like his fundamentals, blame Michaelson!

GM: We've seen a lot of great wrestlers come out of the Combat Corner and I defy you to tell me that Todd Michaelson isn't deserving of the credit he gets as one of the finest wrestling teachers in the world right now.

BW: Right now? Right now, he's an unemployed jughead with a "woe is me" attitude so he's not the finest of nothin' if you ask me.

GM: Nobody was asking you.

[Jackson gets up, dragging Robert Donovan up to his feet by the arm.]

GM: This whole thing got started when Tony Donovan, the son of Robert Donovan, left the Combat Corner and aligned himself with Team Supreme. But it really picked up very recently when Tony was forced to wrestle Cain Jackson as some sort of punishment.

BW: Old man Donovan didn't care for that too much and tried to get some payback. Now you see where that got him.

[Jackson uses the arm to whip Donovan across the ring, barreling across the ring after him...

...and SMASHES home a running clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by a big, big man in Cain Jackson who steps back...

[As Donovan wobbles out, Jackson hooks his arms around him.]

GM: You gotta be kidding me. He's NOT going to try and belly-to-belly the big man!

[Donovan lashes out, clapping his arms together on the ears of Jackson to break his grip. Jackson staggers back, spinning away...

...and Donovan steps up behind him, hooking a full nelson!]

GM: Full nelson applied by the seven footer and from here, he usually like to... yes!

[The crowd cheers as Donovan muscles his smaller opponent up off the canvas, using the full nelson to violently swing him back and forth.]

GM: The swinging full nelson is applied and if Jackson doesn't get out of this soon, it might be lights out for the Team Supreme member!

[Cain Jackson manages to get a foot under himself, back on the mat, steadying himself slightly...

...and then SWINGS it back, driving it up into the groin of Robert Donovan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Low blow! Low blow by Jackson!

[Donovan falls back, slumping down to his knees, clutching his groin as the official looks... puzzled.]

GM: Ring the bell, Meekly!

BW: I'm not sure he saw it, Gordo. That's a whole lot of beef inside that ring to catch something like that.

GM: He didn't see it?! How did he not see it?! We ALL saw it! We ALL saw him kick Donovan low! We're hundreds of feet away from the ring and we saw it! Marty Meekly continues to show that he's no longer worthy of being an AWA official!

BW: How can you say that?! He's only been the ref for like... three matches since the so-called Gainesville Gyp went down!

[With Donovan reeling from the low blow, Jackson pulls him off the mat, hooking both of Donovan's arms under his own. He lays into the big man with a series of vicious headbutts to the face, leaving Donovan unable to defend himself...]

GM: Donovan can't fight back! He's trapped and-

[Jackson abruptly breaks the hold, throwing his arms back over his head with his hands clasped...

...and SLAMS a double axehandle down into the heart of the seven footer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! A double axehandle to the chest... something resembling a heart punch... just leveled the big man!

BW: That might do it, Gordo!

[With Donovan flat on his back, Jackson attempts another cover, this one showing a little better execution with a single leg hooked.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Donovan's other leg lifts slightly, draping a foot over the bottom rope.]

GM: A near fall there for the Team Supreme member... and I gotta say that if Jackson's able to knock off Donovan, that's going to be a major upset, Bucky.

BW: I gotta agree there, Gordo. Donovan's got quite the resume on him even if Father Time is starting to wear him down a bit.

GM: I'd like to see you tell him that.

[An irate Cain Jackson gets off the mat, shouting at Marty Meekly who holds up two fingers.]

GM: I can't believe that Cain Jackson would have the audacity to shout about a slow count when Meekly tried to hand him the match by ignoring that low blow!

BW: Gordo, sometimes you just don't make a lick of sense.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: You and that paranoid nutball Jason Dane think that the Wise Men are paying off Marty Meekly, right?

GM: Right.

BW: The same Wise Men who just had one of their own, Percy Childes, coldcocked by Supreme Wright two weeks ago?

GM: Right.

BW: Then you probably see where I'm going right 'bout now. Why in the world would they pay Marty Meekly to just hand a match to Cain Jackson when his employer humiliated the Wise Men two weeks ago and is headed to war with them later tonight?!

GM: I...

BW: That's what I thought.

GM: I have no idea, Bucky... but you saw it as well as I did. Cain Jackson hit the low blow and Marty Meekly ignored it! I don't know why he did it but I know very well that he did! Maybe Meekly has something against Donovan. Maybe Meekly's acting alone on this one. Maybe he's just so crooked now that he hasn't got a clue what he's doing out there.

BW: Or maybe Percy's right. Maybe the Powers That Be are paying off Meekly to carry out their will and THEY'RE the ones with a problem with Donovan.

GM: What kind of problem would the front office have with Donovan?

BW: You ever see the amount of money that the Stench Brothers bring in in merchandise sales? Maybe they're holding a grudge over what Donovan did to James Stench last year.

GM: I...

BW: Speechless, aren't you?

GM: I think so... and not in a good way.

BW: Eh, that's all garbage anyways... I think he just didn't see it.

GM: You're too much, Buckthorn.

[While the announcers banter, Cain Jackson backed off, slapping his leg a few times as he moves across the ring, giving himself a lot of room to move as Donovan tries to stir off the canvas.]

GM: Donovan's trying to get off the mat... JACKSON!

[The bodyguard stampedes across the ring, looking for a running big boot...

...and runs right into Donovan grabbing him by the throat!]

GM: HOOKED!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: CHOKESLAM!! CHOKESLAM BY THE SEVEN FOOTER!!

[Donovan drops to his knees, lunging across Jackson's prone form.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[At the last possible moment, Jackson's shoulder comes flying off the canvas!]

GM: KICKOUT! HE KICKS OUT IN TIME!!

[Donovan pushes up to his knees, looking up in disbelief at the official.]

GM: Ordinarily with Marty Meekly, I'd agree with Robert Donovan but I think that was a good count. Jackson just showed tremendous fighting spirit to kick out before the three.

BW: Donovan should stay on him! He needs to keep laying into him with everything he's got if he's going to put Jackson down for a three count.

GM: The seven footer's gonna do exactly that! Donovan's back to his feet...

[A fired-up Donovan drags a thumb across his throat, earning a big cheer from the crowd as he looks down at Jackson who has rolled over to all fours. The former Longhorn Heritage Champion gives a shout as he leans down, wrapping his arms around Jackson's body in a gutwrench...]

GM: He's looking for the powerbomb!

[But as Donovan pulls Jackson up to his feet, Jackson drops down to a knee and strikes again, swinging his arm up into the groin of the veteran brawler!]

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW AGAIN!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And that time, it was RIGHT in front of Marty Meekly who had no choice but to call for the bell!

BW: Jackson's disqualified but-

[With Donovan reeling from the illegal strike, Jackson staggers away, and then charges back in...

...LASHING OUT with the running big boot to the chin, knocking Donovan flat!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Jackson stands over Donovan, taunting the motionless big man who has been completely laid out flat on his back with the running big boot.]

GM: Donovan might be out cold after that, Bucky!

BW: It was absolutely vicious. We see a lot of people throw that running kick... the Yakuza... the big boot... whatever you want to call it... but very few - if any - throw it with the level of impact that Cain Jackson just threw it. Sensational, daddy!

GM: Donovan hasn't moved one bit and... well, he's the winner in this one.

BW: Yeah, he sure looks it. I bet Tony's in the back dying to run back to daddy's side after he got laid out by Big Daddy Cain. He's probably running to find Supreme right now to tell him how right he was about the old man.

GM: I highly doubt that. Marty Meekly is speaking to Phil Watson who is about to make it official.

[Watson nods, raising the mic.]

PW: The referee has called a stop to this match due to the low blow delivered by Cain Jackson. Therefore, your winner... as a result of a disqualification...

ROOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNOVANNNNN!

[A sneering Jackson grabs Marty Meekly by the shirt, backing him into the corner, shouting at him.]

GM: Hey! Like him or not, that man is still an AWA official! You can NOT lay your hands on him!

[Jackson is screaming in the face of the much-smaller Meekly, really bullrushing him into the corner where he jabs a finger into his face...

...and then slowly turns, watching as Robert Donovan rolls over to his chest.]

GM: Donovan's moving! Robert Donovan is moving!

[A furious Jackson drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor. He stalks over to the timekeeper's table, snatching up a vacant steel chair, and recklessly flings it over his head into the ring, sending it bouncing towards Marty Meekly who narrowly avoids it!]

GM: Jackson's out of control!

[Jackson slides back in, climbing to his feet and rampaging across the ring, snatching the thrown chair up, closing it up and gripping it tightly in both hands...]

GM: Cain Jackson's got that steel chair! Get it away from him!

[Jackson shrugs off the protesting Marty Meekly as he slams the chair down into the canvas a few times, eyeing Donovan as the big man pushes up on all fours, staggering off the mat, leaning against the ropes to stay on his feet.]

BW: He's gonna brain 'em, Gordo! He's gonna bust that skull wide open!

[Jackson winds up with the chair, holding it back over his head as Donovan limply raises his right arm to defend himself...

...and a sneering Jackson sidesteps, swinging the chair down and around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!! HE HIT THE KNEECAP!!

[Donovan collapses down to the mat again, clutching his knee and screaming in pain.]

GM: JACKSON SMASHES THE KNEE WITH THE STEEL CHAIR!

BW: Man, these old timers are really gettin' their wheels taken out on them tonight, Gordo!

GM: Donovan is down... he's in a tremendous amount of pain and-

[Jackson flings the chair away, standing with an arrogant smirk over the downed Donovan.]

GM: And boy, does Cain Jackson ever look proud of himself!

[The boos are raging throughout Hammons Field as Jackson steps out to the apron, turning for one more derogatory comment in the downed Donovan's direction before dropping off to the floor, striding back up the aisle.]

GM: Well, Cain Jackson just proved that Supreme Wright's not the only dangerous force inside of Team Supreme, Bucky.

BW: He certainly did. Donovan might be done, Gordo. Craven already got put on the shelf by Johnny Detson earlier tonight and I hope they've got an extra ambulance back there because Donovan might need a ride to the same hospital Craven went to.

GM: We're certainly going to need some medical help for the veteran... and while we get that out here, let's take a quick break. When we come back, Travis Lynch takes on The Lost Boy and you do NOT want to miss that!

[The shot holds on Cain Jackson striding down the aisle, heading towards the locker room. 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 to live action where we have a closeup of a leg.

It's a nice leg, we'll give you that. A long, bare, well-tanned leg that the camera very, very slowly pans up to reveal Sunshine in all her glory. She's in a bright red leather mini-skirt with matching high heels and a black #ScumbagTravis tanktop. She runs some well-manicured nails over her leg as we catch our first glimpse of Mark Stegglet taking a long look at the same leg.]

S: See something you like, Marky?

[An embarrassed Stegglet clears his throat, straightening up.]

MS: Sunshine, you've come here tonight to Springfield, Missouri with a very clear purpose.

[She nods slowly.]

S: That, my friend, we agree on. They say that the WKIK Standards And Practices department were a little bit nervous during my last interview.

[A seductive smile crosses her face as she puts her hand on Mark Stegglet's chest.]

S: Should we give them one to top it?

[Stegglet winces, stepping back to let the hand slip off his chest. He's at an arm's length with the mic extended.]

MS: Please.

S: No need to beg, Marky.

[Stegglet shifts uncomfortably. Sunshine puts on her pouty face, letting loose a deep sigh.]

S: Fine. I see you want to get down to business. As do I. My business here tonight in...

[She looks around in disgust.]

S: ...Springfield, Missouri...

[Big cheer inside the building!]

S: ...is quite clear. I want to rid the AWA of Travis Lynch. They say I am a woman scorned. I say I am a woman who knows what I want when I see it... and is willing to do ANYTHING to make it happen.

[She flutters her eyelashes.]

MS: Are you saying that-

[Sunshine interrupts.]

S: That I'm a "harpy"?

[She laughs.]

S: Oh, Travis. We all know what you wanted to call me. We all know that you wanted to try and embarrass me for being a woman who has needs and isn't afraid to fulfill them. I am not easily embarrassed, Travis.

But I am easily annoyed... and you... and your family... have managed to annoy me for the last time.

[Sunshine lifts a finger, beckoning to off-camera. The Lost Boy stumbles in. His torso is bare, thick and solid, but not muscled. He's in a pair of plain black trunks and boots covered in animal fur. He grabs at his wild black hair, tied up in a topknot, pulling his head back, lolling a bright red painted tongue out of his mouth as he rolls his eyes back in his head. Stegglet sidesteps, not wanting to be near him.]

S: You've told the sob story countless times, Travis. How the Lost Boy tried to hang you on your first night in the business. How the Lost Boy tried to END you about a month ago.

The simpletons in the crowd in their training bras are weeping tears for you with every story you tell.

[Sunshine smirks.]

S: But when this all over, Travis, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to drag your crippled self back home to the ranch. I want you to take out your cell phone... and I want you to snap a picture of your momma. I want to see Henrietta's tears when she sees what I've done to ANOTHER of her boys.

And then... then hand the phone to the old man. Give it to Blackjack and tell him to give me a call.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Why in the world would you want to speak to Blackjack Lynch?

S: So he can thank me, Marky.

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

MS: THANK YOU?!

[Sunshine nods.]

S: He's going to make so much money off those simpletons wanting autographed pictures of Travis after I put him out of this sport once and for all... he's going to owe me the biggest thanks of his pathetic life.

[Stegglet looks disgusted.]

MS: I can't believe-

S: That a woman would say such things? That's your problem, Marky. That's this whole industry's problem. They fear strong women. They try to humiliate and shame strong women because of their intellect, their outspokenness, and their...

[Another hand on Stegglet's chest.]

S: ...sexuality.

[Stegglet steps back again, bumping into The Lost Boy who lets out a roar that makes Stegglet happy he's wearing dark pants.]

S: Relax, Marky. He's not here for you. He's here for Travis.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I have to ask one more question. You've brought The Lost Boy to the AWA to end Travis Lynch and put all this focus on that. But... what if he fails?

[The Lost Boy's head snaps towards Stegglet. Hey, he DOES speak English after all.]

S: If he fails?

[Sunshine smirks.]

S: There's always a Plan B, Marky.

But since you got to ask me one more question, I want to ask you one.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Okay.

S: Marky, what do you call a world with one less Lynch?

[Stegglet shakes his head with disgust.]

MS: What?

S: One hell of a good start. See you later, Marky.

[She leans over, planting a kiss on the cheek of Mark Stegglet that leaves a lipstick mark on his face as she leads The Lost Boy out of view. Stegglet slowly reaches up to softly touch his cheek...

...and we cross fade to another area of the backstage interview area where the one and only Jason Dane stands with microphone in hand.]

JD: In just a few minutes, fans, we're going to see a grudge match that's been eight years in the making as the Beast to Sunshine's Beauty, The Lost Boy, will take on Travis Lynch!

[Cheers at the mention of Travis' name come from within the stadium, and those are quickly joined by piercing screams from the ladies of Missouri as Travis steps into view. He is wearing a his trademark super smedium T-shirt and black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging. He flashes his pearly whites for the camera as Jason continues to speak.]

JD: Travis, again I have to ask... why would you step into the ring with that madman again after what happened to you about one month ago?

TL: One reason and one reason only, Jason. I made a promise, a promise to James and the rest of the family after Jack, the old man, and myself forced the Beale Street Bullies into hiding.

JD: Well, Travis, Robert Donovan isn't hiding ...

TL: But he's not the same Jason. He's never been the same since he decided to wage war with the Lynch boys. And seeing how his own son wants nothin' to do with him, he might as well be with Adam Rogers tryin' to relive his glory days at an old folks home.

But back to that promise, I told 'em all that I will win AWA gold... and over half a year later I still haven't kept the promise.

[Travis runs his hand through his dirty blonde hair.]

TL: And I hate not keepin' promises to the family. And yeah, I had to climb back up the rankings as the Bullies had us a bit preoccupied for nearly all of 2013 but...

[A look of annoyance crosses the face of Travis as he looks at the camera.]

TL: But recently my effort to earn a shot at AWA gold has been derailed by the AWA's resident harpy ... Sunshine.

[Travis pauses, allowing Jason to speak.]

JD: Maybe I'm missing it Travis, but how will taking on The Lost Boy tonight achieve your goal?

[A smirk crosses the lips of Travis.]

TL: Once Sunshine is out of my life ... my family's life once and for all Jason, I will be able to refocus and I WILL capture AWA gold. Whether it's from Ryan Martinez, Dave Bryant...

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: It is possible tonight that Dave Bryant can lose the AWA World Championship tonight against Terry Shane III.

[Travis nods.]

TL: And if he does then put me on the list to face Terry Shane... 'cause I still have a score to settle with him for that tag team match a while back.

[The crowd cheers at the idea of Travis challenging for the World Championship.]

TL: But like I said, Jason, for any of that to happen, I need Sunshine gone. I need her to pack up her new Louis bags and just disappear into the arms of whatever old man on life support is footin' her bills.

'Cause once that harpy's gone ...

[Travis smiles.]

TL: I will be able to achieve my goal. So if it takes me steppin' into the ring with The Lost Boy and finally ending what Ghazi Hassan and he started eight years ago to the day... so be it!

[The Texas Heartthrob stares directly into the camera, as if he is talking right to The Lost Boy's face.]

TL: Lost Boy, Misery Incorporated isn't standing in the corner behind you, they aren't going to be running down that aisle to save you... Bruno Bradley isn't here to deliver the knockout blow for you.

[As Travis finishes his sentence, Jason pulls the microphone towards himself and begins to ask a question.]

JD: Do you think tonight will finally put the PCW behind you?

[Travis turns his attention from the camera back to Jason.]

TL: The PCW is my family's legacy, Jason, and you know as well as I do, your family's legacy is a part of who you are. So no, tonight will not put the PCW behind me but it will accomplish two things.

First, it will put Sunshine and The Lost Boy behind me...

[The fans in the arena cheer.]

TL: And second, tonight will start my AWA legacy!

[As usual, Travis slaps Jason on the back as he makes his way away from the interview area.]

JD: Will Travis Lynch start a new chapter in his history here tonight or will Sunshine and the Lost Boy throw the entire book in the shredder? We're moments away from finding out! Gordon, Bucky... back to you in the press box!

[Crossfade back to the press box where Gordon and Bucky are standing, Hammons Field serving as their backdrop.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. We're just moments away from that showdown but before we go to that, we've got a medical update on William Craven to present to you. After the brutal assault by Johnny Detson in that ambulance, he has been diagnosed with a severely injured patella and could likely be out of action for six months or more.

BW: That oughta keep him out of the Wise Men's way, Gordo.

GM: I'd have to agree with that. Percy Childes is likely to be VERY happy at that news.

BW: No thanks to Ricky Marley.

GM: In addition, we're being told that Robert Donovan is being taken down to the local medical facility as we speak. We'll bring you more information on that front as soon as it's available. But right now, let's head down to the ring for our next match!

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

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

[The opening sounds of Fiona Apple's "Criminal" plays over the PA system to a confused reaction from the crowd.]

PW: From the Inner Madness Of His Mind... weighing in at 302 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by Sunshine...

THE LOOOOOOSSSSST BOOOOOOOOOOY!

[As the lyrics kick in, Sunshine slinks through the curtain in the same attire we saw her in moments ago with one exception... she's gripping a metal chain over her shoulder, pulling The Lost Boy into view. The Lost Boy also

looks the same except for the addition of a dog collar with that chain attached to it.]

BW: Awww, Sunshine got herself a stray.

GM: She's treating this man like an animal, Bucky!

BW: Well, he IS an animal! Have you ever heard him speak? Have you ever seen any signs of emotion out of him? Have you seen him do anything that wasn't a direct order from someone else - be it Sunshine or Ghazi Hassan earlier in his career? This guy is not human. He's a beast and he should be treated that way.

[Sunshine leads her man down the aisle, unclipping the chain to allow him to climb the ringsteps on his own. She climbs up on the apron, grabbing a handful of hair and pulling him close for a verbal lashing.]

GM: Sunshine is very aggressive here tonight with The Lost Boy, telling him exactly what she expects out of him.

BW: Just imagine how aggressive she'll be if he fails her.

GM: What's this talk about a Plan B? Do you know anything about this?

BW: I don't... but I got some hints this week as to who might be bankrolling this vendetta against the Stench family and if those rumors are true, Sunshine's got a blank check to bring anyone she wants in to take out Travis.

GM: But tonight, she's hoping she doesn't need any other options. She's hoping that The Lost Boy lives up to his history and leaves Travis Lynch a bloody mess at her feet.

BW: Can you imagine Henrietta Lynch's face if that happens?

GM: Can I imagine a mother crying for her child? You people are seriously disturbed.

[The music fades as Sunshine turns towards the entryway, beckoning Travis to come to the ring to face his fate.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening notes of Rush's "Tom Sawyer" are instantly identifiable and have the Missouri crowd on their feet!]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds...

TRRRRRRAAAAAVIIIISSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out the rock and roll classic as Travis begins making his way up the steps from the home dugout.]

BW: I just don't get it Gordo. I mean how can women continue to cheer a scumbag like him every time he steps into the arena? He nearly crippled Sunshine...

GM: NO HE DIDN'T! We get it, Bucky, you dislike the Lynches, but you need to stop lying. Travis NEVER hit Sunshine.

BW: Gordo, how can you deny it? You were sitting right next to me that night.

GM: I was and only Sunshine and yourself seem to believe he hit her.

[As Travis jogs the red carpet towards home plate, the cameras pick up a few #ScumbagTravis T-shirts and Sunshine fan clubs signs.]

BW: Those brilliant men right there obviously saw the same events as we did.

[Travis pauses for a moment as he reaches home plate, allowing the females to take a long look. He is wearing a his trademark super smedium T-shirt that he pulls off and tosses into the crowd. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging.]

GM: While a few seem to share your opinion of Travis, you can hear these fans cheering as this is the first time since Jack Lynch lost to Demetrius Lake that the Lynches have returned to the great state of Missouri!

BW: Missouri was better off without them! Terry Shane, Demetrius Lake and Hamilton Graham, that's all Missouri needs.

[He again breaks into slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders. As he nears the ring, a few lovely ladies are able to lean over the barricade and kiss him a few times on the cheeks before security grabs them. Travis smiles as the ladies are escorted back to their seats and he slides under the bottom rope...

...where The Lost Boy rushes across, stomping him viciously!]

GM: The Lost Boy attacks!

[Referee Johnny Jagger signals for the bell to start the match as The Lost Boy rains down furry boots on the back of Lynch's head.]

GM: The Lost Boy is all over Travis Lynch as the bell sounds and you better believe that Sunshine is loving this!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, The Lost Boy hauls Travis Lynch up to his feet, using the same grip on the hair to fling Travis towards the ropes.]

GM: Travis gets sent in... ducks the clothesline...

[Lynch hits the ropes again, bouncing off...]

GM: Ducks the elbow.

[He comes off a third time, building up a ton of speed behind him as he throws a running dropkick that sends the Lost Boy staggering backwards to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: The dropkick stuns him!

[Lynch scampers up, connecting with a second dropkick to the chin, sending The Lost Boy backwards, his arms pinwheeling around as he tries to keep his balance...

...and Travis ducks in, scooping the three hundred pounder up in his well-toned arms, spinning back towards the center of the ring, and throwing him down with an impactful bodyslam!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BODYSLAM BY TRAVIS LYNCH!

[Lynch takes the moment to yank off his chaps, throwing them outside the ring to reveal his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His two kneepads and boots are also white as he surges towards the rising Lost Boy, peppering him with short left jabs...

...and then sends him sprawling back into the corner with a roundhouse right!]

GM: Lynch threw that one from back home in Dallas as The Lost Boy is reeling in the early moments of this matchup.

[Approaching the corner, Lynch grabs an arm, whipping him across the ring into the far turnbuckles where the Lost Boy hits hard before staggering out...

...and getting LAUNCHED skyward with a backdrop that shakes the ring upon him hitting the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!! BIG BACK BODY DROP BY TRAVIS LYNCH!!

[Outside the ring, Sunshine is pitching a fit, shouting at Travis, at the Lost Boy, at the official - to anyone who will listen.]

GM: And Sunshine is NOT happy about how things are going so far in this one as the Lost Boy rolls out to the floor...

BW: Stench is goin' after him! Look out, Sunshine!

[The AWA's resident "harpy" lets loose a squeal as she moves away from her man, allowing Travis to leap off the apron, dropping a forearm down between the eyes of the Lost Boy.]

GM: Lynch is all over him! This is eight years of hostility between these two men boiling over here tonight in Springfield!

BW: The Lost Boy tried to make sure that we'd NEVER have to put up with Travis Stench in the wrestling business. He tried to take him out before he ever got started.

GM: We've all heard the story. We know how The Lost Boy under the orders of the great Ghazi Hassan tried to hang Travis Lynch on Travis' first official night as a wrestler back in PCW.

BW: The AWA sure could use Ghazi Hassan around these parts. Misery Inc. would shake things up and give all these baby-kissin' twerps something to REALLY look over their shoulder for.

[Lynch grabs The Lost Boy by the arm out on the floor...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING HE GOES!!

[Travis pumps a fist towards the cheering fans as he approaches the railing, winding up and blasting the Lost Boy between the eyes with a haymaker!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Lynch lays in a second and a third before turning to throw The Lost Boy back inside the ring. Travis crawls under the ropes after him...

...which is Sunshine's cue to rush in, grabbing Lynch around the leg to slow him down!]

GM: Sunshine's got Lynch! She's got Lynch! Johnny Jagger didn't see it and-

[By the time Travis is able to free himself, The Lost Boy is on his feet and DROPS a heavy leaping knee down to the back of the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Big kneedrop by The Lost Boy!

[The Lost Boy stays kneeling on the back of Lynch's neck, slamming his balled-up fist down into the back of Travis' head repeatedly, drawing a warning from the AWA's Senior Official. The count reaches four before the Lost Boy lifts up, staggering back towards the ropes. He grabs at his wild topknot, turning to slam his head repeatedly into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: This guy is completely unstable and out of control. You have to wonder if even Sunshine is able to keep him calm.

[The face-painted brawler staggers forward as Travis pushes up to a knee...

...and while still holding his topknot, he swings his head forward and SLAMS it down into Travis' skull!]

GM: Ohh! What a brutal headbutt by the Lost Boy!

BW: Nothing to hurt in that noggin.

GM: The Lost Boy DOES seem a little out of sorts.

BW: I was talkin' 'bout Travis.

GM: Of course you were.

[The Lost Boy hauls Travis up by the hair, marching him towards the corner, slamming Travis' head into the top turnbuckle. As Travis staggers back, the Lost Boy lifts him up from behind...

...and then bodyslams him facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Unique offense out of a very unique competitor!

[Sunshine can be heard shouting, "FINISH HIM! FINISH HIM!" from her spot on the floor.]

GM: Sunshine wants The Lost Boy to go for the cover.

BW: I don't think so, Gordo. She wants him to "finish" Travis. She wants him crippled... just like his deadbeat brother, James.

GM: Bucky!

[The Lost Boy hauls Travis up by the hair...

...and Travis throws a right hand that stuns the bigger man!]

GM: Travis with the right hand!

[A second one cracks the Lost Boy in the midsection!]

GM: He goes downstairs! Travis is fighting back!

[Travis leans forward, grabbing the Lost Boy around the torso, lifting him up and dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop. With the Lost Boy stunned, Travis backs quickly into the ropes, rebounding off with a charge...]

GM: Flying forear- OHHHH!

[The crowd groans as The Lost Boy lunges forward, smashing a headbutt into the flying Travis, knocking him flat!]

BW: What a counter, Gordo! That headbutt is one of the most dangerous weapons in the entire wrestling world and the Lost Boy just proved it! He took a flying Travis Lynch out of the sky with one single shot!

[Holding his top knot, The Lost Boy winds up, dropping down to his knees and SLAMMING his head down into the kidneys of Lynch, causing the Texan to cry out in pain.]

GM: The Lost Boy is using that painted skull as a weapon, driving it repeatedly into his opponent.

[Down on his knees, the mysterious brawler just hammers his fists and forearms down in a clubbing motion onto the back of Lynch. He climbs to his feet, dropping a knee down into the lower back...

...and then grabs a handful of hair, pulling back in a modified bow and arrow hold!]

BW: This is a bow and arrow brute strength style. There's no form here, Gordo. This is a knee in the back and a handful of hair trying to bend a guy in half.

[Sunshine is screaming for her man to break Travis into pieces as the crowd cheers for Travis to escape the painful hold.]

GM: The referee is right there though, calling a break because of the hair pull... and The Lost Boy breaks it at four.

[Climbing to his feet, the Lost Boy looks out to Sunshine who gives a signal and he STOMPS down in the middle of the back!]

GM: Ohh! That'll keep Lynch down on the mat for a little while longer for sure.

[Reaching down, the Lost Boy drags Travis up by a handful of the back of the trunks, tugging Lynch into a side waistlock...]

GM: Belly to back coming up...

[But Travis backflips over the top, landing on his feet as he hits the mat, falling back into the ropes...

...and springs off with a flying forearm to the jaw! Big cheer!]

GM: Travis hits the forearm that time!

[The Lost Boy staggers back as Travis measures him, blasting him with a right hand... and a second... and a third...]

GM: Travis sets him up! DISCUS PUN-

[But in mid-spin, the Lost Boy swings his leg up, driving a furry boot into the jaw of Travis Lynch, knocking him flat!]

GM: The Lost Boy cuts off the punch! Travis was looking to end this thing but The Lost Boy was having none of it!

[With Lynch down on the mat, The Lost Boy stands over him, gripping his hands together. He slams a double axehandle down into the back... and another... and another...]

GM: The Lost Boy's opening fire on Travis Lynch!

BW: He's pounding him like a nail - just clubbing the back of Stench, driving Mister #ScumbagTravis to the mat.

GM: Bucky! Would you stop?!

[Travis pushes off all fours, getting up to a knee as The Lost Boy clubs him with a forearm over the skull, knocking Lynch back down to all fours.]

GM: Another hard shot as Lynch struggles to get up off the mat after that devastating big boot to the jaw really rattled him, Bucky.

BW: Might've knocked some teeth out of that tween-charming smile of his.

[Reaching down, the mysterious brawler hauls Lynch off the mat by his right arm, pulling him up and shooting him across the ring...]

GM: Travis to the ropes... the Lost Boy coming in fast...

[As Travis rebounds, The Lost Boy leaps up, throwing a spinning back elbow into the chest of Travis, wiping him out with it. The camera cuts to the floor where Sunshine has a big smile on her face, watching her man stomp Travis' skull again.]

GM: Big stomp to the side of the head!

BW: The Missourians are having flashbacks!

GM: What are you talking about, Bucky?

BW: It's just like that fateful night when Demetrius Lake ran Jack Stench out of Missouri!

[Gordon can only groan slightly as the Lost Boy hauls Travis back to his feet, scooping him up over his shoulder...

...and DRIVES him down with a powerslam!]

GM: Ohh! Travis gets DRIVEN into the canvas with that powerslam!

[Sunshine applauds out on the floor at the impactful slam. The Lost Boy appears to be going for a cover when a shout from Sunshine followed by a wagging finger backs him off.]

GM: No cover there.

BW: Sunshine wants no part of a pin. She wants him hurt, Gordo. What's the line from Karate Kid?

GM: I have no idea.

BW: "I don't want him beat. Out of commission!" Sunshine is the AWA's own personal John Kreese.

GM: What in the world is with your obsession with the Karate Kid?

BW: It's my favorite movie!

GM: The Lost Boy is back to his feet and another hard stomp to the side of the head causes Travis to cover up.

[The Texan wraps his head in his arms, trying to protect himself as the Lost Boy stomps again and again. Sunshine suddenly starts shouting at him again, animatedly motioning to the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Sunshine is ordering the Lost Boy to- are you kidding me?! She's ordering him to the top rope!

BW: That's not really the Lost Boy's cup of tea but I'm sure Sunshine knows exactly what she's doing!

GM: She'd better hope she does because this is a high risk situation!

[The Lost Boy is very slowly making his way up the turnbuckles, holding on to the rope with one hand to steady himself.]

GM: The Lost Boy isn't liking this one bit. He keeps looking out at Sunshine who is screaming at him to get up there!

BW: Sunshine, maybe this isn't the best...

GM: The Lost Boy steps to the top! I can't believe it and neither can the fans here in Hammons Field!

[The Lost Boy doubleclutches the top rope, trying to stay balanced as Sunshine is screaming "YES! YES!" at him...]

GM: He's gonna leap off the top!

[He grabs at his topknot with his free hand, taking one last breath before shoving himself off the top, sailing through the air...]

GM: HEADBUTT OFF THE TOP!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[The Hammons Field crowd ROARS as Travis Lynch successfully avoids the top rope headbutt by rolling to the side.]

GM: No one home! Travis rolled out of the way and The Lost Boy slammed head first into the mat!

[Slowly pushing up off the mat, Travis steadies himself against the ropes, waving for the Lost Boy to get to his feet...

...and runs him down with a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by the Texan!

[Lynch rushes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and leaps high into the air, dropping a knee down into the chest!]

GM: KNEEDROP! KNEEDROP!

[Lynch reaches back, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But The Lost Boy is out at two, much to the relief of Sunshine who is clutching her chest like she's having a panic attack.]

GM: The Lost Boy is down... and Travis is heading for the corner!

[Lynch steps out to the apron, scaling the turnbuckles as Sunshine screams for The Lost Boy to get back to his feet. But as the face-painted brawler lies prone on the canvas, Sunshine decides to take matters into her own hands, climbing up on the apron and rushing towards Travis!]

GM: Sunshine's on the apron! She grabs the leg of Travis! She's trying to get him down from there!

[Johnny Jagger is screaming at Sunshine, threatening to disqualify the Lost Boy for her actions as Travis struggles to get free. She switches her grip, grabbing Travis by the arm and trying to pull him off the ropes...]

GM: Let him go!

BW: Sunshine's taking a chance here! Stench might get fed up and coldcock her again!

GM: He did no such thing before! He never did that, Bucky! He never-

[Travis pulls his arm, trying to get free...

...and Sunshine slips off the apron, landing on her rear end on the apron before falling off to the floor to cheers from the crowd!]

BW: HE DID IT AGAIN! THAT SCUMBAG DID IT AGAIN!!

[Travis silently curses as he straightens up, looking down at The Lost Boy...

...and HURLS himself off the top, tucking his arm, and DRIVING his elbow down into the sternum of his foe!]

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP!!

[Lynch dives across, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! The Lost Boy kicks out in time!

[Travis rolls to his knees, looking up at Johnny Jagger who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count onl-

BW: Who cares about the two count?! Look at poor Sunshine!

[Sunshine is rolling around on the floor, wailing in pain as the action continues inside the ring. Travis walks over to the ropes, throwing a glance down at Sunshine who is howling in agony.]

GM: Travis Lynch is obviously concerned that-

BW: That his reputation is going even deeper into the toilet than before?! That #ScumbagTravis is now trending worldwide on the Twitter!

GM: It is not!

[Shaking his head in disbelief, Travis turns his attention back to the Lost Boy, hauling him off the mat...

...when the Lost Boy suddenly reaches up, raking his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! The Lost Boy goes to the eyes!

[The referee warns him not to do it again but the damage is done as The Lost Boy wastes no time at all in driving his right hand into the jaw of Travis.]

GM: Big right hand by the Lost Boy on the blinded Travis!

BW: Come on, Lost Boy! Get some payback for Sunshine after she was nearly crippled by this brute! Sunshine's gonna look like that invalid James Stench by the time Travis gets through with her!

GM: A second right hand by the Lost Boy and he's back in control of this one. Johnny Jagger is trying to get The Lost Boy to open his hand but I can't even tell if he understands him.

[The Lost Boy stares at the referee for a moment before driving the point of his boot into the midsection of Travis, doubling him over.]

GM: Travis gets hit downstairs... and then back upstairs with a big double axehandle across the back!

[Lynch sinks to a knee but pushes himself right back up, throwing a pair of right hands to the gut before The Lost Boy grabs him by the hair, smashing a knee into the skull. A second one lands as well.]

BW: He keeps this up and he will no longer be the prettiest of the Stenches.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[The Lost Boy uses the hair to pull Travis into a standing headscissors as Sunshine can be heard shouting "BREAK! HIS! NECK!" from the floor.]

GM: Oh my stars! He's going for the piledriver! Somebody stop this!

BW: He's got this one comin' after all he's done to Sunshine, damn it!

[The Lost Boy grips Lynch around the torso, trying to power him up for the career-shortening move...

...but Lynch is having none of it, kicking his legs wildly to fight off the attempt. The Lost Boy sets him back down.]

GM: Travis is fighting it! Keep fighting, kid!

[The Lost Boy clubs him across the back several times with his forearm, trying to soften his resolve.]

BW: Sunshine said she wanted to end Travis and there is no move more fitting than the one that crippled James Stench!

GM: You better believe Sunshine knows that. She knows that somewhere James is watching... that somewhere Blackjack and Henrietta are watching. She wants to end Travis' career with his entire family watching!

[The fans are going wild as The Lost Boy once again tries to power Travis up. Again, he gets Travis up off the mat but again, the Texas Heartthrob puts up

a fight, struggling and straining until The Lost Boy is forced to set him back down on the canvas...]

GM: He sets him down again and...

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch straightens up, powering the Lost Boy up and over with a backdrop!]

GM: LYNCH POWERS OUT OF IT!! HE FOUGHT HIS WAY OUT OF IT!

[Lynch collapses to a knee, breathing heavily.]

GM: The Lost Boy is down. Travis is down. Who can get to their feet first and bring the fight to the other?!

[It actually proves to be The Lost Boy who wobbles up off the mat after a handful of moments have passed. He reaches his arms up, hooking his hands together for another double axehandle, slowly pacing around to stand in front of Travis...]

GM: He's gonna crown him with that axehandl-

[The crowd ROARS as Travis reaches up, digging his fingers into the soft abdomen of The Lost Boy!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW! ABDOMINAL CLAW!!

[The axehandle instantly comes down as the Lost Boy grabs at the wrist, trying to free himself from the grip.]

GM: He's coming back up to his feet!

[The clawhold has The Lost Boy in tremendous pain, slapping at the wrist, trying to break free...

...when Travis suddenly breaks it, going into a spin!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[The big spinning left hand sends the Lost Boy flying back into the ropes where he rebounds out...

...and gets DROPPED with a second discus punch!]

GM: That's two! Lynch covers!

[The referee dives down to count.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Gaaah! There is no justice in this world, Gordo!

GM: Travis Lynch has done it! He's put to bed the demon that has haunted him for eight years as he has defeated The Lost Boy and knocked him flat in the process!

BW: But what about Sunshine?! Where is her vengeance?! Where is her justice?!

GM: Sunshine is down on the floor, a look of disbelief on her face.

[The camera cuts to show that look as a horrified Sunshine glares at the ring where Travis Lynch has retaken his feet and is celebrating his win with the cheering crowd.]

GM: A big win for Travis Lynch who perhaps can now finally put his focus fully on becoming a champion here in the AWA. If I'm Ryan Martinez or Dave Bryant or Terry Shane right about now, I'm concerned about this young man coming for me.

BW: What about Plan B?! There's always a Plan B!

GM: Perhaps there is but on this night, it's all about Travis Lynch!

[Lynch ducks through the ropes, making his exit as he pauses in the aisleway, trading high fives and hugs with many of his fans as an irate Sunshine gets back to her feet, glaring down the aisle after him.]

BW: That doesn't look like a woman who is finished with this war, Gordo.

GM: You may be right, Bucky. Sunshine is on her feet, moving a little awkwardly after that hard fall to the floor... an accidental fall, I might add.

BW: You might add that but then you'd be as big of a liar as Lynch is a scumbag, Gordo.

GM: Travis is celebrating with the great fans here in Missouri as Sunshine gets back into the ring.

[Sunshine stands over the motionless Lost Boy, gripping the dog collar chain in her hands. She looks down at him, shouting with anger...

...and then LASHES down with the chain across his chest!]

GM: OHH!

[Sunshine shouts at him again, winding up a second time, and lashes it down again!]

GM: Sunshine's snapped! She's whipping the Lost Boy with that metal chain!

[A third lash snaps The Lost Boy into some form of consciousness, rolling over onto his chest.]

GM: Come on! Somebody stop this!

[Johnny Jagger starts to intervene when Sunshine threatens him with the chain, backing him off. She lashes down a fourth time, leaving a red welt behind...

...and then loops the chain around the throat of the motionless Lost Boy, yanking back on it as she drives her knee into the shoulderblades!]

GM: The Lost Boy's in trouble! She's choking the life out of him! She's-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Travis Lynch dives headfirst back into the ring, climbing quickly to his feet...]

BW: Get out of there, Sunshine!

[...and Sunshine bails out to the floor before Travis can get to her, leaving the chain around the neck of her now-former charge.]

GM: Travis Lynch just came back... he just came back to save the very man who tried to hang him twice in his career! What kind of a man does that, Bucky?!

BW: A moron.

GM: A true stand-up individual who couldn't stand to see another human being treated like an animal!

[Lynch yanks the chain off the Lost Boy's neck, throwing it angrily to the floor. He points down the aisle towards Sunshine who is backpedaling in retreat, shouting "This isn't over!" back at Travis who waves her to "bring it on!"]

GM: Sunshine says that this isn't over and I think I believe her, Bucky.

BW: I KNOW that I do, Gordo.

GM: Travis Lynch in there now with the help of Johnny Jagger, trying to help the Lost Boy back to his fee-

[The shot dissolves in a burst of static. There is a mixture of voices over a black screen. They sound very much like they've been pulled from news telecasts. Some are in other languages.]

"...found in the depths of the mountains..."

"Early this morning, what has been described as a geyser of steam..."

"...have said they've never seen a fissure..."

[A shaky black and white shot, apparently from a helicopter of some kind, tries to focus in on what appears to be a large crack in the Earth's crust. Vehicles surround the area - construction vehicles, fire engines, black sedans with dark windows. There are people everywhere to be seen.]

"...forces of darkness... of power..."

"Perhaps an otherworldly presence..."

"...an unearthly force is the only thing capable of..."

"Tremors in the area for months..."

"Descriptions of horrific incidents in the past few..."

[The camera shot zooms closer to the crack in the ground.]

"Unearthly."

"Horrific."

"Otherworldly."

"Darkness."

"Power."

[The words repeat, faster and faster intercut with words in other languages...

...until everything cuts back to black with the word "power" echoing over and over and over...

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 on an aerial shot of what has to be the average American's vision of what a farm would look like. We see an old house, several fields that have people working on them... and animals... oh, the animals. Cows, pigs, chicken, goats, sheep... you name it. Some of the most stereotypical "redneck" music you can imagine is playing in the background.

We cut to an interior shot of a barn where large hay bales are being thrown into a hayloft with much exertion. A grunt, a hay bale flies through the air. A grunt, a second flies by. After the third goes through the air, a man strides into view. He's a big ol' country boy - probably around six and a half feet tall. He's got a bushy head of brown hair along with a wild, tangled beard to match. Blue overalls with one strap undone to reveal a solid but not muscular chest is the attire of the moment.]

"Why, hello there..."

[The camera stays on him.]

"What?"

[The camera moves a bit.]

"Am I 'sposed to say sumpin'?"

[The camera moves up and down in a nod.]

"Ya here from the A-Dubba-A?"

[Another camera "nod."]

"Well, it's about time... hey, Buddy!"

[The man waits.]

"BUDDY! GET YER TAIL OUT HERE, BAWH! WE GOT COMP'NY!"

[With a shake of his head, the man continues to look into the camera.]

"For those who ain't aware, they call me Chester. Chester Otis if yer bein' formal. It ain't what you'd call a usual name. Ain't a lot of Chesters out there no more. Mama always said she ain't never had a clue what she was gonna call me til she was on the toilet one day readin' the newspaper. She was readin' and readin' and then it she saw it... "Chester Otis! That's what ah'm gonna name mah bawh!"

[Chester rubs a dirty, stained red handkerchief across his eyes.]

C: Brings a tear to mah eye ev'ry time.

[Chester tucks the handkerchief into his pocket, looking off camera.]

C: 'bout time, Buddy. This poor man ain't got all night for the likes of us.

[The man known as Buddy steps in. The camera zooms back... and back... and back even further to fit the massive form into the frame. He's in a similar attire but looks to have been in a pigpen somewhere as he's caked in mud... at least, we hope it's mud. He's chewing on a piece of hay as he walks in.]

B: What's all the ruckus 'bout?

C: This nice man's from the A-Dubba-A. He's here ta take us there!

[The cameraman emits an audible "huh?!"]

B: That right, bawh? Ya takin' us ta the big time?

[The cameraman stutters and stammers.]

B: Well, ah hope you got a big truck. Mah back end don't fit so well in those cars that DEE-troit puts out no more.

C: Gosh, Buddy... were ya raised in a barn?

B: Yup.

C: Ya didn't even introduce yerself! This here's Buddy. Buddy Ulysses Looney on his birth papers. Hah! Ah never noticed it before... you're a big ol' bull, Buddy. B-U-L.

[Buddy cackles, his huge amount of weight... probably north of four hundred pounds packed into a frame just barely over six feet... jiggling with his laughter.]

BUL: Better than bein' a cow like you, cousin! Chester Otis Wilde!

[Uh oh.]

Cameraman: Did you say... Wilde?

[Chester grins, showing some tobacco stained teeth.]

COW: You betcha! Ya know my uncle Bucky?

Cameraman: Your uncle?!

[He nods happily.]

COW: He's gonna be so happy to see his favorite nephews! Uncle Bucky, we'll see ya soon!

[He waves at the camera.]

COW: Welp, we ready to hit the road, Buddy?

BUL: Almost. Ah gotta get Mabel.

COW: You takin' Mabel?!

BUL: Of course ah'm takin' Mabel! She'd be heartbroken if ah left her here! Camerman, ya got room for my sweetheart?

[The cameraman is silent which Buddy takes as an affirmation.]

BUL: Well, alright... let's hit the road, fellas!

[The music continues to play as we fade to a shot of a jam-packed rental car rolls down a dirt road. The front seat has Chester, his legs out the window with his bare feet in the breeze. The back seat has Buddy, causing the car to noticeably hang lower in the hindquarters. And with her head out the window is Mabel... the cutest damn pot-bellied pig you'll ever see.

We fade to black where the words...

"THE WILDE BUNCH. Coming soon to the AWA"

...appear for a few moments before fading back to a chuckling Gordon and a steaming mad Bucky.]

GM: The Wilde Bunch is com-

BW: You had something to do with this, didn't you, Myers?! DIDN'T YOU?!

GM: It's not my fault!

BW: How could you bring those... those...

GM: It's your family!

BW: NO! No they're not! They're the idiot kids of my... agh! I can't even think straight right now! Get me on the phone with Talent Relations. I gotta put a stop to this!

GM: There's no time for that, Bucky. Right now, we've got to go back to the locker room area to hear from the men about to hit the ring for our next match!

[We open up to a pre-recorded scene in a narrow, short-ceilinged room. The floor is a dark textured greyish-brown, the walls are a slightly lighter shade of brownish-grey, and each side is lit by track lighting and a row of narrow rectangular windows. The ceiling is less than seven feet tall and is a dull grey metal.

This is the observation deck of the Gateway Arch, and in scene here are two men... Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake. The 58 year old Graham, with the immaculate brown-and-grey perm which seems to match the decor, is wearing a black wind jacket and cream-colored button-up shirt. Black pants and an expensive watch complete his attire. The six-foot nine "Black Tiger" is wearing a dark blue corduroy jacket and pants, a dark gold dress shirt, and purplish-blue tie. His round afro is pushed out by a black fedora which grazes the ceiling, and there is a hard look on his face, surrounded by a mustache and conical beard.

Graham speaks first in his slow, deliberate, menacing tone.]

HG: We are standing atop the world.

The observation deck of the Gateway Arch. From here, you can see over thirty miles away. You can see all of Saint Louis. You can see millions upon millions of people. From here, you look down upon them. They appear as ants from this height. And many people come here every day to take in this view, in order to feel like they are above it all. A view tantamount to godhood.

[Lake now speaks, his deep voice with a distinctive midwestern accent flowing much more smoothly than Graham, though no less menacing.]

DL: But for Hamilton Graham and myself, that is the view we have every day of our lives. I am the true King Of Wrestling! This man is the true Legend Of Wrestling! And all of you wrasslers look like ants even when we're close enough to crush you under our boots, no question about it.

HG: Especially the two young gentlemen who have the extreme displeasure of facing the King and I in our home territory. Jack Lynch. Bobby O'Connor. Both of your fathers were thorns in my side. Both of your fathers had a blood feud with me. A grudge that cannot be settled by anything but blood. And you carry their blood. That means that you are both also guilty of the crime of crossing Hamilton Graham. The punishment for that crime has

been served time... and time... and time again. Broken bodies. Ended careers. Men who were better-travelled than you. More experienced. Men with championship legacy. Men who would have been remembered as legends had they only made it to the end.

DL: And who do you think you are, to stand in the ring and defy the King? Defy the Legend? I can assure you that you made the biggest mistake you ever could make. Jack Lunch, you could have gone back to Mexas with your tail between your legs. You could have gone under that bridge and lived on pork and beans the rest of your life. But you'd have lived! You could still walk, you could still move, and you still could have worked some minimum wage job cookin' french fries with the leftover grease from your brother's hair.

But now you got cocky, because you found a friend. You found a bum in a champion's clothing! You figured that you had a Missouri man backing you up, so you could interrupt your own funeral and stand in front of me, and in front of Hamilton Graham. But Bobby No Honor is no true Missouran. He comes from a family of sharecroppers from New Zealand, a bunch of immigrants who we felt pity on so we didn't kick them out. His grandfather proved himself a sickly quitter, and his father could only beg Hamilton Graham not to hurt him no more as he ran from the ring in their last matchup. But one time, back in February 1983, Hamilton Graham slipped off the middle rope because your daddy Cameron No Honor bled all over everything, and the breeze made him fall down and he got fast counted by a crook ref.

HG: That is EXACTLY what happened.

DL: So you got that fake courage because you think Bobby No Honor's daddy beat the Legend himself. Maybe you thought Hamilton Graham was too old. That was an even bigger mistake! Greatness does not age, Jack Lunch, not that you'd know it. You never got to see greatness close up. All you had was your daddy, Old Yeller. All them Mexans you grew up around told you he was great, because compared to a regular Mexan maybe he was. But that is like comparing a child's training wheel bicycle to a little red tricycle. They don't attain to a Harley-Davidson. You had no way to know what greatness was until you got in the ring with it.

And as big a dummy as you are, you got in the ring with me and had no idea what you were looking at. Too bad for you that the old saying "what you don't know can't hurt you" isn't true, because if it was, you'd be indestructible. But I give you this much credit, Jack Lunch: you are above average as a fighter. A normal Mexan must think you are a god, because you're almost as much above them as I am above you. It did require me to exert myself to defeat you, but in the end, you were defeated! If you had any class and dignity, you would have done what I said, and crawled away under that bridge.

But Bobby No Honor showed up and slopped his sorry clothesline on Hamilton Graham, who slipped in the pool of spit he knocked out of your big mouth! Now you think you can get in the ring with us, because you have

backup. Jack Lunch, you big dummy, I would love to knock your teeth out but I have no desire to improve upon your appearance. So Hamilton Graham and myself will make sure that noone ever sees your ugly face again. No doubt about it!

HG: And a word to young Bobby O'Connor. I saw the look in your eyes as you approached me with your Butcher's Block. I saw no fear at all. And that is a bigger insult than Shakespeare himself could have ever penned. Tonight, boy, you will learn. You will learn to fear. That is the greatest gift that someone of your limited intelligence could ever receive. Never let it be said that I am not a magnanimous man.

DL: That's all the time we have to waste in our lives talking about a couple of ignorant hobos. Mr. Camera Operator, I want you to get a shot out that window. To the west. Saint Louis and beyond, all the way towards Springfield. Look at all them ants walkin' around below.

[The cameraman does so, and we get a very impressive sight indeed: the city of Saint Louis from near the top of the Arch.]

DL: Now you know what Hamilton Graham and myself see every day. That's our view. And now this is the view that Jack Lunch and Bobby No Honor will have tonight!

[Lake pulls the camera down and points it at the ground, setting it on the lens so that all is black.

After a moment of this, we go back to backstage, as Mark Stegglet is standing by with Jack Lynch and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. Jack is leaning against the AWA backdrop, arms folded across his chest, hanging on the wall behind them as Bobby is up front, looking more riled up and intense than his partner... for now. The tall, lanky Jack Lynch is dressed head to toe in black, as he always is, his cowboy hat tilted forward, obscuring his eyes and most of his face. Bobby is wearing his usual cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim, along with matching elbow pads and kneepads. He also wears a pair of white and red cowboy-style wrestling boots and a black t-shirt with a illustration of the grim reaper on the front with "BLUE OYSTER CULT" on the blade of its scythe.]

MS: Bobby, tonight you team up with Jack Lynch to help him take care of a man that has plagued him non-stop as of late "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake.

BOC: Well, Mister Stegglet, you said it right there. Plagued. Demetrius Lake has been a plague not just on Jack, not just on the good name of the Lynches... but on the sport of professional wrestling itself. He hasn't been out to just get his hand raised in that ring... but to make a fool out of him. To tarnish his family name. Even beyond our friendship, there's the respect I've always had for the Lynches. A respect I was raised to have ever since I was so young. So there was only so much I was ever going to be able to take. There was only so much disrespect on the microphone I was going to let go. But then there was that one-two punch. Trying to burn the Texas flag on top of Jack... and then that disgusting "funeral". The second he

mentioned it, and I looked around and saw Jack wasn't even in the building to stick up for himself... I just lost it. I promised that night if he was fool enough to go ahead with that travesty I would be right there to stop him, just like I knew when the time and Jack needed some backup... I'd be right there.

MS: Which brings us to the funeral and the man that Lake brought with him tonight... a man well known not only to wrestling fans but to your family especially, Hamilton Graham.

BOC: That just brought it to another level. I've heard the stories of Hamilton Graham for so many years now. But at the same time, I've always known to respect my elders... especially those that built the road that I'm now driving on in this sport. But that can only go so far. When he came out and said all the repulsive things he had to say, to show such bitterness and ugliness after the great career he's had... it turned my stomach into knots. You better believe it's been a non-stop topic around my house ever since, and both my grandfather and especially my father have sat me down to impress on me how important tonight is for the O'Connor family. More than that, I've been given an inside look at what makes Hamilton Graham from the man who knows him better than most, the man who beat him time and time again... my father. And if there's a family tradition that's worth continuing, beating Hamilton Graham in between those ring ropes has got to be it.

[Stegglet then turns to Jack Lynch, who, in response, slowly peels him off the wall.]

MS: Mr. Lynch, if your opponents have an advantage, it has to be the fact that they're much more acquainted with one another than you and Mr. O'Connor are. After all, Hamilton Graham trained Demetrius Lake. How can you overcome that advantage?

[Jack lifts his head, his smirk visible under the brim of his hat.]

JL: What? You don't think Bobby and I have had plenty of chances to hone our teamwork, tossin' drunks outta the Spur every night, and havin' to drag Hannibal home every Friday and Saturday? You can't imagine how much coordination that requires.

[Jack chuckles, but then his face tightens, his expression growing more serious.]

JL: Let me answer your question by tellin' ya story, Mark.

One summer, when I was a kid, Blackjack told us we were takin' our vacation in Australia. Now, if you know anything about Blackjack, you knew "vacation" was code for "I'll be wrestlin' in a new place." So we all headed out to Australia. Jimmy stayed home with our mama because Henrietta Ortiz Lynch don't think much about long plane trips, and Trav mostly spent the summer on the beaches, lookin' for the topless ones. But I went to the arenas with Blackjack. And I saw somethin' that made me quite curious.

Because Blackjack Patterson stayed home, and instead, my daddy was teamed up with a guy called Cameron O'Connor. And I couldn't, for the life of, figure out why daddy chose to team with someone he'd never teamed with before. So I asked him one night. And the answer was somethin' that's stuck with me ever since.

"Son," he said, "you're never going to go wrong, havin' an O'Connor watchin' your back."

Now, ridin' up and down the roads, gettin' lost in the outback more than once, Cameron and Blackjack didn't always get along. Hell, they spent most of their time bickerin' about which was better, KC barbecue, or, the correct answer, Texas barbecue. But when it came time to do it in the ring, they never failed to kick the crap outta anyone came across them.

Yeah, Bobby and I don't go as far back as Demetrius and Hamilton Graham. But havin' an O'Connor watchin' my back is just about the best thing I can have. Even though the kid is wrong about Kansas City barbecue, he's right about everything else.

All the world knows how much I hate Demetrius Lake. You've all seen what he's done to my daddy, to my flag, to my family name, and to me. And I got no love for Mr. Hamilton Graham neither. I was there the night Blackjack beat him in a Texas Death Match. I was screaming for all sixty five minutes of that match.

And I know, for a fact, can't nothin' stop a Lynch and an O'Connor, once they set their minds to doin' something.

MS: I also understand that you two have received help from some people who can offer up insight into how to deal with Hamilton Graham.

[Suddenly, a voice off-camera speaks. A very familiar voice to longtime St. Louis wrestling fans.]

?: Well, if you want to know that Mark, you can get it straight from the horse's mouth.

[Jack and Bobby grin as Mark flashes a surprised look as none other but Bobby's father, former World Champion and St. Louis wrestling great Cameron O'Connor walks in. He shakes hands with Mark as he nods at Lynch and his son.]

COC: As the boys have alluded to, both of our families have been watching the goings on here in the AWA as of late with great interest as of late. What some of your wrestlers did to cause my father to step down notwithstanding... the actions of Lake and now...

[Cameron shakes his head with disgust.]

COC: ... Graham have been a real cause of concern for not only me and my father, but Jack's dad as well. So I called my old friend Blackjack and had

him and Jack over to the house... and once we got past their ridiculous thoughts on barbecue, we got down to business. Not many men know the ins and outs of this sport as well as me and Blackjack Lynch. And not many people know the diseased mind of Hamilton Graham like me and Blackjack either.

[Cameron pauses, looking at the camera with greater intensity now.]

COC: Graham, I'm sad to see that old dogs never learn new tricks. Like humility or respect. I heard what you had to say, and it made me relive every second of my past with you all over again. In particular, the time when I tried to shake your hand like a man and instead you hit me with three piledrivers to try and drive me out of this sport like the slimy snake you are.

It didn't work with me then... and it won't work now with my kin and with ANY kin of Blackjack. We've taught these boys everything there is to know about you... but that wasn't enough. Blackjack had plenty on his plate back in Texas... but you made the mistake of stepping foot in my home, and I will watch these two great young stars make you pay in spades TONIGHT.

JL: So yeah, Demetrius and Graham have got history behind them. They got a history of Lake shootin' off his mouth and of Hamilton Graham comin' up short against O'Connors and Lynches. But let's talk about the history of the Lynches and the O'Connors teaming up. Bobby, what happened to their opponents every time our daddies fought together?

BOC: They got their tails kicked?

[Jack shakes his head.]

JL Nope. Say it, Bobby. We talked about this. What do Lynches and O'Connors do best?

[Bobby looks slightly nervous.]

BOC: They kick rear end?

[Jack Lynch shakes his head once more as Cameron stifles a goodhearted chuckle.]

JL: Uh uh. Since you're too polite to say it, I'm gonna say it for you. When you pair up a Lynch and an O'Connor, you know what they do?

[Jack reaches up, pulling off his hat.]

JL: They kick ass.

[And with that, we cut back to the press box.]

GM: An ocean of bad blood between these four men, Bucky. When you add in Cameron O'Connor into the mix, it gets even uglier.

BW: And during the break, I saw Terry Shane Jr. slink out here and take a seat in the front row as well. Between Shane, O'Connor, and Graham, we're going to have three former World Champions in and around that ring but I got a feeling there won't be any technical skills on display in this one. It's gonna be a fight.

GM: It'll be the first time we've seen Bobby O'Connor team with Jack Lynch but O'Connor is rapidly becoming one of the most popular stars in the entire AWA due to his ability-

BW: To take a beating?

GM: He does seem to have a knack for taking a lot of punishment yet to keep on coming back to fight some more.

BW: Well, he's going to get plenty of chances to do that tonight because you better believe that the King and one of the greatest legends this sport has ever known are going to-

[The crowd stands up as Hans Zimmer's score from the Gladiator soundtrack begins to play over the PA system.]

GM: Now, what is this all about?

[The camera shot cuts down to the dugout where the Missouri crowd erupts in a mixed reaction as the former World Champion Hamilton Graham comes slowly striding out from the curtain. He stands, hands on hips, looking out at the crowd who continues to greet him with a strong mixture of cheers and boos.]

GM: Hamilton Graham is one of the great state of Missouri's favorite sons and it's hard to imagine him getting booed here tonight.

BW: He busted a lot of skulls in his prime and had his fair share of boos back then but for a long time now, "Handsome" Hamilton has been treated like the legend he is in Missouri.

GM: It just goes to show how popular Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor are... or perhaps how hated Demetrius Lake is that even the legendary former World Champion is being booed like this.

[With a scowl, he trots down the aisle. We can see a pair of royal blue trunks with "HHG" written in gold script across the rear. He wears a red windbreaker style jacket over his bare torso and his permed hair is absolutely magnificent as he gets about halfway down the aisle and stops.]

GM: I have to say, Bucky, I am eagerly anticipating this contest. Hamilton Graham does compete across the globe on a part-time basis, but his schedule is light and some of his competition is as well. This is the highest profile match he has had in exactly two years, since facing Sultan Azam Sharif at the First Tangle In Tampa in 2012.

BW: Yeah, but he ain't flying solo, Gordo.

[The Gladiator score transitions into "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong, and the crowd loudly boos as the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake steps out from the curtain. The self-professed King Of Wrestling takes a moment to stretch his hands wide and accept the cheers of his people. It seems to take him a moment to realize that they're booing, and he slowly morphs his body language to an angry, shoulders-front stance. He shouts and threatens the crowd, his eyes focused in a mean glare as he walks over towards Graham.

The six-foot-nine Lake sports a fairly thick afro, connecting to an impressively long beard which extends down over an inch below his chin, where it comes to almost a point. A surly look is on his mustached face as he meets up with his tag team partner, and the duo continue the walk to the ring side by side. The big Tiger is garbed in bluish-purple trunks, yellow kneepads, and yellow boots, with his initials on the trunks and boots. He also sports a white ring jacket and a black fedora. The Tiger is in no hurry, taking his time to stop and jaw with some of the fans on his way down the aisle as Graham does the same.]

GM: Whereas Hamilton Graham received a mixed reaction from the fans here in Springfield, Demetrius Lake is having no such problem right about now. They dislike everything he's done while claiming to represent these people and they're letting him hear it right now!

BW: Disgraceful. These people should be on their feet, bowing down to the King of Wrestling!

GM: Give me a break.

[Following Demetrius is his valet, "Radiant" Raven, who looks diminutive next to him but is actually quite tall in her own right. The black-haired beauty is wearing a dark blue side-split dress with purple trim, and some rather colorful makeup. As usual, Raven is completely impassive, to the point of being cold. Bringing up the rear is the manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. The short, squat Childes is wearing a pleated dark grey suit, black undershirt, and white tie. The bald, goateed manager gets by with his crystal-tipped cane, and seems quite smug.]

GM: So, apparently Percy Childes found the time to be out here with Demetrius Lake here tonight but Rick Marley wasn't worth his aid at ringside.

BW: Hey, Marley did alright without Percy. He pinned the man, didn't he? Maybe you should stop trying to stir things up, Myers.

GM: You're the one who kept pointing out that Marley didn't injure Craven! You're the one who kept saying how mad Percy was going to be!

BW: Stop trying to confuse the situation!

[The fans continue to boo as Lake and Graham hit the ring, and enter by stepping through the ropes. Lake angrily stomps around the perimeter of

the ring, looking down on the fans and casting various threats, insults, and promises about what he's about to do to his opponent. Graham goes to his corner, and tests the ropes. The music dies down, and Lake grabs the house mic.]

DL: WHO LET ALL THESE MEXANS IN HERE?!

[BOOOOOOO!]

DL: No proud Missouran would boo the King Of Wrestling! That bum Jack Lunch musta had Old Yeller buy up all the tickets and bring up five carloads of Mexans to fill this place up. This is an outrage! I want each and every one of these bums thrown out of my state!

[Lake points at security, as if they are going to eject the entire crowd.]

DL: Get these bums out of here! This is a once in a lifetime event with the King teaming up with the legend! We need only a classy crowd to be in here! Go on the street and bring in all the Missourans who musta waited in line for tickets before bein' lied to that they were sold out. I know Old Yeller is behind this, and I assure you if these Mexas bums are still here when we get shed of Jack Lunch and Bobby No Honor, I will go out in the crowd and physically throw each of them from this building myself.

[BOOOOOOOOO! The crowd really gets agitated because they want him to try that.]

DL: Get the police out here if you have to! We refuse to...

[Lake gets cut off by the opening guitar of the Black Keys' "Hard Row" as it blares out over the PA system.]

GM: Oh yeah! They've heard enough of Demetrius Lake's vile words!

[Jack Lynch steps out first, and as he does, the Springfield crowd begins to cheer wildly. The eldest of the Lynch brother is, as always, dressed all in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. His body is covered by a long black coat. It's open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. Both of his fists are taped with black tape that extends from the middle of his fingers to the middle of his forearms. Lynch saunters forward a few steps and turns, pointing to the entranceway.]

GM: Putting the lie to the words of Demetrius Lake and Hamilton Graham, Missouri loves Jack Lynch.

BW: Traitors! How dare they cheer that dirty Stench over the King?!

GM: Don't forget Bucky, that before he came to the AWA, Jack Lynch was a top star in the St. Louis promotion.

BW: Yeah, until the King ran him out like the egg-suckin' dog he is!

[Out next is Bobby O'Connor. The crowd is even louder now, as they welcome home one of their own. O'Connor wears cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim and matching knee/elbow pads and boots. He also wears a white Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt, the band's initials, B.O.C. just like his own, emblazoned across the chest.]

GM: And if you thought the Missouri fans loved Jack Lynch, listen to the ovation they are giving to Bobby O'Connor!

BW: Man, these fans have no taste.

[Both men stride to the ring, and then pause, looking down the aisle. Grins on their faces, they wait. And now, the fans are REALLY losing their minds... as finally Cameron O'Connor walks out. He's dressed in a white polo shirt with the top button undone along with a pair of khakis and tan cowboy boots. The entire assembled crowd is on their feet, chanting his name with every bit of strength in their lungs. He grins, waving at the fans for a moment before pointing at the two young men ahead of him, urging on the fans to give them all of their support instead.]

Bobby and Jack stand on the apron, holding open the ropes, as Cameron enters.]

GM: There's two generations of O'Connors in that ring. Somewhere, the Strangler is looking on with a tear in his eye.

BW: And somewhere else, Blackjack Lynch is cryin' too. Because he didn't think to show up and get paid!

GM: Bucky, will you stop?

[Cameron O'Connor gets an angry point and threat from Hamilton Graham but O'Connor holds his ground, returning fire as his son steps in front of him to prevent a pre-match brawl from breaking out as Phil Watson edges between it all.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Kansas City, Missouri... at a total combined weight of five hundred sixty-three pounds...

First, the manager... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOO! Childes merely chuckles.]

PW: He represents... accompanied by Radiant Raven...

[BOO! Raven gives them a thousand-yard stare.]

PW: ... "THE BLACK TIGER"... DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Lake, still in his jacket, shouts at the crowd while hooking his thumbs at his chest. We can see that his left thumb is heavily taped.]

PW: And his tag team partner... "HANDSOME" HAMILTON GRAAAAAAAHAM!

[The boos overwhelm the cheers this time as Graham raises both fists and glares at his opponents.]

PW: And their opponents, being accompanied to the ring by Cameron O'Connor...

[A huge reaction for the former World Champion as O'Connor grins, raising an arm to the home state fans.]

INTRO:

PW: At a total combined weight of five hundred and thirty pounds. Hailing from Dallas, Texas and Jefferson City, Missouri, respectively, here are...

JACK LYNCH

AND

BOBBY O'CONNOR!!!

[More deafening cheers go up for the fan favorite duo. Bobby turns to his father, sharing a quick embrace to mocking from Demetrius Lake before Cameron exits the ring, taking his spot at ringside. Lynch and O'Connor converse in their corner for a few moments as Lake and Graham do the same in theirs. Referee Davis Warren checks in with both teams, ordering one man out on each side.]

GM: Now, it looks like it's going to be Jack Lynch starting things off with... how 'bout that, Bucky? Demetrius Lake is going to waste no time in getting this grudge match underway!

BW: He wants Lynch in that right and he's gonna do it right now!

GM: The referee calls for the bell and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As soon as the bell sounds, Cameron O'Connor waves a confused Jack Lynch over towards him. Lynch kneels down, listening to O'Connor for a few moments and then nods.]

GM: What's this all about?

[As Lynch straightens up, he points at Lake...

...and then asks the referee to search him! Big cheer!]

BW: Wait a second! He's a Missouri hero! He wouldn't-

GM: The heck he wouldn't! Jack Lynch is telling Davis Warren to search Demetrius Lake and the official is obliging right now, patting him down.

[The referee searches the boots first and finds nothing. He checks the wrist tape and then heads for the trunks, patting the waistband...

...and then pats it harder. He points to Lake's waistline, shouting. Lake shakes his head wildly.]

"There ain't nothin' there, Mr. Referee!"

[Warren doesn't seem to believe Lake, giving a tug to the top of the trunks and watching a taped up weapon fall to the mat to another big cheer!]

GM: Hah! There WAS something in there, Bucky!

BW: No, no... I think that was planted! Another biased official! He's being paid off by the front office too!

[The referee angrily points to the weapon as Lake begs off, pleading that he had no idea it was there.]

"Someone put that in there, Mr. Referee! It wasn't me! It wasn't!"

[Davis Warren looks disbelievingly at him as Lake continues to plead his case. Jack Lynch walks over to the official, shaking his head.]

GM: It looks like the referee has been talked out of disqualifying Lake right there.

BW: Disqualifying?! For what?!

GM: For carrying an illegal weapon into the ring!

BW: He didn't USE it!

GM: Bucky, you know as well as I do that it's illegal to bring a weapon inside the ring with the intent of using it and it's fully in the referee's discretion if they want to call for the disqualification or not. Jack Lynch doesn't want that DQ though.

BW: No, but he sure is pleased with himself about embarrassing the King like this.

[Lynch has an ear-to-ear grin on his face as Lake stomps around the corner area, complaining to the official...

...and then with a big animated point, he demands that Lynch be searched as well.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, it's only fair, Gordo!

GM: What has Jack Lynch ever done to make you think he'd cheat?

BW: He was born!

[The referee shrugs, moving to check Jack Lynch...

...which gives Demetrius Lake the chance to turn around, grabbing for his fedora on the ringpost.]

GM: What is he...? Hey! He's got something else!

[We catch a glimpse of a taped-up object being pulled out of the hat and tucked deeper into the trunks. A grinning Lake points to his temple, telling the world how smart he is as he turns back around. Lynch has a leg raised, getting his boot searched...

...and Demetrius Lake comes lumbering across the ring, giving a big bellow as he storms across, leaping up to smash Lynch in the jaw with a forearm!]

GM: Here we go! Demetrius Lake with the cheap shot to start the match - no surprise there at all.

[Lake steps out, ignoring the protests of Davis Warren to throw a big chop across the chest knife-edge style.]

GM: Reverse knife edge by Lake!

[He switches his stance, throwing an overhead slap chop down into the chest as well.]

GM: Another chop in the corner...

[But Lynch fires back, right hand after right hand blazing as Lake backs off, backpedaling like a madman.]

GM: Lynch taking the fight to Demetrius Lake...

[Before Lake reaches his corner, Lynch grabs a handful of afro, racing towards the neutral corner and SLAMS Lake's skull into the top turnbuckle. Lake bounces into the air off the move, flopping facefirst down to the canvas off the impact.]

GM: Oh my! Down goes Lake early on in this one!

[Lynch pursues Lake, standing right behind him as Lake gets up off the mat. The Texan hoists him skyward over his shoulder, turning back towards the corner...

...and DROPS him tailbone-first on a bent knee, sending Lake flying towards the corner where Bobby O'Connor BLASTS him with a right hand of his own, sending Lake staggering back towards Lynch who drops him with an uppercut!]

GM: Great doubleteam there by Lynch and O'Connor who are teaming together for the very first time. Cameron O'Connor likes what he's seeing right now and you have to believe back in Texas, Blackjack Lynch feels the same way.

BW: Why aren't you losing your mind about all these closed fists that these two are throwing? O'Connor's quickly becoming a Stench By Association in my book with as much as he's cheating.

GM: A Lynch By Association, huh?

BW: When you lie down with dogs, you get the rabies and someone has to take you out back and put a bullet in you.

[Lynch pulls Lake off the mat by the hair, winding up his right hand for another haymaker that sends Lake staggering back into the neutral corner. Lake brings up his fists like a boxer, wheeling them around like he's preparing for a slugfest...

...and then lunges at him with a wild right hand that Lynch easily sidesteps. Lake falls to a knee from the effort, drawing laughter from his hometown fans. He springs to his feet in a rage.]

"YOU MEXANS LAUGHIN' AT ME?!"

[He points to Lynch.]

"THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!"

[Lake throws his arms back over his head, rushing at Lynch with a double axehandle at the ready...

...and the Texan goes downstairs, catching Lake in the midsection with a right hand! Lake doubles up, clutching at his abdomen as Hamilton Graham shouts instructions from the corner. Lynch smirks at Lake as the King wobbles across the ring, slapping his teacher's hand.]

GM: The tag is made...

BW: Oho! And let's see how Lynch likes dealing with what his old man could never deal with back in the day.

GM: You look back in the history books and Hamilton Graham versus Blackjack Lynch is one of those epics that people still talk about to this day. A sixty-five minute Texas Death match.

BW: It ain't gonna take an hour for Hammy to bust up the pride of Blackjack's loins, I promise ya that, Gordo.

[Graham wipes the bottom of his boots on the mat before slowly stepping into the ring. He pats his student on the back, pausing to converse as they stare across at Lynch who stands at the ready.]

GM: Lake is out, Graham is in and wherever Blackjack Lynch is, you know he's been looking forward to this.

[Graham slowly edges out of the corner, his left arm moving up as his right arm stays down, fingers wiggling in anticipation as he lunges into a collar and elbow tieup with the Texan.]

GM: Into the tieup... this should be very interesting.

[Graham promptly yanks the hair, pulling Lynch into a side headlock. Cameron and Bobby O'Connor can be heard shouting at Davis Warren as a smirking Graham nods at them both before taking Lynch over onto his back with a headlock takedown.]

GM: He takes him over and Graham grinds that headlock, pressing his forearm bone against the ear as he keeps Jack down on the mat.

BW: Let's see if Lynch can outwrestle the former World Champion.

GM: Mat wrestling isn't Jack Lynch's forté... although Hamilton Graham is more likely to want to punch someone in the jaw than grind 'em out on the mat as well.

BW: But Graham is adaptable. He knows Lynch will struggle if he grounds him and doesn't let him get all punchy... so that's what he's going to do... for now at least.

[Lynch wraps his arms around the waist of Graham, rolling to the side to put Graham on his shoulders.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Graham lets go of the headlock, rolling back the other way, quickly transitioning into a front facelock. He clenches his teeth, pushing Lynch's face down into the mat as he shouts "ASK 'IM!" at Davis Warren.]

GM: There's absolutely no chance that Jack Lynch is submitting to a front facelock, I promise you that.

[Still on the mat, Jack Lynch reaches up, grabbing Graham by the wrist, and rolls out of the facelock into a grounded rear hammerlock, pushing up on Graham's wrist with his right arm while using his left to push Graham's face into the mat.]

GM: Jack Lynch with a nice reversal and switches into the hammerlock... and now switches into a side headlock of his own...

[Lake and Lynch trade words as Graham struggles to find a way out of the hold. The legendary veteran gets a leg underneath himself, forcing Lynch up to his feet...

...and promptly wraps his arms around the torso, lifting the Texan up for a back suplex.]

GM: Graham with the counter...

[But Lynch fires closed fists to the skull...

...and uses the falling momentum to take him back down in a headlock takedown, rolling Graham onto his shoulders for a quick two count from the referee.]

GM: Whoa! Quick two count there. Jack Lynch almost stole that one from the former World Champion.

BW: And it's a damn shame we can't call Hamilton Graham a Hall of Famer at the same time, Gordo. It just goes to show the bias that that particular committee has against guys who didn't wrestle in the EMWC or the IIWF or the like. Just because a man like Hamilton Graham refused to sell out, these people act like he's not as good as someone like John Wesley Hardin or Brody Thunder.

GM: What a dream match it would be to see Graham versus one of those guys in both of their primes.

[Graham again battles to his feet, complaining to the official about a hair pull. Davis Warren leans in to check...

...and allows Graham to grab a handful of hair, yanking Lynch down to the mat and breaking the hold to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Graham blatantly breaks the rules right there!

[Cameron O'Connor shouts at the official who checks with Graham, asking if he pulled the hair...

...and Graham simply smiles, nodding his head.]

GM: Did he just admit to pulling the hair?!

BW: Why not? What's Warren going to do? DQ him for a hairpull?

[Graham's smile quickly vanishes as Lynch gets to his feet and gets DRILLED with a right hand between the eyes, sending him staggering backwards, falling back into the ropes near Cameron O'Connor.]

GM: So much for the mat wrestling.

BW: Graham saw an opening to use one of those big ol' soupbones on the end of his arms and he cracked him good, Gordo!

[The former World Champion approaches the kneeling Jack Lynch, grabbing a handful of hair to haul him up...

...and then kicks the bottom rope, forcing Cameron O'Connor to step back.]

GM: Oh!

BW: Heheh... get too close and Graham will turn your lights out. There's a whole lot of people who can testify to that, Gordo.

GM: You make a good point though, Bucky. We often times hear from fans who are new to the names from the past that the AWA has been educating them to. Men like Blackjack Lynch, like Terry Shane Jr. who is sitting in the front row tonight, like the O'Connors and so on and so forth. Some fans believe those men to be lesser competitors because they didn't take part in the wrestling wars of the 90s.

BW: Karl O'Connor wouldn't be caught dead in a promotion that featured tables on a nightly basis. He - and a lot of others who grew up as PRO WRESTLERS not human pin cushions - told guys like Blue to stick it. And as for the carnival freak shows in Canada and Portland? A whole lot of guys preferred to stick to their territories and keep them strong. They didn't go the national route.

GM: But those who saw them compete in their prime will never forget them and know that they're just as good as the athletes so many saw compete on a weekly basis on national television and Pay Per View.

[A few hard forearms to the chest has Lynch reeling as Graham grabs an arm, winging him across...]

GM: Irish whip shoots him in...

[Graham ducks down, setting for a backdrop...

...but Lynch leaps over the top with a leapfrog, running to the far ropes where he bounces off...]

GM: Graham spins and-

[Lynch scores with a running dropkick that knocks Graham clear off his feet and down to the canvas!]

GM: Running dropkick out of a six foot seven, 265 pounder!

[Graham scrambles up to his feet, coming at the rising Lynch who uses a hiptoss to take him over...

...and then pivots to DRILL Lake with a right hand, sending him off the apron to the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Down goes the Black Tiger to boot!

BW: More blatant cheating by a Stench and more blatant cheering out of you for it, Gordo!

[Lynch grabs the rising Graham, wrenching the arm into an armtwist as he backs him to the corner, slapping the outstretched hand of "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor to a huge cheer from O'Connor's home state fans.]

GM: There's the tag to the third generation superstar who climbs the ropes...

[O'Connor leaps off, smashing a forearm down across Graham's twisted arm. The former World Champion winces, staggering away and grabbing at his own arm.]

GM: Another nice doubleteam by Lynch and O'Connor.

[O'Connor grabs the arm before Graham gets too far back to his own corner, wrenching it into another armtwist. He tucks the arm under his armpit, applying an armbar.]

GM: O'Connor applies the armbar... his father shouting encouragement from out on the floor. You know his grandfather, the former AWA President, is looking on with pride somewhere as well.

[Graham plants his open palm against the chin of O'Connor, pushing his face back to create an uncomfortable position for the neck, shoving O'Connor back into the ropes.]

GM: Graham backs him up...

[The former World Champion holds the position even as O'Connor releases the armbar, milking the four count...

...and then buries a knee up into the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Graham goes downstairs!

[Grabbing the hair of O'Connor, Graham measures him and DRILLS him with a right hand to the left eye.]

GM: Hamilton Graham is one of the hardest hitter you'll ever seen inside a ring. But he's not like the guys you see these days, throwing chops, forearms, and elbows... he likes to punch and he likes to punch hard.

[Demetrius Lake gives a shout to his mentor, calling for the tag. Graham nods, dragging O'Connor to the corner by the hair. Lake lifts his lanky leg,

holding it over the ropes as Graham SLAMS O'Connor facefirst into the boot!]

GM: A little doubleteam action and in tags the three-sport high school standout. Lake had scholarships to play football, basketball, or amateur wrestling as a youth eventually opting for LSU's football team where he excelled as a defensive lineman.

[Lake steps into the ring, giving a shout as he wallops O'Connor in the ear with a forearm smash. With O'Connor doubled up, Lake leaps into the air, clubbing a forearm down into the back of the neck!]

GM: Leaping clubbing forearm by the Black Tiger... oh, come on!

[Gordon's disgust is clear as Lake uses his boot to shove O'Connor off his knees and down facefirst to the mat. The big man stomps O'Connor between the shoulderblades a few times before the referee backs him off, giving the third generation star room to crawl towards the ropes.]

GM: O'Connor's trying to use the ropes to get up off the mat...

[Lake slips in behind him, using his shin to push O'Connor's throat down on the middle rope. The referee steps in, shouting for Lake to break it.]

"I'm doin' nothin' wrong, Mr. Referee! Look closer!"

[The referee can see it clear as day, counting quickly as Lake backs off at four, arguing with the official...

...which allows Radiant Raven to strike, pulling down on the back of O'Connor's neck, strangling him with the middle rope!]

GM: That woman is attacking from out on the floor!

[Cameron O'Connor shouts at Davis Warren who wheels around...

...just as Raven walks away, leaving a gasping Bobby O'Connor behind.]

GM: Percy Childe sure seems to enjoy when she does that, Bucky.

BW: Does what?

GM: You missed it too, huh?

BW: I'd never accuse Raven of doin' something wrong. I've seen some of her victims.

[Flipping O'Connor over with a boot to the ribs, Lake drops to his knees, ducking through the ropes to hammer O'Connor with right hands to the skull, leaving him dangling backfirst over the bottom rope.]

GM: Get him off the man, referee! He's in the ropes!

BW: I don't think the King cares... and I'm sure that Hamilton Graham doesn't.

[Graham shouts instructions to Lake who nods, grabbing the legs of O'Connor, pulling back a bit...

...and then falling back in a catapult, snapping O'Connor's throat into the middle rope!]

GM: OHHH! Devastating move by the Black Tiger and he's got O'Connor in some serious trouble, Bucky.

BW: These fans have gotten awfully quiet too, Gordo. Their favorite is getting his tail kicked in by Lake and Graham and they don't know what to think about it.

[Lake leans down, dragging O'Connor up by the arm...

...and EATS a right hand for it!]

GM: O'Connor with the right!

[He throws a left jab... and another... and another. The third generation brawler steps back, spinning his right arm around and around, winding up for a big blow...

...but Lake sticks his heavily taped thumb right into the eye!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[With O'Connor blinded, Lake grabs him from behind, lifting him off the mat and dropping him down with a side slam before he slaps his mentor's hand.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the former World Champion once more.

[Balling up his fist, he drops it down between the eyes of the downed O'Connor.]

GM: Fistdrop connects! We've just passed the ten minute mark in this matchup... plenty of time remaining in this one.

[Graham pulls O'Connor off the mat, again bringing up a knee into the midsection to double him up. A well-aimed elbow to the back of the neck knocks O'Connor back down to his knees.]

GM: Hamilton Graham is the epitome of the phrase "no wasted motion." He's a veteran, he's up there in years, and he knows how to conserve his energy for maximum impact.

[Graham circles O'Connor, glaring out at his father who shouts at his son.]

GM: Cameron O'Connor is trying to cheer on his son who- ohh! Big right hand puts him down again! Hamilton Graham is absolutely ferocious with those fists.

BW: Ever see that taped fist match between Graham and "One Eyed" Jack Kelly back in the day? Absolutely brutal. One of the bloodiest matches I've ever seen.

[The former World Champion leans down, hauling a dazed O'Connor up to his feet. He grabs him by the arm, firing him into the ropes. As the third generation competitor bounces back, Graham rushes at him, leaping up with a knee...

...but O'Connor snatches him out of the sky, twisting to DRIVE him down with a powerslam!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

BW: That was incredible, Gordo!

GM: O'Connor countered the trademark flying knee into a powerslam and-

[Cameron O'Connor gets caught on camera shouting, "JUST LIKE WE PRACTICED, BOBBY! YOU GOT 'IM!"]

GM: Did you hear that?

BW: Did Cameron O'Connor give his snot-nosed kid a scouting report on Hamilton Graham?!

GM: He gave him that counter! He taught him that counter!

[O'Connor turns towards his corner where Jack Lynch is waiting, arm outstretched...]

GM: O'Connor's on his hands and knees, crawling towards the corner, trying to get to his partner...

[But the wily Graham hooks the ankle, blocking "Bunkhouse" Bobby's crawl...]

GM: Graham stopped him short! He's hanging onto the leg and-

[Demetrius Lake comes lumbering in, leaping up to stomp O'Connor in the back of the head...

...and in comes Jack Lynch to throw himself at Lake, toppling him down to the mat!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!!

[Lynch opens fire on Lake, battering him repeatedly with right hands to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: LYNCH IS ALL OVER DEMETRIUS LAKE!!

[A protesting Percy Childes gets up on the apron...

...when Lynch comes up quickly, heading for the Collector of Oddities who bails out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! So close! He almost got his hands on that weasel!

[Lynch is leaning over the ropes, shouting at Childes when Lake stumbles up, rushing in and throwing a leaping knee of his own into the back of Lynch, knocking him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Lake takes Lynch out of the ring...

[He spins back, hammering the rising Bobby O'Connor with a pair of clubbing forearms. Lake grabs an arm, whipping him into the corner...]

GM: The referee pulls Lake back, forcing him out of the ring as Graham gets back to his feet...

[Graham comes stalking into the corner, measuring his man...

...who pops out, grabbing a handful of glorious perm, and SMASHES Graham's face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Facefirst to the buckle!

[The crowd counts along as O'Connor continues.]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Graham staggers back from the impact as O'Connor grabs the arm, whipping him to the opposite neutral corner, tearing in after him with a big running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Clothesline connects! He hooks him!

[O'Connor does a quick flick of the wrist as a signal to the crowd who cheers in anticipation.]

GM: Riley Roundup... and DOWN facefirst to the canvas!

[The running bulldog flattens Hamilton Graham as O'Connor flips him to his back, attempting a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the former World Champion has the shoulder up at two.]

GM: Two count only for Bobby O'Connor!

[O'Connor claps his hands together as he climbs up to his feet, throwing a glance down at Graham before rushing to the ropes...

...where Demetrius Lake drops down, pulling the top rope with him, a move that sends O'Connor toppling over the ropes and down HARD to the barely-padded surface of Hammons Field!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES O'CONNOR!

[The camera cuts to O'Connor who is sprawled on the floor. His father is quickly to his side, kneeling down to check on him.]

GM: Cameron O'Connor with major concern on his face as he checks in on his son after that hard fall. That was a doozy of a fall, Bucky... thanks to Demetrius Lake.

BW: Hey, he was just trying to stretch and accidentally pulled the rope down too far.

GM: Right... that's what happened.

BW: I knew you'd agree.

[Lake struts down the ring apron, drawing the ire of the fans as Percy Childe applauds his charge's actions.]

GM: The Black Tiger seems quite proud of himself.

BW: That was the act of the King, daddy.

GM: This man is no true royalty.

[Lake stands on the apron, shouting down at the O'Connors as Hamilton Graham rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: You would think Hamilton Graham might make the tag after that bulldog headlock but he seems determined to do some damage.

[Graham steps closer...

...and SHOVES the kneeling Cameron O'Connor down to the floor to a big reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Oh, there's absolutely no love lost there. Remember, Hamilton Graham won his very first World Heavyweight Title from Cameron O'Connor on New Year's Day of 1979.

[Graham seems to be daring Cameron O'Connor to get up and do something about it...

...and then turns towards the crowd.]

"You're welcome to get in there too, Shane!"

[The threat at a standing Terry Shane Jr. has longtime Missouri wrestling fans going nuts.]

GM: And if O'Connor and Graham have no love lost, these two have even less if that's possible! They won The Wrestling Gazette's Match Of The Year AND Feud Of The Year awards back in 1980!

[The trio are in somewhat of a Mexican standoff, the crowd on their feet screaming their heads off at reliving the glory days of Missouri wrestling...

...which gets cut off by Graham pulling Bobby O'Connor up off the ground...]

GM: Graham's got O'Connor back on his feet and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: HEADFIRST INTO THE RINGPOST!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[O'Connor collapses facefirst to the ringside mats, covering up his face and head as Graham threatens both Cameron O'Connor and Terry Shane Jr. again.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit as these four men continue to do battle here in Hammons Field in Springfield, Missouri and- oh my god.

[The crowd buzzes with concern as O'Connor rolls to his back and reveals a heavy flow of crimson pouring down his face.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor got split wide open when he hit the steel post!

[A smiling Graham pulls the bloodied O'Connor off the ringside mats, hammering the cut with a clenched fist as the referee shouts at him to get the action back inside the ring.]

GM: Graham's just battering that cut forehead, trying to increase the blood flow!

[At the referee's count of eight, Graham rolls under the ropes into the ring. Davis Warren is shouting at him as the former World Champion climbs up off the mat...

...and gives a hard two-handed shove to back Warren off.]

GM: Hey! I don't care how much of a legend you are, you can't put your hands on a referee like that!

[Graham sneers at Davis Warren as he steps back out on the apron, backing down to rest his back against the steel ringpost.]

GM: What is Graham doing now?

[The former World Champion stands, breathing heavily for a few moments...

...and then swandives off the apron, driving his own skull into the bloodied forehead of Bobby O'Connor!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Gordo, that was a 58 year old man diving off the ring apron onto the floor!

GM: It certainly was. Hamilton Graham is a man without fear for certain.

[Graham rolls to his rear end, sitting on the floor clutching his abdomen as O'Connor bleeds like a faucet a few feet away from him. With Radiant Raven applauding gleefully, Graham uses the apron to drag himself to his feet, moving a bit slower as he drags the bloodied O'Connor off the floor...

...and SMASHES him facefirst into the canvas, leaving a bloody smear on the mat before he shoves him back inside the ring.]

GM: The former World Champion puts him back in... and he rolls in after him.

[Graham throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before moving into a lateral press, hooking a leg.]

GM: Graham gets one! He's got two! He's got- no! Kickout at two!

[The crowd cheers the kickout as O'Connor promptly rolls to his stomach. Graham glares at the official, then looks to the corner where Demetrius Lake stretches out his long arm, offering to tag back in. Graham grabs O'Connor by the ankle, dragging him back to the corner where he tags in Lake.]

GM: The tag is made to the big man of the squad - six foot nine, 317 pounds of Kansas City tough guy.

[Graham pulls O'Connor up, delivering an atomic drop that sends him into Lake's waiting arms. Lake lifts him up, dropping him in an inverted atomic drop...]

GM: A pair of atomic drops and- ohh! Lake drops him with a double thrust chop to the throat!

[With a gasping O'Connor on the mat, Lake drops down into a lateral press of his own, earning his own two count as O'Connor lifts the shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Lake gets the two count, climbing back to his feet...

[He drops a knee down into the chest, not leaping into the air, just settling down into a kneedrop to the sternum.]

GM: Kneedrop... after kneedrop... after kneedrop to the chest, leaving Bobby O'Connor having a very hard time to catch his breath.

[Lake drops into another cover, earning another two count as O'Connor's shoulder shoots up. A disgruntled Lake climbs to his feet, barking at the official who holds up two fingers.]

"TWO!? JUST TWO?!"

[Lake holds up the same two fingers, dragging the bloodied O'Connor to his feet...

...and jabs the two fingers into the eyes, letting loose a cackle as O'Connor falls back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Another cheapshot by Demetrius Lake as he moves in on O'Connor...

[Who winds up and lets a right hand fly!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by O'Connor!

[Lake staggers back, his arms pinwheeling around. O'Connor moves forward, throwing another right hand that sends Lake flying backwards, crashing into the far buckles.]

GM: O'Connor's fighting back! He's got Lake on the run!

[O'Connor steps up to the second rope, raising his fist to the crowd to a big reaction...

...but Lake reaches up, using his power to shove O'Connor down off the ropes onto his back. The youngster rolls back, rolling right back up to his feet...]

GM: Nice roll-through by Bobby O'Con- OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Lake storms out of the corner, connecting with a big boot to the mush!]

GM: LAKE COVERS! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But this time, Jack Lynch helps his partner out, charging in to stomp Lake on the back of the head to break the pin. The referee forces Lynch out as Lake gets up, shouting something about an "egg-sucking dog" before he drags the bloodied O'Connor up to his feet.]

GM: Lake with the scoop...

[He carries O'Connor across the ring to his own corner, slamming him down right in front of Hamilton Graham who reaches in, making the tag.]

GM: Another exchange by the teacher and his pupil as Graham steps back in...

[Lake grabs his mentor in a half nelson, leaping up as Graham swandives...

...giving a little extra "oomph" to a falling headbutt that causes O'Connor's entire body to convulse on impact!]

GM: Wow! Innovative doubleteam by Lake and Graham as the former World Champion covers!

[He too gets a two count before Jack Lynch storms in, breaking it up with a boot to the permed-head. Lake shouts across the ring at the Texan who returns fire verbally before stepping out to the apron, leaving a furious Hamilton Graham to pull O'Connor off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Graham's looking for the vertical suplex here, trying to knock the wind out of the young man's sails...

[But as Graham trashtalks Jack Lynch, he finds himself plucked into a small package.]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The former World Champion narrowly escapes defeat, kicking out at the very last moment...

...but getting quickly to his feet, greeting the rising O'Connor with a boot to the gut to cut off his effort to get to a waiting Jack Lynch.]

GM: O'Connor desperately needs to make that tag but Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake are doing an excellent job of cutting the ring in half.

[Graham hauls O'Connor back to the corner, tagging in Lake.]

GM: Another tag brings the Black Tiger back in...

[Lake comes in with an overhead elbow to the cut forehead, throwing O'Connor back into the corner. He tears into him with a series of back elbows to the ear before the referee steps in to back him off...

...and Hamilton Graham slips an arm around the throat, choking fiercely!]

GM: A blatant choke in the corner!

[Lake gets backed towards the opposite corner where he turns to shout at Jack, earning a wild right hand that ALMOST catches him flush. Lake waggles a finger Mutombo-style in the face of Jack Lynch before spinning and charging the corner...

...where the bloodied O'Connor uses the top rope to yank himself clear!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE BIG SPLASH IN THE CORNER!!

[O'Connor stumbles out as Lake does the same, lifting Lake up under his arm...

...and DROPS him across his knee in a pendulum backbreaker!]

GM: Backbreaker by O'Connor!

[He muscles him back up, holding him in his arms...

...and DROPS him down a second time across the knee!]

GM: Another backbreaker!

[With a roar, allowing blood to drip down into his mouth, O'Connor lifts a third time...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a side slam!]

GM: BIG SIDE SLAM!! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN AFTER THAT!!

BW: It was impressive but he really had to exert himself to get a three hundred plus pounder up into the air three times for those backbreakers and that slam, Gordo.

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes remaining in the time limit for this grueling battle between these two teams! Cameron O'Connor, the father of young Bobby, is slamming his arms into the apron, cheering on his son!

[O'Connor is seated on the mat, breathing heavily, blood pouring from the wound on his forehead as he reaches up, rubbing his hand across his forehead...

...and sees his crimson-covered hand before his eyes!]

GM: What the-?!

[His eyes go wide as he stares at the bloody hand, climbing to his feet, looking towards Jack Lynch who has his arm stretched out...

...and then wheels around, grabbing two hands full of perm, yanking Graham over the ropes into the ring to a HUUUUUGE cheer!]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD?!

[O'Connor throws Graham into the corner, throwing a series of quick and stinging left jabs to the jaw, completely ignoring the protesting referee as he winds up...

...and UPPERCUTS the heck out of Graham, sending a wad of spit flying into the crowd!]

BW: Unique souvenir right there, daddy!

[O'Connor wheels around, hollering and stomping and screaming so loud that the fans are shocked but echo the fired-up "Bunkhouse" as best as they can. He turns again, watching Hamilton Graham climb to his feet...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHH!

[The crowd gasps as Graham falls back from the slap across the face, leaving a bloody handprint across his cheek as Graham falls into the ropes...

...and O'Connor gets a running start, running in place for a few moments before connecting with a clothesline that takes Graham over the top rope and down to the floor below to another huge reaction!]

GM: O'CONNOR CLEARS OUT GRAHAM!!

[Bobby O'Connor pounds his chest like a gorilla, letting loose a war cry as he steps out to the apron, watching as Percy Childes and Radiant Raven scamper away from Graham who they had helped to his feet, allowing him to slump back against the railing near the ringpost. O'Connor steps back against the opposite ringpost, giving another cry...]

GM: What in the world is he...?

[O'Connor comes tearing down the apron at top speed, flinging himself off as he extends his arm...

...and CRASHES into both Graham and the steel railing with a clothesline so impactful that it snaps the railing off its' hinges and leaves both men

sprawled on top of the section of barricade with the roaring crowd surrounding them!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEAR GOD!! DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN!! WHAT DID HE JUST DO?!

[The cameraman wheels around the corner, showing Cameron O'Connor kneeling next to his bloodied son who just threw himself off the apron into the railing with enough impact to disconnect steel. Hamilton Graham is sprawled on the floor next to them with Percy Childes checking on him. The crowd is still roaring over the dangerous maneuver as Demetrius Lake gets to his feet, looking out to the floor in shock...

...completely unaware that Jack Lynch has slipped inside the ring, wiggling the fingers on his gloved right hand!]

BW: Behind you, King! Behind you!

GM: Lake doesn't realize it but Jack Lynch is right behind him!

[And as Lake turns around, Jack Lynch grabs him around the skull with his gloved hand!]

GM: CLAW! LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW!!

[Lake's arms start flailing around, trying to get free as the referee wheels around into position...

...and starts waving his own arms, shaking his head!]

GM: The referee's waving it off! Is it over?!

BW: No, no! Jack Lynch isn't legal! He's not the legal man, Gordo!

GM: You're right, Bucky... you're absolutely right and that's what Davis Warren is telling him right about now!

[Lynch breaks the hold, shoving Lake back into the neutral corner as he pauses to argue with the official...

...allowing Lake to dip into his trunks, pulling out the heavily-taped object we saw him retrieve earlier in the match!]

GM: Lake's got that weapon! He's got the weapon in his hand and-

[Lynch turns back towards Lake, ready to attack again...

...but Lake's fist lashes out quick as a snake, striking Lynch right between the eyes and knocking him down to the mat!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[With Lynch down on the mat, Lake boots him repeatedly in the ribs, driving him under the ropes and out to the floor. He steps out on the apron, dropping to the floor where a crowd has gathered around the downed O'Connor and Graham.]

GM: Lake's pushing his way past... he's going after Bobby O'Connor!

[Dragging the bloodied youngster off the floor, he rockets him under the ropes into the ring before climbing back on the apron. He slaps the top turnbuckle a few times before starting to scale it...]

GM: The Black Tiger is heading up top! He's looking for the Big Cat Pounce, that big splash off the top!

BW: I don't know how O'Connor is even moving after hitting the railing like that. We've got ring crew members out here trying to get the barricade back in place as Percy Chiles tends to Hamilton Graham out on the floor, trying to get him back into the corner.

[Lake steps to the second rope, pausing to trash talk the nervous Cameron O'Connor who leans on the apron, his head on his arms. The self-professed King of Wrestling steps to the top, giving one final shout...]

GM: He's up top! He's ready to fly!

[Lake hurls himself from his perch...

...and lands FLUSH on the chest of O'Connor, flattening him underneath!]

GM: HE NAILS IT!

BW: IT'S OVER, DADDY!

[Lake nods, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd gasps as Jack Lynch, now bleeding heavily from the forehead, drags Lake under the ropes to the floor where he opens fire on him, throwing right hands as quickly as he can!]

GM: Lynch saves his partner! He saves the match for his team and now he's taking the fight to Demetrius Lake out on the floor, fans!

[Lynch grabs the afro, smashing Lake's head into the ring apron. The Black Tiger staggers away, leaning over the timekeeper's table where Lynch pursues...

...and SLAMS his head into the wooden table!]

GM: Jack Lynch slams his head into the table! He's trying to bust open Lake just like Lake did to him!

[Lake flops over facefirst on the table, the ring announcer and timekeeper scattering as Lynch grabs two hands full of afro, lifting Lake off the mat...

...and SLAMMING his face into the wooden table a second time!]

GM: What a fight this one's been so far, fans!

[A third smash into the table leaves Lake barely moving on top of it. Lynch flips him to his back, taking a knee on the apron to hammer Lake's forehead with right hands to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: The referee's shouting at Jack Lynch! He's gotta get the man back inside the ring!

BW: That cheatin' Stench shoulda been disqualified for that!

[Lynch rises to his feet, stepping through the ropes and pulling Lake up to his feet, dragging him over the top by the afro. He's about to attack again when the referee steps in, forcing him back as Bobby O'Connor struggles back up to his feet, clutching his torso...

...and a banged-up Hamilton Graham slaps his partner's hand!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: How the heck is he standing, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea! Fifty-eight years old and as tough as nails, Hamilton Graham refuses to stay down! He refuses to give up the fight as he's back in...

[The blood is trickling down from the eyebrow of Graham, perhaps a remnant of hitting the railing.]

GM: All four men are bleeding in this battle - this war - between four of the toughest men you'll find inside a wrestling ring anywhere on the face of the planet!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Just five minutes left to go as Graham drags O'Connor off a knee to his feet, blasting him with a right hand!

[O'Connor staggers back...

...but stays on his feet, gesturing for more. The crowd roars!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[A furious Graham cocks his right hand back again, drilling O'Connor between the eyes. He dips to a knee but pushes right back up, giving a shout of "COME ON!" as he waves him forward with both hands.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor is unstoppable!

[Graham looks a little surprised, throwing a glance back and forth as the bloodied O'Connor spits a wad of bloody spittle on the canvas, waving again. Graham winds up, this time preparing the big left hand...

...and CRACKS O'Connor on the jaw with it!]

GM: The left hand connects! O'Connor staggers... he stumbles... but he WILL... NOT... FALL!

[A stunned Graham looks at O'Connor, circling around him to look behind him.]

GM: What's he doing?

BW: I think he's trying to see what the heck is holding O'Connor up! He hit him with that big left and the son of a gun is still standing!

[A shaken former World Champion winds up with the left again...

...but O'Connor strikes first, throwing a right jab to the point of the chin. A second follows and a third has Graham throwing punches at the air before O'Connor DROPS him with an overhead elbowsmash!]

GM: DOWN GOES GRAHAM!

[O'Connor staggers, wobbling across the ring...

...and falls forward, slapping the hand of his partner!]

GM: TAG!

"FOUR MINUTES!"

[Jack Lynch tears into the ring, greeting an incoming Demetrius Lake with a leaping knee that connects flush, knocking the Black Tiger through the ropes and back out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

[The Texan wheels around, winding up to DRILL a rising Graham with a right hand that puts him back against the ropes. A second staggers him. A third stuns him as he grabs the arm...]

GM: Lynch shoots him in...

[Lynch ducks the head, elevating Graham high into the air before dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY LYNCH!!

[The Texan holds up the glove-covered hand to a big reaction from the crowd. As Graham staggers up to his feet, Lynch looks to hook the Iron Claw on his skull...

...only to have Percy Childes leap up on the apron, waving his crystal-topped cane back and forth, trying to distract Lynch!]

GM: Get him down from there! Get him-

[The crowd ROARS as Cameron O'Connor yanks Childes down off the apron...

...and HOOKS his trademark sleeperhold on him!]

GM: SLEEPER ON CHILDES!!

[Lynch cracks a grin at the attack on the Collector of Oddites as Graham throws a boot into the gut of the distracted Texan, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's looking for the piledriver! Graham's used this for years!

BW: And crippled more men than you can count with it!

[But before Graham can attempt the move, Lynch straightens up, backdropping him down to the canvas!]

GM: BACKDROPS OUT OF THE PILEDRIVER!!

[Lynch collapses to his knees, wiping blood from his eyes as he pushes up to his feet, rushing at the ropes, rebounding back just as Graham gets to his feet...

...and Lynch leaves his own feet, leaping up to connect with the very move that cost Graham the World Title back in 1981!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[Lynch uses his lengthy legs to cradle Graham's wiggling legs as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Only a lunging save from a bloodied Demetrius Lake manages to break the pin in time!]

"THREE MINUTES!"

GM: These four men are kicking this into overdrive, trying to find a way to win this thing!

[Lake pulls Lynch off the mat, pulling him into a side headlock and JABBING the taped-up object into the throat of Lynch, sending him stumbling away, gasping for air as Lake tucks the object back into his trunks...

...and turns around right into a brutal backhand chop from Bobby O'Connor!]

GM: Oh my, what a chop!

[The bloodied O'Connor turns up the heat, throwing another knife edge... then an overhead slapping chop to the chest... two more of those sends Lake staggering back into the corner where O'Connor lets a series of Mongolian chops to the neck fly!]

GM: He's chopping down the big man from Kansas City and these fans in Springfield are on their feet, Bucky! What a moment for this young man in front of the fans he grew up with! His father's at ringside, cheering him on for each and every blow...

[O'Connor grabs Lake by the afro, tearing across the ring...

...and HURLS him over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: OH MY! LAKE GOES DOWN HARD TO THE FLOOR!!

[Graham charges in behind O'Connor, blitzing him with a knee to the kidneys. He spins him around, cracking him with a left hand that staggers O'Connor, dropping him to his knees where the former World Champion pulls him into a piledriver setup!]

GM: He's gonna try to end O'Connor's career right here!

[Graham lifts, picking O'Connor up into position...

...but Jack Lynch rushes into view, yanking on O'Connor's leg and putting him back down on the mat on his knees. Graham straightens up just as Lynch hits the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: LARIAT!!

[But Graham ducks, causing Lynch to sky over him, crashing down hard on the canvas...]

GM: This is breaking down, Bucky! I'm not even sure who the legal men are anymore!

BW: I'm not either... but I think it's Graham and Lynch!

"TWO MINUTES REMAINING!"

[Graham turns to shout at Lynch, grabbing him by the hair and pulling him into piledriver position...]

GM: Now he's gonna try and do it to Lynch!

[The bloodied O'Connor climbs to his feet, rushing to the ropes at top speed, rebounding back even quicker...]

...and BLASTS the bloody Graham with a crooked arm lariat!]

GM: FEAR THE REAPER! FEAR THE REAPER!!

[O'Connor collapses on top of Graham, tightly hooking the legs!]

BW: HE'S NOT LEGAL! DON'T COUNT THAT!

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd erupts in pure elation at the sight of one of their own knocking off a legend from their part of the wrestling world as well.]

GM: O'CONNOR PINS GRAHAM! O'CONNOR PINS GRAHAM!

BW: It's not the first time those words have been uttered in the world of wrestling but I damn sure didn't think we'd hear 'em tonight, Gordo!

GM: Bobby O'Connor has shocked the world here tonight in Springfield!

[Lynch drags the bloodied O'Connor to his feet, diving into a celebratory embrace as Cameron O'Connor rolls into the ring, joyously joining the party as the crowd continues to stand and cheer for the big win.]

GM: What a night this is for Bobby O'Connor in front of his home state fans! The great state of Missouri couldn't be prouder of one of their own than these fans are of "Bunkhouse" Bobby here tonight!

[Lynch raises Bobby's hand into the air, pointing repeatedly at him as the crowd continues to cheer. Demetrius Lake drags Hamilton Graham out of the ring, supporting his trainer as Radiant Raven helps a groggy Percy Childes who was nearly put to sleep by Cameron O'Connor down the aisle.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance slinks off into the night because on this night, it's Lynch and O'Connor - a new generation of both families - standing tall!

[The bloodied Lynch and O'Connor continue to celebrate as a prideful Cameron O'Connor looks on...]

...and 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 the backstage area. Mark Stegglet is already there, but it's the man next to him that gets the crowd cheering, the echoes amplifying the positive accolades all the while.

The 6'6" grappler Tony Sunn breaks out into a broad grin at the sound of the cheers and gives the camera (and through it, the fans) a nod of acknowledgement.]

MS: Tony, first off, a lot of folks --myself included -- are still surprised by your decision to postpone your shot at the Television title last time out on Saturday Night Wrestling! Any second thoughts?

TS: None at all, Mark.

[Tony brushes back a few strands of dirty blonde hair out of his face.]

TS: I meant what I said. I wanna face Ryan Martinez when he's at his best! That wasn't going to happen after that earlier assault by the Dogs of War...

MS: Some might argue that YOU might not be at your best after your match tonight with Shadoe Rage!

[Tony lets out a small chuckle, but there's soon a serious expression on the Ithaca native's face. He nods, knowing full well the pedigree of his opponent.]

TS: Maybe...but I can't get hung up on the "what ifs?". Too many people have been put at risk by Rage already! Somebody's got to put a stop to him -- and I'm the one who chose to step up to the plate!

[The baseball metaphor elicits another cheer from the Hammons Field fans. A brief "TONY!" chant starts up. Taken aback by the support, Sunn allows himself a faint smile before continuing.]

TS: My dad worked an event about twelve, fifteen years ago that the Prophets of Rage were at. Phenomenal athletes, both of them --they've earned all their titles! But even back then...

[Sunn frowns, shaking his head.]

TS: ...even back then, they were arrogant and selfish -- and they never cared about who got in their way! A good friend of my dad's got a concussion officiating their match -- he was just trying to get a steel chair away from Derek. Trying to do his JOB!

[Sunn's frown deepens to a hardened scowl.]

TS: You know, refs take a lot of lumps in this business. Some say that it comes with the territory. But when you're constantly made a target, well...

[He shakes his head ruefully, sighing.]

TS: ...it gets easier to see why someone like Marty Meekly might have sold out. But Dad always said there are consequences for your actions. And, right now, it's time for Shadoe Rage to realize that!

[Sunn brings up a threatening fist as we crossfade to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO..."

Shadoe Rage is standing with Mark Stegglet. Rage's back is to the camera. His curly mass of beaded dreadlocks is wrapped into a stylish and crazy topknot secured by a black and white bandana. He is dressed in black leather robes festooned with white leather crescent moons surrounding leather strip lettering reading: The Enemy of the World. Rage turns to face the camera. He is wearing opaque sunglasses set in black Carrera frames. He worries his upper lower lip between his teeth and snorts and scowls at the camera. His French forked beard and neatly trimmed mustache give him a crazed and sinister look. Mark Stegglet looks uncomfortable with this assignment. Shadoe Rage isn't known as being the mark of stability.]

MS: Shadoo, we're moments away from your head-to-head encounter with Tony Sunn here at Guts and Glory. Tony Sunn has been crying foul over the way you've been treating the referees around here since Memorial Day Mayhem. What do you have to say to him?

[Rage reaches inside his robe and produces a plain white terry cloth towel. He holds it up before the camera disdainfully between two fingers.]

SR: Mark Stegglet, this here is a crying towel for Tony Sunn. He can use it to wipe up his crocodile tears. He wants to cry foul about my relationship with the AWA's referees. That's really nothing but crocodile tears, Stegglet. He's nothing but a swarthy opportunist trying to cash in on my spotlight.

[Stegglet mouths the words "swarthy opportunist" in confusion.]

SR: (slinging the towel over his shoulder) That's right, I said 'swarthy opportunist.' He wants to present himself as some kind of suntanned Superman from Ithaca, New York. Have you ever been to Ithaca, Stegglet? Tony Sunn won the genetic lottery in that bastion of geeks, freaks and pencil necks. No questions about that. No questions at all. So he took his luck at being six foot seven and two hundred and ninety pounds and parlayed that into an escape from Ithaca. He used that impressive physique of his to make his way to the AWA. But you know what the problem is for Tony Sunn?

MS: What?

SR: He's not me.

MS: Excuse me?

SR: You heard me. He's not me. He doesn't know how to crash a party. He doesn't know how to kick down the door and explode onto the scene, Stegglet. Nothing in my career has ever been handed to me. Even here in the AWA more often than not I'm working at a discount because they find some way to fine me for behavior in that ring. They don't want me anywhere near their precious champions and they try to degrade me on television. But it doesn't work because I keep excelling in that ring and the spotlight naturally goes on top of me! Look at me, Mark Stegglet. I'm a hard man to miss in a crowd.

[Stegglet nods in agreement.]

SR: So Tony Sunn isn't trying to make things right around here. Tony Sunn is trying to steal my spotlight. He may call himself a Sunn, but Shadoo Rage is a supernova! I shine brighter than anybody else! And Tony Sunn knows it. What's his big claim to fame around here? Hmmm ... he beat Ricky Lane at Memorial Day Mayhem. He slammed all five hundred pounds of Ricky Lane and Lane hasn't been seen since.

It was a super impressive victory, Tony Sunn. Well done. I'll give you that. But who went on right after? Me. Yeah me. And I went up on a scaffold

and had the people and the AWA brass witness a showstealer! Yeah, I put Donnie White out of the business. I took down part of the Shane Gang. Tony Sunn took out a fat guy.

All of a sudden, Sunn knew his accomplishment as impressive as it was paled in comparison to me. He knew that the spotlight was on top of me and he wanted to be where I was. So he came out there pretending to protect the referees but he came out there for my spotlight, Stegglet. And it worked. The AWA decided to give him a shot at the TV title and even though I made myself the Number One Contender they won't give me a match for that belt because they know their precious Ryan Martinez can't hold that belt with me stepping through those ropes.

MS: I don't think that's right. Tony Sunn is definitely one of the most stand up guys around here. He forfeited his TV title shot so Ryan Martinez could be at full strength tonight.

[Rage snorts derisively.]

SR: Oh, that's so honorable. Do you see what he's doing? Stole the spotlight from Ryan Martinez. Everybody wants to think Tony's such a stand up guy for deferring his title shot. Tell me what you think is going to happen to Ryan Martinez tonight? Hmmm? He's gonna get hurt, man. Even I'm not crazy enough to tangle with the Wise Men. So he's going to get hurt even worse than he is coming in and Tony Sunn is going to find him and break him in half for that TV title. Opportunity knocks once more for the swarthy opportunist. He's like a crocodile in the river, pretending to be nothing and then ambushing his prey and crying tears all the while he's tearing them to shreds. I grew up on 'Wild Kingdom', though, Tony. I know the game. I know your game. You don't fool me!

MS: So, if you're convinced that Tony Sunn will do anything to win, what do you think will happen tonight?

SR: I think that I will prevail. It won't be easy. No. The referees hate me and they love Tony. Tony Sunn is a giant of a man and carved from granite. I'm not going to lie, Tony Sunn's strength is an impressive thing. If he can slam five hundred pounds, he can try to hurt me at half that weight. And he's going to try to hurt me tonight. I believe that and then he'll pretend it's an accident. He's going to try to hurt me so he can steal my spotlight. So he can be the man who replaced the 'Man.' Tony Sunn doesn't let opportunity knock. Tony Sunn hijacks opportunity. He steals spotlights and pretends that everything isn't his fault. Well tonight, Tony Sunn, you come for my spotlight.

[Rage removes his sunglasses and those mad hazel eyes are on full display.]

SR: You try to touch me and you'll see that it isn't easy. You may have won the genetic lottery, you may have fooled all these people and you may have even paid off the referee. But I'm ready. We're on the big stage. Tony Sunn, tonight I'm going to turn out your lights and then you're going to need this crying towel for real to wipe up real tears.

[Rage picks the towel from his shoulder and disdainfully throws it at the camera.]

SR: You're going down tonight, Sunn! No more stealing spotlights! No more riding my coattails to greatness! Big man, I'm gonna make you famous for a minute and then I'm gonna make you cry. They'll be saying 'Tony Who?' by this time tomorrow. You bit off more than you can chew, swarthy opportunist. I'm gonna turn you into a nice pair of boots! I'm going to tear you apart! And the AWA will have no choice but to say I've earned my shot at the World Television Title. Contenders rise. Pretenders fall. Tony Sunn, tonight you fall!

[And with that Rage sweeps off screen.]

MS: There you have it. A strangely focussed Shadoe Rage with his sights clearly set on Tony Sunn and protecting his place in the AWA. Can he hold it all together? I guess we'll have to see.

[We fade from Mark Stegglet to a shot of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in the press box.]

GM: One situation which has been developing since Memorial Day Mayhem is the situation between Tony Sunn and Shadoe Rage. At Memorial Day Mayhem, Rage defeated "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White, sending him thirty feet to a potentially career-threatening downfall. But Rage was not done, and Tony Sunn was forefront among those trying to calm the wildman down before he did even more permanent damage.

BW: Rage was insane that night, Gordo. And insanity is not a temporary condition. We got a look at the real Shadoe Rage.

GM: It now appears that Sunn certainly believes so. And Rage thinks that Sunn is trying to steal the spotlight from him in some way.

BW: Conveniently, we got a way of dealin' with that kinda dynamic in the AWA... put them in the ring and let them go!

GM: Indeed. Phil Watson is ready, so let's get started with our next matchup at Guts & Glory!

[A long pan of the crowd and the ring, as the bell dings twice to draw the attention towards erstwhile ring announcer Phil Watson.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, our next contest is set for one fall and a twenty-minute time limit!

[The early '80s popsynth showtune "Fame" by Irene Cara begins to play over the PA. Immediately, a pair of taped-up hands flings the curtain aside, and the malevolently energetic form of Shadoe Rage steps out into the boos of the arena. The dreadlocked Afro-Canadian wrestler is decked out in a sleeveless black leather robe, matching tortoiseshell sunglasses, and a

brightly-coloured bandana over his ring attire of fuchsia trunks, yellow boots and kneepads, a long black fingerless glove and black elbow pad (both on his right arm). Rage spins around, pointing an accusatory finger at the fans and loudly proclaiming that they are all in on it.]

BW: This guy's music should be the chiming of a cuckoo clock. And so should Sunn's just for wanting to get in the ring with him.

GM: After an unbelievable performance against Ricky Lane at Memorial Day Mayhem, I find it hard to believe that Tony Sunn should fear anything.

BW: Hey, Rage beat a near five hundred pound guy too!

GM: There was a massive gulf in ability levels there, Bucky. That was a mind game by Shadoe Rage, and I almost wonder who he was trying to convince with that performance. Sunn... or himself?

BW: Ain't no way a guy that has been around that long and is so whacked that he'd even consider droppin' an elbow off a scaffold needs to psych himself up into anything.

GM: You could be right.

[During this banter, Rage slowly makes his way down the aisle and around the ring, interacting with the fans the whole way. He is screaming accusations, and at several points seems to be on the verge of attacking someone. Finally, he gets in the ring as "Fame" dims down and "We Hold On" by Rush replaces it. The crowd cheers as Tony Sunn immediately strides into view.

The very muscular Sunn is a clean-shaven lightly-tanned man with wavy dirty-blond hair at shoulder length. He wears a singlet in black, silver, and white with wristbands of the same color scheme. Black wrestling boots rounds out his attire. Sunn reaches his hands out to each side as he walks down the aisle in a motion to the crowd, but his eyes are locked on Rage.]

GM: Tony Sunn worked long and hard for his strength and for everything else. He is not going to be intimidated by the wildman antics of Shadoe Rage.

BW: Who worked just as hard for a lot longer to get his status in the sport. And Sunn's trying to take it from him.

[Sunn enters the ring to the approval of the crowd. The music dies down as referee Ricky Longfellow tries to keep Rage from rushing across the ring before the bell. Watson begins the introductions.]

PW: Introducing first, to my left. From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at two-hundred forty-eight pounds...

...SHADOE RAGE!

[Rage steps up on the second rope, twirls his finger, and tells the booing crowd to shut up. It works about as well as usual.]

PW: And his opponent, to my right. From Ithaca, New York... weighing in at two-hundred eighty-seven pounds...

...TONY SUNN!

[Sunn lifts his arms above his head at a 45 degree angle and waves the crowd on as they cheer. His eyes are still focused on Rage, though. even as Ricky Longfellow is searching Rage for any concealed weapons.]

GM: Longfellow checking Rage for any foreign objects... and now Sunn...

BW: And there goes Rage!

GM: Shadoe Rage rushing Tony Sunn, and hammering him with a jumping elbow before the bell! Full body collision there as Rage throws himself into the move, and the big man staggers.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Sunn ain't quick, daddy... he won't be able to react to Rage's faster moves in time if he don't do a good job anticipating.

GM: Rage scooping up Sunn, and slamming him down. Now going to the ropes... is he going for the flying elbow already?!

BW: I think that was the idea, but Sunn's already up! He caught him!

GM: Tony Sunn grabbing Shadoe Rage... Rage raking the eyes! Oh! He's digging his fingers into the eyes and nostrils and pulling! That is sheer barbarism!

BW: That's a heck of a lot better than getting thrown off the top rope, Gordo. Sunn's gotta back off or get his eyes gouged out.

GM: FLYING AXEHANDLE! Rage's gutter tactics opened up Sunn for a huge impact!

[With Sunn down on the mat, Rage leaps up into the air, dropping a knee down on the chest, lunging into a cover that gets a hair over a one count.]

BW: Not gonna get him that early, but covers put pressure on a guy. You gotta figure Sunn's not gonna have the stamina of Rage. He might be crazy, but he ain't stupid.

[As Sunn climbs to his feet, Rage leaps up, connecting with a huge knee between the shoulderblades of Tony Sunn, sending him through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Sunn off to a slow start, much like at Memorial Day Mayhem, but this is a much different and more experienced opponent. Rage again climbing the ropes...

[Rage stands on his perch, arms held over his head...

...and jumps off, smashing a double axehandle down over the skull of the rising Sunn!]

BW: How aggressive is this?! Rage has hit the flyin' axehandle twice in the first minute!

GM: He is all over Sunn on the floor! A combination of swift jabs...

[Rage grabs Sunn, ramming him violently into the apron before rolling him back under, leaving the Central New Yorker's head and neck draping back over the ring apron...

...and DRIVES a violent elbowsmash across the neck!]

GM: Right down into the throat!

BW: All that power can't do a thing if you're down and getting beaten. Rage is turning his psychotic tendencies to good use for once.

GM: Rage back in the ring... and sizing up Sunn.

[Sunn is on his hands and knees as Rage stalks him. The Nova Scotian rushes in and drives the knee into the shoulder. Rage immediately follows up by dropping to his knees and drills him in the back of the head with the elbow.]

BW: We're not seeing wrestling out of Rage. It's all striking, all violence. He doesn't wanna clinch or lock up with Sunn, and that's a smart veteran decision.

GM: Rage coming off the ropes... OH MY STARS!

[As the Canadian wildman barrels off the ropes, Sunn gets to his feet, reaches down, catches Rage in the abdomen with both hands, and throws him... from the middle of the ring all the way to the ropes, about nine feet up in the air! Rage crashes to the mat and flops right out of the ring! The fans erupt for the impressive power move.]

BW: HE LAUNCHED HIM! How the heck do you throw a human being that far?!

GM: The momentum of Rage certainly helped, but the power of Sunn is unquestionable. There's no way Rage is going to be able to handle that kind of power if he doesn't keep moving... even then, Sunn caught him right there. I think Rage is more surprised than anything.

[We get a good look at Rage on the floor, looking around with a 'how did I get out HERE?' look in his eyes. Sunn waits patiently in the ring as Ricky Longfellow applies a count.]

BW: But this is where Sunn is makin' a huge mistake. He has got to go out there after Shadoe Rage while he's dazed! You let him shake off the cobwebs, which he's already done... you'll never catch him otherwise.

GM: Tony Sunn fights with honor.

BW: Honor? Gordo, it's an honor to win. It's an honor to be a champion. That's the only honor that has a place in this sport.

GM: Rage back in the ring, and he seems much more reluctant to approach Sunn than he did before.

[The crowd notices this, and they jeer Rage, who turns around and screams at them to shut up. And again, that never works. So he turns back around and bolts towards Sunn again... this time going low with a chop block, sending the big man face down to the mat!]

GM: Shadoe Rage back to the speed offense, and Tony Sunn could not react in time.

BW: To be fair, not many people could. For a lot of guys, speed is the first thing to go when you've had a twenty-year career or thereabouts, but not Rage. For him, it was his sanity.

GM: Shadoe Rage is still lightning quick. Peppering Sunn with a couple of jabs as he stands...

[Rage drops back, avoiding a big haymaker in response from Sunn. The former World Tag Team Champion grabs Sunn's left arm, straightening it out before delivering a hard kick square in the heart. Well, on the left side of the chest, anyway. If he kicked him in the heart, that would imply a hole in the chest and a public murder. Sunn clutches at the area and crumples as Rage grabs his face again, hooking into the eyes, and rips away savagely!]

GM: What in the world has gotten into Shadoe Rage here tonight?!

[The boos pick up as Rage punches Sunn a few times, driving him back into the corner.]

BW: Tony Sunn is way too passive. He might have came in with a mind to be aggressive, but Shadoe Rage is too fast for him, and it has got him back on his heels.

GM: With violent behavior like this, there's no wonder.... HE'S BITING HIM! RAGE IS BITING SUNN!

BW: I think Sunn should be thankful that Rage is biting his forehead rather than trying to bite off a finger or something.

GM: Disgusting! That has nothing to do with professional wrestling!

BW: Sure it does! Besides trying to get someone to bleed, it puts an opponent off-balance. Not much draws a reaction from a guy better than biting the head. It can throw somebody off long enough to hit a big move.

[And just as Bucky says this, Rage runs towards the ropes, springs off the second rope, and turns looking to hit the springboard roundhouse kick on Sunn... who has straightened up and stepped forward, catching Rage by the head and arm in one hand! The fans cheer loudly as Sunn plants Rage straight down into the canvas with a urange slam, causing a thunderous BOOM!]

GM: RAGE WENT FOR DEATH BY DECAPITATION, AND SUNN COUNTERED IT WITH THE BIG SLAM!

BW: COVER! Oh, man, Rage too close to the ropes.

GM: Tony Sunn drove all the wind out of Shadoe Rage, but the experience comes into play as Rage knew exactly where he was, and wasn't going to power out of Sunn's pin attempt if he didn't have to.

BW: Rage is tryin' to roll out of the ring... but Sunn has got him! Tony Sunn don't want Rage to get away and keep him from gettin' any offensive momentum!

GM: That was Rage's plan, but Sunn has him. Kick to the midsection by Sunn!

[Rage attempts to fire back, throwing a pair of right hands but Sunn responds with a standing clothesline, knocking his opponent off his feet!]

GM: Big clothesline by the man from Ithaca... pulling Rage right back up and...

[The crowd ROARS as Sunn scoops Rage up, pressing him straight up overhead, holding him up in the air...]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[The crowd is alive as Sunn does a full circle of the ring with Shadoe Rage pressed over his head! Rage rains down a couple of punches, but Sunn pushes his legs forward and hammers him into the mat with a ring-rocking spinebuster from the press slam position which gets a big roar!]

GM: HIGH NOON! The press spinebuster! Will that be enough?!

[Sunn makes a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[But Rage slips the shoulder out!]

BW: Two count only! Look, Sunn's very strong, but it's gonna take more than one big move to put down Shadoe Rage. Something like the counter he did earlier can get a pin based on the surprise factor, but right now Sunn has to wear the man down. That's the real point of the pin attempts.

GM: Some of the too-infrequent expert analysis of Bucky Wilde...

BW: Hey!

GM: ...as Sunn sends Rage off the ropes!

[A rebounding Rage leaps into the air for a crossbody...

...and gets snatched out of the sky!]

GM: Sunn caught him and... straight over and down with the fallaway slam! Big impact, and another cover!

BW: Another two. Both guys trying frequent pins here.

GM: Sunn picking up Rage, and hooking his arms... going for the move that he calls the Sunnstroke... HEY!

[As Sunn is about to complete locking in the Sunnstroke, Rage gets his legs free, and kicks one straight back to catch Sunn in the back of the knee. Sunn sinks a bit in pain, as most men would be, and Rage uses the position to his advantage to take Sunn directly down into a backslide!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH...

BW: HE GOT HIM... no, whoa. Shadoe Rage almost stuck it to Sunn right there with the backslide.

GM: I have to say, I'm happily surprised that he didn't kick Sunn in the groin there. Shadoe Rage is at least trying to control his behavior to an extent. Rage with the near fall, and now up...

[Showing off some power of his own, Rage hooks a gutwrench, muscling Sunn over and down to the canvas!]

GM: Beautiful suplex by Rage! He saw the opportunity, and was able to turn his man over and slam him down with that move!

BW: And he's goin' up! Rage going for his killshots every chance he gets!

GM: Shadoe Rage is up on the top rope!

[The New York powerhouse rolls over to his hands and knees, preventing his throat from being exposed to the Angel Of Death Drop.]

GM: Sunn rolls over! He knew the elbow was coming and he knew he had to avoid it...

[Rage skies off the top, dropping a leg across the upper back instead!]

GM: OHHH! He couldn't use the elbowdrop so he went with the legdrop instead!

BW: That might do it anyway! He's coverin'!

[Rage dives across the chest, hooking the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[Sunn wrenches a shoulder up off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only and-

[The crowd erupts in jeers as Rage wraps his hands around the throat of the powerhouse!]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Tony Sunn down on the mat and come on, referee! He can't do that!

BW: Obviously he CAN do that, Gordo, because he IS doing that.

GM: Shadoe Rage with two hands on the throat of Sunn, throttling him!

[And just as abruptly as he started, he stops. He can see him mouthing to himself: "Behave... behave..." So he pulls up Sunn instead and applies a chinlock.]

BW: I think he just snapped a bit and caught himself there. I mean, me, I'd have told him just choke the guy out if he had the chance.

GM: It's like he has a line that he doesn't want to cross. Eye-poking and biting falls within that line, apparently, but choking and worse offenses don't.

[The wild-eyed crazed look of aggression is still on Rage's face. However, this turns into a wide-eyed expression of disbelief as Sunn grabs him by the wrists and pries his arms off of his head.]

GM: Sunn's powering out of it! He's forcing his way out of the chinlock!

BW: What power! This guy ain't human, Gordo!

[Rage attempts to disengage, but he cannot pull his arms free of Sunn's grip. Sunn's visage is now cranked into a very angry expression, as he slowly rises to the growing cheers of the crowd.]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: Tony Sunn has peeled Shadoe Rage right off of him, and getting up. He looks like he has finally had enough of Rage's manic assaults!

[Rage throws a kick to the gut... but Sunn shakes it off!]

BW: Rage with a kick to the midsection, but Sunn took it!

GM: He certainly felt it but will not relent! Rage with another kick, and another, and...

[Sunn spins him around, hooking in a full nelson!]

GM: FULL NELSON LOCKED IN BY TONY SUNN!

BW: With his power? He could break Rage's neck with that!

GM: And Shadoe Rage knows it! He is frantically trying to get out of this hold, arms and legs flailing!

BW: He just tried that, uh, mule kick counter again, but Sunn blocked it with his shin. I guess he ain't gonna fall for the same thing twice.

[Sunn makes a half-turn and whips Rage out to the side, releasing the hold as he goes to a knee. The effect is to send Rage spinning through the air and landing hard on his upper back!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!!

[The crowd cheers and Sunn wastes no time leaping and driving a standing senton right into Rage's chest!]

GM: Sunn smashing his man into the mat! Down on him, and a hook of the leg! ONE!! TWO!!

[Rage lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin.]

BW: Two count only! Even that shades-of-Vasquez-shades-of-Stephens senton wasn't gonna keep Rage down just yet.

GM: I can't imagine that anybody can take a whole bunch of power moves from Tony Sunn for long, though. Shadoe Rage has a tenacity that is legendary but if he takes many more power moves from Tony Sunn, he'll be physically unable to kick out.

BW: Tomorrow morning's gonna be painful for both guys. This is a real physical match.

GM: Indeed. Sunn up, and the vertical suplex applied to Rage. Tony Sunn in control and pulling Rage right back up.

[Specifically, he has never relinquished that vertical suplex grip. Sunn rolls over, still with Rage's arm behind his head and his own arm behind Rage's,

and gets to his feet. This time, he hooks Rage's leg before going for the lift.]

BW: Fisherman! Could be that gutbuster!

GM: Possibly... RAGE BITING HIS EAR! How much of this will Longfellow put up with?! Rage bit Sunn's ear to prevent the Eclipse...

[And with Sunn reeling, Rage rolls him into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Sunn kicks out in just the nick of time.]

BW: HE GOT... no! Almost... that cradle off the ear bite surprised Sunn and almost caught him!

GM: A bizarre juxtaposition of technical ability and gutter brutality there by Rage, who at least has cleared some distance with Sunn after the kickout. Sunn up...

[Rage rushes forward, leaping into the air to hook him around the neck with a clothesline, dragging him down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He takes the man down hard with that one!

BW: Like a backwards bulldog! He jumped his whole body into that one, at top speed!

GM: Shadoe Rage back to being the aggressor as he steps up on the second rope, measuring his man...

[Rage leaps off, dropping a knee down on the man from Ithaca.]

GM: Kneedrop connects... but Rage doesn't even bother with a cover this time, getting right back to his feet.

BW: Some guys have a hit-and-run style. Shadoe Rage has a run-and-hit style.

GM: Very appropriate. Rage lays a soccer kick into Sunn's ribs to flip him over onto his back. And he's going up top again! Sunn is down and dazed...

[The fans stand up as Rage raises the arms, and leaps into his famous flying elbow...]

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOOOOOOOOP!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: HE MISSED!! HE MISSED!!

BW: Sunn rolled out of the way and right under the ropes to the floor! Tony Sunn rolls clear out to the apron...

[Both men are down for several moments, the fans cheering for Tony Sunn to get back to his feet and take the fight to the Canadian grappler. But the kneedrops have Sunn having a hard time recovering. The wild-eyed Rage climbs to his feet, clutching his arm as he staggers towards the ropes...]

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Rage steps up on the second rope, leaning over to grab the still-stunned Sunn...]

GM: We've seen Rage go for this before, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but I don't know if he's strong enough to get Sunn up for it. A dead-lift superplex on a near three hundred pounder who is stronger than almost anyone we've ever seen in the ring!

[As Rage attempts to get Sunn up, Sunn dips back, hooking the ropes with his free arm to prevent the lift...]

GM: Rage can't get him up!

[But Sunn can, lifting Rage straight up with ease!]

GM: He's got him up! Is he gonna suplex him off the apron to the floor?!

BW: He might break his back if he does! Grass or not, that field is rock solid when you hit the ground! Ask a center fielder what it feels like when you make a diving catch. The number of injuries in a baseball season on a play like that alone is astonishing. Rage getting suplexed like this might put him in traction, daddy!

[But Tony Sunn has no intention of that, holding Rage straight up as he steps towards the corner, steadying himself as he places his right foot up on the second rope, stepping up...]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: This can't be happening!

[Sunn lifts his left leg, stepping over the top and setting it down on the second rope...]

GM: He's straddling the ropes and-

[Sunn pushes off, dropping Rage down on the canvas with a spine-rattling superplex of his own!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT POWER! That is natural raw power, and Shadoc Rage can't believe it!

BW: He better get over the disbelief, because if he gets hit with a Rising Sunn it ain't gonna matter whether he believes it or not.

GM: Sunn tries to cross the arms for the Rising Sunn, but Rage headbutts him in the jaw!

[With Sunn reeling, Rage sticks a thumb in the eye!]

GM: Another eyepoke, come on! He'll gouge his eyes all the way out one of these times!

BW: That'd help him win.

GM: That'd get him barred from wrestling!

[As Sunn staggers away, Rage buries a knee into the lower back, dropping Sunn down to his knees again. The Canadian smashes him with an overhead elbow down between the eyes before backing into the corner, climbing the buckles again...]

GM: He's setting for the flying axehandle again!

[But Sunn reaches up, grabbing Rage...

...and HURLING him halfway across the ring with a slam!]

GM: OHHH! RAGE BOUNCED OFF THE CANVAS!!

[The fans are going crazy as Rage's eyes bug out after being thrown across the ring like a football. Rage slides under the ropes and out of the ring, hitting the ringside floor with a plop. He pounds the thin exterior mat with his fist in abject frustration, as Sunn again stands in center ring and waits... imploring the crowd to cheer on as he does.]

BW: You can't let him recuperate after a crazy move like that!

GM: I think Sunn is struggling with that decision right now. His father was a referee, so he's very attentive to a referee's commands... but he probably should go get Rage and send him back in.

[We can see Sunn pace a bit, grimacing as he seems indecisive on what to do next. Finally, he apologizes to Longfellow before heading to the ropes and stepping out.]

BW: But all that navel-gazing took him too long!

[As Sunn drops to the floor, Rage rushes him, nailing him with a running elbow!]

GM: ELBOW!

BW: Heck, he hit him with his elbow, his knee, and his forehead pretty much all at the same time!

GM: Shadoc Rage with an almost desperate lunge to keep Sunn off of him... oh, come on! He's taking Phil Watson's chair!

[A pieface makes poor Phil fall out of his chair, and Rage picks it up and folds it, an evil look in his eyes. He peers over to Sunn, who is dazed against the railing and is wide-open for a chair shot. But then he winces, unfolds the chair, and spikes it back down. He's close enough to a camera mic that we can hear him chant "behave, behave..." to himself.]

BW: And now Rage is doing the navel-gazing! Come on, Shadoc, waffle the guy!

GM: Remember, Shadoc Rage wants to prove to the Championship Committee that he deserves a TV Title match! I think the line he has drawn in the sand might be for that purpose. He's fighting brutally, but he does have a limit.

BW: Just win! They don't care how!

GM: Rage refusing to use the chair, and back in on Sunn with those quick jabs again. Now Rage up on the apron... and stepping off to plant an elbow smash right between Sunn's eyes! Simple and devastating!

BW: He's going there again... nope, all the way to the top!

GM: SHADOC RAGE ON THE TOP ROPE! Longfellow's count is getting late... he wants to plant Sunn with the axehandle to the floor and get the countout! He leaps...

BW: WHAT?!

[From all the way on the top turnbuckle, Shadoc Rage leaps to the floor... right into the arms of Sunn. This time, Sunn stops him cold. The fans loudly roar as Sunn forces Rage over his head in the press position.]

GM: SUNN CAUGHT HIM! AND HE HOLDS HIM UP!

[Sunn drops Rage, dropping to a knee as Rage lands gutfirst on it!]

BW: He could have spiked him right into the floor!

GM: I think Tony Sunn didn't want to abuse the rules that way! Sunn rolls back into the ring, away from Longfellow so to not interrupt the count! Longfellow is up to seven!

BW: Rage is getting up... he knows how close he is to being counted out, but the wind was driven all out of him!

GM: Up to nine...

[Shadoe rolls into the ring... sort of. He gets a leg up on the apron, and looks into the ring where Sunn is waiting. He hesitates slightly...]

GM: TEN!

[...and he who hesitates is lost.]

BW: WHAT?!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: THAT WAS A FAST TEN, GORDO!

GM: It was not! I think Shadoe Rage hesitated because the power of Tony Sunn intimidated him!

[Rage rolls into the ring a split-second after the ten, and looks outraged at Longfellow. Sunn seems surprised, but raises both hands in the air as the crowd cheers.]

BW: Intimidated?! Shadoe Rage?! You've seen what he married, right?!

GM: Bucky!

BW: He's a lot of things, but intimidatable ain't one of them... uh oh!

[Uh oh is right, as Longfellow raises Sunn's hand. Rage then points an accusatory finger in Longfellow's face and winds up... triggering Sunn to tackle him!]

GM: SUNN WON'T STAND FOR THAT! We have a brawl after the match!

BW: If Longfellow didn't wanna get popped, he shouldn't have counted "seven, eight, nineteen!"

GM: Rage rolling out of the ring, and he is irate! Is he even aware that he hesitated on the apron?!

BW: After almost twenty years in the sport, you know what a countout cadence is. You know what a hesitation is. Tony Sunn got gifted one, and got real defensive when Rage had a problem with it.

GM: Tony Sunn hates when a referee is threatened, Bucky! It reminds him of the nights when his father didn't make it home because of a wrestler deciding to take out their frustrations on him. I started in this business as a referee long ago; believe me, that's why I'm out here instead of in there.

BW: That and the blindness, Gordo... especially if you think that was a good count.

GM: It was a consistent count! Rage is overreacting because he can't admit to himself that he was just intimidated into a loss!

PW: The winner of this contest... as the result of a countout... TONY SUNN!

[There's a crash and bang as Rage starts throwing chairs and the ring bell around ringside. Sunn is infuriated, pointing down over the top rope and telling Rage that he's acting like a child. Rage responds by throwing the ringsteps at the ropes, sending them bouncing back towards him. Security comes out to put an end to Rage's tantrum, at which point the Canadian star gets sick of it all and storms back towards the locker room. "We Hold On" plays again as the crowd cheers.]

GM: What a childish tantrum by Shadoc Rage! He made a simple mistake, and is blaming the referee!

BW: He made more than one mistake, Gordo. If he had used that chair on Sunn out here and cold-cocked him, this woulda all been different.

GM: He would have lost by a disqualification instead of a countout!

[As the announcers give the analysis, Sunn goes out of the ring to highfive all the ringside fans.]

BW: When it happens outside the ring, it is a judgment call! The ref might have let it go. Though I guess if he's fastcounting Rage on behalf of his ref buddy's kid, he might have been DQed anyway. Anyway, he shouldn't have held back.

GM: Biting and eyegouging isn't what I call holding back.

BW: It is when you could choke a guy out or level him. And Tony Sunn's daddy issues reared up and now he's all mad at Rage for daring to be upset about a bad count!

GM: Which is a figment of his imagination in the first place! Tony Sunn stood up for what was right, and I hope Shadoc Rage looks at the replay and sees that it was his own hesitation and not the count. Those amazing feats of power by Sunn would give anyone pause... it was just an unfortunate pause.

BW: And had Sunn just smashed Rage into the floor like anyone with killer instinct would have done, we wouldn't be having this discussion because Rage wouldn't have got up in time.

GM: Anyway, Tony Sunn on the victory, and we have plenty more action to come. We'll be right back after this break!

[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, we'll be in Des Moines, Iowa for a live event featuring Johnny Detson and Demetrius Lake taking on the Lynch Brothers! And then Sunday in Omaha, Nebraska with a Memorial Day Mayhem rematch with the Dogs Of War taking on Preston, O'Connor, and Martinez!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Friday, July 11th, the AWA steams into Kansas for a triple shot weekend. Friday in Overland Park featuring the Shane Gang in action! Saturday in Wichita with the World Heavyweight Title on the line! And Sunday afternoon in Topeka when Ryan Martinez defends the World Television Title!"

[It evolves again.]

"On Friday, July 18th, we'll be in Tulsa, Oklahoma with a special come-as-you-are Bunkhouse Battle Royal featuring Bobby O'Connor, the Dogs Of War, Demetrius Lake, and more!

On Saturday, July 19th, the AWA storms into Oklahoma City for another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!"

[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!"

[The AWA logo fades to black...

...and back up on footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." We are backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the Asian Assassin, Nenshou. The backdrop is a GUTS & Glory banner in dark blue and white.

The brush-cut Japanese man we only know as Nenshou is wearing a black gi-like jacket with red trim, and black baggy pants... his wrestling gear, essentially. He has painted his face red with black and white kanji and

designs, and his narrow almond-brown eyes give the camera an uncompromising stare.]

MS: Nenshou, on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, you were ambushed after you match by the veteran, Mr. Sadisuto. Some of the things he claimed were quite cryptic, but he gave you a one month ultimatum: win the World Heavyweight Title by the next Saturday Night Wrestling "or else". Please tell us what is going on here.

N: No.

[Awkward pause.]

MS: That is...

PC: Allow me.

[Uh, oh. Nenshou's cold stare quickly grows hot as the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes enters from off-screen. Childes is wearing a pleated dark grey suit, black undershirt, and white tie, and carrying his crystal-tipped cane.]

MS: Percy Childes! This is Nenshou's time!

PC: Stegglet, don't you see now why I did all of the speaking for Nenshou? He's got some social disorders, for one. Quite sociopathic, actually. His inability to hold a normal conversation is little different in Japanese than in English.

N: What. Do YOU want.

PC: Sadisuto's ultimatum. We need to discuss that. It applies to me just as it does to you. I was hired to make sure you became a World Champion, remember? So it is in our best interest to stop this madness. It is time for you to come back to the Unholy Alliance.

N: No.

PC: Really? By my count, from the time that Sadisuto made his ultimatum to the deadline, you had, let's see... zero World Title matches scheduled. As your manager, I had to use quite a bit of influence to get that changed. You're welcome, by the way. But alas, even the Wise Men are not as all-powerful as our detractors like to believe. I was able to get you two chances.

You had one on the 29th in Saint Louis. How did that go?

N: ...

PC: You lost. There's no shame in losing to Dave Bryant, no matter what Supreme Wright may think. He is the World Heavyweight Champion for a reason. But you came close, didn't you? Very close. An instant here, a

moment there... you got such a near fall on the moonsault that the crowd thought you had won.

N: I know. I was there. Obviously. Why do you always tell me what I already know?

PC: Oh, we know that. But they...

[Childes points directly at the camera.]

PC: ...they do not. And I am giving you this offer publicly for a reason. Simply put: you come back to the Unholy Alliance. You come back to me. And your next shot... your LAST shot... on July 12 in Wichita, Kansas will go a bit differently for you.

N: Oh? You will cheat Bryant as you did Wright?

PC: That is a serious allegation, Nenshou. But if you believe that the Wise Men had anything to do with it, then you would be a fool not to accept my proposal. And honestly, you should anyway. Look at you. Gibson Hayes destroyed your momentum. You have no focus. You wanted to fight the Wise Men but you literally do not know how. You don't know how to get the kinds of matches you need or to stay in the public eye. You're practically forgotten. You have lost your mystique, you have lost your aura, and do not presume to tell me that you don't know what those things are.

N: They are figments of imagination.

PC: They are manifestations of fear. And nobody fears you anymore.

But me? The Wise Men? People fear us to irrational, unthinking degrees. People believe that we're all-powerful. We tell the truth and they believe it is a lie that covers something to fear. We do what is best for the company, and they're afraid we'll burn it down. THAT is mystique. And you had that once.

If you ever want it back, you know what to do.

N: I do know what to do. I will defeat Dave Bryant or Terry Shane The Third. I do not need your help. I have never needed your help. You withheld from me. You lied to me. What fool do you think I am? You do lie. You tell nine truths to hide one lie, and you ignore all truth that goes against you. Even your truth is deceit.

I will face either Bryant or Shane. And I will face Sadisuto. And if need be I will go to Japan and face my father. I do not care who fears me for I fear nothing.

PC: Maybe you should learn...

[Percy turns to walk away, but once his back is to Nenshou (and out of misting range) he finishes his sentence.]

PC: ...Noboru-kun.

[Oh, snap. Nenshou immediately grabs Percy's shoulder, but the Dogs Of War immediately run on-screen to attack him. Carpenter's shoulder tips over the camera as we hear whacks and thumps and the scene cuts back to the arena.]

GM: Despicable!

BW: Absolutely. Percy Childes basically offered the World Title to Nenshou and that ingrate blew him off! After Percy got him the title match in the first place!

GM: I'm hearing that security had to end up breaking that up. The Dogs probably don't want to risk one of them getting neurotoxin in the eyes before the Tower Of Doom anyway. But Nenshou does have a single chance to gain the World Title before the next Saturday Night Wrestling against the winner of tonight's match. That matchup will not be televised, so if you're in the Wichita area, you'll want to get your tickets now.

BW: And if you don't think Mr. Sadisuto is a serious problem for somebody... ask the current Television Champ how his shoulder feels. That was Sadisuto's doing in the first place, and it has not ever completely healed.

GM: Something about that whole situation seems off to me. As if there is something obvious I should be seeing...

BW: Best not to read between lines. Mr. Sadisuto told me that "Confucius say man who read between lines should try looking at words or he'll get salt in face then beat up".

GM: Confucius did not say that!

BW: Are you Buddhist? If not, how would you know?

GM: Unbelievable. But speaking of Japan, Bucky, we've got a very big announcement for AWA fans that I think they'll really enjoy. Of course, everyone knows that the AWA went to Japan earlier this year for a joint show with our friends at Tiger Paw Pro. Ever since then, one of the commonly asked questions is - how can I follow all the happenings going on in TPP? How can I keep up with what's going on with Kenta Kitukawa or Fujimoto or ACHILLES?

BW: Violence Unlimited.

GM: Absolutely. Well, we now have the answer. Beginning on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, there will be a special segment each and every show to talk about what's going on over in Japan. We'll even be showing highlights and on occasion, full matches from the Tiger Paw Pro events.

BW: That's right, Gordo. And to celebrate this new level in the partnership between the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro, on our very next show, we're going to see a Tag Team Battle Royal where the winning team will head to Japan to take on Violence Unlimited in a match taped to air on AWA television.

GM: A chance to take on the 2014 Stampede Cup champions? What an honor that would be! You can be the competition will be hot and heavy in that one... and speaking of hot and heavy competition, that's exactly what we're about to see with the World Tag Team Titles on the line! Let's go backstage right now and hear from both champions and challengers!

[The camera opens up on Mark Stegglet standing in front of the AWA banner. Gone is the lipstick smudge from his cheek left behind by Sunshine. The wide eyed reporter is dressed in much more casual attire than Jon Stegglet who fancies himself in suits and professional business attire. Mark is in a pair of denim jeans, black work boots, and a white AWA polo with a red and blue patriotic stripes around the collar.]

MS: We are back in the locker room area and it is time to bring out the challengers for tonight's marquee World Tag Team Title bout. I am of course referring to the Lights Out Express.. Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson.

[The camera pulls back to indeed reveal Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong standing shoulder to shoulder. Both men are sporting black track jackets, a dark contrast to their typical green and white ensembles. Anderson's head is buzzed all around with a three day facial shadow. Lenny's hair is long, brown, and stringy and he has a razor thin villainous mustache that curls up at the tips. Standing between them is the Siren Miss Hayes still clad in her alluring red ensemble that we saw her in earlier.]

MSH: Now is that any way to introduce a lady?

MS [casually] And Miss Sandra Hayes.

[She curtsies.]

MS: Gentlemen, despite the fact that Terry Shane III is challenging for the World Title tonight.. the spotlight, for the moment anyway-

[Anderson huffs. Strong holds up his hands in a "I got this" fashion.]

LS: Let me ask ya something, and yeah, I'm gonna go ahead and cut ya off before ya say somethin' stupid, ya big weenie.

[Stegglet, taken back, doesn't exactly know how to response to the childish insult.]

LS: Ya think we're scared or something? Ya think we don't comprehend the magnitude of our match tonight? Ya think the fact that in the near two years we have all been here that tonight is the FIRST night that any Shane Gang affiliate is challengin' for a title of any kind?!

MS: That's not what I'm saying-

LS: I ain't gonna ask ya no more questions so let me tell ya some 'em and let me give it to ya straight, jack. SkyHerc.. they don't rattle our bones and we ain't got no feathers to ruffle, brother. We ain't afraid of them. We ain't afraid of nobody. It's real easy for those twits to Pearl Harbor us and stand in the ring and yell at us to bring it, and come on, and proclaim that they are at the top team in all the lands.

But then what? They run and hide when it's time to take the gloves off. These goons have been talkin' and yammerin' and hootin' and hollerin' about how great they are since the minute we landed back in the States after the Cup.. after we were robbed of our rightful victory by the senile Karl O'Connor.

Us?

We do our talkin' in the ring and we've been doin' it for not only the past two years but the past five years.. heck, it may have been ten... only ain't nobody seen or heard it because we've been passed over for people with bigger names or longer family trees. And ya know what? We came to terms with that the day we met Shane. He showed us the light and we ain't ever looked back. We ain't afraid to work and we ain't afraid to get our hands dirty. But the one thing we are tired of is beggin'.. beggin' for a match that has been owed to us for a long, long time. Beggin' for a fight that is long over due. I ain't one to toot our horns but...

AA: Then let me be the one to toot the Lights Out Express horn if you won't...

TOOT. TOOT.

[Anderson makes a motion resembling in a truck driver firing up his horn.]

AA: You're looking at the next tag team champions, Stegglet. We never run from a fight. We never cower under masks. We show up every week and never take a day or a night off. Bring those belts to us fellas.. they belong right here!

[Anderson gestures around his waist.]

AA: BRING US THE BELTS!

[Strong pats Anderson on the back.]

LS: Ya see, my man Anderson is fired up and rightfully so. Waitin' all this time. Sittin' at home at night starin' at the stars, countin' cattle, watchin' yokels like you Jones and you Herc be the flag bearers for the greatest tag titles in the World... it's making him miserable, it's makin' him wake up in a deep sweat, it's makin' him sick to his damn stomach from wantin' some 'em SO bad... and there is no way on this God given earth that you can do anything about it.

But guess what?

[Anderson thumps a fist into his other hand several times.]

LS: Tonight, we can. Tonight, ya got some 'em we want and I just want to convey to you how important it is that you hear what I'm about to say. I know you are both two of the guys that a lot of these boys look up too in the back. And right now I know the few bridges we ain't burned yet are gonna be upset with us because of what we are about to do.

But we gave you the warning. We waved the flag, fired the first shot, sounded the alarms and tonight we are shootin' fireworks into the sky. The locomotive is running full speed and the track is painted to your feet. There ain't no turnin' back and ain't no slowin' us down. You and the little SkyHerCs can still run off to the Piggly Wiggly and eat ice cream sandwiches and suck on lollipops afterward but yer about to get smacked by a runaway train and you'll be lucky to shove your mama out of the way in time.

AA: See what happens this time when we come at you. SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

LS: For those of you under 21 and who are not reasonably educated.. What that means is we're comin' to wage war, brother. We're bringin' hell and hangin' shower curtains on your face and warming' up the tub. We ain't gonna stop and we ain't gonna leave till Marty Meekly, Davis Warren, Ricky Longfellow, Ed Hochuli, Mills Lane, and the Salvation Army pry us off your bodies.

And ya know what?

I gotta let my man here give ya the good news. Tell em' Anderson.

AA: Beating you? That isn't gonna be enough.

[Anderson reaches into Miss Hayes purse' and produces two long black Executioner hoods.]

AA: You kids like to play dress up?

[Miss Hayes reaches into her bag and produces two long studded black hoods. She hands one to Anderson and one to Strong and they each slide them on over their face.]

AA: We can play that game too. Only difference between you and us? When we put on Executioner masks...

...we go for the kill.

LS: Which sadly means for you that it's gonna be LIGHTS...

[Strong shoves his right elbow into the air and then slashes it downward into his other palm creating a loud *SMACK* sound.]

LS: OUT!

AA: Ain't no way else around it.

[We fade out from the challengers to a scene where the words "Recorded Earlier Today" flash across the screen as we open up to the front entrance of the stadium, where we see the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones, along with their personal ring announcer, Buford P. Higgins, standing in front of the humongous "HAMMONS FIELD" sign. The trio are dressed in matching white suits, with Jones and Hammonds holding the big gold on their shoulders. Buford turns to the sign, pointing at it excitedly.]

BPH: MY OH MY, HERC! Would ya' look at that!

[Jones whips off his designer sunglasses and looks up, smiling big.]

SJ: One more letter and this place could've been named after you, Herc!

HH: Almost happened, Jones...but they couldn't afford to pay for the rights to the "d".

[Laughter all around.]

BPH: That's how it's gotta' be, Herc! No one gets a discount! Never sell yourself for less than what you're worth!

HH: Hell, if I wanted to do that, I'd be workin' for Terry Shane!

[More hearty laughter from the champions as Jones and Hammonds turn to the camera with somewhat more serious looks on their faces.]

SJ: Here we are AWA on this glorious July 4th! One hundred and eighty-five days in and...

[Jones makes air quotes.]

SJ: ..."the Year of the Shane Gang" just might FINALLY be getting started!

HH: Thought this was s'pose to be their year, Jones.

SJ: When you have a whole YEAR to dominate, you gotta' stretch properly or you might cramp up out there! You might pull something! But now they're finally warmed up and ready, Herc! Scout's honor!

[Jones places a hand over his heart and holds up three fingers.]

HH: Six months and countin'...and not a damn thing to show for it. You call what they've been doin' "domination"?

Seems more like procrastination.

[A smirk. In the background, Buford shouts, "THEY LAZY!"]

SJ: But now they're ready to put in the effort! Now they're ready to put in the work! Those jiggadolts got the jump on us in that parking lot! They beat us down and gave us the signal to step up our game and show'em just what it means to be champions!

So we stepped it up!

On Saturday Night Wrestling, we outsmarted, outflanked, outthought, and **OUTFOUGHT** them in the one domain where **EVERYTHING** matters.

Inside the ring!

["THE SQUARED CIRCLE!"]

HH: It takes more than backjumpin' us in a parking lot to make a statement. it takes more than lickin' Terry Shane's boots to make an impression. And it sure as hell takes more than what they've brought so far to become a champion.

SJ: Fought'em in Tokyo at The Cup and they thought they could win with stupid parlor tricks. Instead, all that happened was Miss Sandra Hayes ended up doin' what she does best.

BPH: Runnin' around backstage in nothing but her drawers!

HH: They gotta' prove that it ain't all hype. Gotta' prove that it ain't just a huge pile of bull served on a silver platter courtesy of Buckthorne Wilde. Gotta' show the world ya' got what it takes to be the champions. Gotta' show the world that you're greater...

...than the greatest show on Earth.

[Herc slaps the belt on his shoulder.]

SJ: With apologies to old man Gaines and his little boy, **WE** the baddest thangs runnin'! With **RESPECT** to Hammy Graham and Dee Dee Lake...**WE** the Kings of Wrestling! And Lenny Stroooooonnggggg and Aaron Andy-son gotta' realize...this is one spotlight that shines **TOO** bright and burns just a little **TOO** hot to **EVER** be put out!

So tell Terrys one through three that they're gonna' have to hold off on declaring this the Year of the Shane Gang yet again! 'Cause you can make all the proclamations and declarations you want, but the fact is, you **CANNOT** have these titles! You **CANNOT** have this year!

HH: 'Cause this?

[Hammonds and Jones raise their tag team title belts high into the air.]

HH: Is OUR era.

[We crossfade back to the announce area of the press box where Gordon and Bucky are standing with the buzzing Hammons Field crowd behind them.]

GM: Two teams who are walking into Hammons Field tonight with visions of gold and two teams who will NOT be satisfied unless they walk out of here tonight with that gold around their waists.

BW: For six months now, I've been saying that 2014 is the Year Of The Shane Gang. Tonight, the Lights Out Express gets to prove me right. A win here over the champions would get Anderson and Strong the titles that so many believe they deserve and would fill Terry Shane with a last minute momentum rolling into his title showdown later tonight.

GM: If the Shane Gang is going to put their stamp on 2014 as truly being their year as you've said so many times, tonight could be the night to do it, Bucky. It was back at the Stampede Cup where a controversial finish to the match between these two teams saw BOTH teams eliminated from the tournament after it had appeared that the Lights Out Express were moving on to the Finals. They're about to get another chance at it. Take it away, Phil Watson!

[Crossfade down to the ring where the aforementioned ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, they are the challengers...

[Lights; Out! A loud whistle screeeeeeeeeeches over the airwaves.]

V/O: ALLLLLLL ABOOOOOOOOooooooooAAAAAARRRRRD!

PW: Weighing in at a total combined weight of 505 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by MISS SANDRA HAYES.. Here is...

LENNY STRONG! AARON ANDERSON!

THE LIGHTS! OUT! EXPRRRRRRRRRREEEEEESSSSSSSS!!!

[The slow clanking of train wheels churning quickly heightens into hard grinding noises just as the hard hitting lead guitar riff kicks in for the "Kundalini Express" by Love and Rockets. The rapid banging of drums and synthesizers fire up next before the methodical and monotone voice of Daniel Ash is cued.

Smoke screens the makeshift entrance-way in the dugout but soon enough the silhouettes of three figures emerge and are lit up by neon green flood lights and spiraling lasers. Miss Sandra Hayes slithers out first and it doesn't matter if it's Texas, Japan, Cambodia, or here in Springfield, Missouri,... the cat calls soon follow. Hayes struts out in a pair of platform pumps, whipping around in the red dress we saw her in earlier before coming to a pause with her florescent pink branding iron pointed towards the entrance. In unison, the Lights Out Express step into view.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes leading the way for her men and she's gotta be feeling the pressure here tonight, Bucky. She managed to get both of her clients into World Title matches here tonight but the thought has to have crossed her mind. What does it mean if they both fail?

BW: I doubt that thought has crossed her mind at all, Gordo. The confidence running through that woman's head would floor a wild elephant. She KNOWS that the Lights Out Express are walking out with the World Tag Team Titles here tonight. She KNOWS that Terry Shane is walking out with the World Heavyweight Title here tonight. This is the night of the Shane Gang... and just as importantly, it's the night of Miss Sandra Hayes!

GM: Speaking of confidence, look at the choice of ring attire for the challengers, wearing black executioner hoods. I suppose they think they're going to "execute" the title reign of Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds here tonight.

BW: Hey, it's great when I don't have to explain these things to you, Gordo.

[Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson, presumably, ascend the dugout steps and begin to march towards the ring. Both men have black executioner style hoods that drape over their head and shoulders. The pair wear black track jackets with two white stripes and a gold stripe in-between. Strong is identifiable by the bulkiness on his right elbow underneath the jacket and the fact that he's wearing small black ring trunks with "KO Artist" on the back. Anderson has the full length black pants on tucked into white boots with a double axe on the back and "MAN" in big bold white letters underneath.]

GM: The trio making their way down the aisle... and by the look on Miss Hayes' face, I'd say they've got something to prove here tonight, Bucky.

BW: This is a statement match for them. They've been on the verge of breaking into the upper echelon of tag team wrestling for quite some time and tonight is their chance to cement that position by getting their first World Tag Team Title reign on that resumé.

[The trio enter the ring as Anderson and Strong rip off the hoods, throwing them to the floor as Miss Hayes takes a spot between them, raising her arms and gesturing to both men as they trash talk the Missouri fans while their music fades...]

PW: And their opponents... first, let me introduce Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[Big Pop!]

BPH: Have no fear, because the champs are here! Ready to deliver another series of thrills, spills, and tingly CHILLS up your spine!

[Another pop!]

BPH: Up your feet and out yo' seat! It's time to put your hands together and pay homage to the greatest tag team on Earth!

[Buford motions for the crowd to stand.]

BPH: These are the men who don't need a year named after 'em! 'Cause with their existence alone, they OWN every second, minute, hour, day, week AND year! Number one in the world and number one in your hearts, they are YOUR AWA...

WOOOOORRRRRLLLLLDDDDDDDD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[The crowd roars!]

BPH: Tonight, they come to the ring weighing in at a combined, unbelievable, uncanny, unleashed, uncontained and completely unrestrained... FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN POUNDS!!! First off, we have the strongest man in...

[The crowd joins in with some sing-a-long...]

"ALLLLLLLL THE LAND!"

BPH: He is the eighth, ninth, and TENTH wonder of the world! The man that is genetic perfection! The ladies' first selection! He's got the whole world in his hands and he ain't even breakin' a sweat! The pride of Tupelo, Mississippi...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLEEEEEEESSS HAMMONDS!

[BIG POP!]

BPH: And his tag team partner...the man who needs NO introduction! Once you see him take flight, you KNOW why they call him Mister Steal The Spotlight! He is the man whose talent shines more brilliant than the sun! He is the moon and the stars and everything inbetween! The gravity defyin', law of physics denyin', make Miss Sandra Hayes pant and sweat, while The Lights Out Express fill with regret lord, master and KING of the skies!

[The crowd erupts in cheers, as Buford takes a deep breath after saying that mouthful.]

BPH: From Hot Coffee, Mississippi! He is...

[Everyone in the audience begins to sing-along with Buford once again, knowing the words to this familiar song...]

BPH: Sky. Walker.

["SKY! WALKER!"]

BPH: Remember to take a deep breath, people!

[The crowd roars as Buford takes a deep breath and they join in for the coup de grace...]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EEESSSSSSSSSS!!!!!"

["The Show Goes On" by Lupe Fiasco begins to play, as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the dugout, cheering on the men that emerge behind them. Dressed in American flag-themed tights on this, the most patriotic of days are Skywalker Jones and the massive Hercules Hammonds. Around their waists, are the AWA World Tag Team titles. Jones climbs to the roof of the dugout and proceeds to "make it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. The two then proceed to walk down to the ring, with the cheerleaders following them along the way, cheering their hearts out for the champions.]

GM: Never a dull moment when Buford P. Higgins is on the mic, leading the World Tag Team Champions down the aisle.

BW: Gordo, look who the referee is...

GM: Oh, I can't believe this! What in the world is the Championship Committee doing assigning a match of this magnitude to a referee who is on probation?!

[Marty Meekly leans in the corner, the slightest of smiles on his face as he watches the champions enter the ring. Skywalker Jones doesn't waste a moment in stalking across the ring, getting right up in his face.]

GM: Uh oh. We've got a little pre-match confrontation right here, Bucky.

[Jones has Meekly backed into the corner, sticking a finger in his face.]

BW: Jones is a bigger idiot than I thought, Gordo.

GM: How so?

BW: There's one guy in the ring responsible for your fate and you're going to engage in some pre-match bullying? That seem smart to you?

[Hammonds steps in, glaring at Meekly as he pushes his partner back to their corner.]

GM: The assignment of Marty Meekly to this match has very obviously gotten inside the heads of the World Tag Team Champions, Bucky.

BW: Lots of room to work in there.

GM: The referee steps out, speaking to both teams now, forcing someone from each team out to the apron.

[Hammonds and Jones trade a fist bump before Jones steps out. Across the ring, Lenny Strong moves to the apron.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Hercules Hammonds and the Axeman, Aaron Anderson starting it off for his team.

[Meekly steps to the center, checking with both teams one final time before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Hammonds strides confidently out to the center of the ring, gesturing for Anderson to "come get some."]

GM: Anderson slinking out of the corner. He obviously doesn't want to make any major mistakes this early in the match.

[The Axeman lunges into a collar and elbow tieup, trying to muscle the Tupelo Tower back across the ring. He's pushing and shoving hard but Hammonds isn't budging an inch...

...until he surges forward with a shout, throwing Anderson down to the mat where he back rolls to a seated position in his own corner. The crowd cheers as Hammonds strikes a double bicep pose before making his pecs dance.]

GM: Whoa! How about that show of power from Hercules Hammonds?!

BW: Anderson got outmuscled for sure right there. Neither Anderson nor Strong can match power with Hammonds so they shouldn't even try.

[Anderson slowly gets to his feet, rubbing his chin as he stares across at Hammonds who invites him to come out and try it again...

...when suddenly Lenny Strong shouts to his partner, asking for the tag.]

GM: Apparently Strong wants to take his chance at it too... and there's the tag.

[Strong steps in, swinging his arms back and forth in front of him, hopping up and down a few times as he eyes Hammonds from across the ring and then marches with purpose to center ring, lunging into the collar and elbow!]

GM: The Knockout Kid goes in to the lockup, trying to push Hammonds back just as his partner tried to do a few moments ago.

BW: Hammonds is holding his ground, Gordo. He ain't budging one bit.

[Hammonds gives another bellow, throwing Strong down to the mat where he lands hard on his back, looking up in disbelief as he slides on his rear back to the corner, shaking his head.]

GM: Maybe Miss Hayes wants to take her shot at it.

BW: Oh, that's hysterical, Gordo. Encouraging more man-on-woman violence. You're a real role model!

GM: Strong failed right where his partner did... and Anderson tags back in. Maybe he's going to give it another shot.

[The Lights Out Express stand in the corner, talking to one another...

...and then rush out in unison, going into another collar and elbow!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Hah! Hammonds is getting backed down now! Let's see if he can outmuscle TWO men!

GM: Hammonds being shoved back towards his corner and-

[With a massive effort and shout, Hammonds shoves off, sending BOTH members of the Lights Out Express rear end over teakettle as they roll across the ring to a big reaction from the Missouri crowd.]

GM: Hammonds throws 'em BOTH down! What incredible power!

[Anderson springs up, rushing towards Hammonds. He leaps into the air, throwing a forearm to the side of the head, knocking Hammonds back into the champions' corner. The first graduate of the Combat Corner opens fire, throwing forearm after forearm to the side of the head to the jeers of the crowd and the protests of Marty Meekly who orders him out of the corner.]

BW: The Axeman didn't like getting embarrassed like that!

[Anderson grabs the arm, looking for an Irish whip...

...but Hammonds holds firm, shaking his head at Anderson who attempts it again.]

GM: He can't get him out of the corner...

[Hammonds yanks his arm, pulling Anderson into a full bearhug before spinning, lifting, and HURLING Anderson down to the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly throw...]

GM: DOWN GOES ANDERSON!!

[Hammonds spins around, waving a hand for the Axeman to get back to his feet...

...and runs him right down with a shoulder tackle to a big cheer!]

GM: Hammonds puts Anderson down!

[He turns, waving for Strong who comes in fast...

...and gets taken down with a shoulder tackle of his own!]

GM: A second big tackle puts Strong down on the mat... he rolls right out to the floor...

[Hammonds reaches over, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Skywalker Jones who comes in hot...

[Jones runs towards Hammonds, getting lifted skyward in a military press...

...and then THROWN OVER THE TOP onto a shocked Lenny Strong!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Jones climbs to his feet, giving a shout and drawing big cheers from the ringside fans as he climbs up on the apron, watching Hammonds vacate the ring as Anderson comes to his feet...

...and Jones springboards off the top, flying through the air with a front dropkick to the chest, sending Anderson toppling backwards, rolling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Aaron Anderson gets knocked to the floor... look out here!

[Jones leaps up, pumping a fist and drawing big cheers again as he hops up and down before dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back as quickly as he can...

...and HURLS himself through the ropes, somersaulting into a tope con hilo on a surprised Axeman!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES BY JONES!!

[Hammonds gives a whoop, slapping the turnbuckle for emphasis as Jones climbs up off the ringside mats, rolling back into the ring to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: The World Tag Team Champions are on FIRE to start off this title defense here at Guts & Glory, fans!

[Miss Sandra Hayes rushes to the side of Aaron Anderson, kneeling down next to him to advise him as he slowly gets up off the mats, rubbing the back of his head and staring up at Skywalker Jones who is insisting he get back into the ring.]

GM: Anderson and Hayes huddled up on the floor as Jones waits for him inside the squared circle.

[With a nod, Anderson pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Jones from that spot outside the ropes. Jones rushes at him, throwing a forearm to the side of the head that Anderson absorbs before cracking Jones with one of his own.]

GM: Anderson and Jones are trading shots over the ropes there...

[Jones bounces off after a stiff shot, falling back to a knee and allowing Anderson to step back inside the ring.]

GM: Two former Combat Corner students in the ring right now...

[Anderson grabs Jones by the arm, whipping him in. He sets for a forearm shot but Jones drops into a baseball slide, going between the legs. The champion pops up behind Anderson, leaping up as he turns...]

GM: HEADSCISSOR CRADLE!!

[The rana gets a two count before Anderson manages to muscle Jones over onto his shoulders in a sunset flip type pin!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[But Jones claps his legs together on the head of Anderson, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only back the other way off the reversal.

[Both men scramble up off the mat, trying to get there before the other one does. Jones, of course, gets there first, blasting Anderson in the mush with a back elbow that stuns the Axeman.]

GM: Ohh! Jones caught him with an elbow!

[Jones hits the ropes, coming on strong again...

...but as he comes back, Anderson shoves him straight up into the sky!]

GM: UP!

[The Axeman catches him on the way down, swinging him down into a sitout spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Anderson rolls out, slapping Strong's hand who promptly catapults himself over the top with a somersault senton!]

BW: Oh yeah! What a doubleteam!

GM: That might do it, fans!

[But Strong only gets a two count before Jones fires a shoulder up off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only off that incredible doubleteam but Skywalker Jones is in some serious trouble, fans.

[Strong swings a leg over the prone Jones, grabbing a handful of hair and slamming repeated elbowstrikes into the side of Jones' head. Meekly's count reaches four before Strong gets up, shouting at the official.]

GM: I'm not sure if either team is happy to see Marty Meekly draw the assignment for this match.

[Strong leans down, dragging Jones off the mat and shoving him back into the challengers' corner where he lays into him with a series of kicks to the midsection, causing Jones to cling to the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: Strong's got Jones in the wrong part of town, Bucky... and there's a quick tag to bring Anderson back in.

BW: This is what they wanted, Gordo. This is the gameplan that Sandra told me they wanted. They wanted Jones in there by himself so that they could soften him up and keep the powerhouse on the apron.

GM: It's looking like a wise strategy at this point in the contest.

[Anderson and Strong each grab an arm on Jones, pulling him out of the corner, and then violently throwing him back in, shaking Jones from head to toe on impact!]

GM: We've seen that before but it's so effective, Bucky.

BW: Anderson and Strong are the epitome of a tag team, Gordo. A lot of tag teams have one guy looking off at a five year plan where he goes his separate way and becomes a singles star. But not these two. These two are ready to be the World Tag Team Champions and they're proving it right now.

[The challengers haul Jones out of the corner, throwing him back in a second time before Strong steps back to the apron.]

GM: Aaron Anderson's the legal man once more and- ohh! Hard knife edge chop across the chest of Skywalker Jones!

[From the floor, we can hear Buford P. Higgins shouting encouragement to Jones as Anderson lands a second skin-blistering chop.]

GM: Anderson with the whip...

[But since the Irish whip would put him in the champions' corner, Anderson stops short, pulling Jones back into a drop toehold that sends his face crashing into the middle turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Innovative offense out of Aaron Anderson!

[Strong reaches in, tagging his kneeling partner and then drops to the floor, reaching in to grab Jones by the arms.]

GM: What does Strong have in mind here?

[Strong pulls back on both arms, pressing Jones' face against the ringpost as the Knockout Kid puts a foot on the ringpost, pulling hard!]

GM: The referee's shouting at Strong, ordering a break... and look at Miss Hayes, she's certainly enjoying this.

BW: Things are going their way so far, Gordo, but it's still early.

GM: It certainly is. Just over five minutes gone out of a sixty minute time limit as Strong releases.

[Strong turns to the jeering crowd, "dusting off" his shoulders before climbing up the ringsteps. He grabs two hands full of Jones' hair, dragging his upper body over the middle rope. He presses the throat down on the middle rope, placing his shin on the back of the neck.]

GM: A blatant choke on the ropes by Lenny Strong. Again, Marty Meekly is ordering a break!

[Strong breaks at four, walking back down the apron with his hands raised...

...and then rushes forward, smashing a big boot into the ear of Jones, sending him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Down goes Jones again... trying to crawl across to Hercules Hammonds but Strong is right in there to cut him off, hauling him by the trunks...

[Strong hooks him for a back suplex, hoisting Jones up into the air...

...but Jones flips out over the top, landing on his feet. He springs back up into the air, throwing out his leg for a leaping sidekick that drops Strong like a rock!]

GM: OHHH! BIG COUNTER BY SKYWALKER JONES!

[Jones collapses to all fours, immediately starting on his path across the ring where Hercules Hammonds is waiting, arm outstretched...]

GM: Hammonds wants the tag! Jones needs the tag!

[Strong lunges forward, grabbing the ankle to prevent the tag. Jones rolls to his back, lashing out with heel kicks to the skull of the challenger.]

GM: Strong's trying to stop him but Jones is trying to kick him off!

[A well-placed kick frees up Jones as Strong sits up, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: In comes Anderson off the tag...

[Anderson rushes around, stepping into Jones' path. He reaches down, hooking a gutwrench on Jones who is on all fours...]

BW: Jones is bookin' passage to take a trip down Tobacco Road, daddy!

[The Axeman deadlifts Jones off all fours up in the gutwrench, letting him dangle before flipping him over...

...and DROPPING him down across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TOBACCO ROAD BREAKER!!

[The North Carolina native shoves Jones off his knee, diving across in a lateral press.]

GM: Anderson covers for one! He's got two!

[But Jones slips out at two, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Aaron Anderson gets the Lights Out Express a little bit closer to the World Tag Team Titles right there as he gets back to his feet...

[And promptly SPITS at Hercules Hammonds who comes tearing into the ring sparking Marty Meekly to rush in his path, trying to get him out...

...which allows Lenny Strong to slide in, pulling Jones off the mat and joining Anderson in a double whip into the challengers' corner.]

GM: Double whip puts Jones in and-

[Strong rushes in, leaping up to smash an elbow into the side of Jones' head as Anderson tears in after him, throwing a big boot into the chest, keeping Jones against the turnbuckles.]

GM: An illegal doubleteam behind the official's back.

[Anderson leans down, lifting Jones up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. He steps back, throwing a pair of chops to the chest of the seated tag team champion.]

GM: Anderson's climbing the buckle. He's got something dangerous in mind right here for one-half of the World Tag Team Champions.

[The Axeman hooks a front facelock, slinging Jones' arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: He's setting for a superplex!

[But Jones is having none of it, hammering away with short right hands to the ribs, softening Anderson's grip...

...and then breaks out of it by slamming an open palm on the ear of Anderson, sending him spinning and falling down to the mat!]

GM: Jones battles free! He steps up top!

[Jones stands tall, holding up his arms as he shouts "ZERO G!"]

GM: He's calling for the Zero G - the Shooting Star Press!

[Jones throws himself into the air, flipping backwards while sailing forward...]

BW: NOBODY HOME!!

[Anderson rolls out of the way...

...but he does it too soon and Jones spots it coming, over-rotating to land on his feet!]

GM: JONES LANDS ON HIS FEET!!

[He falls back in the corner, throwing a back elbow into the face of Lenny Strong, knocking him off the apron...

...and then comes tearing across the ring towards Aaron Anderson, swinging his leg up for a Yakuza Kick!]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZA!

[But Anderson sees it coming, ducking down and causing the leg to go up on Anderson's shoulder. The Axeman lifts him up, hooking the other leg on the lift and DRIVES Jones down with a powerbomb. He keeps the grip on the legs, running in place as he applies a jackknife cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH- Jones kicks out in time!

BW: Wow! That was pretty close, Gordo!

GM: Jones has taken a tremendous amount of punishment in a short period of time and that powerbomb was absolutely devastating!

[Anderson pops up, still holding the legs of Jones...

...and POWERS HIM UP into powerbomb position again!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM BACK UP!! HE'S GOT HIM-

[Jones flips over the top, dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Anderson backrolls through it to his feet, swinging a kick at Jones who drops back to the mat to avoid it...

...and swings his leg up, kicking Anderson right in the middle of the back, sending the challenger pitching forward into the ropes!]

GM: Nice counter by Jones, to his feet...

[Jones makes a lunge...

...but so does Anderson, cutting him off by snaring a rear waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[The Axeman hoists Jones off the mat, DRIVING him down to the mat with a German Suplex!]

GM: BRIDGING SUPLEX! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[And again, Jones manages to get the shoulder up!]

GM: The Lights Out Express are bringing it hard and fast here. They want the quick win. They want no part of going the distance with Jones and Hammonds.

BW: There's no point in trying to wear out Jones and Hammonds. We all saw the two out of three falls war with the Blonde Bombers. It can't be done... so you might as well try to cave their skulls in quick!

[Anderson rolls to the side, rolling back to his feet...]

GM: He's gonna try that suplex again, Bucky!

[But Jones lashes out with a quick right-left back elbow to the temple, breaking the waistlock and staggering Anderson...]

GM: Anderson is stunned from those elbows and-

[And Jones leaves his feet, backflipping and CROWNING Anderson on top of the skull with a kick!]

GM: PELE! HE HITS THE PELE KICK!!

[Anderson collapses from the impact as Jones pushes up to all fours, looking across the ring at Hercules Hammonds who is hopping up and down, slamming his arm down on the top rope, screaming for his partner to get across and make the tag as the crowd is roaring!]

GM: We've passed the ten minute mark as Jones tries to get there and get Hercules Hammonds back into this match!

[Strong and Hayes can be heard shouting at Anderson to get up and keep Jones in the ring as the smaller man attempts to make the tag to the Tupelo Tower who is absolutely shaking with anticipation of getting into the ring to turn up the intensity.]

GM: Both men looking for a tag now! Jones is crawling, getting closer and closer to the corner while Anderson tries to drag himself back to-

BW: TAG!

[The Knockout Kid comes in fast, rushing across the ring as Jones makes a lunge...]

GM: TAAAAAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Hercules Hammonds tags into the match, storming through the ropes, catching an incoming Strong in a rapidly rotating powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!!

[Hammonds starts to cover when he spots Aaron Anderson coming in fast as well, charging across...

...and Hammonds THROWS him as high as humanly possible, sending a screaming Anderson up towards the Hammons Field night sky...]

GM: ALL THE WAY UP...

[...where he CRASHES chestfirst on his prone partner!]

GM: ...AND ALL... THE WAY... DOOOOOOWN!

[A fired-up Hammonds claps his hands together as he drags Anderson off the mat, delivering a standing clothesline near the ropes that takes the Axeman over the ropes to the outfield grass!]

GM: ANDERSON TO THE FLOOR!!

[Grabbing the arms of Strong, Hammonds yanks him up, tucking the arms under his armpits...

...and smashes his skull repeatedly into the chest of the Knockout Kid, sending Strong falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Hammonds shoves him off to the corner...

[He steps in, hooking Strong under the arm with his right arm and around the head and neck with the left...

...and HURLS Strong through the air, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A THROW BY HAMMONDS!

[Strong rolls to his side, reaching back to grab at his lower lumbar area as Hammonds lifts his powerful right arm...]

"MORTON! HAYNES! WE COMIN' FOR YA!"

[...and puts it down, dropping into a three point stance!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: A message to Violence Unlimited?!

GM: The 2014 Stampede Cup winners are hiding out in Japan, refusing to come to the States - to come back to the AWA - and prove that they're the best in the world!

BW: They won the Cup! They proved plenty!

[As Strong staggers to his feet, Hammonds comes barreling across the ring, straightening up for a clothesline...

...and Strong sidesteps, using a handful of trunks to FIRE Hammonds shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE POST!!

BW: His shoulder hit the steel, Gordo!

GM: It certainly did and-

[Strong pulls Hammonds back out, hooking the big man's neck against his shoulder...

...and DROPS straight down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Strong with the cover!

[The referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Hammonds shoves him off, breaking the pin.]

GM: Not a lot of authority on that kickout.

BW: It looked like he went for a two-armed push off but that right shoulder hit the steel and he couldn't get anything behind that arm. It was only the power of his left arm shoving out of the pin.

[Strong pulls Hammonds head off the mat, hammering home elbow after elbow to the temple of the Tupelo Tower before shoving him back down to the mat. He steps up onto the second rope, hanging on with both hands to the top rope, springing up and down a few times...

...and LEAPS OFF, dropping down in a double stomp on the midsection of Hammonds!]

GM: OHHH!

[Strong looks to make another cover when Aaron Anderson calls for a tag, bringing himself in.]

GM: Anderson off the tag, moving slowly but he's gotta have something in mind to want to get in there.

[The Lights Out Express haul Hammonds to his feet, lifting him up in tandem...

...and DROPPING him facefirst on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohhh! Facefirst on the corner buckle!

[He staggers back towards a waiting Strong and Anderson who hook him from behind, lifting him up into a double back suplex!]

BW: OHHH! Nice doubleteam by the challengers!

GM: It was but why isn't the referee getting one of them out of there? Come on, Marty Meekly!

BW: They've got a five count, Gordo!

GM: He's not even counting!

[Strong steps out of the ring... but steps right back in from an Anderson tag. They turn Hammonds with his back in the buckles, each grabbing an arm...]

GM: They pull him out... and FIRE him back in!

[The crowd is all over the Lights Out Express as they drag Hammonds out, throwing him violently back into the buckles again!]

GM: That's two!

BW: Third time's a charm?

[The third spine-shaking slam into the corner leaves Hammonds wincing in pain against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Anderson steps out...

[But a grinning Strong tags him back in.]

GM: What in the world are these two doing?!

BW: They're showing the entire wrestling world what a TAG TEAM looks like, daddy!

[Strong and Anderson each hook a front facelock, slinging his arms over their necks...]

GM: Another doubleteam coming up!

[The challengers hoist Hammonds up into the air, holding him straight up and down for several seconds...]

BW: You talk about power, Gordo! Check this out!

GM: Yeah, but it's taking two of them to do it!

[...and then drop back, slamming Hammonds down with a double vertical suplex. Strong rolls out to the floor as Aaron Anderson makes a cover, hooking the leg.]

GM: Anderson covers for one! He's got two! He's got-

[Hammonds again muscles out at two, shaking his head as he sits up on the mat.]

GM: Two count only on one-half of the World Tag Team Champions.

[Anderson nods to a shouting Sandra Hayes as the Axeman leans over Hammonds, hauling him up off the mat to his feet...]

GM: The first graduate of the Combat Corner standing there, hooking the arms of the Tupelo Tower...

BW: What in the...?

[With a guttural roar, Anderson lifts Hammonds up in an elevated double chickenwing...]

GM: WOW!

BW: THAT'S ONE MAN, GORDO! ONE MAN DEADLIFTING 296 POUNDS OF HERCULES HAMMONDS INTO A DOUBLE CHICKENWING!

[Strong takes advantage of the position, stepping in and up onto the middle rope...

...and leaps off, snaring the head of Hammonds and DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Strong rolls out again, taking a verbal beating from Marty Meekly as he does. Anderson flips Hammonds over, covering for a pin as Meekly wheels around.]

BW: The referee was out of position!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Hammonds lifts a shoulder to break the pin! Anderson angrily claps his hands together as he climbs to his feet, throwing a glance at Miss Sandra Hayes who slams her own hand into the ring apron, shouting at her man.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes giving some instructions... perhaps some motivation to the Lights Out Express who are hoping to achieve Step One of the Year Of The Shane Gang here tonight.

[Anderson hauls Hammonds up off the mat, glaring at him. He trashtalks him a bit before blasting him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Big uppercut by Anderson and-

[Hammonds throws a right hand to the jaw in response!]

GM: Hammonds fires back!

[Anderson rears back, throwing a second uppercut that stuns Hammonds who reaches out with one arm, throwing Anderson back into the champions' corner...]

...and then charges in, slamming his shoulder into the midsection of the Axeman!]

GM: Hammonds drives the shoulder into the gut, trying to take the wind out of Anderson's sails!

[Hammonds repeatedly drives his shoulder into the gut of Anderson, rocking the North Carolina native with a half dozen tackles as the referee orders him back. The big man from Tupelo steps back...]

...and then flips forward, slamming his heel into the sternum of Anderson!]

BW: KOPPO KICK IN THE CORNER!!

[Turning back to the corner, Hammonds tries to get out of the wrong side of the ring, pushing up to his feet and staggering towards the mid-point of the ring as Anderson slaps Strong's offered hand.]

GM: Strong back in...

[He runs past Hammonds, hitting a running forearm that knocks Skywalker Jones off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Strong spins around, hopping up on the midbuckle, raising his right arm...]

...and leaps off, looking to deliver a forearm smash!]

GM: HAMMONDS CAUGHT HIM!! HAMMONDS CAUGHT HIM!!

[But Strong promptly digs his fingers into the eyes, drawing a warning from the referee as Hammonds blindly staggers away, taking wild swings at the air as he wobbles towards the neutral corner. Strong moves in behind him, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big knife edge in the corner!

[Strong winds up again, this time switching to a solid forearm shot to the jaw... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Strong's hammering away in the corner and-

[Suddenly, Hammonds blocks an elbowsmash, throwing a right hand of his own!]

GM: Hammonds returns fire!

[The crowd is roaring for Hammonds as he throws haymaker after haymaker, backing Strong across the ring...]

GM: Strong backs to the corner and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: MY STARS!! WHAT AN OVERHEAD CHOP OUT OF HAMMONDS!!

[The champion grabs Strong by the arm, whipping him to the opposite neutral corner. On his approach, Strong hops up to the midbuckle, pivoting and leaping off...]

GM: FOREARM!

[But Hammonds slaps it away, hooking a loose half nelson as he hoists Strong up into the air...

...and DROPS him down across a bent knee!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Hammonds turns to the corner, looking for Skywalker Jones but the high flyer is still down on the apron from the abuse he took so far.]

GM: We're over fifteen minutes into this one as Hammonds pulls Strong back up to his feet...

[The big man pulls Strong into an inverted facelock, giving a bellow as he looks out at the cheering crowd...

...that starts booing loudly as Hayes climbs up on the apron, drawing the attention of Marty Meekly.]

GM: Hayes is on the apron! Get her down from-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MULE KICK DOWN SOUTH! STRONG KICKS HIM LOW!!

[Hammonds staggers away, clutching his groin as Strong straightens up, moving to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: Both men are in - the challengers looking to take advantage of the low blow as a smirking Sandra Hayes drops to the floor, happy with the word she did right there.

[Strong lifts Hammonds up in a fireman's carry as Anderson nods, wiggling his fingers as he waits...

...and Strong upends him towards Anderson who sits out in a powerbomb!]

GM: DEMOLITION DRIVER!! That might do it!

[Strong rolls out as Anderson shouts "COUNT 'IM!"]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But from out of nowhere, a diving Skywalker Jones breaks up the pin to save the World Tag Team Titles!]

GM: JONES SAVES THE TITLES!

[That brings Strong back in, pulling up Jones and hammering him back into the neutral corner with short elbows to the temple as Anderson drags Hammonds up in the opposite corner.]

GM: All four men are in the ring...

[Anderson gives a shout to his partner, getting a nod in response...]

GM: The Lights Out Express shoots them in!

[Jones leaps over with a leapfrog as Hammonds doubles over...

...and SPEARS THE HELL OUT OF LENNY STRONG!]

GM: SPEAR!! MY GOD, WHAT A SPEAR!!

[Jones kept on running, leaping up with a forearm smash to put Anderson back in the buckles where the high flyer opens fire, raining down forearms on the challenger!]

GM: Anderson and Hammonds are legal!

[With Anderson trying to cover up, Jones grabs him by the arm, whipping him across to Hammonds who launches Anderson skyward...

...catches him across his shoulders and DRIVES him back with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: SAMOAN DROP!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Anderson lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: Hercules Hammonds thought he had him right there, fans! Hammonds is hot under the collar and-

[He signals to Jones who nods, getting in position. Hammonds pulls Anderson up, tugging him into a standing headscissors, powering him up for a powerbomb...]

GM: He's got him up and-

[And the referee steps in front of Skywalker Jones, forcing him out of the ring!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Great call by Marty Meekly! Skywalker Jones was WAY over the five count and had no business still being inside that ring!

[With Anderson still up in powerbomb position, Hammonds turns to face the turnbuckles...

...and THROWS Anderson back into the buckles, creating a whiplash-style impact! Hammonds spins, shouting at Meekly, backing him across the ring as Meekly points to the AWA logo on his shirt, threatening a disqualification.]

GM: The last time these two teams met, it was a disqualification that ended it.

BW: It'll happen again if Hammonds puts his meat hooks on Meekly, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right, Bucky.

[Hammonds turns back towards Anderson, stalking across the ring towards him. He pulls him from the buckles, dragging him back towards the corner where he tags in Skywalker Jones.]

GM: The tag is made by the champions... Jones scaling the buckles...

[Hammonds leans down, hoisting Anderson up into an electric chair lift...]

GM: Jones is up top! Anderson's up in the lift!

[A dazed Strong gets to his feet, climbing up on the apron, running down the length of it...

...and leaps up, single-leg dropkicking the knee out of Jones, crotching him up top facing out to the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Come on, referee! Lenny Strong is NOT the legal man right now!

[A furious Hammonds drops Anderson in a heap, lunging at Strong to grab him by the throat...

...and gets DRILLED from behind by the Axeman!]

GM: Anderson hits Hammonds from behind!

[The Axeman spins Hammonds around, blasting him with a trio of European uppercuts as Strong steps in...

...and they double clothesline Hammonds over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OUT GOES HAMMONDS!

BW: But he's the legal man, guys! You can't win the titles without him in the ring!

[With Jones crotched and dazed, Strong and Anderson step up to the middle rope, facing into the ring. They each reach back, grabbing an arm, lifting Jones off the buckles...

...and leaping off with what amounts to a double crucifix powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Axeman leaps up, swinging his arms down like he's chopping down with an axe!]

GM: Anderson says it's over but Jones isn't legal! He's not the legal man! You said it yourself, Bucky! We've over twenty minutes into this battle and Jones may be out cold after that!

[With Miss Hayes shouting at her man, they both slide out to the floor, pulling a rising Hammonds by the arms...

...and HURLING him back into the ring apron!]

GM: INTO THE APRON!!!

[Strong nods at the jeering crowd, gesturing to his partner as Anderson pulls Hammonds over towards the barricade, spinning him around...]

GM: They're gonna do it again!

[Each with an arm, Strong and Anderson HURLS Hammonds backfirst into the barricade!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Hammonds falls back against the railing, arms draped over the steel as Anderson and Strong exchange a high five, pleased with their actions so far. Hayes claps from nearby, ordering them to get back into the ring.]

GM: Strong puts him in... Anderson crawls in as well. Those two are the legal men - Hammonds and Anderson.

[Anderson pulls Hammonds up, blasting him with a series of European uppercuts, backing the bigger man into the ropes where he grabs the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Anderson grabs the arm, big whip coming up...

[The Irish whip sends Hammonds across as Anderson crouches, muscling Hammonds up...

...and ERUPTING upwards with a European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: How the heck did he get that much elevation on Hammonds?!

[Anderson wipes off his hands, throwing his arms apart.]

GM: Anderson thinks it's over - he covers!

[The referee dives to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Hammonds squeaks a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only! Just a count of two off that explosive uppercut by Aaron Anderson and this crowd is suddenly very, very nervous, Bucky.

BW: They can sense it! They can smell it! The winds of change are in the air! It's the Year of the Shane Gang and it's really gonna happen right here tonight, daddy!

[Anderson pulls Hammonds up again, blasting him with three short European uppercuts, sending Hammonds staggering back into the ropes. He grabs the arm again...]

GM: The Axeman's going to do it again... Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Anderson hard into the ropes, rebounding back fast...

...where Hammonds lifts him up, twisting him around in an out-of-control tilt-a-whirl, and DRIVES him down to the canvas!]

GM: 360 DEGREES OF PAIN!!

[Hammonds collapses on the mat from the exertion as Anderson lies flat on his back on the mat, breathing heavily.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurt! And both men are in desperate need of a tag after that devastating slam by the Tupelo Tower!

[Marty Meekly starts up a double count on both men as they lie flat on their backs on the canvas...]

GM: Meekly's counting both men down. If he gets to ten, the match is over, Bucky.

BW: After that slam, I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if he got to ten. That thing shook me all the way up here at the Press Box, daddy.

[The count gets to three as Lenny Strong stands on the apron, screaming at his partner to make it back to his feet. On the other side of the ring, Skywalker Jones is still laid out on the apron after the devastating super bomb by the Lights Out Express.]

GM: Hammonds is still down, Anderson is still down. You can hear Lenny Strong and Miss Sandra Hayes shouting for the Axeman while Buford P. Higgins tries to root Hammonds back to his feet.

BW: But if the Axeman gets up, he's got Strong waiting for the tag. Jones is still down on the mat. It looked like a weird move when the LOE went after him instead of the legal man but it may be about to pay major dividends, Gordo.

GM: It might but right now, he's gotta get up! Both of these men need to get back to their feet as the count reaches five... now to six.

BW: Come on, guys. No one wants to see this end like this.

GM: The count is to sev- Hammonds sits up!

[His chest heaving with every breath, Hercules Hammonds sits on the canvas, throwing a glance to the corner where Skywalker Jones has managed to pull himself to a knee, shouting encouragement to his partner as the count goes to eight.]

GM: Hammonds is sitting up...

[But before he can go any further, a dazed Aaron Anderson gets up to all fours, crawling towards his corner...

...and making a lunging tag at the count of nine!]

GM: The tag is made!

[Lenny Strong builds a head of steam, bouncing off the far ropes, then the near ropes...

...then BLASTS the seated Hammonds with a sliding clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THAT'S IT!!

[Strong dives across Hammonds' chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[The arm just barely sneaks up off the mat, breaking the pin again.]

GM: Hammonds kicks out in time!

[A furious Strong grabs him by the back of the head, taking the mount and raining down thunderous elbows to the head. The referee's count quickly reaches four and is almost to five when Strong suddenly backs off, kicking the ropes in frustration.]

GM: Lenny Strong is upset! He thought he had him off the clothesline but he needs to keep his cool. His team - the challengers - are still in the driver's seat and they could be on the verge of victory if he can just find a way to keep Hammonds down for the three count.

BW: Easier said than done.

GM: I realize that.

[Strong backs up, reaching up to firmly slam his elbow into his open hand a few times...]

GM: He's looking for that knockout elbow! That rolling elbow that is almost sure to end this match if he hits it!

[The Knockout Kid shouts "COME ON!" at Hammonds, poised and ready to strike as Hammonds struggles to get up off the mat...]

GM: Strong is ready! He's set!

[Outside the ring, Miss Sandra Hayes is gripping the middle rope tightly, mouth open in anticipation as she waits for her man to strike the potential match-winning blow.]

GM: Hammonds to a knee... rising to his feet...

[The crowd buzzes as Strong goes into a full spin, cocking the elbow back and letting it fly...

...but airmailing past the head of Hammonds who ducks down, giving a hard push to the back towards the corner where Jones uses the top rope to slingshot himself up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERMAN PUNCH! SUPERMAN PUNCH!!

[Strong staggers backwards from the impact of the blow as Hammonds races to the ropes, bouncing back towards the stunned (and unaware) Strong...]

BW: LOOK OUT!

[The collision is epic as Hammonds' near three hundred pound form CRASHES into an unsuspecting Strong from the blind side, sending him sailing through the air and slumping to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: TUPELO TOOOORRRRPEEEEDOOOO!

[With Strong down from the impactful tackle, Hammonds staggers towards the corner, falling down...

...and slapping the outstretched hand of his partner!]

GM: TAG!

[Jones catapults himself over the rope, charging across the ring towards an incoming Lenny Strong...

...and leaps up, bringing up both knees to sandwich Strong against the buckles!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Jones bounces off, throwing his arms up in the air and jerking them down to a big crowd reaction as he fires himself up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and DRILLS the stunned and staggering Strong with a superkick!]

BW: THE DUFRESNE DESTROYER! THE VASQUEZ VANQUISHER!

[The kick under the chin catches Strong flush, causing him to collapse into a seated position in the corner. Jones reaches down, slapping the canvas to a big reaction as he shouts, "YEAAAAAAH!" Jones turns back towards Anderson who is still down from the Torpedo...

...and then turns back to the cornered Strong.]

GM: Don't do it! Keep your eyes on the legal man!

[But ever the showman, Jones waves off the downed Anderson, moving to the adjacent corner from where Strong is seated. The high flyer scales the turnbuckles, standing on the top rope...]

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

BW: What in the world is he thinkin', Gordo?!

GM: I have no-

[With one word, Jones lets the whole world know what he's thinkin'.]

"YOUTUBE!"

[He leaps off the top, flying high and for distance through the air...

...and DRIVES his feet into the face of the seated Strong, crushing him against the ropes!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A MOVE FROM SKYWALKER JONES!!

BW: TORA, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!!

[Jones slowly gets back to his feet, throwing his arms apart to a big reaction as he goes into a full spin for one and all to see...

...and then points his finger at the rising Aaron Anderson who is using the ropes to get back to his feet.]

GM: Jones moving in on the challenger...

[Suddenly, Sandra Hayes is up on the apron again, swinging her branding iron and screaming at Marty Meekly who rushes over, ordering her to get down off the apron. Jones throws a glance at her as he pulls Aaron Anderson out to the middle of the ring, scoop slamming him down on the mat.]

GM: Big slam and-

[Jones "dusts off" his shoulder, looks Hayes directly in the eye...

...and throws a crotch chop that causes WKIK censors to quickly cut to a crowd shot a moment before we hear a huge cheer!]

GM: Leaping elbowdrop connects!

BW: What the-?! Did you see what he did to Sandra?!

GM: I certainly did but the fans at home did not so let's keep on going. Jones has Anderson down and-

[A livid Sandra Hayes is on the floor, ranting and raving like a lunatic. She stalks around the ring, leaving her branding iron behind as she goes to Lenny Strong's side, trying to shake some life into him as Jones leaps up again...]

GM: STANDING ZERO G!!

[He reaches back, hooking the legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Anderson's shoulder just BARELY comes flying off the canvas!]

GM: He got out in the nick of time! Aaron Anderson almost took the losing pin right there but he just barely got the shoulder up, fans!

[Jones slams a fist down into the mat in frustration, dragging Anderson off the mat and whipping him into the neutral corner where he slumps down to his knee.]

GM: He hits the corner hard as Jones backs off, measuring him from across the ring...

[As Jones dashes across, Anderson scoops up the fallen branding iron, gripping it with both hands and holding it up...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...but Jones swings a leg up in a Yakuza kick, kicking the branding iron out of his grip and sending it out to the floor!]

GM: OH! JONES KICKS THE WEAPON OUT!!

[Lenny Strong comes lumbering across, going into a full spin as he approaches Jones from behind...

...who sidesteps, causing Strong to DRILL a dazed Anderson with a rolling elbow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Strong bounces out in disbelief as Jones whips him across, ducking down as Hammonds slips back in, powering him up for a flapjack...

...as Jones leaps up, bringing his knee up and grabbing Strong by the hair, pulling his face into the knee as they all crash to the mat!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Strong rolls to the floor as Hammonds gets up, boots the dazed Anderson in the gut, tugging him into a gutwrench...

...and powers him up, holding him there as Jones climbs the ropes...]

GM: Hammonds has him up! He's gonna-

[The Tupelo Tower swings Anderson down, bouncing him chestfirst off the canvas! The Axeman rolls over onto his back on the impact.]

GM: HAMMONDS HAMMER!!

[With Anderson laid out in front of him, Jones stands tall on the top turnbuckle...]

"THE WORLD IS MINE!"

[...and uncorks a dazzling 630 senton, crashing down at lightning-quick speeds across the chest of the Axeman!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jones flips over, applying a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The champions retain!

BW: You gotta be kidding me! It's the Year of the Shane Gang!

GM: It very well may be but for the Lights Out Express, it's another night where they will go home without the World Tag Team Titles! They came closer than any other team has perhaps but in the end, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds have retained the World Tag Team Titles!

BW: Sandra is beside herself! She can't believe it either! What an awful way to start the night for the Shane Gang! What a terrible-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to the sight of Lenny Strong retrieving the fallen branding iron, climbing up on the apron and CLUBBING Hercules Hammonds across the shoulderblades with it!]

GM: OHH! Strong lays out Hammonds with that damned branding iron!

[Jones turns, rushing towards Strong who winds up and CRACKS him between the eyes with it!]

GM: HE HITS JONES RIGHT OVER THE SKULL WITH IT!!

[Jones collapses to the mat, covering up his head as Strong stands over him, glaring down at one-half of the World Tag Team Champions. He starts laying the badmouth on him as Sandra Hayes steps in, clapping for what her man just did to the high flyer.]

GM: Buford P. Higgins is out on the floor! He can't believe what he's seeing!

[Strong suddenly turns, swinging the branding iron down in a chopping motion at a downed Hercules Hammonds, smashing him across the back a second time!]

GM: Lenny Strong, the Knockout Kid, is living up to his name by taking that solid steel weapon to the team that just defeated he and Aaron Anderson!

[Strong turns back to Jones, pulling his mini-afro back to expose a nasty gash on the forehead of the champion. He slips the branding iron across the throat, sitting down on the back and pulling back in a makeshift Camel Clutch.]

GM: Strong's trying to take Jones out once and for all right now!

[A dazed Aaron Anderson climbs up off the mat with the aid of Miss Sandra Hayes, joining his partner by putting the boots to Jones and Hammonds, alternating back and forth between the two champions as Marty Meekly shouts for them to back off. The bell sounds again as Anderson tells Strong to let the hold go.]

GM: Anderson showing some mercy, I guess.

BW: You might want to guess again, Gordo.

[Anderson hooks the bloodied Jones in a full nelson as Strong backs up, yanking off his elbowpad to expose the solid bone. He goes into a full spin, rearing back the arm...

...and CRACKS Jones between the eyes with the elbow, giving him backwards momentum that Anderson uses to hoist him up, dumping him on the back of his head with a released Dragon Suplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Anderson throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture, climbing atop Jones as Hayes drops down to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... and three times before signaling for the bell.]

BW: New champions! We've got new champions!

GM: We most certainly do not, Bucky. That sham of a pinfall means absolutely nothing and you know it... they know it... everyone knows it.

BW: Then why do they have the belts?!

[The crowd jeers even louder as Hayes "awards" the title belts to Anderson and Strong who take up flanking positions next to her, holding the title belts over their heads.]

GM: This is disgusting. Absolutely disgusting. They lost the match fair and square and there's no call for anything that happened after that, Bucky. No call for it at all!

BW: Hey, uh... they're leaving with the belts!

GM: They're what?!

[The boos pick up to a deafening level as Strong, Anderson, and Hayes exit the ring, carrying the title belts with them. Hayes is all smiles as her men wear the title belts over their shoulders.]

GM: Those don't belong to them, damn it!

BW: Possession is nine-tenths of the law, Gordo.

GM: I don't care! They aren't the champions and they don't deserve the belts!

BW: You want to tell 'em that?

GM: You better believe that Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds will have absolutely no problem telling them that. Fans, we've got to take a break... a bit of an extended break actually as the ring crew is heading out here to construct the demonic structure known as the Tower Of Doom. We'll be right back!

[The camera holds on the exiting Shane Gang 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...

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 Dufrense 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 Dufresne 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 up, we find a pre-recorded piece of footage of the backstage area where the team best described as Team Wise Men have assembled for action. The team captain, Johnny Detson, is pacing back and

forth in front of the unit, arms clasped behind his back as he looks up at everyone in the group.]

Detson: Eric Preston said this was a war.

[Detson nods as he continues to pace.]

Detson: And a war is what Eric Preston shall receive. Because who wouldn't want a war...

[Detson stretches out his arms, almost displaying the men behind him.]

Detson: ...with an army like this! The Dogs of War on my right, and these Russian Bombers on my left. Who wouldn't want that fight?

[Detson sharply turns facing the Dogs of War.]

Detson: The Dogs of War... how long have the three of you been held down to the depths of never-was, never-heard of... while the select chosen ones were given the keys to the kingdom? Let loose, given a name, a purpose, and you simply have destroyed all they dare put in front of you!

[Detson frowns slightly.]

Detson: But why did you have to wait for that chance?

[He points at Carpenter.]

Detson: Did Ryan Martinez inherit your place?

[He points at Walker.]

Detson: Did Eric Preston need to find himself...again?

[He points at Perez.]

Detson: Did the disgraced drop-out get your spot while your spine healed from following orders?

[Perez is seething at that, teeth clenched as he rubs his hands together.]

PP: Tonight is the night. Everything before tonight has been nothing but the preamble. The "once upon a time."

[Carpenter leans in.]

IC: Once upon a time, three men with purpose showed up unexpectedly and showed the world what happens when you chain down three rabid dogs and don't let them at the people who made them that way.

[Perez nods.]

PP: You brought this upon yourselves. Never forget that. Michaelson fed me like a lamb to the slaughter. The office kept me off television - exiled me to Puerto Rico - so as not to offend the pampered prince of wrestling, Juan Vasquez. And yes, the disgraced drop-out got MY spot. Supreme Wright ran like a whipped dog when things didn't go his way and yet the office welcomed him back like a conquering hero.

Your World Title, Wright... should have been mine. Your glory... your fame... your bootlickers... should have been mine.

Your very life... should have been mine. And tonight, the Dogs of War arrive to reclaim our rights... to reclaim our pasts... our presents... and our futures.

[Detson nods in agreement. He turns and makes his way over until he's standing directly in front of Kolya Sudakov.]

Detson: And did they forget about one of the most dominant men the AWA has ever known? Kolya, did they forget, or did they just disrespect the legacy? Trot you out for SuperClash and make some fluke armbar your legacy? You? Your legacy isn't to submit; it's to destroy! You are the most dominant, indestructible champion this federation will ever know! How soon they forget; how quickly they disrespect. You reminded them in Japan, but tonight you will show each and every one of them how much it hurts to forget the name Kolya Sudakov! Which brings me to you...

[Detson glares and quickly pivots pointing an accusing finger a mere inch away from Brad Jacobs nose. Needless he does not look pleased.]

Detson: You... you don't want to be here.

[The muscles in Jacobs' jaw tighten and he slowly, defiantly shakes his head. Detson slowly shakes his head with Jacobs in agreement.]

Detson: No. But there's also not a single thing you can do about it, is there?

[Jacobs shoots a quick look at Doyle with his eyes before shutting his eyes hard and again, slowly shaking his head. Detson again shakes his head, this time a smile forms on his face.]

Detson: I like that. Honesty. Well, honesty and brute force strength bottled up with absolute anger. You can't use that anger to go after any of us, but you can use it against... let's say Supreme Wright?

[Not really a question, Detson shrugs anyway.]

Detson: You know the guy you called out almost two months ago? The selfish guy hiding behind his cronies with the title he didn't win? Well, he's over there on the other side. He lost that title and now he's looking for someone else to blame. You prove your point against him, you get the chance to take him out like you didn't two months ago. Because like I said, you can't do anything to us... but Supreme?

[Detson glares at Jacobs, pointing a finger at him again.]

Detson: You can take all that pent up anger and you can send him straight down. Because he's still the same and he's still mocking you, but you, "Big Deal", can make this first unselfish act of Supreme Wright's life... HIS LAST!

[Detson slams his fist down into the palm of his hand as Larry Doyle speaks up.]

LD: Johnny Detson, let me make it clear. Larry Doyle Enterprises has got your back one hundred and twenty six point five percent in this battle tonight, because scientifically speaking that's as much as a man can give.

Through hook or by crook I knew that to make an endeavor such as the Wise Men work, to keep that idea alive, that there would need to be give and take. Too many cooks in the kitchen makes the soup taste not good, so we all agreed that Percy Childes would be the public face. But while Percy was spreading his Wisdom, Larry Doyle was strengthening the barracks. Larry Doyle was arming the troops and preparing for battle.

Because I've seen this before, Team Strange Bedfellow, this isn't Larry Doyle's first run in the sun.

I know what happens when a plan comes together, I know what happens when a kingdom is toppled. The peasants don't rejoice, the peasants revolt. There's always one who wants to stand his ground and fight for all the idiots who got run over, there's always one freak sitting in front of the tank in the town square.

[Doyle motions behind him.]

LD: Take a look at the tank, Team Strange Bedfellows, and understand that we knew this day was coming. We knew SOMEONE would challenge us, and we've prepared in kind.

Eric Preston, to say I'm disappointed in you is an understatement. You could be here, you could be standing behind me, with your bank account overflowing and gold over your shoulder, but when Cindy Loo Whoo came down the stairs on Christmas morning, who in the hell would have thought that YOU of all people would trade in your spine for a heart?

And now you've been shaking babies and kissing toes for so long that you're standing in the town square, calling down the thunder, calling for a revolt! With your pen pal Ryan Martinez, The Man Who Laryngitis Missed, by your side, and a bunch of guys who wouldn't pour water on you if you were on fire.

[Doyle smells the flower in his lapel and leans in close to the camera.]

LD: You're gonna dig your feet in the ground and fight the good fight, be the Patron Saint of the Working Man, and strike a blow for all the common folk?

That's fine with us.

Because to be a patron saint you've gotta be a martyr first. And we'll be glad to help you out with that... we've been waiting for it.

[Detson smirks as he turns towards the camera.]

Detson: And then there's me, the person that puts it all together. The person who has been through this and come out the other side smiling. The one who fought the last war... and won. Not some misguided tormented shell of himself like Nenshou. Not some whiney, delusional has-been like Rick Marley. No, the person who actually led them to victory; the person who guided it, willed it to happen. The leader, the general, the person who's relied on and brought in to get the job done.

[Smiling, Detson points at himself.]

Detson: You want a war?

[Detson holds up his thumb.]

Detson: Supernova...

[Crowd cheers, Detson holds out an index finger.]

Detson: ...Brian Von Braun...

[More cheers, Detson now unfolds his middle finger.]

Detson: ...Luke Kinsey...

[Big cheer for that one. Smirking, Detson holds out his ring finger.]

Detson: ...Stevie Scott...

[Another big ovation for the man who returned earlier in the night, now Detson has all five fingers out, his face contorts with disgust and rage.]

Detson: ...Juan Vasquez.

[Huge actual pop from the crowd.]

Detson: Those five wanted a war as well. Those five thought they had what it took. Those five are all gone. THEY NEVER RECOVERED!

[Detson shoves two fingers into his own chest.]

Detson: And yet here I stand. I'm on the line, ready for war again. You want war? You think you have what it takes to get the job done?

[Detson slowly shakes his head back and forth.]

Detson: I don't think so. You're not going to win. You're not even going survive. Ask Scott. Ask Von Braun. Ask Supernova or Kinsey. Ask Vasquez. You go find them and ask them; and when you do... please... let them know.

[Detson turns to Walker.]

WW: The Wise Men send their regards.

[Walker steps forward, palming the camera lens to force it to black as a chuckling Detson utters "Let's get 'em, boys" and we fade back out to Gordon and Bucky in the Press Box. Behind them, we can see the steel terror known as the Tower Of Doom being constructed.]

GM: Team Wise Men appear to be ready for war here tonight in the Tower Of Doom. This Tower has only been constructed on one occasion here in the AWA - three years ago tonight at WrestleRock to be precise - but the shockwaves from that one are still being felt to this day.

BW: We talk about the dangers of a match like WarGames, this match isn't any safer, Gordo. Let's look at the ten men who stepped into that Tower that night - eleven if you count the Keeper of the Key... only one man is still an active member of the AWA and that's Kolya Sudakov who JUST made his return recently. Sharif, Scott, Velikov, Supernova... all of 'em are on the shelf now.

GM: You DID see Stevie Scott return earlier tonight, right?

BW: Of course I did... but I also heard 'im say he's not medically cleared to compete so in my book, he's still on the shelf even with these delusions of grandeur that he's gonna be the next AWA President.

GM: So, you're saying that of the ten men stepping into the Tower tonight-

BW: Eleven.

GM: Eleven, right. You're saying that in three years' time, only one of them will be left competing in the AWA.

BW: Obviously we're dealing with a small sample size but matches like these... like WarGames... they tend to take a lot of a man. They're career-shortening and in some cases, career-ending, matches. I wouldn't be surprised to see someone carted out of here on a stretcher here tonight.

GM: Ten men stepping in-

BW: Eleven.

GM: Why do you keep pointing that out?

BW: Because, Gordo... everyone likes to talk about this being five-on-five in the ultimate battlefield for supremacy but you have to remember that the Keeper Of The Key can play a major role in this match. Whoever it is, they're responsible for opening that final door and allowing people to escape. If they decided to, they could cost someone the match.

GM: Of course they'd be putting themselves physically at risk to do so, locked inside a cage with someone who they're trying to cost the match.

BW: It's a price some might be willing to pay.

GM: Well, we now know that the Wise Men team is ready for action but what about their opponents? While the Tower creeps closer to completion, let's find out where they stand.

[Cut to backstage, where five of the ten participants stand in front of an AWA backdrop. On the far left stands Armbar Guy himself - Callum Mahoney. The Armbar Assassin has on a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front.

To his right is the AWA World Television Champion, Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is wearing a dark black hoodie, the letters "AWA" stenciled in gold across the front. The silver and red Television title belt slung over his left shoulder, held in place by the right arm that's across his chest.

To his right, and in the center of the group, is his best friend and frequent teammate, Eric Preston. Preston is dressed simply in black and red wrestling trunks, boots and wrist tape. As he awaits a cue, his eyes dart side to side, surveying his army..

And to Preston's right is world class brawler Hannibal Carver, the hood of his sweatshirt pulled over to cover his head and his face.

Finally, at the far end of the group, standing behind everyone, is the former World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright. Wright is wearing a black velour fighter's robe with white trim over his wrestling attire. His arms are crossed and he stares straight ahead directly into the camera with his usual stoic glare. It is Mahoney who begins.]

CM: You know, fellas, Percy makes a very tempting offer: to join them... Any time... Be part of the union and benefit from the Wise Men. For all intents and purposes, this isn't my fight; I have nothing against the Wise Men...

[Cue bewildered reactions from his teammates.]

CM: Except, they've decided to back the wrong horse in Sudakov and that doesn't quite square with me. So, at least for tonight, Wise Men, this is MY fight! As long as you count the Russian as one of yours, and I haven't paid him back for Tokyo AND Gainesville, I've got something against you!

Tonight, I stand with these fellas and my mission is simple: seek and destroy! Neutralize the threat of the Russian War Machine by any means necessary! Unfortunately, along the way, Jacobs, Detson, and anyone else the Wise Men want to put between Sudakov and me, will just have to end up COLLATERAL DAMAGE!

[Ryan Martinez speaks next, the camera zooming in close to catch the intensity that quietly rages in his dark eyes.]

RM: You know. There are two kinds of people in this world. There are big people, and there are small people. And you better believe that “big” and “small” have nothing to do with height. I’m talking about what’s in a man’s heart. I’m talking about looking someone in the eyes and understanding something about their soul.

Brad Jacobs, Kolya Sudakov, Johnny Detson, Dogs Of War, and especially, Percy Childes, each one of you smaller than the one who came before.

Brad Jacobs, at least I can understand why you’re doing this. At least, I can understand that you’re trying to save your family. At least, Brad Jacobs, you’ve got an excuse. But understand this Jacobs, so long as you wriggle under Larry Doyle’s thumb, you’ll always be a small man. So long as you take the road of excuses, and not the high road, you’ll never be the man you should be. You need to come out into the light Brad Jacobs, and leave the Wise Men behind.

Sudakov. You have a lot of accolades to your name. You’ve done a lot. But here you are, on your knees, prostrate to the almighty dollar. Well, Kolya Sudakov, what does it profit a man if he gains the world and loses his soul? Nothing, at all. And that, Sudakov, is what you are – NOTHING AT ALL!

And somehow...

[Ryan shakes his head.]

RM: Johnny Detson, you’ve managed to become even less than sell-out Sudakov. A man who basks in tarnished glories earned in a place whose reputation fades daily. You were the big fish in wrestling’s smallest pond. And now, what are you? You’re the final part of the sentence “oh and, don’t forget...” Past glories fade Detson, just like you.

And the Dogs of War?

[Ryan exhales slowly, his face turning red.]

RM: They say there’s strength in numbers. But any man who can’t stand on his own two feet and fight with his own two fists doesn’t know the first thing about strength. Two of the three of you have to step into the Tower of Doom. And not one of you will emerge except as shells of the low men that you are.

But like I said, the worst of you is Percy Childes. And like Callum Mahoney, I heard your offer. And let me answer you in clear, unequivocal terms.

HELL NO!

[The camera draws back, to see that Ryan is bristling with intensity.]

RM: I heard what you said. I heard that it's hopeless. I heard that you said it's all over. The war is done, and you've done. I heard the words. And I heard the words underneath as well. I heard the same thing that passes the lips of every tiny, tinpot despot and slimebag that's ever walked the earth.

I heard the last gasp of a desperate man.

See, there's one thing that all small men have in common. And despite your size seventy eight waist, you're a very small man. And what they have in common is this. They don't understand what it means to have a code. They don't understand what it means to strive for some ideal. They can't see past their own smallness to know that a man can be motivated by something larger than themselves. And so, they try to either pay their betters off, or stomp them out.

Well, Percy, history teaches us that every tyrant falls. And you're no exception.

You say we can't win? I say those are the first words of your unconditional surrender.

But don't take my word for it.

[Preston steps forward, arms wide.]

EP: They say if you stand for nothing, you'll fall for anything.

Until not too long ago, I thought that was just a quip to put on coffee mugs and t-shirts.

But these men... they taught me something. They taught me that in the darkest of night, when there's no hope, when there's no chance, that good men still exist. That honor and integrity still mean something. They taught me that in this digital, instant gratification world of ours, that work ethic and perseverance still exists.

There are still men who wanna work, who wanna bleed, who wanna sweat, who wanna FIGHT...

[Preston looks over both shoulders.]

EP: ...they still exist. We still exist.

Percy Childes, you had the balls to stand in front of the world and detach yourself. You tried to play it off, like you're some stock broker in a plush suite buying and selling everyone like it's a game. Don't hide now, don't deny to the world what you are. You put millions of dollars, you put years of

effort and time and money into rigging this game because YOU could NOT win. You messed with lives, you destroyed careers, you put good men on the path to destruction and all in the name of your Unholy Alliance.

You couldn't win the game so you stacked the deck, and now you've got the world in your grip and you have the gall to say you've got nothing to lose?

You and I both know that couldn't be farther from the truth.

Already, these men behind me have banded together for a cause. To put your Wise Men head first into a wood chipper, to rid ourselves of your grubby little hands. And when the last of these men exits the cage, after the blood, sweat and tears we know is coming?

A mouse hole becomes a geyser. Every last wrestler in that locker room is looking for someone to strike a blow against your enterprise, every last man who busts his ass to feed his family is waiting for someone to knock the Wise Men back on their heels. And when we do, you're going to see people come out of the wood work to cross the Wise Men. Men who aren't my friends, who aren't my buddies, are gonna find themselves putting five knuckles up against your face and telling you to take a hike.

All it takes... is one.

[Preston holds up his index finger.]

EP: We've got five.

Five are one. One is five. No one here gets out alive.

You brought us together. You gave us something to stand up for. And now your men will fall at our feet.

[Hannibal Carver nods his head, the hood on his sweatshirt still hiding much of his face. He pauses for a moment before finally speaking.]

HC: Anyone that's followed my career, knows I didn't make my bones at first in this country... I made them in the Far East. While I was out there the first time, I heard the concept of the tiny masters of today in eastern philosophy. Small and meaningless, they desperately grasp and claw to do what little damage they can. Time wasters. They do what they can to slow you down and to take you off course.

[Carver pulls the hood off his head, finally turning to look at the camera.]

HC: That's what the Wise Men are. That's what their lapdogs that we're taking on here tonight are. They ain't got what it takes to get it done with their own steam. That's why they play these little games. That's why they grease palms with their money and influence to get their way. Because they aren't strong, they're weak. They have no power..

[Carver scowls.]

HC: ... they only know FEAR. That's why they did what they did tonight. That's why for all his bravado, for all his big talk about me and my past and how I've supposedly gone soft... when Johnny Detson had the chance to face me?

Carver nods.]

HC: He ran away from me and his partner... who I was only too happy to knock out cold.

[Carver smiles, but it is one without happiness or humor whatsoever.

HC: That's why they've taken out everyone from Stevie Scott to Supernova. Out of fear. Because if their back is against the wall and all they've got to rely on is their fists?

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: They fall like a house of cards in a strong winds. They think otherwise, but they're dead wrong. They think we're just a random ragtag group thrown together to topple them. They think we could never be a unit.

[Carver nods at Eric Preston, and the two men high five.]

HC: This is why they've never been so wrong. I never thought of this man right here before... but then I saw the light. I saw it the only way I ever have... by beating the tar out of somebody. Just like the man that caused me to have such a bad taste in my mouth about him in the first place, James Monosso... he has what it takes. He has that fire in his belly. And after training non-stop with him ever since we tore it up in that ring, you can take one thing to the bank.

[Carver nods, intensity showing on his face.]

HC: I'd follow him straight into the fires of hell just for the chance to smash each and every one of those heads to dust and stomp the rest of them into nothingness.

[Wright then steps forward, as the others part to make an opening for him. He looks right into the camera with a determined and fierce expression on his face.]

SW: Johnny Detson would have you believe that I want no part in this fight. He would have you believe that this is a battle where I don't belong.

I respectfully disagree.

[He slowly shakes his head.]

SW: Since the moment I took the AWA World Title and cradled it in my arms, I've been at war.

With The Wise Men...with THESE men.

[Supreme looks at his teammates, gathered around him and then back towards the camera.]

SW: But in your infinite "wisdom", I was finally forced to make a choice and to choose a side...and I've made my choice.

[His eyes narrow.]

SW: The Wise Men would have you believe I chose poorly.

[His voice is unwavering, unrelenting, unbroken. Wright is absolutely confident.]

SW: I'm NOT wrong.

Every battle needs its soldiers and every war has its armies, but above all, what any good army needs...

...is a weapon.

It doesn't matter if you have a superior army. It doesn't matter if you have a superior strategy. Standing before the deadliest weapon, even the deadliest soldier is insignificant.

[Supreme raises his thumb and extends two fingers, pointing it directly towards the camera, mimicking a gun.]

SW: And what you're looking at right now isn't a soldier. What you're looking at is a WEAPON. What you're doing, is staring straight down the barrel of a loaded gun. And Percy Chiles can tell you DAMN well, just how it feels, when _this_ weapon fires.

[Bang. Supreme lowers his arm and turns to his teammates, each with a determined look etched on their faces. Liking what he sees, Supreme allows himself a smirk, before turning his attention back to the camera with a grim look.]

SW: We'll see you boys on the battlefield.

[Fade out back to the Press Box.]

GM: On this night here in Springfield, we hear one side calling it a war... we hear the other calling it a battlefield. This is how strong these men feel about this match... about this night... and about this conflict. Will the war end tonight?

[Gordon shrugs.]

GM: Percy Childes says no. Percy Childes says that even in defeat, the Wise Men will persevere... that they will continue to stay strong and reign defiantly in the shadows... that their power will not fall to the wayside because of a single defeat.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: But what if Eric Preston is right? What if all it takes is one? What if all it takes is one major setback for the Wise Men, one crack in the dam for an entire surge of men to stand up together and say they've had enough? Tonight is more than one wrestling match... tonight is a turning point. A victory for the Wise Men strikes a major blow against those who stand against them... perhaps a crushing blow. But a loss for the Wise Men might mean the end of their cause as wrestlers come from every corner to stand up against them and all they stand for.

[Gordon turns, looking at the Tower now fully constructed behind them.]

GM: The battlefield has been prepared. The time for war is upon us.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: The time to make history is here. Let's go down to the ring to Mark Stegglet for an explanation of the rules of this incredible matchup. Mark?

[The shot cuts to a wide shot of the stadium, showing off the three story Tower of Doom in the shining spotlights, glittering as they pass over its steel structure. Two lengthy ladders rest on opposite sides of the cage, leading all the way up from the floor to the ceiling. There are two referees in position - one next to the very small upper cage and one kneeling outside the second cage, tugging at a lever.

A second cut shows Mark Stegglet standing by the ladder, one hand gripping it. He does NOT look happy.]

MS: Three years ago, I did this and the office really liked it so I drew the short straw again. Personally, I'd have sent Colt but...

[Stegglet throws a glance up the forty feet to the top of the Tower before sighing deeply.]

MS: Alright... I guess there's no sense stalling. Let's do this.

[Stegglet hands off the handheld mic to a ringside attendant, tapping on a mic on his collar.]

MS: Check, check... 1-2-3.

[He nods as he grabs a higher rung on the ladder, looking up...]

MS: The top of this Tower stands forty feet off the arena floor. As you all know, we've got two teams of five. When the opening bell sounds, one man from each team will climb this ladder... just... like... me....

[Stegglet slowly begins scaling the ladder, step by step to the cheers of the fans.]

MS: Believe me when I tell you that this part alone freaks me out. If you're not used to climbing ladders, climbing something this high can... whew, a word of advice, guys... don't look down when you get up here.

[The crowd roars as Stegglet slowly climbs, not speaking for an extended period of time as he nears the top, stepping off the ladder with the help of referee Johnny Jagger.]

MS: Thanks, Johnny. You getting hazard pay for being up here?

[Jagger smiles at the nervous announcer who is clutching to the steel mesh with both hands.]

MS: The AWA's Senior Official will also serve as the timekeeper for this one so he'll be up here directing traffic and telling when to open the trapdoors. He's got the buzzer as well as the controls for the trapdoors.

[Jagger nods, gesturing to a control panel in front of him with wires running off it.]

MS: So, once you're at the top, you'll enter through this door.

[A nod to Jagger causes a horn to sound as the door unlatches, allowing Stegglet to slip sideways through the small opening into the very small cage atop the Tower. As he gets in, Jagger hits another button to snap the door shut behind him with a loud "CLANG!"]

MS: The top cage here... well, it's barely big enough for two people. Three people or more would be a real problem. There's not much room in here at all. The cage is a little bit taller than the average AWA competitor - maybe seven feet tall. Let's just say we'd never be able to have someone like Robert Donovan compete in this match without some modifications to the cage.

[He steps over to the cage, giving it a hard tug or two.]

MS: The fight will go on up here in this cage for two minutes with the first man from both teams. After two minutes of action...

[The horn goes off again as Stegglet winces.]

MS: You would have thought I'd learn to cover my ears from three years ago when we did this.

[Stegglet shakes his head as he leans over, grabbing a trapdoor in the floor and pulling it open.]

MS: With the sound of the buzzer, the trapdoor unlocks and can be opened. It'll only be open for fifteen seconds and if you can't move on, you have to stay in this cage for two more minutes. So, it can get pretty tight up here if you get stuck behind.

[Stegglet nods, sitting down gingerly with his legs dangling through the trapdoor. He grabs the mesh with both hands, slowly lowering himself through and dropping a couple of feet down.]

MS: The middle cage - the second level - is quite a bit larger than the top one. More room to move around in here and a lot more room for more than two competitors in here.

[He stomps a few times.]

MS: But this one is perhaps the most dangerous. Steel ceiling, steel walls, steel floor. You can do a lot of damage in a real hurry in here as this mesh will rip and tear your skin apart pretty easily. The battle will continue here again for two minutes until the horn goes off again.

[This time, Stegglet DOES cover his ears as the air horn sounds. Stegglet walks over the trapdoor.]

MS: You can see that Ricky Longfellow has been positioned outside the second cage. His job is to open up that second door when the horn goes off

[Ricky pulls a manual lever, causing the second trapdoor to unlock. Stegglet leans over, pulling it up.]

MS: Strapped in out there, Ricky?

[Longfellow grins, lifting a strap that has him secured to the cage to show that he is indeed tied down.]

MS: Smart man. Well, this is the final trapdoor.

[He looks down through it.]

MS: I did this three years ago and had to see a doctor for six months about my ankle. I really would rather not-

[He shakes his head, listening through his earpiece.]

MS: I know I said I would but...

[He pauses.]

MS: Fine.

[A disgruntled Mark Stegglet sits down, legs dangling through the trapdoor. He eases himself forward, hanging onto the mesh as he tries to lower himself softly...

...and still hits the man standing with a hard jolt. He winces visibly, hobbling to catch his balance.]

MS: Hey Dr. Ponavitch... I might need an icepack when I get back there.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: The final level is a standard full-sized ring and cage and of course, is where you can escape the Tower to the floor. But remember, there WILL be a Keeper Of The Key down here who is responsible for opening that cage door and allowing people to get to the floor.

[Stegglet produces a key, opening a padlock and chain on the door, stepping out to the floor gingerly on the sore ankle.]

MS: Remember, to win, you must have your entire team - all five guys - be the first to make it out to the floor.

The Tower of Doom - very unique, very dangerous, and very exciting.

[Stegglet does a little bow.]

MS: Phil Watson, she's all yours.

[We crossfade to Phil Watson who is standing outside the Tower at ringside.]

PW: The following contest is the TOWER OF DOOM!

[HUUUUUUUUGE ROAR FROM THE CROWD!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the Keeper Of The Key for this contest...

[With nothing coming over the loudspeakers, the buzz of the crowd is audible. More than a few heads are craning, trying to see who is going to emerge from the dugout.

A hush falls upon the crowd, as a portly, bespectacled Asian man strides into view.]

BW: That's...

[He has on a grey jacket, with thin black lines forming a plaid pattern, over a red T-shirt and blue jeans. The jeans are cuffed to reveal that he is also wearing a pair of brown boots. Without his familiar smirk, however, the man looks downright grim.]

GM: It's Louis Matsui!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Louis Matsui has returned to the AWA and he is the Keeper of the Key!

[Barely acknowledging the crowd, Matsui makes his way to the ring. He approaches the door of the bottom cage and the official at ringside opens it to allow him to enter. With a nod from Matsui, the official closes the door and padlocks it.]

BW: How is this fair, Gordo?

GM: How is what fair?

BW: Matsui being the Keeper of the Key! The Wise Men put him through a windshield half a year ago; there's no way he is going to be impartial.

GM: I guess the Wise Men haven't taken EVERYTHING into consideration, Bucky.

[Matsui tugs at the lock a couple of times, making a show of how secure it is holding. He holds out a hand to the referee, who hands him the key, now hanging from a metal chain. Matsui unbuttons his jacket and puts his head through the chain, hanging the key around his neck. Buttoning his jacket, Matsui turns to a nearby camera and we hear him say, "And it stays there until I decide otherwise!"]

GM: If we needed any more intrigue for this match, we just got it, Bucky.

BW: I can't believe this is happening. Percy and "Hollywood" Larry have got to be beside themselves back there!

GM: The Wise Men acted without consequence against many in the AWA for months... and Louis Matsui is one of those men who they took out of action. He was once a member of their group and was unceremoniously shown the door by Childs. Tonight, it's Louis Matsui who is in charge of the door!

BW: Oh, that's hysterical. Another miscarriage of justice perpetrated by the AWA front office if you ask me. And you wonder why Percy thinks he'd make the best choice for AWA President!

GM: How can you agree with him on that?!

BW: He's got the power, he's got the influence, he's got the brains, and most importantly to my wallet, he's got the money!

GM: He BOUGHT your support?!

BW: You make it sound so crass.

[With Matsui in position, Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing Team #1...

[The sounds of the Russian National Anthem booms out over the PA system.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by Percy Childes and Larry Doyle... the team of...

JOHNNY DETSON... KOLYA SUDAKOV... BRAD JACOBS... and the DOGS OF WAAAAAAR!

[The aforementioned competitors make their way into view, led by the managers. The boos pour down on the group from the AWA faithful as they make their way down the aisle from the dugout towards the ring.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The lights in the stadium go out, before a single spotlight hits the platform where Styx will be performing later on tonight, only to have the crowd EXPLODE with cheers as we see the band walking on stage!]

GM: Here comes Styx! They're not scheduled to perform until after the show tonight but they're coming out here for something.

BW: Please, please play Mr. Roboto!

[The band takes their places and then without warning, begin to play...]

#Oh Mama I'm in fear for my life#
#From the long arm of the law#
#Lawman has put an end to my running#
#And I'm so far from my home#
#Oh mama I can hear you a crying#
#You're so scared and all alone#
#Hangman is coming down from the gallows#
#And I don't have very long#

[As "Renegade" plays, the outfield wall then opens up and the crowd roars with the loudest cheer of the night thus far, when they see their heroes emerging from center field like the outlaws of yore...on horseback.]

BW: What in the...?

GM: Haha! Check this out, fans! The cavalry has arrived!

[Ryan Martinez rides up front, with Eric Preston, Supreme Wright, Callum Mahoney, and yes, even a hockey goalie-masked Hannibal Carver riding behind him. They stopping at the mouth of the center field opening, sizing up the Tower standing before them and then Martinez makes his signal, as the posse rides off towards their destiny to a HUGE POP!]

GM: What an entrance for these team, the fans on their feet paying tribute to them as they get ready for the fight of their lives!

[Ringside attendants rush to the group as they reach the ringside area, trying to get everyone dismounted and ready for action.]

GM: As the two teams huddle around their respective ladders, trying to get one last strategy session in, I notice that all three Dogs Of War are out here even though only two of them will be participating in the match.

BW: Hey, no one's making Percy and Larry reveal their team so they're going to wait until the last possible second to do it.

[The camera cuts into the huddle of Team Wise Men where Percy Childes is giving the last second peptalk. "Be one. Be a unit. Be everywhere they think you can't possibly be. Remember what we discussed. Remember the plan."]

GM: Percy Childes with some final words for that squad.

[We cut to a second shot inside the other team's huddle where Ryan Martinez is speaking. "This is what we've been waiting for... what we've been fighting for. Remember what's at stake. It only takes one blow to their cause to bring the whole thing crumbling down."]

GM: And Ryan Martinez on the other side doing the same.

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger gives the trapdoors one final test before waving down to the timekeeper at ringside.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and the Tower Of Doom is officially underway!

[There's a bit of a fervor on both sides of the Tower as the two teams break up their huddles, allowing Kolya Sudakov to step up to the ladder on one side of the Tower.]

GM: It looks like it'll be the Russian War Machine heading in first for the Wise Men and...

[Hannibal Carver was just about to step on the ladder when Callum Mahoney rushes towards it, having spotted Sudakov climbing the ladder, and shoves Carver aside to make his own way up the ladder.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Trouble in paradise already, Gordo.

GM: It appeared as if Hannibal Carver was going to start it off for his team but Callum Mahoney caught one glimpse of the Russian making his way up the ladder and decided to go up as well.

BW: There's no love lost between those two, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. It all goes back to SuperClash last year when Sudakov made a surprise appearance in Steal The Spotlight only to get caught in Mahoney's dreaded Armbar and have to submit.

BW: But then it got nasty at Rising Sun Showdown in that match under Shoot Fight rules when Sudakov soccer kicked Mahoney's head harder than anything you'd see in the World Cup.

[Both men reach the top of their respective ladders, sliding into the very small top cage as the bell sounds again to start the beginning of the two minute period.]

GM: Here we go!

[Sudakov wastes no time in throwing a one-two combo that catches Mahoney flush, knocking him back against the mesh as the Tower visibly sways a bit.]

GM: Very uneven footing when you're walking on steel mesh up there and-

[Mahoney battles back, sticking a thumb in the eye of the Russian before grabbing him by the bald head and SLAMMING his face into the steel mesh!]

GM: There are no rules in this one, fans! Anything goes in a match like this and the Fightin' Irishman just proved it by sticking that thumb in the eye.

BW: You can hear "Hollywood" Larry out here on the floor complaining about Mahoney breaking the rules but I have to agree with ya, Gordo. No rules in this one at all.

GM: At least we can agree on something here tonight.

[A fired-up Mahoney presses his forearm into the back of Sudakov's head, rubbing his face back and forth on the mesh as a cameraman positioned outside the top cage gets a glimpse of Sudakov screaming in pain.]

GM: That steel mesh isn't friendly to the flesh, fans. It'll rip, it'll tear, it's like sandpaper being rubbed against your skin and Kolya Sudakov is finding that out right now. Remember, fans... two minute periods in this one so after two minutes are up, the airhorn will sound and we'll get the next two entries in the match.

BW: And if you look out the floor, you'll see two huddles discussing who is going to be the next ones in.

[Sudakov lashes out backwards, catching Mahoney on the cheekbone with a hard-thrown elbow. He swings around, rubbing at his forehead as he drives a short elbowstrike into the jaw, sending Mahoney pinwheeling backwards, falling into the mesh.]

GM: About a minute gone in the two minutes so these two have another 60 seconds or so to take the fight to one another.

BW: I'm bettin' we'll see these two fightin' up and down this Tower all match, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Callum Mahoney admitted in that pre-match interview that he'd be tempted by the offer of Percy Childe two weeks ago to anyone who wanted to join up with the Wise Men - to switch sides if you will - if it wasn't for the presence of Kolya Sudakov on that squad.

BW: I'm sure Percy's heartbroken about not having a drunken bum like Mahoney on their side and having a well-polished fighting machine like Kolya Sudakov instead.

GM: Sudakov is a former AWA National Champion and a former World Champion in the world of Mixed Martial Arts. He was born and bred in his Mother Russia to be an elite fighting force of one.

[Gripping the mesh with both hands, Sudakov throws short knees into the ribs.]

BW: Usually, you'd see Sudakov go for those rounding kicks into the ribs but there's just not enough room in that top cage for that. He's going with the knees instead but with his Muay Thai training, those knees are just as dangerous. Every single part of his body is treated as a weapon, Gordo.

GM: And a devastating weapon at that.

[With Mahoney staggered against the steel, Sudakov grabs him by the hair, slamming his shaved head into the Irishman's, dropping him down to a knee as...]

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: What in the...?

BW: Was that the air horn?

GM: I guess. I have no idea what kind of air horn we bought, fans. I apologize for that horrendous sound. But the two minutes are up and the trapdoors are open!

[Down on the floor of the top cage on a knee, Mahoney reaches down, swinging the trapdoor open just as Sudakov makes a lunge at him, smashing the steel into the side of Sudakov's arm, causing him to recoil clutching his elbow as Mahoney grabs the floor, lowering himself down into the middle cage...

...and drops down onto the mesh, stumbling to catch his balance!]

GM: Mahoney's through! The fans are cheering for Mahoney making it through into the second cage as Hannibal Carver and Pedro Perez come into the top cage!

BW: The question now is can Sudakov make it into the middle cage as well?

[The Russian straightens himself out...

...but gets caught with a right hand from Carver, cutting him off. The haymakers keep flying from the Boston Brawler, bringing the fans to their feet as he batters Sudakov back against the mesh...]

GM: Those trapdoors won't be open much long-

[The door clangs shut as Pedro Perez slams a knee into the kidneys of Carver.]

GM: Three men trapped up inside that top cage which makes it a very cramped and dangerous place to work.

[Perez holds Carver's arms behind him, allowing Sudakov to drill him with a trio of short forearms to the jaw. Perez lets go of the arms, clubbing down with a flurry of a half dozen sloppy forearms to the back of the head, battering Carver down to his knees.]

GM: Mahoney's all by himself down there in the middle cage, looking up at the action above him. He looks upset with himself, Bucky.

BW: Well, you have to believe he thought Sudakov would make it through so part of him is probably upset at leaving his partner up there with two guys from the other team and part of him is probably upset that he's got no one to find for two minutes.

GM: Callum Mahoney does enjoy a good scrum and he's just pacing back and forth down there, waiting for someone - preferably Sudakov - to come down there and join him.

BW: But it makes for an interesting strategy question, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: When that awful horn goes off again, does Mahoney drop down into the bottom cage and attempt to escape to give his team the advantage or does he stay there and wait for Sudakov?

GM: The ultimate goal is to get out so I'd say that's what he SHOULD do. But will he do that? I have no idea.

[Up in the top cage, Sudakov is holding Carver by the back of the head, smashing knee after knee into his face as Perez leans back against the cage watching.]

GM: Pedro Perez certainly seems to be enjoying what he's seeing up there, Bucky.

BW: He's got a bit of a mean streak so that doesn't surprise me in the least.

[Perez is raining down stomps between the eyes of Carver now as Sudakov backs off to watch. We cut to the floor where a gleeful Larry Doyle is pointing something out to a stoic Percy Childes who nods in agreement.]

GM: The braintrust of the Wise Men are out there trying to quarterback this thing as Pedro Perez of the Dogs Of War and the former National Champion Kolya Sudakov take the fight to Hannibal Carver who is outgunned in that top cage at this point in time.

BW: He won't have to outlast them much longer. The time is starting to tick down, Gordo.

[Perez pulls Carver off the floor of the cage, looking to slam his head into the mesh but Carver brings up a boot to block it before swinging an elbow back into the gut of Perez...

...and SMASHING the Puerto Rican's head into the mesh!]

GM: OHH! PEREZ HITS THE STEEL!

[Sudakov goes to intervene but Carver is waiting for him, grabbing him and sending him headfirst into the steel as well!]

GM: Sudakov hits the steel also!

BW: And there ain't no steel mesh inside an MMA ring, Gordo, which is where Sudakov has spent the majority of his time since leaving the AWA.

[Carver lets off a roar as the two members of Team Wise Men crumble back into the mesh...]

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: Yeesh. That hurts my ears all the way up here. But the trapdoors have been opened again and Carver's going for it!

BW: Mahoney's not! Mahoney's elected to stay and fight!

[Carver swings the trapdoor open...

...and Pedro Perez throws himself at his legs, knocking him back against the cage wall.]

GM: Perez is blocking his path! He's preventing him from-

BW: SUDAKOV'S GOING FOR IT!

[The Russian War Machine sits down on the floor of the top cage, hanging off the edge...]

...when Mahoney grabs him by the legs!]

GM: Uh oh! Sudakov's in trouble!

[The top cage gets a little more crowded as Eric Preston and Brad Jacobs make their way into it.]

GM: Four men in the top cage! Four men up there and-

[Mahoney, still holding Sudakov's foot, pulls it back so that Sudakov is hanging at an angle from the cage...]

...and then shoves it hard, swinging Sudakov forward so that his body is coming up towards the roof of the second cage...]

GM: NO!

[Before hitting the steel, Sudakov lets go...]

...and SMASHES backfirst on the floor of the second cage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Sudakov BOUNCES off the steel mesh, immediately grabbing at the back of his head as we cut to ringside where Larry Doyle is staring wide-eyed at what just happened.]

GM: MAHONEY MAY HAVE GOTTEN HIS PAYBACK ON SUDAKOV RIGHT THERE! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[With Mahoney and Sudakov in the middle cage, Pedro Perez makes a lunge for the trapdoor, grabbing the trapdoor itself with both hands...]

...and JUMPS THROUGH, slamming the door behind him as he dangles from it into the middle cage!]

GM: PEREZ IS THROUGH!!

[Mahoney grins as he looks up at Perez who is dangling from the trapdoor. He reaches up, grabbing the foot...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

[But as Mahoney tries to repeat his attack, Perez lets go, dropping down into a rana...]

...and SNAPPING Mahoney over onto his back on the mesh!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[The crowd is buzzing from the daredevil move by Pedro Perez as he climbs to his feet, slamming his fist repeatedly into his chest. He throws a glance up to the top level where Brad Jacobs is attempting to fight off a doubleteam from Preston and Carver.]

GM: It's a two-on-one in the top cage again as Brad Jacobs finds himself taking punch after punch from Hannibal Carver and Eric Preston.

BW: That means we've got Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright waiting to get in on one side of the Tower while Johnny Detson and... whoever the other member of the Dogs Of War in this match.

GM: Four men left to get inside this structure but not a single man has made their way to the floor yet.

BW: Mahoney could've but he chose the selfish route so he could get at Sudakov again. That could come back to haunt them, Gordo.

GM: It certainly could. In a match like this, I say when you get the chance to get out, you get the heck out of there.

[In the middle cage, Perez drags Mahoney up, pulling him across the steel mesh floor...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the mesh wall!]

GM: Ohh!

[While Perez works over Mahoney on the side of the cage, Kolya Sudakov slowly climbs to his feet, revealing a nasty gash on the back of his head from the fall to the mesh floor.]

BW: Ugh, look at that, Gordo.

GM: I see it. That steel mesh is unforgiving whether it's the floor, the ceiling, or the wall as Kolya Sudakov's been badly lacerated on the back of his head from that fall orchestrated by Callum Mahoney.

[Sudakov does NOT look happy as he shakes the cobwebs, glaring across at Mahoney who is covering up from a barrage of punches and kicks from Perez. A shout in Russian gets Perez' attention who doesn't speak Russian but understands the request as he grabs the arm of Mahoney...]

GM: Perez whips him!

[It's only a few feet on the awkward walking surface but it's far enough to build some momentum before Mahoney gets a double-handed sledge to the chest that knocks him flat!]

GM: OHHH! THE RUSSIAN HAMMER! The trademark move of Ivan Kostovich, the former idol of Kolya Sudakov, and one of the greatest professional wrestlers to ever come out of the former Soviet Union!

BW: And a guy who competed in this very match three years ago.

GM: Sudakov is hot under the collar at being busted open by Mahoney, settling into the mount now...

[The crowd jeers as Sudakov opens up with a series of brutal rights and lefts to the stunned Irishman as Perez nods in agreement from a few feet away.

A quick cut to the top level of the cage shows Jacobs somehow being successful in fighting off Preston and Carver, leaving all three men leaning against different sides of the cage to catch their breath as...]

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: The end of the period again and the trapdoors are opening!

[Perez immediately goes to the second trapdoor, swinging it open...

...but then turns back to Kolya Sudakov, gesturing for him to go through it.]

GM: Look at this... some strategy on display by Team Wise Men. Apparently they want Sudakov out of the cage.

BW: Hey, Sudakov may not have the wind for a match like this yet. Remember, he's used to short five minute rounds in the world of MMA. He might not have the gas in his tank to go the distance in this one.

[Sudakov lands a brutal elbowstrike to the downed Mahoney before getting to his feet, leaving the Irishman in a heap on the mesh as the Russian War Machine walks over to the opened cage, slowly lowering himself through, and dropping down into the bottom cage...

...just before Perez slams the trapdoor shut!]

GM: Perez closes the middle trapdoor! They wanted Sudakov out but that's all!

BW: In the meantime, Hannibal Carver makes his way down into the middle cage...

GM: As does Brad Jacobs!

[The door slams shut, stranding Eric Preston in the top cage alongside the entering Ryan Martinez and Isaiah Carpenter.]

GM: Only one man left on each side of the Tower. Supreme Wright and Johnny Detson!

BW: Wright's the secret weapon. They want him in the cleanup spot.

GM: And that means that Wade Walker is the odd man out for the Wise Men in this matchup. He's not in the Tower.

[We cut to ringside where Doyle and Childes are speaking to a glaring Walker who is looking up at the Tower to watch his teammates in battle. He nods to them angrily.]

GM: Walker doesn't look too happy about that decision either, Bucky.

BW: Hey, the best of the best always want to be in the big matches. And make no mistake, Walker is the best of the best, daddy.

[The crowd ROARS to life as the top cage becomes a pinball machine with Isaiah Carpenter being bumped back and forth between right hands from Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez!]

GM: The White Knight of the AWA and his best friend are battering Carpenter between them like a ping pong ball!

[We cut down to the middle cage where Hannibal Carver has Pedro Perez cornered and is hammering him down to a seated position. A shout from Larry Doyle seems to get Brad Jacobs' attention. With a sigh, Jacobs lumbers across the ring, driving a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades of Carver..

...and then hoists him up, dropping him down in a walking side slam on the steel mesh!]

GM: OHH! SIDE SLAM BY THE BIG MAN!!

[Carver winces in pain, arching his lower back as Jacobs climbs to his feet, turning to look at a shouting Larry Doyle again.]

GM: Doyle's giving instructions from out on the floor, trying to order a reluctant Brad Jacobs around in that middle cage as...

[Down in the bottom cage, Louis Matsui eyes Kolya Sudakov as he approaches, gesturing to the cage door. Matsui wisely nods, unlocking the padlock to allow Sudakov's exit.]

GM: Sudakov is out! Team Wise Men takes a 1-0 lead as the former National Champion escapes the Tower Of Doom!

[Matsui and the ringside officials lock the cage door again, sealing up the Tower as Matsui looks back over his head at the action where Brad Jacobs pulls Mahoney off the mesh floor, pressing him up over his head...]

GM: What's he doing?! What's Jacobs going to-

[Jacobs turns towards Doyle who is insistently gesturing like a wildman...

...and Jacobs HURLS Mahoney facefirst into the side of the cage, bending his neck at an awkward angle before the Irishman slumps back down on the steel mesh!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! He threw him like a damn lawn dart!

[Mahoney grabs at the back of his neck as Jacobs looks down at the ground, soaking up the jeers from the fans who despise what he just did. A quick cut to the floor shows a grinning Larry Doyle throwing an arm around Kolya Sudakov's shoulders, pointing up at the Tower as Percy Childe steps in, shaking Sudakov's hands and holding up one finger.]

GM: Percy's telling them they got one out... four more to go.

[A staggered Carver lumbers towards Jacobs, throwing a big elbowstrike that knocks him back against the mesh...

...which exposes Carver's back as Perez comes barreling across towards him.]

GM: PEREZ FROM BEHIND!!

[But Carver wheels around, lifting Perez up off the mesh, twisting around...

...and DRIVING him down on the mesh with a spinebuster slam!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Carver gives a howl as he drops down to his knees, grabbing Perez (who has rolled to his chest) by the hair, lifting his upper body off the steel...

...and SLAMS his face down into the mesh!]

GM: Good grief!

[Carver, still holding the hair, starts dragging Perez' face back and forth across the mesh, opening up a nasty cut on his forehead as the crimson starts to cover his face!]

GM: We've got bodies everywhere! We've got men bleeding everywhere!

BW: Mahoney's busted open too, Gor-

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: There we go! The time period is up and the trapdoors are unlocked as-

[Brad Jacobs is the first to open the trapdoor, swinging it open and sitting down on the mesh...

...when Hannibal Carver comes tearing across the second cage, throwing himself into a high impact clothesline on the seated Jacobs, wiping him out with the blow!]

GM: WHAT A SHOT BY CARVER!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Carver takes the mount on Jacobs, hammering him with blows to the skull as Eric Preston drops down to join his allies in the middle cage.]

GM: Preston's down! Five men in the middle cage!

[The cheers turn to jeers as Isaiah Carpenter grabs the trapdoor, swinging it shut as he drops through, dangling from the mesh for a moment before releasing, hooking Preston in a front facelock on the way down...

...and DRIVING his skull into the mesh!]

GM: OHHH! DDT! DDT BY CARPENTER ON THE MESH!!

[In the top cage, Supreme Wright has the incoming Johnny Detson on the proverbial ropes, opening up with a series of brutal elbowstrikes as Ryan Martinez recovers nearby.]

GM: We've got another two-on-one in the top cage as all ten men have entered the Tower now yet we still only have one out!

BW: The middle trapdoor is still open though!

[Taking advantage of the situation, Isaiah Carpenter drags a limp Callum Mahoney over towards the open trapdoor...

...and shoves him through it, sending him crashing backfirst to the mat below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That was an incredibly dangerous fall for the Armbar Assassin! He's essentially out cold after that press throw into the side of the cage so he had no body control at all right there. He could've landed right on top of his head.

BW: He could've. And I don't think the Dogs Of War would've cared one bit if he did.

GM: Mahoney is bloodied and broken, lying on the mat of the bottom cage as Carpenter slams the trapdoor shut.

BW: But it's a brilliant move. They put Mahoney through but it leaves Team Wise Men with a numbers advantage in the middle cage which is where they've done the bulk of their damage so far tonight.

[Carver continues to rain down blows on Brad Jacobs as Pedro Perez slowly comes to his feet with the aid of his Dogs Of War ally. They move together towards the downed Eric Preston, pulling up a bloodied former Combat Corner student as they do.]

GM: The Dogs Of War have busted open Preston with that DDT on the mesh and they've got him all alone, right where they want him.

[From above, we can hear Ryan Martinez shouting encouragement to his best friend, smashing his hand against the mesh as Johnny Detson lays into Supreme Wright with a series of right hands against the steel.]

GM: This has gotta be agonizing for Ryan Martinez to watch his best friend being brutalized by the Dogs Of War.

[Perez leans down, lifting Preston up into a crouching electric chair lift where his head comes dangerously close to the ceiling as Carpenter scales the side of the cage...]

GM: What in the world are these two doing?

[Perez walks over to the side of the cage, turning his back as Carpenter grabs a loose side headlock...]

GM: Oh no... no, no... NO!

[Carpenter leaps off, dragging Preston down and DRIVING him facefirst into the mesh with a flying bulldog!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez again cries out in anguish for his ally as Perez looks up, mockingly rubbing fake tears from his eyes as Martinez threatens him from above.]

GM: Pedro Perez is a sick human being, Bucky.

BW: No doubt about it but you want to talk about athleticism. What a move by the Dogs of War and the braintrust are ecstatic out at ringside!

[Childes and Doyle both have broad smiles on their faces as Perez and Carpenter exchange a big high five before pointing at Carver who has pulled Jacobs up off the mesh finally.]

GM: Carver doesn't see 'em coming and-

[Or does he? At the last moment, the Boston Brawler wheels around and BLASTS an incoming Carpenter with an elbowstrike that sends him flying backwards, landing on his rear on the mesh. Perez looks shocked before a second blow does the same to him to a big roar from the crowd.]

GM: Carver just saw Preston laid out... he's moving to check on his new friend now and we're-

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: The horn sounds and-

[Ryan Martinez is through the trapdoor like a rocket, rushing at the rising Perez and Carpenter. A spinning backfist sends Carpenter flipping backwards through the air, crashing facefirst down to the mesh as Martinez turns his attention towards Perez.]

GM: Martinez is comin' for the Dogs Of War! He remembers Memorial Day Mayhem and that six man tag team defeat!

BW: But while he's doing all that, look at Jacobs!

[Jacobs swings the middle trapdoor open, sitting down on the steel before using his power to slowly lower himself through it, dropping down on the mat just a few feet from where a barely-moving Callum Mahoney is still lying.]

GM: Jacobs is down into the bottom cage!

[The second cage is becoming a wild warzone between Preston, Carver, Martinez, and the Dogs Of War as fists are flying all over the cage. Wright and Detson remain trapped in the top level as the trapdoor closes.]

GM: The doors have closed and this is what we'll have for the next two minutes!

BW: Not so fast, Gordo. Brad Jacobs is heading out of there to give his team a 2-0 edge!

[Jacobs approaches Matsui, glaring at him as Matsui lumbers over towards the door to open the lock.]

GM: Louis Matsui, wisely perhaps, is showing no resistance as these Team Wise Men members want out of the Tower.

BW: He might've taken the payday to be the Keeper of the Key and he might be in there throwing hard stares at Percy and "Hollywood" Larry but he's not a dumb man. In fact, once upon a time, he was a "wise" man!

GM: Very funny.

[But as Jacobs prepares to leave, Doyle cuts him off, shouting and pointing at Mahoney.]

GM: I think they want Jacobs to finish off Mahoney! He's done enough, hasn't he?!

BW: Mahoney's still movin' so I guess not!

GM: Jacobs is arguing with Doyle.

BW: Not a smart move at all. "Hollywood" Larry holds Jacobs' family's lives in his hands.

[Doyle seems to be pointing that out right now as a fuming Jacobs turns around, moving in on the downed Mahoney...]

GM: Jacobs isn't happy about it but he's gonna finish off Mahoney. He's going to-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Mahoney grabs the wrist of Jacobs, yanking him down as he swings his legs up to scissor the arm...]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!!

[Jacobs cries out as Mahoney jerks back, trying to hyper-extend the elbow with one of the AWA's most dangerous holds!]

GM: Jacobs is tapping out! He's tapping out!

BW: It does him no good in this environment!

[Mahoney holds the armbar for a few extra seconds, sending a message to the Wise Men before he releases, climbing to his feet, and spits on Jacobs' prone form before exiting the Tower to cheers!]

GM: It's all even now! One man out on each side of the Tower for the two teams!

BW: That's not important right now. He might've broken the man's arm, Gordo!

GM: After what they tried to have Jacobs do to him inside that Tower, can you blame him?!

[A cut back up to the middle tower shows Martinez pushing Perez back against the mesh, looking out to the roaring crowd as Carver does the same to Carpenter across the cage...]

GM: Oh yeah! You know what's coming here!

[Martinez unleashes the chops as the crowd chants along!]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] - TI [CHOP!] - NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more...

...and then points over to Carver who takes his turn delivering the chops!]

"HAN [CHOP!] - NI [CHOP!] - BAL! [CHOP!]"

"HAN [CHOP!] - NI [CHOP!] - BAL! [CHOP!]"

"HAN [CHOP!] - NI [CHOP!] - BAL! [CHOP!]"

"HAN [CHOP!] - NI [CHOP!] - BAL! [CHOP!]"

"HAN [CHOP!] - NI [CHOP!] - BAL! [CHOP!]"

[The two fan favorites relent, allowing Perez and Carpenter to both stagger away from the mesh, flopping facefirst down to the steel to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Listen to these fans here in Springfield who are rockin' and rollin' to this great action inside the Tower Of Doom!

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: There's the horn! And the trapdoors open again!

[Down in the bottom cage, Brad Jacobs climbs to his feet, clutching his shoulder as he staggers across the cage...

...and Ryan Martinez points him out, shouting for Carver to stop him! The Boston Brawler gives a nod, swinging the trapdoor open and dropping down into the bottom ring!]

GM: Carver's in the bottom level!

[Jacobs promptly throws a right hand at the man now standing between him and the exit to the Tower Of Doom. Carver shakes it off, throwing one of his own!]

GM: We've got a slugfest down in the bottom level!

BW: Look up top! Look up top!

[Up in the top level of the Tower, Johnny Detson has yanked off his boot, battering Supreme Wright over the head with it...

...and then yanks out a section of lacing, using the laces to tie Wright to the cage itself!]

GM: Wait a second!

[A gleeful Detson swings the trapdoor open, pausing to taunt Wright before dropping down to the middle cage, boot in hand...

...and promptly BLASTS Ryan Martinez between the eyes with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Detson's through and he's got his boot off using it as a weapon!

BW: But the most important part is that Supreme Wright's been trapped in the top level of the Tower! Detson tied him to the cage up there and Wright can't get free!

[Wright can be seen yanking and pulling his arm, trying to free it from the ties as the trapdoors lock down again.]

GM: You're right, Bucky. Supreme Wright's got two minutes to figure out how to get free from that boot lace that has him tied to the Tower wall!

BW: But it might not matter by then because we've got the Dogs Of War AND Johnny Detson working over Martinez and Preston in the middle cage!

[Perez and Carpenter each hold an arm, watching as Detson repeatedly hammers Martinez between the eyes with the boot, opening up a cut on the eyebrow of the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: Ryan Martinez has been busted open by this unholy trio inside the ring, working him over with that boot!

[Out on the floor, Larry Doyle is clutching the side of the Tower, shouting at Jacobs who is trying to get past Hannibal Carver to make his exit but the Boston Brawler has other ideas, battering him back into the corner...]

GM: BOSTON BEATDOWN!

[Carver starts throwing horrific chops across the chest, lighting up the pectorals of the former World Tag Team Champion before switching to clubbing forearms to the head and neck, battering Jacobs down into a seated position against the turnbuckles...]

GM: Carver's beating Jacobs down to the mat in the corner!

[He switches to stomps, knocking Jacobs flat on the canvas before spinning away with a roar that the fans in Springfield echo!]

GM: CARVER IS FIRED UP!!

[Carver throws a concerned look up to the level above him where the Dogs Of War and Johnny Detson are gloating over the bloodied and prone Ryan Martinez. Perez and Carpenter swoop back in on the horrifically-bloodied

Eric Preston, dragging him off the mesh with evil intentions, each grabbing a handful of blood-soaked hair and trunks...]

GM: What are they-?!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver winces from below, burying his head in his hands as he watches Perez and Carpenter ROCKET Eric Preston skullfirst into the side of the steel mesh cage, causing him to collapse in a bloody heap on the floor of the second level.]

GM: My god! The man has a history of concussion issues for crying out loud! There's no call for that! No call at all!

BW: He wanted a war, Gordo! Preston called everyone out and said it was time for a war... well, now he's got it! And if you think for a second that the entirety of Team Wise Men don't know about that concussion history, you're dreaming! I'd say that Eric Preston is on Dream Street after that one but he's just moved down a couple blocks to Nightmare Lane, daddy!

[Preston's arms are up around head, a glassy look in his eyes as he rolls to his back. Perez and Carpenter move back towards the trapdoor, standing guard as Detson hammers Martinez with the boot again, knocking him back down to the mesh as the horn sounds.]

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: There's the horn again... and again, the trapdoors will open.

[Detson grins, turning away from Martinez' prone form to make his way towards the trapdoor...

...when the crowd erupts at the sight of Supreme Wright dropping through into the middle cage, a gnawed bootlace wrapped around his wrist!]

GM: HE CHEWED HIS WAY THROUGH! LIKE A RABID DOG!!

[Detson makes a lunge for the trapdoor but Wright hooks him around the waist...

...and DUMPS him on the back of his head on the mesh with a released German Suplex to a HUUUUUUGE reaction!]

GM: WRIGHT'S IN THE MIDDLE CAGE!!

[He catches Perez and Carpenter coming in, dishing out a stiff elbowstrike to both, sending them staggering back. Carver is shouting encouragement from the bottom cage, completely distracted as Brad Jacobs staggers up to his feet...

...and BLITZES Carver with a spear tackle, wiping him out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEAR GOD!! Jacobs nearly broke Carver in half with that spear tackle and-

BW: He's walking out!

GM: He might've injured that arm. He's still shaking it. Doyle's telling him to stay in there and finish off Carver but...

[The crowd jeers as Jacobs steps down to the floor, exiting the cage.]

GM: Jacobs is out! That makes it a 2-1 edge for Team Wise Men. They need three more men - Detson, Perez, and Carpenter - to exit the cage to win this thing for the Wise Men.

[Wright continues to pound away at Carpenter as Perez grabs Detson by the arm, dragging him towards the trapdoor... that slams shut before they can get there.]

GM: They're trying to get Detson through!

BW: It's pretty clear that the strategy is for the Dogs Of War to team up and get everyone else out of the Tower first. They need to get Detson out and then they can work together to try and get themselves out!

GM: Detson got rocked by that suplex! I don't think he even knows where he is at this point!

[Carver slowly pushes up to his knees in the bottom cage, clutching his ribs and looking up at the action above him.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is refusing to leave the Tower. He's refusing to get out of that bottom cage and even the score in this one.

BW: It's a risky move either way but Carver thinks they stand a better chance of winning with him in the cage than they do with him out of it.

GM: It's a hard thing to argue against.

[Carver walks over near the trapdoor, pacing back and forth as he clutches at his ribs, shouting encouragement to the three men still above him where Wright is essentially fighting off two men at this point.]

GM: Wright's got Carpenter AND Perez both coming for him now!

[A double boot to the gut leaves Wright doubled up as they take him over with a double vertical suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! Hard suplex off the mesh! Good grief!

[A dazed Detson gets to his feet, only one of which still has a boot on it as he looks over the chaos around him...

...and then looks down at a waiting Carver below him.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Johnny Detson, the team captain of this squad, is stuck between a rock and a hard place, Gordo. He doesn't want to stay up there in the middle with Martinez, Preston, and Wright but he doesn't want to tangle with Carver either.

GM: What the... what's going on out here on the floor?!

[Detson starts shouting to Percy Childes who moves over to the Tower door, screaming at Louis Matsui to open the door.]

GM: What is going on?

BW: I don't get it. The Collector of Oddities is telling Matsui to open the door.

GM: Why?!

BW: I have no idea, Gordo.

GM: Matsui's refusing to do it! Matsui's shaking his head! He won't let Percy bully him into opening that door!

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: The trapdoors are opening again! Detson swings the middle one open and... he doesn't know what to do!

[Carver steps back from the door, waving for Detson to come down and join him but the former World Champion is very obviously nervous about doing that...]

GM: Detson's the only one with a chance to get out of there right now and-

[Detson turns, looking at Childes who implores him to go down to the bottom level...

...and he obliges, dropping down in front of Hannibal Carver who tackles him down to the mat, raining down blows to a ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: DETSON'S THROUGH TO THE BOTTOM AND CARVER'S ALL OVER HIM!!

[Dragging Detson off the mat, Carver rushes across the ring, pulling Detson by the hair...

...and HURLS him facefirst into the steel mesh!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARVER PUTS HIM INTO THE STEEL!!

[Detson staggers out into Carver's waiting hands as he rushes across again...]

GM: INTO THE STEEL A SECOND TIME!!

[With Detson dazed, Carver hooks him in a full nelson, lifting him high up off the canvas...]

...and sitouts, driving Detson's tailbone into the canvas!]

GM: DORCHESTER DROP!!

[The crowd is roaring as Carver climbs to his feet, slapping himself across the face a few times...]

...and then SLAMS his elbow into the palm of his other hand!]

GM: He's calling for the Mind Eraser! He's trying to finish off Detson with it!

[Detson rolls to all fours, digging into his trunks.]

GM: What's he... Detson's going for something in his trunks!

BW: I don't see anything. Slander!

GM: No, he's- I can see it! He's got something in his hand and-

[Carver approaches from behind, grabbing a handful of hair to pull Detson up...]

...and Detson HURLS a handful of white powder into the eyes of Carver!]

GM: OHH! Some kind of... powder or salt or something into the eyes of Carver and the Boston Brawler can't see a thing!

[Carver swings wildly at the air as Detson, the man who seriously injured one of his closest friends earlier in the night, makes his way towards the door out of the Tower...]

GM: Detson's trying to get out! He told Matsui to open the door!

[Matsui leans over, unlocking the door to the Tower...]

...but Carver manages to clear his vision enough to hook Detson from behind, dragging him away from the door!]

GM: Carver caught him! Carver caught him and-

[Suddenly, Wade Walker comes storming up the steps, yanking the door open and entering the Tower!]

GM: No! Wade Walker, the other member of the Dogs Of War is in the Tower! He can't be in there!

BW: You gonna stop him?!

GM: Walker's in and-

[Walker comes in fast as Carver throws Detson aside, throwing a blind and wild right hand that he's just praying connects...

...but it comes up empty as Walker sidesteps, clubbing Carver in the back of the head with a forearm smash! He hooks a full nelson on Carver, muscling the brawler up into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws him down with an impactful full nelson slam!]

GM: DEAR GOD ALMIGHTY!! Wade Walker with a hellacious slam and Carver might be out after that!

[Detson staggers over to Walker, patting him on the chest in thanks as he pulls the dazed Carver off the mat, booting him in the gut...]

GM: Oh, come on! The man's already out! What more can you-?!

[...and leaps up, driving him facefirst into the mat!]

GM: HOYLE DRIVER! GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: Detson planted him with that! If Carver wasn't out already, he damn sure is now!

GM: And they're telling Walker to get Carver out of the cage...

[Walker drags Carver to his feet, waving Matsui out of the way...

...and HURLS him through the ropes, sending him falling out to the door and down hard to the infield dirt below!]

GM: OHHH! Carver's out of the Tower!

BW: Thanks to an assist from Wade Walker!

GM: We're all tied up at two apiece... I'm not sure I understand the point of putting Carver out of the Tower, Bucky.

BW: You've got the entirety of the Dogs Of War AND Johnny Detson in there to keep Preston, Martinez, and Wright from escaping. They're evening the numbers on the floor to keep the advantage inside the Tower!

GM: Wade Walker CAN'T be allowed to stay in there.

BW: I'd like to see who is going to force him out!

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

[As the trapdoor sounds again, Detson and Walker spread out, ready to strike in case anyone comes down from the upper levels.

Up in the upper level, Ryan Martinez is dishing out haymakers at Pedro Perez, fighting his way across the cage. Up against the other side of the fence, a horrifically-bloodied Eric Preston and Supreme Wright are taking turns pummeling Carpenter with forearm shots. At the sound of the horn, Preston turns to shout to Martinez.]

GM: Preston is telling Martinez to get down to the bottom and clear out the roadblock! You might be about to get the answer to your question, Bucky. It might be Ryan Martinez who clears out Wade Walker!

[Martinez and Preston trade words in the second level as Preston walks away from Carpenter, shouting at his best friend, ordering him down to the second level. The former Combat Corner student stumbles, losing his balance for a moment as he waves for Martinez to go through.]

GM: Preston's ordering him through! He's demanding he go through to the next level!

[Martinez hesitates, seeing the glassy look in Preston's eyes as he grips the mesh, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: Preston's having a hard time standing. You hate to speculate but that head first shot into the wall could've... well, we know about Preston's history of concussions, Bucky.

BW: We do and the Dogs Of War may have given him another one, daddy!

GM: He's-

[The bloodied Preston delivers a hard two-handed shove in the chest of his best friend, punctuated by a "GO!" Gritting his teeth, Martinez turns and drops down through the trapdoor, closing it behind him.]

GM: The AWA's White Knight is through!

[Walker and Detson swarm him, hurling rights and lefts at the World Television Champion...

...who fires back, throwing haymakers as quickly as he can!]

GM: Martinez is fighting back! He's fighting back with all he's got!

[With both men staggered, Martinez grabs each by the hair and CLASHES their skulls together to a huge reaction from the Hammons Field crowd!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!!

[Martinez grabs the staggered Detson by the back of the hair, charging across the ring...

...and HURLING him up into the air, sending him headfirst into the steel cage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Detson down on the mat, Martinez wheels around on Wade Walker, rushing at him with a running high kick to the chest, sending Walker falling back into the corner!]

GM: He's got Walker in the corner!

[Martinez steps up on the middle rope, holding up a clenched fist to a huge reaction.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The barrage of mounted punches leaves Walker staggered as Martinez leaps down, spinning to spot a rising Johnny Detson, knocking him flat with a running clothesline!]

GM: Down goes Detson off the clothesline!

[Martinez throws a glance up to watch Preston battering Perez on one side of the cage as Wright and Carpenter do battle on the other side.]

GM: Preston on Perez! Wright on Carpenter!

[Wright turns, giving the high sign to Preston who nods in response as each grabs an arm on their Dogs Of War opposition...

...and drags them down to the mat in Cobra Clutch Crossfaces!]

GM: CROSSFACE!! COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE APPLIED BY BOTH MEN!!

BW: There are two men in this business who know how to expertly apply that hold and they're both in the center cage hookin' it on, daddy! Perez and Carpenter are tapping out but there's no submissions in this match!

[Martinez gives a fist pump at the action above him...

...but turns RIGHT into a spear tackle from Wade Walker, flattening him in a heap!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!!

BW: The Dogs Of War strike again! Just when you think you've got them out of the picture, they find a way to get back into it!

GM: He's not even supposed to be in this match! Again, we've got AWA officials and referees at ringside ordering him out of the ring!

BW: If only there was an AWA President at ringside to tell Walker to hit the bricks... like Percy Childes!

[Cut to a smirking Percy watching as the AWA officials plead with Walker to get out of the cage.]

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: There's the horn... the trapdoor opening again!

[Preston and Wright nod at one another, abandoning their Cobra Clutch Crossfaces, leaving Perez and Carpenter down on the mesh as they stride across the ring to the trapdoor to open it up.]

GM: We're going to get them all on the first level!

[But Wade Walker has other ideas, using the ropes to climb up the cage...

...and hook on to the trapdoor, hanging from it with all of his near three hundred pounds!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: It's brilliant! They can't get it open!

[Walker's presence on the trapdoor prevents Preston and Wright from being able to open it, despite their best efforts as Johnny Detson gets back to his feet, stomping Martinez repeatedly...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT! STEVIE SCOTT IS COMING DOWN THE AISLE!

[The former multi-time AWA National Champion heads towards the Tower, shoving past protesting AWA officials...

...and coming face to face with Percy Childes who is shouting at Scott, gesturing wildly with his crystal-topped cane!]

GM: Childes and Scott are nose-to-nose in the aisleway, shouting at one another and-

[The crowd ROARS as Stevie shoves Percy in the chest, knocking him down on his wide rear.]

GM: DOWN GOES PERCY!!

[Scott storms past him, snatching up the crystal-topped cane and climbing up the ringsteps where he's shouting at Matsui to open the door. After a few moments, Matsui nods, opening the door for Scott to come in...

...and BLASTS Johnny Detson between the eyes with the cane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES DETSON!!

[Stevie Scott smirks at the sight of Walker hanging from the trapdoor. Walker shakes his head back and forth as the Hotshot spits on his hands, taking a few practice swings like a home run hitter...

...and then BLASTS Walker across the ribs with the cane!]

GM: WALKER'S HANGING ON!! Stevie gave it his best shot but Walker's hanging on!

[Stevie pauses, rubbing his chin in surprise...

...and then points to his temple. He takes another home run practice swing...]

GM: He's gonna do it again! He's gonna-

[And DRIVES the cane up into the groin of Walker causing the big man to topple down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEVIE GOES LOW AND DOWN GOES WADE WALKER!!

[A tug of the freed trapdoor by Preston goes nowhere as the door has been relocked. Scott throws the crystal-topped cane aside, shouting at Martinez who is getting up off the canvas...

...and grabs Johnny Detson, pulling him into a front facelock!]

GM: Martinez has got Detson!

[The AWA's White Knight lifts up Detson as Scott raises both arms, the crowd roaring...

...and then DROPS Detson down on top of his head as Scott brings down his arms, jumping up and down on impact!]

GM: BRAAAAAAIBUSSSTERRRR!

[A weary Martinez gets back up, pulling Detson off the mat as he points to the door. Matsui steps aside...

...and Martinez HURLS Detson through the door and out to the floor!]

GM: Detson's out!

BW: The Wise Men are up 3-2!

GM: Martinez needs to get Walker out of there!

[Turning towards Walker, Martinez rubs his hands together but Stevie Scott steps in his path, shaking his head...]

GM: Stevie just...

[Stevie can be heard saying, "I've got this one, kid" just before he wheels around towards a rising Wade Walker...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: HEATSEEKER!! HEATSEEKER!!

[Walker staggers backwards from the trademark superkick as Martinez runs up behind him...

...and LAUNCHES him out the door to a heap on the floor!]

GM: OH YEAH!! OUT GOES WALKER TOO!!

[A grinning Martinez turns, exchanging a high five with Stevie Scott as the duo walks out the cage door, slamming the door shut behind them as Louis Matsui locks the door again.]

GM: They're out! We're down to four! Eric Preston, Supreme Wright, Pedro Perez, and Isaiah Carpenter are the four men remaining inside this hellacious Tower Of Doom! Both teams need to get two more men out of the cage, Bucky.

BW: And I think both sides may have just realized that, Gordo. All four men in the middle cage just saw what happened and-

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as the four men in the middle cage surge back into battle, trading blows as quickly as they can.]

GM: Right hand by Preston! Elbow by Wright! Perez fires back as does Carpenter!

[Carpenter hits a pair of backhand chops on Preston, staggering him before cracking him with a back elbow between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Carpenter caught him!

[Preston staggers, visibly clutching at the walls of the cage to stay on his feet.]

GM: Eric Preston looks to be in really bad shape, Bucky. I don't like what I'm seeing out of him up there right now.

BW: And you'll notice that Carpenter and Perez are repeatedly hitting him in the head as much as they can. They're seeing those glassy eyes as much as we are.

[Perez catches Wright with a knee to the gut, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- Wright reverses!

[Wright yanks Perez back into his arms, popping his hips and HURLING Perez overhead and into the steel mesh!]

GM: OHHH! BELLY TO BELLY THROW INTO THE STEEL!!

[Wright rises to his feet, glaring down at Perez...]

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: The horn sounds and... what's Wright going to do? He's right next to the trapdoor! Will he go down to the bottom level and escape the Tower?

BW: And leave Eric Preston behind! A bloodied and possibly seriously injured Eric Preston!

GM: That's the dilemma facing Supreme Wright right now! Preston's shouting at him, telling him to get out of there but-

[Isaiah Carpenter robs Wright of the chance to make the choice, running at him, leaping up onto the wall of the cage...

...and then leaping back off, taking Wright down with a clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! What an athletic move by Carpenter and-

[Grabbing the mesh, Carpenter does a front roll, somersaulting through the trapdoor and using his impressive upper body strength to safely lower himself onto the canvas.]

GM: Carpenter's through! He made his move right there and-

[With Wright and Perez down, Preston makes a desperation crawl across the cage, throwing himself at the trapdoor before it can close.]

GM: The trapdoor closed but Preston got in the way! It's trying to close on top of him!

[Preston's upper body hangs through the trapdoor, dangling partially into the bottom cage as he tries to find a way to safely pull himself through...

...until a grinning Isaiah Carpenter reaches up, grabbing his arms, pulling Preston so that he's bent forward, the back of his head facing the mat.]

GM: No, no, no! What in the world does Carpenter have in mind here?!

BW: Whatever it is, it can't be good news for Preston who-

[Carpenter gives a hard yank, sitting out as Preston CRASHES down to the mat, the back of his head BOUNCING off the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good god almighty!

BW: He's dead, Gordo! He's dead! Preston ain't movin'!

GM: Eric Preston's head BOUNCED off the mat. We all saw it! Isaiah Carpenter with an absolutely ruthless move right there, putting Eric Preston in a bad, bad way.

BW: Carpenter could moonwalk out the door of the Tower right now, daddy.

[Childes and Doyle are absolutely ecstatic at ringside, shouting in to Carpenter who nods in response.]

GM: What is Carpenter going to do now?

BW: He could throw Preston out the door and wait for Wright but... well, Preston's not going to put up much of a fight and being a fluke dive out the door away from losing seems too risky to me. If I'm Carpenter, I put Preston in the corner and wait for Wright to come down.

[Carpenter looks up to the middle cage where Perez has Wright down on the mesh, slamming his face into the floor.]

GM: Pedro Perez is trying to keep Wright down. He wants to have him in a bad position to advance to the final cage. When that trapdoor opens in about twenty seconds, Perez wants to be the only one who gets through and then he and Carpenter can just walk out of there to win the match.

BW: You gotta admit that it's a heckuva strategy, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is.

[Perez drags Wright across the middle cage, putting him on the far side of the "ring" before he gives himself a little room to move, running on the mesh...]

GM: Shades of Juan Vasquez!

[...but the big senton comes up empty as Wright rolls to the side, causing Perez to bounce off the steel! Down in the bottom cage, a frustrated Carpenter swears loudly, burying his head in his hands as he shouts at Perez.]

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

GM: There it is! The airhorn sounds and these two men have mere seconds to try and get from the second level down to the bottom! Who will it be?! Who will make it down?

BW: Could be both! Could be neither!

GM: This could be the turning point of the match right here, fans!

[Wright is crawling across the cage, trying to get to the trapdoor as Carpenter paces, circling the trapdoor area, ready to strike if Wright comes through.]

GM: The former World Champion is inching closer and closer to the trapdoor as Perez tries to crawl across after him.

[Wright reaches it, on his knees as he swings it open, looking down at Carpenter who shouts, "BRING IT ON!" at him. The former World Champion nods as he tries to get in position to lower himself through...

...when Pedro Perez makes a diving lunge, hooking him around the ankle!]

GM: PEREZ STOPPED HIM! PEREZ STOPPED HIM!

[Rolling to his back, Wright raises his right heel up and SLAMS it down on the back of Perez' head!]

GM: Ohh! Wright's trying to kick his way free!

[A second kick lands, the heel slamming down between the eyes!]

BW: He's running out of time to get through!

[A third kick hits the eyesocket, causing Perez to release the foot, clutching his eye as Wright makes a lunge through, falling through the trapdoor as it shuts behind him...

...and falls right into perfect position to snare Carpenter in a guillotine choke on the way down!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: How in the HELL did he do that?!

[Wright lets out a scream, pulling back on the head and neck of Carpenter as Percy Childes gets closer to the cage, screaming into the ring.]

GM: I can't make out what Percy is shouting but he's obviously concerned about the tide of this match turning in the direction of Wright and Preston!

BW: Preston who is unconscious on the mat?!

GM: Well, moreso Supreme Wright at this point and right about now, you have to wonder if the Wise Men are regretting making an enemy out of Supreme Wright!

[Carpenter turns his body around, surging forward to DRIVE Wright back into the turnbuckles. He staggers back...

...and takes Wright up and over with a Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: Nice counter by Isaiah Carpenter!

[Carpenter pushes his feet off the mat, backrolling up while still hanging on to Wright...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Carpenter sets his feet, taking Wright over with another Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: Rolling Northern Lights Suplexes by Carpenter!

BW: He ain't done, Gordo! He's got one more coming for him!

[Carpenter rolls back to his feet again...

...but Wright quickly underhooks the arms, lifting Carpenter off the mat and DRIVING him down with a Billion Dollar Bomb to a HUUUUGE reaction!]

GM: OH YEAH!! BILLION DOLLAR BOMB BY THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!!

[Wright slowly climbs to his feet, raising an arm to point at Percy Childes who is still shouting from his spot on the floor.]

GM: That's a message to Percy Childes! It's Supreme Wright telling him that Todd Michaelson is going to show up in two weeks and do the exact thing to Percy Childes for wanting to be the AWA President!

BW: No chance. Michaelson lays one hand on Percy and the Unholy Alliance will put Michaelson in a wheelchair for the rest of his days!

GM: Carpenter's down! Perez is up on the second level looking nervous. If Wright can get Preston and himself out of the Tower right now, they're going to win it!

[Wright turns to the corner where a downed Preston has rolled into a seated position. He's waving Wright out the door, ordering him to leave.]

GM: Eric Preston has shown bravery like you wouldn't believe throughout this matchup but there's no way Wright can follow that. If Wright goes out of the Tower first, Preston can't get up and follow him. There's just no way.

[Wright moves to the corner, pulling his former Combat Corner classmate to his feet. He slings one of Preston's arms over his neck, almost dragging him across the ring towards the door. He shouts at Matsui, ordering him to open the door.]

GM: Wright's gonna do it! He's gonna do it!

"AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGAAAAA!"

[The trapdoor is instantly flung open by a waiting Pedro Perez who drops through, charging Wright and Preston from behind. Wright throws Preston aside, getting speared back into the buckles where Perez slams his shoulder into the midsection repeatedly!]

GM: It all comes down to this! Four men remaining in the Tower and they're all down in the bottom ring! Whatever team gets their final two out of there first will be the winner!

[With Wright sucking wind from the shoulders, Perez straightens up, using an Irish whip to hurl Wright from corner to corner...

...and rushes in after him, leaping up with a front dropkick right to the chest of Wright!]

GM: Ohhh! Impactful running dropkick by Perez!

[Perez leaves Wright dazed, turning back towards Preston. He leans down to grab the bloodied Preston by the hair...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Preston caught him!

[The crowd roars as Preston straightens up, winding up again...

...but Perez avoids the wild right, grabbing a handful of hair.]

GM: Perez... COUNTERS! GOOD GOD!

[Using the hair, Perez YANKS Preston off his feet where the back of Preston's head hits the canvas incredibly hard!]

GM: And another shot to the head of Eric Preston!

[We cut to the floor where a very-nervous Ryan Martinez is clawing at the cage wall, shouting to his friend.]

GM: You can see a look of concern on the face of Ryan Martinez. You can bet he knows all about that history of concussions as well.

[Perez staggers away from the downed Preston, helping his partner-in-crime up off the mat.]

GM: Carpenter's back up as well... Larry Doyle shouting instructions to them, gesturing wildly and-

[Carpenter nods, dragging Wright out of the corner. He throws him towards the ropes, stepping back as Perez steps in.]

GM: Wright bounces off...

[Perez lifts him up, dropping him in an inverted atomic drop a split second before Carpenter leaps up to connect with an enzuigiri that sends him toppling forward into Perez who hoists Wright up over his shoulder, swinging him back down into a sitout spinebuster!]

GM: OHHH! What a doubleteam by the Dogs of War!

[Perez pops back to his feet, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as Carpenter hauls Wright to his feet, shouting for Matsui to open the door.]

GM: Matsui's opening the door... he's not happy about it...

BW: He's also not willing to eat glass again over it.

GM: But why did they pull Wright up? If they're leaving the Tower, why not leave Wright down on the mat?

BW: That's a good question, Gordo. That's a-

[With the Tower door open, Perez hurls Wright out the door, sending him to the floor!]

GM: OHH!

BW: That's why!

GM: But I don't understand! They just put their opponents up 4-3. Just one more guy escaping and they win!

[As the door clangs shut behind them, a grinning Pedro Perez gets down on his hands and knees, looking across at the bloodied Preston who has managed to get to his knees himself.]

GM: They're circling in on Preston!

BW: They're gonna finish him off, Gordo! He wanted a war and the Dogs Of War are gonna give it to him! They're going to put him on the shelf once and for all! No more comebacks. No more sob stories. They're going to finish the job that James Monosso started!

GM: That's sick!

BW: And look at the grin on Percy's face! This HAD to have been his idea! He and Preston have gone round and round for years and tonight, Percy Childes has decided to strike a major blow against the forces standing up against the Wise Men by ending the career of one of their leaders!

[Perez inches closer, taunting Preston as he does.]

GM: Preston looks like he can barely keep his head up! He's defenseless right now, Bucky!

BW: Well, if he wants to live to fight tomorrow, he'd better find a way to defend himself and do it quickly!

[Perez is within reach now, still running his mouth when a kneeling Preston fires a right hand, cracking him on the jaw to a big reaction! Ryan Martinez gives a "COME ON, ERIC!" from the floor...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...a split second before a rolling sole butt to the jaw from Carpenter puts Preston back down on his back!]

GM: Ohh! Another shot to the head!

[Percy Childes leans closer, shouting one word very clearly for all to hear.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Did he just say "piledriver"?!

GM: He did! Percy Childes wants Preston to get hit with the piledriver!

BW: There's a certain sense of poetry to that, Gordo. After all, it was Preston using the piledriver on James Monosso that put Monosso on the shelf permanently. It's only fitting the same move put him out once and for all.

GM: Perez is pulling him off the mat. Of course, it would be this lunatic who wants to deliver that potentially career-ending move.

BW: Hey, he had it done to him... but the guy standing out on the floor next to Martinez in fact.

[Stevie Scott looks into the ring, concern on his face as Perez tugs the bloodied Preston into a standing headscissors while Carpenter backs into the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...]

GM: Preston's in trouble!

[Not willing to watch this happen to his friend, Ryan Martinez rushes to the cage door, attempting to yank it open. Hannibal Carver is right next to him, screaming at Matsui to open the cage as Perez goes to lift Preston off the mat for the piledriver...]

GM: Perez lifts!

[But a desperate Preston starts flailing and kicking, forcing Perez to set him back down on the mat...

...where he YANKS the legs out from under him, putting him down on his back!]

GM: Preston counters!

[The Combat Corner graduate falls back, launching Perez through the air, RIGHT into a waiting Isaiah Carpenter. Perez' upper body catches Carpenter in the groin, causing him to sit down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Beautiful counter by Eric Preston!

[Preston collapses to a knee after the move, looking across the ring towards the closed cage door where Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver are shouting for him to make his escape.]

GM: Preston's got his eyes on the door but can he get there?! Can he get to the door, get out to the floor, and win this thing for his team?!

[The bloodied Preston pushes up off the canvas, a glassy look in his eyes as he stares around at the roaring crowd...]

GM: CARPENTER!

[The Dogs Of War member leaps off the middle rope with bad intentions...

...and comes CRASHING down with into a gigantic desperation kneelift from Preston!]

GM: DREAM MACHINE!! DREAM MACHINE BY PRESTON!

[The crowd is roaring as Preston falls into the side of the cage, clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet as Carpenter rolls back and forth on the mat, clutching his jaw.]

GM: Preston dropped Carpenter and now he's got his eyes on the door once again!

[Using the top rope, Preston drags himself hand over bloodied hand, dripping crimson all over the canvas towards the door to the Tower. He throws a glance at Louis Matsui, making a tired gesture towards the door which Matsui rushes to open as Martinez, Carver, and the rest cheer loudly, encouraging Preston to get out of the ring...

...as Pedro Perez comes charging at him from behind, leaping up with a knee to the back that sends Preston crashing down to his knees, slamming facefirst into the middle turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Perez strikes from behind!

[The wild-eyed Puerto Rican viciously stomps the back of Preston's head, smashing his face over and over into the turnbuckle before pushing with his boot, putting in enough force to shove Preston through the ropes and into the wall of the cage where Perez stomps the back of the head again!]

GM: Perez with those kicks to the head, smashing Preston's bloody face against the mesh!

[With Preston seated on the mat, sprawled out with his face against the mesh, Perez grabs hold of the top rope, raking his boot down, dragging the face against the skin-tearing steel!]

BW: He's raking the flesh right off Preston's face!

[A second bootscape has the crowd on their feet jeering as Percy Childe encourages Perez to grab Carpenter and exit the Tower.]

GM: Percy's calling for the exit! He's done trying to cripple Preston, he just wants the win now!

[A third bootscape leaves a ghastly image of Preston's bloody face up against the steel, crimson pouring from the deep wound like a faucet, the mesh and mat beneath starting to get speckled with red.]

GM: Good lord. That's a horrible thing to see. Parents, if you have young kids in the room at home, you might want to use some discretion here.

BW: You're telling them that NOW?! This thing has been brutal and horrific for a while now!

GM: Preston is barely able to even hold his head up straight and Pedro Perez is loving this, right down there in his face taunting him again.

[Perez reaches back, slapping Preston across the face, causing droplets of blood to hit the camera lens.]

GM: Uggh.

[Perez holds up a blood-covered hand, rubbing it across his chest and leaving a bloody streak to a huge shower of jeers from the crowd. He slaps himself in the chest a few times before turning back towards his partner, looking to help Carpenter up off the mat and make their exit.]

GM: The Dogs of War are looking to end this thing. They're looking to escape the cage and get out of there!

[Perez half-drags a barely-conscious Carpenter across the ring, waving at Matsui to open the door. He props Carpenter up against the ropes, nudging him through so that Carpenter can half-walk/half-collapse through the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: Carpenter's out!

BW: It's over, Gordo! Pedro Perez just needs to step out on the floor and it's over!

GM: Childes is telling him to do exactly that and-

[With Perez right in front of him, Preston blinks his blood-stung eyes once... twice... three times...

...and swings a desperation leg up, driving it up into Perez' groin!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Where the heck did THAT come from?!

[Preston uses the ropes to pull himself up off the mat, staring through glassy, blood-covered eyes at Perez who is hobbling out of the corner...

...and Preston grabs him by the arm, tying up the other!]

GM: He's going for the Crossface! Preston's trying to hook in the Crossface!

BW: The door is still open! Dive for it, kid!

GM: Perez is fighting it! He's struggling against the hold, trying to get out of it before Preston can lock it in!

[Grabbing the middle rope with both hands, Perez tries to keep the hold from being locked in...

...so Preston goes another route, popping his hips, using what's left of his strength to hoist Perez up into the air...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and DUMPS him on the back of his head and neck with a Cobra Clutch Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEAR GOD! DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN!!

[With Perez flat on his face on the mat, Preston collapses in a heap on the canvas, breathing heavily, trying to find enough strength to get out of the Tower and win the match for his team. Several moments pass before Preston grabs hold of the bottom rope!]

GM: Can he get out?! Preston's giving it all he's got! His partners are cheering him on... Stevie Scott is cheering him on... all of these fans in Springfield and all over the world are cheering him on! Come on, kid!

BW: No bias from you at all, Myers!

GM: Preston's literally dragging himself through the ropes, pulling himself towards the open door...

[Preston gets his upper body over the bottom rope, hanging on to it to steady himself as he leans through the open door, trying to drag himself to the floor...]

GM: Preston's almost there! Come on! Supreme Wright joining his teammates in shouting for Preston to get to the floor!

[The former World Champion crouches down, looking into the bloody face of his long-time friend/rival/foe...

...and says something unheard by the mic.]

GM: Wright's saying something to him. Supreme Wright just-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT IN THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?!

BW: WRIGHT SLAMMED THE CAGE DOOR ON PRESTON'S HEAD!!

[The former World Champion did exactly that, slamming the steel cage door violently on the injured head of his former Combat Corner classmate, causing Preston to go limp on the canvas.]

GM: What the hell did he do that for?!

[Ryan Martinez doesn't wait a single second to ask that question, flinging himself at Wright and tackling him down to the mat. A second passes before all hell breaks loose at ringside with members of both teams throwing bombs at one another...

...which leaves just a small window of space for "Hollywood" Larry Doyle to crawl in through the door, grabbing the hands of Pedro Perez and pulling with all his strength!]

GM: NO! SOMEBODY STOP HIM! SOMEBODY STOP DOYLE!

BW: Doyle's almost got him out!

[Doyle pulls and tugs and yanks, getting closer and closer to the door as he drags Perez over Preston's prone form...

...and then yanks him to the floor, falling down on the dirt as he does!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: YES! YES! THE WISE MEN DID IT! THE WISE MEN WIN IT!

GM: I can't believe this! What in the hell did Percy Childes... Larry Doyle... the third man... whoever the hell did it... what did they do to get Supreme Wright to do that?!

BW: You heard Dane say it two weeks ago! The only thing more desperate than Supreme Wright trying to keep the title is Supreme Wright trying to REGAIN the title! He heard the same offer we all did. Percy Childes made the offer!

GM: Did Wright sell out so that the Wise Men will help him regain the World Title?! Is that what you're trying to say?!

BW: I can't speak for the Wise Men, Gordo, but if I had to wager money on it, that's EXACTLY what happened!

[The ringside brawl starts to break apart with the help of AWA officials and security, leaving a struggling Ryan Martinez trying to free himself from the clutches of his teammates, screaming at Wright from a distance as the AWA medical team rushes in to check on Eric Preston.]

GM: This battle is over. The Wise Men have won... but when you look at Ryan Martinez, I think you know this one isn't over, Bucky.

BW: It may not be over for a bunch of 'em but I'm pretty sure it's over for Eric Preston. Preston's head was repeatedly smashed into steel, into canvas, into whatever else. We talked about his history of concussions and I'd be stunned if he didn't have another one after this matchup.

GM: The medical team is in the ring... security and AWA officials are at ringside trying to break things up... look at Percy Childes... look at Larry Doyle... how happy are they with how things have turned out here tonight? And in the middle of it all, the turncoat, Supreme Wright, is glaring right back at Ryan Martinez who continues to shout at him. Fans, we've got to take a break to get this under control... to get this Tower structure taken apart... we'll be back with a VERY special announcement after this break!

[We show Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez, glaring at one another from a distance as we slowly fade to black.]

What we see next is a wrestling ring, which inexplicably has a large gold-colored throne in it. Fans are booing all around, though this honestly looks more like a set than an arena. Seated on the throne is, of course, the self-styled "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The dark-skinned Missourian is wearing a purple king robe, purple trunks and boots with gold kneepads and monogramming on the trunks and boots. Atop his head rests a regal crown. He rests one hand on the knee like the classic "Thinker" pose, but he has the trademark sour scowl on his afro-and-conebeard ringed face. We get some chryon identifying him for the benefit of non-wrestling fans: "THE KING OF WRESTLING DEMETRIUS LAKE"

The voiceover is from Lake himself.]

DL: It's hard to be the King.

[He's suddenly attacked by a couple of unknown wrestlers, who fail to harm him as he stands up and starts beating on them.]

DL: You got uprisings...

[The next scene shows Lake, still inexplicably in his "King attire", leaving an arena late at night, looking around at several restaurants which all say "CLOSED". he slumps his shoulders.]

DL: ...you got famines...

[The next scene shows him behind the wheel of a large cadillac, pulled over and angrily tapping his wristwatch as a police officer is writing a ticket. he shows the officer a billing that clearly reads "WRESTLING! 8PM BELL TIME!", but the officer is still going slowly. Also: he's still in his ring attire, or at least the robe and crown.]

DL: ...you got paperwork...

[And after that is a scene of Lake walking down a busy city street while everyone around him boos, throws trash, and shouts out at him. Demetrius

is still in his same King ring attire, because how else will the people watching this commercial know he's a pro wrestler?]

DL: ...and all the peasants command my attention 24 hours a day.

[Back to the initial scene, where the "Black Tiger" is polishing off his last assailant by bashing his face into the back of his throne. He then sits back on the throne, which is funny because the opponent's head and upper body is still on it (and he flails helplessly for the rest of the scene), and returns to the "Thinker" pose.]

DL: It's a tough job, but if there is one thing that a King must never do, it is to allow his circumstances to make him sweat.

[Lake reaches behind him and pulls out an aerosol can of Right Guard deodorant. He applies it to himself as the voiceover continues.]

DL: Right Guard. Used by true ath-e-letes, the King Of Wrestling Demetrius Lake, and anybody with both armpits and sense.

[He then reaches over to one of his assailants who is just trying to get up, and sprays it right in the man's eyes.]

DL: Or just armpits. It works regardless.

[Cut to the product screen...]

DL: Right Guard. For The Win.

[...a bell rings, and then out.

We hear some generic digital beeps and taps as the scene opens up to a large server room. A convoluted maze of colored wiring, LED status lights, and grey metal boxes dominate a room cluttered with cabling and desks. The voiceover is that of Gordon Myers.]

GM: We now live in a completely digital age.

[Clips of people checking their smartphones and laptops in the street, at home, on a subway, and in an Internet cafe.]

GM: I admit that for me, the transition is overwhelming. But you, the AWA fan, live in a time of unparalleled access.

[And then to Jason Dane, seated in front of an AWA ALL ACCESS backdrop.]

JD: ALL Access!

[Clips of Dane and Mark Stegglet interviewing various AWA persons on the same All Access set. We're given little snippets of each interview.]

Percy Childes:...because that was the whole point! If you paid attention, you'd know that the Wise Men were...

Karl O'Connor: ...was the atmosphere in that board room, Jason. We all had the sense that this would...

Rick Marley: ...never know what I was thinking that night. It was about wrestling history. That's why I...

Johnny Jagger: ...ended up being the most important call of my career. I'll never forget that...

Sweet Daddy Williams: ...those days had to be the most dangerous. Had to be. Because we'd go six nights...

James Monosso: ...had the surgery in this place in Cleveland where they got one of the best spinal surgeons in...

[And then back to the All Access set, where instead of Dane, we see Bucky Wilde.]

BW: Ha! If you think Dane and Stegglet's boring Tuesday interviews are good, I host the Call Of The Wilde every Friday night, settin' the table for Saturday Night Wrestling!

[From offscreen, "Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren (with neckbrace) comes in to refute Bucky.]

4W: But clearly the most exciting night of the week is 4-W-Wednesdays, where fans can win merchandise and tickets LIVE if they can answer my trivia challenges!

[And then on the other side of the screen we get Gordon walking into view.]

GM: Gentlemen, you both have excellent programming, but my Monday night review and analysis program features some of the best minds in wrestling history.

[And then from the other other side comes Hamilton Graham!]

HG: Of all the... The real reason to tune in is Legends Thursday. A discussion with the men who paved the way. Who have BEEN there. Who have...

[Then all four of them start talking at once, explaining why their show is better. Dane reaches up and pulls the camera off to the side; we can hear them arguing in the background as Dane explains.]

JD: If you subscribe to All Access, you get all that and more! New programming every weeknight! Plus you'll get the All Access Pre-Show and Post-Show to every major supercard, and that's not to mention the many reports and updates that are not regularly scheduled. For the low price of

8.99 per month, you can be plugged into the information source with the most AWA news, rumors, interviews, and exclusive content, on your computer or your favorite mobile device. AWA All Access. Order today!

[Information on how to order All Access comes up on screen, and then the commercial ends with a loud WHAP in the background that stops the arguing:]

4W: ...ow...

HG: He irked me.

[And the commercial ends.

We fade back up backstage to the Guts & Glory interview set, where Mark Stegglet stands by with an angry "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake. Lake has showered and is now in a charcoal grey blazer, black pants, white button-up shirt, and black tie. His fedora crowns his head and a furious scowl adorns his face.]

MS: Earlier tonight...

[Nope, Stegglet is getting cut off right there.]

DL: You watch that mouth, Mr. TV Announcer! I know you want to rub it in the face of the King Of Wrestling how all these Mexans got in here and ruined the homecoming match for myself and Hamilton Graham. And I know you're gonna make excuses for another crooked ref. I got to say now I sympathize with Pipedream Wright, since we both got done in by the AWA paying off these refs to make phantom submissions and phony counts.

MS: What? Hamilton Graham was clearly down for three!

DL: I SAID SHUT YOUR MOUTH! You would stick up for these knock-kneed frauds, TV Announcer, since your uncle is the one who is givin' them orders! That just goes to show how obviously corrupt they are, and now we have indisputable evidence. Indisputable! There is no chance that an O'Connor could ever pin Hamilton Graham even if he was the legal man! It was a joke, a fraud, a sham, and a lie, no doubt about it! Just the same thing that happened in 1983. A fast count by a crook ref. And this time around, it was even the illegal man covering! Jack Lunch was the legal man, and that referee was just out there to make sure that Hamilton Graham and myself lost.

MS: Davis Warren did not...

[Stegglet stops short as Lake turns and steps towards him. The six-nine Missourian towers over Stegglet as he stands directly in his personal space. Stegglet tries to step back, but Lake steps forward to stay in his face. Lake's voice drops in volume, and is now dripping with a dismissive, mocking venom.]

DL: I burn you up, don't I, Mr. TV Announcer? You're a bum, a real bum, can't get your own job so you come out here and do what your uncle tells you. Lie to the people. That's all you do. You act like what happened was obvious, you act like I'm lying. DON'T YOU EVER CALL ME A LIAR! I will slap your face real good, Mr. TV Announcer, if you call me a liar. I believe if they stabbed me with a butcher knife, you'd call it an armbar. You make me sick, Mr. TV Announcer. You're low. Low. A dog beggin' for scrap from his uncle. An egg-suckin' dog. Don't you remember I said what the only thing was that could be done to an egg-suckin' dog?

[There's obvious fear in Stegglet's voice to go with the outrage as he stops backpedalling.]

MS: If you put your hands on me, you'll never work in this business again!

DL: Naive. Stupid. I put butts every nineteen inches. Thirty-six in the deep South. That's all any promoter in the world cares about. I could pop your head right off, Mr. TV Announcer, and I should. I should. And the reason Hamilton Graham is not here with me right now is because he would. He wanted to. He knew you'd make these lies. He knew you'd rub it in. he told me, "King, that TV Announcer wants to talk to us, but I'll punch his face clean off his head. He'll provoke me." That's all you ever do. You provoke. But I told Hamilton Graham what I'll tell you now. I don't have to lay a finger on you. You're as good as gone. You're as good as on the street like the hobo you are.

MS: Wait... what? What do you mean by that?!

DL: I said enough. Look at you. That's fear in your eyes. That's fear in your soul. You know that your uncle's days are numbered, don't you, Mr. TV Announcer?

MS: What are you talking about? What do you know?!

DL: I know that you and Jack Lunch have one thing in common. You both gonna be under that bridge soon enough. But you'll be the lucky one. You'll still be able to walk. Maybe you can go to the soup kitchen and bring him and Little Jimmy their soup.

MS: Wh...

DL: IF. If you step down off this interview stage right now, TV Announcer. I assure you that I could break your neck here on camera, and not a thing would be done to me. Not a single thing. But a King don't dirty his hands on a man who's already condemned. Get out. Turn around and walk. Go tell Davis Warren that Hamilton Graham is lookin' for him to find out how much your uncle paid him. Go tell him. And then you can both change your underwear. I know you already need you some Fruit Of The Loom, don't you? Don't you?

[Stegglet tries to glare back at Lake, but the intimidating presence of the Black Tiger causes that to wilt.]

MS: Gordon, back to you.

[And Stegglet backs off as we cut back to ringside, where the Tower is still under construction.]

GM: What in the world?! That level of intimidation and threat to an interviewer can not be tolerated! Demetrius Lake lost and he took it out on Mark Stegglet!

BW: No, Gordo. GRAHAM would have taken it out on Mark Stegglet! You remember back in '86 when he punched Joe Bruise right in the face after he got disqualified against James Audiet?

GM: I do, and I'm equally sure that he only got away with that because of his standing in the front office in Saint Louis at the time... and he still took a huge fine. He would certainly never work for the AWA in any capacity if he did so again, and the same goes for Lake. Demetrius Lake claiming that somehow he's untouchable or that the Stegglets are in jeopardy is just another lie to bully and intimidate Mark. And he's ranting about a fictional fast count? Well, let's show a replay!

BW: You too, huh? Man, people are wanting to rub it in on Hamilton and Demetrius.

[And here's your instant replay. Hamilton Graham is going for the piledriver on Jack Lynch, and Bobby O'Connor rushes him. O'Connor levels him with a brutal crooked-arm lariat, and after that devastating blow he falls on Graham, hooking both legs. Davis Warren makes the three count. Graham does go through the kick out motion, but honestly he would have had trouble beating a four count there... he was definitely down for three.]

GM: Does this count look fast to you?

BW: That count looks like it never should have happened! Jack Lynch was the legal man!

GM: Now if that was Demetrius Lake's complaint, I could see his being upset. But he was also claiming a fast count. And in a wild match, referees make the legal-man mistake all the time. It is unfortunate, but hardly a sign of a conspiracy or a thrown match.

BW: So you're saying "if there is no evidence, it didn't happen"?

GM: NO! That is not...

BW: I'll remember that, daddy. If there's no evidence, it didn't happen. So says Gordon Myers.

GM: Did you go to the Percy Childes School Of Twisting People's Words?

BW: Speaking of Percy Chiles, he's gotta be on Cloud Nine right about now. What a night the Wise Men have had! Sure, Lake and Graham suffered at the hands of a crooked referee who blew the call when it counted but they've put William Craven on the shelf, they've ended Eric Preston's career, AND they won the Tower! This is the Wise Men's night and it ain't over yet.

GM: What is THAT supposed to mean?! You think they have a vested interest in who wins the World Title Match?

BW: I think from here on out, the Wise Men have a vested interest in EVERY match that goes down inside an AWA ring. They may not always act but you'd better believe that they're always watching, Gordo. And like I said, Supreme Wright had to have stabbed his teammates in the heart to get a chance to win his World Title back... so he'll be watching with great interest to see if that opportunity comes against Dave Bryant or Terry Shane III.

GM: That match is moments away but before we go to that, as the AWA ring crew continues to take apart the Tower Of Doom structure behind us - let's go backstage and get some words from one of the men who were just in that match.

[Cut to backstage, where Ryan Martinez sits in the locker room, shirtless, blood still pouring down his face, mixing with the sweat that drips from every pore.]

RM: I just watched them take my best friend away in an ambulance. But not before I watched them try to stitch his face back together, and not before I watched them put a damn brace around his neck and tie him down to a board.

Supreme Wright...

[The White Knight's entire body trembles with rage.]

RM: I will never forget the sound of that cage door slamming into Eric's face. That sound will haunt me forever. In my dreams, I'll replay the light going out of Eric's eyes, the snap of his head. And that sound... that damned sound.

I'd say you sold your soul, but one look in your cold dead eyes is enough to know that you never had one in the first place.

You came to us! You came to us and you said "I want in!" We offered you our hand, and you spit in our eyes! We offered up our brotherhood, and we got repaid in scorn.

Supreme Wright, listen to me good...

[Martinez slaps himself in the face, and then extends his hand, blood dripping from his palm.]

RM: I swear on my own blood, I swear to god and everyone who can hear the sound of my voice.

No peace for you, Supreme Wright. Not a single, quiet moment.

I will haunt you, and I will hunt you. And I will make sure that the thing you want most in the world, that World Title, will never sit around your waist again.

You count on that, you son of a bitch.

[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, we'll be in Des Moines, Iowa for a live event featuring Johnny Detson and Demetrius Lake taking on the Lynch Brothers! And then Sunday in Omaha, Nebraska with a Memorial Day Mayhem rematch with the Dogs Of War taking on Preston, O'Connor, and Martinez!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Friday, July 11th, the AWA steams into Kansas for a triple shot weekend. Friday in Overland Park featuring the Shane Gang in action! Saturday in Wichita with the World Heavyweight Title on the line! And Sunday afternoon in Topeka when Ryan Martinez defends the World Television Title!"

[It evolves again.]

"On Friday, July 18th, we'll be in Tulsa, Oklahoma with a special come-as-you-are Bunkhouse Battle Royal featuring Bobby O'Connor, the Dogs Of War, Demetrius Lake, and more!

On Saturday, July 19th, the AWA storms into Oklahoma City for another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!"

[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!"

[The AWA logo fades to black...

The feed rolls. There is no Jason Dane, no Mark Stegglet, or no Colt Patterson. There is no Miss Hayes or Shane Gang. There is one camera and one man...

...Terry Shane III.

The Ring Leader stands in a nondescript concrete corridor along the outskirts of Hammonds Field which is evident by the Springfield Cardinals logo behind him. There is a faint cheer heard amidst a chorus of boos in the distance from a handful of fans watching on the Jumbotron at field level. Shane clings to a railing with his hands while his black hair spills downward, blanketing his dark sullen eyes.]

TS3: I know you are listening.

[Shane's quiet and intense drawl slitting the open air with its murderous eloquence.]

TS3: Did you think I would forget? Did you think I would forget the kind of man that you are, father?

You educated me well and in a way I owe you something for that. Your rigorous attention to detail with an emphatic desire to ensure that I never forgot a single one of your lessons. You succeeded.

Your pupil forgot nothing.

Your son? That is a different story.

[His jaw lifts, hair sliding down his cheekbones.]

TS3: I never forgot the smell of the alcohol on your fetid breath, the scraping of your voice against my ears, the shuffle of your feet against the stairway when you wandered home just before sunrise after being gone for weeks and sometimes months at a time. I never forgot the barren, unforgiving ice of your fist or the solid ruthlessness of your knee. I never forgot the callus hands around my throat, rotten wood against my temple, furious voices shattering the solitude and loneliness of my bedroom. I forgot nothing, father.. you were always an effective teacher and I was always the fledging student to your violence.

I absorbed it all like a dry sponge takes to water. Every day, every moment, every drop of blood on the floor of our own home for countless years. Every

time you called me worthless or poisoned my grandmother with promises of changing your malignant ways.

But you too, could never forget and more so...

...never forgive.

[The Ring Leader pauses a beat.]

TS3: My first act in this god forsaken world was to take the life of my mother. Before I had breathed my first breath, shed my first tear, choked the first wail from my mouth. Her tombstone was carved into the ground the same moment I was born unto this world. A fact that you constantly reminded me of every single day with your actions.

My second act was going to be much more complicated. It took years of waiting, of educating myself, watching every tape I could acquire, immersing myself in every match you wrestled. The time passed slowly, the hours were long and they would soon turn to days and eventually weeks at a time. Studying your every move, the way you dipped your shoulder before hitting the ropes, the way you cradled an opponent's ankle underneath the pit of your arm or how you spun your hips before throwing men around twice your size.

As much as I despised your very existence I wanted nothing more to emulate your patterns and behaviors because I knew it was the only way to win your affection. It was the only way to stop you from yourself.

So I waited, and watched, and eventually mastered and perfected your craft. I became the man whose name was sung in praise by wrestling fans and critics alike. A man whose name was synonymous with two things...

[He lifts a hand from the railing, the cuff of his robe slides down to his forearm. Two thin digits are extended up from his right hand.]

TS3: Guts...

...And glory.

[And two fingers coil beside the others in his palm.]

TS3: Your wars were admirable, celebrated, and lionized across television sets throughout every home in America. Every home but one.

MINE.

Because the more I watched, the more I filled with anger. Hate. Disgust. Resentment. And revenge. Inevitably, the day arrived when it was time for the student and the son to surpass the teacher and the father. Years had gone by since you had laid a hand upon me outside of a ring. You had seen the boy who entered your home grow into a man. You had seen your son become the embodiment of everything you held dear to your heart. You

were proud. It was then that I knew the moment had come. So when you came home that night and your anger belittled whatever had restrained you for those past few years and you barreled your fist at my jaw.. It broke right there.

Because like you.. I never forgive either.

[His voice level begins to heighten.]

TS3: That night was the last time you would ever wrestle and despite what you told men like Oliver Strickland or Hamilton Graham.. it was not age or money or your deep rooted passion to focus on the school you had built around your home away from home and proclaimed to be your legacy. You had dug your own grave, climbed into your own coffin, and consigned yourself to the ground. I was more than happy to pick up the shovel and pile the filth on your coffin So it is only fitting that you now show your face after all these years on the night I am to complete my third and final act.

World Champion.

Your legacy. Your same name, father. And I know deep down it makes you sick. I may have hated Hannibal Carver for who he is and despised Steve Spector for who he was and detested the very bane of your existence. As for you, Dave Bryant? You are none of those things to me. You are a fool, Dave. You are foolish to think that my focus has ever wavered, that my plan has ever changed, or that I was afraid of you or anyone else in the locker room.

If you you can recall, the first time I stepped foot into an AWA ring I spoke of men who lacked the fortitude to know what was right for this business to survive. Men who lacked the ability to decipher between right and wrong and set those feelings aside in order to make this business thrive. Those men were killing the sport of wrestling.

I was talking about men like you, Dave Bryant.

And quite frankly?

I pity you.

[Disgust drips from the words.]

TS3: I pitied you when you were too ignorant and oblivious to know that Supreme Wright was waiting in the wings for you at SuperClash and I pity you tonight. Because tonight I will not spare you like I did with my own flesh and blood. I will not allow you to survive like I did with Hannibal Carver or Steve Spector.

Tonight, I will show no mercy and I will have no remorse.

Tonight, I am going to close the final chapter of my past life and I am going to bury you and the legacy of my father right along with it.

Terry Shane III as you know him will die in that ring...

...and Terry Shane World Champion will be born.

[We slowly fade as "RECORDED EARLIER" scrolls across the bottom of the screen and a cut takes us...back to Hammons Field. Specifically, it takes us up into the stands, up to where the reigning and, later tonight, defending AWA World Heavyweight Champion is seated. Dave Bryant, wearing a white dress shirt, dark blue tie, and similarly-colored slacks. A watch that probably cost way too much money adorns his left wrist, but a far more precious prize sits propped up on the chair next to him -- the AWA World Heavyweight championship belt. Bryant's gaze eventually meets the camera, and he wastes no time in speaking up.]

DB: I honestly can't remember the last time I was in Missouri.

[Bryant grins.]

DB: Now, being a Vegas guy, Missouri has always been a little bit...too quiet at night for my tastes, but as a professional wrestler, I've always had a soft spot in my heart for this place. Any wrestler or wrestling fan worth their salt knows all about the historical significance of this state, knows all about the wars men like Hamilton Graham, Karl O'Connor...

[Bryant pauses for a moment.]

DB: And men like Terry Shane, Jr. and Brett Bryant had, not all that far from here, in the city of Saint Louis. Referring to a series of wrestling matches as "wars" might be a little inappropriate, all things considered, but when you're watching your uncle wrestle a legend like Hamilton Graham to an absolute standstill, when the only thing that can stop him is some ringside doctor, forcing the referee to stop the match because of blood loss? I've watched that match a hell of a lot by now...and I watched it when it happened. Of course, I was two years old and had no idea what the hell was going on, but I have one stark memory from that night...just an image, really, of Brett Bryant's bloodied, battered face. It gave me nightmares when I was young...then I forgot it. Then, when I started learning the trade, it came back to me, only this time it wasn't a nightmare. It was an inspiration.

[Bryant chuckles briefly, reaching up to rub his own eyebrow, the same one Supreme Wright split open at Memorial Day Mayhem.]

DB: That brings me to you, Terry Shane. Your father was a respected man, one genuinely loved by fans here in Missouri, in Saint Louis especially. Terry Shane, Jr. wasn't just loved by the fans, though, from what Brett's told me, the locker room had a great deal of respect for him, too.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Makes me wonder what could've made the apple fall so far from the tree.

[Bryant reaches over to grab the title belt, placing it in his lap.]

DB: Two types of people know their own instinctively, Terry -- the scumbags and the desperate, and since I was both for a damn long time, I can smell you from a mile away. You've had this title shot sitting in your back pocket for almost a year, and you let yourself be distracted from it by Hannibal Carver, by Steve Spector. I'm still not sure why you didn't cash in sooner, Shane, whether it's because you're a coward or because you're so terrified to fail that you wanted to be sure you were cashing in on someone vulnerable, someone you had no doubt about beating. Dufresne wasn't that man, Supreme Wright sure as hell wasn't that man...but the good old "Doctor of Love" is easy prey, right? The aging Dave Bryant, sure and easy prey for the surging young third-generation wrestler.

[Bryant's tone is light, but his face betrays his genuine anger.]

DB: You know, Terry, I've been working real hard not to be too prideful, to stay on an even keel, to remember how I ended up with this --

[Bryant pats the title belt in his lap.]

DB: -- so that I stay humble, so that I can rightfully claim to be the better man whenever I walk out of that ring. That said, no matter how hard we try to fight it, we all have our pride, we all have our ego to manage...and Terry, I think your treating me like the rainbow to your pot of gold is about the last damn thing my pride can take.

[Bryant grabs the belt and stands up.]

DB: Every man has their breaking point, Terry! Supreme Wright humiliated me, stole what should've been the greatest moment in my career at SuperClash. At Memorial Day Mayhem, I avenged myself and won back MY title -- or so I thought. Turns out, I didn't win it at all, it was put around my waist by a crooked referee employed by the damned Wise Men! And then, Terry, then you come waltzing in, casual as you please, cashing in your title shot, smugly informing me that you were simply biding your time, waiting for the right moment.

[Bryant's actually close to shouting now.]

DB: I'm tired of this crap, Shane! When I found out you were planning to challenge me, I was actually looking forward to it. I thought maybe, just maybe, you'd dig your manhood up from wherever Sandra Hayes decided to bury it, look me in the eye, shake my hand and we could put on a clinic, a classic wrestling match that I, that WE could walk away feeling damn good about, no matter which of us got our hand raised tonight. After I heard you squealing like a stuck pig in the Iron Crab -- right before Hayes knocked me cold with that damned branding iron, that is -- I knew that couldn't be the case. You're a coward, Shane, and if I were your father, I would be ashamed to call you my son.

[Bryant takes a deep breath.]

DB: So, you can forget about a wrestling clinic, and you for damn sure can forget about feeling good about this match after the night's through, Shane. I'm going to beat you up, stretch you out, and if I see the Lights Out Express or Sandra Hayes getting ready to stick their nose in my business, you can damn sure bet I have something for them, too.

[Bryant looks down at the title belt in his hands, taking a deep breath before bringing it up to chest-level, facing the camera.]

DB: You see this, Terry? This belt means that I am the very best the AWA has to offer...and no matter how much I hate the way I won it, I swore that I would be proud of how I defended it, and defend it I will, Shane...

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: I guarantee it.

[We fade away from Bryant to a black screen. 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 the friendly confines of Hammons Field that are going absolutely NUTS at the major announcement!]

GM: The biggest event of the year will be held on November 27th in the world's most famous arena. Madison Square Garden - the Mecca of sports - has hosted the NBA Finals, the Stanley Cup Finals, the NCAA Tournament, All-Star Games from the NHL and the NBA, concerts by the biggest names in music, and on Thanksgiving Night, you'll be able to add the American Wrestling Alliance and SuperClash VI to that esteemed list!

BW: The AWA continues to get bigger and better with every time out and it's only fitting in a year when the AWA goes Coast To Coast this summer that we hit the Garden, daddy. If you can make it there, you can make it anywhere!

GM: Tickets go on sale at the end of the month but if you can't join us live in New York City on Thanksgiving Night, you'll be able to contact your local cable or dish provider and get all the action on traditional Pay Per View!

BW: But you gotta be there live, Gordo. If you think the AWA's strolling into the Garden without one of the biggest shows in AWA history, you're sadly mistaken. This is going to be history in the making. It's going to be a happening the likes of which we've never seen before. It's going to be an epic night in the Big Apple, daddy!

GM: It's going to be something special - that's for sure - but that's a few months away, Bucky. Right now, it's Main Event time here on Guts & Glory as Dave Bryant and Terry Shane collide with the World Heavyweight Title on the line! Let's go down to Phil Watson for the introductions!

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit... and is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The crowd roars and as it does so a pair of individuals dressed in black jeans and matching v-necks ascend the steps of the Springfield Cardinals dugout.]

GM: I am not certain what is-

[Myers stops himself as the pair of men who are armed with a long cylinder tube produce dark red carpeting. They dash towards the middle of the infield, stringing the carpet across the grass and dirt of the baseball diamond, creating a velvet floored walkway from the dugout to the ring. It's then and only then the Jumbotron and speakers are hit with the signature noise that marks the arrival of tonight's challenger..

..Static.]

GM: It's been 403 days since Terry Shane won the right to challenge the World Heavyweight Champion for that prestigious title and tonight, he cashes in that opportunity.

BW: If the Year Of The Shane Gang is going to have a chance to move from concept to reality, Terry Shane III MUST become the World Heavyweight Champion here tonight. The Lights Out Express failed. Donnie White is on the shelf perhaps permanently. It all comes down to the Ring Leader himself - the man the group is named for. If he fails to become the World Champion tonight, the Shane Gang could, in fact, be dead in the water tomorrow.

GM: That's a bold statement from a man who has spent all year talking about the Year Of The Shane Gang.

BW: I'm the man who tells it like it is, Gordo. There is pressure on Shane like you would not believe. This is an all or nothing night for him.

[Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first, the challenger...

[From the home team dugout files out dozens of individuals impeccably dressed in black and gold garments and aligned perfectly, moving forward in military-like unison and form. They are armed with trumpets, violins, and an assortment of horn and string instruments. It is then that the callous and haunting Sergei Prokofiev tune, "Dance of the Knights", bursts out from the moving orchestra that files along the velvet walkway towards the ring.]

BW: The Marching Mizzou, Bucky! These boys and girls from the great University of Missouri are honoring their own tonight!

GM: I'm guessing they weren't really given an option.

PW: He hails from Independence-

[Phil's voice breaks. It isn't an uproar that halts his speech but rather the surprise at any sort of positive ovation for the man he is about to introduce.

BW: What is that supposed to mean?

GM: Would you really put it past Terry Shane to try to pull one over on everyone by claiming to not need or want his allies help only to spring them on Bryant when he least expects it?

BW: I'm not sure I want to comment on that.

[Shane steps into the ring, shedding his ring robe and handing it through the ropes to a ringside attendant, giving a few stern words of warning as he does. The challenger settles back into the corner, tugging at the ropes to stay loose as the music fades.]

A familiar cough rings out over the PA, bringing the fans to their feet for the opening notes of Metallica's "Bad Seed".]

#Oooooooooohhhh....

Bad.#

[With that word, the World Heavyweight Champion strides out of the dugout, to a raucous cheer from the Hammons Field crowd.]

GM: This night's been a wild one so far, Bucky, and a lot has happened -- will this night see a new champion crowned as well?

BW: Bank on it, Gordo! Terry Shane III was just waiting, just biding his time, and now, he's going to take what's rightfully his. Just you wait!

[Bryant's dressed in his usual dark blue robe, and halfway to the ring, he pauses, unties it and pulls it open, revealing his ring gear -- and the AWA World Heavyweight Championship belt, wrapped snugly around his waist. Bryant unhooks the belt from around his waist, holding it up as the crowd cheers him on. Bryant then looks straight at Terry Shane III before raising the belt slightly higher, pointing at Shane with his free hand before dragging his thumb across his throat.]

BW: That was uncalled for!

GM: You know Bryant was watching the Tower, Bucky, and you know he's heard every word Terry Shane III has said tonight. The champion has a lot of reasons to be angry, and he seems to be willing to take that anger out on the challenger for his title right here and now!

[Phil Watson interrupts these proceedings.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, coming down the aisle...the reigning, defending AWA Heavyweight Champion of the World...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is..

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE!

BRYYYYYYYYYAAANNNT!

[Bryant's face creases in a grin as he turns about, facing the crowd and raising the title belt high in salute to the fans. This moment is all too brief, however, as Bryant completes his turn and sees Terry Shane, III -- causing Bryant to doff his robe and stalk towards the ring, rolling under the bottom rope, title belt in hand as he stands, facing TS3.]

GM: Dave Bryant is the first man to be a two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion, having defeated Calisto Dufresne back at SuperClash V and Supreme Wright at Memorial Day Mayhem but this is his first big event title defense.

BW: He's made a few defenses on non-televised live events but this is the first time under the big, bright lights of television, of the entire world watching him put the gold on the line.

[Bryant glares at Shane, shooting a few words off-mic at him that draw Shane's ire who returns fire verbally.]

GM: These two are trading words before the bell. This one looked like it might be a nice, straight up title defense until two weeks ago when Shane and Hayes combined to use that branding iron to knock Bryant out cold. You add to that what just happened in the Tower Of Doom and you better believe that Bryant might be more than a bit angry going into this one.

BW: Both men have a lot to prove here tonight, Gordo. Terry Shane wants to prove he's as good - or better - than his father ever was and win the World Heavyweight Title. Dave Bryant wants to prove that he's every bit the World Champion that Supreme Wright was and that he deserves to be the man holding that World Heavyweight Title around his waist.

[Bryant hands the title belt over to AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger.]

GM: Right off the bat, you have to give Johnny Jagger credit for being willing to officiate two matches in a row. The AWA Championship Committee wanted to take no chances here tonight. They wanted the best in the business as the man in the middle and they've got it.

[Jagger holds the title belt over his head, showing it to all sides of Hammons Field before slowly lowering it and handing it out to the timekeeper.]

GM: One fall, sixty minutes with the World Heavyweight Title on the line and this is gonna be something else, Bucky.

BW: It absolutely is. I've been looking forward to this one since the moment it was announced.

[Johnny Jagger has final words with both champion and challenger before striding to the center of the ring...

...and calling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! The Main Event of Guts & Glory is underway, fans!

[Bryant crouches in the corner, rubbing his hands together as he stares across at Shane who edges out of the corner, lowering himself down so he can go for an amateur style takedown at the first opening. The two men sidestep to their right, circling one another.]

GM: Dave Bryant is a long-time veteran of the game. When you talk about the pro wrestling wars of the late 90s, there are very few men remaining from that era - and even fewer who can still compete at the upper echelon.

BW: Think about the men we've seen come and go from the AWA from that time period who just couldn't cut it. Think about names like Devon Case, like "Playboy" Ronnie D, like Chris Staley, like Shane Destiny... you can add William Craven to that list after tonight. But love him or hate him, Bryant is still here and he is the Heavyweight Champion of the World, daddy.

[Bryant draws closer, the two men edging towards one another in the middle of the ring where the referee eases in to make sure nothing goes crazy. Shane comes out of his crouch, staring Bryant dead in the eye, running his mouth in the veteran's direction. A slight smile crosses the face of the World Champion before...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He slapped the taste right out of Shane's mouth!

[Shane recoils back, rubbing the side of his face...

...and then surges forward, dropping down into an attempt at a double leg, tying up the legs of Bryant and taking him off his feet.]

GM: Excellent takedown by the challenger, trying to get Bryant down on his back but the champion rolls through it to all fours as Shane switches to the waistlock, trying to ride the veteran.

BW: Both of these men are incredibly skilled on the mat. Shane hasn't gotten to show it as much as he'd like with the wars with Hannibal Carver and Steve Spector but he truly is a Picasso on the canvas.

GM: As is Dave Bryant who had that thrilling one hour plus battle with Supreme Wright just over a month ago at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Bryant scrambles back to his feet, still trapped in the waistlock. He grabs at the wrists of Shane, looking for an escape as he slams a balled-up fist down on the wristguard of the Ring Leader...]

...who responds by muscling Bryant HIGH up into the air, and throwing him facefirst down to the mat with another takedown!]

GM: Explosive rear waistlock takedown by the challenger!

[Bryant scrambles again, sitting out to break the waistlock, falling to his back and swinging his legs up to scissor the head of Shane, yanking him over to the mat...]

...but Shane hangs onto the legs, using them to steer Bryant back over onto his stomach, sliding up the lower half of the body to secure the rear waistlock again.]

GM: An incredible display of mat wrestling in the early moments of this one as Bryant again battles up, looking for an escape from the waistlock as-

[Bryant tucks his head, front rolling to escape but Shane hangs on, rolling right with him back the champion's feet. The champion tries the roll a second time, scrambling up to his feet but Shane hangs on.]

BW: The challenger's like a pitbull with that rear waistlock! He ain't lettin' go for nothin', daddy!

GM: Bryant grabs the wrists again, trying to wrench them off his waist as Shane continues to drag him around in the confines of that hold.

[The World Champion manages to break the grip, causing Shane to switch to a half nelson, using it to pull Bryant down into a doubled up position where the challenger switches to a double underhook.]

GM: Shane into the double underhook, both men down to their knees on the canvas.

BW: Bryant better watch out for the Butterfly Lock. Shane could really crank it on in this position.

[But Bryant again slips the hold before Shane can get it fully applied, spinning out to all fours where Shane re-applies the rear waistlock...]

...and Bryant calmly walks to the ropes, wrapping his arms around them as the AWA's Senior Official steps in to call for a break.]

GM: Bryant gets to the ropes and Jagger starts his five count.

BW: That's gotta be a mental win for Terry Shane. Bryant couldn't outwrestle him on that exchange so he looked for the easy way out instead.

GM: I don't know if that's how I'd characterize it.

BW: I'm sure it's not but I'm right and you're wrong.

GM: I see.

[As Shane backs off at four, delivering a shove to the back of Bryant, the World Champion slowly turns, nodding his head in appreciation of the challenger's skills so far.]

BW: Bryant might be testing the waters a little bit here. Like we discussed, Shane didn't get a chance to use much of his mat game in there with guys like Steve Spector and Hannibal Carver so Bryant might be doing a little bit of on-the-fly research, Gordo.

GM: That would make a lot of sense as the champion walks back out to the center of the ring. Both champion and challenger circle again, looking for an opening.

[This time, they come together in a traditional collar-and-elbow tieup a split second before Bryant twists the arm behind Shane into a rear hammerlock, yanking up on the arm a couple of times and smoothly transitioning into a side headlock.]

GM: This time, it's Bryant with the chain wrestling, stringing together move after move to try and get the advantage.

[Bryant walks Shane out to the middle of the ring as the challenger plants a forearm against Bryant's cheek, pushing his face down in an awkward angle but the Doctor of Love plants his feet, swinging Shane up and over in a headlock takedown to the mat.]

GM: Nice takedown by the champion...

[Shane promptly grabs a handful of hair, yanking Bryant's head back but the referee catches it, forcing Shane to release. The referee kneels in, checking on Shane who wraps his arms around the torso, rolling Bryant over onto his shoulders.]

GM: Shane rolls him over for one! For two!

[But the World Champion rolls back the other way, clenching his teeth as he bears down on the side headlock, yanking hard enough to put Shane down on his shoulders for a one count before Shane lifts the shoulder.]

GM: And a one count back the other way.

BW: Both of these men know they're not likely to get a pinfall this early in the match let alone with a side headlock or counter to a side headlock but it's gotta be worth the shot, Gordo. This is the World Heavyweight Title at stake and any chance you get to get the pin or submission, you've gotta take it.

GM: Absolutely.

[Shane quickly slips his legs under him, forcing Bryant to climb to his feet, still holding the headlock on the kneeling challenger. The Ring Leader grabs at a leg, looking for a single leg takedown but Bryant wisely jerks his leg out of reach, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: Nice counter by the champion who felt the takedown coming and got his leg clear.

[The Independence, Missouri native gets his legs under him, backing Bryant into the ropes where he shoves him off...

...or attempts to shove him off as Bryant hangs on to the side headlock, dragging Shane back down to his knees to (mostly) cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Bryant again showing great counterwrestling.

BW: Shane might have an advantage in the amateur style of wrestling but when it comes to pro wrestling mat skills, I think Bryant can go toe to toe with just about anyone in the business at this stage of his career. He proved that against Supreme Wright at Memorial Day Mayhem, Gordo.

GM: Another thing we agree on.

BW: We've been working together too long. We're starting to agree on stuff.

GM: Shane again goes to the hair but again Johnny Jagger is right there to force him to let go.

[Shane battles up to his feet again, wrapping his arms around the torso of Bryant, lifting him up into the air and dropping him down to the mat with a back suplex...

...but Bryant keeps the side headlock applied, wrenching down on the head and neck with it, rolling right onto his stomach into a grounded headlock.]

GM: Shane went to counter out with the suplex but Bryant was ready for it, going right back to that headlock.

BW: And what a change of pace this is from some of the action we saw tonight. Of course, that wild brawl inside the Tower Of Doom but the exchange of devastating moves in the World Tag Team Title match among others.

GM: With a sixty minute time limit, these two can spend some time trying to feel the other one out. But Shane is forcing his way right back up to his feet, grabbing at the wrist of Bryant...

[Shane breaks the grip, reversing the hold into a hammerlock, pushing up on the trapped arm.]

GM: That time it's the challenger with a nice counter, going right into the hammerlock and-

[Bryant shakes it off, ducking under, twisting back around, and securing a hammerlock of his own.]

GM: Reversal by Bryant!

[Bryant pushes up on the arm as the referee steps in, checking for a submission...

...but as he does, Shane manages to duck down, pushing back, and ends up right back in control with the hammerlock.]

GM: Shane gets the hammerlock back in place and-

[Using his left arm, he slips around, pushing Bryant's head down to allow himself to be able to leap up, scissoring the head between his legs, and then rolls him onto his shoulders while still holding the hammerlock!]

GM: Cradle!

[With the head scissors applied, Shane gets a two count before Bryant kicks out, breaking both holds.]

GM: I don't think we've seen that out of Shane before.

BW: I think it's the Missouri Roll. He told me it was coming.

GM: Alright... both men back up as Bryant hits the ropes.

[The champion comes back, connecting with a big shoulder tackle that takes Shane down to the mat.]

GM: Shoulder tackle knocks Shane down... right back up though and-

[Bryant takes him right back over with the side headlock, cranking up on the head and neck.]

GM: Right back to the headlock, trying to wear down the challenger in this one.

[Shane reaches up with both arms, grabbing his own wrist and pushing down on Bryant's cheek...

...and forces him to roll back onto his shoulders!]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Bryant rolls it back the other way before Shane pushes up off the mat to all fours, forcing his way back to his feet.]

GM: Shane's right back up, trying to find a way out of this headlock again.

[Shane lands a big forearm to the ribs to loosen the grip. A second one breaks the grip completely as he backs to the ropes, throwing Bryant off...

...and again getting dragged down as Bryant reapplies the side headlock!]

GM: And right back down they go again!

[Shane is already on his knees though and quickly gets back up, pushing Bryant right back into the corner.]

GM: Back to the corner... the referee's calling for a break here...

[The referee's count hits four before Shane steps back, throwing a right hand that Bryant blocks before DROPPING the challenger with a haymaker of his own!]

GM: Shane thought he'd catch him by surprise but the World Champion was ready for it and down goes the challenger again.

[Shane slides on his rear across the ring, climbing to his feet where he promptly complains about the closed fist. Johnny Jagger nods, walking to the corner to reprimand the World Champion about the right hand. Bryant smirks at Shane who gives the top rope two quick tugs before slipping out of the corner.]

GM: Shane's coming back to the center of the ring, not wasting any time in getting right back to the action.

BW: He thinks this is his night, Gordo. It remains to be seen if it is but for the sake of the Shane Gang, I hope he's right.

GM: Still no sign of any of the Shane Gang members at ringside and I, for one, hope it stays that way, fans.

[The two men come together again as Shane lunges in, going right into the rear waistlock.]

GM: Back to the waistlock by Shane and- no, standing switch by the World Champion!

[Bryant hangs on for a few moments just to prove he can before switching back to the side headlock and promptly taking Shane down to the mat with the headlock takeover.]

GM: Another takedown nicely executed by the World Heavyweight Champion!

[A frustrated Shane grabs a handful of hair, yanking Bryant's head back hard as Jagger leans in to count, reaching four easily before Shane lets go.]

GM: An early sign of frustration out of the challenger who has waited over a year for this moment. He won this title shot at the Memorial Day Rumble in 2013 and sat on the sidelines, watching and waiting for the right opportunity to cash in his contract. Tonight, he believes is that opportunity.

[Shane forces his way back to his feet again, twisting the arm to escape, and quickly securing a rear waistlock that Bryant instantly reverses, hooking a waistlock of his own...

...but the challenger lashes out backwards with a hard elbow before Bryant can do anything with the waistlock, stunning the World Champion with the vicious blow!]

GM: The challenger elbows out... to the ropes...

[A rising Bryant gets knocked right back down by Shane who pauses to make the "belt gesture" to a sprinkling of cheers mixed in with a whole lot of boos as Shane hits the ropes again.]

GM: Shane to the far side... drop down by the champion, Shane goes up and over to the ropes...

[On the rebound, Shane gets taken down hard with a hiptoss!]

GM: Nice hiptoss by the champion!

[With Shane flattened out on the canvas, Bryant grabs the left arm, quickly securing and sitting down with a short-arm scissors.]

GM: Wow! Bryant hooks in a submission hold that you just don't see too often these days, Bucky.

BW: Could be another one he picked up from his uncle, the legendary "Iron" Brett Bryant who spent some time in these parts as well.

GM: Brett Bryant, of course, was better known in the western part of the United States - making his living in Los Angeles and San Francisco - but he did spend some time in St. Louis on occasion. The master of the Iron Crab... until Dave Bryant adopted that hold last year at SuperClash, injuring Calisto Dufresne's back in the process.

BW: We still haven't seen Dufresne come back from that. It's a dangerous hold and one that Terry Shane would do well to avoid at any and all costs, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Shane plants his feet, pushing hard and rolling back into a pinning predicament, pushing the shoulders down for a two count before Bryant kicks out hard, flipping Shane right back into the hold.]

GM: Nice counter and back again by both of these men. They're putting on a clinic in the early minutes of this one, fans. We're about ten minutes into this thing as Bryant really pushes down on the arm, trying to weaken that limb and take some of Shane's offense away from him.

[The force behind the short-arm scissors puts Shane's shoulders on the mat for two before he lifts the right arm up, grabbing a handful of hair again and not breaking until the count of four.]

GM: This one is a bit of a stalemate so far, Bucky.

BW: It is, it is. The action keeps going back and forth. For every hold one of 'em slaps on, the other seems to have the perfect counter for it.

[Shane plants his feet, rolling back into a pinning position again.]

GM: One! Two!

[But Bryant again kicks out, rolling Shane back down onto his back where the World Champion earns a quick two count before the right arm fires up off the canvas!]

GM: Another exchange of two counts by both champion and challenger as each man tries to find a way to put the other's shoulders down for three so they can walk out tonight as the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Shane rolls back, going for another pin...

...and then opts to DRIVE a knee down between the eyes of Bryant repeatedly, forcing him to break the hold. Shane comes up waving his left arm, shaking out the pain from it as Bryant tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Both men getting back to their feet after that exchange and-

[Shane catches the rising Bryant with a knife-edge chop across the chest.]

GM: Big chop by the challenger!

[A second chop connects, sending Bryant staggering back into the ropes where Shane advances, grabbing the arm to send him across.]

GM: Irish whip... Shane sets!

[But Bryant skies over the doubled-up Shane, taking him down with a sunset flip.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Shane clashes his legs together on Bryant's ears to break the hold as both men scramble to get to their feet first...]

GM: Shane with the right hand, ducked by Bryant!

[And the World Champion reaches back, hooking the arms of Shane, dragging him down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIIIIIDE! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Shane kicks out of that pin as well, breaking the count as both men again scramble, trying to get up to their feet first...

...and Bryant takes Shane right back down with the headlock takeover!]

GM: Another takedown by the World Champion!

BW: And if we were scoring on points, that might be real impressive but right now, all it means is that the time is ticking and Dave Bryant is still the World Champion... for now.

[Bryant clenches his teeth, yanking hard on the head as Shane cries out from within the punishing hold.]

GM: The headlock has been a great weapon for the World Champion in the first ten minutes of this Main Event matchup as he continues to use it to try and wear down the younger and likely more athletic challenger.

[Shane slips his knee under him, forcing his way back up off the mat, pushing Bryant back... back... back... and right into the turnbuckles. Johnny Jagger immediately steps in, calling for the clean break but Shane ignores it, leaning his weight against the World Champion...]

GM: Come on, Shane. Let the man out of the corner...

[As the count hits four, Jagger attempts to physically break the two men apart by ducking between and pushing back...

...which Shane uses as an excuse to rake the eyes of the World Champion before hammering him with a pair of right hands!]

GM: Oh! Shane taking over in the corner with those right hands!

[But after a half dozen land, Bryant's had enough and switches positions in the corner, opening up with right hands of his own!]

GM: And now it's the World Champion blasting Shane with the right hands!

[The referee is right there, calling for Bryant to back off this time as he tears into Shane...

...who swings a leg up around Bryant's legs, using his right arm to hook Bryant around the neck, dragging him into a clinch!]

GM: They're struggling in the corner, trying to get loose from one another but I think Shane might have done this deliberately. He should stay away from a slugfest at all costs and-

BW: Look at this! Jagger can't get them apart!

[All the counts and threats in the world seem to be useless in the hands of the AWA's Senior Official as Bryant and Shane try to tear into one another. Bryant creates enough space to deliver two hard right hands as Jagger grabs the right arm, pulling Bryant physically backwards...

...and opening him up from the rear to be CLUBBED across the back of the head by the challenger!]

GM: Ohh! Cheap shot by Terry Shane! He nailed him from behind!

BW: Johnny Jagger caused that, Gordo! He got Bryant turned around, tied him up, and allowed Shane to lower the boom on him.

GM: The challenger tonight turned twenty-nine years of age two days ago, fans, and what a birthday present it would be for him to become the Heavyweight Champion of the World.

[With Bryant sprawled facefirst on the canvas, Shane dives on top of him, scissoring the left arm between his legs. He goes to grab the right arm underneath his armpit to stretch him out.]

GM: He's going for No Escape! He's looking for that trademark Neck Crank!

[But as he grabs for the arm, Bryant throws short elbow back elbow back into the side of the head, breaking the submission attempt as the World Champion climbs up off the mat, rushing the dazed Shane...

...and takes BOTH MEN over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! A big running clothesline by the World Heavyweight Champion sends both men crashing down to the infield dirt here at Hammons Field as Bryant and Shane attempt to become the World Heavyweight Champion!

[The camera moves around the ringpost, showing both men sprawled out on the thinly-padded dirt infield.]

GM: Both men went down hard on that move by the Doctor of Love as he uses his first major impact piece of offense in this match, trying to get a distinct advantage as we prepare to cross the fifteen minute mark in the time limit for this World Title Main Event.

BW: Perhaps the feeling out period is over, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right about that.

[With the aid of the ring apron, Dave Bryant hauls himself back to his feet, throwing a glance at the still-downed Shane before he spins around, turning towards the timekeeper's table.]

GM: What in the...?

[The crowd buzzes as Bryant waves the inhabitants of the table away, using his arm to throw a pitcher of water, the house mic, the ring bell, and a stack of papers down onto the floor.]

GM: What is Dave Bryant thinking right here, fans?!

BW: This doesn't seem very sportsmanlike by the World Champion, the chief representative of this company, Gordo.

GM: Dave Bryant is very upset here in this one after what he saw in our last match. You know he has to be. Supreme Wright stuck the blade in the heart of Ryan Martinez, of Eric Preston, of Hannibal Carver and Callum Mahoney for sure... but his actions don't just affect the men in that match. You have to think that Dave Bryant is absolutely livid at Wright's actions as well.

[Bryant turns back towards the ring, ducking under to break the count before rolling back out where Shane is on his feet...

...and SMASHES an incoming Bryant with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: Big right hand by the challenger who recovered perhaps a bit quicker than Bryant expected!

[With Bryant dazed from the haymaker, Shane grabs a handful of hair, pasting Bryant with a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by the challenger!

[Pulling Bryant towards him, Shane lays in a second uppercut, snapping Bryant's head back.]

GM: Two uppercuts by Shane has the World Champion in a bad way and- uh oh!

BW: You were saying?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Shane yanks the timekeeper's table away from the ring apron, giving him room to work as he pulls Bryant into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh my stars... he's gonna suplex him on the table!

BW: THROUGH the table is more like it, Gordo! That's never happened in the AWA before! No one has EVER gone through a table in the American

Wrestling Alliance! We might be about to see history in the making as Shane sets for the suplex. He's got him up!

[Shane takes a step back, steadying himself for the vertical suplex as Bryant floats over the top, landing on his feet and blasting Shane across the chest with a reverse knife edge chop!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by the champion!

[A second chop sends Shane staggering backwards, getting closer and closer to the steel ringpost.]

GM: Another chop by Bryant has the challenger reeling!

[Bryant winds up, looking for a third as Shane ducks down, hoisting Bryant up across his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: Shane with the counter! Where's he gonna put-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FALLS back into the steel ringpost with a makeshift Samoan Drop, DRIVING the middle of Bryant's back into the unforgiving steel!]

GM: Good god almighty! He might've broken Bryant clear in half with that!

[Bryant is down in a heap on the floor, clutching at his lower back as Shane sits on the ringside mats, looking out at the crowd still showing a mixture of derision and a very small portion of support for him.]

GM: Bryant is in some serious trouble - the World Heavyweight Title is in some serious trouble after that devastating move into the steel ringpost. An incredible, instinctual counter by the challenger.

BW: That's right, Gordo. Shane learned a lot at the hands of his father and Oliver Strickland down at The Yard, their training school down in Amarillo, Texas, but he didn't learn nothin' like that, daddy. That was pure instinct for sure.

[Shane gets up, stomping the lower back a few times before rolling under the ropes to break the count, and then rolling right back out to the floor where he circles the post, pursuing Bryant who is trying to get up off the mat...

...and gets shoved gutfirst into the ring apron as Shane lays in knee after knee to the lower back before switching to clubbing forearms across the same spot.]

GM: Shane's pounding away at that back like a shark who smells blood in the water, fans.

BW: Except in this case, the blood is gold! He smells his opportunity to become the World Heavyweight Champion becoming as clear as day in his eyes.

[Shane hurls Bryant under the ropes by the hair before rolling back in after him.]

GM: Both men back in now as Johnny Jagger steps in, trying to buy Bryant time to get off the mat but Shane's having none of that, pulling the World Champion up to his feet.

[He hooks the front facelock, slinging the arm over the back of his neck before taking Bryant over with a vertical suplex in the center of the ring. Bryant sits up in pain before Shane shoves him back down, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Shane gets one! He gets two! But Bryant's out at two.

[Shane pushes him back down, this time planting his forearm bone across the cheek of Bryant, forcing him down for another two count before the World Champion kicks out.]

GM: A pair of two counts for the challenger as he tries to wrest the World Title from around the waist of the veteran, Dave Bryant, who shocked the world last fall when he went on a Cinderella story run through the Chase For The Clash tournament, defeating Juan Vasquez and Supreme Wright in a single night to earn his opportunity to go to SuperClash and fight for the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: You know the problem with Cinderella stories? Sooner or later, the clock strikes midnight, their coach turns into a pumpkin, and they're the same ol' loser they always were.

GM: Are you calling Dave Bryant a loser?

[Bucky replies as Shane applies a bodyscissors, using his legs to drain the energy from the World Champion while putting more pressure on the back.]

BW: Hey, Gordo... Dave Bryant was essentially out of wrestling for years. He was working in Vegas at a casino somewhere gladhanding the clientele. You're talking about a former champion in multiple major promotions ending up as far down the ladder as you can go. You have to be a pretty big screwup in life to have that happen. So, if the glass slipper fits...

[Shane raises his leg up, swinging it down into the ribcage of the World Champion before reapplying the hold, a smirk crossing his face.]

GM: Terry Shane certainly seems to be enjoying this as he punishes the body of Dave Bryant with this bodyscissors, really turning up the pressure on the torso and back...

[Shane grabs a handful of hair, yanking the neck back to apply greater pressure. He swings the leg up again, bringing it down a second time across the ribcage.]

GM: Shane perhaps switching up his target a bit, going for the ribs over the back.

[He lifts his leg a third time, swinging it down...

...and having Bryant catch it, blocking the kick. The crowd roars as Bryant keeps his grip on the leg, forcing his way up to his feet.]

GM: Bryant's up and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as he makes a lunge for the other leg, hooking it under his armpit.]

GM: He's going for the Crab!

[Shane immediately flails about, throwing his body backwards, yanking his legs out of Bryant's grip as he wraps himself up in the bottom rope. A fired-up Bryant pulls him up, throwing a pair of right hands into the midsection, sending the challenger stumbling backwards into the turnbuckles where Bryant squares up...]

GM: Big chop by the World Champion, leaving a welt on the chest of his challenger!

[A second chop follows before Bryant grabs the arm, looking for an Irish whip.]

GM: Bryant shoots him acro- reversal!

[Bryant's hurting back SLAMS into the turnbuckles, causing him to stagger out towards Shane who slips in behind Bryant, hoisting him up into a torture rack...]

GM: He's got him up in the backbreaker!

[The crowd jeers (mostly) as Shane attempts to force a submission out of the World Heavyweight Champion with the backbreaker, stretching his spine out over the shoulders of the challenger!]

GM: Shane's trying to get a submission here and become the new World Champion! Can he get Bryant to give up to his punishing hold?

[Bryant screams his refusal on a few occasions as Shane holds the backbreaker for nearly twenty seconds...

...and then abruptly shoves Bryant off his shoulders, over his head, and DOWN across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A modified version of Reign Supreme! Perhaps Terry Shane sending a message to Supreme Wright!

BW: Ask Dave Bryant how THAT feels in the morning, Gordo!

GM: Right now it can't be feeling very well as Shane goes for the cover!
ONE!! TWO!!

[But Bryant inches a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only for the challenger as he tries to find a way to put him down for the three count.

[Shane grabs a handful of hair, smashing Bryant between the eyes with a series of hard right hands before climbing back to his feet, hauling the World Champion up by the wrist...

...and YANKS him into a short-arm shouldertackle!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move by the challenger... and again... and again!

[He uses the arm to whip Bryant in, catching him on the rebound to lift him up, twist and spin him around...

...and DRIVE him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: BACKBREAKER! Goodness!

[Shane slowly climbs up to his feet, throwing his arms apart, moving around the ring with a bit more swagger now.]

GM: Terry Shane certainly is full of himself tonight in Springfield, Missouri as he cashes in the title opportunity he won over 400 nights ago at Memorial Day Mayhem 2013 in that annual Rumble event. But does he have Bryant hurt enough to get the three count? And if he does, why is he wasting time strutting around the ring?

[Shane drags Bryant off the mat by the arm, tugging him into a double underhook as he walks towards the ropes. With a grunt, he lifts Bryant up, dropping him to bounce his legs off the top rope, and then uses that momentum to take Bryant up and over with a released Butterfly Suplex!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: The Butterfly Effect connects and that might do it, Gordo!

[Shane seems to think so as he lunges across the chest of Dave Bryant, earning a two count only as the World Champion raises his right shoulder.]

GM: Bryant continues to hang on in there as we cross the twenty minute mark of action in this World Title showdown.

[Shane again uses a handful of hair to hold Bryant in place as he batters him with right hands to the skull before shoving him back down to the canvas to (mostly) jeers from the Hammons Field crowd.]

GM: These fans in Springfield are letting him have it for his actions in this one.

BW: Most of them are, Gordo, but you can hear a sprinkling of loud cheers too. Those are people who want to see their home state kid win the big one. Probably people who grew up watchin' his old man wrestle guys like Cameron O'Connor and Hamilton Graham. The name "Shane" is a legacy here in Missouri and you shouldn't be surprised that some of these fans choose to support that over someone like Dave Bryant.

GM: Nevertheless, I AM surprised, Bucky. I'm surprised because of the way that Terry Shane III has lived up to that legacy. He has not acted like his father or his grandfather inside that ring and has NEVER acted like them.

BW: And never WILL act like them. Didn't you hear him earlier speaking to his father? Don't you understand the problems between them? Terry Shane Jr. is not a hero to Terry Shane III like he is the rest of these idiots in Missouri and all over the world.

[Shane hauls Bryant up by the arm, turning and HURLING him towards the corner with an Irish whip. The Ring Leader drops to a knee from the effort on the whip that sends Bryant CRASHING backfirst into the buckles, staggering out...

...into the waiting arms of Terry Shane who pops his hips, hurling Bryant up, over, and down to the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

GM: Beautiful suplex by the challenger who covers again!

[Johnny Jagger slaps the mat once... twice... but that's all as Bryant lifts a shoulder off the mat. Shane angrily gets to his feet, stomping the shoulder and shouting "STAY DOWN! STAY DOWN, BRYANT!" The Doctor of Love reflexively rolls to his stomach, away from the stomps...

...but exposes his hurting back to a waiting Terry Shane.]

GM: What is Shane doing now?

[Shane takes a wide stance, slapping his pectorals a couple of times before grabbing Bryant's arms, looping them over Shane's knees before reaching down to cup his hands under the World Champion's chin...

...and then sits down on the lower back, wrenching back with the Camel Clutch!]

GM: Terry Shane has locked in the Camel Clutch - the trademark hold of Sultan Azam Sharif who hasn't been seen in the AWA since Memorial Day Mayhem of last year when he had his ankle broken by Royalty.

[Bryant cries out as Shane pulls back hard on the hold, screaming for Johnny Jagger to "ASK HIM!"]

GM: The AWA's Senior Official is right there, checking to see if Dave Bryant wants to quit.

BW: He might. This hold has put out a lot of AWA competitors over the years.

[Bryant screams his refusal to give up as Shane yanks back even harder, ordering Jagger to ask again.]

GM: This is a Terry Shane who is fighting like a man possessed. Those wars with Carver and Spector - those were personal. Those were blood feuds. This is a man who wants nothing more than to win the World Heavyweight Title in front of his home state and who just might stop at nothing to make it happen.

BW: Gordo, you gotta be at least a little bit impressed that he's doing all of this without Anderson, Strong, and Miss Sandra Hayes out here.

GM: I'll admit it. I am impressed by what we're seeing out of Terry Shane so far in this one... and very happy that there's been no sign of the Shane Gang... yet.

BW: You keep sayin' that! It ain't gonna happen, Gordo. Terry Shane's word is his bond and it's stronger than oak, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that... and look at this, Bucky!

[The crowd starts to buzz as a determined Bryant gets his legs under him, grabbing Shane by the legs and lifting up off the mat, holding a wide-eyed Shane up on his back...

...and DROPS back, smashing Shane beneath him on the canvas!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE WORLD CHAMPION TO ESCAPE THE CAMEL CLUTCH!

[Both men are down on the mat as referee Johnny Jagger steps in to check on both champion and challenger.]

GM: With both men down after that slam to the canvas, Johnny Jagger has to take a long look at both to make sure he doesn't need to stop this match.

BW: He'd better not stop this one. This is getting good!

GM: He has to look, Bucky. If one of these men are unable to defend themselves, he has to consider stopping the Main Event of Guts & Glory which would not be a popular decision but it very well could be the right one.

[After several moments of checking on both men, Jagger signals for the match to continue to a big cheer from the Missouri fans as Terry Shane rolls to a knee, clutching his lower back.]

GM: It was a hard slam to the canvas but Shane is still able to get back to his feet before the World Champion after the amount of punishment that Bryant has taken so far in this one.

[Shane leans down, hauling Bryant up to his feet by the hair...

...and the Doctor of Love goes downstairs with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand to the gut by Bryant!

[A second one lands as well, causing Shane to backpedal...

...and then surge forward, right into a piercing left jab on the nose that sends Shane pinwheeling backwards, arms twirling as he tries to keep his balance!]

GM: What a left to the nose by Bryant!

[Bryant moves in on Shane, going to grab him by the left arm...

...and Shane spins around, flattening Bryant with a lunging clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline by the challenger takes the Doctor of Love down to the canvas!

[Shane rolls over into a lateral press as the referee drops down to count, giving a two count before Bryant lifts the shoulder.]

GM: The World Champion's out a two again and Shane looks a little bit like he doesn't quite believe it. He's arguing with Johnny Jagger who insists it was a two count.

BW: After what went down at Memorial Day Mayhem, you can bet that any referee in a big match environment is going to get a little more questioning than they usually would.

[Shane climbs to his feet, pulling Bryant up with him. He snatches the double underhook, slamming his knee up into the face and chest of the World Champion!]

GM: Shane repeatedly drives those knees to the upper body before throwing Bryant back to the corner.

[Moving in on him, Shane grabs the hair, slamming a forearm uppercut up under the chin. A second one lands as well, snapping Bryant's head and neck back as he collapses against the buckles, his arms draped over the ropes for support.]

GM: Bryant can barely stand at this point of the contest. The World Title certainly looks to be in serious jeopardy right about now as Terry Shane goes to set Bryant on the top rope.

[With Bryant seated on the buckle, Shane steps back, throwing a pair of right hands to keep him there as he starts to climb.]

GM: We don't see Terry Shane heading up off the mat too often.

BW: It just goes to show how important the AWA World Title is, Gordo. It was back at Memorial Day Mayhem that we saw Bryant uncork a Shooting Star Press that we hadn't seen from him in years in his effort to win the World Title from Supreme Wright. When the stakes are this high, there's no telling what someone will do to strike gold!

GM: Shane steps up to the second rope, perhaps looking for a superplex here...

[But Bryant's got other ideas as he starts throwing right hands into the ribcage, making it hard for Shane to catch his breath.]

GM: Bryant's fighting back! The World Champion is fighting back up on the ropes!

[A hard right hook to the jaw staggers Shane, causing him to grab the top rope to stay up there...

...but Bryant leans back, delivering a boot to the chest that sends Shane toppling off the ropes and crashing down to the mat to a big cheer from the Hammons Field crowd!]

GM: Shane is down and Bryant is up! The World Champion is climbing... and now he's standing on the top rope!

[A rubber-legged Shane pushes up off the mat as Bryant sets, taking a big leap off the top...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[...and Shane bottoms out on the mat, causing Bryant to crash and burn on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Bryant went for a bit of high risk offense, just like he went for that Shooting Star Press back at Mayhem, but he comes up empty.

BW: I told you, Gordo. High risk offense gets that name for a reason.

GM: It certainly does. In seeing that move, you can't help but think about Eric Preston for a moment as that high cross body off the top is one of his signature moves. You have to wonder if perhaps young Eric is on Bryant's mind as well for him to attempt that.

[Terry Shane pushes back up off the mat, looking out at the buzzing crowd with a sweep of his arms.]

GM: Shane says it's over but it's one thing to say that and quite another to actually make it happen.

BW: We could be on the verge of the crowning of a brand new World Heavyweight Champion, Gordo.

GM: That is a distinct possibility as Dave Bryant has taken a lot of punishment from the challenger over the past several minutes.

[Shane stands behind Bryant, waving his arms, calling him to get back to his feet so that Shane can attack once more. The staggered World Champion works his way to his feet, moving slowly in a circle as Shane lunges...]

GM: Shane sweeps out the legs... look at this!

BW: Shane's going for the Iron Crab! He's gonna beat Bryant with his own hold!

[But Bryant's having none of that, using Shane's own tight grip on the legs against him as Bryant twists his body to the right, flinging Shane down to the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: If you're going to be the master of a hold, you also need to know all the counters to it and Bryant just used a dandy to escape that submission attempt by the challenger, Terry Shane.

[A dazed Bryant works his way back to his feet, leaning against the ropes as Shane drags himself up on the other side of the ring, breaking into a full sprint...]

GM: Here comes Shane!

[...and Bryant drops his head, elevating Shane ALL THE WAY over the top rope, bringing him CRASHING down to the thin mats covering the outfield grass to a huge ovation (mostly) from the crowd!]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER!! A TIMELY AND IMPACTFUL COUNTER BY THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION THAT PUTS TERRY SHANE IN A BAD, BAD WAY!!

[Shane is sprawled out on the floor, breathing heavy as Bryant collapses to his knees, leaning forward on his hands as the referee moves over to start a ten count on the challenger.]

GM: Shane's down on the floor off that huge backdrop over the top rope while Dave Bryant tries to regroup and string together some offense to get himself back into this match.

[The crowd is roaring, most for the champion but a distinct portion for the challenger, trying to inspire their favorite back to their feet to continue the battle. Bryant turns, wrapping an arm around the top rope to drag himself to his feet, leaning over the ropes and trash talking the downed Ring Leader.]

GM: Bryant with a few things to say to Terry Shane!

BW: A waste of time if you ask me. Talk your trash after you beat him, not during the match!

GM: Again, I have to agree with you, Bucky. Dave Bryant is wasting valuable time as Terry Shane starts to stir out on the floor.

[A weary Bryant walks to the corner, stepping up to the middle rope.]

BW: Are you kidding me?! He just crashed and burned on one of these dives and now he's going for another one?!

GM: When the World Title is on the line, you will put your body through any extreme to make it happen. Ask James Monosso.

BW: I would if I knew what house for invalids he's in! Probably the same one James Stench is in now that I think about it. Maybe the AWA gets a group rate.

GM: Would you stop?! Bryant's on top, hanging on to the top rope for dear life as Shane gets to his feet...

[Bryant leaps off, twisting around into another cross body...

...and WIPES OUT a stunned Terry Shane to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Springfield crowd!]

GM: What a dive! What a dive off the top by the World Heavyweight Champion who may have just turned this match around with those two pieces of impactful offense, fans!

[A weary Bryant rolls over onto his back, chest heaving in the Missouri sky as the crowd continues to buzz over the death-defying move they just saw out of the veteran.]

GM: Bryant's crawling back towards the ring as the referee's count reaches four...

[Hooking his arm over the bottom rope, the World Heavyweight Champion drags himself up off the mat, pulling himself to his feet. He turns back towards Shane, wobbling towards him and dragging him up with a handful of hair.]

GM: Right hand by Bryant! And another!

[Grabbing a second hand full of hair, Bryant swivels and SLAMS Shane facefirst down on the empty timekeeper's table!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into that wooden table at ringside!

[The referee can be heard with the reprimand from inside the ring as Bryant lifts Shane's head up a second time...

...and DRIVES it down a second time!]

GM: Again into the table! That's going to take a lot out of the challenger as Bryant heads back towards the ring, rolling in to break the count at eight.

[Johnny Jagger shouts at Bryant who is down on the mat, seated and looking up at the Senior Official with a nod. Out on the floor, Shane uses his arms to push up off the table, running a hand over his forehead to check for blood.]

GM: But the challenger keeps on coming, refusing to stay down in front of this, his home state crowd in Springfield. Shane's out of Independence, Missouri about 170 miles down the road. You can bet that some of the people he grew up with are in this crowd here tonight and Shane knows it.

[Shane stumbles to the ring apron, literally falling into and catching himself with his arms. He looks up into the ring where Johnny Jagger has started his count again. The Ring Leader shakes his head, dragging himself up onto the apron as Bryant stands up, coming towards him...]

GM: Big right hand by Bryant!

[But Shane fires back in kind!]

GM: The challenger returns fire!

[Bryant throws another but Shane hangs on, drilling him between the eyes with one of his own!]

GM: We've got a slugfest here as these two men trade punches over and over. Bryant on the inside, Shane on the outside.

[The World Champion draws nearer, looking to hook a front facelock but Shane digs his fingers into the eyes, raking hard and sending Bryant stumbling away. Shane turns towards the jeering crowd, making the belt gesture to even louder boos.]

GM: Shane goes to the eyes and turns things around on the World Champion who can't even see right no-

[But as Shane turns back towards Bryant...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[The barrage of sounds comes first from Dave Bryant uncorking a Call Me In The Morning superkick over the ropes, catching Shane flush on the jaw to a huge reaction from the crowd...]

...and then Shane falling backwards off the apron, slamming down backfirst on the empty timekeeper's table that somehow manages to hold up under the impact!]

GM: Good grief! My stars in heaven, Terry Shane got his lights turned out by that superkick and he almost - ALMOST - went through that table at ringside because of it!

BW: But can Bryant take advantage of it?! He's still having trouble seeing after the rake of the eyes. He's down on a knee, rubbing furiously at his eyes.

GM: He might not need to because Johnny Jagger is starting a new ten count and I'm not sure if Terry Shane can beat the count back into the ring after the superkick AND the fall onto the table!

[Bryant somehow finds the ropes, dragging himself up to his feet, still rubbing at his eyes as the referee's count gets to three.]

GM: The count is up to three on Shane! Can he get up off that table and find a way to get back into the ring to continue this match?!

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY IN THE TIME LIMIT! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one as the count goes to four and Terry Shane hasn't moved one square inch, Bucky.

BW: That was a hard fall off a devastating move that has been known to finish off more than one opponent in Bryant's career. That was his finishing maneuver for more years than I can remember - only recently has he added the Iron Crab and that scintillating DDT to the mix.

GM: The count to five... Bryant hobbling over towards the official...

[He starts waving his arm at Jagger, shaking his head.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh, he's a bigger idiot than I thought, Gordo!

GM: Dave Bryant is waving off the count! He doesn't want to win that way!

BW: It's the World Heavyweight Title! You win the match and keep the title any way that you can!

GM: Not this champion! Dave Bryant was not happy with how he won the title but he said he was going to do his best to PROVE he belongs as the World Heavyweight Champion! He wants to defend the title with pride, honor, and dignity and he wants to prove he can defeat Terry Shane in the center of the ring - not win by countout!

BW: This is a bad idea. If this comes back to bite him in the tail, this is the biggest mistake of his life, Gordo.

GM: You might be right as Bryant steps out to the apron... oh my god...

[The Doctor of Love takes a long look at Shane, still draped backwards over the table...

...and slowly backs up so that his spine is pressed against the steel ringpost.]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Bryant's going to put him through the table! He thinks he's back in Los Angeles!

[The World Champion raises his right arm, taking several deep breaths...

...and then charges down the length of the apron, leaping off with the right arm cocked...]

GM: ELBOOOOOOW!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Thanks to Terry Shane rolling aside at the last moment, Bryant's ribcage SLAMMED down into the wooden table (still not breaking) at horrific velocity, leaving him draped over the table and in incredible pain.]

GM: Terry Shane got out of the way in time and Dave Bryant just smashed into that table! His ribs took a direct hit!

BW: He could have cracked ribs, broken ribs, who knows what after that, Gordo. I told you it was a mistake to not take the countout and now Dave Bryant is going to learn that by paying the ultimate price - the World Heavyweight Championship!

[Shane pushes off the table to his feet, blood covering his lips.]

GM: Shane's bleeding from the mouth.

BW: That can be any number of things too, Gordo. At best, it's some kind of mouth injury... maybe accidentally biting his tongue or something. At worst, it's an internal injury from hitting that table.

GM: Let's hope it's not that as Shane moves over to Bryant, dragging him off the table by the hair... and **THROWS** him ribs first into the edge of the ring apron!

[Shane turns Bryant around, pushing him against the apron as he slams fist after fist into the ribcage, working over the area that took a direct hit on the wooden table!]

GM: Shane's going right after those ribs, shoving Bryant under the ropes into the ring now. He's rolling in after him and you better believe that Shane's going to be looking for the killshot now.

[With Bryant down on the mat, Shane walks up, lifting the legs off the mat.]

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

[But as Shane flips him over, he spins so that he's facing the same direction, hooking the legs against his upper arms as he reaches down, hooking the arms of Bryant.]

GM: What in the...?

[He uses the grip on the wrists to lift Bryant up off the mat, rocking him back and forth and stretching out the ribs and back as Bryant cries out in pain.]

BW: He's rockin' the chap into submission!

GM: Shane is pulling out all the stops tonight at Guts & Glory! He is unloading the full arsenal - including things we've never seen from him before - to try to win the World Heavyweight Title in front of this hostile Missouri crowd!

BW: Hostile? You listenin', Gordo? I hear cheers in the air! These Johnny-come-lately rednecks are tryin' to get on the Terry Shane bandwagon before he comes the World Champion!

[There does seem to be a few more cheers in the air for Terry Shane as he screams, "QUIT! QUIIIIIIIIT!" at the trapped World Champion.]

GM: I don't even know what to call this.

BW: This? This is the Springfield Stretch, daddy!

GM: Are you...? Are you sure about that?

BW: I'm the man who tells it like it is, Gordo! I wouldn't give you false information!

[Shane is able to keep the hold on for a handful more seconds before allowing Bryant to slump to the mat, stumbling away holding his lower back.]

GM: Shane couldn't keep the hold applied - it was too much strain on his back that slammed into the wooden timekeeper's table out at ringside.

[The challenger turns back, a determined look on his face as he drags Bryant up by the arm, shooting him towards the ropes...

...but has it reversed, getting sent in himself.]

GM: Bryant reverses! Shane off the far side!

[A wild clothesline from Bryant comes up empty as Shane ducks under, hitting the far ropes, sprinting back...]

GM: He slides between the legs of the champ-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reaction comes from Shane springing off the mat, leaping up to grab Bryant from behind as he jams his knees into the shoulderblades, falling to the mat with a spine-rattling jolt!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: That's it! New World Champion!

[Shane dives across, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: My stars! Terry Shane with an incredible move from the blind side there and he was a half count away from becoming the World Heavyweight Champion with the entire world watching!

[Shane pushes up to his knees, slamming a fist down into the canvas.]

GM: Terry Shane, I believe, thought he had it won right there, fans.

BW: I thought he had it as well.

GM: Shane's hauling Bryant up off the mat...

[But the World Champion is ready, uncorking a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by the champ! Shane fires back with one of his own!

[The crowd roars to their feet at the sight of the champion and challenger trading high impact haymakers in the middle of the ring...

...until Shane goes downstairs, slamming a knee up into the midsection.]

GM: Ohh! Shane cuts it off... and a big whip sends Bryant to the corner!

[Shane backs off, raising his right arm to some cheers as he races across the ring, leaping up...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[...but Bryant uses the ropes, yanking himself clear and causing Shane to SMASH into the corner!]

GM: ROLLUP!

[Shane gets dragged down to the mat in a schoolboy as Bryant runs in place to apply more pressure to the cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[This time, it's Shane who kicks out just before the three count comes down, leaving both men sucking wind down on the canvas.]

GM: Both men are down on the mat. Both men having a hard time getting back to their feet after that exchange.

[Shane grabs the ropes, dragging himself off the mat, falling back into the turnbuckles as Bryant pushes up to all fours. The challenger hops up on the midbuckle, standing tall...]

GM: Shane's on the second rope, waiting for Bryant to rise...

[The World Champion staggers to his feet as Shane leaps off, hooking a front facelock, spinning around to go for Glenn Hudson's tornado DDT...

...but Bryant shoves him off, sending him right back into the corner.]

GM: The champ with the counter, charges in-

[And leaves his feet, throwing a powerful shoulder drive into the midsection!]

GM: OHHH!

[Bryant drops back, waving a staggered Shane forward, plucking his legs out from under him...]

GM: IRON CRAB! IRON CRAB!

[A desperate Shane throws himself back, scrambling to try and get to the ropes just beyond his reach...

...and somehow manages to hook both hands on the bottom rope, forcing the official to step in, calling for the break!]

GM: Bryant's still got the legs! Shane's trying to escape but Bryant's still got the legs!

BW: Break it, ref!

[Johnny Jagger is certainly trying to break it but Bryant is relentless in hanging onto the legs, pulling back on them as Shane grip switches to the middle rope... then to the top...]

GM: Shane's struggling, trying to get free...

[Bryant switches his grip, sitting out in a makeshift powerbomb that drives Shane down to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Shane's shoulder flies off the mat at the last moment.]

GM: Shane kicks out in time! Bryant with a unique counter to Shane's attempt to escape the Iron Crab but it wasn't enough to hold him down for a three.

[Bryant backs off, questioning the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Johnny Jagger says it was only a two count and Bryant's obviously frustrated by that news.

[Bryant wobbles into the corner, slamming a hand down on the turnbuckle as he turns, staring across at Shane who is trying to get up off the canvas.]

GM: Can Bryant dig down deep and find something to put him away? He's already tried the superkick. Perhaps the DDT can do it. Perhaps the Iron Crab can get sunk in.

BW: Shane's using the ropes, dragging himself up to his feet.

[The Doctor of Love readies himself, staring across, giving Shane a "get up!" wave...]

GM: Bryant's got something in mind here as Shane-

BW: SUPERKICK!

[The World Champion comes across the ring, throwing the Call Me In The Morning superkick at a staggered Terry Shane who ducks under it, somehow managing to hook the leg behind his neck at the same time.]

BW: STRETCH MUFFLER!! WHAT A COUNTER!!

[Using his leg, Shane sweeps out Bryant's other leg, forcing him down to the mat as Shane leans down, using his arms to bend Bryant's leg over the back of his neck.]

GM: This could be it! Bryant's leg is trapped in that Stretch Muffler is what you called it! He's trying to hang on, clawing at the canvas.

BW: And he's just lucky that Shane hasn't put an ounce of effort in this match into going after the leg. If it was softened up at all, this match would be over right here and now, Gordo! It might be as it is!

GM: Bryant's in incredible pain, trying to hang on as- OHH!

[The crowd groans as Shane starts viciously stomping Bryant in the face from the standing position, still holding and bending the leg across the neck.]

GM: Vicious stomps! The referee is checking with Bryant, trying to see if he wants to submit... if he wants to give up the World Heavyweight Title!

[Bryant starts dragging his body towards the ropes, pulling the off-balance Shane with him...

...and throws himself at the ropes, wrapping his arms around them. Shane holds the submission hold, raining down stomps on the rope-wrapped Bryant as the referee counts!]

GM: Shane's still on him! Come on, referee!

[The four count causes Shane to break, backing off with his arms raised as he gets booed pretty loudly. The referee is right in his face, shouting at him as Shane shoves past him, moving in on Bryant who has slung his upper body over the bottom rope, resting on the apron as Shane grabs the top rope...]

GM: What does Shane have in mind here? What is he-?!

[Shane slingshots himself over the top rope, driving both feet down into the small of Bryant's back in a double stomp that causes Bryant to wail in pain!]

GM: Good grief! What a move by Shane! Innovative offense out of the challenger and you can, once again, hear some cheers from his home state fans who are impressed by what they're seeing here tonight!

[Out on the apron, Shane swings his heel down into the lower back a few times, drawing a warning from the referee before he slides down to the floor, pulling Bryant the rest of the way through the ropes...

...and bodyslams him viciously on the barely-padded infield dirt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big slam on the floor! Goodness, Dave Bryant's back is being put through the wringer here tonight by the challenger, Terry Shane, who once again is circling the chance to become the World Champion.

[Shane leans against the apron, taking some abuse from the ringside fans that he trades words with.]

BW: No time to trashtalk the peons, kid. Make yourself a legend!

[The Ring Leader drags Bryant off the mat, wrapping his arms around the torso...

...and DRIVES Bryant's lower back into the edge of the apron, causing Bryant to grimace in agony, slumping down to his knees on the floor.]

GM: Again he targets the back, trying to take the World Champion out.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Shane tees off, driving right hands down between the eyes of the World Champion over and over again. The referee's count gets higher and higher before Shane breaks off, glaring at Jagger before shoving Bryant back into the ring.]

GM: Shane steps back in, Jagger immediately on his case for the brawling on the floor and-

[Shane shoves Jagger with both hands, causing Jagger to gesture to the AWA logo on his shirt, threatening a disqualification.]

GM: You can think back to Memorial Day Mayhem where Shane actually assaulted Johnny Jagger. That was a no disqualification match but-

BW: But that's a helluva point, Gordo. The crooked AWA Championship Committee assigned a referee to this match who has a personal grudge against one of the men in it! How is that fair?

GM: It's a decent point, Bucky, but Johnny Jagger has been nothing but fair to Terry Shane in this match. He's followed the letter and spirit of the rules at every turn.

[Shane turns towards Bryant, spying the World Champion getting back to his feet...

...and yanks him into Uranage position.]

GM: Uh oh! This could be the Salient Night Breaker!

[But before we can find out, Bryant throws his elbow back, smashing it into the cheek of Shane once... twice... three times, causing Shane to back off.]

GM: Bryant breaks out!

[The World Champion dashes to the ropes.]

GM: Off the far side...

[But Shane catches him coming back, lifting him up for the uranage, and DRIVES him down over a bent knee!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Still holding Bryant around the head and neck, Shane drops back the other way, SLAMMING Bryant facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: TERRY SHANE SPECIAL! THAT'S IT!!

[Shane muscles Bryant to his back, nodding his head as he dives into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! MY GOD, THE WORLD CHAMPION GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: HOW?! HOW DID HE DO THAT?!

GM: I have no idea but Terry Shane just came a split second away from being the World Heavyweight Champion and this place just came unglued for it!

[Shane pushes up off the mat, burying his head in his hands in disbelief, looking up at the official who confirms a two count, holding his hands up to show how close he came.]

GM: Terry Shane is in shock. He thought he had him there and I can't blame him for believing it. You don't get any closer than that without winning the World Heavyweight Title!

[An angry Shane climbs up off the mat, reaching down to drag Bryant up with two hands full of hair, glaring at the World Champion, staring right into the eyes...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Shane slapped him right across the face!

BW: Turnabout is fair play!

[Bryant recoils from the slap as Shane comes at him...

...and lashes out, sticking Shane with his stunned straight left to the jaw!]

GM: OHHH!

[The World Champion buries a boot into the gut, doubling up Shane as he hooks the front facelock to a big roar...

...and SNAPS the challenger down, spiking him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT!

[Bryant uses all his strength to roll Shane to his back, throwing an arm across his chest in exhaustion.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd EXPLODES in a mixed response as Shane uses the sloppy pin attempt to lift his shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin count with absolutely no time to spare!]

"FORTY MINUTES GONE BY! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: He almost got him! He almost had the challenger beaten with that explosive DDT!

[This time, it's Bryant's turn to question the official as he pushes up to his knees, slamming his balled-up fist repeatedly into the mat in frustration, slowly getting to his feet...

...and grabs Shane by the legs!]

GM: He's going for the Iron Crab!

[Bryant struggles with the grip, trying to get in position...

...when Shane YANKS a nearby Johnny Jagger by the shirt, pulling him right into Dave Bryant, knocking Jagger flat and stunning the World Champion!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: The referee ran into Bryant! Why did he do that?!

GM: You know damn well why! Terry Shane, that snake in the grass, after fighting a fairly clean match just yanked the official into Bryant to avoid that Iron Crab from being applied!

[A stunned Bryant slumps to a knee, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as Shane regains his feet, moving in on Bryant...

...who pops up, throwing his leg out!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

[Bryant collapses on top of Shane, rolling back with the leg cradled!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREE!! FOUR!! FIVE!!! COME ON, JOHNNY JAGGER!

BW: Jagger's out cold! His own clumsiness made him fall into Dave Bryant and knocked him for a loop!

GM: This is ridiculous! Dave Bryant just won this match!

BW: Not in my record book, daddy! He got a pin that you counted but you're not a licensed official in 2014, Gordo!

GM: Johnny Jagger, the AWA's Senior Official is down... and we need another referee! We need another- NO!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Marty Meekly comes jogging down the aisle towards the ring, the slightest of smirks on his face.]

GM: No, no, no! Not him! For the love of God, not him!

BW: Hey, he's a licensed official! The Committee could have sent him out here!

GM: I highly doubt that. Marty Meekly is under investigation by the Championship Committee. He's on probation for crying out loud!

BW: But now he's responsible for the finish of this match! So, you better get used to it, Gordo!

[Meekly slides into the ring, gesturing for the action to continue as Dave Bryant climbs to his feet, glaring right at the official who played a direct role in his winning the World Title.]

GM: The champion does NOT look happy about this turn of events, Bucky.

BW: He should be THRILLED! The man was the referee when Bryant won the World Title! He should be overjoyed to see him out there!

GM: But he's not and you and I BOTH know why!

[Meekly gestures again for the match to continue, pointing at the motionless Shane to Bryant who pauses, shrugs, moving for a cover...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and then superkicks Marty Meekly into the middle of next week to one of the loudest reactions on record in the AWA!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HE SUPERKICKED AN OFFICIAL! FINE HIM! SUSPEND HIM! STRIP HIM OF THE TITLE!

GM: I can't condone that but Dave Bryant did what every single fan in this building wanted to do to Marty Meekly!

[Bryant shouts at the downed Meekly, using his boot to roll him out of the ring to the floor to another big reaction. He looks out at the crowd... then down at the motionless Terry Shane...

...and points to the corner!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Oh, he's out of his damn mind, Gordo!

GM: We saw this at Memorial Day Mayhem! We saw Bryant dig deep into his history, dig deep into his playbook to try and find a way to finish off his opponent!

BW: Yeah, and he nearly broke his damn arm doing it!

[The World Heavyweight Champion steps out to the apron, scaling the ropes from the outside to building buzz with every step, finally settling in on the top rope. He takes a deep breath, looking up to the heavens, whispering a silent prayer perhaps...

...and then takes flight, flipping backwards while sailing forward!]

GM: SHOOTING STAAAAAAR!

[BOOOOM! The crowd EXPLODES on impact!]

GM: HE GOT IT!! HE GOT IT!!

[Bryant reaches back, hooking a leg.]

GM: But there's still no referee! Bryant hit the Shooting Star Press but there's still no official to count!

BW: There WAS! Bryant laid him out!

GM: Bryant's got him pinned but there's no referee out here and-

BW: SHANE GANG!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong come charging down the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes as Dave Bryant comes to his feet, dishing out haymakers to both!]

GM: Bryant's trying to fight 'em off! He's trying to fight off the Lights Out Express!

BW: The World Tag Team Champions!

GM: They are NOT!

BW: They've got the belts! Close enough!

[The World Champion is wilting under the double team assault, falling back into the ropes as Anderson and Strong take turns hammering him with forearms, elbows, and kicks.]

GM: This isn't right! This is terrible, fans!

BW: I love it! We're about to see history made!

GM: Terry Shane told the world that there would be no Shane Gang interference! He said he wanted to do this on his own! He said he wanted to- NO!

[Strong whips Bryant across, lifting him skyward on the rebound...

...and Anderson DRILLS him with a European uppercut on the way down, snapping his head back and leaving him down on the mat!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That's it! Get the ref in there!

[Lenny Strong does exactly that, sliding out to the floor to pull Johnny Jagger up and shoving him back into the ring. Anderson moves over, jostling him to wake him up...

...which is when Terry Shane runs up behind Anderson, hooking him by the trunks and ROCKETING him over the top rope and down onto Lenny Strong!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

BW: TERRY SHANE JUST THREW HIS OWN ALLY OVER THE TOP ROPE!!

GM: He said he wanted to do it on his own! He said he wanted to win the World Title on his own! Wow! What a moment that is!

[Shane stands by the ropes, leaning over them to shout at Strong and Anderson who are looking up at their Ring Leader in disbelief...

...and then turns towards the top of the aisle, shouting at Miss Sandra Hayes who has appeared at home plate.]

GM: Shane is HOT under the collar, fans! He's shouting at the Shane Gang, shouting at Hayes...

BW: Bryant's on his feet! Shane is-

GM: TURNS!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!!

[Bryant collapses on Shane, rolling back to hook the leg as a weary Johnny Jagger drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! BRYANT RETAINS THE TITLE!!

[Bryant rolls off of Shane, his chest heaving as he lies on the canvas, having his hand raised by Johnny Jagger.]

GM: This crowd in Springfield, Missouri are on their feet! Dave Bryant is walking out with the World Heavyweight Title still around his waist! Dave Bryant is still the World Heavyweight Champion!

[The camera cuts to a seething Miss Sandra Hayes who stares down the aisle at the ensuing celebration for a few moments before storming off, turning her back on the ring as fireworks start to explode in the night sky.]

GM: What a night it's been here in Missouri! What a night it's been at Guts & Glory! The World Champion is standing tall over Terry Shane... but what in the world just happened between the Ring Leader and his Gang?!

[Bryant stands on the middle rope, hoisting the title belt over his head as fireworks go off in the background, the crowd roaring in tribute to the hard-fought victory.]

GM: We're out of time! We'll see you in two weeks from Oklahoma City where we'll find out who the next AWA President will be! For Mark Stegklet, Colt Patterson, Jason Dane, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you next time... at the matches!

[The pyro continues to go off as Bryant celebrates his big win...

...and we slowly fade to black.]