

MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM

**The O'Dome
Gainesville, Florida
Monday, May 26th, 2014**

[We fade up from black to a shot of the American flag flapping in the breeze atop the USS Lexington. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Francis Marion Crawford once said... 'They fell, but o'er their glorious grave floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.'

On this Memorial Day, we proudly send our thoughts and our prayers to the memories of those who have died for their country and to the loved ones they left behind."

[A silent moment, still holding on the flag before fading back to black...

A voiceover begins.]

"To reach the greatest of rewards, one must take the greatest of risks."

[Fade up on a shot of the scaffold, thirty feet high in the air over the ring - the battleground for Donnie White and Shadoe Rage later in the night.]

"These two men climb into the heavens, the final resting place for their rivalry that can only end when one man is sent crashing to the depths of hell."

[The shot fades to reveal Steve Spector and Terry Shane tangling in the parking lot outside the Crockett Coliseum.]

"These two men are on a parallel course towards the World Heavyweight Title and immortality but to get there, one must risk his health in the same type of match that sidelined his career... while the other risks his career itself."

[It again fades, revealing Juan Vasquez and Dave Cooper.]

"These two men put their livelihoods on the line... but it goes deeper. For one, it's the chance to leap the final hurdle towards the Main Event. For the other, it's the chance to bury his demons once and for all."

[The shot fades to reveal Ryan Martinez and Eric Preston tangling with the Wise Men's hired guns.]

"These men head into a match with perhaps the greatest stakes of all as two young lions attempt to strike a blow against the power of the Wise Men while their mysterious opponents look to do their masters' bidding."

[We fade again... a shot of Jack Lynch applying the Iron Claw on Demetrius Lake.]

"The most personal of rivalries..."

[Tony Sunn and Ricky Lane.]

"The quick path towards gold..."

[Callum Mahoney.]

"A shot at redemption..."

[Rick Marley. Johnny Detson. William Craven. Hannibal Carver.]

"A pair of heated issues collide..."

[All of the contestants in the Mayhem Match.]

"The golden ticket..."

[And then back to black...]

"But for two men, the stakes are higher than all others. Higher than a simple rivalry. Higher than a blood feud. Higher than redemption. Higher than all.

For two men, it's about the AWA World Heavyweight Title - the ultimate prize in the sport. For two men, it's about being the best in the world - the very best at what they do."

[Back up to a shot of Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright with the World Title belt superimposed between them.]

"For these two men, it's about climbing to the top of the mountain.

The highest of peaks.

The greatest of accomplishments.

For these two men, it's about writing their own page in the history book."

[The shot zooms closer and closer on the title belt.]

"For one of these two men, history prepares to repeat itself..."

[We get a slow motion shot of Dave Bryant superkicking a kneeling Supreme Wright during the Chase For The Clash tournament, defeating Wright.

And then a shot of Wright delivering Reign Supreme to the Doctor of Love back at SuperClash to defeat Bryant and win the World Title.]

"...but for which one?"

[We close on a final shot of both men holding the World Title belt above their head...

...and then fade to black.

After a few moments, we come up LIVE inside the O'Dome in Gainesville, Florida. A sold out crowd of 12,000+ fans are jammed into the building known as the House Of Horrors for this major pro wrestling event, shouting their lungs out as we come on the air. The camera pans the crowd, showing the fans as Gordon Myers' voice comes through.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome for the seventh time to MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!

[Big cheer! The panning shot shows the red, white, and blue roped ring set up in the middle of the Stephen C. O'Connell Center with the trademark elevated rampway leading down the aisle. Black mats cover the ringside area before hitting the steel barricades surrounding the squared circle.]

GM: We are LIVE here on WKIK in the O'Dome on the campus of the University Of Florida for the kickoff to this year's summer tour - the Coast To Coast Tour. We've got a SOLD OUT crowd here tonight in Gainesville for what promises to be one of the most exciting nights in the history of the American Wrestling Alliance!

BW: Only one title on the line here tonight in Florida but it's the big one, daddy. The World Heavyweight Title on the line in the most-anticipated rematch in quite some time as Supreme Wright defends the gold against the Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant.

GM: That's going to be a surefire instant classic, Bucky. But in addition, we've got Career Matches, Loser Leaves Town matches, good ol' fashioned grudge matches, and even a scaffold match!

BW: When the AWA heads out on the road for the summer, we don't mess around... and when you're going to Coast To Coast for the very first time, you gotta bring the thunder. Well, tonight, the thunder has been brought to the O'Dome here in Gainesville.

GM: You can say that again. It's going to be a wild night of action for sure but right now, let's head backstage to hear from one of the teams taking part in the first-ever Mayhem Match!

[We go to the backstage area. A camera is heading into a dimly-lit corner, where we can see a tall, thin man standing with his arms folded, speaking to another person who is standing in an open doorway.]

This is Dichotomy; Matt Ginn (who doesn't have to wrestle) is wearing a white button-up dress shirt, grey slacks, and a black necktie. The reddish-brown haired, bearded Dichotomy member is speaking with his tag team partner, Mark Hoefner. As Hoefner does have to wrestle, he's in his ring attire: black trunks with large red triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline; black-and-red boots, elbowpads, and kneepads, and red tape wristbands. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol. The mocha-skinned grappler with the very short black hair is also wearing a black T-Shirt featuring zombies ripping and eating an American flag with "WE (don't) REMEMBER" printed on it in blood red. Hoefner is halfway in the door, so we can't see most of him.]

MG: You're being absurd. As usual.

MH: They're ALL in there, Matt. Why would they all go into a room with each other, huh? Strong hates Hammonds, Hammonds hates Strong, TORA doesn't speak English, and everybody hates Choynet.

MG: *sigh* It is a strategy meeting, which you were invited to. You need to go in and listen to their inane ideas, so that you can devise your own strategy. I'm not permitted in there, or at ringside, so you're on your own. But I will not permit you to do what you're suggesting.

MH: They all went in early! It's an ambush! They're gonna jump me the moment I go in there! They even sent this camera guy to film-

MG: Give it to me, Mark.

MH: I need it!

MG: Give it!

[Ginn holds out an arm, chastising Hoefner as if he were a child. Hoefner's shoulder sag, and he reluctantly reaches out to hand Ginn the chainsaw that he was holding on the other side of the doorway.]

MH: If I don't come back...

MG: I'll team with someone who doesn't collect tin foil hats.

[Ginn shoves Hoefner out of the doorframe and heads off, taking poor Mark's idea of self-defense with him. Hoefner crosses the hall to a closed dressing room door, waving for the cameraman to follow him. He takes a deep breath, crouches down, opens the door a crack to peek in... and then the door flies open as Hercules Hammonds is standing right there! Hammonds is bare-chested, wearing only a pair of pin-stripe black slacks and is

barefoot. It looks like he was interrupted in the middle of changing into his gear. Hammonds looks down at Hoefner with a look of annoyance.]

HH: Where the hell you been!? We've been waitin' for you!

MH: I KNEW IT! *gack*

[Herc grabs Hoefner by the shirt and marches him inside. Hammonds looks back through, staring at the camera. He shrugs, dragging him through as well and revealing a dressing room with a large round card table set up in the middle. The floor is faded red tile, the walls are yellowish-brown wood, and the lockers are a dull beigeish pewter. Standing around the room are the other three participants on this team in tonight's Mayhem Match.

Lenny Strong begins pacing maniacally in the midst of everyone. His long brown hair bounces with each vigorous step. He combs his fingers through his week old facial stubble as his eyes burn a hole in the concrete floor underneath him. Strong has on a white zip down track jacket with green sleeves from shoulder to wrist with a popped white collar and white stripes down each arm. He has traditional white ring trunks on with green and gold lined knee pads and boots.

AWA newcomer, the youngster TORA, stands with the group, rolling his neck and stretching a silver gloved arm. His hair is shaped into a faux hawk, dyed ice blue at the ends. Large stark white headphones are draped around his neck and he seems lost in the beats emanating from within. The stretched arm is emblazoned with a black inked oriental style dragon tattoo, music notes spinning around it. "Sin Limite" is written in cursive down his opposite forearm, and kanji riddles his left rib cage.

Standing to one side, with his hands on his hips, Chris Choynet glares at Hoefner bitterly as Hammonds drags him in. The dark brown-haired grappler is wearing a pair of bright blue trunks with white striping down the sides and the waistband, white wrestling boots with his initials embossed on the sides in an interlocking font, blue kneepads, elbow pads, and forearm supports. Over this, he has a University Of Maine letterman jacket; white and blue. The cleanshaven Northern Lights member impatiently shifts his weight from foot to foot. Choynet, growing impatient with each click of the clock, prepares to speak...]

CC: Are we --

[Just as he begins, Strong's manic pacing comes to an abrupt halt as he finds himself uncomfortably close and nose to nose with Choynet.]

LS: Let me tell ya some'em, jack! In fact, let me tell all of you alls some'em right now.

[Strong's body whips away from Choynet as he addresses the group as a whole.]

LS: Tonight...it ain't about restorin' order. [shakes his head] It ain't about tryin' to contain ten men in that ring and provin' who the strongest competitor is or who the biggest star is. Hell it ain't even about who is the toughest, meanest, bravest, craziest, strangest...

[There's an awkward pause as he glares at TORA.]

LS: And it sure ain't 'bout who has got the biggest muscles!

[His glare shoots to Hammonds who throws up a double biceps pose at the mere mention of "muscles".]

LS: Tonight [hands up, waving around] is about throwin' everything you know out the window and lettin' your instincts take over. It's about thinkin' on the fly and creatin' opportunity on a whim. It's about lettin' your imagination run wild and unleashin' hell on every single other man out there. Tonight ain't just called Mayhem because it sounds hip on the playground or looks pretty in big shiny lights, it's called Mayhem because one man is gonna battle through all the pandemonium, all the disorder, all the HAVOC, and raise his fist into the air as the king of violence and anarchy!

[Strong pushes up his right sleeve and lifts his fist up into the air.]

LS: You men want fame?!

[He stares back at Hoefner.]

LS: You want glory?!

[Then again at TORA.]

LS: Pride?!

[Then to Choiset. His head then rolls to Hercules Hammonds who slings his AWA World Tag Team Title over his shoulder and slaps the AWA emblem across the center.]

LS: I can give ALL of you that. I can lead you into battle and I can make certain that when the Mayhem is over...

[Strong begins rolling down a white elbow pad...]

LS: That with my guidance, my leadership, MY --

"SMACK!*

[Once again, Strong finds himself interrupted by the sound of Hercules Hammonds' hand slamming against the wall. All eyes turn to the big man.]

HH: Pardon the interruption, but just exactly what the hell would YOU know 'bout guidance or leadership? You ain't the leader of your own group. Hell, son...

...you ain't even the leader of your own tag team!

[Strong glares at Hammonds, who is unmoved by the gesture.]

HH: You can keep on starin', but that don't change the fact that you let a skirt give you orders.

...Along with Miss Sandra Hayes.

[Hammonds laughs heartily, as Strong has to be held back by a concerned TORA. Chris Choisset pounds his fist on the table.]

CC: It's pretty clear that this can only end one way. The only question I have is whether we're going to stab each other in the back... or head on.

MH: That's how this kind of match is supposed to end, genius! Only one of us gets the title match. They set this up BECAUSE... ugh, why am I explaining this to him?

CC: But to get there, you all do realize that we have to function as a team. I hope. Anyone, anyone at all? I know I don't have to tell Hammonds this, because he's one half of the World Tag Team Champions, but you do not survive in a tag team match if the only thing you're thinking about is how to screw over your own team. No, if we go in with the mindset that this is a battle royal for a TV Title shot, none of us will get it! We have GOT to be a team and worry about who gets the fall when the time comes.

MH: Are you the most naive simp that ever lived? The other guys will be doing the same thing we are! It's every man for himself, and before you go kissing Jercules' butt because he's a champion, what have you ever accomplished in your life to make you the instant expert on teamwork?

[Choisset opens his jacket to reveal a small, unfamiliar title belt underneath.]

CC: Rene and I are the Quebec Tag Team Champions, Hoefner. That's why you haven't seen us around a lot lately. That's why I wasn't here last Saturday Night Wrestling when the Combat Corner guys took a stand against Team Supreme. But since it came up, now that I think about it, there's a real good point here. A number of the guys who did unify last week are on the other team. Willie Hammer, Cody Mertz, and Brian James. You say the other team won't show any solidarity? I say they already did!

And where were YOU, Hoefner? You were here last week! You and Ginn should have been there, sticking up for the people who gave you the ability to make a living! And you, Strong. Your tag team partner was the first ever Combat Corner graduate, and you weren't far behind. Everything you have is because of them. I was in Montreal; what's your excuse?

MH: Our excuse?! Our excuse is we don't care!

LS: Ya think I'm 'bout to fly Combat Corner colors? Didja eat too many beaver tails while you were fiddlin' around in Quebec? Drown yourself in maple syrup? You've got to be out of your MIND if ya think for one second I'm filin' into line behind Willie Hammer. Ya think the Corner made ME?!

[Strong huffs.]

LS: All Todd Michaelson ever taught me was how to lace up my boots and stand on the sidelines. Terry Shane III gave me MY shot. Terry Shane III put Aaron Anderson and I into a ring. Terry Shane III gave us a REAL cause to wrestle for... not a charity cause to DIE for.

CC: "Charity"?! Guys like you are the reason this whole place is run by the wrestling equivalent of the Mafia! Wise Men, Team Supreme, they all take power from the fact that lazy selfish jerks turn a blind eye to what's right and wrong! Life isn't all about you. The AWA isn't all about you. We're all here together... in this life, in this league, and in this match! Good things don't just happen! Either you make them happen, or somebody else does... but when somebody makes something good happen for you, the least you can do is show a little gratitude for it and stick up for them when it counts! Like when Todd Michaelson took his time and experience and...

MH: Maybe you want to live with the mind of a kindergartener for the rest of your life, but in the real world, gratitude doesn't pay bills. Gratitude doesn't do anything except make it easy to be used. Like those tools, Mertz and James, were used by Willie Hammer on Saturday Night. Gratitude to people who are only looking out for number one is worse than useless. And if you're not in it for yourself, then you're a fool.

The prize is a chance to be the Television Champion. Do you know what champions make in this league?!

[Hammonds pats the title belt on his shoulder.]

HH: Oh, I've got a pretty good idea, chief.

[He grins.]

HH: And I'm glad you asked where I was durin' the class reunion.

CC: Well...yeah! Where were you and Jones!?

HH: Me and Jones weren't exactly model students when we were there, boss. I guess our invitations got lost in the mail.

[Herc shrugs.]

HH: Or maybe, the other team's idea of solidarity ain't as strong as you think it is. Maybe they're just as petty and hold grudges like the rest of us. Maybe one of'em got a little Team Supreme in'em and wants to make that grab for glory for themselves?

[The big man laughs.]

HH: This ain't the Combat Corner anymore, Chris. This ain't bout team unity. We don't need to be allies and we don't need to be friends and we don't need to pretend that the sight of each other don't make us wanna' punch a fool in face. We just gotta' tolerate each other 'til we the only ones left...

...and then it's survival of the fittest.

[Hammonds does a none-too-subtle flex of his biceps, as Hoefner nods in agreement, before turning his attention to Choisnet.]

MH: Exactly. Maybe *you* grew up with a silver spoon up your...

CC: Watch it!

MH: ...but some of us have to claw, scratch, and scrape just to get our lives back. Yeah, I'd stab you in the back to win this match. With a chainsaw, if I still had one!

CC: What do you mean "still"?

MH: And you'd all do the same to me. Every one of you. Or you're idiots. And I know there's only one idiot in the room. Well, maybe.

[Hoefner glares over at TORA, who has only shook his head and seemed distressed at all of this.]

MH: What about you? Do you speak English? Are you a mute? Are you even awake? Did Choisnet bore you into a catatonic stupor?

[Hoefner waves his hand in front of TORA's eyes to check on his mental state. Releasing a long withheld sigh draped in frustration and wrapped in impatience, TORA unexpectedly steps into the middle of the arguing AWA stars. He shakes his head, rubbing a hand over his young face. He looks to each of them.

Hoefner. Choisnet. Strong. Way up at Hammonds.

He goes to speak, but the words are stolen from his mouth. He looks over the group again, eyes cast downwards.]

TORA: ...really...

[A glance up at the ceiling portrays a moment of "please give me clarity."]

TORA: You guys are...

[He cuts himself off again, hands raised in defeat.]

TORA: No. Just _no_. I am going out there right now. I am walking right out there and telling them to hit my music, whether I was entering first into this match or not. This is...

[A head shake.]

TORA: ...embarrassing. We're here to wrestle. For our fans. Simple as that. You want to get paid with a hot dog and a smile, go somewhere else. We have thousands of fans night in and night out paying to see you and you and you and you wrestle.

[He points at each one sequentially.]

TORA: So... just...

[He turns and walks away, just like that, but his voice carries over as he departs.]

TORA: ... wrestle. Please.

[Choisnet smiles at TORA's plea.]

CC: Now that's a plan I can get behind.

[And then he follows after. Hoefner, Hammonds, and Strong all glare warily at one another as we go back to the arena.]

GM: Some tension in that locker room as those five men prepare for battle. Remember, fans, there's a shot in two weeks' time at the World Television Title now held by the new champion Ryan Martinez on the line in this first-ever Mayhem Match. It's a five on five matchup, single fall wins it... but a man going out to the floor is as good as a tag in this very unique contest.

[The bell sounds as we crossfade to Phil Watson, clad in an all black tuxedo with a white dress shirt and a dazzling red bow tie on this night.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is the MAYHEM MATCH!

[Big cheer!]

PW: It is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for a shot at the World Television Title. Introducing first...

[Darkness falls over the O'Dome. Then it hits. The first beat. The long note. The fading up electronics. Blue lights start flickering around the entrance way. Red. White. Yellow. Blue. A cacophony of lights hit right in tune with Darude's "Sandstorm". Spotlights ignite on the entrance, each one further revealing a bobbing form. Hands reach out from the unknown person's side, swaying and waving to the beat. One final one shows him standing there in full gear, large headphones on as he dances in place. He being... TORA!]

GM: We're going to get our first in person view of TORA here in the AWA! We've heard a lot about this youngster. There was a buzz on the independent scene here in the States for a couple years before he even became a big name after stints in SWLL and Calgary. But it was in Japan with Tiger Paw Pro that he truly became an international sensation. I can't wait for this!

[The high flying spectacle steps out of the entrance way, hands holding the headphones as he dances in place and finally towards the ring, feet flying to the rhythm. TORA is a definite athlete. He is super toned and strong looking though more like a track athlete or gymnast than a bodybuilder or pro wrestler. He's well proportioned and full of energy. He's also fairly handsome in a young college kid sort of way with a clean shaven face.]

BW: I saw this kid when we were in Japan recently. He's a heck of a talent but the real question is if he can stand the competition and pressure here in the AWA. This is a land of giants.

[He wears half red/half white tight wrestling pants with red and white kickpads. His pants have a variety of stripes, zig zags, dags and dragons down the side in print opposite to the side they are in, a collected kaleidoscope of chaos on each. He wears a haphazardly striped red and white vest over top his nary a percentage of fat upper body. His dark hair is worn in a messy fashioned faux hawk the tips dyed sharp light blue.

Continuing to bob and jive, TORA reaches off the long ramp out to every fan who asks, slapping hands, high fiving and fistbumping. A fan's dancing? He dances right along with them. Fans want pictures? He stops, kneels down, leaning right in and lets them take the selfie. TORA makes sure to hop off the ramp and do a full round of the ringside, every hand reached out getting slapped back. He dances the entire way, taking the ringsteps in a single hop and getting onto the apron, TORA urging the crowd out of their seat to dance along (which many kids and women do!).

Then he pauses, turns and points and runs over, pulling a mask out of his pocket and puts it on a smiling kids face. The child is in joy, a Raya Oscura mask covering his small head. He high fives the kid, hopping up on the apron, dancing, keeping it up as he steps on the outside turnbuckles to the top. He waves his arm in beat, popping his hands into peace signs to the crowd, drawing them down so the finger tips touch making a mask like gesture. One final step and he backflips into the ring and dances along with the music until it starts fading out and the lights come back on. He discards his vest, throwing it to an attendant as he heads to his corner.]

GM: Wow! What an entrance for this young man who quickly has made himself quite popular - especially with the kids in the crowd. That young man who was the recipient of that mask from TORA is overjoyed right now. He's got a story to tell tomorrow morning at school and one heckuva item for show and tell, Bucky.

BW: That's all well and good but for someone making his debut, he'd better focus on the matter at hand.

GM: And now we're going to see the rest of his team that were causing him a great deal of frustration moments ago.

[Phil Watson raises the mic.]

PW: And his tag team partner... the team of MARK HOEFNER... CHRIS CHOISNET... LENNY STRONG... and one-half of the World Tag Team Champions... HERCUUUUUUUULEEEEEES HAMMMMMMMONNNNNDS!

[The quartet makes their way into view - all standing very far from one another. None of the foursome seem to want to get too close to another... and who could blame them?]

GM: This couldn't be how TORA was hoping to make his debut. For someone as fond of competition as he is, he couldn't have wanted to be out here with four partners who can't stand one another.

BW: He'll get over it if they can help him get the win in his debut.

GM: I suppose you're right. And as these four make their way down the aisle, let's head backstage to hear from one of the other men in this matchup!

[We crossfade to Mark Stegglet standing alongside Air Strike's Cody Mertz back in the locker room area.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! As you can see, I'm here with Cody Mertz, one-half of Air Strike, just moments before this big Mayhem Match! Cody, first thing's first, how are the ribs?

[Mertz gives himself a hard slap on the ribs, grinning after.]

CM: Feeling good, Mark. Feeling real good. Strictly Business might've taken me out of the Stampede Cup but they're NOT taking me out of Memorial Day Mayhem and this first-ever Mayhem Match.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: How does it feel not having your usual partner, Michael Aarons, in there with you tonight?

[Mertz nods.]

CM: When I first heard the news, I gotta admit, I was pretty bummed out, Mark. I was really looking forward to getting back in there with Mike and taking on Strictly Business but I guess those two are too busy checking their contracts to find ways to duck us! But the fact is, Mark, while I may not be teaming with Mike tonight... I've got no shortage of incredible partners getting in there with me, including-

[Just then, a voice can be heard, cutting Mertz off]

“Cody!”

[Stegglet, Mertz and the camera all turn, to see Brian James bounding into the scene. The son of the Hall of Famer is wearing his “Claw Academy” T-shirt, as well as his black and white MMA shorts. As always, Brian’s smile is wide and eagerly enthusiastic.]

BJ: Hey Cody!

[Brian extends his hand towards Stegglet, shaking it, revealing some heavily taped fingers covered in black athletic tape. He turns then to Mertz and does the same, giving his fellow Combat Corner vet a very vigorous handshake.]

BJ: Oh man, I just have to say, I am sooo glad I’m teamin’ with you tonight! After teaming with Mike, now I get to have you at my side. I guess this makes me the third member of Air Strike, huh?

[Mertz chuckles.]

CM: I guess it does. You did a heck of a job over in Japan teaming with Mike and now with us on the same side tonight, it’s just like being back in the Combat Corner again. I just wish Mr. Michaelson was at ringside barking instructions at us.

[Mertz and James grin as Stegglet chips in.]

MS: Now, Brian, er, Mr. James...

[Brian cuts Mark off, oblivious to the irritated look on Stegglet’s face.]

BJ: Mark! Let me just say how glad I am to be here and how happy I am that I was chosen to be part of this match! I know I just got here, but can I just say how great it would be to find himself standing in the ring across from Ryan Martinez, getting a shot at the TV title! What can you say to that but... YEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

But it won’t be that easy. Just look at who’s against us. Chris Choynet is no joke. That is a serious guy right there. And Mark Hoefner, well, who know what his deal is? But I do know that he’s a guy who’ll sell his own grandma down the river for a buck. People like that are dangerous. There’s TORA, and man is he great! You know many times I stay up all night, watching his videos on youtube? Lenny Strong is a complete and total jerk, but you make a wrong move and its lights out! And then you have Hercules Hammonds! The strongest guy in the AWA! Not a guy anyone wants to mess with.

But you know what Mark, I’m on an even better team.

We got this guy right here.

[Brian leans in, and slaps Cody good naturedly on the chest.]

BJ: My friend here is high flying, stupefying, and death defying. And I know that Cody can get the job done. Those jerks in Strictly Business are so afraid of him they didn't even show up tonight! And how about Travis Lynch? He kicks all the butt and gets all the ladies. How can you not love that? And then, there's Skywalker Jones...

[A hand is raised in front of Brian James' face, interrupting him. The camera pans over, where we see one half of the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones. Jones, wearing his designer sunglasses, is dressed in a sleeveless, white leather jacket, black leather tights, and has the Tag Title belt wrapped around his waist. He lowers his hand, laughing.]

SJ: Kid, I don't need you telling the world how great Skywalker Jones is! It's already an accepted fact of life! But if you insist on singin' my praises, I ain't stop you either!

[He cackles as from the right side steps the Texas heartthrob, Travis Lynch. He is wearing a his trademark super smedium T-shirt and black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging as well as classic white wrestling boots with yellow laces. He smiles and slaps Brian across his back and nods at Skywalker and Cody.]

TL: Boys, you know you can't have a party without Travis.

[Travis and Brian share a laugh.]

MS: Now that you're all here, we do have to address one small matter. And that is, that you're not all here. Willie Hammer, who was scheduled to be your partner, is not here tonight, as he is still recovering from injuries suffered at the hands of World Champion Supreme Wright. Not knowing who your partner has to put you at a disadvantage, doesn't it?

TL: First Willie, we wish you a speedy recovery, and it's a shame that you won't have the opportunity to compete for a shot at the Television Title. But you know Mark as for it being a disadvantage not having Willie by our sides ... well, let's just say that he was giving Supreme Wright a run for his money so it's probably to our advantage to have him on the sideline.

[Travis chuckles a bit before he winks at the camera.]

TL: In all seriousness though, we can't always draw the best bull, so you've got to roll with the punches.

[Stegglet looks slightly puzzled but gives a shrug as Travis continues.]

TL: As I look at the four men that will be standing by my side, sure they ain't Jack and James, but I trust these men to watch my back.

MS: Word has also reached us that you will have another partner. A partner that will not be named until closer to match time. Without knowing who the fifth man will be, how can you hope to come up with a cohesive strategy?

BJ: Let me take this one. Listen Mark. I look at Cody, Travis and Skywalker, and I see three of the best guys ever. I'm not going to say I'm great, but I am going to say that I know how great these guys are. And here's something else I know. No matter who it is, if they're in an AWA ring, then they're good enough to have earned their way in. Who's the fifth guy? No matter who it is, it'll be someone awesome!

MS: And the rest of you, do you share Mr. James' confidence?

SJ: Hey...

[Jones points to the tag team title around his waist.]

SJ: ...this right HERE proves that when it comes to playing well with others, Skywalker Jones is the best in the world! And it don't matter if the fifth man is Gibson Hayes or Miss Sandra Hayes! Stevie Childe or Percy Childe! Todd Michaelson...or Johnny Michaelson! When you're fighting on my side, you better believe you're on the side of a winner!

[Travis just shakes his head at Jones' bravado.]

TL: So long as it's not Sunshine's beast, The Lost Boy, I'll be fine. 'Cause The Lost Boy and I have some unfinished business. Even though I want to stand by these guys's side ... well, if The Lost Boy is there they'll be down two men.

MS: Now, let's deal with another awkward subject. Mr. Jones, one of your opponents tonight is your tag team partner, Hercules Hammonds. How are you going to work with four men you've never worked with before, -against- someone you routinely team with? The very person you hold the World Tag Team Titles with?

[Jones frowns for a moment, before shaking his head.]

SJ: Little man, me and Herc might be tag team partners. Me and Herc might be the best of friends. Me and Herc might just two brothers from different mothers, but even we understand that inside the ring, when we're standing on opposite sides, there ain't nothing personal if a little blood is shed between the two of us! First and foremost, we are competitors! We are CHAMPIONS!

[He grins big.]

SJ: And you best believe if I have to, I'm gonna' whup that boy's butt!

[He laughs, as the others just smirk and smile at Jones.]

MS: Even though this is a team match, there can only be one winner. There is only -one- shot at the World Television Title on the line. Someone has to win it, and nine people have to go home without it. Can you really count on each other tonight?

CM: Tag team wrestling is what I do best, Mark. Putting my faith in another man's hands is what the world of tag team wrestling is all about so you better believe I can count on these guys to watch my back just as much as they can count on me to watch theirs!

BJ: Hey, does he [gestures to Mertz] look like that jerk Mark Hoefner? Does he is [points to Travis] look like that double jerk Lenny Strong? Yeah, its true, there's only one shot on the line. But I know in my heart of hearts, that these are guys who won't sell me out just to get what they want. These are guys who'll fight with honor. One of us is going to win. And whoever it is, he's going to four guys cheering for us when he does. I guarantee you that.

TL: Like Brian just said, at the end of the night only ONE of us will be going to the next Saturday Night Wrestling with a shot at Ryan Martinez and I hope it's me. It's not like we have a member of Team Supreme standing next to us, I mean we see how they're willing to turn on their own flesh and blood, so one of them I could never trust. But these men...

[Travis motions to Brian, Cody and Skywalker.]

TL: I trust them, trust them to not snakes in the grass like The Lost Boy or Demetrius Lake ... so I know I won't have to be looking over my shoulder; I know I won't have to worry about a knife in my back.

So yeah, we all have the same goal but we can count on one another.

MS: One final question. If one of you does win, then on the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, you'll be facing Ryan Martinez for the World Television Title. Looking ahead for a moment, what are your thoughts on that possibility?

CM: I gotta say that every night when I go to bed, I dream about being an AWA champion but that dream's always been the World Tag Team Titles standing right there with Mike. But as of late, I've had some new dreams - dreams that have me in there with Ryan Martinez, one of the guys in the locker room that I respect the most, and becoming the World Television Champion. So, if I win tonight, then in two weeks, I'll be looking to make my dream come true.

TL: If I do get the shot at Ryan Martinez, he's going to realize that working out in the early hours of the morning with Jack and myself was nothing compared to stepping into the ring one on one with a Lynch. Ryan, you're dad, as great as he was and as deserving as he is to be a Hall of Famer ... well, he's no Blackjack, son. Blackjack taught us how to wrestle, how to deal with pain and how to fight!

You know I respect you Ryan, but in that ring for the World Television Title ... well it'll be just like we were at the Silver Star Ranch when Blackjack pit brother against brother for some fun. And when I say fun I mean fun for his buddies and him betting on who's going to win. Jack, James and myself, we beat the tar out of one another for their fun ... but it's prepared us for

the battles and the wars that we have been in and that we know will still come.

So Ryan, you better bring your A-game when you stand across the ring from me!

BJ: Do I want to take on Ryan Martinez? Do I want a shot at the TV title? Do I want think the world wants to see two second generation wrestlers go at it?

Heck yeah!

But I can't be thinking about that right now, Mark. Mister Tiger Claw taught to always focus on what's in front of me. To not think about tomorrow while I've still got to tackle today. And Mr. Michaelson taught me the same thing. I'd love to wrestle Ryan Martinez. But right now, I've got five other guys to worry about.

It'll happen when it happens. But tonight is all about Mayhem. And hey, who knows more about starting a stir and causing Mayhem than me!

MS: And you, Skywalker Jones? What are your thoughts about a possible match against the Television champion?

SJ: Let's just say that if Skywalker Jones faces Ryan Martinez for the Television title, they ain't gonna' call me "Mister Steal the Spotlight" anymore.

They're gonna' have to call me "Mister Steal the Gold!"

HA HA!

[We fade away from the backstage area and back out to the ring where Phil Watson is ready to go.]

PW: And their opponents... the team of SKYWALKER JONES... CODY MERTZ... BRIAN JAMES... and TRAVIS LYNCH!

[The foursome walk out through the curtain to the sound of "Tom Sawyer" by Rush. They make their way down the aisle, walking as a group as they salute the cheering fans in Gainesville, heading straight down the elevated platform towards the ring.]

PW: And their tag team partner...

[There's a dramatic pause as the music fades. A voice breaks through the PA system - a very familiar voice to AWA fans and an even more familiar voice to Florida wrestling fans.]

"Did someone say MAAAAAYHEEEM?! Ohhhh yeaaaaah!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Scotty Mayhem coming into view.]

GM: Oh my! It's Scotty Mayhem!

[Clad in purple trunks with three white stars across the front and the word "MAYHEM" etched across the rump, Mayhem stretches an arm to the sky, twirling his finger around in the air. He's clad in a white sparkling glitter sleeveless vest as well as he makes his way down the ramp. He joins the four men, high fives all around before leaping through the ropes into the ring.

All ten men stand in the ring, creating quite the scene for the amateur photographers in the crowd who are firing off shots like crazy, waiting for all hell to break loose.]

GM: What a surprise we've got here right off the bat with the return of Scotty Mayhem! And that makes for an even more interesting showdown as the referee tries to get eight men out of the squared circle.

BW: O'Connor should've put a second referee on this one. A regular tag team match can be hard for a referee to keep control of but a ten man tag like this one? Impossible.

GM: This is guaranteed to be a wild one... and it looks like after much discussion and debate that Brian James will start it off for his team while the international superstar TORA starts it off for his.

[The bell sounds as both men stride out to the center of the ring, promptly exchange a fist bump as the referee waves for the action to begin.]

GM: There's the bell and we're off and running here at Memorial Day Mayhem as-

[Gordon's words are cut off by Brian James surging forward, throwing a right jab that TORA slips back to avoid. A left quickly follows as TORA avoids it again. A swinging right is ducked by the quick-as-a-greased-pig TORA as is the matching left hook. With TORA doubled up, James attempts a front kick but TORA straightens up, slapping it away, causing James to spin away from him. TORA deadleaps up, landing with his shins on the shoulders of the second-generation competitor, preparing for a headscissors...

...but James pushes up on the legs, causing TORA to front flip off the shoulders, landing on his feet with his back turned to James to a big cheer. James rushes at him as TORA runs to the corner...]

GM: To the corner...

[The former Tiger Paw Pro star runs right up the turnbuckles, backflipping up and over the charging James who runs chestfirst into the corner buckles. TORA dashes to the opposite corner, barely touching the buckles before he comes charging back out towards James who dashes from his own corner. The son of the Blackheart throws out his left arm for a lariat...

...but TORA drops down into a baseball slide, avoiding the attempt. He pops up to his feet, charging at James from behind...]

GM: KICK!

[A hooking back kick is aimed at the jaw of TORA who again goes into a baseball slide, avoiding the kick. With TORA under him, James attempts a big stomp that TORA rolls one way to avoid. A second stomp attempt is also avoided as TORA swings up a leg, catching James with a kick to the back that sends him a few feet away.]

GM: Ohh!

[TORA pops up off the mat, attempting a sweep of the legs with his arm that James leaps up to avoid. He keeps on spinning, stretching out his leg and catching James on the back of the knees, taking him down to the mat. TORA pops up, grabbing the legs for a catapult...

...but James twists his body to the side, using his legs to flip TORA off of him...]

GM: Counter by James!

[But TORA cartwheels out of the counter, landing on his feet to a big cheer. James quickly scampers to his feet, again throwing a right-left combo that TORA sidesteps before snapping off a big roundhouse aimed at the head of the high flyer...

...who arches his back, dropping back into a bridge to avoid it. As James spins past him, he muscles himself into a kip-up, catching James around the head with his legs as the martial artist turns around!]

GM: OH MY!! HEADSCISSORS TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[The rana throws James to the mat where he rolls out to the floor.]

BW: That's as good as a tag, Gordo!

GM: It sure- OHHHHHHH!

[The "OHHHHHHH!" comes as TORA races to the ropes perpendicular to where James is at on the floor, leaps to the second rope, twists around into a somersault as he leaps over the ropes and wipes out James on the floor with a dive!]

GM: WHAT AN INCREDIBLE SHOW OF ATHLETICISM BY THESE TWO MEN!

[With both men out on the floor, two new competitors can legally enter the match in this unique lucha libre style environment, clearing the path for Scotty Mayhem to come in to a huge ovation as Mark Hoefner comes in on the other side of the ring. Hoefner comes in fast, having gotten a slight edge timing-wise...

...but Mayhem is ready for him, snapping a jab out in front of him! The signature snapping jabs of Mayhem draws big cheers from his hometown crowd.]

GM: The people of Gainesville are solidly behind their home state hero!

[An overhead elbowsmash between the eyes sends Hoefner down to the mat, sprawled out on the canvas. The Dichotomy member climbs up off the mat, promptly being scooped up into the arms of Mayhem...

...and slammed down hard to the mat!]

GM: Big body slam by Mayhem - bombs away!

[Mayhem lands a big leaping kneedrop across the sternum that causes Hoefner's entire body to convulse from the impact.]

GM: It's been quite some time since we've seen Scotty Mayhem in action inside an AWA ring. I don't know if this is for one night only or an extended return but I, for one, am glad to see him back, Bucky.

[Mayhem walks around the ring, pointing to the cheering fans before turning back towards a recovering Hoefner who is up to a knee, clutching his chest. The Florida naive leans over, reaching for him...

...but Hoefner reaches up, grabbing him by the front of the trunks and YANKING him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Brilliant move by Hoefner! He realized that Mayhem was on a hot streak and he not only found a way to cut him off but because he pulled him to the floor, that means someone else has to come in.

GM: And you notice that no one came running in. The referee had to inform them they needed to send someone in. These unique rules are going to take some time to get used to for the competitors in this matchup.

[With Mayhem out, Cody Mertz comes charging in, leaping up into a headscissors, giving a big fist pump to the cheering fans before taking Hoefner down to the mat!]

GM: Headscissors takedown by one-half of Air Strike who is showing no signs of ill effect from the rib injury he suffered back at the Stampede Cup!

[Mertz charges right back in, securing a headscissors on a dazed Hoefner again...

...and takes him down a second time to a big cheer!]

GM: Hoefner goes down again!

[As Hoefner gets up again, he staggers back into a neutral corner as Mertz charges in, leaping up to plant his feet on Hoefner's upper legs...]

GM: Monkey flip out of the corn-

[Hoefner slips an arm back, looping it around the middle rope as Mertz goes for the money flip, flying backwards and crashing down on the back of his head!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by Mark Hoefner!

[Hoefner wastes no time in rushing out, grabbing Mertz with two hands full of hair. He runs across the ring, smashing Mertz facefirst into the top turnbuckle of the neutral corner...]

...and then YANKS him back by the hair, slamming him backfirst into the canvas!]

GM: Hoefner jerks him down by the hair! The referee's warning him for the illegal hairpull but it's too late to help Cody Mertz who is down on the mat after that.

[The Dichotomy member launches into a series of vicious stomps to the upper body of Mertz, battering the Air Strike member down into the canvas. He turns to the corner, looking at all the outstretched hands...]

GM: He's going to tag in Chris Choisset...

[But Hoefner pulls a fast one, jerking his hand back and running it through his hair, smirking at Choisset who demands the tag. The Pennsylvania native drags Mertz off the mat by the hair, throwing him into the neutral corner where he lays into him with a series of boots to the body.]

GM: Hoefner's going downstairs on Cody Mertz, repeatedly kicking him in the ribs.

BW: You said a few moments ago that Mertz wasn't showing any ill effects of the rib injury but Hoefner's about to test that out if you ask me.

[A big whip sends Mertz SLAMMING into the buckles where he collapses down to all fours on the mat. Hoefner strides across the ring, slapping the hand of Lenny Strong.]

GM: There's the tag to bring in "Lights Out" Lenny Strong, a member of the Lights Out Express and the Shane Gang. And if this is truly the Year Of The Shane Gang, then a victory here by Strong tonight might put them in the driver's seat as we go Coast To Coast this summer.

BW: The Lights Out Express, in my opinion, are the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles. Terry Shane III has a guaranteed World Title shot in his back pocket that he'll be using at some point this summer. And

then there's this? You better believe this is the Year Of The Shane Gang. Heck, this might be the night of the Shane Gang too, Gordo. If Strong wins here to get a TV Title shot... if White wins and ends Shadoe Rage later tonight... and if Terry Shane can end the career of that thorn in his side, Steve Spector, later on in that No Disqualification match... the Shane Gang will be on cloud nine, daddy!

[Strong steps in, yanking Mertz off the mat and shoving him back into the neutral corner where he grabs the top rope, driving a knee up into the ribs repeatedly.]

GM: Kneestrike after kneestrike into the ribs of Cody Mertz, knocking the wind right out of him!

BW: Oh yeah, we're going to test out that theory that the ribs are healed!

[Strong grabs the arm, whipping Mertz across to the far corner. He stalks across the ring after him...

...where Mertz leans back, holding the top rope with his arms and throwing a kick into the chest!]

GM: Mertz fires back!

[The Air Strike member balls up his fist, throwing a pair of right hands to the jaw that stun Strong...

...who rears back and CREAMS Mertz with an elbowstrike, sending him falling back into the corner again.]

BW: But Lenny Strong had seen enough of that and cuts him off.

GM: Mertz is full of fire but right now, he's in a bad way inside that ring as his good friend, Brian James, cheers him on from the corner.

[Strong grabs the arm again...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Somehow, Mertz manages to send Strong crashing into the corner, giving him a chance to stagger across the ring, slapping the hand of Travis Lynch.]

GM: The tag is made!

[Lynch comes in, getting a smaller reaction than he does in Texas but still a big one - especially from the lovestruck ladies in the house - as he dishes out a series of right hands to a stunned Strong in the middle of the ring before lifting him up around the torso...

...and dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Atomic drop! Travis to the ropes...

[The well-sculpted Lynch brother backs into the ropes, rushing back off, and leaps up to connect with a forearm to the jaw that sends Strong falling back, flipping all the way over before landing on the canvas. Lynch balls up his fist, giving a shout as the crowd reacts.]

GM: He's looking for the Discus Punch! Travis Lynch is looking to end this one early, fans!

[As Strong staggers up off the mat, Lynch goes into a spin...

...and Strong bails out through the ropes, landing out on the ring apron. The crowd jeers as Strong looks out at them, pointing to his brain.]

BW: Again, brilliant strategy as Strong gets out to the apron to avoid the Discus Punch and-

[Lynch throws a dropkick, sending Strong sailing off the apron and down to the floor to a big reaction!]

BW: Agh! Those backjumping, good-for-nothin' Stenches strike again!

[Travis grins as he climbs to his feet, striking a single bicep pose for the fans...

...as Chris Choynet slips through the ropes into the ring, applauding Lynch's actions.]

GM: Even Chris Choynet liked that, Bucky!

BW: He's a traitorous, no-good, son of a buck too, Gordo. He should be supporting his teammates and he's out there cheering on someone who knocked one of his partners to the floor.

GM: I'm pretty sure Chris Choynet knows about being a good partner. Choynet, of course, is one-half of the Northern Lights alongside Rene Rousseau. We heard Choynet reveal earlier that he and Rousseau are now the Quebec tag team champions which is why we haven't seen much of them lately.

BW: Pssh. Canada.

GM: What is that supposed to me?

BW: It means that title belts won in Canada don't mean squat to Americans.

GM: How do you figure that?

BW: The exchange rate.

[With the crowd cheering them on, Choynet and Lynch come together in the center of the ring in a collar and elbow tieup. Choynet quickly bails out,

dropping into a single leg takedown, yanking Lynch off his feet and down to the mat.]

GM: Nice takedown by Choisnet, a former amateur wrestler at the University of Maine. Choisnet grabs the foot, looking for a toehold here to wrench the leg...

[Lynch, however, uses his leg strength to plant a boot against the chest of Choisnet, shoving him off and down to the mat.]

GM: Lynch with the counter, putting him down on the mat...

[Lynch scrambles to his feet as Choisnet does the same, diving into another collar and elbow. The Texan powers Choisnet a few steps back before pulling him into a side headlock.]

GM: Travis Lynch with a more methodical approach to a match than what we've seen so far out of men like TORA and Cody Mertz. He'll slow this down to a crawl if that's what it takes to break a man down.

[Choisnet throws a pair of short forearms to the ribs, trying to break the hold as he goes to throw Lynch off...

...but Lynch hangs on, squeezing his muscular arms and shaking his head.]

GM: Lynch isn't going anywhere! Choisnet's not going to overpower him.

BW: That's not Shwanee's game. He needs to use his mat wrestling skills to escape this hold, get Lynch down, and stretch him like he owes him money.

[Choisnet walks Lynch around, looking for a way out...

...and then suddenly spins out, twisting the arm in an armwringer.]

GM: Nice counter by Choisnet who still can't get Bucky Wilde to pronounce his name right after being a member of the AWA roster for a few years now.

BW: Did you ever think that maybe I'm saying it right and it's everyone else saying it wrong?

GM: Nope.

[Choisnet slowly twists the arm around again, delivering a pair of elbows down across the tricep before pulling the arm under his armpit in an armbar!]

GM: Choisnet hooks the arm, wrenching on it.

BW: And I hate to admit it but this is pretty smart. Travis is out there flexing his muscles and we know how much he uses his arms in everything he does in the ring. Shantee is trying to take that away from him.

[Lynch winces as he looks for an escape. He plants his feet, using his power to drag Choynet down in a makeshift armdrag...

...but Choynet hangs on to the trapped arm, rolling right back up to his feet.]

GM: Travis tried to escape but Choynet won't let it go!

[A sprinkling of cheers goes up for Choynet's mat wrestling skills. Choynet suddenly grabs the wrist, slowly cranking it around into another armtwist...

...and Travis rolls with it, jerking his arm free using the momentum, climbing to his feet, and throwing a standing dropkick up under the chin of Choynet, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: Down goes Choynet off the dropkick!

[Choynet scrambles up, running right into a military press!]

GM: OHH! Travis Lynch showing that the arm is still in top shape as he presses him high overhead! The 221 pound Choynet is pressed sky high like he weighs a buck ten...

[Lynch hurls him down to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: ...and a huuuge press slam by Lynch! Down goes Choynet!

[Choynet winces, grabbing his back as he tries to get up off the mat...

...only to have his shoulder slapped by Hercules Hammonds.]

GM: Uh oh! And one-half of the World Tag Team Champions just tagged himself into this match!

BW: While the other half is standing on the OPPOSITE side of the ring. That's gotta be a weird feeling for them, Gordo.

GM: It absolutely does. They're so used to being each other's partner, it's gotta be strange to be in a match where they might actually have to face off with one another. In fact, I'm told that Buford P. Higgins was so upset by this situation, he chose to not even come to the building tonight. He's not even here!

BW: I wondered why Phil Watson got to keep his job for a match involving Skywalker Jones.

[Hammonds strikes a double bicep pose, smirking at Travis Lynch.]

BW: If Travis Lynch thought he was the strongest man in this match, he badly miscalculated that, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[But never intimidated, Travis Lynch slowly raises his right hand.]

GM: Oh my stars. Travis Lynch wants the test of strength with Hercules Hammonds!

BW: He's dumber than I thought and that's saying something!

[Hammonds looks shocked for a few moments before nodding his head, wiggling his fingers as he slowly raises his hand to meet Travis'.]

GM: It's going to happen! They're going to do this!

[Lynch's fingers intertwine with Hammonds, gripping tightly as the two men slowly raise the other hand to meet...]

GM: The double knucklelock is established and- here we go!

[With a start, the two men SLAM together, gritting their teeth as their muscles tense in an attempt to force the other man to their knees.]

GM: Look at the collective muscles between these two! Travis Lynch looks like a statue you'd see carved in a museum somewhere. Pure muscle etched out of marble. Hammonds is bulkier but still well-defined... like a powerlifter rather than a bodybuilder.

[Hammonds uses that size and leverage advantage to get the upper hand, bending the wrists of Lynch as he tries to push down while Lynch continues to push up, fighting against it.]

GM: Hammonds is getting the better of this exchange!

BW: You sound surprised by that. Look at him. The only one surprised by that should be that numbskull Travis Stench.

[The Tupelo Tower gives a roar as he puts more pressure on, causing Lynch's knees to buckle...

...and eventually fold as Hammonds forces him down to his knees!]

GM: Oh my! Hammonds wins the test of strength! Travis put up one heck of a battle but eventually, Hammonds shoved him all the way down to his knees.

[Hammonds hangs on, shouting at the kneeling Lynch.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds is asking Travis Lynch who the man is... who the king is...

BW: Don't ask Lynch more than one question at a time. His brain will short-circuit.

[Gritting his teeth, Lynch looks up at Hammonds, slowly shaking his head.]

GM: Wait a second! This might not be over yet!

[Lynch gives a shout as he slips a foot underneath him, still looking up at Hammonds who looks slightly surprised as he tries to re-assert the pressure and force Lynch back to both knees.]

GM: Lynch is fighting it! He's got both feet underneath him now!

[With an anguished cry, Lynch forces his way back up, pushing harder and harder against Hammonds whose arms are starting to shake from the effort now...

...and then forces his way right back up to an even base to a huge reaction!]

GM: LYNCH POWERS BACK UP!!

[He abruptly breaks the hold, reaching out to hook Hammonds around the torso, taking him over with a Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: He's got the bridge! ONE!! TWO!!

[Hammonds easily lifts the shoulder at two, breaking the pin.]

GM: Travis Lynch was looking to win that World Television Title shot right there. He wants that match against Ryan Martinez in two weeks' time and almost got it right there.

[Lynch scampers to his feet, greeting the rising Hammonds with a pair of right hands before grabbing the powerful arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Hammonds yanks Lynch towards him, hooking his powerful arms and the head, neck, and arm...

...and LAUNCHING him overhead, throwing him across the ring where Lynch bounces off the canvas!]

GM: OVERHEAD SUPLEX BY HAMMONDS!

[Hammonds pops back to his feet, slapping his pectoral a few times...

...when Lenny Strong leans over the ropes, slapping his shoulder.]

BW: Tag! Strong is in!

[Strong steps in...

...and comes face-to-face with an angry Hammonds who has more than a few words for "Lights Out" before the referee nudges the tag team champion

out, leaving Strong to go after Lynch with a series of stomps, driving Lynch out under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Strong stomps him out... here comes Jones!

[Skywalker Jones comes tearing across the ring, leaping up onto the back of Lenny Strong, clubbing him with forearms across the face. Strong stumbles back, allowing Jones to throw him down to the mat.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is all over him... he dives on him!

[Jones takes the mount, hammering away on a surprised Strong who lifts his arms, trying to shield his face as Jones opens fire with clenched fists to the skull. The referee dives in, counting quickly as Jones climbs to his feet, shouting at the official.]

GM: Jones is hot under the collar right now! He didn't like the disrespect that Strong showed his tag team partner... well, his REGULAR tag team partner. Of course, they're on opposite sides in this one.

[Jones watches as Strong struggles up, a trickle of blood coming from his right nostril.]

GM: A small nosebleed on Lenny Strong as Jones buries a side kick into the gut, backing him into the ropes.

[He fires Strong across, dropping him on the rebound with a cross chop throat thrust, leaving Strong gasping for air on the mat.]

GM: Strong got dropped with the blow to the throat and he's feeling the effects of that one as Jones... look out here!

[Jones steps up, brushing imaginary dirt off his shoulder, and leaps sky high into the air before burying the point of his elbow down into the heart of a gasping Strong!]

GM: SKY HIGH ELBOWDROP!

BW: That thing is beautiful AND impactful, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is and Jones attempts his first cover of the match, getting a one count only.

BW: Jones almost won the World Title earlier this year - you better believe he'd love to add the World Television Title to the piece of gold already slung over his shoulder.

[Jones steps through the ropes to the apron, gesturing for the other wrestlers to make room for him. Mark Hoefner glares as he steps aside, watching as Jones grabs the top rope with both hands...]

GM: He's waiting for Strong to get up off the canvas... he leaps!

[The highflying former Combat Corner student springs off the top rope, tucking his knees...

...and DRIVING his feet squarely into the chest of a shocked Strong with a front dropkick, sending Strong sailing backwards where he slams into the canvas!]

GM: What a dropkick by Jones! And Lenny Strong just rolled right out to the floor!

[Which isn't a safe place for him to be as Jones turns, points to TORA... and then hits the ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and HURLS himself over the ropes, getting big air with a plancha onto Strong!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY SKYWALKER JONES!!

BW: Did you notice, Gordo? Did you notice Jones calling out TORA before making that dive? Jones has been recognized as the top high flyer in the AWA since the day he arrived and now there's a new kid in town trying to steal his thunder. He ain't gonna like that one bit, daddy!

GM: Jones does have a... well, he has a bit of an ego, Bucky.

BW: He's got an ego the size of Saturn and I ain't talkin' 'bout the car, Gordo!

[With both men out, Cody Mertz comes rushing in, sprinting across the ring and throwing a dropkick that sends Mark Hoefner off the apron to the floor. Mertz quickly gets up...

...and gets snared by Hercules Hammonds who lifts him, throwing him up into the air, and DRIVES him back in a Samoan Drop!]

GM: OHHHH! BIG SLAM BY HAMMONDS!!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Hammonds climbs back to his feet, again striking a double bicep pose as he stands over the downed Mertz who is grabbing his ribs in pain. The Tupelo powerhouse gives a shout, pointing across the ring at the opposition as he grabs Mertz by an arm, dragging him to the middle of the ring...

...and dashing to the ropes, ready to put Mertz through the ring!]

GM: Hammonds to the- OHHH! MAYHEM LOW BRIDGES HIM! HE PULLED THE TOP ROPE DOWN!!

[The larger half of SkyHerc goes tumbling to the floor, crashing down in a heap...

...while Mayhem rushes down the apron, scaling the ropes!]

GM: MAYHEM'S GOING UP TOP! HE'S GOING TO TAKE HAMMONDS OUT OF THE MATCH!

[And he leaps off, soaring through the air with a double axehandle to the skull!]

GM: DOWN GOES HAMMONDS!

[Mayhem leaps back to his feet, pointing to the cheering fans...

...and gets caught with a baseball slide by TORA, sending Mayhem pitching out into the steel barricade!]

GM: TORA strikes fast and hard... and now he's the legal man in there with Cody Mertz!

[TORA walks back to the center of the ring, pulling Mertz up off the mat. A back-handed knife edge chop sends Mertz falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: It's not often that Cody Mertz is the biggest man in the ring but at 195 pounds, he does certainly outweigh TORA at 170 pounds.

[TORA grabs Mertz by the arm, going for a whip but Mertz easily overpowers him, reversing it.]

GM: TORA hits the corner... in comes Mertz!

[The international high flyer leans back, bringing up both feet into the chin of the charging Mertz!]

GM: Ohh!

[TORA leaps up to the second rope, leaping off...

...but Mertz ducks under, causing TORA to essentially leapfrog over him, landing in a rolling somersault back to his feet. Mertz and TORA charge one another at top speed.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHHH MY!!!

BW: Palm strike! A running palm strike uppercut to the chin and Cody Mertz flips inside out!

[Mertz hits the mat hard as TORA stands over him, striking a pose for the cheering fans. He dashes to the ropes, rebounding back with a legdrop to the chest. He pops back up, rushing in again...]

GM: Lightning fast legdrops down across the chest - striking hard over and over!

[TORA drops a quartet of legdrops before scrambling into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Mertz' shoulder pops up off the mat as TORA scrambles back to his feet, looking out at the cheering crowd.]

GM: TORA heads over to the corner... not where you want him at all as he hops up on the second rope...

[He leaps off, looking for a front dropkick but Mertz slaps it aside, causing him to slam down on the back of his head and neck. Mertz steps forward, grabbing the legs...

...and reaches out, slapping the hand of Brian James.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes the son of the Blackheart!

[Mertz falls back in a catapult as James reaches over the top, using a clothesline to drop TORA back down across Mertz' raised knees...]

GM: Nice doubleteam by a slightly different version of Air + Strike.

[James waves his left hand in the air to the fans, showing the black tape wrapped around his fingers.]

GM: You can see the black tape on the fingers of James - a souvenir from his encounter two weeks ago with Supreme Wright, the World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: You mess with the bull, Gordo.

GM: Supreme Wright did a whole lot of damage in that showdown, taking Willie Hammer out of this match and injuring the fingers of Brian James.

[James uses one hand to grab the top rope, showing great agility as he slings himself over the top rope, driving a knee down across the sternum of TORA, smashing him on Mertz' knees!]

GM: OHHH! What an impactful doubleteam from Mertz and James!

[Mertz rolls out, allowing James to make a cover on TORA for a two count before the international fan favorite lifts a shoulder in time.]

GM: Two count only!

[The fans start to buzz in anticipation of James and TORA squaring off again.]

GM: Listen to these fans, Bucky. You can tell what they want to see.

BW: They want to see a replay of that video game-like exchange we saw at the beginning of this match. That was nuts, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was. Such speed and quickness and innovation out of both men!

[James pulls TORA off the mat, backing him into a neutral corner where he lands a series of stiff roundhouse kicks into the ribcage. James grabs the arm for the big whip...]

GM: Irish whip reversed! James hits the corner... TOOOOORAAAAA!

[The 24 year old from Minnesota tears across the ring, giving a shout as he leaves his feet, throwing himself like a lawn dart into a HUUUUUGE corner spear!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

[TORA straightens up, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as he lashes out with a series of short, stiff alternating left/right kicks to the ribs...

...and then leaps up, swinging his right leg back into a leaping back kick to the chin!]

GM: Ohh! What a combo by TORA!

[James slumps down into a seated position in the corner as TORA dashes to the far corner, slaps it a few times and gives a "LET'S GO!" to the roaring crowd before charging back across...

...and HURLING himself into a somersault cannonball senton in the corner!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! He flung himself onto James!

[Grabbing James by the foot, TORA drags him out to the middle of the ring, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[James lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin. A fired-up TORA gets back to his feet, pointing to the corner where his teammates stand.]

GM: TORA's heading up top and now is when we'll REALLY start making some highlights!

[TORA steps to the corner...

...where Mark Hoefner slaps his shoulder, tagging himself in to big jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on! These fans were enjoying seeing TORA in action and now Hoefner's tagged himself into the match!

[Hoefner moves in swiftly, dropping a knee down into the chest of James. He grabs him by the throat, throttling him as the referee starts a five count.]

GM: Get in there, referee! Break that chokehold!

[The count quickly gets to four at which point Hoefner switches to using the shoulders to repeatedly slam the back of James' head into the canvas!]

GM: Hoefner's smashing his head into the mat!

[The Dichotomy member climbs off the mat, dragging James with him. A snapmare takes James over into a seated position...

...and the 229 pounder leaves his feet, driving them into the back of James' head with a dropkick before attempting a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[James lifts a shoulder, breaking the pin as Hoefner glares at the official.]

GM: Mark Hoefner is telling the referee it's a conspiracy that wasn't a three count. That guy makes me nervous, Bucky.

BW: He should. He's a future World Tag Team Champion and when that happens, all bets are off!

[Hoefner grabs James by the hair, dragging him towards the ropes where he drapes his throat over the second rope, planting his shin on the back of the neck.]

GM: He's choking Brian James again, fans! Get in there, referee!

[Ricky Longfellow counts to four, creating the break just before Hoefner catapults himself over the top, stomping the back of his head!]

GM: Ohh! A good show of athleticism by Hoefner and-

[He leaps off the apron, smashing an elbow down on the back of the head.]

GM: James falls back into the ring... Hoefner's trying to get back in but the official's telling him no! He tagged out when he dropped to the floor!

[Hoefner is angrily arguing with the referee as Chris Choisset comes in, dragging James off the mat...]

GM: Chris Choynet's the legal man and he's looking for that fisherman suplex!

[The front facelock is applied as Choynet leans down, looking to hook the leg with his right arm...

...but the leg shoots up, the knee smashing into his face several times, sending him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: The ever-dangerous knees of Brian James gets him free... ohh! A big running clothesline takes Choynet over the top to the floor!

[James spins around...

...just as Lenny Strong comes barreling across, leaping up to CRACK James in the jaw with a flying elbowstrike!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Strong throws James down to the mat, diving across him for a two count before James kicks out. An angry Strong gets up, leaps up...

...and DRIVES his feet down into the chest of Brian James!]

GM: OHHHH! Double stomp connects!

[Strong slips into another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[James again lifts a shoulder, breaking the pin attempt! An irate Strong gets up, shouting at the official as he steps out on the apron...

...and promptly BLASTS Cody Mertz with a right hand, knocking him down to the floor!]

GM: What the-?! Why even do that?! What's the point of that?!

BW: Mertz said something about his mother - I heard it!

GM: He did not!

[Strong grabs the top rope, slingshotting into a somersault...

...and CRASHES backfirst on a stunned James!]

GM: OHH! SOMERSAULT BACKSPLASH!!

[Strong flips into another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[From out on the floor, Cody Mertz reaches in, dragging Strong out to the floor where he cracks him with a right hand to a big cheer!]

GM: What a right hand... and the referee points to the corner! Strong went to the floor, that's a tag!

BW: He didn't choose to go out there! That's not fair! He's got James in trouble!

[With Strong out, Mark Hoefner dives back in just as TORA does. The referee stops them in the corner, forcing them back until one man volunteers to step out.]

GM: We've got an argument in the corner! TORA was in there first-

BW: He was not! Hoefner was there first!

GM: You need to get your eyes checked, Bucky. TORA was in there first but Hoefner is trying to-

[The crowd gasps as Hoefner throws a knee into TORA's gut, doubling him up.]

GM: That's your partner!

BW: That ain't his REAL partner!

[Hoefner grabs the arm, whipping TORA across the ring to the referee's complaints. He throws a shouldertackle, knocking TORA off his feet...

...where TORA no hand kips up back to his feet immediately after hitting the mat!]

GM: WHOA!

[Hoefner is pointing to his head, taunting the fans, completely unaware of what happened as he turns around. He lashes out, catching TORA with a right hand before dashing to the ropes behind him...]

GM: Hoefner off the ropes...

[And as he approaches, TORA lifts both hands up and shouts "STOOOOOOOOOOP!" Hoefner, for some reason, does...

...and gets CRACKED with an enzugiri to a HUUUUUGE cheer!]

GM: Haha!

[Hoefner rolls out to the floor, allowing TORA to turn his attention back to Brian James who has managed to get to the ropes, tagging in Scotty Mayhem.]

GM: In comes Mayhem... big elbow between the eyes of TORA!

[TORA scampers up...

...and gets dropped again!]

GM: Another elbow!

[Mayhem grabs TORA, pulling him up off the mat. He scoops him up, slamming him down to the canvas...

...and then points to the corner!]

GM: Mayhem's going up top! He's gonna fly!

[The Florida native scales the turnbuckles, swinging a hand around in the air as he takes his perch...]

GM: JACKSONVILLE JAM!

[...but TORA rolls clear, causing Mayhem to SLAM down on his tailbone!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[TORA rolls to the corner, slapping the first hand he sees.]

GM: In comes Lenny Strong off the tag!

[Strong yanks Mayhem up, pasting him with a trio of forearms before spinning to throw a lariat.]

GM: Discus lariat puts Mayhem down!

[Strong dives on the Florida native to jeers from the crowd, gaining a two count before Mayhem lifts the shoulder. An angry Strong takes the mount, raining down forearms from the top. The referee's count forces him to break at four as Strong climbs to his feet.]

GM: Strong pulls Mayhem off the mat, shoving him back to the corner...

[A pair of knife-edge chops stuns Mayhem in the corner. Strong grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... what the-?!

[Strong stops short, yanking Mayhem back towards him, and up into a quick powerslam!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Mayhem lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Strong almost got him there! Lenny Strong was a half count away from winning the first ever Mayhem Match and earning that World Television Title shot against Ryan Martinez in two weeks' time!

[Strong drags Mayhem off the mat, steering him out to the middle of the ring.]

BW: Look at that, Gordo. Lenny Strong knows that he's got Mayhem in trouble and he wants to make sure he's nowhere near the corner where one of his treacherous partners can sneak a forced tag in there.

[The Philly native lifts Mayhem up, slamming him down in the middle of the ring with a back suplex.]

GM: He plants Mayhem down in the middle and-

[With a shout, Strong leans down, slapping the canvas with both hands as he takes a wide stance, swinging his right arm back and forth, smacking his elbow into his open palm.]

GM: He's looking for that rolling elbow!

BW: If he hits it, we've got a winner!

[Strong is shouting at Mayhem, ordering him to get off the mat and fight.]

GM: Mayhem's having a hard time getting back to his feet, really feeling the effects of that suplex...

[But Mayhem DOES get up and Strong DOES goes into his full spin, taking aim...]

GM: ELLLLLBO-

[Mayhem ducks down, throwing himself forward to grab Strong around the torso. He lifts him, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop. The Florida native dashes to the ropes where Skywalker Jones slaps his shoulder, allowing Mayhem to bounce back, leaping up to snare him in a hanging clothesline, driving him down to the mat!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE! AND JONES IS HEADING UP TOP! JONES IS HEADING UP TOP!

[With one-half of the World Tag Team Champions perched on the top rope, ready to fly, Lenny Strong does the only thing he can...

...crawls across the ring and tags the other half of the World Tag Team Champions.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Brilliant! Again, a brilliant move by Lenny Strong who is showing he's learned well at the side of Terry Shane III and Miss Sandra Hayes. He's becoming a brilliant strategist inside the ring.

GM: I'm not so sure how brilliant it is to sidetrack a promising young career by getting involved in back-to-back blood feuds with heavy hitters like Steve Spector and Hannibal Carver while holding a World Title match contract in your pocket.

BW: You've been hangin' out with Dane too much.

[Hercules Hammonds glares at the referee who orders him to step in as Jones leaps down to his feet from the top rope. The Tupelo Tower reluctantly steps into the ring, staring across at his World Tag Team Champion partner.]

GM: This is what a lot of people wanted to see here tonight! The World Tag Team Champions are being forced to square off!

[Hammonds looks across at Jones, staring him in the eye. The high flyer starts dancing from foot to foot, shadowboxing as Hammonds looks a bit shocked at him.]

GM: I think Hammonds is surprised by this. I think he thought Jones would tag out rather than square off with him.

BW: We talked about that ego earlier, Gordo. Jones isn't gonna back down from anyone... not even his own partner.

GM: Hammonds just asked him "Are we doing this?" Just making sure that his partner really wants to physically square off with him.

BW: And Jones just gave him a nod, not even speaking to him.

GM: Somewhere, Buford P. Higgins is shielding his eyes. He didn't want to see this but judging from the reaction of these fans in Florida, they DID want to see it, Bucky! They wanted to see the tag team champions square off.

BW: Sometimes you just want to know who the best is - even if the two in there are two of your favorites, Gordo.

[Jones is still shadowboxing as Hammonds squares up, shaking his head in disbelief as he gestures at Jones to "bring it on!"]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Jones sprints at his partner who is ready, lifting him up into the air in a military press...]

GM: What the-?!

[...pivots... and HURLS his own partner out onto Lenny Strong and Mark Hoefner, knocking both rulebreakers off the apron and down to the floor to a tremendous reaction!]

GM: Look at the grin on the face of Hercules Hammonds! I think they had that planned, Bucky! They knew they were going to do that all along!

[With Jones out, Travis Lynch comes rushing in behind Hercules Hammonds. The big man turns...

...just in time for a running clothesline to connect, knocking Hammonds over the top rope!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE SENDS HIM OVER!

[But Hammonds lands on his feet on the floor, a pissed-off expression on his face as he reaches under, grabbing Travis by the legs and drags him under the ropes to the floor!]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes left in the time limit! We've got five men down on the floor and-

[With Lynch out as well, Cody Mertz steps through the ropes, barrels across the ring...

...and DIVES through the ropes onto a shocked Hammonds and Travis Lynch!]

BW: MERTZ DIVES ON 'EM BOTH!!

[Scotty Mayhem comes barreling in right after Mertz, rushing down the length of the ring apron to scale the turnbuckles...

...and dives off into the pile with a double axehandle that hits... someone. He didn't really seem to be aiming at anyone in particular.]

GM: We've got a mess of bodies out on the floor...

BW: Uh oh.

GM: TORA's in!

[The international high flyer dashes across the ring, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed where he leaps to the top rope, springing into the air...]

GM: SHOOTING STAAAAAAR!

[...and WIPES OUT a pile of people underneath him as the crowd goes nuts!]

GM: TORA CLEARS THE PILE!!

[Brian James steps in, looking back and forth at the cheering crowd.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! He's going to dive too?!

BW: No way, Gordo. No way!

[James dashes to the ropes, rebounding back off at top speed...

...and runs right into a boot to the gut!]

GM: Oh! Choynet cuts him off!

[He quickly hooks James in a front facelock, reaching down to snare the back leg...]

GM: He's got him hooked! He lifts him up!

[Choynet holds him in the air in fisherman suplex position, falling to the side and releasing as they hit the canvas!]

GM: He drops him with it! Choynet's gonna win it!

[The referee dives to the mat to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A diving save from Lenny Strong breaks it up!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Haha! I love it! Strong just broke up his own partner's pin!

[Pulling Choynet off the mat, Strong HURLS him over the ropes by the hair, causing him to crash down in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Choynet goes out!

BW: Strong's the legal man!

GM: I suppose he is!

[Strong pulls Brian James off the mat, shoving him back into the ropes. He cocks the elbow, charging at him, leaping into the air...

...and SMASHES into the corner as James bails out!]

GM: Strong hits the buckles... and James is putting him up top! He's putting him up top!

[With Strong seated on the top turnbuckle, James scales the corner, hooking a front facelock and slinging Strong's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: He's going for the superplex! He's gonna finish off Strong!

[But Hercules Hammonds slides into the ring, obviously with other ideas as he slips in underneath James, hooking his massive arms around James' thighs...]

GM: Oh my stars! Oh my stars!

[As James lifts so does Hammonds, staggering out...

...and DRIVES James down with a powerbomb as James superplexes Strong to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH! THEY'RE BOTH DOWN!!

[Hammonds crawls over, applying a cover on James...

...but the referee waves it off, pointing to Lenny Strong.]

GM: Strong's still the legal man! Ricky Longfellow calls it right! We've got just over three minutes left in the time limit for this one as Hammonds staggers up to his feet...

[He pulls a dazed Strong off the mat...

...and gets CRACKED with an elbowstrike to the jaw, knocking Hammonds senseless!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: What a shot!

GM: The elbowpad! He loaded the elbowpad! Look!

[Strong rolls aside, throwing his elbowpad under the ropes to the floor as the referee sees the motionless Hammonds...

...with a stunned Brian James throwing an arm over his chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The shocked crowd ERUPTS for the surprise winner as the brawling around ringside stops, everyone looking into the ring in disbelief at what they see.]

GM: My stars! Brian James has scored the big upset! Brian James has shocked all of these fans here in the O'Dome and I'd imagine he shocked all of the fans at home as well. The rookie, this newcomer, only debuted in the

AWA about two months ago and now he's gotten a big win on one of the biggest shows of the year AND will get his first title shot in two weeks. Somewhere, Daddy is proud.

BW: Show some respect, Gordo, the man's dead.

GM: He is NOT!

[James rolls into a seated position, looking up in disbelief at the official who raises his hand in victory.]

GM: This will go down as a win for his entire team but the big winner is Brian James, the son of the Hall of Famer, who now finds himself on the verge of making 2014 one helluva impact year!

[The shot cuts to the announce team at ringside.]

GM: What a way to start off what promises to be one of the biggest nights on record for the American Wrestling Alliance! Ryan Martinez won the World Television Title from Alphonse Green who will be taking some time off due to injury. We wish Mr. Green the speediest of recoveries and can't wait to see him back inside the ring. But the new champion now has Brian James awaiting him in two weeks... and if he can get past him, he'll have the winner of our next match waiting for him after that.

BW: These two big behemoths have met twice now, Gordo. Tony Sunn won once... Ricky Lane won once. Tonight is the rubber match with sky high stakes.

GM: Let's go backstage where Tony Sunn is standing by!

[Cut to the locker room, where we find Ithaca native Tony Sunn sitting on a bench. He's already in his black, silver and white ringlet and is in the process of lacing his black boots. He nods towards the camera, brown eyes fixed in a dauntless gaze. The powerhouse is quiet for a few moments, then...]

TS: It's not just about earning the honor to challenge for the Television title.

It's not just about getting payback. Though, I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to wipe that plug-ugly smirk off Ricky Lane's face.

[Tony nods again, a look of eager anticipation flickers across his face briefly before the seriousness returns. He rises to his feet, drawing himself up to his full height. The muscles in his massive body are taut and ready.]

TS: It's about standing up for what's right. About respect for this sport and the fans. So many folks focusing on the Wise Men, it's easy to miss who else is festering in the shadows. Men like Lane and Tremblay -- I can't even CALL them "men"! They're gutless worms who've been given all sorts of talent but they'd rather take the shortcut instead! To steal rather than

earn. To push others around and just beat their chests, screaming "LOOK AT ME!"

But when they come up short, they blame everyone else and refuse to EVER look at the faults in themselves!

[Sunn glares, shaking his head in disgust.]

TS: No. No more. "Crusade" was once a noble word. To fight for righteousness. But for too long it's been twisted by fanatics, cowards and thugs to fit their own rotten agendas. Lane, Tremblay, tonight you reap what cowards sow! Tonight, this "Crusade" of yours ENDS! This is for the AWA fans, this is for Denny Watters, this is for EVERYONE you've pushed around and bullied...

[Sunn raises his chin, eyes now blazing with clear keenness as he allows himself to flash a tenacious grin.]

TS: ...and yeah, this is for me too.

[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 Gordon and Bucky down at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back to Memorial Day Mayhem, fans, where up next we have a top contender's match for the World Television Title. While the Mayhem match that opened the show determined who gets the very next TV Title match, the winner of the contest between "Big" Ricky Lane and Tony Sunn will also grant a guaranteed future TV Title shot.

BW: Oh, but that might be secondary, Gordo. These two guys have had it in for each other since the Television Title Battle Royal back on February 1st! Sunn managed to pick up Lane after blindsiding him, so Lane wanted a head-up match. Fact is, Tony Sunn popped a cheap win off of and ambush on the big man on March 1st, and when Willoughby Tremblay negotiated a rematch on April 24, Lane showed what would happen in a fair fight. So this is the rubber match.

GM: The 'third fall', as it were, though your claims of Tony Sunn using cheap shots and ambushes is absurd. In fact, a pre-match assault and Tremblay was instrumental to Sunn's defeat in their last encounter, and with the stakes so high he may again get involved. This is a bitter grudge match. Let's waste no time in heading up to the ring and Phil Watson.

[*DING*DING*]

PW: Our next contest on Memorial Day Mayhem is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[The fans give a "ready to go" cheer, which quickly turns into boos as "Grinnin' In Your Face" by Son House begins to play. First through the curtain is one Willoughby Tremblay, self-styled gentleman and voice of Ricky Lane's Crusade. Tremblay is clad in a dark purplish-blue tweed jacket, navy courderoy slacks, a large-collared white shirt, and a bright red bow tie. His ragged brown hair is pulled back in a ponytail, and he is wiping his glasses with a white kerchief as he strides confidently through the curtain.

Light shines from a spotlight behind Tremblay as he puts his kerchief back in his pocket, slowly dons his glasses, and squints out over the booing crowd. he then makes a grand gesture for everyone to rise, as the light behind him is engulfed by an ominous, enormous shadow. The shadow pauses, as Tremblay shouts out "REPENT!", and then slowly marches forward as the massive form of "The Big Uneasy" emerges through the curtain.

Wearing a two-strap red singlet, black elbow/knee pads, and black boots, the dark-skinned Lane gazes ahead with wide, angry eyes. His black hair is cropped on top and shaved very close on the sides, with some esoteric

patterns and designs shaved in. A faded Lion tattoo is barely visible on his left bicep. He does not acknowledge or respond to the fans, though Tremblay does, commanding the ringsiders to repent of their ways and understand that the end is upon them.]

BW: Good grief! I think Lane is even bigger than before!

GM: I don't know whether that's the case, but the man seems very focused and intent. In contrast, Willoughby Tremblay seems absolutely absorbed in this crowd, castigating the fans around him. He's like a preacher who never read the book he's preaching from.

BW: He ain't preaching a book, Gordo. He's preaching about how Ricky Lane is the new devastating force in wrestling, and everybody better watch themselves or they'll get crushed! He ain't about a religion, he's about domination.

GM: That is probably accurate.

[Tremblay ascends the ringsteps and holds the ropes open for the gargantuan Lane, who rushes to the far side of the ring, builds up a head of steam as he rebounds off the near ropes, and then drops to a single knee while slapping a single palm down on the mat with all that momentum and weight. The resulting *BOOM* sounds like a bomb going off, and draws a big reaction out of the crowd.]

BW: Holy... Ricky Lane just about broke the ring showing off!

GM: That was a clear display of power. Tony Sunn will need to be extra cautious tonight.

[And speaking of Mr. Sunn, "Grinnin' In Your Face" fades out and "We Hold On" by Rush replaces it. The fans cheer, and a powerful arm brushes the curtain aside as Tony Sunn comes power-walking out from the back. The very muscular slightly-tanned Caucasian with the shoulder-length wavy dirty-blond hair stops there, glaring up at the ring where Lane has his arms spread wide in a "bring it on" gesture. He nods in response.]

GM: And here comes the powerhouse who has lifted Big Ricky Lane on multiple occasions!

BW: And been smashed by him once. Because it only TOOK once.

[Garbed in a black, silver, and white singlet with matching wristbands and black boots, the brown-eyed babyface starts to walk the aisle. Suddenly, Tony turns his head and stops. He looks over the cheering fans... and pivots on his heel, going to the railing, stepping over, and hustling out into the crowd!]

BW: Where's this idiot going?!

GM: Tony Sunn going through the crowd! He is slapping hands and working up this standing room only crowd!

BW: More like he got lost! Only Tony Sunn could get lost in a straight-line path.

[Sunn walks through the crowd, pumping his fist and leading the loud cheers. Reaching ringside, he steps over the rail, hangs a left, and slaps the hands of the cheering ringside fans. But he's not even facing them... he's facing Lane and Tremblay. Sunn jerks a thumb back at the crowd, as if to say "this is my backup tonight". Lane waves him on to the ring, while Tremblay tries to command the fans to stop encouraging this terrible sinner.]

GM: Tony Sunn is making it very clear that Willoughby Tremblay's exhortations will always fall on deaf ears.

BW: You mean dumb ears.

GM: Deaf is someone who can't hear, Bucky, dumb is someone who can't speak.

BW: Unfortunately, I've heard Tony Sunn speak a bunch of times... and he's as dumb as it gets.

[Sunn leaps up on the apron and hops into the ring as the music dies down and Phil Watson begins the introductions.]

PW: Introducing first, the manager, Willoughby Tremblay! He represents, to my left... from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at four hundred seventy-five pounds...

..."BIG" RICKY LANE!

[Lane cocks his head back and stretches out his arms, as if to invite the boos he is getting.]

PW: And his opponent... from Ithaca, New York... weighing two hundred eighty-seven pounds...

...TONY SUNN!

[The cheers are loud for Sunn, who smiles briefly at the crowd; he's still young enough that he can't contain his joy at being cheered. Tremblay jumps on this and approaches Sunn, pointing at his chest and telling him that he will be shown the error of his ways and ground into paste, pretty much at the same time. Sunn gives him an incredulous "how would that even work" look, and then Lane punches him in the face.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Ricky Lane not willing to wait for instructions, and we are underway!

BW: They're slugging it out! Get out of there, Willie!

[Tremblay is pleading something with referee Ricky Longfellow. Sunn and Lane trade some shots, until Lane grabs hold of Sunn's eye sockets and rakes his eyes... holding it on. He holds the gouge, causing Sunn to scream out in pain.]

GM: Lane is trying to gouge Tony Sunn's eyeballs out! Come on, referee!

BW: Never mind that, the bottom rope is slightly off-center! That's far more important.

GM: Willoughby tying up the referee with some trivial garbage, and Lane torturing Sunn! Finally releases the gouge, and he's choking Sunn on the top rope! Using that nearly five hundred pound bulk.

BW: And he has until the count of four. Whenever Ricky Longfellow starts counting, that'll begin.

GM: Sunn might be choked to death by then! Finally, Longfellow ditches Tremblay and gets over there. Ricky Lane using the most gutter tactics possible, despite outweighing his opponent by almost two hundred pounds! I wonder if Sunn has gotten in his head, Bucky!

[After Longfellow gets to four-point-five, Lane lets go. He stays all over Sunn, headbutting him, backraking him, clubbing him with a forearm, and scoop slamming him in quick succession.]

BW: It's just a simple will to win and willingness to do anything to get there. This is a tiebreaker and a top contender match; the kinda match you HAVE to win.

GM: But Lane has gone through his entire life as an immovable object. Utterly confident in his invincibility. And then Sunn picks him up twice, throwing him out of the ring like he was any other man. That has to be playing in Ricky Lane's mind.

BW: You know what is going through Tony Sunn's mind right now? Lane's boot.

GM: Lane stepping on the side of Sunn's head, pulling on the ropes to increase the force even more!

BW: Which makes his effective weight for this about six hundred pounds.

GM: Just as Tremblay helped Lane get an advantage in their second encounter en route to victory, he has done so again tonight with his distraction of the official. Lane sending Tony Sunn off the ropes...

[*THOOM!*

BW: SAMOAN DROP, DADDY! FOUR SEVENTY FIVE TO THE GUT! That's gotta be all!

GM: One would think so! But Lane is standing up. That is not enough for him!

BW: Tremblay ordering him to crush Sunn for good! You know what that means! If Lane hits the Black Crush, the only question is if we ever see Sunn again!

GM: Lane off the ropes! And barreling off the far ropes for even more momentum!

[*THOOM!*

BW: __BLACK CRUSH__! IT'S OVER!

GM: Sunn never even put up a...

[And then the crowd EXPLODES!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: HE KICKED OUT! TONY SUNN KICKED OUT AT TWO! LANE IS IN SHOCK! TREMBLAY JUST FELL DOWN!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Lane standing up... he is stunned! The fans are roaring! Tony Sunn just kicked out of the Black Crush!

BW: WHAT?!

[Despite the strong knockout, Sunn is still rolling and holding his ribs in extreme pain. Tremblay yells... "AGAIN! AGAIN!" And Lane rushes off the ropes to do just that. As before he passes Sunn once for extra speed and momentum.]

GM: Big Ricky Lane going for another... SUNN IS UP!

[As Lane comes careening off Sunn reaches down deep, rolls to his feet, and scoops a rushing Lane up as if he were a cruiserweight! The fans again erupt, going wild as Sunn hoists Lane up... and holds him!]

GM: SUNN SCOOPS LANE! MY GOD, HE'S HOLDING HIM UP!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: TONY SUNN IS WALKING WITH RICKY LANE UP IN THE SLAM POSITION!

[*THOOM!*

GM: ...AND SLAMS HIM! THE ENTIRE RING SHOOK, AND THIS CROWD IS GOING WILD!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Bucky, pick your jaw off the floor!

BW: Wh... wh... no! None of that just happened! None of that just happened!

GM: Sunn with the leg drop, and the cover! This is how he defeated him the first time... but history will not repeat! Lane powers out at one!

BW: That sudden body slam took the breath out of him in the first match, but he won't be taken by surprise twice!

GM: You were.

BW: I... uh, touche.

GM: Tony Sunn gathers up a dazed Ricky Lane, and fires him into the turnbuckle...

[*THUD!*

GM: AND RUNS THROUGH HIM WITH A LARIAT AS LANE REBOUNDS OUT OF THE CORNER! He dropped the almost five hundred pounder in one blow!

BW: Okay, this guy is crazy strong. He's gotta be on PCP or something!

GM: I don't know what that is, but I can assure you that Tony Sunn is all-natural! Sunn with another cover, but again Lane powers out at one! These devastating blows cannot keep Big Ricky Lane on his back for even a two!

BW: A man that big can soak damage like a sponge. Sunn is gonna tear himself apart if he keeps trying to power around a man that huge.

GM: The Ithaca native, from the Fingerlakes region, lifting up Lane, and whips him to the buckles again!

BW: I do gotta say, when you're that heavy, a simple whip to the buckles is a LOT worse than for most guys. I guess being second-generation is why a dummy like Tony Sunn knows that.

GM: Sunn mounting the buckles, and hammering on Lane.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

BW: Come on, now. Closed fists!

GM: He was hitting with the forearm!

BW: But his fist was clenched! It counts!

GM: Lane is on rubber-leg street, and Tremblay is beside himself! Sunn whipping Big Ricky Lane to the opposite corner... yes, Bucky, he is taking advantage of the corners to do that damage. Lane stumbling out, and Sunn twisting the arm... taking him over! Tony Sunn with a great technical move to combine his power and technique to force Ricky Lane down, and applying an armbar, with a scissorshold right around the shoulder.

BW: Well, he can't get more than a one count, so he's trying to break Lane's arm and get a submission. Somebody must have told him what to do because that would be smart.

GM: This is in the center of the ring, and to get to the ropes, Ricky Lane would have to drag his own body weight with one arm... there's no way that's going to happen. Get Tremblay off the apron!

[The fans boo as Willoughby Tremblay gets on the apron and shakes his fist, making "he pulled the hair" pantomimes and annoying Ricky Longfellow to the point where Longfellow goes over there. And Sunn breaks the hold to go after him!]

BW: Get Sunn away from him! That bully!

GM: Tony Sunn grabs Tremblay by that ratty ponytail! Tremblay being dragged into the ring by Tony Sunn, and the crowd wants him to give Tremblay what for!

BW: For what?!

GM: No: "what for". But Lane from behind! Ricky Lane clobbers Tony Sunn! Again Tremblay gives Lane an unfair edge! Sunn may have had the submission if not for him.

BW: That idiot let go of the hold for no reason, so it's his own fault!

GM: Lane whipping Sunn to the corner... here comes an avalanche!

[But when the gigantic bruiser nears Sunn, the Central New Yorker rushes out of the corner and grabs his arm, spins, and whips him to the opposite corner... where Tremblay is recovering!]

BW: NO! WILLIE, LOOK OUT!

[There's a deafening cheer as Lane smashes his own manager into the corner, completely on accident! Tremblay collapses to the canvas and flops like a dead jellyfish, while Lane looks down in horror!]

GM: WILLOUGHBY TREMBLAY HAS BEEN SMASHED FLAT! There will be no more interference, and Tremblay may need medical attention!

BW: NOOOOO! HE OWED ME MONEY!

GM: Lane in shock, and here comes Sunn!

[Sunn comes in full speed ahead with another lariat... but Lane recovers his mind, turns, hooks Sunn under the arms, and drives him straight down with a ring-rocking sidewalk slam!]

BW: SIDEWALK SLAM! SUNN GOT SQUISHED AGAIN!

GM: And Lane is furious! He gets up... he could try a pin, but he's going to the corner. Oh... oh no!

BW: LANE IS CLIMBING THE ROPES! HE'LL PUT SUNN IN THE HOSPITAL IF HE COMES OFF OF THERE!

[Facing out, standing on the second rope, the man once known as the Big Uneasy gives a loud angry howl before clutching the top rope... giving himself a little bounce, and jumps for the second rope buttdrop (Banzai!)... but he stops.

In mid-air.

Because Sunn CAUGHT HIM.]

BW: WHAT?!

[Lane's eyes bulge out of their sockets as he is now on Tony Sunn's shoulders. Sunn, who moved underneath Lane to catch him, steps back away from the ropes, does a quick 180 turn to swing his grip on Lane around...]

GM: YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

[*THOOOOM!*

GM: YOU HAVE _GOT_ TO BE KIDDING!

[And the place comes unglued, because Tony Sunn just POWERBOMBED Lane in the center of the ring!]

BW: NONE OF THAT JUST HAPPENED! Gordo... I'm... I'm dreaming, right? Right?! That ain't... that ain't even possible!

[The fans count along as Sunn collapses atop Lane for the one, two, and emphatic three.]

GM: IT HAPPENED!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: No. Just... no.

GM: TONY SUNN HAS VANQUISHED RICKY LANE IN ABOUT THE MOST IMPRESSIVE MANNER POSSIBLE!

BW: I'll wake up soon. Probably what happened is one of the Stegglets started talking. I'll wake up right at the end and pretend I heard anything they said, like always.

GM: Let's get the official word!

PW: Here is your winner... TONY SUNN!

[Sunn pulls himself up on the second turnbuckle and pumps his fist as the crowd shouts and cheers for him. "We Hold On" by Rush plays as Sunn makes his rounds, going to each corner in turn.]

BW: I... I'm wide awake, ain't I?

GM: You are, but neither Willoughby Tremblay nor Ricky Lane can say the same! We have got to go back and take another look!

[The instant replay shows Lane on the top rope, glaring out as Sunn staggers up to standing behind him. Sunn grits his teeth in a snarl as he steps towards Lane, and goes down to a knee as Lane leaps. Sunn surges to his feet so that he is moving upwards as Lane is moving up, and he catches him at the height of his leap so that Lane never gets any downward momentum... using Lane's jump to help him get the big man into position on his shoulders. From there, he takes three big steps towards the ring, makes a quick pivot to turn himself around while using Lane's inertia to keep him facing the same way, and then drives him down with a powerbomb, bending over and driving with the legs to plant Lane as hard as he possibly could.]

BW: No. Just... no.

GM: You've been repeating yourself an awful lot this match.

BW: I refuse to believe that this mental midget is that strong! I don't even think Hercules Hammonds could do that, and he could probably benchpress your car!

GM: Ricky Lane weighs significantly less than my car.

BW: YOUR car? Gordo, I seen that Yugo you drive. I think YOU might outweigh your car.

GM: Your attempt to change the subject notwithstanding, Tony Sunn will get a shot at Ryan Martinez and the World Television Title in the future, and his future is as bright as his namesake! Fans, earlier tonight, we received a videotape with comments from Nenshou regarding his match tonight with Gibson Hayes. Let us go to that footage now.

[We cut to a white-walled room, with a hardwood floor and no furniture in sight. The only thing in view is Nenshou, seated in lotus position on the floor in front of us. He's wearing one of his red cloth masks draped over his face, but it is clearly him. Black baggy workout pants and rubber sparring slippers are the only other things he wears. He's sweating, despite the lack of any powerful light or heat sources. His eyes, visible through the hood, glare intently at the camera.]

He speaks in Japanese, and is subtitled in English.]

SUBTITLES: Gibson Hayes.

It has been a long time now since you decided to humiliate me. I have studied your career and I now see why you have done this. Always, you look for those who are not mentally strong, and you break them with your inane behavior. You have been convinced that I was such a target. I am sure that Percy Childes is responsible for this in some way.

However, you have failed. My resolve is greater than before. I am aware that you have waited all of this time before facing me, in order to get me in the ring when I am angry and unable to focus. All the months of depreciation and insults, all of the offenses and attacks...

[Nenshou's hands reflexively clench into fists as his voice grows more and more on edge. He notices that he has tensed up entirely, and then stops. Taking a moment to breathe deeply, he then resumes speaking.]

SUBTITLES: I will be ready on Memorial Day. I refuse to be defeated by such puerile antics. After the sacrifice I had to make to face you, no other outcome can be acceptable.

But should you think to reveal what you have learned of me, I caution you. There are people who do not wish that information to be known apart from me. These people do not share your sense of humor. These people are even less humorous than I am. They will not solve problems by wrestling. You are aware of what I mean. I should not warn you of this, but I find that somehow I feel obligated. My obligation and conscience have now been sated.

As for you, I believe that you have your own dark secrets. You are a habitual liar, and have been thus for a long time. No man would subject himself to the pain of a combat lifestyle with no reason. You are not here merely to amuse yourself, no matter what you may claim. Your secrets are

neither deep nor difficult to deduce. You are the same as all of them, no matter how different you act. You seek money and glory. You accosted me because defeating me would move you into top contention. You have no love for this country, as you have claimed many times. You are hollow and shallow, and like many things which are both hollow and shallow, you will splinter and cave when struck hard enough.

That is your only fate at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Again, Nenshou is clearly getting agitated as he speaks. At the end of these comments, his fists are again clenched. He looks down at them, and kicks up to his feet. As he marches away, frustration and anger are clearly in his body language.

The footage ends, and we're back to the arena.]

GM: Nenshou certainly is rather anxious to get his hands on Gibson Hayes here tonight, but I have to profess doubt in some of his words.

BW: Hayes is in his head! Nenshou stated that he knows Gibson's MO... he knows what Gibson does, and it still worked!

GM: That is a frightening prospect. Nenshou is a man known for immaculate self-control. So, a man who is an expert at controlling himself, knowing that Hayes thrives on breaking someone's self-control... is still on a razor's edge of losing control.

BW: I'm not a real big Gibson Hayes fan, but I gotta say, the guy's real good at what he does.

GM: He had better hope so. Because we've seen on many occasions how good Nenshou is at what HE does, and he will have the opportunity to do just that right about now. Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. In accordance with the guidelines set in place, if Gibson Hayes either refuses to compete or gets himself intentionally counted out or disqualified, he will be SUSPENDED for thirty days.

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The strains of Bruce Springsteen's "Born In The USA" kicks in over the PA system.]

GM: I'm not familiar with either man using this music.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Tuscaloosa, Alabama... weighing in at 229 pounds...

GIIIIIIBSONNNNNN HAAAAAAAAAYES!

[The crowd jeers as Hayes strides into view, wearing what appears to be Apollo Creed's outfit from Rocky IV... you know... right before he died. Spoiler alert.]

GM: And now the music makes sense.

BW: Of course it makes sense! Who else would rock such a patriotic anthem than the Real American Hero, Gibson Hayes?

GM: Patriotic anthem?! Have you ever listened to the lyrics from this song?!

BW: He's born in the USA. Born in the USA... born in the USA. I'm pretty sure that's all he says, Gordo.

GM: It is NOT all he says and if you - or Mr. Hayes - ever bothered to listen to this anthemic song, you'd know that Mr. Springsteen did not intend for this to be used in this fashion.

[Hayes is dancing back and forth, showing off his lean and lanky form under the open robe. His afro sticks out from under the Stars And Stripes top hat as he points to the fans shouting, "I WANT YOU!"]

GM: This guy's a real piece of work, Bucky. He hasn't made a single friend, ally, or fan since he walked into the place. Even you seem to dislike him.

BW: Not everyone can be as popular as me. How many times did I win that Announcer of the Year thing again? A lot more than that other fella did.

GM: Fred Hoyle?

BW: Who?

GM: The other fella.

BW: Yeah, I can't think of his name either. It'll come to me, I bet.

GM: I'm sure. Fans, let's take a look at some pre-recorded comments from Gibson Hayes!

[We fade to the aforementioned pre-recorded comments from Gibson Hayes. Hayes is standing in front of a blank backdrop. He's dressed in his red boxer's robe with white trim, bare chested, and his handy dandy afro exploding everywhere.]

GH: Some folks would say I'm stepping into your world; that I'm going into that ring to get my comeuppance. They're not entirely wrong, nor are they entirely right.

[Hayes purses his lips.]

GH: I don't talk much about my past. My game relies on keeping things under wraps, getting an upper hand, and winning a match before ever stepping into that ring. So, you'd think that I have no idea about having to do something, about being under the yoke of expectations or... other circumstances as in your case.

[Hayes looks past the camera, then snaps back.]

GH: Let me tell you a short little story. I once used to be blinded by the roar of the crowd, the adulation, the attaboys... that whole fickle audience love affair. The things you'll do to keep that high. You'll lunge headlong into the stupidest situations. You'll break yourself just to maintain the approval of the wallets in those seats. You'll burn every little bit of your soul to keep that high going.

[A wistful look crosses Gibby's face.]

GH: I fell prey to that line of thinking. I kept passing barrier after barrier. With the crowd behind you, you believe you can take on anything. You don't need anything but their love. You don't need anyone else. You'll take on the whole bloody world with that wind at your sails... and then reality hits you in the face with a hammer. I have to be that first hammer for you, Nenshou. You're starting on a tough path, Nenshou. You're going to be alone, with no one watching your back. You have to be tough for this, Nenshou. You'll have to be able to deal with those who won't play nice, who won't play by the rules, who want to leave you in that ring a husk. They're not going to be satisfied with just a win, no sir. They want you buried. They want you finished. They want you sent packing back to your homeland.

[Hayes breathes deep.]

GH: THEY - WANT - TO - END - YOU. I'm throwing my cards on the table. I came here for my own reasons. I need you in a certain place, doing a certain thing. The only way you can be useful is if you can beat me. So, let's see it, Nenshy-kins. Show me what you got.

[We fade away from Hayes as the sound of distant thunder is heard over the PA, signaling the beginning of "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis. The crowd cheers as right away a black cloth-draped figure emerges from the entrance curtain. He's wearing very loose black samurai pants, and a black 'martial arts' style jacket with red and white lining, patterns, and kanji. This is Nenshou, and his head is obscured by a black cloth mask with white accents. His eyes are visible, revealing white face paint with black kanji.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing two-hundred thirty-five pounds...

...NNNEEEEEENNNNNSSSSSHHHHHOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUU!

[Nenshou walks slowly towards the ring, his eyes focused on the squared circle.]

GM: For months, Gibson Hayes has been a nettling thorn in Nenshou's side, and not once has the Asian Assassin managed to get his hands on him.

BW: And the problem with that is that Hayes has proven everything he has said. When a confrontation develops into anything other than a straight fight or match, Nenshou has no clue. Gibson Hayes' mindgames have run Nenshou every which way, and have even forced him to give up the thing he's held closest... whatever his dark secrets are, Gibson Hayes knows them now.

GM: And will surely use them against him if he is able.

BW: If he's able? He's built a World Championship career on being able to do that. Maybe that's why nothing ever seems to bother Hayes... he knows the power of getting under someone's skin, so he hides it for all he's worth when someone gets to HIM.

[Nenshou finally reaches the ring and stands at ringside instead of entering immediately. He divests himself of his jacket and pants, revealing something new. For the first time, Nenshou is wearing all white.]

GM: Nenshou clad in white! This may be a very, very bad sign for Gibson Hayes!

BW: Why?

GM: To the Japanese, the color white has many of the connotations black does for us. It is the color of void and of death. Nenshou would not wear this if he were in any normal frame of mind.

BW: So Hayes has either already won... or already lost. Should be interesting.

[Finally, Nenshou pulls off the mask, revealing that his face paint is all white with black kanji, and that he has re-done his hair. There's a new kanji shaved into his head.]

GM: We'll have to get word from Jason Dane or someone as to what the new symbols on Nenshou's head say. They're a bit hard to read, as you can't simply 'erase' what was there before. Which is, itself, somewhat symbolic.

BW: Enough symbolism! It's time for someone to get hit in the face!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The music stops, and Nenshou, still at ringside, begins his preparation to enter battle meditation. He puts two fingers in front of his face and focuses on them.]

BW: Didn't he hear what I said? It's time for someone to get hit in the face - not worry about hang nails.

GM: Nenshou is clearly trying to maintain emotional control here. Gibson Hayes has been able to get under his skin repeatedly as of late.

BW: Gibson Hayes can irritate a ring worm. Just hit him already!

[Hayes, noticing Nenshou's strategy, will have none of being ignored. He marches over, leans through the ropes and gives Nenshou his patented ... noogie.]

BW: Ah jeez. Nenshou's gonna flip.

GM: Gibson Hayes choosing to irritate rather than strike a wide open target.

BW: Nenshou's out of his element already.

[Nenshou starts trembling at the insult. Hayes holds his belly and laughs, reaching through the ropes to pat the youngster on the head. Nenshou begins to tremble even more violently.]

BW: The Nenshou of several months ago wouldn't put up with this garbage, Gordo. He needs to give in to the dark side! He needs to go back to the Unholy Alliance and Percy Childes!

[Seeing Nenshou glaring at him, a suddenly anxious Hayes backs off and shouts at the official, "The bell rang, you idiot! Count him out!"]

GM: Hayes demands a count. He wants no part of Nenshou - that much is obvious. We've seen him manage to duck the Asian Assassin for months now and he'd love to keep doing it here tonight. The AWA made it official - if Hayes gets himself counted out or intentionally disqualified, he'll be suspended.

BW: He already showed up for that match. That's one better than we've seen so far. But this is the kind of thing that gets under Nenshou's skin and breaks his focus, Gordo. He's outsmarting Nenshou! Tell me that Nenshou doesn't need Percy out here.

GM: The Collector of Oddities did seem to have a knack for keeping Nenshou in line.

[The referee's count hits three before an agitated Nenshou climbs up on the apron, stepping through the ropes, frustration splashed across his painted face.]

GM: Hayes rushes across, stomping the instep!

BW: Nenshou was expecting a standard collar and elbow tieup there and got his foot stomped instead. That's gotta fluster him even more, Gordo.

GM: Big right hand to the forehead by Hayes... and another...

[The former World Champion steps back, windmilling his arm around...]

GM: He's winding up, ready to lay in a big one...

[Hayes suddenly jumps up, delivering a mocking overhead chop right on top of the skull of Nenshou, knocking him down to a knee. The crowd jeers Hayes as he goes through a little bit of swinging his arms around like an expert martial artist.]

GM: A mocking blow out of Hayes. He had his opportunity to really take advantage there and once again, he chooses to insult the Asian Assassin rather than really attack him.

[Nenshou rolls from the ring to the floor, drawing a chuckle from Gibson Hayes...

...whose eyes go wide as he sees Nenshou pull his two fingers before his eyes, attempting to enter his "battle trance" as his breath comes out in ragged pants.]

GM: Hayes is going after him! He doesn't want Nenshou to get in that zone...

[With Nenshou trying to achieve focus, Hayes grabs the outstretched fingers and twists them.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Small joint manipulation may be banned in the world of Mixed Martial Arts but here in the AWA... well, it's certainly frowned upon.

GM: It definitely is! No one should attempt to break their opponents' fingers like that but Gibson Hayes is taking a page out of the World Champion's book right there.

[Hayes wrenches them back the other way, causing his face-painted opponent to wince in pain...

...and then SLAPS him across the face!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll wake him up!

[Throwing away his attempt to regain control of himself, Nenshou chases after Hayes who is running away from him. Hayes rounds the ringpost, throwing himself under the ropes into the ring. Nenshou pursues, sliding in and climbing to his feet...

...where he finds Hayes lurking behind the official, using him as a human shield!]

GM: Hayes is using referee Marty Meekly as a shield! What a disgusting tactic!

BW: Oh! But like it or not, they're working! He just caught Nenshou with a thumb to the eye and he's right back in control of this thing, daddy.

[With Nenshou reeling from the eyepoke, Hayes comes out from behind the referee's back, wrapping his hands around the throat of his blinded opponent.]

GM: There's no hiding that. Hayes is choking away in full view of the referee who starts his count.

[The referee's count gets to a quick four before Hayes relinquishes the hold, sneering at the official and lifting five fingers.]

GM: Hayes is reminding the referee that he's got a five count to break the hold and he intends to use every single bit of it I would imagine.

[A gasping Nenshou falls back against the ropes.]

GM: So far, Nenshou has struggled to mount any offense at all in this one although Gibson Hayes hasn't yet either, preferring to toy with the Asian Assassin instead.

BW: Makes you wonder what'll happen when Hayes stops messing around.

GM: Right back to the choke now, pushing him back against the ropes.

[Meekly again starts his count, getting to four before stepping between Hayes and Nenshou, trying to separate the two...

...and Hayes again sticks a finger in the eye!]

GM: Nenshou falls back, rubbing the eye... and this time, the official thinks he knows what happened. Marty Meekly is asking about an eyegouge this time and Hayes is pleading innocence but not a soul in this building believes him.

[He backs off, hands raised as he begs off. The referee warns him before waving for the match to continue. He leans in to grab the hair of the blinded Nenshou, spinning him around...]

GM: MIST! HE SPRAYED HIM WITH THE MIST!

BW: Ring the bell! Nenshou snapped! It's over!

[The referee seems to be about to do just that when he pauses, looking at Hayes who is blinking quickly, clutching at his face.]

GM: Hah! It's water! He sprayed him with water and there's not a thing illegal about that!

[The crowd is laughing at Hayes as he throws a fit, kicking the ropes, shouting at the official.]

GM: You want to talk about mindgames? Nenshou just played a little of his own!

[A red-faced and fuming Hayes lunges at Nenshou, swinging wild punches at him.]

GM: Nenshou's got a fight on his hands now!

BW: And that's not exactly his game.

GM: Those blows are pretty sloppy though, Bucky.

[Nenshou easily avoids a barrage of swinging rights and lefts before ducking under a wild roundhouse kick, spinning around to unleash a stinging knife-edge chop across the chest that echoes throughout the O'Dome!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Hayes recoils like he's been shot, clutching his chest as he falls back into the corner. Nenshou swiftly pursues, taking advantage of the trapped Hayes by laying in some more reverse knife edge blows.]

GM: Chop after chop in the corner! All these months of frustration are boiling over for the Asian Assassin as he finally gets Gibson Hayes exactly where he wants him.

[The referee steps in, blocking Nenshou's assault as Hayes, his chest red with welts already, stumbling out of the corner..

...and gets drilled with a dropkick that sends him tumbling over the top rope, crashing down onto the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: Ohh! The standing dropkick sends Hayes out to the floor!

[With his opponent out of the ring, Nenshou immediately drops to his knees, lifting his hand and trying to get back into focus as he stares at his two fingers.]

GM: Nenshou goes right back to trying to get into that battle trance. He knows he can't fight this battle on emotion and pull off a win. He needs to get his head back into the game. He needs to establish that concentration on the task at hand.

[With Nenshou trying to prepare himself for the rest of the match, Hayes stumbles to his feet on the floor. He clutches at his chest again, soaking up the jeers from the crowd. He turns, spotting Nenshou in the ring in his stance and desperately tries to break up his focus.]

"HEY! HEY YOU! YOUR GOOD FOR NOTHIN' FATHER TEACH YOU THAT PEARL HARBOR JOB?! SHOULDA EXPECTED NOTHING ELSE FROM YOU!"

[Hayes' efforts fail him as he scrambles into the ring, still trying to break up Nenshou's gaze on his fingers. The rulebreaker watches as Nenshou pops up to his feet, standing in a martial arts stance...

...so Hayes drops into one of his own.]

"KI YA! Take that, you face-painted foreigner! KIIII YAAA!"

[Nenshou charges as Hayes does the same. They come together in a clash, launching into a flurry of chops, kicks, and palm strikes.]

GM: Look at this!

BW: It's a kung fu flick come to life, daddy!

[Some blows land, some blows are blocked, and some are whiffed entirely by some very deft avoidance tactics that have the crowd cheering until a missed straight right hand from Nenshou leaves him easy prey for a Hayes armdrag.]

GM: Nice counter by Hayes and- oh, come on!

[The fans jeer as Hayes regains his feet, stepping on the face of Nenshou and walking right over him.]

GM: Another disgusting tactic by Gibson Hayes to try and take Nenshou out of that zone.

BW: But did it work? That's the question.

[Hayes grabs the rising Nenshou by the arm, going for an Irish whip but Nenshou reverses it and sends the former World Champion crashing into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Nenshou with the counter and-

[The crowd ROARS as Nenshou backs into the buckles, storming out into a cartwheel followed by a handspring...

...and FLINGS himself back into the corner, burying the point of his elbow into the heart of Hayes!]

GM: OHHH! Nice move by Nenshou! The handspring elbow finds the mark and- he's going for a cover!

[Nenshou gets a two count before Hayes lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Two count only... and as soon as Nenshou pushes back to his feet, Hayes rolls right out to the floor!]

BW: The man needs a break. It's time for a state-mandated fifteen, I think.

GM: That doesn't exist within the confines of a professional wrestling match.

BW: Well, maybe it should! These guys need a break too, Gordo. Grab some coffee, hit the water cooler, maybe take a walk for a breather.

GM: Hayes is certainly looking for that breather right now but Nenshou steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor. He's going after him, fans!

[The fans cheer Nenshou as he pursues Hayes around the ringpost, trying to catch up to him...

...but Hayes is ready for him, burying a mule kick into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! He catches him coming in... look out!

[Grabbing the arm, Hayes whips Nenshou into the steel railing where his knee SLAMS into the metal before folding him over the top of it.]

GM: Oh! He hit kneefirst!

BW: Most guys try to turn themselves to take that impact on their back if they have to take it all... but that was too short of a distance on that whip. Hayes didn't give him enough room to spin and Nenshou went RIGHT into the railing. His knees hit hard and he could be in a lot of trouble right now.

[Nenshou pushes back, straightening up and revealing an anguished expression on his face.]

GM: Nenshou appears to be in a lot of pain, fans.

BW: You know how much a ruptured patella hurts, Gordo?

GM: I can't say that I do, no.

[Smelling blood, Hayes yanks Nenshou off the railing, shoving him back under the ropes to break the ten count. He rolls himself back in, ignoring the official as he moves to the corner, hopping up to the midbuckle.]

GM: Hayes sets...

[He leaps off, burying the point of his elbow into the side of the knee, causing Nenshou to sit up, grabbing at the leg.]

GM: And I think we're seeing the next phase of the gameplan of Gibson Hayes, trying to assault the knee and take the dangerous kicks and high flying out of Nenshou's arsenal here tonight in Florida.

[A few stomps puts Nenshou's upper body back down on the mat before Hayes backs into the ropes, slowly walking off, and DROPS a big knee down on Nenshou's leg!]

GM: Kneedrop right down on the leg!

[Nenshou again sits up, wincing in pain as Hayes backs into the ropes, fanning himself.]

"Tough day at the office, people! This guy's got more fight in him than a pack of Disney World tourists!"

[The referee leans in, checking on Nenshou, but Hayes is having none of that as he nudges the official aside, dragging Nenshou up to his feet where he hooks the bad leg in his hands...

...giving Nenshou the chance to spring off his good leg, catching Hayes in the back of the head with his foot!]

BW: ENZUIGIRI!

GM: Oh my goodness! Nenshou dug down deep and found a way to land that very effective leaping kick to the head!

[Hayes stands stunned for a moment before his eyes roll back and he slumps facefirst down to the mat to a big cheer from the crowd.]

BW: He got the head kick but can he take advantage of it? His knee seems to still be bothering him.

GM: You're right, Bucky. Nenshou crawls towards him, struggling to push him to his back...

[The slow pin attempt results in Hayes getting a shoulder up at one to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Hayes kicks out at one!

BW: He wouldn't even give Nenshou the two count! Another attempt to get inside his head!

GM: Nenshou's slowly climbing to his feet, dragging Hayes up by the afro...

[Hayes slaps him back, giving himself enough room to throw a spinning backfist that catches Nenshou on the cheek, causing him to go spinning down to the canvas. Hayes slumps down to all fours, breathing heavily as the referee steps back to see what happens.]

GM: Gibson Hayes is having some trouble catching a breather here. Perhaps that's what happens when you haven't bothered to have a full-fledged match in ages. There's no accounting for ring rust, Bucky.

BW: That's a good point, Gordo. He may be a former World Champion but the key word is "former" and that means he's gotta work his way back up to the top of the AWA. So far, he ain't done it.

[Hayes pushes up off the mat, grabbing a rising Nenshou from behind by the hair and the back of the tights...

...and ROCKETS him through the ropes, sending him crashing down to a heap on the floor!]

GM: Good grief!

[Hayes tiredly waves at Nenshou, ordering the referee to start his ten count again. He walks to all four corners of the ring, wiping his hands clean as he points to the sky, chanting "GIB-SON! GIB-SON!" for himself to even louder jeers from the fans.]

GM: Gibson Hayes is trying to lead the crowd in some chanting for himself but I'm guessing he'll be the only one participating in that... and it actually seems to be turning the other way as the fans are actually chanting for Nenshou.

[Hayes angrily shakes his head, covering his ears as the "NEN-SHOU!" chant grows louder.]

BW: Ever think you'd hear chants for Nenshou, Gordo?

GM: It's pretty surprising, yes.

[Hayes kicks at the bottom rope in frustration as the referee's count reaches five and the Asian Assassin pulls himself up on the apron.]

"IT'S PRONOUNCED "GIBSON", YOU MORONS!"

[The boos spark again as Hayes laughs, dragging Nenshou through the ropes and into a tight side headlock. He takes a quick dash to the center of the ring, leaping up to drive Nenshou's face into the canvas.]

GM: Bulldog! He smashed his face into the mat.

[Hayes rolls to his knees, throwing his arms up in the air and mockingly chanting Nenshou's name before attempting a cover.]

GM: Hayes gets one... he gets two...

[But Nenshou lifts his shoulder off the canvas.]

BW: Hayes couldn't get the three count but he's definitely asserting himself here tonight. He's showing that he's no joke inside that squared circle... and this is the worst offensive outing we've seen out of Nenshou in quite some time, Gordo.

GM: He's having some trouble getting on track for sure as Gibson Hayes has managed to get inside his head yet again. Hayes drags him back up by the hair...

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Hooking a front facelock, Hayes slowly turns him over, holding him in neckbreaker position as he gives a few more "NEN-SHOU!" chants before dropping into a neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Hangman's neckbreaker by Gibson Hayes!

BW: And that'll send a jolt down the spine of Nenshou as Hayes goes for another cover.

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Nenshou again lifts a shoulder to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: We've passed the halfway point in this one but Nenshou will NOT go down. He refuses to lose.

BW: He refuses to lose right NOW... but I'd have to say he might already be beaten mentally, Gordo. It might just be a matter of time now before he's beaten physically also.

GM: You could be right. Hayes stands over him...

[Hayes makes offensive "martial arts" sounds as he swings his arms around, dropping an exaggerated elbow down into the chest.]

GM: Elbowdrop by Hayes... another cover...

[Nenshou again is out at two but seems a little slower this time.]

BW: With each kickout, Nenshou is getting slower, Gordo. This match has taken its toll on him.

[Hayes climbs back to his feet, waving for Nenshou to rise.]

"GET UP!"

[He leans down, paintbrushing Nenshou across the face.]

GM: Oh, come on! That's totally uncalled for!

[Hayes cracks an irritating smirk before doing it a second time.]

GM: A second slap across the face as Hayes drags Nenshou off the mat.

[Before Nenshou has a chance to recover, Hayes hoists him into the air, tucking his leg back...

...and DROPPING him down in a shinbreaker!]

GM: And Hayes goes back after the knee!

[He lifts Nenshou a second time, dropping him down again on the bent leg.]

GM: A pair of shinbreakers leaves him hobbled... ohh! Big running clothesline out of the former World Champion!

[With Nenshou back down on the mat, Hayes grabs the ankle, twisting the leg around his own...]

GM: Figure four coming up!

[...and drops back in a figure four leglock, cinching the hold in as Nenshou claws at the canvas in pain!]

BW: This might be it, Gordo! Hayes has the hold locked in deep and I don't see an easy way out for Nenshou.

GM: It doesn't have to be an easy way out, Bucky... it just has to be a way out!

[Nenshou flails away as the referee asks him whether he wants to submit. Nenshou shakes his head no.]

GM: Nenshou refusing to quit but you've got to wonder if that knee can hold up under this. It's undergone a lot of punishment in this match. He may be forced to submit.

BW: He might also just pass out from the pain. We've seen that before in a figure four also.

GM: Hayes has it locked in the center of the ring. It's going to be very hard for Nenshou to get to the ropes. He might need to turn this thing over if he wants a shot at escaping.

[The crowd's chants of Nenshou's name grow louder as the Asian Assassin pushes up off the mat into a seated position, holding his two fingers in front of his eyes. He stares hard at them, focusing, slowing his breathing, shutting down his body's pain receptors.]

GM: He's trying to get into that battle trance but Hayes is trying to get him out of it.

[Hayes cranks harder on the hold, trying to snap Nenshou out of his state of focus but the Asian Assassin doesn't seem to feel. Hayes cranks again and again, shouting at the referee to ask him.]

GM: Nenshou's not even listening! He won't even respond to the official and-

[Nenshou suddenly begins to roll. First to the left and then to the right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Each twist brings him further and further over until ...]

GM: He reversed the figure four!

BW: How did he do that?!

[The crowd goes wild as Nenshou reverses the pressure, sending it shooting back into Gibson Hayes who screams in pain, quickly releasing the hold.]

GM: It didn't take long for Hayes to bail out of that. He's climbing up off the mat, moving a little slowly again as Nenshou tries to shake off the effects of that hold.

[Nenshou struggles to his feet...

...only to be caught in a rear waistlock, dropping over in a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Nenshou's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin again!]

GM: NENSHOU WILL _NOT_ STAY DOWN!

BW: Hayes is gonna put him down now! Look at this!

[An angry Hayes regains his feet, striking a makeshift martial arts pose, urging Nenshou to get to his feet...]

GM: Nenshou might be out after that. He kicked out at two but he landed right on the back of his head and neck. He might have a very hard time getting back to his feet after that one.

[Not wasting any time, Hayes grabs two hands full of hair, pulling him up. Nenshou is wobbly on one foot, barely able to stand as Hayes backs off, leaning down to slap the canvas with both hands...]

BW: He's going for the GHK-1!

[Hayes uncorks a spinning roundhouse...

...that Nenshou somehow manages to avoid, causing Hayes to swing past him...]

GM: SWEEP THE LEG!

[Nenshou lashes out with his good leg, kicking Hayes incredibly hard on the back of the knee, dropping him to his back on the canvas!]

GM: Down goes Hayes! The legsweep takes him down and-

[The crowd cheers as Nenshou rushes the corner, stepping up on the middle rope with his good leg. He steadies himself, stepping to the top with the good leg, protecting the bad knee.]

GM: He's barely able to steady himself up top and-

[A sea of flashes go off as Nenshou traces a graceful arc through the air to land belly first across Hayes' chest.]

BW: MOONSAULT! MOONSAULT!

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He kicked out! Hayes kicked out!

BW: Nenshou didn't get quite as much lift as he ordinarily does with that bad wheel!

[Nenshou rolls to a seated position, holding up three fingers to the official who holds up two in response, shaking his head.]

GM: Nenshou thought he had him... we all thought he had him!

[The Asian Assassin slowly climbs to his feet, barely able to put weight on the injured knee as he hobbles around the ring, watching as Hayes pushes up to his knees.]

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

[Fueled by sheer spite, Hayes glares up at Nenshou, waving him forward.]

"THAT ALL YOU GOT?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A devastating roundhouse kick to the skull is Nenshou's answer, causing Hayes to fall to his back on the mat. Nenshou nods, turning back to the corner...]

GM: Nenshou with a roundhouse to the head of his own and he's not done! He's going back up top!

[He steps to the middle rope, running a hand over the facepaint that has peeled into tatters as he pushes up to the top, bending over to steady himself...

...and then HURLS himself backwards a second time, floating through the air, and CRASHING down on Hayes' prone form!]

GM: HE HITS THE MOONSAULT AGAIN!!

[He hooks a leg as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Nenshou rolls off the downed Hayes, watching as the referee grabs his wrist, holding his arm up. Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

NENNNNNNNNSHOOOOOUUUUUUU!

["Raijin's Drums" starts up as Nenshou staggers to his feet. He stares down at Gibson Hayes. A faint smile plays across his lips and he raises both arms in the air.]

GM: Nenshou has done it! He has beaten Gibson Hayes! And look at him celebrate.

BW: He smiled and raised his arms.

GM: Have you ever seen Nenshou more animated?

BW: Point.

GM: Nenshou scores the win and hopefully this means, he could put this rivalry with Gibson Hayes behind him and move on to bigger and better things, fans. Right now, we've got to take a break but don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black on Nenshou with his arms still raised.

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.]

"The tour kicks off on Monday, May 26th in Gainesville, Florida at the O'Dome for MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM! This huge kickoff event will feature the World Title rematch the world is waiting for with Supreme Wright defending against Dave Bryant! Plus so much more action coming to Gainesville!"

[The graphic changes.]

"On Wednesday, May 28th, we'll be in Orlando, Florida at the CFE Arena for a live arena show featuring the World Tag Team Champions!"

[It evolves again.]

"Friday, May 30th... get ready Jacksonville as the AWA comes to the UNF Arena with a big event headlined by Ryan Martinez taking on Rick Marley!"

[And again...]

"We've got two big weekend events - Saturday and Sunday - we're coming to Savannah, Georgia and Charleston, South Carolina! Get your tickets now at ticketmaster.com for these huge live events!"

[The words "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" appear on the screen.]

"On Saturday, June 7th, the AWA returns to the airwaves on WKIK for another exciting edition of Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE from Charlotte, North Carolina! You do NOT want to miss that one!"

[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 then fades up backstage to Unholy Alliance member "Showtime" Rick Marley, standing with Jason Dane in front of an AWA backdrop. Marley's dark hair is slicked back away from his face, and he has a bit of stubble growing in on his face as he looks from the camera to the interviewer, a bit of irritation showing on his face...and (possibly more noteworthy) not at Percy Childes, who is nowhere to be seen.]

JD: I'm surprised your manager let you out unsupervised, Rick Marley. After you needed his and Johnny Detson's help last Saturday Night Wrestling to keep William Craven on the mat--

[Marley holds a hand up directly in front of Dane's face...actually interposing it between the microphone and his mouth.]

RM: You know what Dane? It's time for you to zip it.

JD: Are you--

RM: ZIP IT.

[Marley closes his eyes for a moment, looking down at the ground, then back up, his eyes meeting Dane's.]

RM: I've beaten Craven before...in tag matches...one on one...and last week, I'd have beaten him again. Nothing's changed on that front. I own him...now and forever.

I know it. You know. The fans know it...and most importantly, Craven knows it.

JD: That's not what we saw last week. You hit him with everything that you had. Only Detson hanging onto his leg kept him on the mat. You may have beaten him before, but that was in the past...you've still proven NOTHING about whether or not you've still got any business being in that ring, much less calling yourself the best wrestler in the AWA, bare none.

RM: I AM THE BEST IN THE AWA, BAR NONE!

[Marley pauses, takes a deep breath...then offers a complete insincere smile to Jason Dane.]

RM: See...you're trying to make me angry...get under my skin so that I do something stupid...but it's not going to work, Jason.

[Marley picks imaginary bits of fluff off of Dane's jacket.]

RM: Craven and Carver are regarded as two of the toughest guys in the business. Carver's been flapping his gums for months.

People tell me that he's calling me out, and I have to believe them since I don't speak his crazy moon language...but if they want to get into the ring with me and have me prove to the entire world how much better I am than them, I'm more than happy to do it.

JD: You and Johnny Detson, you mean.

RM: Huh?

JD: You said they'd step into the ring with you...but they're stepping into the ring with your partner too. Johnny Detson. The guy that let you pin Craven.

[Irritation flashes across Marley's face once again, his smile vanishing in an instant as he purses his lips and nods.]

RM: That's right...with Detson. My ally in the Unholy Alliance.

JD: Where ARE your allies, Rick? You're out here alone...no Percy...no Lake...no Detson...

RM: Busy. I had some things to say, and I didn't need them to help me drive a point home. On the mic, in the ring, in the parking lot...anywhere you want to pick, I'm the best. Bar none. Tonight Carver...Craven...hell, anyone else they wanna bring with 'em: BOC, The Easter Bunny, Santa Claus...it doesn't matter. Rick Marley doesn't run from anyone...this started with Carver sticking his nose into my business in a parking lot. I got set up, and he got someone to gibber at for a few months.

Fine. I walked into it like a jackass, and I can live with that...but now it's time to make sure that Carver can't.

[Dane opens his mouth to interrupt, but Marley just keeps going.]

RM: I'm not finished yet...zip it and hold the mic like a good little stooge, and maybe I'll forget all of the garbage you've been talking about me.

People like to say that I somehow disgraced the sport with what happened in the tournament...that it makes me less of a wrestler somehow.

Tonight you'll have to ask Craven and Carver how much that choice diminished me after they're laying on their backs, staring up at the lights.

'Cause after all of the talk...after all of the garbage, that's where they're ending up...and you can take that to the bank.

[Marley stalks off before Dane has a chance to follow up.]

JD: A... volatile Rick Marley is ready for tag team action later tonight but right now, let's go back out to the ring for our next match!

[We cut to the announce team at ringside.]

GM: Fans, we're back from...

[Gordon's gaze drifts towards the ring.]

GM: It appears as though "Hollywood" Larry Doyle is climbing into the ring and... wow... he looks like he hasn't slept in a week... or perhaps two weeks since the last Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: For someone who revealed to the world just how powerful he is, Larry Doyle don't look powerful at all, Gordo. He looks weak. And if Brad Jacobs doesn't apologize to Percy Childes-

GM: Which does not seem likely, you must admit.

BW: Right, but unless Jacobs says he's sorry, Larry Doyle might look a damn sight less than weak in a few minutes.

[Doyle is in the ring, in a spiffy black suit but absolutely in shambles. His tie is loosened, his face is red, one cufflink is undone. He stands in the corner trying to relax, breathing in through the nose and out through the mouth, while smoothing his sweat soaked hair with his hand.]

BW: Good Lord, I never thought I'd see him look like this.

GM: It's worth pointing out that we're being told that Van Alston, his mammoth bodyguard, tried to come down to ringside with him but Doyle wouldn't have it.

BW: This is an extremely delicate situation, Gordo, one that not even someone like a bodyguard can be involved with. It's essential personnel only.

[The next voice is a well-familiar one, coming over the PA.]

PC: It's the moment of truth, Larry.

[Yes, here comes Percy Childes. The bald, squat manager with the dark goatee is wearing a wine-colored jacket and pants, a black button-up dress shirt, and a white tie. He has his crystal-tipped cane in one hand, and the house mic in another. He continues to speak as he walks down the aisle, because time is money. Especially with WKIK.]

PC: However this turns out, though, there's one thing I do want to tell you. Your appearance. Disheveled. A mess, to be frank. Tighten that collar, fix that cufflink, and stand straight. You wouldn't be in this situation at all if you weren't strong enough to become one of us in the first place. And even if you're facing the end... project strength. Face it with dignity. I have, at the very least, faith in you. Justify it.

[Childes climbs the steps as he speaks, and finishes his statement standing mere feet from Doyle, face to face. Doyle promptly tries to oblige, fiddling with his uncuffed shirt sleeve, running his fingers through his hair as a makeshift comb. Doyle reaches out his hand, offering a handshake to his ally...

...but a smirking Percy Childes simply turns away, looking back down the aisle.]

PC: Now. Brad Jacobs. I trust you've been informed by AWA officials that your presence is required here, no matter what you've decided.

So come out here, please.

[There's a pregnant pause as everyone stand, turning towards the top of the aisle.]

GM: It's the moment of truth here, fans. Will Brad Jacobs apologize and pledge his allegiance to the Wise Men? Or will Larry Doyle suffer the same fate as Ben Waterson and Louis Matsui before hi-

#THERE ARE SEVEN KNOWN WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

#YOU ABOUT TO WITNESS THE EIGHTH

[And as Ice Cube echoes throughout Florida, Brad Jacobs stomps through the curtains, a thick gold chain around his neck swaying to the beat. He's dressed in black jeans and a grey "The U" t-shirt, and as he walks to the ring he ditches the shirt and throws it off the ramp, entering the ring and getting right up in Percy Childes' face.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: We might have our answer, Gordo!

[The fans go ballistic as the jacked Jacobs spits out venom at Percy, and then has his arm pulled away by an apoplectic Larry Doyle. As the music dies, Doyle already has a microphone.]

LD: Nonononono, Brad, Brad, Brad, let go, leave him alone. Percy, just wait, gimme a second here, brother!

BW: This does not look good for Larry, oh mama does this look bad.

[A desperate and pleading Doyle is hanging onto Jacobs' arm, only to have the powerful limb ripped out of his grasp.]

LD: Now listen, Brad, here just wait. Percy, this is-

[Childes on the other hand, looks completely calm as he speaks.]

PC: Jacobs, are you a complete fool?

[Without a second's hesitation, Jacobs grabs Percy around the neck with both hands and LIFTS him off the ground, the short stubby legs of Childes' flailing like a cartoon character. The crowd ROARS it's approval, and Gordon Myers can barely be heard over the crowd...]

GM: OH MY STARS, PERCY CHILDES MIGHT GET AN EARLY EXIT! GOOD THING HE'S WEARING DARK PANTS!

BW: DON'T DO IT, KID, DON'T BE SO STUPID!

[Doyle literally dives to the mat and picks up the microphone, scattering to his feet and shouting into it.]

LD: DON'T DO IT, DON'T DO IT! THINK OF PETEY! THINK OF PETEY! WHAT ABOUT YOUR BROTHER?!

[At the mention of the name, Jacobs instantly lowers Childes to the mat and releases him, turning all of his attention toward Doyle. Larry's eyes go wide as he spies Childes backing away to compose himself.]

GM: Did he just say...?

[Doyle speaks again, cutting off Gordon.]

LD: He's out of jail, right? He's sitting at home watching you right now. Who keeps 'im there, Brad? Who paid his bail? Who hired the lawyer? I did, Brad, me. That's who. I footed the bill, I got your little brother out of the pen and this is your chance to keep it that way.

[Doyle digs into his pocket and produces his cell phone, and slowly holds it up in front of Jacobs' face.]

LD: Me... Percy... the Wise Men... we're powerful people, Brad, you know that. Now do the right thing. Do the smart thing, for once in your life. LISTEN TO ME.

[Jacobs throws a cold glare at Doyle, his fists clenching and unclenching at his sides. Doyle holds the phone in one hand, gesturing with it at the Collector of Oddities who is back on his feet, rubbing his neck with a sign of discomfort on his face.]

LD: You smooth things over with Percy, you tell him you're sorry for grabbin' him like that and it's all forgotten. Water under the bridge. And most importantly, that brother of yours who can't keep himself out of trouble is gonna have a guardian angel makin' sure he's not wearing orange any time soon.

But if not, if you don't make the smart play, then by the time this night is over...

[Doyle pauses, choosing his next words carefully... very carefully.]

LD: I guarantee you he'll never walk a day as a free man again. Just one phone call, that's all it takes.

[Doyle stops to lick his lips and wave the phone at Jacobs, shouting "I'll do it, you know I will, I'll make the call!"]

LD: Come on now. Be smart, Brad, make the smart play. Keep Petey safe at home and keep yourself on track to achieve the success that no one in your family has EVER found.

That's a MAN, Brad Jacobs. That's what a MAN does. He sacrifices for his family. He puts others ahead of himself. Be a MAN.

[Jacobs takes a step towards Doyle but a lift of the phone freezes him.]

LD: Be smart.

[The crowd groans in unison as Doyle stops talking, all eyes on Jacobs.]

GM: Oh my, oh my stars in heaven. I take it back, I take it back a thousand fold. Larry Doyle is as low as you can get, that's absolutely despicable.

BW: A man's life and livelihood is at stake here, Gordo, Larry Doyle is desperate!

GM: And he's holding another man's freedom for ransom?!

[Doyle nods at Jacobs, his face utterly serious, not blinking at all. He lets the arm holding the microphone drop to his side, and watches as Jacobs goes from shaking with rage to breathing heavily, his body slowing down with each breath. He looks at Doyle, square in the eye...

..and then reaches back with his left hand and grabs Childes around the throat! The crowd explodes! Childes' response is angry and defiant... his hand is shaking, because any normal man would feel fear in this situation, but he holds the end of his cane right in front of Jacobs' face, pointing it at him in a clearly threatening manner.]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! HE'S NOT GOING TO BEND! HE'S GOING TO PUT PERCY CHILDES OUT OF COMMISSION!

BW: DON'T DO IT KID, THINK OF YOUR FAMILY! THINK OF YOUR BROTHER!

[...and then the crowd deflates as Jacobs lets him go. Childes breathes a sigh of relief, Doyle breathes a HUGE sigh of relief and there is a look of smug satisfaction on both of the Wise Men as Brad Jacobs, with hate in his eyes, looks at Percy Childes and mouths "I'm sorry."]

PC: Did you see the image I have engraved in the crystal, Mr. Jacobs?

[Jacobs nods angrily.]

PC: NEVER forget it.

[With that, Childes merely walks off, leaving Doyle and a bested Jacobs standing in the ring. Doyle smiles wide at the INSANE level of jeers coming from the capacity crowd as he jerks a thumb at himself, pointing at Jacobs with a "HE'S MINE! HE BELONGS TO ME!" Jacobs glares at Doyle, hate pouring from his eyes.]

GM: I can't believe what we just saw out here, Bucky. I simply can't believe it!

BW: Why? You know the power of the Wise Men. You know what they're capable of!

GM: I know their power INSIDE the world of wrestling! How do they have the power to keep Brad Jacobs' little brother out of prison?! What in the world are these men involved with?!

BW: The Wise Men are all-powerful and all-knowing! They came prepared! Every man has a soft spot... a weak link... a pressure point. They found Jacobs' and they pushed it... hard! He either stays with the Wise Men... he stays loyal to Doyle and Childes... or else. He made the choice. He had a choice to make and he made it!

GM: There was NO choice to make! You're talking about a man's family! You're talking about his brother! What choice did Brad Jacobs have?! Anyone else would've done the exact same thing! Fans, I am physically sickened by what we just saw. I cannot believe it! And while all that was going on, we had our ring crew out here setting up for this Scaffold Match!

[The camera pans the O'Dome, and gets a good view of workers assembling the scaffolding above the ring. The main floor of the scaffold has been hanging from the roof, and it is now being lowered and secured in place with the anchor segments that have been rolled out. One anchor segment is on the far side of the ring away from the entrance ramp, the other has replaced the final plank in the elevated entrance ramp, leaving a gap in the ramp so that the tower can touch the floor. This leaves the scaffold in line with the ramp so that the hard camera can see it clearly from end to end.]

GM: As the work crew sets up the scaffold, I just want to caution everyone about this match. Someone is going to take a very big fall, and there is a good chance that a gruesome injury could result. If you are squeamish about broken bones, this match may not be the one for you. Particularly with two daredevil athletes like Shadoe Rage and Donnie White, battling thirty feet above the ring.

BW: But for those of us who ain't bedwetting pansies, this is gonna be great.

GM: That is extremely rude, Bucky.

BW: Look, a scaffold match is like a monster movie. We came here for the devastation. Don't waste my time with ninety minutes of weepy junk between people that nobody cares about.

GM: Bucky's been complaining about the new Godzilla movie all week. Bucky, that was well-done filmmaking. Establishing the human perspective and making us care about the people affected by the walking tragedy that is a giant mon... I'm sorry, fans, I'm digressing. We've been having this argument all week.

BW: Ya know what, though? It's relevant. Shadoe Rage and Donnie White have families. They have friends. They have lives outside of this sport. I

know that Shadoe's brother didn't want him to take this match. I know that Donnie's parents have been calling him about this. I know that everyone around them is afraid for their lives, and that after tonight, somebody's family is going to be crushed.

GM: An excellent point.

BW: ...isn't that GREAT?! We get to see absolute destruction on every level! Man, get me some popcorn!

[Bucky puts the headset down and wanders off to go get some popcorn.]

GM: *sigh* They're still hard at work assembling the final battleground for Shadoe Rage and the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White. Two men will go up... and one will come down very, very hard. Earlier today, Jason Dane had a doctor here in the building - a man who specializes in trauma - to discuss the effects of such a fall as the one that one of these men are about to experience. Let's take a look at that footage right now...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where we see Jason Dane standing at ringside alongside a slightly smaller than average man in an old rumpled suit. He is fairly old, hair thinning at the edges and bald on top. Spectacles are perched on his beaky nose. His bright blue eyes however are full of vigor and intelligence.]

JD: AWA fans, joining me right now is Dr. Harold Bashear. Dr. Bashear is an expert in the world of medical trauma. He has done extensive research in the areas of automobile crashes, plane crashes, even the world of professional athletics where the human body is subjected to blow after blow. Dr. Bashear, I asked you here tonight to talk about one of the featured matches here at Memorial Day Mayhem - the Heaven And Hell Scaffold Match.

[The doctor arches an eyebrow.]

Doctor: I'm sorry. Can you repeat...?

[Dane nods.]

JD: Doctor, tonight, two AWA competitors - Shadoe Rage and Donnie White - are going to climb onto a scaffold set up thirty feet over the ring. They will fight on that scaffold and that match will not end until one man is knocked off the scaffold and all the way down onto the ring.

[The doctor's eyes were getting wider and wider with each word.]

Doctor: Excuse me. Did you say they're going to...?

[Dane repeats himself.]

JD: They are going to fight until one man falls thirty feet to the mat.

[The doctor's jaw is dropped.]

Doctor: Dear god... why?! Why would anyone do this?! Who would allow such a thing to happen?! Do you people understand what can happen to ANY man who falls the equivalent of three stories?!

[Dane cracks a slight smile, obviously having gotten the reaction he wanted.]

JD: Well, doctor... that's what I wanted to ask you right now. What is likely to happen to the loser of this match? What is likely to happen to the man who falls off that scaffold and lands on the wrestling ring thirty feet below?

[The doctor is sweating now, wiping his hand across his brow. He seems agitated, flustered even.]

Doctor: Wha... what is likely to happen?! Are you joking with me, young man? What do you THINK is likely to happen?! He is likely... almost certain... to be severely injured!

[Dane nods, trying to speak but the doctor interrupts.]

Doctor: A fall from a height of approximately thirty feet to a hard surface below has a VERY high chance of resulting in... in a fatality!

[It's Jason Dane's turn to have his eyes go wide, his jaw dropping slightly.]

JD: I'm sorry. Did you say a fata-

[The doctor is talking very fast now.]

Doctor: Fatality, yes! Even if they survive, they're likely to suffer... suffer fractures... maybe punctured organs... thirty feet?! Thirty... the impact is horrific! It's... this is not the movies, sir! This is reality! This is real life! This is not the motion pictures where there is no body trauma from falls. You go watch... what? Whatever action movie of the moment is out there.

JD: Taken 3 starring Alex Martin-

Doctor: Whatever! This is not that! This is reality! How could such a match be allowed on this show?! Young man, you must allow me to speak to your immediate supervisor! This cannot happen!

[Dane looks at the doctor helplessly.]

Doctor: Someone should stop this. Someone NEEDS to stop this. Have the participants not been made aware of the dangers that they face?!

[Dane smiles.]

JD: If you knew the participants, you would know that it doesn't matter to them.

[The doctor's jaw drops in exasperation.]

Doctor: That simply cannot be! I would not-

[He points into the camera lens.]

Doctor: You. Out there. I would NOT broadcast this... this carnage! This is not a professional wrestling match. This is not an athletic competition. This is wholesale slaughter! This is a televised severe body trauma! Whoever falls from this scaffold is likely to never be the same again... IF they survive.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Consider us warned. Thank you, doctor.

[The doctor gives a slight nod, wandering away shaking his head while muttering "the horror" to himself over and over again.]

JD: The Heaven and Hell match...

[Dane shifts uncomfortably.]

JD: This one is NOT for the faint of heart.

[The camera slowly fades away from Jason Dane...

...and back up to more pre-taped footage. Mark Stegglet stands in the back beside two members of the Shane Gang; Donnie White and Miss Sandra Hayes. The Siren is wrapped up in a dress as snug as a bandage and chic as it is sexy. It has made up of light beige fabric with a green criss-cross pattern and a mesh inset at the neckline. Her jet black hair is knotted up in a bun instead of the usual rat-tail thrown over her shoulder. She pats the signature florescent pink branding iron into her free hand as she stands to the side of White.

The hot-chocolate skinned daredevil is dressed to the nines tonight. His stark blonde hair is violently spiked up into sharp tips down the center of his scalp which is bled clean on either side. His dark brown eyes are outlined with white eye shadow, matching the colors of his painted fingernails and electrical tape that grips around his wrists. White wears a stretch-fabric, sleeveless parka that hangs from his shoulders to the floor. It is zipped up just underneath the white choker around his neck. Even from his ears, the usually bright-colored Donnie White, has white earrings dangling from his ears.]

Mark Stegglet [MS]: Donnie, tonight you ascend to heights you may have never thought were possible. Tonight you will reach a pivotal moment in your career that could very well define you for years to come. In a few moments time you will walk to the ring, climb up into the air, and look Shadoo Rage in the eyes on top of a scaffold in front of a sold out crowd.

Donnie White [DW]: Mark. Let Donnie White ask you some'em here and now.

[Donnie White's typical grin is straight and narrow. His eyes are narrowed in on the camera in front of him.]

DW: Does the Atomic Blonde look scared? Does the Memphis Mohawk look rattled? Do you think for a single solitary second that the Blues City Blonde Bomber ain't got what it takes to HEAVE Shadoe Rage from the scaffold down to the pits of hell?!

[White's tone increases. The Siren tries to gently pat him to calm him down.]

DW: Let Donnie White make some'em perfectly clear, Mark. There ain't no sky too high that Dee-Dubbya is afraid to soar. You could put us on top of Mount Everest, you could beam us up as high as the world stands tall, you could send us off to outer space or to another galaxy and the end result will be the same...

...Donnie White is gonna take out the garbage known as Shadoe Rage and send it to Dump City once and for all.

MS: So you don't think that wrestling thirty feet in the air is going to affect you in the slightest?

[Donnie shoots a glare over to Miss Sandra Hayes and mouths, "thirty?" and she nods very matter-of-factly. He quickly redirects his attention to Mark Stegglet.]

DW [softly]: No. [louder] No! Not at all, Mark. Donnie White has one job and one job only tonight and it ain't to make it safe for little kiddies to fly the friendly skies or create some'em special in the air for all the good boys and girls to enjoy. Nah-nah, Mark. This ain't no feel good story with the puppy in the window bein' sent off to a good home.

This is the story of that little puppy bein' left behind. It grows old, it grows tired, it grows annoying, it starts to grow little blisters on his once soft cuddly paws, it grows big droopy eyes, its ears start to hang to the floor and he trips on them and not in the cute and funny way like when he was little but rather the super depressing and shoot him out back like he has rabies sorta way that you saw in the movies when you were a kid that your mama ain't told ya 'bout ahead of time or forgot to cover your eyes for and you spent three weeks cryin' 'bout it with a night light on...

[Stegglet looks to Hayes, she shrugs.]

DW: No sir-ee. This story ain't got no sad whoa-we's-me tears, Mark. This story ain't for the feint of heart or the week-stomached folks. This story ends in blood, broken limbs, and a six foot six monster lady-Giant carryin' the carcass of her psychopath boyfriend to the ER in her arms like a teddy bear chewed up and spit out by a pitbull. Shadoe Rage wants to pretend

that he is about to unleash some kind of unknown fury on Donnie White well the Atomic Blonde only has one thing to say to him...

...UNLEASH THE FURY!

[He screams out.]

DW: Be one with your inner RAGE, Shadoe! You've been barkin' up the wrong tree for ETERNITY and callin' people racist, sexist, fascist, egotist and how you are gonna right all the wrong evil doers of the world! Donnie White is TIRED of it, home-boy. DAMN tired! You think your threats of cracked skulls and broken bones scare the Memphis Mohawk?!

Donnie White INVENTED cracked skulls and broken bones! He also created super glue and he knows how to body parts back together like he did with GI Joe action figures when he was a young little Mohawk and he would break them again, and again, and again, AND AGAIN!

You know what happened to those little action figures? Do ya?!

[White throws his hands out.]

DW: They got sold off at a garage sale in the bargain bin, two nickels for matchin' arms and a quarter for a torso if it still had the head connected! That's YOUR future, Shadoe! That's what is left of your pathetic career. You were picked up in the bargain bin of washed up and over used talent by the AWA and given a pity contract because Todd Michaelson's heart went out to you and your sob story. Ya know the difference between Todd and me?

Donnie White don't wear hearts on his sleeve...

...he wears them on the bottom of his boots.

And ya see this here?

[White lifts one white boot into the air.]

DW: The Blonde Phenom has been savin' a special place for yours right here.

[And then stomps it into the ground.]

DW: The Atomic Blonde reserved ya a spot in hell and this time there ain't gonna be no comeback.

[White storms off the set leaving Stegglet lost for words and standing alone with Miss Sandra Hayes as the camera cuts out to a live shot.

It's time. It's time for the Heaven or Hell Scaffold match and Mark Stegglet is standing here with the architect of the madness, Shadoe Rage. His back is turned to the camera so that you can take in his purple leather robe and the wording: "HEAVENBOUND" sewn onto it with black leather strips. The

wild Haligonian's mass of beaded dreadlocks is tied up into a bun angling upwards from his skull, forming a thick cushion.

Is this some nod to the potential impact of a head falling 30 feet to strike a taut piece of canvas or is this simply another of Rage's fevered creative outbursts?

Stegglet definitely seems to be feeling the Rage energy. He's wary and nervous, like a dog sensing a tornado. A light sheen of sweat stands out on his brow. His body's attitude is tense, poised to run. Everybody's wondering what Rage is going to do next.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, just moments before this scaffold match, I'm here with-

The next thing Rage does is suddenly whirl on the camera. He spins so fast and so hard he almost pounces through the screen. He certainly overwhelms the frame and our focus. Even Stegglet shrinks into the background.

First thing we register are the eyes. Those hazel eyes behind their smudged kohl liner blaze through the screen. They aren't human eyes. Some demon has taken up residence in Rage's head and those eyes are windows to its inhuman soul.

Rage is clearly consumed with whatever mad spirit lives inside him. He is both dreadful and beautiful at once. The camera reframes the shot to get Stegglet into view and capture the manic Shadoo Rage.]

SR: Tonight's the night!

[That voice is fighting itself again. It's like his vocal cords don't want to let loose the words that give form to his madness. Even they are overwhelmed as his voice crashes over the screen.]

SR: Tonight's the night! Tonight's the destruction of Donnie White! Heaven and Hell! We're up there on the scaffold that I designed! Tonight, Donnie White, we fly! Tonight, we bring an end to this interminable war! Tonight, I ascend. Tonight ... you fall.

[That's going to hurt. You can tell by the way Stegglet is wincing as he imagines it.]

MS: That's your message to Donnie White right before the Heaven and Hell scaffold match?

SR: Yes. Donnie White, tonight you fall ... 30 feet to your doom. You fall ... out of contention. You fall ... out of grace with the AWA, the Shane Gang, the fans. Tonight you fall. You fall by the wayside. You fall. Fall, White! Fall! Fall! Fall!

[As he speaks, Rage is turning in circles, shaking his head, shivering. He's chasing something in his mind, something terrible, by the look of it. Or something ... rationale?]

MS: Have you given any thought at all to your health and well-being in this match? Scaffold matches are notoriously dangerous. Nobody really does ...

[Stegglet trails off as Rage leaves the shot and then comes wandering back in. He's got a steel chair in hand.]

SR: Don't blame me for any of this! I didn't start this war! I am but the means to its conclusion. I am the Angel of Death. And up there on the scaffold that is my domain. Up there in Heaven is where war shall rage and you ... you will be cast out and thrown down to hell, Donnie White, like the Satan that you are. You envy me. You desire to be me. You've got lust in those eyes for me. You dress like me. You decorate your face like me. You try to boast like me. But you ARE NOT ME!

[He's hit a vein somewhere inside him. Something is coming forth. And Rage dulls its rush by hitting himself in the head with the chair. CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! Stegglet looks like he wants to run.]

MS: Please. Let's try to stay on track here.

[Whatever demon that was trying to come out is seemingly unconscious because Rage throws the chair with a crash to the ground that sends Stegglet jumping and looking around off camera. He's probably hoping for a Marissa Monet appearance to save him from the madness. There is no relief in sight. Rage isn't even interacting with Stegglet any more. He's lost in his own world, tormented from the inside, speaking to nobody, anybody, everybody ... himself.]

SR: From the moment I returned to the AWA I knew we were destined to collide! There you were, Donnie White: foolish, useless, but talented. A brilliant athlete who could fly. But you were latched onto the Shane Gang, used as fodder. They knew right away that you weren't strong enough on your own! You still aren't now! And that's why Sandra Hayes came after me! She saw the true beautiful angel! She saw the wondrous purity of the original! A force that could not be denied and would not be denied and would make Terry Shane III a God in the AWA. Not a joke.

Look what he's become, relying on you for protection. He's become worthless, weak. He doesn't know who he is from day to day. One day he's a raving, insensible mad man and then he's an arrogant fool. And that doesn't even matter because what have you become, Donnie, under Shane's tutelage? An errand boy. Irrelevant. All you've been doing is distracting me from championships. And that distraction won't last forever.

I'm on my way to the Television title. And that will be my passport to the World Title! And there's nothing that you'll be able to do to stop it, White! Nothing! You call this the year of the Shane Gang? What is a year

compared to an age? This is still the Age of Rage! This is still Rage Country! This is still my world! And I have not climbed to its heights yet!

But tonight ...

[He pauses, nodding.]

SR: TONIGHT ... I will. Tonight I will prove to the world that the scaffold match is the most dangerous match there is. Forget Death in Darkness ... forget that classic war against Kowalski. I was a young and foolish man then. Now, I'm in my prime ... I'm at full strength.

[He is an ax crazy raving lunatic. Stegglet has given up trying to ask questions, just holding the microphone. That little action is enough to get Rage's attention bearing down on him, pushing him to take steps backwards with the psychic force of his rage.]

SR: (grabbing Stegglet's arm) For too long I've been held back, man. For too long, I've just been an after thought. Oh, yeah, Shadoe Rage, he can go in that ring, but you can't trust him because of his father. He wasted all those years in the Prophets of Rage. That family is suspect, man. He's just crazy. He ain't big time enough. He can't function without Marissa. She's the better talent. He'll never be anything on his own!

That's the kind of stuff people have been saying about me my whole career. Yeah, I had some hard times coming up in this business. Yeah, I did some bad things. Yeah, I let the rage get a hold of me. I had to sit back and watch while men like you got matches. While inferior men like you got praised. While men like you got opportunities. I should have been World Television Champion but you went and handcuffed yourself to the ring. Try that up there on the scaffold! Try hanging onto while you're dangling thirty feet. Do it and I'll rip your shoulder right out of its socket!

[Even though it's hyperbole ... it just sounds plausible.]

SR: (twisting back towards the camera and taking Stegglet's arm with him) You want to belittle me? You want to belittle this match? You want to pretend that you aren't scared of me? You want to pretend that you aren't scared of being seriously injured? Well, you stay there and pretend. Try to laugh it off like you always do, little man. Nobody is buying it. Nobody is buying your string of awkward puns. Nobody is buying your lame jokes. They know that you're not that stupid. I'm not buying it and I know you're not stupid. The only man that can flourish up there is me. I know and the people know that you know one-on-one up there in the sky you're in trouble. And I know and the people know that you know I'm going to tear you apart up there!

This ends tonight, Donnie White! And by the time that bell rings you're going to be lying there in pieces on that mat! And I, the Angel of Death, will finally have my place amongst the stars! My path laid out before me! And I shall finally know peace in my breast, Donnie. I am the Angel of Death! I am the man who is mad, bad and dangerous to know.

[The reference to Byron seems apt. It also seems to give Mark a chance to end this interview and get the hell out of Dodge.]

MS: Any last words before you go?

[Rage turns that stare on him. The suggestion and the cheek isn't lost on Rage. He's so far on the edge. Who knows if he can come back.]

SR: (facing the camera again) I will spread my wings against the blast and breathe in the face of my foe as I pass! The eyes of the people shall grow wide and chill! Donnie White, your heart will beat just once and forever grow still! You will taste the Angel of Death Drop! From Heaven I shall stab it at thee and break your chest, crush your throat! The Mile High Mohawk, the Memphis Madcap, the idiot that just wouldn't shut up and disappear will be put to an end tonight! Tonight, you die, Donnie White! Tonight you die in darkness!

MS: Thank you, Shadoe Rage.

[With that, Rage throws Stegglet's arm away.]

SR: (growling) He's going all the way down to Hell!

[Rage backs out of the shot, shouting incoherent threats.]

MS: I will be glad when this rivalry is done. This has been going on for a year now and it needs to be resolved once and for all. Somebody's going to get hurt tonight and...

[He looks off-camera after Rage, shaking his head.]

MS: ...and I'm afraid they're going to get hurt badly. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[When we return to ringside, the scaffold is undergoing final testing, and Bucky has a massive tub of popcorn and a Big Gulp. At least he was considerate enough to get Gordon a small.]

GM: Fans, we're back...

BW: *MUNCH*MUNCH*MUNCH*MUNCH*

GM: Bucky! You can't eat while doing commentary!

BW: Shmmmmure I cnnnn. *CHOMP* Owrrrrr lk rrrt thhhmmmtt mmnrvr!
*MUNCH*MUNCH* Shhhhhee?

GM: In any event, the rivalry between Shadoe Rage and the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White has raged, if you'll excuse the pun, for almost a year at this point. It all began when Miss Sandra Hayes attempted to recruit Shadoe Rage for the Shane Gang, but Terry Shane III was not interested in having

another dominant personality on board. The personal issues between Rage and Shane sort of transferred as it was Donnie White who took the lead in trying to get rid of Shadoo Rage. Many matches and conflicts have made the hatred between these two men grow personal, beyond merely Donnie White doing Terry Shane's dirty work. This is now truly White's battle, not Shane's.

BW: And that's just how the Memphis Mohawk wants it, daddy. Get your popcorn ready... it's showtime! *CHOMP*

[*DING*DING*DING*]

PW: The following contest is... THE HEAVEN AND HELL SCAFFOLD MATCH!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: The only way to win this match is to throw your opponent down from the scaffold, to the ring or the arena floor!

[The camera gets a long pan of the scaffold as spotlights play over it. The structure is about seven feet wide, and is longer than the ring itself. There are railings all around the outside of the scaffold; it isn't just a flat surface, so in order for someone to go off of it, they'll need to go over the four-foot high railing.

The floor of the scaffold is exactly what one would think when one hears "scaffold": metal scaffolding, an elongated grid of flat metal pieces with slots in between so that it can be seen through. At each end of the scaffold is the anchor column, which is made of solid metal piping and ascends up a good seven feet above the scaffold surface itself, giving the impression of two towers separated by a bridge. The scaffold surface is closer to twenty-five feet above the ring (ahhh, hype!), and the 'towers' terminate at approximately thirty-one feet above the floor. The tubing that composes the 'towers' are a safety orange color, as are the railings... the surface itself is gunmetal gray.

The crowd cheers the announcement, and we get a second camera angle, looking down from the scaffold. It's a loooong way down to the ring. As we look down, cheers turn to boos as a loud static noise is heard over the PA. The fans know what that means, and very soon the familiar strains of "Dance Of The Knights" can be heard over the PA. The dramatic ballet piece, performed by the Royal Opera House in London, heralds the arrival of the Shane Gang.

Miss Sandra Hayes comes out first, followed by Aaron Anderson (in street clothes) and Lenny Strong (in track pants, because he has recently showered from his match earlier; his hair is still wet). The three of them look up at the scaffold, and have very somber looks on their faces. The Lights Out Express step aside, and behind them, bouncing on the heels of his feet, is the "Atomic Blonde" himself, Donnie White. By wrestling stature, White is quite small, but his compact musculature betrays the fact that he is quite strong for his size. Donnie's very dark skin contrasts with his

outrageous blonde mohawk and his model-perfect white teeth, but he's not smiling. His eyes are focused squarely on the scaffold, and an intense look of focus is on his face.

After a few seconds, White steps out. Anderson and Strong pound fists with him, Sandra Hayes gives him a solemn nod, and then from behind enters the Ring Leader himself, Terry Shane III. Dressed in his ring attire for his later match, Shane grabs Donnie by the sides of his head, and pulls his forehead in close. A close camera shot shows Shane speaking into his ear: "You have this. You are better than he is. Put him down.", and White nodding in understanding. Shane releases him with a final gentle shove towards the ring, and the "Atomic Blonde" starts to march down the aisle.]

GM: As cutthroat as they are, even the Shane Gang showing deep concern for the potential consequences of a Scaffold Match.

BW: They travel together, they room together, they train together, and they fight together. Yeah, Gordo, even bad men form bonds. This is one of the most dangerous matches in wrestling, if not THE most dangerous as far as the potential for a career-ending injury. When even Terry Shane the Third looks concerned for someone's well-being, you know it's serious business.

[The Gang returns to the dressing room, leaving only White to walk himself down the aisle. Clad in brilliant white tights with a red/green/brown/gold/orange stained-glass-window pattern down each side of the leg, spelling out "ATOMIC BLONDE" on one side and "COME GET IT" on the other, along with orange-and-white boots, a lime-green sash around the waist, armbands that match the stained-glass patterning on the trunks and fingerless gloves that match the boots (over a layer of tape that goes to mid-forearm), Donnie is certainly as colorful as ever. But his demeanor is dead serious as he walks to the first tower, grips it in both hands, and shakes it with all of his strength.]

GM: White testing the structure. It did not move much at all.

BW: I heard that Bobby Taylor himself went to every contractor in the Gainesville area with the specs for this thing. Some scaffold matches in the past had scaffolds that swayed and moved and were unsafe to begin with. That's exciting in one sense, but the wrestlers couldn't fight real good up on them. The AWA board took a personal hand in making sure these guys had a surface to work on.

GM: Miss Hayes is being forced to return to the locker room. That was part of the rules. No managers, no valets, no whatever down here at ringside.

BW: Which hardly seems fair to the Shane Gang if you ask me.

GM: No one did.

[As the announcers bicker, Donnie goes to the other side of the ring and tests the scaffold there. Phil Watson begins.]

PW: Introducing first, from Memphis, Tennessee... weighing two hundred five pounds...

..."ATOMIC BLONDE" DONNIE WHITE!

[The fans have booed him, and now they are at a loud buzz as the Memphis Mohawk starts to climb the scaffold. He has no hesitation in scaling the ladder... and now "Dance Of The Knights" fades out, replaced right away with "Fame" by Irene Cara. The cheers overwhelm the buzz.]

GM: This is the challenge that Donnie White must face!

BW: A lunatic!

[Bolting from out behind the curtain comes Shadoe Rage. His sleeveless leather robe billows behind him as he sprints to the ring, running right up to the first tower and jumping on it to climb it as fast as possible. The Afro-Canadian maniac is lean and muscular, with beaded black dreadlocks, a neatly trimmed mustache and French fork beard. He is wearing purple trunks, black boots and kneepads (with purple trim), long black fingerless gloves and black elbow pads, tortoiseshell glasses, and a purple-and-black bandana, but something still seems off about him.

Marissa Monet emerges behind him, starting to follow him down the aisle...

...but one of the AWA officials steps in front of her, shaking his head. She calls after Rage but gets no response as he storms down the elevated wooden ramp, looking towards the ring.]

PW: And his opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing two hundred forty-eight pounds...

...SHADOE RAGE!

[As Rage arrives at the top of the ladder, Donnie White starts to put the boots to him!]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: White not waiting for Rage to get up onto the scaffold! Shadoe Rage is still on the ladder, and Donnie White is stomping away at his head!

BW: The Last Of The Mohawkins ain't gonna stand around and let this crazy man do what he wants to up there! Only a fool would.

GM: Both managers gone from here. White's allies in the Shane Gang are banned from ringside as well by the contract these men signed. This WILL be a mano-a-mano fight! In the meantime, Rage struggling to try and get on the scaffold in the first place!

[At this point, Donnie has grabbed the railing to brace himself, and has both of his feet planted into Rage's shoulders. He's trying to push Rage off the ladder with his feet!]

BW: If White shoves Rage off the ladder here, the match won't end... but it'll be over.

GM: You have to get on the scaffold legally before you can be defeated, but if Rage takes a thirty-foot fall onto the concrete floor, he'll be unable to fight! Possibly ever again!

BW: Rage is biting his leg! What the heck, Gordo?!

GM: I don't think White can believe it, and he recoils! Shadoo Rage bit him in the calf, and that gives him the room to get up on the scaffold! Hard elbow smash by Rage!

BW: Shadoo Rage ain't right, Gordo. Look at his eyes!

GM: Definitely a different expression than we're used to. Rage holds White's arm open, and plants a kick to the chest. Running knee! The scaffold remaining stable as Rage rushes White, who is backpedalling to try and get some space.

[The camera cuts to show Marissa Monet and Miss Sandra Hayes standing at the top of the aisle, watching as the AWA officials try and get both back through the curtain.]

GM: Those two ladies are trading words back there. Hayes had left but when Monet delayed her exit, it looks like Hayes came back out here. The officials are trying to get them both to the back but they're trading words with one another!

BW: This rivalry has spilled at times to every member of the Shane Gang including Miss Hayes!

[Finally, we see the two ladies being forced back behind the entrance curtain.]

GM: It looks like Hayes and Monet have reached a compromise... they're both leaving! This match will be one-on-one with no interference!

BW: Too bad, nobody's around to tell Rage what to do. And he's running around on a scaffold like a fool. Doesn't he care about his own life?!

GM: Rage with a running axehandle... he almost went into the railing after knocking the Blonde down! That's a very wide scaffold so there is plenty of room, but Shadoo Rage's rush offense still isn't what you'd consider wise when you're thirty feet up.

BW: Is... is that idiot climbing the railing?!

[Rage, still wearing his leather sleeveless ring jacket, steps up on the metal railing that surrounds the scaffold, and leaps to drive an axehandle down across the back of his mohawked adversary, who is driven to his knees.]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE! Shadoe Rage claimed that he would show no fear, and his claims were true.

BW: He also claimed that he was gonna literally murder D-White tonight! So his truth claims better stop right there!

GM: Now Rage is choking White on the railing. Driving the knee into the back of the head, trying to crush the larynx of the Memphis Mohawk on that iron rail.

BW: He's using the railing like ring ropes. But Gordo, unlike ring ropes, that rail was not designed for this! A piece could get knocked loose from that thing, and if that happens while someone has their weight on it... splat!

GM: The veteran Nova Scotian drags White into the middle of the platform. Hooks him for a vertical suplex... no, White blocks it! And a reversal! Rage crashes to the metal scaffold with the vertical suplex counter by Donnie White!

BW: That's gonna do a lot more damage than in the ring, Gordo. That scaffold is made of three-quarter inch galvanized steel. It's like suplexing a guy right onto a steel chair, if the chair was on the floor.

GM: I can only imagine. And White, of course, damages himself with that move as well.

[Slowly, both men crawl back to their feet off the scaffolding, looking a little dazed as Rage rushes forward with an overhand right, but the Atomic Blonde stuffs him by going underneath with a jab. Jab, jab, jab, jab.]

GM: He's taking the fight to Shadoe Rage! Donnie White throwing those straight right hands!

[White is popping Rage with a flurry of straight punches, "slipping and dipping" as he does, and thus evading two wild swings by his enraged opponent. Finally, the Shane Gang member finishes the combination with a standing dropkick to the face, leveling Rage in the middle of the scaffold.]

BW: He was smart on that dropkick, daddy. Caught himself coming down, planted his hands, and controlled his landing.

GM: That's the correct way to do a dropkick in every case, but it is more important to have good execution now. White popping up, grabbing Rage by the arm...

[*CRAAASSHHH!*

BW: OW!

GM: Point blank! Irish-Whip to the railing, trying to drive Shadoe Rage right through the rail! And Bucky Wilde was right; we don't know how much those railings can take! Any of them could be a weak spot if they were loosely attached, and none of them was designed to contain a fight.

BW: Plus, you whip him hard enough, and the top of that rail goes in the back and the upper body just keeps going. D-White has Rage bent backwards over the rail, and laying in some tomahawk chops to the chest. Or toMOhawk chops, to be accurate. Now he's gonna whip him to the other side!

[*CRAAASSSHHH!*

GM: RAGE REVERSED! WHITE INTO THE RAIL! And here comes Rage!

[The crowd, which has been gasping and reacting each time the men have rammed into one another or the rail, gets very loud, as Rage follows White in only to be back body dropped over the railing!]

BW: GOODBYE!

GM: SHADOE RAGE GRASPING THE RAIL FOR DEAR LIFE! HE IS HANGING THIRTY FEET ABOVE THE CANVAS!

[With a sudden move, Rage's grasp shifts from the bottom rail on the outside of the scaffold, in between the bars of the railing to hook around Donnie White's calves! White's arms flail briefly before he clutches the railing to steady himself and avoid being dragged out by Rage.]

BW: What is this loon doing?! If he grabs White, he'll just end up getting them both dropped off the scaffold!

GM: Indeed, that is not a very wise preservational move. Donnie White having to secure his own footing... and Shadoe Rage climbing up using his opponent's legs!

BW: Rage was willing to go thirty feet down just to take White with him! He's a full-time nut! Look at him, the dummy forgot that he's still wearing his ring entrance jacket. He's just going to fight with it on. He has forgotten about everything except hurting Donnie White.

GM: But he is back on the scaffold, and the match continues. If Rage had any more momentum when he came at White, he would have cleared the railing entirely... there is only seven feet from side to side, and the lack of clearance saved him. That is why it is insanely dangerous to run with a full head of steam in a scaffold match.

BW: Emphasis on "insanely". Rage is gouging the Memphis Mohawk's eyes and face now!

GM: Everything is legal. A roundhouse right staggering White back, and a left cross to the ribcage doubles him over. Gutwrench...

[*CRAAASSHHH!*

GM: ...INTO THE RAILING! Oh my!

BW: He whipped the Last Of The Mohawks into the rail upside down! Thank goodness for the power of the mohawk, or Donnie would have landed headfirst on the steel!

GM: He DID land head first on the steel!

BW: No, he landed mohawk-first on the steel! You cannot harm the 'hawk!

GM: Rage furiously kicking and stomping a dazed Donnie White... and now he's walking away from him? What in the world is he thinking?

BW: Probably one-syllable crazy man words. "KILL. RIP. EAT.". Stuff like that.

GM: Rage running down the scaffold... RUNNING KNEE LIFT FLIPS DONNIE WHITE BACK... AND OVER THE RAILING!

[White sails backwards over the railing, wrapping his arm around it as he goes.]

GM: Dangerous full head of steam pays off, and White is hanging on by a thread!

[After settling in, White is dangling from the railing, clutching tightly with both hands as Rage approaches him from behind.]

BW: This ain't fair! Donnie can't see him! Donnie! DONNIE! HE'S BEHIND YOU!

GM: Would you sit down?!

[The fans cheer loudly as Rage rains hammerfists down on Donnie's head from behind but the Tennessean is holding on for dear life...]

GM: A match like this can end at any time. Just one blow to the wrong spot - or the right spot depending on your point of view - could send your opponent plummeting nearly thirty feet below to the canvas. We all heard what the doctor had to say. Serious injuries. Broken bones. Punctured organs. Or worse.

[Absorbing Rage's blows, White uses his arm strength to skin the cat, swinging his legs up...

...but instead of going back over the top, he wraps his legs around Rage's head, trying to headscissor him over the railing!]

BW: D-White is turning the tables! Rage is too maddened to watch out for his own safety!

GM: You're right on that account; that took Shadoe Rage off guard...

[White is able to pull him over, Rage desperately grabbing hold of the railing as they both go back over, leaving both men hanging on the outside part of the railing, their backs pressed against the scaffolding.]

GM: Oh my god! Oh my god! They're BOTH in danger now!

BW: They've been in danger since they signed on for this thing, Gordo.

GM: But they're both hanging from that railing, their lower bodies resting on nothing but air! If either of these slip or lose their grip, they're going to go straight down to the canvas below!

[With both men clinging to the bottom of the rail, their lower bodies dangling above thirty feet of empty space, one would think that their next reaction would be to get to safety. But both men kick at each other.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Get back on the damn scaffold!

BW: They both want to win this thing too badly! We knew Rage was crazy but Donnie White may not be playing with a full deck either, Gordo! Oh my god... look at this!

[The crowd gasps as White releases his grip with one hand, dangling with just a one-armed grip as he lashes out with a punch to the cheek of Shadoe Rage!]

GM: He's hanging on by one arm! Fans, this could be the end of this right here! It might be over right here! If you've got children in the house, I'd recommend you get them out of the room right now! We might be about to see-

BW: Rage fires back!

[The two men now hang by one arm each, throwing haymakers at one another's head.]

GM: We've got a slugfest from two men dangling thirty feet above the ring! If this isn't the damndest thing I've ever seen in all my years in this business, I have no idea what it is!

[The punches land quickly, both trying to dislodge the other rather than watching out for themselves!]

BW: Donnie! Don't be as insane as Rage is!

GM: They are frantically pounding on one another, trying to send each other down! I think White finally realized that this is folly and is trying to get back in, but Rage just keeps kicking, hitting, and attacking like an animal!

BW: Like an animal? He IS an animal!

GM: White turning himself around, eschewing the 'skin the cat' business to just climb in normally. But he can't pull himself back in because he's taking this punishment from... WHAT IN THE WORLD?!

[The fans shriek as a snarling-mad Shadoe Rage...

...LETS GO OF THE RAILING!]

GM: OH MY GOD! HE THREW HIMSELF AROUND WHITE IN A WAISTLOCK!

[A desperate White wraps both arms around the railing, hanging on for dear life as Rage clings to him, trying to drag him down to hell!]

GM: Rage is willing to fall himself to the mat if he can take White with him! He's insane!

BW: He absolutely is!

GM: He would DESTROY himself in order to destroy White!

BW: I... even I never thought he'd go that far!

[Gritting his teeth, the Memphis Mohawk uses all the strength in his arms to pull himself higher, dislodging one arm just for a split second to wrap it over the top of the railing.]

GM: White's actually climbing! The Atomic Blonde is actually climbing back in anyway, carrying Rage's weight as well as his own! What power from a two hundred pound man!

BW: He's about as strong as it gets for his size, daddy. Size is really the only thing besides sideburns that the Mohawk Masterpiece doesn't have.

[Struggling, White pulls himself over the top of the railing, depositing both himself and Rage up on the scaffold. And yet, the single-mindedly tenacious Rage doesn't let go... immediately scrambling to his feet and German Suplexing Donnie right into the steel!]

GM: And after all that effort, Rage suplexes him! Right to the steel!

BW: He made Donnie White carry his weight up the scaffold just to survive, and once he did, he knew he'd be able to pop that suplex on him. That would be smart if it wasn't COMPLETELY INSANE.

GM: I have to concur. That could not have been Rage's plan, because he wouldn't have risked himself with the belief that Donnie White would be able

to carry him up. He truly intended to bring him all the way down with him. That... is disturbing. And Shadoe Rage now in complete control, choking White violently. Shaking him by the neck, pounding the back of his head into the scaffold. There is no referee count, obviously, because this is legal.

BW: And so was the eye poke to get out of it. The MohawKing Of Memphis will not go down that easily!

GM: Rage pulls White up, and a one-two combination staggers Donnie White... who turns and runs!

[Boos call out as White shamelessly runs to the far tower to get away from Shadoe Rage. The area where the safety-orange towers meet the scaffold is like a tunnel: orange tubing on either side with only enough clearance for one person to get through and access the ladder at the far end. There is no railing there, so if you keep running, you plummet to a probable death on the railing and concrete below. Six and a half feet up, the tower's top, a flat platform, forms a ceiling above the end area... it is only about two feet long, but it is this that Donnie White latches onto. Turning himself around, he swings into an onrushing Shadoe Rage with both feet, slamming into his chest and sending him flat on his back.]

BW: Using his environment! That's just like how he used to fight on the streets of Memphis. He would jump off of a blues band and tackle a guy into a barbecue pit.

GM: Be that as it may or may not be, Donnie White is using his environment... and climbing the tower! The tops of those towers are flat, and seven feet above the scaffold!

BW: If he falls backwards, Gordo... that's... well, I can't do the math when I'm all worked up like this but needless to say, he'd die!

GM: But he remains stable... AND A FLYING DROPKICK OFF THE TOWER! AND HE LANDED ON HIS FEET! INCREDIBLE!

[The fans have to cheer for just how spectacular that was... White jumps high and comes down at such an angle that his feet hit Rage in the chest, and he can control his body in mid-air to land on his feet!]

BW: D-WHITE JUST FLEW, DADDY! HE PUTS THE HAWK IN MOHAWK!

GM: The "Atomic Blonde" showboating to the Gainesville crowd! But that is a mistake! There is too much at stake for that!

BW: If only Sandra were still here...

GM: Now Donnie White gathering up Shadoe Rage... AND HURLS HIM OVER THE RAILING! SHADOE RAGE AGAIN HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!

[Cheers turn to screams as the Canadian clutches the bottom rail with both arms. Donnie sticks a foot between the rail bars, and presses down on

Shadoe's head with his full weight. He clutches the rail and sits back, rocking forward and back, all to try and power Rage off that railing. But again, Rage's tenacity wins out.]

BW: Come ON. Donnie should unbolt that railing bar. That'd be the smart thing to do. That's something Hayes would be telling him right now.

GM: With what? I doubt that Donnie White brought a toolbox in his trunks. But look! Rage's right arm is loose! He is hanging by one arm! Seconds away from a thirty-foot drop!

BW: Finish him, Donnie! ... what in the world?!

[Only now does Shadoe Rage address the fact that he has been wearing his leather ring entrance jacket the whole time. Using his right arm, he unzips the sleeveless jacket and pulls his right arm out from it. He then reaches his right arm back around the railing, extends his left arm, gets his jacket in his hand, and throws it over Donnie White's head!]

GM: Rage uses his ring jacket! Donnie White blinded by the jacket, and Rage uses the diversion to get up and over the railing! A cagey veteran move, and Shadoe Rage hauling off with a loud kick to the chest!

BW: Now he's choking him with the jacket! This shouldn't be allowed!

GM: I wish it were not allowed, but there are no rules up there! Rage with the jacket around White's neck... SNAPMARES HIM OVER THE RAILING!

[A loud roar comes up as it appears that White is done for... but Rage never lets go! He is hanging White using the jacket, and the "Atomic Blonde" is thrashing madly.]

BW: What?! Rage isn't trying to win, he's trying to hang the guy! He's trying to murder him!

GM: A definite departure from the showboating, seemingly playful Shadoe Rage that we have seen of late. He is even wearing opposite colors to his normal attire, like a film negative. He came here for just this reason, and as you mentioned earlier, he did make some very exaggerated and bold claims about how badly he would hurt Donnie White tonight.

BW: But you ain't getting it, Myers! Shadoe Rage passing up a win to inflict injury means that A THIRTY FOOT FALL ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM.

GM: ...oh my.

[At last, Donnie slips out of his leather noose by grabbing hold of the jacket and pulling himself up with it. Rage suddenly releases the jacket when he sees that White has no grip on the scaffold, but that's exactly what Donnie wanted. He grabs Shadoe's dreadlocks with one hand and the rail with another as he falls, sending Shadoe snapping chin-first into the top railing

with a loud THWACK. The jacket flutters to the ring and Rage crumples into a heap.]

BW: HA HA! Rage was not paying any attention to his body positioning! Lunatic fringe anger has its drawbacks.

GM: White used the momentum of the drop there, while using one arm on the rail to ensure that he wouldn't fall. A courageous move, especially since we cannot verify the integrity of all of those railing bars. He has reclimbed the railing now, stepping back onto the relative safety of the scaffold, and is picking his man up.

[Gathering the Nova Scotian up on his shoulders in fireman's carry position, Donnie shouts out to the crowd before jumping back on the metal scaffold with a Samoan Drop! He kips up from this position, and jumps right back down on his man again!]

BW: MEMPHIS MASH-UP! And that could have just knocked all the crazy right out of Shadoe Rage!

GM: It certainly drove the wind out of him, not to mention spiking him onto metal! Every impact move on the scaffold is ungodly damaging... and what is White pointing at?!

BW: The sky! D-White's gonna fly, daddy! The UH-60 Mohawk Chopper is about to take off in Gainesville!

[The crowd stands as White climbs the piping at the end of the scaffold, onto the tower platform a second time. He raises his hands to the crowd, as if orchestrating them to stand up.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is down... but surely he's too far away!

[Screaming in confident joy, he takes the single step that he has room for and flies...

...arms outstretched for the Sky High Mohawk...

...flashbulbs pop as he soars...

...right into an uppercut by a bolting-to-his-feet Shadoe Rage! The crowd explodes, and so does Donnie's nose!]

BW: OH NO!

GM: RAGE WITH A CRUSHING COUNTER TO THE SKY HIGH MOHAWK! HE MUST HAVE KNOCKED DONNIE WHITE COMPLETELY OUT!

BW: This is a disaster! Somebody go get the Lights Out Express! We need somebody to catch D-White, because he has to be KOed after that! He flew from seven feet up and god knows how many across right into that!

GM: Shadoe Rage could deposit Donnie White to the ring now... he's lifting him at the railing!

[He is, yes, but not to eliminate him. Instead, he drives him down atop the railing with an atomic drop, crotching him on the squared galvanized steel bar. The fans give a sympathy yelp (the males, anyway) as White spills into the scaffold like gelatin.]

BW: Oh, no! There might never be any Mini-Mohawks after that!

GM: Donnie White is completely at Shadoe Rage's non-existent mercy! Rage scooping up White. Could this be the end?

BW: No, he slammed him on that metal scaffold. Rage is just trying to destroy D-White! Jealousy has driven him mad! An animal like this should be locked up!

[After the slam, Rage gazes up at the top of the tower with a wild-eyed open-mouthed stare. His hands flex and clutch at air as he approaches the steel, and grabs on. The fans cheer in anticipation as Rage climbs to the top of the structure.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is going for a killshot!

BW: Maybe literally! Remember, he literally made death threats to poor D-White!

GM: Rage with his hands up in the air, the signal for the Angel Of Death Drop!

[Swinging his arms above his head, Rage crouches down and leaps high into the air...

...his elbow cocked to crash into his foe's neck with the Angel Of Death Drop...

...flashbulbs pop as he soars...

...right into a dropkick by a rolling-to-his-feet Donnie White! The crowd roars in impressed respect, and Shadoe is flattened!]

BW: WOO HOO! DID YOU SEE THAT, GORDO?!

GM: UNBELIEVABLE AGILITY! Donnie White rolled to his feet as Rage leapt, and dropkicked him out of his proverbial boots as he came down!

BW: Have faith, Gordo! Believe! Believe in the Mohawk Messiah!

GM: Bro-THER! Donnie White pulling himself up...

[Battered and dazed from Rage's last offense, White pulls himself to standing. He clenches his fists, and then pounds the scaffold, his eyes going

wide. The fans boo, but White reacts as if he were being cheered by a standing room only crowd, and tears into Rage with an adrenaline boost!]

BW: Now's the time, daddy! Put Shadoo Rage to pasture! Put the animal down, just like the Ring Leader told you to!

GM: Donnie White reaching down for an adrenaline boost, and is hammering away on Shadoo Rage! Kicks and punches, just savaging him!

BW: Uh oh! He knocked the crazy back into Rage! Rage is fighting to his feet!

GM: Both men slugging away! It is a fistfight in the middle of the scaffold! Rage with a haymaker, but White ducks it... atomic drop! White keeps hold of him, and a second atomic drop! And make it a trio, and the third one sends Rage splayed into the railing! Rage is in danger of going over!

BW: And D-White's all over him! This is it! Shadoo's taking the last flight out of Rage Country!

[With the audience on edge, Shadoo's upper body is hung over the railing, with White raining down punches from the top and kicking through the railing bars. Finally, the Atomic Blonde grabs the leg of Rage and flips him over, sending him down out of sight! The crowd screams!]

BW: THERE HE GOES! THIRTY FEET TO... huh? Where's the big splat?!

[Up on the scaffold, Donnie is jumping up and down, fists in the air in triumph! But the same camera pans down, below the level of the scaffold, where we see that Shadoo Rage has apparently grabbed the rail on the way down, and has swung himself under the scaffold. He is climbing under the scaffold in the same way that a child would climb on playground monkey-bars, hand over hand, to the opposite side of the scaffolding!]

GM: RAGE CAUGHT THE RAIL AND WENT UNDER THE SCAFFOLD! He is using the underside of the scaffold to get behind White!

BW: NO! Donnie, look out!

GM: He can't hear you thirty feet up in the air, Bucky!

BW: If Miss Sandra were here, she'd get his attention! This is an outrage!

GM: Rage climbing up and White does not see him!

[The "Atomic Blonde" steps up on the rail and does the arms outstretched "king of the world" pose. Then he looks down to take in the sight of his broken foe...

...and sees nobody.

He looks puzzled and finally hears the crowd cheering. A look of alarm crosses his face as realization sinks in.

Swiftly, White spins around, just in time to see a boot whizzing at his face at high velocity, and connecting with a loud SMACK!]

GM: __DEATH BY DECAPITATION__!

[The springboard (off the rail in this case) spinning roundhouse kick snaps Donnie's head back, dropping him down to his knees where he falls in slow motion down to his face on the scaffold!]

GM: That's it! He's out! He's out cold after that kick!

BW: But he can't pin him up there, Gordo. That ain't gonna win it! That ain't gonna finish off the Atomic Blonde once and for all!

[Rage slowly climbs to his feet, looking down at his prone foe. He lifts a muscular arm, stretching it out towards the ceiling of the O'Dome and slowly twirls it around...

...before pointing off the edge of the scaffold!]

GM: He's pulling White up, dragging him up by the mohawk...

[The Atomic Blonde is essentially limp in Rage's arms as he muscles him to his feet, pushing him towards the edge of the scaffold, driving his upper body out over the rail. Rage pauses, looking around at the crowd again...

...and then leans down, grabbing a leg and upending his foe!]

GM: WHITE GOES OVER!

BW: AHHHHH!

[The crowd collectively gasps as White, in total blind desperation wraps an arm around the top railing, clinging to it as if his life depends on it...

...and it might!]

GM: He's hanging on! Donnie White is hanging on with all he's got left!

[Rage stands over him, looking down in disbelief at his foe who seemingly keeps finding a way to avoid his ultimate fate. The lord and master of Rage Country balls up his fist, clenching it tight...

...and DRIVES it between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[White rocks back and forth from the right hand but manages to keep his grip. Rage winds up again, leaning over the railing to drive a second right hand down onto the mohawked skull!]

GM: Another right hand! He's trying to knock him down!

[Gritting his teeth, Rage gives a gravelly "DOWN!" before smashing a double axehandle over the skull, causing White's grip to slip, dropping down so that only his hand is hanging on to the top railing...]

GM: OH! He almost dropped, Bucky!

BW: Hang on, Donnie! Can't someone help him?!

GM: Everyone's banned from ringside! No one can help him! No one can save him but himself!

[White struggles, trying to get his other hand up on the railing as Rage winds up again, smashing an elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: OHH!

[You can hear the crowd gasp as White's grip slips, falling down...

...and again desperately wrapping his arms around the lower railing, saving himself!]

GM: He dropped down to the lower railing but-

[Rage grabs hold of the top railing, swinging his leg through, catching White in the face with a kick!]

GM: He's trying to kick him down! White's trying to hang on but- another kick to the mush!

[White is clinging to the railing with all his strength as Rage steps up on the railing, kicking his legs out and swinging through to DRIVE both feet into White's face!]

GM: OHHH!

[The Atomic Blonde's grip fails him again as he drops once more, this time hooking his hands on the edge of the scaffold platform!]

GM: He's STILL hanging on!

BW: But he's got nowhere left to go! This is it! He's gotta make a last stand right here! Fight, Donnie... fight for your life!

[Rage stands on the scaffold once more, looking down at White with a cold fury. He nods his head at White who seems to be speaking to Rage, perhaps a final plea for mercy...

...and then raises his leg, crashing his heel down on the right hand fingers of the Atomic Blonde who howls in pain on impact!]

GM: He stomps the fingers!

[But White hangs on, his fingers turning white from the pressure as Rage. He raises his leg again...

...and SLAMS his foot down on the left hand fingers!]

GM: He's trying to stomp the fingers, trying to break the grip! White's hanging on for his life and-

[Rage raises his leg again, looking down at White...

...and the slightest of smiles crosses his face an instant before he brings his foot down RIGHT between the eyes of Donnie White. The blow stuns White, causing his grip to loosen...]

GM: NO!

[White makes a final grab at the scaffold before he goes sailing...

...all...

...the...

...way...

...down!]

BW: NOOOOOO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: AAAAAAUGH! GET THE PARAMEDICS! GET THE PARAMEDICS!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The fans have EXPLODED as "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White sailed about twenty feet from his hanging position under the scaffold, landing flat on his back with a sickening smack in the ring! White is splayed out unmoving, as Shadow Rage stands, eyes bulging, glaring down at the scene of carnage below him. His eyes are crazed and his breathing is shallow.]

BW: Nononono! Why Donnie?! Why the Memphis Mohawk?! Why couldn't Shadoe Rage have taken that big thirty foot joyride into retirement?!

GM: Shadoe Rage stands victorious, high above the O'Dome, and Donnie White has just gone all the way from Heaven to Hell!

[A "THAT WAS AWE-SOME!" chant starts up in appreciation of Donnie's epic fall. The crowd chants and cheers as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: THE WINNER OF THE HEAVEN AND HELL SCAFFOLD MATCH...

...SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!!

GM: Finally, after more than a year of battle, after more than a year of taunts, provocations, and insults... finally, it is over.

[And then, still perched above the ring, high up on the scaffold...

...Shadoe Rage raises his arms. And the cheering suddenly stops.]

BW: No... NO, IT ISN'T! SOMEBODY STOP HIM! SOMEBODY DRAG DONNIE OUT OF THE RING!

GM: HE WOULDN'T! THIS IS MADNESS! THIS IS SUICIDE!

[Rage places a foot up on the railing, looking down at Donnie White with a gleam in his eye.]

GM: HE CAN'T DO THIS! HE CAN'T-

BW: Damn it, Gordo... Donnie hasn't moved since he hit the canvas and this lunatic looks like he wants to jump on top of him!

GM: That's exactly what he wants to do! Shadoe Rage is standing on that scaffolding railing and he's thinking about... you think he wants to drop that elbow on Donnie White?!

BW: Oh my god, I think you're right, Gordo. I think that's what he wants to do! He wants to bury that elbow right in the heart of the Atomic Blonde from a thirty foot fall! He's not sure he finished him off yet and he wants to be sure of it!

[Suddenly, a shout comes from the entranceway.]

GM: Get her down here now!

[Marissa Monet is shoving her way through a bunch of AWA officials who at first seem to be trying to stop her...

...and then seem to be rushing down the aisle with her, followed by even more pouring out from beyond the curtain!]

GM: Marissa Monet's gotta talk him down from there! Shadoe Rage is willing to risk his career to end Donnie White's and she may be the only one who might be able to change his mind!

[Monet slips through the ropes into the ring, looking up at Rage who is still standing on the railing, arms raised high over his head. A sea of AWA officials flood the ring, screaming and shouting at Rage as he looks up to the heavens.]

BW: Gordo, I'm not sure Rage can even hear her! He seems like he's off on his own planet right now!

[A pleading Monet steps back, looking up at Rage. She can be heard repeatedly screaming his name, begging him to look at her but he's off the reservation for sure now. Slowly, his gaze turns down once more, staring at White... staring at Monet... staring at the mass of bodies inside the ring shouting at him...]

GM: My god, look at those eyes! He's gone, Bucky! He's absolutely gone!

[Rage grits his teeth, adjusting his stance on the railing...

...when a desperate Monet suddenly spins around, throwing herself on top of Donnie White!]

GM: Oh my god! Marissa Monet is shielding Donnie White! She's telling her own... whatever he is to her... that if he wants to jump off that scaffold... if he wants to attack Donnie White and risk his own career to do it... that he's gotta go through her!

BW: I hate to say it but that's pretty smart. That might work! If there's any sense... any rational thought left inside Shadoe Rage's head, I don't think he'll hurt her to get at White.

GM: I've gotta agree with you there, Bucky.

[Rage looks down at the shielding White, shouting at Marissa Monet, ordering her to get off the Atomic Blonde who still hasn't moved since hitting the canvas. Monet refuses, shaking her head back and forth as she stays atop White's prone form. An angry Rage spits down on the scaffold...

...and then steps down onto it. He's absolutely fuming though as he marches down the length of the scaffold, climbing out onto the ladder]

GM: Rage is coming down the ladder. Thank heavens for Marissa Monet being willing to sacrifice herself to prevent that horrible scene from unfolding.

[Rage steps down on the ring apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He instantly moves over towards Monet who has gotten back to her feet by this point. He lifts a finger, pointing it accusingly at her and firing off some angry words in her direction...

...and then breaks away, heading towards the corner!]

GM: He couldn't drop that elbow off the scaffold so now he's going to do it off the top rope!

BW: Can't anyone stop this idiot?!

[A referee tries to do so...

...and gets drilled with a right hand for his efforts!]

GM: Oh, come on! He just hit a referee!

BW: He's gonna get fined for that... maybe worse!

GM: He certainly is and-

[The crowd begins to cheer!]

GM: Wait a second! Tony Sunn is coming down the aisle!

BW: Why?

GM: I have no idea but-

[Sunn steps through the ropes, shoving his way past a few officials and getting right up in the face of Shadoe Rage!]

GM: Uh oh! Sunn's up in Rage's face!

[The two men are pressed up against one another, shouting at each other as the officials swarm around Donnie White, waving for the doctors to get down the aisle.]

GM: We've got medical attention on the way down here for Donnie White. Get him out of there while Sunn has Rage tied up!

[Tony Sunn and Shadoe Rage have their foreheads pressed against each other, both men seething with anger as Marissa Monet tries to reason with them both.]

GM: We've got a faceoff in there and just as Shadoe Rage finishes off one rivalry, it looks like he may have drawn the ire of Tony Sunn and sparked a new one!

BW: Who cares about Shadoe Rage?! Donnie White's career might be over!

[Paramedics now swarm the scene, rushing to Donnie White's aid. The Memphis Mohawk is completely still as we see AWA officials trying to form a human wall between his prone form and where Rage and Sunn are squaring off, still arguing with one another.]

GM: Donnie White is in dire need of medical care. He is CERTAINLY going to the hospital after that fall. Who knows what kind of injury he may have suffered with a fall like that?

[With Rage on the other side of the ring, we spot Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong hitting the ring, checking on White as the medical team frantically works on him.]

GM: It looks like Donnie White is going to need a trip to the emergency room after that devastating fall. I'm told that they're preparing an ambulance in the back of the building and that they're going to need to get White into that ambulance ASAP.

[In the distance, we can see the ring crew climbing the scaffold, working to disassemble the structure as the show must go on.]

GM: Fans, there is a lot of work to get this cleaned up... we'll be back after this!

[We fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut into the ring where 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 the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing alongside Travis Lynch who has a towel draped over his shirtless shoulder, obviously fresh off a post-match shower.]

JD: Welcome back, fans, to Memorial Day Mayhem where I've been joined by a disappointed Travis Lynch. Travis, obviously you were hoping you'd end this night with a shot at the World Television Title coming up for you but that wasn't the case as it'll be Brian James getting that shot at Ryan Martinez instead. Your thoughts.

[Travis grimaces, nodding his head.]

TL: Disappointed don't quite cut it, JD. I keep comin' out here and telling all these great fans that I'm heading towards AWA gold and I keep gettin' roadblocks thrown up in front of me. If it wasn't Bruno Verhoeven, it was Rex Summers. If it wasn't Summers, it was the Bullies. If it wasn't the Bullies, it was Sunshine, The Lost Boy... whatever. And I'm just about sick of-

[A voice calls off from off-camera.]

"Roadblock? That's what you call me?"

[The camera pans as Dane winces, revealing Sunshine in a #ScumbagTravis t-shirt with the front cut low to reveal ample cleavage and the bottom tied up to reveal a shapely midsection.]

S: I thought we were more than that to each other, Travis.

TL: You're nothing but garbage to me, Sunshine. Now get out of here before-

[Sunshine cuts him off.]

S: Before you live up to your reputation and knock me flat again?

[Lynch shakes his head.]

TL: Sorry, Jason. This interview's over before I say something I regret.

[Sunshine won't let it go that easy.]

S: Now, Travis... you wouldn't want to leave before you hear my offer, would you?

[Lynch pauses, turning back towards her.]

TL: I'm listening.

[Sunshine smiles.]

S: Good. You want to hop over those so-called roadblocks? You want to get back on track for this gold you think you can win? Personally, I saw a lot of you in the ring over the past couple of years and I don't think gold's in your future unless the AWA gets you a gig on the Home Shopping Network.

[Lynch grimaces.]

TL: Spill it, Sunshine.

[She nods.]

S: So quick to get what you want. That's what I've always heard about you.

[Sunshine smirks at a fuming Lynch.]

S: In two weeks, I'm going to give you what you want, Travis. I'm going to give you the Beast to my Beauty, the Lost Boy, inside that ring.

[Travis nods, a weight seemingly lifted off his shoulders.]

S: But as you know, my Lost Boy isn't so fond of things like rules and referees. So, we're not coming for a wrestling match...

[She shakes her head.]

S: We're coming for a fight! Put on those steel-toed boots of yours... get that big leather belt with the huge old buckle on... because in two weeks, you're going to have a fight on your hands, Travis.

And we'll see if the old man taught you anything at all about being a real man.

[Another smirk.]

S: See you soon.

[Travis remains behind, his fists clenched as he watches Sunshine sashay away and out of view.]

JD: Travis Lynch, did you just agree to a no holds barred FIGHT with The Lost Boy?!

[Travis nods.]

TL: You're damn right, I did.

[And with that, he turns and walks away, leaving Jason behind.]

JD: You heard it here, fans! Travis Lynch is coming to Saturday Night Wrestling in two weeks' time and he's coming for a fight with The Lost Boy! Now, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by! Mark?

[Cut to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet stands before the AWA banner.]

MS: Hello fans, this is is Mark Stegglet backstage here at Memorial Day Mayhem. At this moment it is my pleasure to introduce my guests ... they comprise one half of the so-called "Kooky Quartet"--

[Yes, he just delivered that name without cracking a smile.]

MS: This is Hannibal Carver and William Craven.

[In true horrible big monster men fashion our two man-beasts enter the scene by stepping into sight from either side, uncomfortably bookending the relatively diminutive Stegglet. He gives a shifty look and steps back against the wall, allowing the two much larger men more room to crowd him out.]

MS: Gentlemen, tonight you face two men you've had a lot of problems with; the Unholy Alliance's Rick Marley and Johnny Detson. What do you have in store for your rivals tonight?

[Craven, the green-tattooed beast is the first to react, Carver looking down the entire time during the introduction and remaining still after.]

WC: In store? To ask such a question is to suggest a complete ignorance of the subject matter, Marcus. We bring what we always bring; blood and fire and hell and horror to make the frail faint and the unworthy wither. Moreso than Hannibal I know these men ... so many years. Up and down the road early on in my career I traveled with Richard Marley, second generation son of a famous high-flyer. He bragged of his lineage and boasted of his future and it's blinding brightness reflecting off all the gold he would doubtless claim. Richard Marley attained much success in spite of himself, this much is true, but even though he's grown in years he remains a little man among giants ... not physically but mentally. Otherwise he would never throw in his lot with Percy Childes.

[Licking sharpened teeth with split tongue, Craven chuckles slightly.]

WC: And then there's Johnny Detson... Jonathan I never thought you'd have it in you; the guts to go against me. After my fall from grace I flailed about, helpless to better my situation or reclaim past glories. Then ... I found you. You saw me as I was; a terrifying mass of scars and rage trying to rebuild a career that had seemingly flared out. You saw me and you, the champion, befriended me. I knew what you were doing. You feared what I was and the idea that I might work my ways upon you it seemed better to have me on your side. Then ... when you exited and returned, finding the man who had taken your title in that other world and past lifetime cowering in the face

of a green beast you knew. You knew the bullet you'd dodged. More than a decade ago ... I suppose it was my own fault. Time wore thin the bonds of memory and my knowledge of your true nature slipped free and drifted away.

For a time I believed us true friends. This is a mistake I'll not soon forget. In a way I must thank you for you've given me a self-awareness and clarity that I was missing. For the first time in years, in my mind, I am more than merely a lump of meat performing violent tasks for the amusement of the masses. I am a part of something larger than myself. We ... we are those ritually mutilated and strengthened in our suffering. They are the ones that wish to rule through machinations that unmake the world of wrestling. They are the authority and we, thereby, are made unto villains...

[Carver cracks his head to the side after finally looking up.]

HC: Tonight is the end. Really it's the end of the world. For so long now, we've been living in a world dictated by a fat man in a suit. A fat man with an even fatter checkbook. But that comes to an end now. Because tonight?

[Carver scowls.]

HC: We are DONE with the Wise Men. We are DONE with the Unholy Alliance. Between me and Bill... and our good friend Jack... these boys are getting put out to pasture. And when they're down on the ground, the will to fight beaten from their bones, I will personally blast their fat manager with enough elbows to send him to the emergency room. Hell, it'll be the nicest thing anyone ever did for fat boy... because he is going to lose a LOT of weight when he's on a liquid lunch diet FOR THE REST OF HIS DAMN LIFE.

[Carver seems as though he is about to continue, but then shakes his head and shouts, taking a wild swing at the air. Mark looks around nervously as Craven nods, seemingly pleased with his partner's loss of control.]

MS: Hannibal, forgive me... but I don't believe I've seen you so intent before. Not even in your year-long battle with Terry Shane III have I seen such anger and intensity from you.

[Carver nods, breathing heavily until he is finally able to get his breathing back to a calmer level.]

HC: Yeh've got it right there, Mark. For a year I was obsessed with that boy... but that was personal. That was someone wanting to make an example out of me. Wanting to use me to show that they are THE man. Someone who saw some tapes from a decade ago and decided if they could cripple the old man now that he's past his prime... well hell, that would be the easiest way to stardom there ever could be.

But yeh see Mark, life's funny like that. Sometimes it ain't as easy as yeh think.

[Carver flashes a grin, but one completely devoid of humor.]

HC: And sometimes the measure of fight in an old dog means a HELL of a lot more than the age of that old dog. Like I said, that was personal. That was me seeing a young man with all the promise in the world... but with the setback of ego and imagining the world owed him something. It's no lie that I still HATE that punk... but I still think he could be something if he got his head screwed on straight. And yeh can't say I didn't do my best to get it on straight... even if I had to rain elbow after elbow into the side of his head until he couldn't hang onto the waking world anymore.

[Carver chuckles, the sweet memory of beating Terry Shane III seeming to break his intensely negative mood if even for a split second.]

HC: But this, this is so much more. I know people have questioned my focus. Spending a year chasing Shane, and now putting every ounce of energy into knocking Marley into next week. I know people are asking, because some have asked me personally. Don't I want a shot at Supreme Wright? Don't I want to be champion of the world?

YER DAMN RIGHT I DO.

[Mark is taken aback a bit by that last sentence, as this is the first time since taking on James Monosso in the championship tournament that Carver has even mentioned himself and the championship in the same breath.]

HC: They keep bringing up my past. The man I was. Hell, if yeh boys want a tour of my home I'll show yeh the trophies. I'll show yeh that I was picked as the best in the world. Not the top guy in any company, but the world.

Wrestler of the year?

NUMBER ONE.

Most hated?

NUMBER ONE.

Best brawler?

NUMBER ONE.

So do I want to attain all that over again? Hell yes I do. Do I want to do it without the chairs and barbed wire and fire... to do it with nothing but my fists and every ounce of energy in my bones? More than almost anything in this world.

[Carver pauses.]

HC: Almost.

But, all respect due to the champ and what he had to do to get the strap and hang onto it as well as that ten pounds of gold itself... this is the rare time in

my life that something else is more important. That something else is bigger than the belt and everything that comes with it. Because while I want to be at the top of the mountain again...

[Carver scowls, his temporary good mood vanished.]

HC: ... I want to make sure there's a mountain to climb to the top to even more. That's what tonight means to me. This is bigger than revenge for everything they've done to me, for what those cowards did to Bobby last time just because Detson couldn't beat him like a man. Bigger than all the gold in the world. It's this sport, and safeguarding it against jackals like Childes and his cronies. That's exactly what the stakes are. It's the most important thing there is. It's the SPORT of professional wrestling... and we're saving it for us and for everyone else that ever laced up their boots TONIGHT.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: And I know tonight Juan Vasquez is taking another piece of CRAP out of here in a garbage bag, and once that's said and done he's ready to tackle these dirtbags. While I appreciate that and respect the hell out of him...

[Another humorless grin.]

HC: ... after tonight there ain't gonna be nothin' left. Tonight it ends. Tonight the future of this sport gets life-giving CPR when these scrubs get taken out with the rest of the garbage.

[Grabbing Stegglet's wrist, Craven brings the microphone back his own way.]

WC: If the message is not yet clear ... tonight the villains become heroes ... and the Unholy Alliance ... gets sent back to Hell!

[With a determined Craven and Carver looking on, we fade back to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed to wrestle with his long gold tights and black boots.]

MS: Folks, I'm standing here with Johnny Detson who will be taking on William Craven and Hannibal Carver in just a short while with his partner Rick Marley, who is not around...

[Detson looks at Stegglet funny.]

Detson: What do you mean by that?

MS: Nothing, simply that you have a tag match and your partner is not around.

[Sighing, Detson looks down at Stegglet annoyed.]

Detson: Look Mark, I'm not his babysitter, contrary to popular belief. I'm not here to hold his hand; I'm not here to tell him everything is going to be alright. I'm here to get the job done. And that's what I do, I get the job done. O'Connor, Craven... last Saturday Night I got it done. So if Marley needs to mentally prepare... if Percy needs to be with the King...

[Detson shrugs as if to indicate he's done with the topic.]

MS: You mention William Craven and last show you continue to taunt the man they call the Dragon –

[Detson holds up a finger, shaking it back and forth in Stegglet's face.]

Detson: Now, now... he's not the Dragon anymore. No, he's the King of Monsters.

[Detson shakes his hands in mock fear.]

Detson: Truly petrifying stuff there, Billy. Really, I'm scared.

[Laughing, Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: New moniker, same results huh? Strip it all down and whatever name you give it, it's still the same, old, broken down beat up soulless creature with nothing left to give, and nothing to show for it.

MS: Still if you continue to provoke both him and –

[Detson again waves him off.]

Detson: Provoke? What will there be? Repercussions? From who?

MS: William Craven for one. And after what you did two weeks ago to Bobby O'Connor, what about Hannibal Carver?

[Detson laughs.]

Detson: O'Connor got what was coming to him. He gave it his all, but judging by the company he keeps I'm not surprised he couldn't get the job done. As for Carver? It's nice to see he still knows where the wrestling ring is after all that time away from it.

[Detson's jovial express quickly turns into a scowl.]

Detson: Here's what I want you to do, Carver. I want you and the Hometown Hero that you call a partner to get a hospital room together with Bobby O. Now Bobby, you look over at Carver and see what your career will be, but more importantly... Carver, I want you to stare at that green freak you call a friend as he lays there in a hospital bed... the life continuing to seep from his body.

[Detson smirks.]

Detson: That's you, Carver, that's what the future holds; a broken down beat up body and no other options but to keep plugging along. A worthless career that gave so much and got nothing in return. To give your body, life and very soul to a business that could care less about you. Was it worth it?

[Detson shakes his head back and forth.]

Detson: You've hidden behind your wooden swords; you've hidden behind your can openers, but you can't hide forever. No. Tonight, you get exposed for what the two of you have always been; what the two of you are right now.

[Detson smirks again.]

Detson: Irrelevant.

[Nonchalantly, Detson shrugs.]

Detson: And that's a hard pill to swallow. But deep down you know it's true, better to accept it now then suffer for your ignorance later.

[And with that Detson storms off as we fade from the pre-taped footage out to the interior of the O'Dome where the remnants of the scaffold match are gone, the medical team has vacated, and we're left with Phil Watson standing in the center of the ring as the bell sounds three times.]

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

["Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play over the PA system to jeers from the sold-out crowd.]

PW: Representing the Unholy Alliance... they are accompanied to the ring by their manager, the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes...

[Big boos for Percy.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 463 pounds... the team of...

JOHNNNNNNNNY DEEEEEETSONNNN...

And... "SHOOOOOWTIIIIIIIME" RIIIIIIIIICK MAAAAAAAARLEYYYY!

[The curtain parts as more boos come down for the dastardly trio walking into view.]

Percy Childes is bringing up the front of the group. The short, squat Childes is wearing a wine-red jacket and matching pants, black undershirt, and white tie. He gestures at the crowd with his crystal-topped cane, then points to the ring.

Johnny Detson is right behind him wearing a black zippered sweatshirt with long gold tights and black boots. He's throwing a gaze out over the jeering crowd as the song continues to play before following his manager down the ramp, focused at the task at hand. The anger and resentment towards the world is etched on his face.

Rick Marley brings up the rear, walking several steps behind his allies. 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.]

GM: If you had to look for one of the most despised groups on this show tonight, you'd be looking at one of the top contenders right now. For several years now, the Unholy Alliance has plagued the American Wrestling Alliance with their particular brand of violence, brutality, and out-and-out chicanery. When you add the power of the Wise Men into the mix, it becomes a whole different ballgame though, Bucky.

BW: Percy Childes has repeatedly said though that the business of the Wise Men and the business of the UA don't always align. Later tonight, Jack Lynch is taking on Demetrius Lake, right?

GM: Right.

BW: That has NOTHING to do with the Wise Men from what I can tell. Hannibal Carver may believe that this match has something to do with driving the Wise Men out of business but for Percy, Ricky, and Johnny, I think this is personal.

GM: But how can EVERYTHING that Percy Childes touches not be tainted by his affiliation with the Wise Men in some fashion? We sit here knowing that Childes has turned himself into one of the biggest power brokers in the game - the kind of man who has repeatedly shown no fear in the face of men like Louis Matsui and Ben Waterson... not to mention the AWA President Karl O'Connor and arguably the most powerful man in the history of our industry, Chris Blue. Childes has defied... and in one way or another... attacked them all! He has corrupted AWA staff. He has bought influence and power everywhere he goes. You may say this is a personal issue but the growing feeling that I'm picking up in the locker room is that every time Percy Childes or Larry Doyle are involved in a situation, it's now become a Wise Men matter.

BW: Gordo, you're getting out of control again.

GM: I can't help it, Bucky. It's pretty clear that Percy Childes has the goal of establishing the Wise Men as the one true power in all of the AWA and every move he makes is a step towards that. You think the Wise Men's path to the top of the AWA isn't a whole lot easier without Hannibal Carver and William Craven standing in their way? It certainly would be and I think they're coming here tonight to try and take those two men out of the picture.

BW: You've been hanging out with Hoefner too much. Your conspiracy theories are running wild.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Detson whips off his sweatshirt, throwing it out to a ringside attendant.] Percy calls the two men over for a pre-match strategy session as the music changes.

A confused hush comes over the crowd, as soothing electric guitar plays over the P.A., making way for the twangy voice of Hank Williams III.]

#Satan is real, working in spirit.#
#You can see him an' hear him every day.#
#Satan is real working with power,#
#He can tempt you an' lead you astray.#

[Music fades to make way for demonic laughter, and as a more rousing gutbucket country tune kicks up, the curtains part. Out steps the unmistakable figure of William Craven. Bo'ken at his side, he glowers down at the camera from behind the glowing red lenses of his black gas mask. Wearing black vinyl slacks he's bare to the waist, hands and feet wrapped in red gauze; a terror to behold.]

BW: Never took Craven as the country music type... but I DID think he was dumb enough to come out here alone!

GM: Oh, I don't think so Bucky... look behind him!

[Craven steps forward, revealing a dark figure behind him with its back to the crowd. On further inspection, we can see he is wearing a black hooded robe with a large image of Hachiman, the Shinto god of war on the back.]

GM: Long time fans of the man might recognize that robe, worn by Hannibal Carver countless times during his tenure as a top death match wrestler in the northern part of our continent as well as overseas!

BW: So suddenly you're his biographer?

GM: Nothing wrong with doing your homework before a big event, Bucky.

BW: You're a real barrel of laughs, Gordo.

[Carver, still with his back to the crowd, reaches into the robe and produces...]

BW: Oh come on, Godzilla over there already has a sword!

[... a hockey stick that's been broken in half to a surprised reaction from the capacity crowd. He turns around, and the surprised reaction only increases when its revealed he's wearing a hockey mask.]

GM: It looks like hockey night tonight!

BW: Well that tears it, these two maniacs have been spending entirely too much time together.

#Well, my worn out boots are takin' me down town,#
#An' I'm lookin' for trouble an' I wanna get loud.#
#Serve me up a drink an' I'll shoot it right down,#
#An' I'll jump up on the bar an' holler: "One more round."#

[The two nods at each other, and storm down the ramp, looking like something out of a horror movie more than two professional wrestlers. They finally stop right before the ring, Craven lifting his gas mask and cowl slowly up, Carver slowly removing the hockey mask; both issue forth a feral war cry as they raise both masks, the sword and the stick to the heavens to a big reaction from the crowd. The duo's combined gear is collected by a pair of ring attendants as they enter the ring.]

GM: If I were Marley and Detson, I might be looking for the exits right about now.

BW: That's the difference though. You're intimidated by all that garbage with the hockey mask and the broken stick. You're terrified of what they might do next. The Unholy Alliance was expecting this. They were expecting these two to be crazy as a barn owl. Now, they just need to stick to whatever gameplan Percy's put in place for them.

[The UA duo both stay in the ring as they wait, watching to see who will be starting for the opposition...

...and as soon as William Craven steps out, we see Johnny Detson confidently inform his partner that he's "got this." Marley shrugs, stepping out as Detson dances around in the corner, ready for action. Carver leans over, hands on his knees, waiting for the bell to sound.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Carver promptly comes tearing across the ring like a bat out of hell, throwing Detson back into the Unholy Alliance's corner where he tees off with a series of right hands to the jaw!]

GM: CARVER'S ALL OVER HIM!

[He breaks out, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whips him out...

[But as Detson spies Craven lurking in the other corner, he drops into a baseball slide, preventing himself from reaching his rival.]

GM: Detson stops short! He wants no part of a fresh William Craven!

[Craven leans in, taking a swipe at Detson who again dances away, wagging a finger in a "tsk tsk!" fashion at the Dragon. Carver stalks towards him, throwing a haymaker that Detson ducks under, popping up behind him with a series of sticking jabs to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Detson fires in some right hands... ohh! Big swing and he drops Carver with a right to the jaw!

[Detson promptly grabs the top rope, viciously stomping Carver and driving him under the ropes out on the ring apron. The referee Davis Warren steps in, forcing him back...

...which allows the always-lurking Percy Childes to DRIVE his crystal-topped cane into the ribcage of Carver!]

GM: Oh, come on! We're mere moments into this matchup and Percy Childes is ALREADY getting involved!

[Detson smirks, stomping Carver all the way out onto the barely-padded floor. He steps out on the apron, posing with his arms over his head...

...and drops a double axehandle off the apron, crashing down onto a rising Carver and sending him staggering chestfirst into the steel barricade.]

GM: They're both out on the floor now.

BW: Keep 'em away from us, Gordo.

GM: I don't have the slightest bit of control over that at all, Bucky.

[Grabbing Carver by the arm, Detson turns and takes aim, throwing him into the edge of the ring apron where the small of Carver's back SLAMS into the metal frame of the ring!]

GM: Good grief!

[Carver slumps down to his knees, reaching around to grab at his lower back as Detson wastes no time in viciously stomping the back a half dozen times, forcing Carver down to his belly on the floor. A smirking Detson rolls back in, taking a knee and waving for the referee to count him out.]

GM: Johnny Detson's looking for the easy way out in this one, telling the official to count out Hannibal Carver and end this thing.

BW: Easy way?! It's brilliant... and it gets you the same winner's paycheck at the pay window, daddy!

[Detson waves for the official to count faster, climbing to his feet as the count reaches four. Shortly after, we see Carver emerge from the floor, leaning against the apron...

...which makes him easy victim for a Detson baseball slide dropkick, burying both feet into the face and sending Carver sprawling out onto the floor!]

GM: Down goes Carver again... and again, Johnny Detson instructs Davis Warren to start his ten count.

[The official starts his count again as a fuming mad William Craven paces back and forth on the apron, his eyes locked on Detson who is shouting at the official to count faster.]

GM: Craven really wants in there badly, Bucky. He wants to take his shot at Johnny Detson for everything Detson's done as of late - including costing Craven that match against Rick Marley two weeks ago.

[The count reaches six as Carver pulls himself up on the apron. Detson rushes to meet him, connecting with an overhand right. A second one is cocked as Detson kisses his fist, ready to deliver it...

...but Carver blocks it, landing one of his own that sends Detson sprawling!]

GM: Oh my! Johnny Detson just learned that you do NOT want to trade fisticuffs with Hannibal Carver!

[Carver steps through the ropes into the ring...

...and then points to the corner where a pacing Craven stops, stretching out his arm to a huge reaction!]

GM: TAG!

[Craven bursts through the ropes, tearing across towards a rising Detson...

...who rushes to the corner, slapping the hand of Rick Marley. Craven keeps coming though, bullrushing Detson into the buckles where Davis Warren lunges in, trying to keep Craven back.]

GM: Ohh! Marley slingshots over the top and cracks Craven with a forearm to the back of the head!

[Craven falls back against the ropes but quickly responds, smashing a forearm into the jaw.]

GM: Forearm smash by Craven!

[Marley backs off...

...and then KICKS the kneecap on the leg that gave Craven so much trouble two weeks ago.]

GM: Marley goes downstairs!

BW: That was a surgical strike, Gordo. Perfect precision as he aims right at the injured limb that he tormented two weeks ago.

GM: A very intelligent attack by Marley.

[Marley grabs Craven by the back of the head, smashing him facefirst into the turnbuckles. He swings him around, shoving him back into the turnbuckles where Marley launches into a series of kicks to the abdomen of the green behemoth, trying to soften him up for what's to come.]

GM: Marley drags him out...

[Craven takes a wild swing at him that Marley avoids, burying a right hand into the gut before charging to the ropes behind the Dragon, rebounding off...

...and leaves his feet, leaping up and SLAMMING Craven facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Faceslam by Marley!

[Marley wastes no time in flipping Craven to his back, lunging across his chest...

...and getting pressed off before the count of one!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: Not enough, Ricky. Stay on him!

[Marley looks a bit surprised as he regains his feet, looking over at the official who simply shrugs. "Showtime" leaps into the air, dropping a leg across the chest, and then scrambles into another lateral press.]

GM: On-

[Craven again presses out, throwing Marley off him before the one count.]

GM: Good grief!

[Marley backs off, obviously a bit concerned now as he balls up his fist, waiting for Craven to climb to a knee. The Miami, Florida resident swings a right hand into the kneeling Craven's skull...

...to no effect.]

BW: Uh oh. Run Ricky... run!

[Marley throws a second haymaker, bouncing it off Craven's head. But the Dragon pushes to his feet, glaring at Marley who backpedals, looking for another method of attack.]

GM: Marley's staring into the eyes of a madman and he doesn't know what to do next!

BW: Of course he does! Marley and Craven waged war elsewhere for ages!

[The former World Champion breaks away, rushing to the ropes where he leaps up on the middle rope, springing back...

...and DRIVES his feet into the jaw of Craven, knocking him back down on the mat!]

GM: Springback dropkick!

BW: I told ya!

[Marley grabs Craven by the gauze-wrapped foot, dragging him towards the corner where Johnny Detson is insisting on the tag.]

GM: The Alliance makes the tag... in comes Detson...

[Detson hauls off and kicks Craven in the knee as Marley stretches out the leg. A series of stomps follows, putting Craven in a bad way as Detson looks to inflict more punishment.]

GM: Detson grabs the leg, giving it a hard yank, really jerking that knee in a bad way.

[He throws the leg to the side, bouncing it off the ropes. Detson pushes it down on the bottom rope, stepping up on the middle rope...

...and DROPPING his weight down on the outstretched knee!]

GM: Ohh! Right down on the knee!

[He grabs the leg again, dragging Craven out to the center of the ring where he looks to apply a spinning toehold...

...but gets shoved off by Craven's powerful free leg in mid-spin, sending him crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Into the corner goes Detson!

[Winching, Craven climbs up to a knee. He throws a glance to one corner, looking at Hannibal Carver who is offering up a tag. A glance to the other corner shows Johnny Detson staggering back out...

...and Craven shockingly makes the tag.]

GM: Whoa! Look at that!

BW: Teamwork out of the madman?!

GM: Craven had the chance to go after his rival but knew he was in trouble with that knee so he opted to tag out. I think there's more to this team than meets the eye, Bucky. They might've been working together... they may be an actual TEAM!

[Carver comes in hot, grabbing Detson by the back of the head, rushing across the ring and DRIVING his face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: INTO THE BUCKLES!

[Detson BOUNCES out of the corner on the impact, sending him sailing through the air and down to his knees on the canvas. The former World Champion scrambles up off the mat in time to get caught from behind by Carver.]

GM: Carver FOLDS him up with a belly-to-back suplex!

[Carver pops back to his feet, throwing his arms apart with a roar that the crowd quickly echoes. He grabs the legs, pulling Detson closer to his own corner...

...and falls back in a catapult, throwing Detson towards the corner where Craven catches him with a back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Nice doubleteam by Carver and Craven!

[Carver swings a leg, taking the mount on Detson. He balls up his fist, repeatedly slamming them down into the skull of the former World Champion!]

GM: Carver's going to town on Johnny Detson!

[The referee steps in at the count of four, forcing the break, and allowing Detson to roll out to the floor.]

GM: Detson clears out, moving to the floor.

BW: Smart move. He needs a chance to recover from the-

GM: CRAVEN!

[The crowd ROARS as the Dragon drops down, coming for Detson. A wide-eyed Detson backpedals, shaking his head at the approaching green-skinned beast...

...when Rick Marley comes sailing off the top rope in a front somersault, wiping out Craven with a death-defying dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARLEY OUT OF NOWHERE TAKES OUT CRAVEN!!

BW: People have been saying for weeks now that Rick Marley isn't on the same page as the rest of the Unholy Alliance... well, he just risked his career on a dive to save his partner, daddy! THAT'S a team!

[A furious Carver bails out to the floor, pulling Marley up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HE HURLED MARLEY UPSIDE DOWN AND INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE!

[The impact of the throw actually managed to make Marley do a somersault before slamming into the steel. Carver glares down at the pain-filled Marley...

...and then snaps his head to the left, hearing the sound of Percy Childes' voice. The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Percy, get out of there! That guy's insane! They're BOTH insane!

[Childes quickly begins to back away, raising his hands and his cane in front of him in a pleading posture as Carver stalks towards him.]

GM: Carver's gonna take out Childes! He said he was going to!

BW: Get him, Johnny!

[Johnny Detson quickly scales the ringsteps, climbing up on the apron. He's inching down it, trying to catch Carver from behind...

...but the warning screams of the fans allows Carver to wheel around, burying a right hand into the gut of Detson who is still up on the apron!]

GM: Oh! Carver cuts him off!

[Nodding to the cheering crowd, Carver grabs Detson, lifting him up at full arm extension...

...and HURLING him down on the barely-padded floor!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD!

BW: What a horrible sound that was!

[Percy Childes looks truly panicked now as he sees his protector sprawled out on the floor. Luckily for Percy, Hannibal Carver decides that he'd rather

finish off Johnny Detson than Percy Childes... for now... and throws him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Carver puts Detson back in... and he's going back in after-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHHH! COME ON!!

[A full overhead swing of the crystal-topped cane cracks Carver across the back of the head and between the shoulderblades - a blow narrowly missed by the official who was checking on Rick Marley. Carver slumps back down to the floor as the referee slides back inside the ring.]

GM: Carver's down! Marley's down! Craven's down! Detson's down but he's inside the ring... and the referee's starting another ten count!

BW: This might be it, Gordo! Detson may win this thing by countout!

GM: Don't you mean that Detson AND Marley might win this thing by countout?

BW: Of course, of course!

[The referee's count reaches five as Detson uses the ropes on the far side of the ring to climb to his feet. Percy Childes is immediately by his side, gesturing across the ring and giving advice as the official continues his count.]

GM: Davis Warren is up to seven... now up to eight...

[A dazed Carver uses the apron to drag himself off the floor, looking into the ring at Detson. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the ring apron...]

GM: Carver's on the apron at nine and-

[Detson rushes across, trying to knock him back down...

...but Carver ducks down, throwing his shoulder in between the ropes and into the gut of Detson!]

GM: Ohh! Carver goes downstairs on Detson!

[The referee breaks the count on Detson's attack, allowing Carver to hook Detson in a front facelock.]

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

BW: He's gonna suplex him to the FLOOR?!

GM: That might break his back, Bucky!

[Detson immediately digs his fingers into the eyes, raking hard!]

GM: Ohh! He goes to the eyes and-

[Grabbing Carver by the back of the neck, Detson drops to his knees, stretching his throat down on the top rope and snapping him back, sending Carver falling to the floor again!]

GM: Back down to the floor goes Hannibal Carver and-

[The crowd ROARS!]

BW: CRAVEN! CRAVEN!

[The Dragon has crawled into the ring behind Johnny Detson who turns...

...and gets SPEARED off his feet, taken down to the mat where Craven begins mauling him with mounted rights and lefts!]

GM: CRAVEN GOT HIS HANDS ON DETSON! CRAVEN GOT HIS HANDS ON DETSON!

[Detson raises his arms, desperately trying to cover up as Craven pummels him into a pulp.]

GM: Craven's all over the man he's been trying to get his hands on for weeks now and-

[The referee steps in, screaming at Craven to back off. The Dragon climbs to his feet, reaching down to grab Detson in a two-handed choke...

...and DEADLIFTS HIM STRAIGHT INTO THE AIR!]

GM: THUNDER MELTER! THUNDER MELTER!

[But a desperate Detson frantically kicks his legs, driving a foot into the chin of Craven. The blow makes him drop Detson down to the mat, the former World Champion gasping for air as Craven stumbles back.]

GM: Davis Warren steps in! He won't let Craven go after him!

[The official shoves Craven back, forcing him back to the corner where a fuming Craven takes his spot on the apron. Detson gets back to his feet, shouting at Craven from across the ring...

...and falling FLAT on his face as Carver yanks his feet out from under him from his spot on the floor!]

GM: Carver pulls him to the floor!

[Carver uncorks a handful of right hands to the jaw, staggering a surprised Johnny Detson. The Boston Brawler lifts him in the air, extending his arms...

...and DROPS Detson facefirst on the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Detson collapses to the mat, clutching his face in pain as Carver stands over him, looking in at the official who shouts for the match to get back into the ring. He shoves him back under the ropes, climbing up on the ring apron.]

GM: Carver's on the apron, stepping back in...

[Carver pulls Detson off the mat by the back of the trunks, yanking him into a full nelson...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[The Boston native powers him up into the air, lifting him high...

...and DUMPING him down on his tailbone as he sits out with him!]

GM: DORCHESTER DROP!

[Carver grabs the arms after releasing the full nelson, pulling them back for a surfboard...

...but lifts his right leg, swinging his foot down into the top of Detson's head repeatedly!]

GM: OH! OH! OH!

[The kicks to the skull seem certain to stop the match...

...until a diving Rick Marley lands on Carver, breaking off the attack. William Craven slips through the ropes, moving on his bum wheel towards Marley who gets up...]

GM: No! The referee cuts Craven off!

[A protesting Craven is forced back to the corner as Marley moves back in, pulling up Carver.]

GM: Marley shoots him in...

[Detson is pulled up by Marley, allowing them to drop Carver with a double backdrop!]

GM: Double back body drop puts him down!

[Marley slips from the ring as Detson falls back into the corner, tagging his partner.]

GM: Marley tags back in...

[He dives on top of Carver, hammering him with clenched fists to the skull. The referee's count hits four before Marley gets up, dragging Carver up by the arm and whipping him into the buckles!]

GM: Irish whip sends Carver HARD into the corner...

[Marley runs in, leaping up to land a flying forearm on the jaw!]

GM: Big forearm by Marley...

[Detson reaches in, slapping Marley's shoulder.]

GM: What in the world?

BW: Quick tags are part of tag team wrestling!

[A puzzled Marley looks at Detson who gestures at Carver, giving a signal that starts a barrage of hard kicks to the gut by both men, continuing until the referee's count reaches four.]

GM: Out goes Marley, leaving Detson in...

[Detson blatantly goes to a two-handed choke, strangling Carver against the turnbuckles. The referee's count reaches four, causing Detson to back off with his hands raised...

...and Marley loops the tag rope around Carver's throat, strangling the air out of him!]

GM: Oh, come on! Marley's using that rope to choke him!

[Marley pulls tight on the rope, causing Carver's face to turn purple before the referee wheels around...

...just as Marley has let go.]

GM: The referee's warning Marley. He thinks he knows what was happening behind his back.

BW: But he's got no proof, Gordo.

GM: He certainly- ohh! Running dropkick in the corner by Detson!

[Detson climbs back to his feet, tagging Marley back in.]

GM: And now it's the Unholy Alliance who is looking like a well-oiled machine in there as they're tagging in and out at will, keeping a tired Hannibal Carver in their corner.

[Marley joins Detson in alternating knee strikes to the body, waiting until the four count before Detson steps out. A smirking Marley hooks a side headlock, giving a swing of his hand to big jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Marley's calling for the Riley Roundup! And these people didn't like that one bit.

BW: Who cares? Spike him, Ricky!

[Marley charges out of the corner, ready to put Carver down...

...but Carver's got other ideas as he lifts Marley up, hurling him across the ring where he crashes down hard to the mat! Carver slumps down to a knee in the center of the ring as the crowd cheers the counter.]

GM: Big time counter by the South Boston Brawler! And now he needs to get across the ring and make the tag to a waiting and ready William Craven!

[Craven is again stalking back and forth, pacing like a caged animal out on the ring apron.]

GM: Craven wants in there in the worst possible way!

[Carver gets to all fours, crawling on his hands and knees across the ring towards the corner where Craven awaits him.]

GM: Carver's crawling halfway across the ring - Craven's got the arm stretched out...

[Craven's fingers are wiggling, his arm tense with anticipation as he waits for his partner to bring him legally into the matchup...

...which is Johnny Detson's cue to step in, charge past the protesting official, and throw a dropkick that knocks Craven off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OHH!

[The referee is shouting at Detson, trying to back him to his own corner when Craven dives under the ropes, coming quickly to his feet...

...and Davis Warren bravely steps in again, pushing him back!]

BW: Davis Warren just risked his life stepping in front of an angry Craven!

[With Craven being held back, Detson moves back in, pulling Carver off the mat. He whips him into the corner before dragging Marley up, whipping him in after him. A dazed Marley simply smashes into Carver in a makeshift avalanche.]

GM: Marley couldn't get any offense in! Detson just treated him like a human battering ram!

[Marley falls to the side as Carver stumbles out into a boot to the gut. Detson hooks a front facelock, dropping back and DRIVING him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DETSON SPIKED HIM!!

[The former World Champion promptly rolls out, leaving Percy Chiles to scream at Rick Marley to cover Hannibal Carver.]

GM: Carver's down and he may be out after that impactful DDT by the former World Champion!

[A dazed Marley falls to his knees, crawling into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The pin is broken up by a rampaging William Craven who viciously stomps the back of Marley's head to break the pin attempt!]

GM: Craven breaks it up!

[The referee promptly steps in, forcing Craven back again...

...which allows Detson to roll back into the ring, pulling Carver up off the canvas. He boots him in the gut, stepping into a standing headscissors.]

GM: He's looking for the Hoyle Driver!

BW: Detson's gonna end this right now!

[He reaches down, hooking one arm...

...but Carver straightens up, backdropping Detson up, over, and down onto the canvas!]

GM: CARVER GETS OUT OF IT! CARVER ESCAPES THE HOYLE DRIVER!

[Detson rolls under the ropes to the floor as Carver collapses to his knees, looking across the ring at a waiting William Craven once more.]

GM: The South Boston Brawler's got a clear path to the corner where his partner is waiting for him!

[Crawling on his knees, Carver looks at the corner where Craven's got his arm stretched out.]

GM: He's looking for the tag! He's waiting for the tag! If he gets it, Katie bar the door!

[Craven is leaning in as far as he can, his arm out as far as it can go...]

GM: Carver's almost there! He's getting- no!

[The crowd jeers as Johnny Detson rolls in, rushing across again...

...but this time, the referee wheels around, cutting him off!]

GM: The ref cuts off Detson! He's forcing him back to the corner and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!

[The manbeast known as the Dragon steps through the ropes, rushing at a rising Rick Marley...

...and BURIES a leaping front kick into the chest!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Craven gives off a roar as he grabs Marley by the hair, dragging him up to his feet. He rears back, ready to strike...

...when suddenly, the referee turns back towards the match, pointing animatedly at Craven!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He didn't see it! The referee didn't see the tag!

GM: Oh, come on! We all saw it clear as day! Even YOU saw it!

BW: Yeah, but Davis Warren didn't and he's all that counts!

GM: The referee - I can't believe this! - he's forcing him back to the corner! He's calling Carver back into the fray as the legal man!

[Craven is absolutely boiling with rage now as he's forced back into the turnbuckles, arguing angrily and loudly about the legal tag that the referee is disallowing. A dazed Marley pulls Carver up, whipping him back into the Unholy Alliance's corner.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES. FIFTEEN MINUTES. FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We're halfway through the time limit for this one as Marley makes the tag, bringing Johnny Detson back into the match.

[Marley pulls Carver's arms back behind him as Detson lays in a few forearms to the chest. He tells Marley to hold him, backing into the ropes...]

GM: Detson coming back and-

[Carver suddenly breaks free, causing Detson to DRILL Marley with a forearm shot that knocks him down to a big cheer. A shocked Detson looks down at Marley as Carver stumbles away, heading towards the corner...]

GM: Carver's going for the tag!

[Detson rushes in, looking to stop the tag attempt...

...but Carver sidesteps, causing Detson to run chestfirst into the turnbuckles! Carver leans out, slapping the hand of his partner!]

GM: TAG! AND THAT TIME, THE REFEREE SAW IT!

[Craven steps in to a tremendous reaction from the crowd, bodily throwing Detson back into the corner. Craven surges forward, throwing forearms, elbows, and knees! The knees are battering the ribcage of Johnny Detson who is getting lifted off the mat with every blow.]

GM: Craven's got him cornered and he's doing a number on him!

[Pulling Detson from the buckles, Craven hooks a Muay Thai clinch, landing a series of stiff knees to the upper body and head...

...before using the clinch to throw Detson down to the canvas!]

GM: He throws the former World Champion down to the mat!

[With Marley regaining his feet, Craven stampedes across the ring, landing a running clothesline that takes him over the top, dropping him down on the floor!]

GM: CRAVEN CLEARS OUT MARLEY!!

[The Dragon spins back around, turning his attention onto a rising Johnny Detson, hooking him from behind in an inverted facelock. He grabs a handful of trunks, muscling Detson up and over in a suplex that slams Detson facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: OHH! Inverted suplex by Craven!

[Craven climbs back up, looking towards the corner where his dazed partner is trying to regain his feet. The Madman leans down, hooking Detson around the upper thighs...]

GM: He's going for the wheelbarrow!

[Percy Childe has seen enough, climbing up on the ring apron, shouting at Craven.]

GM: That man's got a death wish!

BW: He's willing to put it on the line for his clients, Gordo! He should be praised for it!

[Craven turns to look at Childes...

...and smiles.]

GM: Oh god. That smile alone would have most men running for home.

BW: Percy Childes is NOT most men!

[Childes abruptly looks horrified, dropping off the apron and backing away from the ring.]

GM: You were saying?

[Craven doesn't care though, stepping through the ropes to the ring apron. He raises a menacing finger to point at Childes who is already pressed back against the steel barricade, shaking his head at Craven...

...when Rick Marley lunges from the blind side, circling the ringpost and SLAMMING his arm into the side of Craven's injured knee, sweeping his leg out and causing Craven to CRASH down on the ring apron before slumping down to the floor!]

BW: BEAUTIFUL MOVE BY RICK MARLEY!

GM: A sneak attack from the blind side by Marley and-

[The referee is screaming at Rick Marley for his attack on the floor as Marley hammers away at the downed Craven on the apron...

...until Hannibal Carver comes circling around the ring, smashing Marley with a right hand!]

GM: Carver and Marley are going at it on the floor!

[The slugfest has the ringside fans on their feet as Marley and Carver batter one another relentlessly. Detson staggers over to the ropes, pulling a hurting Craven off the apron and back into the ring.]

GM: He's got Craven back in... he's going for the Hoyle Driver again!

[But again he gets backdropped...

...this time over the ropes and DOWN onto both Marley and Carver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DETSON WIPES 'EM BOTH OUT!!

[Back on his feet, Craven looks out at the pile of competitors on the floor...

...and then out to the cheering crowd. He lumbers across the ring, wincing with every step as he barrels off the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING MEEEEEEEEEE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS, rising to their feet in unison as William Craven throws his three hundred plus pound frame through the ropes, completely obliterating both partner and opponents on the floor!]

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN, WHAT A DIVE BY CRAVEN!!

[The referee jumps up onto the second rope, looking out to the floor to check on the four laid out bodies.]

GM: Davis Warren-

BW: He's gonna dive too!

GM: He is NOT! Would you stop?! But what he IS going to do is start a double count on William Craven and... it's Detson right? Johnny Detson is the other legal man in this one.

[The referee drops down to the mat, holding up both hands as he shouts "ONE!"]

GM: All four men are down after that big dive by Craven... and Percy Childes is right there, trying to get Detson back into the ring. He hasn't physically gotten involved in doing that quite yet but I wouldn't put it past him at all!

[The count continues, climbing to two... and three.]

GM: If both Craven and Detson are counted out of the ring, this match will be over and no one wants to see that. After the war these four men have gone through, we want to see a winner!

[The fans are on their feet, cheering for Craven to get back to his feet and continue the match. The referee's count is up to five as Craven slowly pushes up to all fours. A furious Percy Childes is screaming at his men as Craven edges up to a knee.]

GM: Craven's almost to his feet! He's gonna beat the count!

[Suddenly, Johnny Detson's hand shoots up off the floor, wrapping around the ring apron.]

GM: Detson's rising as well!

[As the count hits seven, Detson rolls himself under the ropes into the ring. Rick Marley is right behind him. The referee tries to get Marley out as Detson helps his partner to his feet, looking down as Craven climbs up on the apron...]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd is buzzing as Detson and Marley hook a double front facelock.]

GM: They're looking for the suplex!

BW: It'll take two of 'em to get him up for sure!

[The Unholy Alliance hoists him up off the mat, lifting him for the suplex...

...when a dazed Hannibal Carver reaches in, jerking the legs out from under them!]

GM: CARVER!

[Craven's heavy frame lands across both men's chest as Carver leans down, holding the ankles...]

GM: This is how they stole one from Craven! Carver's gonna return the favor!

[The referee counts one... two...

...and Percy Childes DRIVES the crystal-topped cane into the ribs of Carver, breaking his grip and allowing Detson and Marley to roll Craven off of them.]

GM: Childes with a daring attack and-

[The Collector of Oddities moves swiftly away from the downed Carver as Marley and Detson pull Craven off the mat, ignoring the protesting official. They whip him into the ropes, looking for a double clothesline that Craven simply storms through, hitting the far ropes...

...and leaves his feet on the rebound, taking out both men with a double clothesline of his own!]

GM: OH MY! CRAVEN TAKES 'EM DOWN!!

[A dazed Hannibal Carver rolls in, clutching his ribs as he climbs off the mat, hopping up on the middle rope. He swings his arm around a few times as he shouts for Craven to "GET 'IM UP!"]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: All hell is breaking loose out here now, Gordo. The referee's losing control of this match!

[Craven grabs Marley by the legs, muscling him up into a wheelbarrow suplex...]

...and Carver leaps off, smashing his forearm into the chest of Marley, sending him sailing back with extra impact on the suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Marley gets laid out by Carver and Craven!

[Marley rolls out of the ring to the floor as Carver pulls Detson off the mat by the hair, rocking him with a series of short elbows to the temple...]

...and then throws him by the hair to Craven who muscled him up, throwing him viciously down with a uranage!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SLAM!!

[Craven settles into a lateral press on Detson as Carver stands guard.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! DETSON GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Only ten minutes left in the time limit for this tag team grudge match! These two teams are giving it all they've got to try and put the other squad down for a three count!

BW: Detson's rolling out too. He's down there with Marley and Percy's there with them!

[Percy is shouting instructions to both men...]

...and totally missing Craven muscling Carver up into a military press!]

BW: NO! NO! NOOOOOOOOOO!

[Craven HURLS Carver over the top rope, throwing him down onto all three men at ringside!]

GM: CARVER AND CRAVEN WIPE EVERYONE OUT!! OH MY STARS!!

[Craven falls to a knee inside the ring, breathing heavily as he watches Carver get up to his feet, rocketing Johnny Detson back inside the squared circle. Carver climbs up on the apron, ready to aid his partner as Craven again deadlifts Detson up in the double choke, holding him high...]

GM: THUNDER MELTER!!

[Craven DRIVES Detson down to the canvas, falling to his knees as he does so. He crawls over Detson, slamming an open palm down on his chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A desperate Rick Marley reaches in, dragging the referee out of the ring!]

GM: OH, COME ON! DISQUALIFY HIM!

[Marley doesn't stick around to argue with the official, sliding under the ropes into the ring. An angry Craven is swiftly up...

...but Marley is ready for him!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: CASTING CALL!!

[The superkick drops Craven, knocking him backwards towards the corner where Carver tags himself in!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES CARVER!!

[Carver catches Marley with a pair of right hands, sending him falling back into the ropes where Carver shoots him across...

...and flattens him with a running back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Marley goes down hard... and where in the world is Johnny Detson going?!

[A dazed Detson has rolled out onto the elevated entry ramp, sitting up on it. He looks inside the ring where Marley is getting pummeled with mounted punches by Hannibal Carver...

...and shakes his head, turning to walk away.]

GM: Detson's leaving! He's walking out on his partner!

[The former World Champion is heading back up the ramp...

...completely unaware that William Craven is hobbling after him.]

GM: Craven's coming for Detson! He's coming for Detson!

[Detson turns, spots Craven, and starts moving quicker down the elevated ramp, heading for the locker room as the Dragon moves in swift pursuit.]

GM: Rick Marley just saved Johnny Detson from being pinned and now Detson's leaving him high and dry, fans!

[Back inside the ring, Carver has lifted Marley off the mat, pulling him into a front facelock.]

GM: Suplex coming up!

[But as Carver lifts him up, Marley floats over the top, securing an inverted facelock...

...and DRIVING the back of Carver's head into the mat!]

GM: REWRITE! Marley scores the counter to the suplex!

[Marley starts to cover but then turns, his eyes landing on the fleeing Johnny Detson. "Showtime" climbs to his feet, looking down the aisle in dismay. He looks over to Percy Childes who has no response for him. Marley throws his arms up, shouting down the aisle at Detson.]

GM: William Craven has chased Johnny Detson right out of the O'Dome!

BW: Can you blame Johnny for running for that, Gordo?!

GM: Well, no... but Detson was running BEFORE Craven came after him! He's already made the decision to abandon his partner!

BW: You don't know that! Don't start speculating!

[Marley turns, shouting at Childes who shouts right back at him. A fuming Marley pulls Carver up off the mat, dragging him into a front facelock...]

GM: LIMELIGHT!

[...but as Marley spins to use the Ace Crusher, Carver shoves him off, sending him into the turnbuckles where Carver crushes him with a running clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner!

[Carver gives off a roar, launching into a series of brutal chops to the chest and clubbing forearms to the head and neck!]

GM: IT'S A BOSTON BEATDOWN!

[Carver batters Marley down to a seated position, switching to stomps to force him down onto his back. A wild-eyed Carver steps up to the second rope, leaping off...

...and DRIVING his knees down into the chest of Marley!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Carver pulls Marley by the ankle, dragging him out to the center of the ring where he leaps up, stomping Marley's ankle... then his shin... then his upper thigh...]

GM: Carver's throwin' a Boot Party for Rick Marley!

BW: Marley's getting stomped into the mat and- ohh! He finishes him off with a stomp to the head!

[Carver backs off, jerking a thumb at himself, gesturing out to a shocked Percy Chides...]

...and does a swandive falling headbutt, jamming his skull into Marley's before attempting a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Shoulder up! Marley gets the shoulder up!

[Carver gets up, slamming a fist down on the canvas as he climbs to his feet...]

...and SLAMS his elbow into his open hand!]

GM: Uh oh! He's looking for the Mind Eraser!

[Carver backs off, giving Marley room to get off the mat. It takes several moments before the Unholy Alliance member starts to get up off the canvas. Percy Chides can be heard repeatedly (and loudly) screaming a warning as Marley wobbles to his feet.]

GM: CARVER!

[The South Boston Brawler goes into a full spin, gaining plenty of momentum...]

...and SLAMMING his elbow into the back of Marley's skull, snapping his head and neck forward and sending him plummeting facefirst to the mat. Carver uses the toe of his boot to flip him over before applying a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Carver rolls off of Marley, kneeling on the canvas, breathing heavily as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners... the team of WILLIAM CRAAAAAVEN... and HANNIBAAAAAL CAAAAARRRRRVERRRRR!

[Carver allows the referee to raise a weary arm in victory as the crowd celebrates the triumph. A livid Percy Childe pounds his fists into the ring apron out at ringside.]

GM: Hannibal Carver scores the pin and he may have knocked Rick Marley into the middle of next week in the process, fans! Carver and Craven just struck a major blow against not only the Unholy Alliance but against the Wise Men here as well in my opinion.

BW: Your opinion is wrong, Gordo. You look at tonight and the Wise Men are already ahead of the game.

GM: How so?

BW: Brad Jacobs is still in the fold, daddy! Carver and Craven can enjoy whatever kind of moral victory they want right now but I've still got the Wise Men ahead on points.

GM: I thought you said this match wasn't about the Wise Men.

BW: It's not! You're... stop... why are you trying to confuse me?!

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for Callum Mahoney's Open Challenge so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut into the ring where an unseen instructor is barking out instructions to two young students who are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action backstage where Jason Dane stands, microphone in hand.]

JD: At SuperClash V, we witnessed the rekindling of a feud that has transcended boundaries and wrestling promotions. A feud whose rebirth first claimed a legend, and then nearly cost the AWA something that lies at the very heart of its heritage. Tonight, we see the next, and perhaps the final, chapter in this feud.

I'm speaking of course, of the feud between "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake, and Texas' own Jack Lynch. A man who is just about to join me.

[Dane gestures to someone off camera, and, to the cheer of the crowd, out steps Jack Lynch. Jack is in his wrestling gear – black trunks and boots, his bare chest covered by a long black duster. As always, his father's black cowboy hat is worn easily on his head, slung low and forward, partially obscuring his face.]

JD: Mr. Lynch, obviously, the first question is, after the brutal assault you suffered two weeks ago, how are you feeling?

JL: Well, Jason...

[Immediately, it's obvious that Jack's voice has changed. It's transformed from the soft drawl that fans are used to into a deeper, more gravelly sound. Indeed, his voice is now almost exactly like his father's legendary cigarettes and whiskey rasp.]

JL: The fact of the matter is, the doctors told me I was one good shot away from sufferin' permanent throat damage. And they told me that I'm lucky I'm able to breathe without restrictions.

But as ya can hear, Demetrius has left his mark on me.

My vocal cords were stretched and deformed and damaged. And that means you won't be hearin' me hit any high notes anytime soon. So Lake, I hope you're happy, because no matter where I go in life, no matter what I do, every time I open my mouth, I'm gonna hear a reminder of what you've

done to me. Thing is, it just goes to show that what I've been sayin' all along is the truth. Somehow, no matter what ya do, ya always manage to hit the wrong targets.

See, my Claw hand ain't connected to my throat.

[As Jack smirks, Jason continues.]

JD: The catalog of crimes Demetrius Lake has committed against you and your family is numerous. Many fans are well aware of the outrageous things he did in St. Louis, culminating in his cheating to win a Loser Leaves Town Match that drove you from Missouri. And every AWA fan has been witness to the things he's done since SuperClash. Attacking your father. Running down your family. Attacking you. And of course, his infamous campaign to ban the Iron Claw. I can't imagine what's going through your mind right now. But I'm sure it involves retribution.

JL: Yeah, you could say that.

[Ever laconic, Jack pauses a beat, before continuing.]

JL: Listen, Jason. This goes beyond one thing. This is about more than one attack or a bit of trash talk. This is about somethin' deeper than what happens in that ring between the first and the last bell.

This is about roots, Jason. And it's gonna take me a minute to explain it all.

You grew up in LA, didn't ya, Jase?

JD: That's right.

JL: So, when Jason Dane was a kid, watchin' TV or playin' with his friends on the playground, you were imaginin' standin' on the mound at Dodger Stadium, throwin' a no hitter. Or, you went to school in your Kobe jersey, pretendin' to be your sport hero. Because every single one of us spends a good part of our childhood wantin' to be in the shoes, or boots, of the man we look up to.

Well, Dane, I ain't no different.

But when young Jack Lynch was lookin' for his hero, when he wanted to find a sports star to emulate, he didn't have to do nothin' but look across the supper table. I didn't need to buy no ticket to find the man I wanted to grow up to be. I just had to walk into the livin' room.

JD: Your father, Blackjack Lynch.

JL: You're damn right.

Every Friday night, I had a front row seat to watchin' my hero give some jerkoff the butt kickin' he'd earned. Come Saturday morning, my throat was

as hoarse it is now, 'cuz I'd spent the night screamin' and cheerin' for my hero.

My daddy didn't win every bout. But he won a hell of a more than he lost. And when he won? It was always with the Iron Claw. Because the Iron Claw and the Lynch family? They're what you call synonymous. Growin' up and wantin' to be like my daddy meant growin' up and wantin' to learn the Claw.

And that's just what I did.

Took me a long time before my daddy showed me the secrets of the Claw. Ya know how many times I got knocked on my butt by Jackson Haynes before old Blackjack thought I was ready? More than I can count. I had to prove myself through sweat and blood. And now, Demetrius, you think you're gonna take all that away? You think I'm gonna sit by and watch you spit all over my family's legacy? You think you're gonna rob me of somethin' I spent years tryin' to be worthy of?

Not happenin'.

Earlier Jason, what'd you say Lake has been committin'?

JD: Crimes.

JL: Yeah... that's the wrong word. It ain't crimes he's been perpetratin'. There's another word that covers what he's been pullin' off. And that word Jason - is sins. And you'd best believe that I don't word lightly.

You back jumpin' my daddy? That was a sin. You tryin' to take my career, hell, my life away from me two weeks ago? That was a sin. And tryin' to - steal - the Claw from me?

Well, as the good book says, thou shalt not steal.

You've sinned against me, Lake. A man has to pay for his crimes. But the thing is, ya pay for your crime, and then the slate is wiped clean. A sin's got a deeper mark, and leaves an impression that ain't so easy to wipe clean. Sins can't be paid for. They gotta be reckoned with.

Your reckonin' is tonight, Demetrius Lake.

[Jack clears his throat, and then rubs it, all that speaking clearly taking a toll.]

JL: Now Jason, I know that, of all the people in the AWA, you're the one with all the scoops. You're the one that knows what's what. So Jason, I want you tell the people why Florida is so important to one Jack Lynch.

[As Jason speaks, Jack pulls off his hat.]

JD: You've traveled all over the world, Mr. Lynch. You've wrestled in Missouri, in Northern and Southern California. Throughout the Midwest. In Canada. In

Europe, Africa and Japan. But Florida is the first place you ever wrestled outside of Texas.

JL: That's right.

[Jack's hand swipes across his dark hair.]

JL: When I left home to see the world and fight all over it, Florida was the first place I touched down. And now, just like I was back then, the AWA is on tour. And Demetrius, you better believe that I ain't comin' home unless I can say that I gave you everything your actions earned you.

Florida is my home away from home. It's the first place I ever stood completely on my own two feet, without my father lookin' over my shoulder, or my brothers watchin' my back.

Tonight, I'm by myself too.

This ain't about no Alliance. This ain't about no Quartets. This is about me payin' ya back for all your sins. I'm here tonight with nothin' but the things I always bring. Two fists ready to fly. And the Iron Claw ready to crush ya. It's just you and me tonight, Demetrius.

Just you and me, and the hell I'm bringin' with me.

[Setting his hat back on his head, Jack steps away, ready for battle as we crossfade back to the ring where The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Ten seconds in, Callum Mahoney, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

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

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

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit, and it is an Open Challenge laid down by this man, hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. As the music fades, he takes the mic from Watson, before waving the ring announcer away.]

CM: I'll take it from here, Phil.

[Watson obligingly steps out of the ring.]

CM: See, just over two weeks ago, I laid down an Open Challenge for anyone, not just the fellas in the back but ANYONE, to step into the ring against me here tonight.

[Mahoney pauses, allowing that to sink in.]

CM: Now, seeing as the AWA is going Coast to Coast, I figured why not use the Open Challenge to showcase some of the local talents in some of the cities we'll be passing through on this summer tour?

So, I took my idea to the suits and I understand they've found me a talented young man who is waiting in the back, ready to step in the ring and try to make a name for himself against the Armbar Assassin.

[Mahoney grins at the cheers for his nickname.]

CM: Of course, you might be wondering, what's in it for the fella, besides the opportunity to show what he can do in front of the thousands of you and the opportunity to be seen by the people who run this company? So, I'm going to sweeten the deal...

[Mahoney reaches into his singlet and pulls out some folded bills. He waves the referee over and thrusts the money into his hand.]

CM: There's a thousand dollars there. Count it, ref!

[The referee counts the money and nods.]

CM: A thousand dollars for the fella, IF he manages to beat me here tonight... So, without further ado, bring on the vic... I mean, challenger!

[Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers' "I Won't Back Down" starts to play and an athletically-built young man, with golden tanned skin and short, golden blond hair, shaved close to the scalp on the sides, steps through the entranceway. He has on a pair of orange trunks, with the word "GATOR" on the front in bold, blue letters and the image of an alligator, also in blue, across the back, blue knee pads and orange boots. He seems tentative as he approaches the ring, but a smattering of cheers from the hometown crowd

seems to bolster his confidence, as he climbs into the ring. Mahoney waves him over to the center of the ring.]

CM: Say, what's your name there, fella?

M: Gary Stephens.

CM: And where're you from, Gary?

GS: Gainesville, Florida.

[More cheers from the crowd.]

CM: You ready?

[The man nods.]

CM: Then, ref, ring the bell.

[The referee takes his position between the two men, directing them to step back towards their respective corners, which they do. As Mahoney does so, he hands the microphone off to Phil Watson, who is on the outside.]

DING! DING!

GM: And the Open Challenge is on! Both men circling each other...

[But not for long, as they lock up in a collar-and-elbow tie-up, which Mahoney quickly releases, going instead for a go-behind takedown.]

GM: Nice takedown by the Armbar Assassin...

[Mahoney, showing a bit of a mean streak, floats over, staying on the young man, and then paintbrushes him with several slaps to the back of the head.]

GM: Mahoney's toying with the young man. He's been pretty fired up ever since Rising Sun Showdown.

BW: Those slaps don't really hurt much... other than the pride. But you can't blame Mahoney for showing some fire after the beatdown he took in Tokyo.

GM: We've discussed this many times, Bucky. You know he was in a match he was ill-equipped for. That Shoot Fight played right into the hands of-

BW: Yeah, but he signed the contract. He knew what he was getting into. Just because he was an idiot for getting into it doesn't excuse him for getting demolished by the Russian War Machine.

[During the scuffle, Stephens manages to crawl to the ropes. Mahoney slows rises to his feet, backing off with a smile on his face as the young man scampers to his feet.]

GM: Gary Stephens, no relation to Charlie Stephens from what we understand, is back on his feet. He's showing no signs of backing down from this very tough competitor.

[Stephens moves off the ropes, going right back into a collar and elbow tieup that Mahoney swiftly switches into a rear hammerlock, forcing Stephens down to a knee.]

GM: Mahoney slaps on that hammerlock, cranking up on the arm...

[Stephens slips his free arm behind him, wrapping it around Mahoney's right leg, and gives a yank, pulling his opponent down to the mat.]

GM: Beautiful takedown by the youngster... and right into a rear waistlock of his own...

[Mahoney quickly battles up to his feet where Stephens shows off some explosive strength, powering him off the mat and taking him down with a big waistlock lift!]

GM: Wow!

BW: Oh, if Mahoney loses to this local kid, he might as well hang 'em up. Yeah, he's got that Armbar but what good has it done for him lately? He couldn't get it on Sudakov in Japan. He can't get it on this kid here tonight.

GM: It's still early, Bucky.

[Mahoney again battles up to his feet, ready to counter another takedown attempt but Stephens simply shoves him away, having proven his point. It's his turn to smile as Mahoney spins back to face him, glaring at him.]

GM: Mahoney doesn't look too happy after that takedown.

[The Irishman takes a few deep breaths, breaking into a grin as he applauds Stephens' skill on the mat. We hear a "That was good" out of him before he extends his hand.]

BW: Don't do it, kid! He's trying to sucker you into the armbar!

[Stephens looks around at the crowd, a bit reluctant to accept. He finally does, shaking the hand of Mahoney to cheers from the crowd. Mahoney gives him a pat on the shoulder as well to the appreciation of the fans.]

GM: A nice show of sportsmanship from the Armbar Assassin as he thanks Stephens for the good showing so far.

BW: It makes me sick, Gordo. No wonder Mahoney's a lost cause. No wonder he's-

[With Mahoney still holding onto the hand for much longer than necessary, Stephens tries to yank it free...

...but Mahoney leaps up, scissoring the arm, using his body weight to drag Stephens down with him!]

BW: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!

GM: Stephens is fighting it but I'm not sure he's got-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Gary Stephens taps out to the armbar!

BW: I gotta give credit where it's due, Gordo. That was a whole level of deviousness that I wouldn't have expected out of a bum like Mahoney. Too bad he couldn't pull that off in Tokyo when it counted!

[Mahoney stands over the downed Stephens who is cradling his arm saying, "And that is why you DON'T shake hands DURING the match!" Phil Watson makes it official.]

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

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[The referee tries to raise Mahoney's arm, but he pulls his hand away, turning to the referee and motioning for his money back. The referee fishes it quickly out of his pants pocket and hands it back to Mahoney, who turns back to Stephens, waving the money in front of him, while shaking his head and wagging the index finger of his other hand, to let the youngster know that he is not getting the money.]

GM: Callum Mahoney continues to get back on the winning path after that devastating loss to Kolya Sudakov back at the Rising Sun Showdown.

[As Mahoney is still showing the money to the sold-out crowd, a figure in a black hooded sweatshirt comes rushing through the crowd, hurdling the barricade, diving headfirst under the ropes, popping up to his feet...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and storming across the ring, catching a turning Mahoney flush on the collarbone with a clothesline!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The sweatshirt doesn't stay on long, ripped off and thrown to the ground to reveal the chiseled physique of the Russian War Machine and former AWA National Champion, Kolya Sudakov!]

GM: SUDAKOV! SUDAKOV IS HERE!

BW: And Mahoney is OUT, Gordo! Sudakov caught him flush with the Russian Sickle and he ain't moving one bit after getting hit with that!

GM: Kolya Sudakov... where the heck did he even come from?!

BW: I'm pretty sure he came through the crowd. He was just suddenly at ringside when I saw him diving into the ring... man, that Sickle laid out Mahoney!

[The Russian looks down at the motionless Mahoney, turning to look out at the jeering crowd.]

GM: These fans are all over Sudakov for that brutal sneak attack!

[Sudakov shouts something angrily in Russian at them, dropping to his back and rolling out to the floor...]

GM: Now where's he going?

BW: I have no... oh my god.

[The jeers get louder as Sudakov quickly digs under the ring apron, pulling out a shining silver chain!]

GM: He's got the Russian chain! He's got the Russian chain in his hands!

[As he gets back in the ring, Sudakov wastes no time in wrapping the steel links around his right hand, covering his flesh in solid steel. He uses his left hand to drag a limp Mahoney off the mat...

...and then DRILLS him between the eyes with the chain-wrapped fist!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mahoney collapses in a heap on the canvas, his hands sliding up to cover his head as he lies facefirst on the mat. Sudakov again looks out at the crowd, raising the chain-wrapped fist in the air as he shouts in Russian at the jeering members of the AWA faithful.]

GM: Mahoney's hurt, fans. He's hurt badly after that.

[The Russian War Machine uses his boot to roll Mahoney onto his back, revealing a sickening amount of crimson covering the forehead of the Irish brawler.]

GM: Oh god... Mahoney's been busted open badly. He's been- come on!

[Sudakov yanks Mahoney into a seated position on the mat, rearing back again...

...and DRIVING the chain down into the forehead a second time!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Mahoney collapses again to the mat, blood streaming heavier out of the wound as Sudakov stands over him. A flood of AWA officials hit the ring, ordering Sudakov to exit. The Russian War Machine obliges, stepping through the ropes where he slowly backs down the ramp, his hand still wrapped in a now-bloody steel chain.]

GM: Sudakov's on his way out of here but we're going to need some medical help for Callum Mahoney.

BW: He called out Sudakov! He wanted him again! Is this FINALLY enough for him, Gordo? Has Mahoney FINALLY learned his lesson against the Russian War Machine?!

GM: He got jumped from behind! He got hit with an illegal weapon! I'm guessing the answer is no, Bucky. I'm guessing this situation between these two men is far from over... what the-?!

[As Sudakov reaches the entrance curtain, he's joined just beyond it by a figure that makes the Florida crowd's blood boil.]

GM: Doyle?!

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle where a grinning Larry Doyle is applauding what he just saw. He grabs the bloody chain-wrapped hand, raising Sudakov's arm in the air and gesturing to him. The Russian War Machine smiles at the reaction of the crowd as Doyle shouts at them.]

GM: Are you telling me that Kolya Sudakov has signed on with Larry Doyle?!

BW: What were you saying about it not being the Wise Men's night?! This is Larry Doyle's night, Gordo! Not only did he keep Brad Jacobs in the fold but now he's apparently added the Russian War Machine as well!

GM: Dear god... and as the forces of justice are lining up to do battle with the Wise Men, what in the world must they be thinking right now with Kolya Sudakov joining the battle... on the wrong side?!

[The camera holds on Doyle and Sudakov for a long moment...

...before fading 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 back up on Jason Dane standing in the backstage area.]

JD: As we come back live to Memorial Day Mayhem, I've just had a rather... intimidating... interaction with the so-called hired guns of the Wise Men. You'll remember that two weeks ago I gave the world some much-needed information about these particular individuals. Apparently, that wasn't what they wanted. I was preparing for the interview that I'm about to conduct when... well, take a look...

[We fade to footage that says it was recorded "MOMENTS AGO" where Jason Dane is speaking with a production assistant. The camera is out of focus and every once in a while, it shifts position as the cameraman attempts to get his shot ready.]

JD: After the Mahoney match, there's a commercial?

[The assistant nods.]

JD: And then back to us with Preston and Martinez. Okay, got it. What's the time cue on...?

[Dane's words trail off as three men walk in from off-camera, quickly surrounding him. The production assistant starts to complain but a hard

shove from the man in midnight blue known as Pedro Perez sends him scurrying away.]

PP: Shoo fly... shoo.

[Perez smirks at a concerned-looking Dane as the big man, Wade Walker, steps behind the interviewer. Isaiah Carpenter takes up a flanking position opposite Perez, glaring at Dane as well. Perez is the only one smiling.]

PP: Well, well, well... if it isn't the man with all the scoops...

[Dane looks at Perez, meeting his gaze.]

PP: You think you're a tough guy, don'tcha? He thinks he's tough, don't he, boys?

[Carpenter nods as Walker speaks in deep, booming voice.]

WW: Real tough.

[Perez nods.]

PP: The big man says "real tough." That sounds about right to me too. You must be a tough guy, right? You've seen what we've done to people 'round here. What we've done to Preston... what we've done to the so-called White Knight, Martinez. You've seen that.

[Perez waits, glaring at Dane.]

PP: You've seen that.

[Dane nods.]

PP: Then you've gotta be a REAL tough guy to try and out the three of us... to tell the secrets that maybe... just maybe... that we didn't want told. You gotta think you're plenty tough enough to face us head on after doing that.

[Dane stands silent, surrounded.]

PP: You know what it is, boys? The golden child here thinks he's protected. He thinks that the sweet embrace of his sister and his brother-in-law means he's in a "hands off" situation.

[Perez goes back to smirking.]

PP: The thing is, tough guy... we don't answer to your suits. We don't answer to Toddy Mike.

[Carpenter leans in.]

IC: And we damn sure don't answer to your whore of a sister.

[Dane glares daggers at Carpenter but stays silent, obviously menaced by this mysterious trio.]

PP: We answer to the Wise Men... for now. But just like everything in pro wrestling, that's subject to change. They're paying the bills for now which means for now... they call the shots.

So, if Percy Childes tells Isaiah here to kick your head off your shoulders...

[Carpenter smirks, cracking his knuckles.]

PP: It'll happen. No matter the consequences. If Larry Doyle tells Wade back behind you there to pick you up and drive your skull into a solid concrete floor... like this one here...

[Perez gestures to the concrete, grinning as Wade Walker puts two heavy hands on the shoulders of Jason Dane, startling the intrepid reporter.]

PP: It'll happen.

And if the third Wise Man... and yes, we know who that is... if that individual gives us the thumbs down, then I'll step up and make sure you're eating your meals through a tube for the rest of your days.

[Perez chuckles darkly.]

PP: The greatest wrestling journalist of our time... and you can't manage to unravel the greatest wrestling mystery of our time. Who is the third Wise Man?

[Perez smiles.]

PP: When you know, Jason... when you find out... you're going to wonder how you didn't know all along.

But none of that has happened. No one's given us the order to take you out.

[Dane seems to breathe a sigh of relief.]

PP: But Preston... Martinez... whoever else those two can manage to scrape up for battle... we've got our orders about them. We've got our orders and they ain't pretty.

[Perez gives Dane a pat on the shoulder and starts to leave when Wade Walker turns Jason around physically, glaring down at him.]

WW: We do you owe you one thing though.

[Walker's cold eyes bore into Dane who seems petrified at this point in time.]

WW: You gave us our name. The Dogs Of War are here.

And this?

[Walker gestures to the surrounding area.]

WW: This is our yard now.

[Carpenter leans closer, getting real close to Dane's face.]

IC: The Wise Men send their regards.

[Carpenter steps towards the camera man, palming the lens and shoving it aside as we abruptly cut to black.]

We fade back up to backstage where Jason Dane is standing in front of an AWA backdrop, framed by two of the AWA's Young Lions. On his right is Eric Preston. Preston is dressed in his ring gear, wearing a maroon and white Gulf Coast Wrestling t-shirt, and on his left is Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight wears a black hoodie, the faded Florida Championship Wrestling Logo – a pair of grapplers superimposed over a glowing yellow sun, stretched across his chest. Around his waist is the World Television Title belt.]

JD: For months now, the two of you have been at the vanguard of the war against the Wise Men. A war that has brought the two of you here tonight to face off against the Wise Men's latest hired guns, now apparently known as the Dogs of War. A match where you two appear to have a significant disadvantage, namely, that you two lack a third man. Mr. Preston, we saw you trying to contact Todd Michaelson, presumably for his assistance. Can you tell us if you were ever able to get in touch with Mr. Michaelson?

[Preston just shakes his head.]

EP: You know as well as I do that Todd didn't pick up the phone, Jason, who're you kidding? When that man drops off the face of the Earth he does it the right way. And I gotta point the finger at me, Jason, I could have averted all this. But that ain't why we're here.

JD: Fair enough. Two weeks ago, I revealed the names of the Dogs of War. Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker. Three men who've jumped you on several occasions. Three men who might have done permanent damage to Brad Jacobs, but for the intervention of you two. Three men who've proven they can work together as a cohesive unit. Mr. Preston, if there are only two of you, and three of them, what hope do you have tonight?

EP: Jason, you need to reverse that question right now. Forget about us for a second, let's talk about the other side.

You got three men, these Dogs of War, three men who haven't ever locked up in an official AWA match before, three men who never had one of the Meekly boys give 'em instructions. And I'll hand it to ya fellas, when our

back is turned and we got other business goin' on y'all three are deadly. You win the Backjump of the Mid Year for 2014, no questions asked.

But the tables are turned right now. We're lookin' at ya square in the eyes. And the man right next to me just happens to be the hottest property in professional wrestling, the new AWA World TV champion. Ryan Martinez is on the cover of magazines, websites and message boards the world over, wondering if HE is the one who can take out the Wise Men.

I'm no Wise Man, I'm just a man on the street, but the smart money says he can.

And then there's his partner. Me.

[Preston hooks a thumb at himself.]

EP: I've had the luxury, if you call it that, of growing up in front of these people. For four long years I've been on TV, fighting whoever's in my way. Winning some, losing more, but never shying away from a challenge. And the scars, we know all about them. They're on my face, they're on my skull and they're on my soul.

I have had amazing success and triumph in front of these people, and I've had rock bottom lows and defeats. I've been what felt like seconds away from ascending to the highest heights and I've been inches away from sinking in the muck, not able to get myself out.

And our fans, these AWA fans, they're so smart. They never forget. And they've reminded me, they've seen me on the streets, they've asked me, "Where is the Eric Preston who choked out James Monosso? Where is the Eric Preston who battled the darkness and WON?"

When are ya gonna stop talking about it and start BEING about it, like we know you can?

[Preston pauses, leaving it hanging in the air.]

EP: Well brother, look no further because the Eric Preston you have asked for and the Eric Preston you have longed for is standin' right in front of you, right here on the front line. Dogs of War, we might be goin' into this match down a man but I defy you to look at the two men who are book ending Jason Dane right now and see if we give a damn.

[The Television Champion reaches for the microphone then.]

RM: Let's talk about these three men.

They now call themselves the Dogs of War.

You know what a dog is, Jason Dane? Let me tell you what a dog is. A dog is a creature that'll come around, and sit down on its butt, waiting patiently for you to feed it scraps. And when its done feasting on whatever garbage you

didn't want, that dog will thank you for the privilege of eating your leftovers. A dog is an animal that, if you kick it, it'll lower its head, puts its tail between its legs and whimper and pray you don't give it another.

A dog has got no pride. A dog doesn't do anything but wait around for your orders.

Isaiah Carpenter, you're a dog who can't even get it right. You're a dog that isn't even very good at following orders. They kicked you out of the Combat Corner because you don't have enough in you to actually learn the right way to do things. Jason Dane told the world two weeks ago what kind of dog you are. And tonight, Eric and I? We're going to give you a lesson even a thick headed dog like you is going to remember.

Wade Walker? Yeah, Jason Dane revealed your little secret to the world too. A cheater. That makes you, as far as I'm concerned, the lowest sort of dog. Untrustworthy. You say these three men work together as a unit, but Jason, let me ask you this. How do you trust a cheating dog?

JD: You make a good point.

RM: And there's the top dog. Pedro Perez. And kind of dog is Pedro Perez? Maybe the most dangerous kind of dog of all. A rabid dog. You got your tail kicked, and it broke something inside of you, didn't it Pedro? You've lost it, haven't you, head dog? And yeah, I know that makes you dangerous. I've seen the crazy in your eyes, Pedro. I know just how ruthless and vicious you are. But at the end of the day? You're still a dog.

Bad dog, cheating dog, mad dog. Eric, tell the people, what do you with those kinds of dogs?

EP: Why you take 'em to the farm and put 'em down, Ryan.

RM: You've jumped us more than once. You've left us laying more than once. But at the end of the day, what do you three have to say for yourselves? "The Wise Men send their regards."

And that says it all right there.

You're not your own men. You're the Wise Men's dogs. You've got no ideas of your own. You're animals at the end of a man's leash. You're big and bad, but you're still nothing but low down, dirty dogs.

I've got a man on my side.

[Ryan turns, looking at Preston.]

RM: Someone called me naïve for trusting Eric. People have said worse than that when they thought I wasn't listening. But I knew then what I know now. This man right here...

He's no dog.

Time and time again, I haven't had to look over my shoulder because I knew Eric was watching my back. We haven't been together a long time. But we've already gone a long way. I know why Eric is here. It's not for pride, and it's not for money.

And it sure as hell isn't because someone told him to do it.

Explain it to them, Eric. Explain why you're here.

EP: Dogs of War, I've been where you are before. I've been hungry, hell I've been STARVING for someone to pay attention to me, just like you. And just like you, I didn't wanna respect the process, I didn't wanna wait my turn, I didn't want to pay my dues.

So I found someone who filled my head with lies, someone who told me I could skip to the front of the line. Someone who told me that hard work and dedication didn't mean jack. He sold me a bill of goods and a world of promises, and all he charged me was my integrity, just like you. For the low low price of my dignity and my self respect I could be the Golden Child and have the world by the short hairs.

[Now Preston glares directly into the camera and points his index finger.]

EP: Just. Like. You.

And I don't blame ya for takin' the easy money and those sugary sweet words, but I'm here to tell ya that nothin' in life is free. Your fragile little egg shell minds might be cashin' fat chips and pushin' fat whips, but if you ain't got pride and integrity to go with it, then you ain't got nothin' at all. You three are walkin' in the same path I did not too long ago. You're greedy and jealous, you don't wanna work your way up, you want that gravy train to take you right to the penthouse.

But what no one ever told me, and what Percy Childes hasn't told you, is that the good life has a shelf life. The ride you three are on comes to a dead end, and waiting for ya will be me and Ryan Martinez. You three pups have gotten the best of us time after time, but Percy Childes never told you it was gonna come to this. Like I said, nothing in life is free, and the cost for the joy ride you three have been on is a pound of flesh right out of your hides.

I have been there, I have done that, and I'll be buying shovels from Home Depot for the rest of my life to dig myself out of the hole it put me in. And I'm not telling you I'm here to beat some sense into your heads -- hell no, I'm here to cash my receipts out of your asses -- but maybe, just maybe, you'll listen to the voice of experience after we're done with you tonight.

RM: In the AWA, there's a lot of people who -talk- about doing the right thing. There's a lot of people who pay a lot of lip service to facing the darkness within themselves and that surrounds them. You'll hear a lot of speeches about facing down demons. But a man doesn't prove who he is through what he says. A man shows just what sort of man he is by what he

does. And I've seen Eric Preston out on the front lines. I've watched him stand up and stand at my side. For Eric Preston, just like for me, it isn't about talk. It's about action. Its about who is going to answer the call to arms.

JD: So let me ask you both this directly, and this time, you both need to answer me directly. Who is it that's going to answer your call?

"Well, Mister Dane, not to speak out of turn..."

[Just then, in walks "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. As usual he's wearing a Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt and faded blue jeans along with a pair of black cowboy boots. His trusty baseball bat is missing however; in its place is bandages gotten no doubt after the attack he suffered not long ago at the hands of Johnny Detson and Percy Childes.]

BOC: ... but that someone is me.

[All three men look at Bobby with surprise, although Ryan has a smile creeping across his face to go along with his shock.]

JD: Bobby, as we can see you're still not fully recovered from the attack you suffered on that last Saturday Night Wrestling, particularly Childes' cane being smashed over your head. Do you think jumping into someone else's fight is wise?

BOC: That's an interesting choice of words, Mister Dane. Because if those men looking to make a mess of this company are wise... then I guess the only sensible move is to act as unwise as possible. Yes, they attacked me after the final bell last time. They stomped on my head and my neck. They even smashed a crystal-tipped cane over my head, knocking me out cold. But one thing they did NOT stomp, something they did NOT smash... is my fighting spirit.

[Bobby points to his bandaged head.]

BOC: If anyone thinks this will stop me, then they didn't get a glance at the scars on my forehead that were there before I stepped into the building last time around. I may be new to the television airwaves, but I am not new to a fight. I got those scars proudly before I ever stepped foot in this company, and I'm sure I'll get many more before I'm done. They may think they beat me, but the truth is by doing what they did... they proved one thing.

I've won.

JD: Excuse me?

BOC: Detson is a former World Champion. I am not even one year into my first year as a singles competitor in the AWA. Despite that, they had to cheat to win. They had to break the rules just so he could get out of there without me pinning his shoulders to the mat for a count of three. Going in, I said I might not win. But they would know they were in a fight. And by that

cowardly move, that desperate move just so he could stop getting whipped from pillar to post... they proved me right.

JD: But why come out here now? Last time you demanded your own mentor, Hannibal Carver, stay out of your match. Why throw in with these two... especially given the friction between your mentor and Eric Preston here?

BOC: What I said last time, I meant with all my heart. Sometimes, it's time to stand on your own. Last time, I needed to fight alone no matter what the result. I knew they would pull something. But I needed to take it, no matter what it was. I needed to prove to myself and the world that I can fight my own battles.

But sometimes, it's time to stand by your friends. I know you don't see these two men here at the Rusty Spur. I know Mister Carver has some sort of vendetta against Eric that I don't even fully understand. But that doesn't change that I would never hesitate to stand by their side. Ryan and I have trained every morning leading to his amazing title win, and we haven't stopped yet. During those sessions Ryan has told me every reason he has for throwing in with Eric Preston.

And all apologies to my mentor... but I agree with him.

[Ryan and Preston grin, Preston slapping Bobby on the shoulder.]

BOC: Ever since I started here, I've looked up to Ryan Martinez. Like me, he was born into this sport. Like me, he's had to prove his own worth... he's proven he belongs here in the spotlight and not just in his father's shadow.

But that's not all of it.

These men? These dogs?

[Bobby nods, a determined and intense look in his eyes.]

BOC: I owe them a face full of my fists. I was proud as I've ever been to squaring off across the ring with these two men here. And instead of a classic match with the better team getting their hands raised... these men decided they'd hit the ring instead. They attacked both me and Ryan unprovoked. To prove a point, maybe. Maybe they were trying to teach us a lesson.

And if that's the case, then I have to offer my congratulations.

[Bobby cracks his knuckles.]

BOC: Because I know as well as I know my name, none of them can be allowed to play these games with good hardworking athletes ever again.

[The trio walks off, all grins as Jason Dane looks on.]

JD: If the Dogs Of War - and the Wise Men - were looking for a fight here tonight, I'd say they just got one! Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We fade back out to the announce duo.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. We just heard from both teams and coming up right now, this six man tag team contest is really one of the most intriguing matches on the show, Bucky, because there are a whole lot of unknowns involved.

BW: I know this: the three guys that the Wise Men have brought in to handle their enforcement business call themselves the Dogs Of War. And they've put a whole bunch of people in the hospital, if they're responsible for most of the "windshieldings" we've seen over the past year. And I have it on good authority that they are.

GM: Pedro Perez Jr, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker have certainly made an impact, directly influencing the Stampede Cup qualification system by assailing Ryan Martinez and Eric Preston. They have tried several times to eliminate Martinez and Preston with violent ambushes, but tonight they'll have to face the duo of Martinez and Preston, along with their chosen partner, Bobby O'Connor!

BW: The only thing we knew about the partner before tonight is that they'd have to be dumb enough to cross the Wise Men. So Bobby O'Connor should have been obvious.

GM: Martinez and Preston are some of the talent spearheading a movement to get the Wise Men out of power.

BW: Which is beyond stupid. The Wise Men are NOT a wrestling stable! It's strictly a business entity and the only way you can fight it is in board meetings and with money. These idiots do not know what they're even fighting! What does winning matches against wrestlers managed by, or allied with, the Wise Men do for you?

GM: It is a war of ideology, Bucky, and everything in professional wrestling can be settled in the squared circle. Simply put, the Wise Men - of whom we only know the identities of Percy Childes and Larry Doyle - can influence company policy because a huge number of wrestlers have agreed to walk out of the company if the Wise Men give the word. The AWA would not survive that... today. But if you can inspire enough competitors to line up on the other side, and produce a strong enough core so that the Wise Men aren't basically holding the company hostage...

BW: You get windshilded. And the Wise Men laugh all the way to the bank.

GM: The Dogs Of War are total unknowns; we can assume that Pedro Perez will be a very different man than the one we last saw in 2011. But we do know that they're a major part of what the Wise Men do to keep their control and intimidation. If they can be taken down, the threat of a reprisal becomes significantly less. And let's not forget that Martinez, Preston, and

O'Connor all would love to take some personal vengeance out on these three men. Let's go up to ringside, because it is time for it to happen.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

PW: The following contest on Memorial Day Mayhem 2014 is a six-man tag team attraction, scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

[The fans cheer, and then the arena lights go out. However, the O'Dome's emergency lighting immediately kicks on. The bright blue-white glare of a number of smaller lights casts a surreal atmosphere over the arena, as emergency lighting tends to do. The sounds of a large pack of hunting dogs barking, snarling, and growling is head over the PA briefly, segueing into "War Machine" by KISS. Booming is heard as a number of spotlights sweep the crowd, as if searching for someone.]

PW: Introducing first, team number one! Now entering the ring area... at a total combined weight of seven hundred eighty-two pounds...

...PEDRO PEREZ JUNIOR... ISAIAH CARPENTER... WADE WALKER...

...THE DOGS! OF! WAR!

[Midway through the introductions, one of the spotlights finds the three men in question marching down the stairs from the mezzanine to the lower level, and all of the spotlights converge on that location. The trio wear midnight-blue sleeveless vests, matching track pants, black boots, and large midnight blue flak jackets over that.

In the lead is Pedro Perez Jr. Perez is a dark tan-skinned man with a well-sculpted physique. His hair is short and curled, with quite an obvious use of hair gel. There is an intense look on his slightly-bestubbed face. His wrists and hands are taped up with white athletic tape, and he sports a pair of dark sunglasses.

Behind him is Isaiah Carpenter. Carpenter is a brown-skinned man with a wrestler's physique and a clean-shaven face. Isaiah has very short black hair with one line shaved on each side, wrapping all the way around his head. His wrists and hands are also taped up, but with shiny black electrical tape, and he's keeping a stern eye out over the crowd for potential danger.

In the back is the largest of the three, Wade Walker. Walker is a slapped together white man with tan skin and shoulder length, stringy, thin blonde hair. His biceps and forearms are bulging, and he's got the tattoo of the sun god holding a three pronged pitchfork on his right shoulder. He seems the most emotionally composed of the three, confidently bringing up the rear.]

GM: And again the Dogs Of War enter through the crowd.

BW: Which is tactical brilliance. You think these guys want to walk through the AWA locker room area? You think they want to go out down the aisle where they could get jumped?

GM: Good point. The Wise Men have kept these three entirely insulated from the rest of the AWA. Perez and Carpenter are known to some of the Combat Corner people, and Carpenter was only there briefly. No one knows anything about Walker as far as wrestling goes, including where he was trained. Or Carpenter, for that matter, since one week in the Combat Corner will not translate to success.

[The three men reach the railing and step over it one at a time. They congregate at ringside, huddle up, and talk amongst themselves. Perez is very animated, Carpenter moves like a normal person, and Walker is very stoic. Their music drops down, and the lighting returns to normal.]

PW: And their opponents...

[A loud wave of cheers erupts as the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music begins to grow in intensity. This is Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi", and the fans know what it means.]

PW: About to make their way down the aisle, at a total combined weight of seven hundred sixty pounds...

...the team of... BOBBY O'CONNOR... ERIC PRESTON... and THE AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION, RYAN MARTINEZ!

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

This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war
This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war

[As this is sung, the aforementioned trio of O'Connor, Preston, and Martinez emerge at the top of the entrance ramp to a big ovation.

Bobby O'Connor has light brown hair parted to the right, pale skin, very noticeable musculature without being cut or ripped by any means. He 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 with the band's initials, B.O.C. just like his own, emblazoned across the chest.

Eric Preston is a dark skinned white male, with jet black hair and dark features. His hair is short, too short to comb but long enough to be stylishly disheveled. He's clean shaven with green eyes, and in impeccable shape with washboard abs and thick, toned arms as well as strong legs. Clad in black boots and kneepads, and short standard tights which are silver with a black triangle pattern casting a silver shadow, and blue trim along the edges. He's also sporting a sleeveless, floor length, sequined white-and-silver robe.

Ryan Martinez is tall and muscular, with short brown hair. He is wearing the same black faded Florida Championship Wrestling hoodie as seen previously, with the hood pulled up over his face. For ring attire, Martinez wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded. Both wrists are taped with glossy black tape, and the AWA World Television Title is snugly fit around his waist.

All three men step down to the center of the entrance ramp and pause. Ryan throws his head back to reveal his face, O'Connor starts bobbing on the balls of his feet like a boxer, and Preston points a finger in the direction of their opponents. All three then march down the aisle in unison as the fans cheer them all on.]

GM: We can see that these men are united in cause and in spirit here tonight, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but are they a team?

GM: Obviously, they're teaming together tonight. All three of them are well familiar with tag team wrestling.

BW: *sigh* Gordo, you don't get it. There's a massive difference between "teaming up" and "are a team". Now, we don't know if the Dogs Of War are a team or three individuals yet, but I can tell you right now... three individuals are walking the aisle. They're three tough individuals, three dangerous individuals... but if they ain't a team, they might be in trouble.

[Team or no, the trio of O'Connor, Preston, and Martinez step through the ropes and enter the ring, raising their arms to the crowd. As they do, the music hits another chorus.]

#This is a call to arms, we own the night
This is a battle song, we own the night#

[And on that note, the music drops out, and referee Marty Meekly calls for the bell.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: The bell is gone; we're underway. And both teams will have to choose who will start the match. The Dogs Of War have yet to even enter the ring.

[The camera gets a look at them, and they're all stretching an open hand out towards each other... raising their clasped hands in the air, and bringing them down with a shout. Carpenter is the one to roll under the bottom rope as the other two take the apron. In the ring across from him is Eric Preston, starting for his team.]

BW: Well, there's no turning back now. We're gonna find out, at the very least, if Isaiah Carpenter was fully trained. But you just know that the Wise Men wouldn't send these guys out here if they weren't ready.

GM: Collar-and-elbow tieup. Go-behind by Preston, waistlock takedown...

[Nope. Preston tries a waistlock takedown, but Carpenter twists his body in the air to face Preston and kicks him off, rolling through and up to his feet.]

GM: ...and I think it's safe to say that Isaiah Carpenter knows how to wrestle.

[A second tieup, and Preston backs Carpenter to the ropes. He gives a clean break, but Isaiah tries to belt him. That's not going to work on someone who used to wrestle as viciously as possible, though; Eric predicts the attack and puts a block up before he even sees the cross coming. And since Carpenter helpfully swung an arm at him, Preston uses it and armdrags him into the center of the ring.]

BW: Look at that cheap shot by Eric Preston. He was supposed to clean break but he armdragged Carpenter instead!

GM: I'm not even going to dignify that with a response. Carpenter rushing back in, and a double-leg by Preston! Preston on top and punching away!

BW: Not for long! Carpenter's got him! He scissored that arm right up and turned it into a cross armbreaker!

GM: Preston's feet are in the ropes! Carpenter has got to break it!

BW: He's trying!

GM: The hold! Not the arm! Finally, Isaiah Carpenter breaks. That was a very skilled counter, but he held that devastating armbreaker on for too long, Bucky.

BW: He had until the count of five, and he took it. And Preston over to his corner and tagging out. Didn't take him long to run out of there.

GM: Bucky, he didn't "run out of there", he made a wise decision to recover from the arm damage. Bobby O'Connor is in, and he comes in fighting! Left, right, left, staggering Carpenter... who drops into a drop toehold! Definitely a technician. Carpenter floats over the top, but O'Connor slides himself in the opposite direction and avoids getting put in a hold.

BW: His grandpa definitely taught him some things.

GM: Indeed. His father too, I'd imagine. Both Karl and Cameron O'Connor are former World Champions and Bobby O'Connor is very composed and skillful for a man his age.

BW: I hear he also knows how to beg for a job. That's the O'Connor signature move.

GM: BUCKY! Lockup, and O'Connor powering Carpenter into the wrong part of town. O'Connor in the solar plexus with a hook, and Carpenter trying to cover up...

[Carpenter dives into a somersault, avoiding any attack by either Preston or Martinez in the corner.]

BW: Instincts. You can't teach instincts.

GM: O'Connor swivels and launches an elbow, but Carpenter with a side hiplock takeover! Bobby O'Connor grabs the leg to prevent a followup, smart move, and Carpenter kicks him hard in the face!

BW: And now facelocking the dumb kid, and bringing him to the Dogs' corner.

GM: And Pedro Perez tags himself in. The last time Perez was legal in an AWA match, Juan Vasquez was on his revenge tour, and he hospitalized Perez with the City Of Angels. Perez was completely outclassed on that occasion, and we thought we would never see this man again.

[Perez lunges into action, violently and recklessly slamming blows down across O'Connor's back as Carpenter continues to hold him in place.]

BW: He's swinging quick. There's no doubt that Pedro's got a completely different demeanor than his last time through. He was a deer-in-the-headlights rookie who had no business being in an AWA ring back then. But a couple years in Puerto Rico will toughen anybody up, and that's where Perez is from originally anyway.

GM: Perez fishhooking O'Connor, driving him to his knees, and plants an elbow into his face. And another! Bobby fighting his way back to his feet, but Perez standing his ground! It's a slugfest!

[The fans cheer O'Connor on as he battles through Perez' offense, and exchanges blows with him in a brawl... until Perez lunges forward with a cross-chop to the throat.]

GM: Ohh! Illegal blow to the throat and-

[Perez slams a knee into the midsection, sending O'Connor stumbling back where Perez ruthlessly jabs a finger into his eye before throwing himself into a makeshift spear tackle, knocking O'Connor down to the mat where he opens up, pummeling him violently!]

BW: I guess we know Pedro can fight!

GM: Grabbing O'Connor's hair and slamming the back of his head to the mat, again and again!

BW: That's a great way to give somebody a concussion, too. You ever hit the back of your head on something? Do that over and over with a two-hundred thirty pound guy slamming it down.

[Perez pulls O'Connor off the mat, hooking the front facelock before snapping him over with a nicely executed swinging neckbreaker!]

BW: Only gonna get a two this early. Say what you want about the O'Connors - and I will - but they're a stubborn breed.

GM: Perez up and tagging in Walker. Wade Walker is a total unknown, but he's a huge man who must run about six-four and two-eighty, all muscle. Perez lifting O'Connor in the side suplex... GOODNESS!

[As Pedro Perez holds O'Connor parallel to the mat with a side suplex position, Wade Walker walks up, does an enormous standing broad jump, and crashes down into him with his shoulder and upper arm into the chest. Perez lets go, and Walker pretty much cannonballs onto O'Connor's upper body, spiking him into the canvas. The crowd loudly reacts for the devastating maneuver.]

BW: Ho-HO! Bobby O'Connor's lungs just about got ejected through his intestines, daddy!

GM: Tremendous impact from Walker, who must have leapt... I don't know, five feet in the air? Incredible athleticism by the big man, who is now flagrantly choking Bobby O'Connor on the canvas!

BW: He's got a four count!

GM: And he's ignoring the count! Marty Meekly has it at his discretion to call a disqualification right now!

BW: I don't think he can run fast enough to get away with that. Do you?

[Walker gets back to his feet, glaring at Marty Meekly as he grabs O'Connor by the throat with the same hand he was choking him with.]

GM: He pulled him up to his feet like he were a child! And plasters him with a European Uppercut! This man is certainly as much of a powerhouse as he appears.

BW: You don't get muscles like that by sitting home and playing the PlayStation.

GM: That's true, Bucky. You should consider playing less.

BW: But I just got an advance copy of the new AWA 2K14... HEY! I don't play kids' games!

GM: Walker sending O'Connor off the ropes... Bobby ducks the clothesline! Barreling off the other end... TOMAHAWK CHOP BY O'CONNOR LEVELS WADE WALKER!

[The fans get up and cheer as Bobby reels backwards. He's stunned, but Walker recovers quickly. The big man advances, but Bobby unloads with a flurry of chops... one overhand, one knife-edge, one reverse knife-edge, and one more overhand.]

BW: Uh oh! O'Connor is staggering the big man!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby grabs the arm, whipping Walker into the fan favorites' corner. O'Connor follows him in, connecting with a big running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline in the buckles... and the tag is made to the World Television Champion! The crowd gives their approval as Ryan Martinez steps in.

BW: And like a true champion, he don't come in until somebody's hurt in his corner.

GM: Sounds like the sort of thing you would approve of.

BW: I do. But not this crowd interaction stuff!

[The "crowd interaction stuff" Bucky refers to? The famous Ryan Martinez machine gun chops.]

"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: Blistering, although the ring attire of the Dogs Of War may help in avoiding actual blistering.

[Martinez seems to slow down a bit but moves back in to deliver more chops when Walker cuts him off with a sharp forearm shot, driving Martinez back. The big man is obviously in pain though, wincing as he clutches at his chest.]

GM: Wade Walker is feeling the effects of those harsh blows for sure.

BW: I think if he missed Walker and hit the turnbuckle, the turnbuckle would have been in great pain from those harsh blows.

[Staggering back in off the forearm, Martinez lands a hard forearm of his own before hooking the big man under the arm, hurling him out to the middle of the ring with a biel throw.]

GM: Martinez sends him sailing halfway across the ring!

[The World Television Champion pivots, racing to the ropes, rebounding off as Walker starts to recover.]

GM: HEAD KICK!

BW: WALKER CAUGHT IT!

[The crowd and the TV Champion are both in shock as Wade Walker reaches out, catches Ryan's foot coming in, and stops him cold in his tracks. The big man sneers at Ryan, and then pulls him in by the leg and levels him with a brutal clothesline!]

BW: Short-leg clothesline! And I think Martinez'll think twice about comin' right at this guy again!

GM: Walker hoisting up Martinez...

[Walker applies a half nelson with his powerful left arm before SLAMMING right handed blows onto the ear of Martinez.]

GM: Ooh! OOH! VICIOUS! Walker laying in stiff blows to the eardrum of Martinez with the right as he holds him with the left! His forearm is smashing into the man's skull, and that has to absolutely dizzy the World Television Champion.

BW: Which makes it easy to bring him to your corner. There's the tag, and here comes Perez.

GM: And Walker picking up Martinez... PRESSES HIM OVERHEAD!

BW: With ease, daddy! That's two-fifty-five bein' pressed like he was nothing.

[What does Walker do with his man once he has him up? He drops him forward at Perez, who jumps up with both knees and falls to his back, causing Martinez' ribs to be spiked into the knees like an inverted Lungblower! The crowd reacts to the devastating maneuver as Martinez ricochets off and rolls, clutching his abdomen and gasping for air.]

GM: I do not know what you call that, but Ryan Martinez calls it 'devastating'!

BW: I guess we know, like you said earlier Gordo, that Walker is the powerhouse you'd think just by looking at him. I guess we know now how the Dogs Of War are built: Carpenter's the technician, Perez is the fighter, and Walker's the strength.

GM: Definitely a vicious streak to Pedro Perez, as he is dragging Martinez around the mat by his hair, kicking at him as he goes. That has to cause matburns.

BW: Oh, yeah it does. Remember, that's canvas. You can scrape a man's skin off with canvas if you try hard enough.

GM: Perez cutting off the ring here, maneuvering Martinez to the corner. Drives the double axehandle into the small of the back. Tag to Carpenter, and Perez... what is this, now?

[With Ryan face-down on the mat, Pedro grabs his wrists, puts his feet on the shoulders, and sits back to stretch Ryan's arms out. Carpenter then comes down off the second rope with a kneedrop to the right shoulder.]

BW: Now the Dogs Of War are making quick tags and hitting double-teams, cutting the ring off. This is a team, daddy.

[As Carpenter applies a spinning wristlock: an arm version of a spinning toehold, Perez gives Martinez a bootsrape before leaving the ring, raking his face with his bootlaces. The fans boo the needless cruelty.]

GM: What was that?! Perez's five seconds were up!

BW: I didn't hear a disqualification. You know, Eric Preston said earlier that the Dogs Of War were just three guys who "never had a Meekly give them instructions". Well, they obviously know their way around a wrestling ring.

GM: Whoever trained them did. It's very clear that somebody has given these men some advanced training, and it does not take any stretch to imagine who funded that.

BW: What we need now is for these fans to shut their mouths and let them work. You hear how they're stomping and carrying on? It's a disgrace.

GM: The fans trying to get Ryan Martinez going, and the World Television Champion is forcing his way up to his feet! Carpenter adjusts his grip to an armbar, but Martinez will not relent. Carpenter straddling the shoulder, sitting right down on it as he cranks the arm... woah!

[Isaiah's attempt to force Martinez down by sitting back on the shoulder is defeated as Martinez gets to his knees... and stands up, hoisting Carpenter up on his shoulder! Isaiah is in shock as the champion falls back, slamming his opponent side-first to the canvas!]

BW: I can't believe Martinez got him up... but look! Carpenter held on!

GM: That is incredible tenacity! Isaiah Carpenter did not relent, and he gets back up in the dominant position. But Martinez rolling back up... he's going to try again! And with Carpenter not having himself planted as he did before, a second attempt will take less effort!

[Unfortunately for Martinez, Pedro Perez is not willing to let him do that... the instigator of the Dogs Of War runs in and clips out his legs as he stands,

while Carpenter shifts his body weight to land on Martinez's neck with a leg drop-like maneuver!]

BW: Nope! The Dogs Of War aren't gonna let that happen.

GM: Bobby O'Connor and Eric Preston rush in! O'Connor hammers Perez with a haymaker, and Preston follows it up with a leg lariat that levels Perez! They got him out of there in a hurry.

BW: But now Meekly's runnin' them out, and here comes big Wade!

GM: Wade Walker gets in, no tag made! Grabbing Ryan Martinez in suplex position, and laying him out over the top rope! He dropped him abdomen-first on the ropes, and... OH MY WORD! Carpenter and Walker both kneed him in the head, from opposite sides!

BW: Ha ha ha! That was like cymbals clashing on our beloved champion's head. And ya know, I just realized something. You know who the Dogs Of Wars' biggest fan is right now?

GM: I'd imagine that would be a three-way tie between Childes, Doyle, and whomever the third is.

BW: Brian James! He won the Mayhem match; he gets a title shot in two weeks. There might not be anything left of the champ when that happens! I mean, James is a goofball, but I'm sure even he realizes that it'd be real good for his career if the Dogs annihilate Martinez tonight. Surely his dad would have laid that much wisdom on him before he passed on.

GM: He's not---! I'm not going to get into this.

[Walker steps out just before the official turns back around. Carpenter pulls Martinez towards the corner, lifting him up to deliver a back suplex.]

GM: Oh! Carpenter tilting the back suplex to land on the right shoulder! Very shrewd move... a veteran move, really.

BW: Whoever trained these guys knew the ins and the outs, daddy. We know Carpenter ain't a veteran. He was in the Combat Corner only a couple years ago.

GM: Though you could say the same for the World Champion. Carpenter has enough experience that he cannot be considered a rookie, but we do not know much about how he got it.

BW: Carpenter's got him in a keylock now... they picked a spot and they're grindin' it. Reaches up and tags Walker!

GM: The biggest member of the Dogs Of War is in, and drives a harsh stomp down on the shoulder of Ryan Martinez. And a second. Carpenter maintains the hold, making these stomps even more vicious.

BW: As if bein', what, near two-ninety ain't enough. Wade Walker ain't near the biggest man in the AWA, but he sure looks athletic and explosive.

GM: He gathers up the Television Champion, lifts him up... shoulderbreaker! Every impact and hold on that arm and shoulder bring the Dogs Of War one step closer to victory.

BW: And probably bring Martinez one step closer to losin' the belt for sure in two weeks. Which might be the idea. Gordo, the Wise Men want to punish these guys for defying the Wise Men, so what better way to do that than to injure the TV Champ and cost him his belt? That would prove that anybody who defies the Wise Men will never be able to prosper in the long run, because anything you win, they'll make sure you lose.

[As Bucky explains this, Walker pulls up Martinez, and Irish-Whips him. However, he never releases the arm, pulling back hard and yanking the right arm, trying to wrench it out of socket! Martinez drops to his chest, but Walker merely picks him up and whips him again... spinning him around in an Irish-Whip... until Martinez' feet leave the ground due to centrifugal force! Ryan uses his left arm to hold on desperately as Walker swings him around in a circle!]

GM: LOOK AT THIS! That's like a Giant Swing with the arm! If Martinez doesn't hold on, this would dislocate his shoulder for certain!

BW: And that leaves him wide open... Perez ran in and drilled him in the ribs with a diving shoulderblock, daddy! Boom!

GM: That stops the swing, though it does so by wrenching the shoulder in the opposite direction suddenly. Marty Meekly cannot allow these men to keep running in unchallenged. Nonetheless, a unique and dangerous maneuver by Walker, who tags back out to Carpenter. The team technician enters the ring, and Walker hoists up Martinez again over his shoulder.

[Carpenter bounces off the ropes, jumps up to grasp Martinez's arm, and drops him off of Walker's shoulder with a singlearm DDT, right into Martinez's right shoulder!]

BW: Ha ha ha! I don't think I've ever seen that one, either! This is a well-oiled machine, and Ryan Martinez might have the shortest Television Title reign ever if they break his arm tonight!

GM: Isaiah Carpenter tags out to Pedro Perez. Perez entering via the second rope, and Carpenter putting Martinez over his knee!

[The actual setup involves Carpenter getting Martinez to his knees and barring his arm in the crook of his knee, so that Ryan's shoulder is what's atop Carpenter's knee while a facelock keeps his head still. Perez gets on the second rope and jumps...

...just as Martinez steps to his feet, straightening up to back body drop Carpenter right at the incoming Perez! The two Dogs collide in mid-air, and the fans explode!]

BW: How did he get out of that predicament?!

GM: Ryan Martinez has a chance! Perez and Carpenter are stunned!

BW: Walker'll put an end to this.

[The crawling advance of Ryan Martinez to his corner is threatened by Wade Walker, who steps into the ring to cut off Martinez... only for Bobby O'Connor to run across from the other side and tackle him! The fans cheer... and go wild as Martinez tags Preston!]

GM: TAG TO PRESTON! The crowd going wild as Eric Preston enters...

[*WHACK!*

GM: _DREAM MACHINE_! HE HITS CARPENTER WITH THE BIG KNEELIFT! And now he's lining up Perez for the same!

[Preston rushes at Perez, looking to hit the million dollar kneelift...

...but Perez sees it coming, standing up in the nick of time to cause Preston to whiff on it. The hot-blooded Perez grabs Preston by the hair, popping him with a few right hands.]

GM: Perez hammering away but Eric Preston answers in kind!

[The two men are slugging it out but Perez is throwing just a little faster, getting the better of the exchange as Preston backpedals, bringing his arms up in a defensive posture like a boxer.]

BW: He just needs one big shot to lay Preston out...

[That's what Perez thinks as well, and he quickly dashes to the ropes, comes barreling off...

...where Preston hooks in a bodylock, flinging him overhead with an explosive overhead belly-to-belly suplex that sends Perez sailing and crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: Perez sent flying! And now we see O'Connor and Walker are exchanging blows on the floor!

[We cut outside, where we see Bobby O'Connor plant Walker into the barricade with a handful of hair. He then cracks him with a right hook as Walker is stretched out over the rail. Back in the ring, Preston hooks the head of Perez, backs him up, and runs into a jumping bulldog!]

BW: Not the Riley Roundup!

[The crowd ROARS for the signature move of one their home state stars as Preston pops up, giving a shout to the crowd.]

GM: Carpenter from behind!

[But Carpenter is having trouble getting on steady footing after the Dream Machine...

...which allows Martinez to CRACK him with a brutal front elbow shot with his off arm!]

GM: Pandemonium is breaking loose as all six men are in combat!

[Outside the ring, Walker fights back with a kick to the midsection. He presses O'Connor overhead, and drops him on the railing... only for Bobby to block it with his hands.]

GM: Oh! O'Connor blocked it! That would've totally taken him out of the match but he managed to block that throw onto the railing and I don't think Wade Walker knows it!

[Walker moved on after dropping him, looking towards the ring to go in and help, so he completely misses the block by O'Connor and is totally blindsided when Bobby hits a Bionic Elbow to the base of the skull, sending Wade falling into the apron and then down onto the floor.]

BW: We can see that Bobby O'Connor learned the usual cowardly O'Connor tactics.

GM: This is a fight, Bucky, and Walker would do far worse than that if Bobby let him!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez hits a left-handed clothesline, sending Carpenter tumbling over the top rope.]

GM: Oh my stars!

[Isaiah gets his arms tied in the ropes as he is flipped over the top... he was using the middle rope to steady himself as he stood, so his arms get pinned between the ropes, with his legs dangling off the apron to the outside. Ryan moves to the apron holds his still-strong left arm aloft.]

GM: I think we know what's coming here!

[The World Television Champion winds up and starts pelting Carpenter with the Machine Gun Chops, getting the fans on that side of the ring to chant "MAR [CHOP!] - TI [CHOP!] - NEZ! [CHOP!]" in time with him.

We cut back inside the ring where Eric Preston hops up on the second turnbuckle, giving a shout as he balls up his right hand, holding it overhead...]

GM: Preston off the midbuckle... FISTDROP!

BW: This is officially way too chaotic to call.

GM: The legal men are Preston and Perez! Preston with the cover.

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Perez slips a shoulder up. A frustrated Preston grabs a handful of hair, hammering the former Combat Corner student relentlessly with right hands to the skull.]

GM: Preston's hammering away! He's beating Pedro Perez into the mat!

[Climbing to his feet at the referee's four count, Preston drags Perez up to his feet, hooking him around the waist...]

GM: Backbreaker! Right down across the knee!

[Meanwhile, outside the ring, we see that O'Connor is still in control. He goes for a slam on Walker, who rakes the face, hooks him under the arms, and hurls him into the railing like throwing a stone. Bobby hits with a loud CRASH.]

GM: O'CONNOR GETS DRIVEN INTO THE STEEL!!

[Walker backs off, shouting at the fans, and rushes the Jefferson City native...

...who back body drops him clean over the railing and into the crowd!]

BW: Bobby O'Connor just sent Wade Walker into the crowd! He's trying to escape the ringside area, Gordo! O'Connor is a coward!

GM: He's going after him! O'Connor's going into the crowd to go after Wade Walker!

[The shot cuts to the other side of the ring where Ryan Martinez bends Isaiah Carpenter back over the ropes...]

GM: BURNING SWORD!

[Martinez' overhead chop, like an executioner's axe coming down, causes Carpenter to flip backwards over the ropes and back inside the ring.]

GM: He puts Carpenter back into the ring.

BW: At least that got him untangled from the ropes.

GM: Meanwhile, Preston still in complete control! He has set Perez on the ropes and is going for the Godsend!

[Which means that Perez is seated facing out, and Preston's hooked his neck for a neckbreaker. Perez wants no part of this, and thumbs the eye to get out of that situation.]

GM: Oh, come on! A blatant thumb to the eye by Pedro Perez!

[Preston staggers blindly back into the middle of the ring as Perez pushes himself up, standing on the top rope. The Puerto Rican launches himself through the air with a high cross body...

...but Preston spots him coming, snatching him out of the sky, and driving him down with a ring-rocking powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!!

[The fans go wild as Preston hooks the legs...]

BW: No!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That had to be two and nineteen twentieths!

[During the count, Martinez deposited Carpenter at ringside through the ropes, and rolled out after him. Clearly quite angry, the native Californian snapmares Carpenter on the floor, then pulls him up by the head. He lifts him in an atomic drop, and atomic drops him right in front of the ring steps, so that the momentum takes him into them!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEPS GOES CARPENTER!

BW: What kind of a champion is Ryan Martinez?! He should be back up on the apron, but he's attacking a guy who is only doing his job!

GM: Preston hooking Perez... he's trying for the Cobra Clutch! And you know what that sets up...

BW: Ah, but Perez used the old mule kick to stop that before it started.

GM: Between the legs! It was a low blow!

BW: It was better than getting crossfaced!

GM: The referee didn't see it! That would've been an instant disqualification but the referee was checking on Carpenter after he got sent into the steel ste-

[*CRAAAASH*SMASH*BASH*]

GM: Goodness! Wade Walker tried to slam Bobby O'Connor into a chair out in the crowd, but O'Connor hiptossed him into a whole row of them! It's a good thing that the fans got up and vacated that row.

BW: Well, when guys that big say "get out of your chair", you tend to do it. But... I don't think Walker's getting back from that!

GM: True! O'Connor heading back down through the crowd, as the two men had fought behind the front floor section. This looks bad for the Dogs Of War... or more accurately, this looks ironically appropriate for the Dogs Of War!

[With Preston hurting, he crawls to the corner where Ryan Martinez becomes the legal man.]

GM: Martinez makes the tag after the low blow takes Preston down.

BW: Only a dummy would want to get back in with his shoulder that messed up!

GM: Perez wants to tag out but Pedro Perez has no one to tag, as Carpenter was run into the steps and Walker into some chairs!

[Taking advantage of the isolated Perez, Martinez whips him in.]

GM: He shoots him in... and SHOOTs HIM UP!

[Martinez lifts Perez with his left arm, lifting him into the air...

...and DROPPING him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: FLAPJACK! FACEFIRST TO THE CANVAS!!

[Martinez gets up, signaling for the Brainbuster!]

GM: Martinez is calling for the Brainbuster!

BW: If he hits this, it'll be a tragedy!

GM: And the Wise Men will suffer a telling blow! Ryan Martinez picks Pedro Perez up... holds him up in the air vertical... no! His shoulder gave way!

[He tried but, Perez was able to struggle and kick his way back down in front, slipping out of the suplex position. He retains a hold of Martinez's arms, having grasped him by both wrists. Pedro backs up, clutching one of Ryan's wrists in each hand, and swings his foot up to kick the TV Champion

in the face! He pulls back on the arms with his foot in Martinez's face... and then drops back to the mat, causing a nasty bit of whiplash on Ryan's neck!]

BW: What in the world was that move, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea; it was incredibly unorthodox! Perez is crawling back to his corner, which is empty. But both of Martinez's teammates are calling for a tag!

BW: I don't like the looks of this!

GM: Martinez tags O'Connor, and Perez... whoa!

BW: WALKER! He's up already?!

[The crowd cheers Bobby on as he rushes in the ring, as does Wade Walker on the other side. O'Connor picks up where he left off, battering away with closed fists. Perez doesn't leave the ring, though... he leans back in the turnbuckles, points at Martinez... and flips him the double bird.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor picks up Walker, and slams him down with authority! Wade Walker proving to be incredibly durable, but Bobby O'Connor proving to be relentless. Ryan Martinez... what is he...

[Enraged, Martinez takes a step back towards the action in the ring instead of exiting, and a clearly battered and weary Perez shouts out something. The crowd is loud and thus even the cameras don't pick it up, but reading his lips can get us "coward", "old man", "shadow". Ryan barrels across the ring in a fit of rage, and spears Perez in half...

...well, he would have, had Pedro not dropped down at the last second. Ryan goes through the buckles and smashes his right shoulder into the post!]

BW: HA HA HA! What an idiot!

GM: CARPENTER! NO!

[The crowd buzzes in recognition as Carpenter hops up on the apron, charging down it...

...and SLAMMING his boot into the side of Martinez' head, smashing it into the side of the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CONCUSSIONIZER! MY GOD!!

[Martinez slumps down, hanging over the middle rope unconscious as Carpenter backs away, dropping back down to the floor. Perez kneels down on the apron, shouting at Martinez, repeatedly slapping him across the face.]

GM: They baited him! The Dogs Of War used Ryan Martinez's temper against him... and then Isaiah Carpenter bashed his exposed head into the post with a Concussionizer! That was James Monosso's signature move that he used to hospitalize people with!

BW: And that triggered Preston! Look out!

[The fans boo the take-out of Martinez but cheer as an enraged Eric Preston rushes across the ring and dives over the top rope at Isaiah Carpenter...

...wiping him out with a flying plancha!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY PRESTON!! You know seeing that move used to take someone out would absolutely enrage Eric Preston, who fell victim to that in the past and watched a number of people suffer the same!

BW: Preston's gone off the deep end now? There's no way they didn't plan to do that!

GM: Martinez is down on the mat, not moving one bit. Preston just threw himself out to the floor and he's shaken up as well. But it's Bobby O'Connor, the young man from Missouri, who is the legal man and so far, he's been matched up well against Wade Walker.

[O'Connor swiftly throws Walker into the ropes, catching him on the rebound under his arm, using Walker's own momentum to spin backwards...

...and DRIVE him into the canvas with a sidewalk slam!]

GM: USDA! HE PLANTS HIM!!

[O'Connor dives across from a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd groans as Walker kicks out with relative ease at two.]

GM: My god! He kicked out at two with seemingly no problem!

BW: That was one of the big guns in O'Connor's arsenal and Wade Walker just basically said, "What else you got, punk?!" Incredible!

[O'Connor is kneeling on the mat, looking at Marty Meekly in disbelief as we cut to the floor where both Carpenter and Preston are recovering from the plancha. Preston is to his feet first, measuring the rising Carpenter. He's leaned over, waving his hand, shouting for him to get up...]

GM: Preston's got Carpenter in trouble! He's got-

[A shout from behind gets Preston's attention as he quickly turns...

...just in time to EAT a running bicycle kick from Pedro Perez who has gone to the floor to go after him!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A SHOT BY PEREZ!!

BW: Preston's out! He's out cold!

GM: You could be right. That was a devastating blow out of Pedro Perez who is showing the world how much he's developed in the past few years down in Puerto Rico. But look back in the ring, Bucky... back in the ring...

[Back inside the ring, O'Connor has pulled Walker off the mat, steadying him as he winds up his right arm a few times, dashing to the ropes...]

GM: O'Connor's off the ropes... BUTCHER'S BLO-

[The fans cheer Bobby as he dashes off the ropes and careens off to the staggering Walker... whose gaze suddenly switches from dazed to focused, and he steps into a two-handed power side-swung axehandle to the chest that crushes O'Connor coming in with a loud THUMP that you can hear!]

BW: BOOM! WALKER LEVELED HIM WITH THAT!

GM: What a thunderous blow by the powerhouse of the Dogs Of War!

[With Walker dropping to a knee to recover from the exertion, we cut to the floor where outside the ring, Pedro Perez is going after Eric Preston. Perez was too hurt to immediately follow up on his bicycle kick so as he gets him up, Preston is ready to defend himself, throwing a right hand! Soon, Perez and Preston are trading wild shots again.]

BW: We STILL got a fight on the floor! This match is crazy, Gordo!

GM: It has not resembled an ordinary six-man tag for some time. Wade Walker picking up Bobby O'Connor, sending him off the ropes...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Wade Walker leaps into the air, driving an arm down across the collarbone!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HE NEARLY DECAPITATED HIM WITH THAT CLOTHESLINE!

BW: He just jumped about five feet in the air and clotheslined his head off! That was like a top rope move from his feet!

[Walker again slumps to a knee, exhausted from the grueling and fast-paced matchup as we cut to the floor where Perez is landing knees to the ribs from the clinch up against the steel barricade. Preston is more than happy to exchange, landing knees of his own...]

BW: They're trading knees in the clinch, like a Mixed Martial Arts battle, on the floor!

GM: Neither seems to be getting an advantage though as-

[Everyone fails to miss the real reason that Perez was clinching Preston, holding him while his brother-in-arms got into position behind him.]

GM: CARPENTER!!

[Carpenter throws himself forward in a koppo kick, his heel striking Preston in the base of the neck, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: Ohh! What a kick by Carpenter!

[Perez grabs Preston in a front facelock, landing several brutal kneestrikes to the face as Carpenter gets back up.]

GM: Oh, no! There's two on one on the floor!

BW: Meekly let this one go a long time ago, Gordo, and I remind you WHICH of these two teams started this brawl?

GM: They both did! Carpenter... IS HE GOING TO DDT PRESTON ON THE FLOOR?!

[He sets up for it, but pivots out of the facelock, bringing his far arm crashing down over the back of Preston's head and bulldogging him instead! The result is pretty similar... Eric Preston face-first on the barely-padded floor. The fans boo the goings-on.]

BW: That might have been even worse!

GM: I do not know what that move was! But I know what move Walker is setting up for! He's going to powerbomb O'Connor, the way we've seen him powerbomb people into cars!

[But as Walker lifts him up, O'Connor slips out over the top, landing on a knee. He pops back up, spinning around as Walker turns slower.]

BW: O'Connor's too greasy from sweating like a pig, or like his grandfather! He slipped out!

GM: And the Bionic Elbow sends Walker staggering! He's...

BW: ...screwed.

[Fists clenched and ready to fight, Bobby starts to advance towards a wobbly Walker... when he takes a look around him. Perez is slowly pulling himself up on the apron on the far side of the ring, moving like a snake. Carpenter grabs the top rope and practically does a chin-up onto the apron. Both of them slowly enter the ring, and Bobby realizes... he's all alone. The fans are suitably loud and horrified.]

GM: This... this is not good.

BW: You're right. This isn't good; it's awesome! Bobby O'Connor is all alone.

GM: Meekly has to step in. It is one thing to let the match go outside when you have two legal men in the ring. Three-on-one in the ring is where you must draw the line.

BW: You know, I wrote down what Bobby O'Connor said earlier. He said "I know as well as I know my name, none of them can be allowed to play these games with good hardworking athletes ever again." You want to take a stand, kid?! You wanna be a hero?! Because this is what happens to heroes.

[O'Connor looks around, looking from foe to foe. His fingers are wiggling, his body tensing with anticipation...

...and then he suddenly throws himself into action, charging towards Isaiah Carpenter!]

GM: O'Connor attacks! Overhead elbow on Carpenter!

[He spins to his side, landing an identical blow on Perez!]

GM: Another elbow! O'Connor's giving it to the Dogs of War!

[Another elbow lands, this time on the crown of Wade Walker's skull!]

GM: A third elbow connects! All three Dogs of War are staggered and these fans are electrified here in the O'Dome! I can barely hear anything but them!

BW: What?!

GM: There is no quit in Bobby O'Connor! Chops on Perez! Chops on Carpenter! Chops on Walker! He is going at them all! By God, he's doing it! He's fighting them all! He's fighting them all!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: The Dogs Of War are staggered!

[O'Connor sees a window, racing to the ropes where he bounces back, crooking his arm for the lariat he calls the Butcher Block...]

GM: BUTCHER BLOOOOO-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the suddenness of a landmine going off, Wade Walker hits another flying clothesline from the side, cutting off O'Connor as he charges Perez with the lariat! Bobby flips over sideways and crashes down to the mat.]

GM: Oh my stars! Wade Walker devastates the grandson of the AWA President and-

[Carpenter descends on him from the side, wrapping up his arms in a double armbar as Perez dives on him, windmilling punches into his face like a man possessed!]

BW: It was inevitable! O'Connor did what all heroes do... he made the people believe, and then he let them all down.

GM: HE DID NOT! It is not over! Marty Meekly should call for a disqualification right now!

BW: Marty Meekly drives an old car.

GM: What does that have to do with...

BW: Old cars have thick windshields.

[Perez and Carpenter vacate the ring, stepping into their corner as Marty Meekly struggles to get control of the situation. Walker pulls O'Connor off the mat, firing him into the ropes...

...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous sidewalk slam of his own!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Just like the USDA that O'Connor hit Walker with moments ago!

GM: Walker tags out... in comes Carpenter... and ANOTHER double team!

[The referee shouts a useless protest as Walker applies a front facelock, watching as Carpenter leaps off the middle rope, stomping O'Connor between the shoulder blades and driving him down to the canvas.]

GM: Good grief! Another vicious doubleteam by the Dogs of War!

[Carpenter throws a quick look to check the status of O'Connor's partners before hooking the facelock again, swinging O'Connor's feet up so that his shins rest on the middle rope...]

GM: What in the world is he...?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps as Carpenter executes the same spinning bulldog that he drove Preston's face into the floor with!]

BW: WOW! They're unloading the heavy artillery now!

GM: Just pin the man, will you?! He's had enough!

BW: Not according to the Dogs of War... or perhaps the Wise Men. The Wise Men tried to send a message to Karl O'Connor through his precious grandson before. Don't think they're above doing the same thing here right now.

[Carpenter slaps the hand of Pedro Perez, bring him in.]

GM: Another tag... Carpenter with a backslide...

[But Perez hits the ropes, rebounding off with a flying forearm to the jaw that sends O'Connor falling back...

...into a BRUTAL "backslide driver", the back of O'Connor's head violently slamming into the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Perez cackles at the referee insisting on a pin attempt. Carpenter smirks, exiting the ring as he draws a thumb across his throat.]

GM: ERIC PRESTON IS UP!!

[The camera cuts to the floor where a staggered and bloody Eric Preston is on his feet, stumbling towards the ring...

...where Wade Walker shows off his athleticism, running down the length of the ring apron and HURLING himself off, wiping out Preston with a monstrous flying clothesline!]

GM: HOLY...

BW: This is how a team operates. Preston gets back up and he gets put right back down! And trust me, you won't see Martinez back up until tomorrow. Not after a Concussionizer.

GM: Perez pulling back the head. What is THIS move?!

[Sneering, Pedro pulls O'Connor back into an inverted DDT position, then hooks a leg, pulls him up...

...and sits out, driving him down into the back of his head and shoulders!]

BW: You know what that was, Gordo?! That was an exact INVERSION of the City Of Angels! The move that Juan Vasquez put this kid on the shelf with and almost ended his career years ago when he was a helpless clueless rookie!

GM: O'Connor is out after that! What on Earth do they have left to prove?!

BW: Obviously something, because Perez tagged Carpenter. And, uh, Carpenter tagged Walker! All three of them are in!

GM: They're trying to cripple him!

BW: They're making a statement.

GM: Walker picks up O'Connor.

[O'Connor is easy prey for Walker who crouches down, muscling the youngster up in an electric chair lift...]

GM: Perez and Carpenter grabbing the arms of O'Connor... what are they...

[As Walker stands in center ring, with Bobby on his shoulders, Pedro Perez grabs one arm and Isaiah Carpenter grabs the other. The two men then fall straight back as Walker drops and pushes up on the legs...

....sending O'Connor to do a full 270 in the air and land face-first into the canvas at high speed!]

BW: HO-HO! He just flipped around faster than a Congressman after election time!

GM: A violent fall! With the power of all three men behind it. Walker for the one-knee cover... and it's over. Mercifully.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The crowd boos loudly as "War Machine" starts back up. The Dogs Of War glare down at their victims and loudly boast about how they just destroyed them.]

BW: And once again, what did Bobby say? "I know as well as I know my name"? That's not a problem for the Dogs Of War... when he wakes up, he won't know who, what, where, or why he is!

GM: That was a devastating victory for these three men.

BW: For this one team! You saw it. Martinez, Preston, and O'Connor took the advantage when everybody got separated. They handled things one-on-one. But when it was team on team? NOPE.

GM: I have to concede that point. The difference in this matchup was the teamwork.

BW: The Dogs Of War were not put together just recently, daddy. This has been planned. And it has been planned for a long time. You cannot tell me that three men work together that well in even a few months. That's years of work.

GM: But... they never teamed together in a match before tonight! How is that possible?!

BW: Uhhh... I dunno. The Rave got them from an alternate timeline?

GM: Don't be absurd. The Wise Men have their three assassins, and they are leaving the same way they came. Through the crowd. But not after taunting and mocking their opponents. No sportsmanship here.

[We see a bloodied Preston roll into the ring and check on his fallen teammates. Martinez has his head clutched in his left arm, with his right arm hanging limp. O'Connor isn't moving a muscle.]

BW: And there is what they just left behind. Heroes. They wanted to fight the Wise Men, but they had no clue what they were getting into.

GM: And you think they're going to just quit?

BW: Well... yes. Wouldn't you? Gordo, they didn't just get beat. They got beat DECISIVELY.

GM: Ryan Martinez is not a quitter. Eric Preston is not a quitter. And Bobby O'Connor is darn sure not a quitter. Yes, they took a big loss tonight against a team which they had no actionable information on going in. And yes... the Dogs Of War look dominant. Absolutely dominant as a team. But what is at stake is the integrity of professional wrestling itself.

BW: Gordo, can the melodrama. The Wise Men are a simple shift in the business paradigm. See, even I know big fancy words.

GM: No! No! Bucky, the Wise Men are corruption! They're stacking the deck so that a select few get preferential treatment! If they had it their way, nobody would even know about them, at least, not about their organization. But we do. And we have to fight it to the end. Because if wrestling is not a pure sport, where ability and determination are the measuring stick and championships are earned on merit... then it has no meaning. No meaning at all. There must be integrity. And all three of these men have integrity.

BW: I could put together an "Eric Preston's Greatest Hits" video that would show everyone his integrity *cough*piledriver*cough*.

GM: It takes integrity to face down one's mistakes! And all three of these men will face down this result and be stronger men, I know it! They... they HAVE to. We need people that we can believe in, and...

BW: And two weeks from now, Martinez will drop his belt because he just took a shoulder injury and possibly a concussion. And everybody will see that you can't fight the system. Somebody'll get windshielded. Brad Jacobs will make so much money with the Wise Men that he'll publicly thank them for changing his mind. And it'll be over. Read the history books. That's how life goes.

[The music has now faded out, and the fans give the three faces an ovation as they help one another towards the back.]

GM: Evil only wins when good men do nothing. They'll be back... and so will we, after these messages.

[Fade to black.

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Terry Shane III from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that TORA leaping down the staircase at Robert Donovan? And why are Dichotomy beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Nenshou is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit MAMMOTH Maximus with a flying bodypress, Bobby O'Connor is hiptossing Dave Cooper across your family room, and Strictly Business and Air Strike are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Tony Sunn as he had Demetrius Lake in a headlock while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Three AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

[Juan Vasquez and Gibson Hayes double-clothesline Willie Hammer in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Eric Preston. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Jack Lynch, Shadoe Rage, Mr. Sadisuto, and William Craven. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[And cut.

We go up to the Memorial Day Mayhem interview center, and there Jason Dane stands by with the dastardly duo of Percy Childes and Demetrius Lake. Standing six feet nine inches tall, the "Black Tiger" dominates the scene. His round afro (sticking out the sides of a black fedora) and conical beard ring a face that has a scrunched-up, mean expression. He's wearing a maroon ring jacket, light heather-grey trunks, maroon kneepads, and maroon boots, with his initials on the trunks and boots. Childes, who is shorter (and a bit pudgier) than both Lake and Dane, is wearing a wine-red jacket and matching pants, black undershirt, and white tie. He is twirling his crystal-tipped cane idly in his hand, with a thoughtful expression on his face.]

JD: Tonight is the night, Demetrius Lake. Tonight, you finally step in one-on-one with your rival, Jack Lynch. But I have...

[With a disgusted snarl, Lake cuts Dane off.]

DL: RIVAL?! Mister TV Announcer, don't you EVER put that no-good egg-sucking dog in the same breath as the King Of Wrestling! A rival has to be an equal, and no Mexan could ever be my equal! I am a true champion, I am the ath-e-lete of the day, and Jack Lunch is the third-rate offspring of a fourth-rate wrestler from a no-rate state.

JD: I was about to ask where Radiant Raven is tonight.

PC: She is making preparations for this match, Jason. Raven is not arm candy. She is not eye candy. She is a member of the Unholy Alliance, so if she's not here, you can rest assured that she's doing something productive, as she does from week to week managing the travel arrangements, lodging arrangements, and all logistical arrangements of the Unholy Alliance.

JD: Which is a manager's job, so what are you doing all week while Raven does your job? Is she doing all of this so you can spend your time manipulating the AWA for the Wis...

DL: SHADDAP! We are here to speak only about the King Of Wrestling, and if you want to criticize Percy Childes I suggest you meet me out back after the show, right near all them shiny new cars. I hear they say the new windshields are unbreakable, and I think that claim needs testing.

JD: I'm not going to...

DL: And another claim that needs testing is the claim that Jack Lunch made when he said he was gonna put me in the Iron Claw at Memorial Day Mayhem! I have beaten that bum on innumerable occasions. In Saint Louis Missouri, two-three years ago, we had a loser leaves town match right there in Kiel. He said he was gonna run me out, but it turned out that the loser really did leave town. And then the loser turned up in the AWA because Old Yeller said he'd get him a good contract. But Percy Childes got the King Of

Wrestling a better contract, and I am about to whip on that bum again and let history repeat itself!

This time, I need no stipulation to make you leave, Jack Lunch! I will beat you so bad that you'll beg me to let you retire instead of just retirin' you myself. But I already graciously allowed you the chance to get out of this sport. Now you have to take the same way out that your ancestors took at the Alamo, when a carload of Mexicans pulled up and killed them bums no matter how much they begged for their lives!

JD: That is NOT what hap...

DL: You must be pretty mad to interrupt the King Of Wrestling, Mister TV Announcer.

[Lake takes an aggressive step towards Dane, and glares down at him. Dane doesn't back off... but his hand trembles slightly. Demetruis' tone lowers, and his voice turns from a projected "arena" voice to a lower "personal conversation" voice, though the held microphone means we can still hear him.]

DL: Look at you. Tryin' to provoke Percy Childes. Tryin' to undercut the King. Look at you. You're mad. You're mad. I can see your face turn red.

[Now Dane does take a step back, just to try and defuse this situation. However, Lake steps right after him.]

DL: You'd love to see Jack Lunch beat me, wouldn't you?

JD: Yes.

DL: You'd love to take a shot at me yourself, wouldn't you?

JD: I...

DL: You'd love to get in a gym, put on about ten-twenty pounds, and fight me, wouldn't you. Or just take one shot. Would you like me to give you one shot, Mister TV Announcer?

[The mix of anger, fear, and confusion on Dane's face make it clear that he would love to do that, but is rightly afraid of the consequences of his "one shot". Dane clenches his fist in anger... then jumps out of his proverbial shoes when the "Black Tiger" abruptly goes back to his "arena" voice, and shouts in his face at that.]

DL: DON'T YOU EVER EVEN THINK ABOUT IT! That's exactly the thoughts that Jack Lunch thought when he sealed his doom! I made him mad. He was jealous of the King, and the truth I spoke hurt him to his soul. So he came up to take his shot. But the only shot he's gonna get is right in his head when I put him down the same way Old Yeller got put down. Because that's the only thing you can do to an egg-sucking dog! Once a dog gets the

taste of egg, they will never stop. They'll get into the henhouse and suck all them eggs until you put a round in his head and bury him.

Jack Lunch, you got a taste of glory because of them Mexas fans. They convinced you that you were a star. They convinced you that you could take a shot at the King. Just like I just tempted this TV Announcer, who couldn't put punch in a bowl let alone land one on me, to clench his fist at the King, you have been talked into swinging above your head. And now you'll never stop. You got it in your head that you could beat me with your illegal hold. Because I did what any just man would have done, and fought to get the Iron Claw banned, you thought I was afraid of it. All these ideas in your head. But that's why you're an egg-sucking dog. You got that taste of glory... and now you got to get put down. No doubt about it.

[It is at this point that Radiant Raven arrives. The six-foot tall ebony-haired exotic beauty is wearing an orangish-yellow dress, split at the side (though only to just above the knee), and sworls of makeup that are golden in color. In her hands, she has a white cardboard box with a lid; it is a bit longer than a shoebox, and is square. Her face and tone are almost devoid of emotion.]

RR: It's ready. Let's go.

[With those words, Lake makes one last flinch at Dane, as if he were about to attack him. Jason steps back out of view. Sneering triumphantly over successfully bullying a smaller man who can't defend himself, lake walks off with his entourage. Percy gives a disingenuous 'sorry I couldn't help' shrug at Dane before following with a smug smirk.]

GM: What unmitigated gall!

BW: You're right, Gordo, I can't believe that Jason Dane lipped off like that to the King.

GM: I was referring to that bully, Demetrius Lake! He's all talk when he's pushing around an interviewer!

BW: He never laid a hand on Jason Dane, and was never going to. He used Dane to make a point about Jack Lynch. He showed that it was possible to even convince a non-athlete that he could take a swing at someone he can't beat. And that the fans did exactly that to Jack Lynch.

GM: Except that Jack Lynch has already beaten him, as well. They fought many times in the past and they have both won. This was just more verbal abuse from an insecure man. But tonight, we're finally going to settle it in the ring. And despite Lake's best efforts, the Iron Claw will be legal. His suspicious denial about being afraid of the Claw just shows us how he really feels. Fans, let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions in this very heated grudge match!

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

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

[The piano and drum lead-in to Louis Armstrong's rendition of "Mack The Knife" plays over the PA to big jeers from the Florida crowd.

As Satchmo's famous trumpet joins in, the curtain parts for the intimidating figure of Demetrius Lake. The "Black Tiger" takes a moment to look over the crowd in the O'Dome, his eyes focused in a mean glare. 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 starts the walk down the aisle. The big Tiger is garbed in light heather-grey trunks, maroon kneepads, and maroon boots, with his initials on the trunks and boots. He also sports a maroon 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.

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 golden orange-yellow side-split dress, and some rather colorful makeup. As usual, Raven is completely impassive, to the point of being cold. Unlike usual, she's carrying a white box, about the size of a cake box.

Bringing up the rear is the manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. The short, squat Childes is wearing a wine-red jacket and matching pants, black undershirt, and white tie. The bald, goateed manager gets by with his crystal-tipped cane, and seems quite smug.]

GM: Demetrius Lake has tempted fate one too many times, and tonight is his date with destiny, Bucky.

BW: And look, he bought destiny a present. That's the same box Raven had two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling. We never did figure out what was in it.

GM: She wouldn't be carrying a box for no reason. No doubt, Lake is up to no good.

[The fans continue to boo as Lake hits the ring, and enters by stepping through the ropes. He casually strolls around the perimeter of the ring, looking down on the fans and casting various threats, insults, and promises about what he's about to do to his opponent. The music dies down, and Phil Watson begins the introduction.]

PW: Introducing first, the manager... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOO! Childes merely chuckles.]

PW: He represents... accompanied by Radiant Raven...

[BOO! Raven gives them a thousand-yard stare.]

PW: ...from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds... he is the King Of Wrestling... "THE BLACK TIGER"... DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Lake, still in his jacket, raises both hands, then hooks his thumbs at his chest. We can see that his left thumb is heavily taped. He then snatches the microphone from Phil Watson.]

DL: That's enough, Mister Ring Announcer. You don't need to introduce Jack Lunch. None of these fans will even remember who he is, anyhow.

[BOOOO!]

DL: I hear some Mexans got in this Florida crowd, but they'll take anybody in Florida so that's no surprise. When my LSU Tigers were beating the fool out of them useless Gators every year, I got a good look at how Gainesville, Florida had no standards.

[BOOOOOOO!]

DL: Anyway, I'm not here to disrespect Florida tonight. You do a good job of that on your own. I came here to bury the career of Jack Lunch, to ruin the name of the Lunch family, and to destroy the Iron Claw forever. And all these things started in Mexas. Raven, the box.

[Radiant Raven holds the box out in front of her, and Lake opens the lid. Whatever is inside is covered by cloth.]

DL: I planned to do this two weeks ago in Dallas, Mexas, but Percy Childes advised that them Mexans would have shot me. Everybody knows them windbags install gun racks on their toilet seats, so no doubt about it they would have tried, and then I'd have been arrested for beating up every fan in the building. The King Of Wrestling cannot allow that kind of disgrace, so you Florida fans will get a special treat tonight.

[As he speaks in his distinctive Midwestern voice, Lake unfolds the cloth. And we see that it was not covering the contents of the box... it WAS the contents of the box. It is an enormous Lone Star Flag of the state of Texas.]

DL: Like in all funerals, you drape the flag over the fallen man to symbolize that he died for his land. And I thought I would drape this Mexas flag over Jack Lunch's broken body when I beat him half to death here tonight.

GM: What?! Can you get any more disrespectful than that?!

DL: But then I thought... this flag is only good for one thing. Percy? The lighter fluid.

BW: Yup.

GM: Me and my big mouth. Someone has to stop this man!

[The crowd, though not a Texas crowd, gets amped up as Percy Childes reaches into his pocket and hands a small bottle of lighter fluid to Demetrius, who liberally splashes it all over the flag. And then the screams turn to cheers, because Jack Lynch isn't going to let this go another second!]

GM: HERE COMES JACK LYNCH! HERE COMES JACK LYNCH!

[Lynch comes tearing down the aisle, shedding his ring entrance attire on the way to the ring. He steps through the ropes just as Lake attempts to spray the remains of the lighter fluid in his eyes...

...but Lynch ducks under, rushing to the far ropes. He bounces off, leaping into the air in a vertical press, taking Lake off his feet!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! And Jack Lynch is taking the fight to Demetrius Lake with rights and lefts!

[Childes and Raven bail from the ring, taking the fluid-soaked flag from the ring as referee Davis Warren signals for the bell to start the match.]

GM: Here we go!

[Lynch is dishing out a pounding as the fists keep flying, bouncing off the skull of the so-called King of Wrestling who throws his arms over his face, trying to protect himself as the referee starts a count to get Lynch off of Lake.]

GM: The count is on - two... three... four...

[Lynch just BARELY breaks off before the five count, shoving past the protesting official as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and DROPPING his gloved fist down between the eyes of Demetrius Lake!]

GM: This one was already very, very personal and it just got even more so with the Unholy Alliance attempting to burn the Texas State flag right here tonight in Gainesville, Florida!

[Lake flops about, his arms and legs flailing as Lynch gets back up, getting reprimanding for the closed fist by the referee. A fired-up Lynch shows the official a closed fist, threatening to blast him with it.]

GM: Whoa! Settle down there, Jack.

BW: These Stenches are a menace to society! They should all be suspended and banned for life from the wrestling business.

GM: You can hardly blame Jack Lynch for being fired up after all the garbage that Demetrius Lake and the rest of the Unholy Alliance have put the favorite son of Texas through, Bucky.

[Lake manages to roll out to the floor while Lynch is arguing with Davis Warren. Percy Childes rushes to his client's side as Lynch steps out on the apron, measuring his opponent, and then drops off with a double axehandle across the broad shoulders, sending Lake stumbling forward and slamming chestfirst into the ringside barricade!]

GM: The fight has spilled to the floor very early in this one, fans!

[Lynch threatens a backhand towards the Collector of Oddities who scampers away to safety. The Texan approaches from the blind side, slamming a clubbing forearm down across the back of Lake, knocking him gutfirst into the railing. He's hanging over the barricade into the front row as Lynch rains down blows across the back.]

GM: The referee's starting a ten count from inside the ring but I'm not even sure Jack Lynch is aware of it. He's so fired up here tonight, just wanting to take the fight to Demetrius Lake at every opportunity.

[The Texan leans over, grabbing Lake by the legs and upending him into the front row to cheers from the fans!]

GM: This one's spilling out into the fans!

BW: Thanks to Jack Stench! I told you he's a menace! Some fan might get hurt out there, sue the AWA, close it down, put us all out of jobs. Of course, I'd get another one in a heartbeat but you'd die broke and destitute, Gordo. Why would Jack Stench do that to you if he wasn't a menace?! Who would do that to a legend of your stature?!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Lynch leans over the railing, dragging Lake back up on his feet, and pasting him with a right hand, causing him to sit down in a vacated seat in the front row.]

GM: Have a seat, Demetrius Lake!

[The Texan grabs hold of Lake's head, hammering him a few more times as the referee's count reaches six.]

BW: We may be headed for an early countout in this one, Gordo.

GM: Look at Percy! Look at Percy!

[Childes slinks into view, raising the crystal-topped cane over his head...

...and Lynch spins around, balling up a fist and pursuing the pudgy manager, chasing him around the ringpost.]

GM: He's chasing Percy! He's chasing Percy Childes!

[Childes bails around another ringpost with Lynch in hot pursuit. He throws himself under the ropes, crawling to his feet and rushing across the ring. Lynch follows, catching Percy as he steps out to the apron! Big cheer!]

GM: He's got him! He's got Percy by the collar!

[Childes turns purple, screaming and shouting as Lynch ragdolls him back and forth!]

GM: Percy Childes is NOT having the best of nights out here at ringside!

[Lynch holds up the right hand, showing the Iron Claw to the Gainesville crowd who get to their feet, roaring in excitement at the idea of seeing Percy's head squeezed like a tomato...

...but Demetrius Lake has other ideas, wobbling over the railing, ducking down and grabbing Lynch by the ankles, yanking his legs out from under him.]

GM: Lake's hauling him out to the floor and-

[Lynch greets him with a right hook that sends Lake staggering back, swinging wildly at the air before falling flat on his rear end to another big cheer!]

GM: Demetrius Lake thought he had Jack Lynch right where he wanted him by the big Texan had other ideas!

[The Texan gives a big shout to the crowd as he drags Lake up by the arm, whipping him towards the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...where Lake CRASHES into the steel, actually leaving his feet and colliding lengthwise with the broad side of the barricade!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Over three hundred pounds just met the solid steel out there at ringside!

[A sneering Jack Lynch approaches the downed Lake, grabbing the railing with both hands before laying in a series of stiff kicks into the ribcage of the so-called King of Wrestling.]

GM: The referee's got a ten count going once more as Jack Lynch puts the boots to his arch-rival out on the floor.

[Lynch leans down, dragging Lake off the mat. He pulls him over towards the ring, looking to smash his head into the apron but Lake plants his palms on the apron, blocking it. He swiftly smashes an elbow back into the gut of Lynch...

...and then uses two hands full of hair to smash Lynch's head into the apron!]

GM: Lake turns it around!

[Lake turns to look at Percy.]

"I got him, Percy! I got this!"

[He winds up a big haymaker only to have Lynch block it and return fire, knocking Lake back with the big shot to the skull!]

GM: Lynch fires back on him again! Just when Lake thought he'd managed to turn it around, Jack Lynch proves otherwise.

[A big slam into the apron is followed by Lynch shoving Lake under the ropes. He climbs up on the ring apron...

...and heads towards the corner.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: We don't see any of the Stenches take to the top too often. Not since James got left without the use of anything other than his eyebrows by the Beale Street Bullies.

GM: His eyebr... would you stop?!

BW: You should see him signal what he wants for dinner with just his eyebrows though. It's like teaching a monkey sign language.

GM: BUCKY!

[The lanky Lynch steps up to the second rope, placing one foot up top and giving a shout to the fans...

...before leaping off his perch, smashing a clubbing forearm down across the neck of the rising Lake!]

GM: He takes him down! Nothing fancy about that, just a big ol' forearm from about fifteen feet in the air.

[Lake staggers into the corner, turning back to face the ring as Jack approaches, his fists balled up. The referee steps in, trying to convince him to back off and let Lake out of the corner...

...but Jack has other ideas, pulling the referee out of his way and moving back in.]

GM: Jack tosses the referee aside again! He's going to need to be careful with that.

[He balls up the right hand, rearing back...

...but Lake leans back on the top rope, throwing a boot into the gut of Lynch to cut him off. A second one doubles him up, allowing Lake to push off the buckles, grabbing a handful of hair and driving Lynch's face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the buckles goes Jack Lynch and-

[Grabbing the arm, Lake extends it, raising it above Lynch's head...

...and SLAMS his right hand down on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh!

[Lynch staggers back, clutching his right hand with his left as Lake nods to the jeering crowd. Percy shouts something to Lake, getting a second nod as Lake comes out after him.]

GM: Lake's in pursuit...

[The big man leaps up, smashing a forearm to the back of Jack's neck, sending him stumbling forward chestfirst into the opposite set of turnbuckles. Lake keeps coming, pinning him into the corner. He reaches over the cornered Lynch, grabbing the right arm, lifting it up...

...and SLAMMING the right hand down into the turnbuckle again!]

GM: His hand meets the buckle a second time!

[Lake shoves Lynch out of the corner, allowing him to stagger down the length of the ropes to the adjacent corner as Lake goes to work in the corner.]

GM: What is he...? He's untying that turnbuckle cover! Lake's pulling off that protective cover to expose that solid steel link that holds the ropes together!

[He swiftly does it, having had lots of experience, and tosses the cover into the crowd to prevent the official from putting it back on. The referee gives a few shouts, backing him up. Lake raises his hands, pleading innocence as the official points at the exposed metal.]

GM: He's got the metal exposed as he turns to go back after Jack Lynch.

[But the feisty Texan is ready for him, throwing a forearm to the jaw of Lake. A second one staggers him back...

...but Lake lowers his shoulder, charging in with a tackle in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! That'll knock the wind out of Jack Lynch for sure!

[A few more shoulders driven into the midsection leaves Lynch gasping for air as Lake straightens up...

...and promptly paintbrush slaps Lynch across the face.]

"Don't you ever lay hands on the King, ya hear?!"

[He turns his back, pressing Lynch back into the corner.]

BW: Lake's using every one of those three hundred plus pounds to pin him against the turnbuckles...

[A quick one-two back elbow to each side of Lynch's head has the Texan stunned as Lake steps out, using a snapmare to flip Lynch over into a seated position.]

GM: Snapmares him out... ohh! Big elbow driven down on top of the skull!

[Lake settles down onto a knee, reaching down to grab Jack's right arm. He lifts it up...

...and SHOVES Jack's own fingers into Lynch's mouth!]

GM: What in the...?

[A sneering Lake cups a hand around Jack's chin, pulling up with one hand while he uses the other to push down on the top of the head, effectively causing Lynch to bite his own fingers.]

GM: AHHHH!

BW: I've never seen that done before! Absolutely brilliant!

GM: It's disgusting - that's what it is!

[The referee looks puzzled... and then starts a five count.]

BW: Hey! What the heck is Warren doing?

GM: He's calling for a break! This is illegal!

BW: Is it? Biting's illegal, sure. But is it illegal when the man is biting HIMSELF?!

GM: I suppose it's at a referee's discretion but the official in this one, Davis Warren, says we need a break... and he gets one much to the dismay of Demetrius Lake who is pleading the same case that you did.

[Percy Chiles can also be heard shouting at the official from out on the floor...

...just before he uses the Texas flag to mop his sweaty brow.]

GM: Oh, come on.

BW: Why are these fans booing Percy? It ain't their flag!

GM: No, but they realize what he's doing and why he's doing it!

[Lake climbs to his feet, stomping the back of Lynch's head and neck a few times, forcing him down to a prone position on the mat, hanging under the ring ropes.]

GM: Lake drops down... two handed choke!

[The referee steps in, calling for a break. Lake waits until the four count before rising to his feet, backing off with his hands raised...

...and then slips an arm around the shoulders of the official, turning him to point at something in the crowd.]

GM: What's he- HEY! CHILDES IS CHOKING LYNCH WITH THE FLAG!!

[The crowd is ROARING MAD as Childes uses the Texas State flag to strangle Jack Lynch, pulling down hard as Lynch's head rests on the ring apron. Lake continues to point into the crowd, getting the referee's attention away from the action in the ring.]

GM: The referee is missing all of this thanks to Demetrius Lake!

BW: I think there's a fan in the crowd with a Cuban cigar. Lake's just pointing out that those are contraband and not legal in this country at all. It's essentially treason, Gordo.

GM: What were those cigars you had in the hotel bar last night?

BW: I... uhh... hey, let's call the action!

[Lake finally relents, turning with a big grin on his face as Percy walks away, the flag draped over his shoulder, slightly torn from the strain. Radiant Raven claps for the action as Lake approaches the downed Lynch, grabbing his legs and hauling him back into the ring where he drops an elbow down into the ribs!]

GM: Big elbow by Lake - he covers for one!

[Lynch is out just after the one count as Lake pivots to the side, hands planted on the canvas. He doesn't leap, just using his long legs to push his lower body up into the air...

...and DRIVES the knee down into the ribs!]

GM: Lake drops the knee... again... and again! He's banging up the ribs of Jack Lynch in addition to taking aim at the hand to try and take the Iron Claw out of the arsenal of Jack Lynch here tonight.

BW: It'll be tough to slap on that Claw with a broken finger or two.

GM: It certainly would.

[Back on his feet, Lake trashtalks the downed Lynch as the Texan pushes up to a knee...

...and buries a left hand into Lake's gut!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch goes downstairs!

[But Lake fires back, throwing a big boot into the face of the kneeling Lynch, wiping him out.]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Jack Stench tried to get some fight back in him but Lake cuts it off in a big way with that boot to the chin!

[With Lynch down on the mat, Lake takes the opportunity to viciously STOMP the right hand!]

GM: Oh! He stomps the Iron Claw hand!

BW: Now THIS is a gameplan unfolding before your very eyes, brought to you by the Collector of Oddities and the King of Wrestling!

[Lake looks down at Lynch, nodding as he stomps the right hand a second time!]

GM: Two big stomps on the right hand!

[Lynch rolls over to his stomach, pulling his right hand underneath him in an effort to protect it. Lake smiles at the move.]

GM: Jack Lynch is obviously in some pain. He's covering up that hand.

[Lynch stretches out his left arm, dragging himself away from Lake who stalks him, looking for an opening...

...and SLAMS a soccer kick into the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: The World Cup players ain't got nothin' on Demetrius Lake!

[A second kick rolls Lynch to his back, exposing the right hand. Lake grabs the wrist, yanking on the arm...

...and then jerking it to the side, slamming it down onto the mat!]

GM: OHHH!

[He uses his left foot to pin the wrist down, stomping the right hand once... twice... three times. Lynch cries out on the last one, again cradling his hand as he rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Demetrius Lake came with a gameplan here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem and he's executing it to perfection so far.

[Lake leans over the ropes, shouting at the kneeling Jack Lynch who is wiggling his fingers, trying to assess the damage.]

GM: Lake steps out on the apron, standing over Lynch.

[The arrogant King of Wrestling raises his arms, waving for the crowd's reaction. The Gainesville crowd lets him have it, booing him viciously as he stands over the fallen Lynch...

...who suddenly strikes, using his left hand to jerk of Lake's feet out from under him!]

GM: LYNCH PULLS THE LEG OUT!

[The small of Lake's back SLAMS into the edge of the ring apron on the way down, leaving him wincing as he leans against the apron.]

GM: Lynch pulls him down and he's got that left hand reared back now!

[The Texan lands some stiff left hands, bouncing them off the skull of Lake as he tries to protect his right hand.]

GM: Lynch grabs him by the head, wheels him around...

"CLAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE STEEL RINGPOST!

[Lake collapses against the post, breathing heavily as Lynch stands behind him, wincing as he flexes the fingers of his right hand. He grabs Lake by the head, pulling it back again...

...and RAMS it into the post a second time!]

GM: Again into the steel!

[Lake stumbles away from the post this time, making it down an entire length of the ringside area before Lynch catches up with him, landing three big haymakers that has Lake reeling backwards.]

GM: Lake's getting rocked by those left hands! He's dazed!

[Lynch storms at him, looking for a big attack...

...but Lake ducks down, throwing Lynch over in a backdrop!]

GM: He backdrops him... but he dropped him right on the elevated ramp!

[Lynch scrambles to his knees, having not taken much impact on the defensive move...

...and grabs a surprised Lake by the back of the head before SMASHING his head into the wooden platform!]

GM: OHHH! FACEFIRST INTO THE RAMP!!

[Using a left hand full of hair, Lynch drags Lake up onto the ramp, the referee's count hitting six as they get up there.]

GM: They're up on the ramp now! Big left by Lynch!

[But Lake fires back, driving a right hand into the jaw!]

GM: They're trading blows up on the ramp!

[Lynch starts to throw two for every one thrown by Lake...

...until Lake throws a knife edge chop to the throat, leaving Lynch gasping for air on a knee. The Missouri native lumbers over to the ropes, stepping through as the count hits eight.]

GM: The count's up to eight...

[Lynch gets up, staggering towards...

...and gets caught before he can get in with an overhead elbow down between the eyes. Lake hooks him, hoisting him high...]

GM: He's gonna bring him in the hard way... and he drops him down with a spine-rattling suplex!

[Lake rolls over, grinding his forearm against Lynch's cheekbone as he attempts a cover.]

GM: Lake's got one! He's got two! But that's all.

[Climbing back to his feet, Lake immediately stomps Lynch's sternum twice, keeping him down...

...and then lands a LEAPING stomp on the right hand! Lynch sits up, howling in pain as Lake drops to a knee, hooking a loose chinlock and battering Lynch with right hands to the temple!]

GM: Lake throws him back down - another cover!

[But another two count is the result as Lynch lifts the shoulder. Lake promptly grabs the right hand, locking fingers.]

GM: Knucklelock by Lake!

[He uses the knucklelock to twist the hand, repeatedly slamming it down into the canvas from the mount position. With his left hand wrenching the hand and wrist, he uses his right to open fire on Lynch, battering him down to the mat.]

GM: Lake gets back up at the referee's four count, backing off...

[Lynch rolls to his knees, looking up at Demetrius Lake who measures him for another big boot to the face...

...but Lynch drops down, avoiding it and dragging Lake into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[In mid-count, Lake abruptly shifts his weight, rolling Lynch to the side with the arm trapped between his legs...]

GM: ARMBAR! WHAT A COUNTER!

[But it's not the arm that Lake is after as he grabs the fingers, pulling back on them!]

GM: AHHHH!

[The crowd gets all over Lake as the referee does the same thing, watching Lake try to snap the fingers of the Texan!]

GM: He's trying to bend those fingers back!

BW: Oh, he's doing it, Gordo! Jack Stench's hand is gonna snap like a bunch of twigs!

[Lynch forces himself to roll Lake back onto his shoulders, forcing him to release the armbar at the two count to escape the pin.]

GM: Lynch with a smart move to get out of that hold.

BW: I'm guessing he lucked into it. I never equate "Lynch" with "smart."

[Lynch promptly bails out of the ring, shaking his right hand violently as Lake rolls out after him, grabbing him by the arm to prevent his escape...

...and WHIPS him into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! JACK LYNCH GOES SPINEFIRST INTO THE STEEL POST!

[Lake backs off, doing some trashtalk as he slaps his gut a few times...

...and then charges in, looking to splash him against the post!]

GM: BIG SPLAAAAAA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MOVED! HE MOVED! JACK LYNCH MOVED!!!

[The splash carries Lake headfirst into the steel post where he collapses to the floor, covering up his head as Jack Lynch kneels on the thin mats nearby, breathing heavily.]

GM: Both men are down after that! Lynch dug down deep and got out of the way in time!

BW: Percy and Raven are over there with Lake! I think he hit his head on the steel, Gordo!

GM: I believe you're right about that. Raven's trying to get him turned over and- oh my! Look at that!

[The Gainesville fans roar at the sight of Lake's skull split wide open!]

GM: Demetrius Lake has been busted open by his own offensive move into the steel post!

[A shocked Percy starts using the Texas flag to fan the downed Lake as Lynch slowly climbs up, turning his gaze towards his now-bloodied rival. He steps closer, sending Childes and Raven scurrying as he settles down onto a knee, straddling Lake. He uses his banged-up right hand to pull Lake's head off the mat, cupping his head with it...

...and SLAMS a left hand down onto the cut!]

GM: Big left hand! He's measuring those, targeting the cut in the forehead!

BW: Lake's been busted wide open and this savage Stench is trying to make it worse. Reminds me of Blackjack taking on Ebola Zaire back in the Cotton Bowl!

GM: What a bloody war that was! We've all seen the video of that one.

[Lynch lands a few more well-placed blows, really opening up the cut as he hauls Lake up off the mat...

...and SLAMS the cut forehead down onto the ring apron, leaving a bloody smear behind!]

GM: Lynch shoves him back in... rolling in behind him...

[The Texan climbs to his feet, bouncing off the ropes, and dropping a big leaping knee down into the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Kneedrop connects!

[Lynch flattens out in a lateral press.]

GM: Cover for one! Two! But Lake kicks out at two!

[A few hard stomps from Lynch follows, forcing Lake to roll to all fours, blood dripping from his forehead down onto the canvas. The Texan reaches down, wrapping his arms around the waist...

...and pulls him up to a standing position before taking him up and over with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: The gutwrench connects... and Lynch floats into a cover!

[The Texan gets another two count before Lake lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Another two count for Jack Lynch who is trying to find a way to put the larger man's shoulders down for a three count.

[Lynch drags Lake off the mat, pulling him up into a big scoop.]

GM: He's got him up... where's he-?!

[The crowd groans as Jack Lynch rushes the corner, smashing him upside down into it. Lynch leans over, wrapping Lake's legs around the top turnbuckle...

...and steps back, having successfully tied Lake in the Tree Of Woe!]

GM: He's got him hung upside down in the corner!

[Lynch looks down at the bleeding Black Tiger before viciously stomping him. The stomps rain down on Lake, landing all over his upper body before a final one cracks him between the eyes. Lynch backs off as the referee pushes him back, allowing Radiant Raven to get up on the apron, freeing the legs of Lake.]

GM: Lake slumps back down to the canvas. That cut looks pretty bad, Bucky.

[Lynch backs to the far corner, raising his left hand up into the air...

...and then settles into a three point stance in the opposite corner from where Demetrius Lake is trying to get back to his feet.]

GM: The former football great is lining up for the snap!

[As Lake staggers back to his feet, Lynch comes charging across the ring, lowering his head...

...and Lake sidesteps, grabbing a handful of trunks and ROCKETS Lynch between the turnbuckles, smashing his shoulder into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE POST!!

[Lake promptly wipes the blood from his eyes, flinging it down on the mat with disgust. He angrily steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor where he promptly grabs the right arm, pulling hard to jam the shoulder against the post again...

...and then swings the hand down against the post!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Lynch falls back, cradling the hand against his chest as Lake pulls himself up on the apron. He turns back to face the crowd, slowly raising his arms and soaking up the jeers of the crowd. The Black Tiger gestures to Percy who tosses him the Texas State flag.]

GM: Oh, would you look at this?!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Lake uses the flag to wipe the blood from his face. He reaches down, dabbing at his underarms with it, and then tosses it down on the mat towards Jack Lynch.]

GM: What a disgusting display that was! And you can bet our fans back home in Dallas are absolutely livid at what they're seeing.

[Lake is all smiles as he turns towards the ringpost, trashtalking while he's pointing to the corner.]

GM: If he's gonna go up top, he should do it and stop jawing at... everyone!

[Lake is still talking as he steps up on the bottom rope, turning to say something to Radiant Raven as he climbs to the middle rope.]

GM: The big man is taking his time getting up there, climbing up to the top now... finally...

[But he's waaaaay too late as a dazed Jack Lynch gets back to his feet, rushing the corner where he BLASTS Lake with a left to the jaw, stunning him...

...and then reaches up, grabbing hold, and THROWS Lake off the top rope down to the canvas! BIG CHEER!]

GM: HE THROWS HIM OFF THE TOP!!

[Lake flails about on the canvas, kicking his arms and legs as Percy Childes loses his mind out on the floor, screaming at anyone who'll listen as he smashes his crystal-topped cane repeatedly on the ring apron.]

GM: Lynch throws him all the way from the top and that's a long, hard fall for a man of his size, fans!

[The Texan leans against the buckles, waving his left hand, waving for Lake to get back to his feet...]

GM: Jack Lynch waiting in the corner, waiting for Lake to get back to his feet...

[He shouts at Lake, again waving for him to get back up...]

GM: He's setting up for something. It could be the Lariat.

BW: Could be that flying knee.

GM: Whatever it is, he's waiting for Lake to get back up so that he can connect with it!

[Lynch suddenly sheds some light on what he's going for as he lifts his injured right hand, holding it up in the Iron Claw shape.]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! Jack Lynch is calling for the legendary Iron Claw that his family is so well-known for!

[A frantic Percy Childes grabs the bloodied flag off the mat, dragging it over towards the timekeeper's table. Radiant Raven produces a box of matches, shouting at Lynch as she hands them to Percy.]

GM: No, no, no! Somebody stop them! They're gonna burn that flag right over here by us!

BW: Watson's running for it!

GM: So is the timekeeper and rightfully so!

[Percy lights a match, earning the gaze from Jack Lynch who suddenly turns towards him, shouting from the ring. Childes looks up at Lynch, holding the lit match over the lighter fluid-soaked flag threateningly...]

...which gives Demetrius Lake a chance to barrel across the ring!]

GM: LAKE FROM BEHIND!

[Lynch whirls around, throwing a desperation right hand that connects solidly with the jaw of Lake, causing Lynch to cry out, falling back into the buckles. Lake grabs a handful of trunks, yanking Lynch up over his shoulder, turning...

...and DROPPING him facefirst on the exposed steel buckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's it! Lynch just got his lights turned out!

[Lake grabs Lynch by the boot, dragging him away from the corner. He steps out to the apron, wiping the blood from his eyes again as he steps up on the second rope... then to the top...

...and leaps off, sailing through the air to CRUSH Jack Lynch underneath him with a flying splash!]

GM: BIG CAT POUNCE!

[Lake reaches back, hooking a leg as the referee drops down.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd boos as an ecstatic Percy Chiles climbs into the ring, still holding the bloodied and torn Texas State flag. Radiant Raven steps in to join him, each of them raising one of Lake's arms as he climbs to his feet.]

GM: I'm shocked. Absolutely shocked at what we just saw.

BW: Demetrius Lake said he was gonna do it and the King of Wrestling did exactly that! He beat Jack Lynch! He defeated him right in the middle of the ring as clean as a whistle!

GM: As clean as- you've gotta be kidding me! He dropped him on that metal turnbuckle. He got outside interference on several occasions including right when Jack Lynch was about to hook on that Iron Claw. Lake may have scored a victory here tonight but it's about as tainted as it can be!

[The bloodied King of Wrestling stands over Jack Lynch, looking down at him. Percy Chiles is gloating, gesturing with his crystal-topped cane at his man as Radiant Raven proudly applauds the victory. Lake looks over at Chiles and gives the slightest of nods.]

GM: What's he-?!

[Without warning, Percy holds up the flag, flicking a cigarette lighter underneath it.]

GM: AHHHHHHHHH!

[The flag lights up quickly, the bottom part burning before Davis Warren rips the flag out of Percy's hands, throwing it down and stomping out the small fire to cheers from the crowd. A furious Radiant Raven backs Warren to the

corner, her long finger nails inching dangerously close to the official's eyeballs...

...and until Percy waves her off, glaring at the referee.]

GM: Davis Warren saved that flag! He saved that flag from being burned to ashes!

BW: And almost got his eyes torn out in the process. That would've been a pretty bad trade, Gordo.

GM: I suppose it would have but... oh, look at this...

[A sneering Demetrius Lake picks up the burned, bloody, and torn flag, laying it over Jack Lynch's prone form...

...when the crowd suddenly breaks into cheers!]

GM: CARVER! CRAVEN!

BW: Even his little scumbag brother!

[The threesome hits the ring fast, sending the dastardly trio stirring. Travis Lynch is the first one in, snatching up the Texas flag, clutching it to his chest as Carver mounts the middle rope, shouting at the fleeing Demetrius Lake.]

GM: Thank goodness for Jack Lynch's friends and family being able to get out here and save him from further abuse. But I've got to be majorly concerned about the right hand of Jack Lynch. It went through the wringer here tonight and it could very well be seriously injured, fans. Hannibal Carver and Travis Lynch are out here, kneeling next to him... we're going to give them some time to get Jack out of the ring. But we'll be right back after this break!

[Fade to black.

Open to a pan of an empty Crockett Coliseum, before an event. The blue seats form a sea around the ring, which stands out like an island.]

VOICEOVER: The home of champions.

[Brief flashes of famous faces appear as the pan continues. Vasquez. Scott. Monosso. Dufresne. Wright.]

VOICEOVER: The home of legends.

[More: Rogers. Craven. Martinez (the elder). Spector. Langseth.]

VOICEOVER: And the home of the best in the world today.

[More: Shane. Martinez (the younger). Lake. Jones. Bryant.]

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

[The pan of the arena slowly morphs from a live action shot, to a 3D digitized animation shot of the exact same place. Everything looks the same, except this is no longer live footage... it looks like a video game.]

And in the next shot, we see that it IS one; the stands are filled with virtual fans as a virtual Supreme Wright locks up with a virtual Dave Bryant. Rapid fire cuts to the game avatars of many AWA stars, past and present, either in ring, in selection screens, or in entrances.]

VOICEOVER: The year is 2014. And the game... has... changed.

[And cut to a still shot of Supreme Wright holding up the title after his championship win at SuperClash, because that's the cover of AWA 2K14 by 2K games.]

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[Cut.

Commotion. That's what we open up on. Mark Stegglet is centered between the members of the Lights Out Express; Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson. The two of them are very animated as they frantically wave their arms around in the air, shouting over one another as Stegglet's head rapidly bounces from side to side as he tries to gain either man's attention.]

MS: Gentlemen...

[Strong ignores Stegglet as he reenacts the event that took place earlier in the night...]

LS: Then I rolled the big fella down [tugging on his elbow pad] and LAID him out with the silencer!

[And Strong slaps his bare elbow into the palm of his other hand creating that all too familiar "SMACK!" noise.]

AA: It was a thing of beauty. Did you see Jones' face?

MS: Gentlemen.

LS: Show me. Show Han Solo's reaction!

[Anderson lifts his hands to his cheeks and drops his jaw in true Macaulay Culkin fashion.]

LS: No he didn't!

MS: Gentlemen!

AA/LS: What?!

[Stegglet adjusts his collar, a little flustered from having to raise his voice.]

MS: You seem to be forgetting something.

LS: And what's that, Stegmeister?

MS: You lost. You cost your own team the victory and furthermore you cost yourself a shot at the Television --

LS: Stop it right there, jack. My own team?

[Strong snickers.]

LS: This... [gesturing to Aaron and himself] THIS is my own team. Aaron and I, Shane, Donnie...

[There's a brief pause as both men lower their heads. Anderson draws a cross around his chest with his finger and faintly mutters "Father, Son, Holy Spirit".]

LS: The Lights Out Express. The Shane Gang. The invasion sweeping God's creation. Hercules [claps] Hercules [claps] Hercules [claps] HAMMONDS?! He ain't part of that equation, ya dig? Fact is, jack.... They drew the line last week, they were loud and clear and trust me.. we heard them... we heard them real good.. And tonight...

...they fired the first shot.

[Mark prepares to respond but Strong will have no part of it as he pulls the mic down from him.]

LS: It was Hammonds and Jones who crossed the line tonight. It was Hammonds who lifted Jones up over his head and heaved him like a bundle of hay at his own team. He went rogue, not me! They want to play playground vigilantes and draw lines in the sandbox? That's fine. Anderson swings a mean shovel and I've got another bucket full of rocks with big Herc's name on it waitin' for him right here!

[Strong shines up his elbow with his other hand.]

AA: We don't care if it's in Japan, Texas, or right here in Gainesville, Florida... If they have a score to settle, a grudge to bear, or just flat out are looking for a fight... We're right here, Mark. Lenny and I aren't hard to --

"SMAAAACCKKK!"

[Aaron Anderson suddenly finds himself sent flying out of view, as we see a furious Hercules Hammonds bowling him over.]

HH: You WERE right here. Now you're over THERE.

[Lenny Strong shakes his head, shaking with fury.]

LS: Son of a bi-

[As he makes a move towards Hammonds, we see Skywalker Jones literally LEAP into the shot, taking Strong down and immediately letting his fists fly! Hammonds is then caught unaware as he's grabbed by a furious Anderson and rammed into a nearby wall! As the two tag teams start brawling around the backstage area, Mark Stegglet runs away from the scene screaming...]

"SECURITY!!! SECURITY!!!"

[...as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Jason Dane is backstage filming an interview.]

JD: Memorial Day Mayhem has seen some shocking events here tonight not the least of which was Shadoe Rage sending the Atomic Blonde, Donnie White, down towards his doom off that scaffold. Joining me at this time is Marissa Monet who hopefully has some insight on just what in the world Shadoe Rage was thinking towards the end of that encounter. Marissa?

[Monet comes slowly drifting into the shot, barely looking up at all. Dane speaks, a little bit of an edge in his voice this time.]

JD: Marissa?!

[She slowly looks up, looking rather sullen.]

MM: Huh?

JD: I just wanted to get your thoughts on what happened out there tonight with Shadoe Rage and Donnie White.

[Monet looks down again.]

MM: My... thoughts.

[She falls silent, standing still for several moments as Jason Dane looks expectantly at her. After a very uncomfortable pause, she looks up, opening her mouth to speak when a voice comes up from off-camera.]

???: Miss Monet! Marissa!

[She looks off-camera in confusion at the voice who we now see belongs to a random AWA backstage official.]

Official: Please, come quickly. He's lost it again!

[It takes Marissa a moment to register the implication. She mutters: "Shadoe" before she takes off running behind the official. Dane silently gestures at the cameraman to follow them. The cameraman wordlessly obliges, chasing after them as we near the source of the disturbance. We

hear a loud crash and then clanging followed by incoherent shouting. As the camera rounds the corner, we see several AWA officials being held at bay by a chair-wielding Shadoe Rage. He's swinging at everything around him with the chair, smashing it against the wall.]

SR: He was dead! HE WAS DEAD! I had him! I had him! Memorial Day Mayhem and I had my moment that was going to live in history! He was dead!

MM: Shadoe!

[Marissa's voice interrupts the tirade. Rage's demonic gaze turns to her.]

SR: (snarling) YOU!

[Marissa balks at the sight of her enraged paramour. She puts both palms up in surrender and tries to step forward to reason with him.]

MM: Baby, put the chair down. Come with me, please. Come on back to the hotel with me.

SR: You, I'm not going anywhere with you! You stole my moment! You stole my revenge! And now...

[Rage clutches at his skull with one hand, digging at his temples.]

SR: I can still feel it inside me. He was dead. I was going to have satisfaction! No, you get out of here! Get out of my sight! Get out of my mind! Get out of my mind! The man was dead. He was dead!

[Rage starts bashing the chair into his own skull over and over and over.]

SR: Get out of there! Get out of here!

MM: (to an official) Get me a first aid kit, please.

[The man goes running. Rage's anger boils over and he rushes up against Marissa, jabbing his index finger into her forehead.]

SR: You sided with him, Marissa! You sided with him against me! You did that before! And now you betray me again! I know. I know! You're jealous. You stole my moment! No more. Get out of here!

MM: Baby, I'm here for you. You know that. Just think it through.

[She takes one tentative step towards Rage. Immediately, he raises the chair and she falls back a step, her hands held out. Shadoe's eyes are glazed and he doesn't see Monet. He sees somebody, though. Some demon he carries in his head.]

SR: Say your prayers. The man was dead. You stole that from me.

MM: But this is better, baby. You let him live. Now he'll always be afraid of you. He learned his lesson. You let him live and he'll be scared of you whenever you walk in the room. That's why I did it, baby. I wanted you to have an even bigger moment. And now he gets to look on and watch you win the AWA Television Championship. Isn't that better? He'll always know that he couldn't be that. He couldn't be you. He wasn't man enough to be you.

[The words penetrate through Rage's crazy-eyed fog.]

SR: The AWA Television Championship? Yes, the AWA Television Championship is going to be mine.

[He takes the chair and opens it, sitting down. His ragged breath slows and grows deeper. The official returns with the first aid kit and Marissa takes out the cold packs. Gently, she approaches Rage and places it on his shoulders behind his neck.]

MM: Okay, we're going to go back to the hotel and rest now. And tomorrow we'll celebrate. Okay?

[Rage blinks in confusion.]

SR: Marissa?

MM: (cradling his head against her) Yes, baby.

SR: Is it time for my match?

MM: It's over, baby. You won.

[A smile comes over Rage's face.]

SR: How'd I look up there?

MM: Like an angel.

[She gestures to the gathered crowd to back away.]

MM: You looked like an angel of death.

SR: (smiling) I like that.

[He looks around him at the concerned faces. He stands up, glaring at them.]

SR: I think it's time we get out of here.

MM: Anything you want, baby. Anything you want.

[We fade from the duo back out to the duo at ringside. Gordon Myers is shaking his head as Bucky Wilde chuckles.]

GM: How can you laugh at that?

BW: How can you not?! The man is a whole deck of cards away from playing with a full deck! Not only does he not have both oars in the water, he doesn't even a damn rowboat, Gordo!

GM: And that's funny to you?

BW: What's funny to me is that these fans have been cheering for a homicidal nutjob for months and... well, what do they do now that they realize it?

GM: Shadoc Rage has some choices to make in his life and those choices certainly will affect his career moving forward. Speaking of big choices, Violence Unlimited, the 2014 Stampede Cup winners, made a very big choice a while back when they opted not to return to the AWA as the Cup winners and challenge for the World Tag Team Titles.

BW: Traditionally, the Cup winners are the top contenders to the titles but Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton have always done things their own way... and right now, their own way is to stay in Japan, make a ton of money, and not do what everyone expects them to do.

GM: It's a unique situation but one that we plan to keep an eye on as the weeks and months progress. In fact, we recently had an opportunity to send a few superstars back to Japan for a two week tour with Tiger Paw Pro and while there, we got some footage of VU in action plus got an exclusive interview with the duo. That footage, I'm told, we'll be airing in two weeks' time live on Saturday Night Wrestling and I'm also told that Haynes and Morton have quite the challenge they've issued to the entire AWA. You will not want to miss that. Another thing you will not want to miss is our No Disqualification match between Terry Shane and Steve Spector! That one's coming up right after this break so don't you dare go away, fans!

[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.

Fade in on three fingers encompassing the entirety of the screen.]

"One man belittled you by asking you if you knew what you were getting yourself into."

[The voice is callous, low, and full of grit.]

"One man threatened to snap your spine."

[The words are emphatic yet spoken with the utmost clarity.]

"And the last man asked if you were prepared to die because of your foolish pride."

[The thin digits coil down towards the palm of the figure's hand. The camera then jump cuts back.. standing there, strings of black hair knotted above his head, is Terry Shane III. The Ring Leader's arm, draped in the green tapestry of his elegant and stylish robe, falls to his side. His chestnut eyes are fixated on the camera while a microphone is held inches from his pale lips by a silent and motionless Mark Stegglet.]

TS3: Those words.. they were said to you, Steve Spector, the night you finally won the World Title in the EMWC. Each of them, Matthews.. Gremlin.. Claw.. a champion and Hall of Famer in their own right.. elected by their peers and colleagues to join the most elite group of wrestlers on the planet. Chosen to rob you of your dream. Hand selected to destroy you and rip the already shattered spine out of your back and to retire you forever. Those men were driven by hate, anger, aggression, power, fame, and their own glory.

You know what drives me, Steve Spector?

[There's a long, lingering pause.]

TS3: You.

Growing up watching you...

[Shane flings his right hand up.]

TS3: Wrestle.

Growing up in this business just as our humble champion Supreme Wright did, just as Ryan Martinez did, just as Bobby O'Connor and Brian James and all the other second and third generation wrestlers of our sport did. I knew what was real...

...and what was garbage.

[Shane's hand lifts to the microphone and one finger at a time he begins to coil them around it.]

TS3: You.. Steve Spector.. were the flag bearer for the most despicable brand and the most outlandish excuse for wrestling that I had ever seen and you wore it like a badge of honor for almost an entire year before it was taken from you. I grew up in the front row of some of the most epic and pure wrestling wars and battles this world has ever seen. I saw firsthand through my grandfather and father what it meant to become a champion and what it meant to be the single symbol of greatness that the rest of the world idolized. Not because they were the strongest men or the biggest.

[An expression of disgust crosses the third generation competitor's face.]

TS3: Not because they could senselessly lunge from ladders through burning tables or fight through the pain and agony of having their flesh ripped from their body by chicken wire and shattered glass. Not because they could swing a chair like Babe Ruth swung a forty two ounce slab of white hickory or because they could deflect fireballs or exploding thumbtacks. But because one on one, man to man, they could out maneuver, out strategize, out think, out perform, and flat out... out class anyone in the world.

What you did, what your generation stands for, would make those men roll over in their graves.

[His grip is now firm on the microphone and Stegglet finds himself being pulled in towards him.]

TS3: You crushed a man over the head with light tubes while blood spewed from the back of your skull. You battled and fought through a ring filled with chairs, broken tables, and partook in the mindless and barbaric dance of death. You rejoiced and relished a grown man calling your feat incredible as you drove another human being's body into a steel barricade in the center of the ring and laid your own body over him proudly.

The question was then asked, "do you believe in miracles?"

[Shane scoffs.]

TS3: That night, the only thing I believed in was that our industry, the industry I was proudly born into, had died. I watched a World Champion crowned only to be succeeded by an encounter considered more epic and valuable than the proclaimed greatest title our sport had ever seen which ended with a man's finger ripped from his hand and worn by his adversary as a symbol of power and strength.

I saw it as a symbol of death.

I knew that from that moment on that I would one day redefine our sport and rewrite what it meant to be a champion.

Moments like that Steve are the reason I am the man I am today. It is what fuels my engine and keeps the blood pumping to and from my cold, beating heart. Watching wretched, tasteless, pathetic, and tragic examples of our

sport heralded and praised by the ignorant masses who knew no better or worse.

That is what drives me, Steve. You can keep your plaque on the back wall. You can have your record breaking World Title reign. You can go home to your wife and son and look them in the eye and tell them you did whatever it took to become the darling and king of the Empire.

But tonight, you have to do something more challenging than any other obstacle that was ever placed in front of you. Tonight you have to stand in front of the world, stand in front of me, and convince me that you deserve to be called a professional wrestler. You hand selected the stipulations for our match to play to your strengths just as Hannibal Carver did once before. He was too weak, too cowardly, and too scared to stand toe to toe with me and just...

...Wrestle.

[His breaths are long and slow.]

TS3: Hannibal Carver told the world he had moved on from his cantankerous and perverse ways but even he could not resist. He claimed and wanted so badly to prove to the entire world that he was not just a monster but that he deserved to be considered amongst some of the greatest wrestlers in our business.. but what he really wanted was revenge and to feed his ego. He wanted his name mentioned amongst the elite.

Men whose names have been spoken in the same sentence as your own but for very different reasons. He was a liar, Steve. Hannibal Carver has never shown an ounce of class or a care for our sport or for the individuals around him. But you? The admirable and righteous Steve Spector? You can make the choice to be different. You have the rare ability to choose your own destiny. Tonight, you will have the same challenge laid out in front of you and your fate and mine lie solely in the decisions that you and you alone will make.

Will you revert back to the mindless tactics and barbaric ways of the men whom you defeated in order to achieve greatness just as you did at Showtime VIII?

Or will Steve Spector, the husband.. the father.. the man himself.. finally decide to walk down to the ring and prove that he is capable of something more. Capable of trading move for move, lock for lock, and submission for submission with the greatest pure wrestler of this generation. If you do not believe my words then the goal is simple...

[Shane's gaze lifts slightly.]

TS3: Prove me wrong.

Prove the doubters wrong.

Prove every single wrestler in the back who spends hour after hour honing his craft because he is PROUD to be called a professional wrestler that they were wrong about you and your generation. Your breed is on its deathbed and you have the chance to show the entire world that they were more than chair swinging, table breaking, thumbtack stabbing, ring exploding imbeciles.

You spent your entire career running from the purity of our sport and I ask of you, in fact I beg of you...

...prove them ALL wrong.

Prove to your son that you are man enough to face the artistry of your profession that you have spent a lifetime and career avoiding. But most of all, Steve...

...prove it to yourself.

[A nod.]

TS3: I am sure deep down in that crippled and broken body of yours that you want this. More than anything you ever wanted before. More than you wanted to win in the early stages of your career in the Major League and more than you wanted to be the man who conquered Institutions and slayed Legends in the Empire.

Prove this to me, Steve Spector, and when the final bell rings it will be ME who walks away. Win or lose, hand raised or head hanging down, I will leave this sport and never look back. You can take my World Title shot. You can take my pride. You can take my dignity and everything that my family and I ever stood for and fought for and claim it as your own. Do that Steve Spector and you will have achieved a far greater status than Legendary.

Far more memorable than a Golden God.

Beyond the status of Immortal.

You will have reached an incomprehensible and mythical status that for most men is merely a figment of their imagination.. a namesake so epic and iconic that it is spoken in hushed tones by only the bravest men or at the bedside of children much like your own son at the most impressionable stage of their lives.

You, Steve Spector.. You and you alone will become the very extremity that even the great Empire that you once stood for could not hold onto...

...Eternal.

[Stegglet's eyes are frozen on Shane who's stare is unwavering and still directed straight into the camera in front of him.]

TS3: Do it for your broken back that is sure to leave you in a wheel chair when everything is said and done. Do it for your wife who loves and cares for you so much that she can not bear to watch your body take another blow. Do it for your son who bears your same name... who will carry on your honor...

...or be shamed by your actions forever.

Prove that you are the Steve Spector who never walked away from a real fight, who was built on pride and his relentless dream to achieve greatness. That you are the man who overcame his injuries and war wounds and was born ready for any great moment that he faced. That you are the man who once said that the only reason you ever wake up in the morning is because it is one day closer to living out your dream.

Give me THAT Steve Spector and I give you my word that I will honor my decision to walk away from it all after the dust settles just as you have given yours.

Believe me...

...just as the world believes in you.

[Shane's hard stare is blanketed by closed eye lids as the camera fades out...

...and then back up to Jason Dane standing in front of the AWA Memorial Day Mayhem banner right next to the Hall of Famer and former World Champion, Steve Spector. Spector's ready to go, dressed in his ring gear. He's swaying back and forth, deep in thought.]

JD: On this warm night here in Gainesville, Florida, I stand here with a man who first cut his teeth in the Florida territories in the early 90s. He's gone on to win multiple World Championships from some of the top promotions around the world, and in a few short minutes, he might be stepping in the ring for one last time. A career started in Florida... a career potentially ended in Florida.

Please welcome the Hall of Famer, Steve Spector.

[Spector nods his head.]

JD: There must be so much going through your mind right now as your prepare for this No Disqualification match that you asked for - a match with the entire Shane Gang banned from ringside - but also a match where if you lose, you walk away from this business that has been such a major part of your life for two decades. Can you give us the slightest insight into your thoughts right now?

[Spector takes a deep breath before speaking.]

SS: A little under twenty one years ago, I started my career two hours east from here after taking a 20-hour drive the moment my high school graduation came to an end. I walked right into a dingy, converted warehouse that felt like an oven in the Florida heat.. I was a starry eyed, but not exactly a fresh faced kid, but a kid with a lot of dreams nonetheless. A lot of other kids were much like me that night. If everything had gone down different you'd be standing next to, uh.. Greg Darwin. Well, we all had that same dream when we walked into that warehouse for the first day of training. We got the whole 'look to the left of you, and look to the right of you, one of you won't be here in a month's time.'.. and turns out I was the only one that survived.

Twenty one years later.. what a journey it's been. Started off getting stomped on as a skinny teenager by legends of the 70s and 80s passing through Florida for a cup of coffee and some pocket change. Then, thanks to my trainer, Morris Medina.. he used his connections when he was a star in Japan in the 1980s to get me started on more advanced training over there. Lesson to be learned, kids, networking is very important.

[Spector grins.]

SS: Then comin' home and exploding on the scene in the west coast in the late 90s, then working my way east, through Texas and then to Baltimore, finally finishing my career out west in L.A... It's been a fun ride. One that got stopped too quickly if you ask me, but sadly that sort of thing happened a lot in that era.

JD: It was a very brutal time period for pro wrestling.

[Spector nods in agreement.]

SS: Never expected to be done before 30, but that's the life of a 'tyrant', Jason. That's something I have and will continue to own up to, but you really needed to be at that time in order to survive. There were a few regrets along the way, but on the other hand, sometimes you have no choice in having to deal with some folks that way. Unfortunately, tonight is gonna have to be one of those nights where I have no choice.

[Dane grimaces before continuing.]

JD: When you came back to wrestling, Terry Shane chased you for a little while, trying to get a match with you. Now, he's turned the tables on you in order for you to face him here tonight.

SS: Jason, now I feel bad about waxin' nostalgic here. He's gotten me pretty good. Stalkin' my wife, accusing me of living the tyrant life at home.. all the while running and hiding behind his gang and that little girl with the branding iron until I dangled my career in front of him. He's your garden variety coward and bully, Jason. Nothin' more.

This is the guy we're all looking at as a future World Champion?

[Spector shakes his head.]

SS: It's gonna be hard win it when he'll still be picking glass and wooden shards from his eyes.

This is a guy that's gonna be a future World Champion, a guy that shot a video where he was outside my house.. stalking my wife and kid. If either of them saw him that day, I would have made sure every last one of his Gang would have been put in a box. Woulda been worth it even if the judge and jury would have put me behind bars for a long, long time.

[Dane's eyes bulge out in surprise.]

SS: All those words he's said, Jason.. he's got it all comin' to him tonight tenfold. Whether it's my fists, or whatever I can find that may or may not be nailed down, he's going to suffer like he's never suffered before. No matter what happens at the end of the match tonight, I will guarantee that he's gonna wish that he was in that parking lot getting beaten upside the face with a heavy wooden plank, because nothing...

[Before Spector can continue ranting, a voice from off camera is heard.]

?: Steve...

[Spector and Stegglet turn towards the right side of the screen, and in walks the AWA President, Karl O'Connor. Both Spector and Stegglet seem to be surprised by the president's sudden appearance. O'Connor is carrying a clipboard with paper work on it. O'Connor throws a glance at Dane.]

KOC: I didn't want to do this so publicly but I've had... some trouble... getting in touch with you.

[Spector averts his eyes, obviously having avoided the AWA President.]

KOC: Steve, as much as everyone in this building, myself included, respect you and everything you've accomplished in your wrestling career... you know why I'm here.

[It's not a question. Spector nods.]

KOC: I have to have your word. It's not on the contract. I need to have your word right here with everyone - with all of your fans all over the globe - watching. If you lose tonight to Terry Shane, you will walk back here and you will sign your release?

[O'Connor holds up the clipboard, gesturing to it. Spector leans over, looking at it long and hard before he finally answers.]

SS: I'm a man of my word, Karl.

I'll sign my release, come out on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, and say my goodbyes. I will no longer be under contract, so you'll not have to worry about me gettin' the jump on anyone...

...and I do have your word that no one would attack me, correct?

[O'Connor nods, sweating heavily. He stifles a cough before speaking.]

KOC: I, too, am a man of my word, Steve.

[Spector nods.]

KOC: I regret that it had to come down to this, Steve. Like I've told you many times before, I've always been a fan. No matter what Shane says about what you did in Los Angeles, I've always appreciated-

[Spector raises a hand, shaking his head.]

SS: Here we are, talkin' about what would happen if I let Shane get the better of me. I ain't plannin' on having that happen...

[Dane speaks up.]

JD: You seem very confident... and rightfully so considering your history inside the squared circle. But I have to mention something. My sources tell me that your wife and son are NOT in the building here tonight after playing such a major role in your return to the ring back in November.

[Spector nods his head.]

SS: For safety reasons, Jason. You and I both know that Shane's willin' to do whatever he can to use my own family as a weapon against me, and I'm not about to let that happen.

JD: Or are you worried that your son would be affected by what happens tonight?

[Spector appears to be surprised at the question.]

SS: He's already in bed, Jason. I'm not about to let my kid witness what'll happen to Shane in and out of that ring tonight.

[Dane nods as O'Connor speaks up.]

KOC: May I ask a question of my own, Jason?

[A surprised Jason nods.]

KOC: You don't want to talk about what happens if you lose. As a man who loved this ring so much that it felt like losing a loved one on the day I retired, I understand that.

[Spector stares at the AWA President.]

KOC: So, what happens if you win?

[A pause as Spector ponders the question. O'Connor doesn't give him the chance to respond before speaking again.]

KOC: Steve, you've been retired for the better part of a decade. You got married, you have a young child, you've become a pillar of your community, a head coach of a top high school football program in the state of New Jersey. You've become a respected educator. You've been able to walk away from this business without the need to come back.

It's something that hasn't quite come easy for a lot of your peers... myself included. I won't tell you how many comebacks I tried.

[O'Connor smiles at the painful memories. He wipes a cloth across his sweat-covered brow before speaking again.]

KOC: Are you truly willing to give that all up for a life on the road, at thirty-nine years of age, knowing that one bad landing could undo that back surgery you had in order to be able to truly enjoy your life?

[O'Connor lets that hang on Spector's head for a bit before he continues.]

KOC: Not only that...

[Suddenly, Spector raises his hand, covering the mic to interrupt O'Connor.]

SS: Nice timing, Karl.

[Spector scoffs in disbelief.]

SS: Are you really comin' at me with this line of questioning right before I risk my career? Couldn't this have waited until after I put Shane in traction?

[Spector steps back. O'Connor raises a conciliatory hand.]

KOC: I get it, Steve. Better than most. That desire to be in the spotlight. That desire to have just one more match... to feel that rush when your music hits... to feel that high when the crowd cheers for you. You want to be in there... you want to be the World Champion again. I truly understand. You want to make a run at the World Title, I will not stand in your way... IF you're willing to accept the risks.

[Spector looks on, obviously a bit puzzled at where this is all coming from. He nods but O'Connor continues.]

KOC: This whole... 'tyrant' thing Shane's been going on and on about. He's not far off the mark, you even acknowledged it earlier. You're raising a young child, you have a bunch of young men and ladies that you teach... that you

coach, who look up to you, and I'm certain a good chunk of them are wrestling fans watching this program tonight.

Are you willing to let them see how much of a tyrant you can be the next time someone gets under your skin?

I know there are a bunch of men in the back willing to test your limits. Two weeks ago, you got involved in Demetrius Lake's business, and Lake's one guy who would be more than willing to test you until you break.

[O'Connor's gaze shifts a bit.]

KOC: Terry Shane? He's threatened your family, and I know how it feels to have my family threatened. But, Steve, if you choose to stick around post-Memorial Day Mayhem.. the tyrant thing has to come to an end.

The AWA isn't those outlaw promotions out in California and Washington that you first became a household name in. I don't want to see anyone hit in the face with a plank of wood. I don't want to see light tubes smashed over people's heads.

[Spector cocks his head at the AWA President who seems to be laying down the law. O'Connor raises an arm, pointing an accusing finger at the Hall of Famer.]

KOC: This isn't the companies you became a star in... you became a legend in... you became a champion in.

This is the AWA. And I'm responsible for every single thing that happens inside our rings. It's a hell of a burden to bear, Steve...

[O'Connor pauses to cough again.]

KOC: If you're here tomorrow morning... if you decide to stay... you need to be someone that can be a positive example for our fans... for YOUR fans... for your son... for your students. I want you to think about that, Steve. Think about what's ahead of you... both tonight and beyond.

Think about it... and make a wise decision.

[Suddenly, Spector steps forward, blocking a surprised O'Connor's exit.]

SS: There's that word again. Wise. A common theme these last few months, no? It's not the first time you've said it either, is it?

[O'Connor shakes his head as Spector smirks, leading to an awkward pause.]

SS: I certainly hope I'm not taking that last statement the wrong way. Everything you've said these last couple of minutes, Karl... let me put it this way. We'll cross that bridge when we get to it. This really is not something I want to talk about right now.

[O'Connor nods his head.]

KOC: I understand. Steve. Whatever happens tonight, I will see you in two weeks time.

Good luck.

[O'Connor exits stage right as Dane and Spector look on. Dane turns to Spector, who simply shakes his head.]

JD: Well, Steve, can I get your thoughts about this interruption?

SS: I don't really have any thoughts, Jason. This wasn't really something I should be thinking about. All I need to think about is what's gonna happen to Shane once that bell rings. Even if this will be the last time we'll see the 'tyrant' side of Steve Spector.. rest assured, Jason... I'm gonna take Shane down with it.

We'll cross that bridge when we get there, indeed.

[Dane raises an eyebrow at the timing of that comment.]

SS: ...and maybe I'll throw Shane off that bridge if we get there tonight.

Terry Shane...

I'll see you in the ring.

[Spector exits stage left as Dane looks on, curious about Spector's last comment.]

JD: Folks, this may be the final time we see Steve Spector in the ring, but Spector appears to have other ideas. However, guys, it seemed like Spector was taken aback by the questioning Karl O'Connor laid on him a few minutes ago. It looks like something got to him, and we'll see how that plays out in just a few minutes. Back to you guys!

[Fade back to Gordon and Bucky...]

GM: Quite the tense showdown between the Hall of Famer and the AWA President right there, Bucky.

BW: O'Connor's had better days, Gordo. You know, when the AWA hired him, a lot of people were really excited for a more mature - a more level-headed approach - than "Big" Jim Watkins' hot-headed nature. But O'Connor... I think this job might be too much for him, Gordo. He's not looking good.

GM: I don't really want to speculate about the health of our AWA President, Bucky.

BW: Well, I will! The sweating? The coughing? He looks like someone just walked over his grave!

GM: That's enough of that. We're about to head into one of the night's featured matchups - this No Disqualification showdown between Steve Spector and Terry Shane III with Spector's very career on the line.

BW: You heard the man - he's a man of his word. If he loses, he's signing his release and going back the suburbs. If he wins, who knows? Maybe he'll be challenging for the World Title on the 4th of July.

GM: The 4th of July annual extravaganza will be coming to you from the great state of Missouri - Hammons Field in Springfield to be precise - on Independence Day for an event we're calling Guts & Glory! Who will be the World Champion that night? Who will be challenging for the World Title? Will Steve Spector even still be an active professional wrestler? Will Juan Vasquez or Dave Cooper have left town and miss that big event? We're going to find out the answers to some of these questions and more here in the last few matches of our show so without anything further, let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Crossfade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a NO DISQUALIFICATION match!

[Big cheer!]

PW: It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and if Steve Spector loses, he says he will WALK AWAY from the world of wrestling!

Introducing first...

[Static.]

BW: Here comes the Shane Gang!

GM: Minus the Gang, or did you forget?

BW: A travesty in every sense of the word.

[Serguei Prokofiev's greatest masterpiece is cued by the delicate string instruments as "Dance of the Knights" ignites the crowd into a near hostile state. Bursting horns and trumpets layered over woodwinds are soon to follow but it is the actual visual of the Ring Leader stepping out underneath a downpour of sparks spilling like rainfall that set the fans into a manic frenzy of boos.]

BW: A world class entrance for a championship calibre wrestler.

GM: Irony since the man has done everything in his power to avoid cashing in his title shot and potentially claiming the World Title.

BW: He hasn't found the right time, Gordo!

GM: It's been a year to the day.

[Shane glides forward, creating a picturesque image of him floating due to way his emerald robe gently brushes the ramp underneath him. The long drapery is filled with beaded jewels lining everything from the sleeves to the pearl white-collared neckline and all the way to floor. Shane's bare torso is barely visible through the robe but the collar bone and chest area that you can see are well defined and groomed to the skin. The Ring Leader stomps his right boot into the ground and emphatically spins, soaking in the negative onslaught delivered to him by the fans in attendance.]

GM: Like I stated, it was one year ago that Terry Shane III shocked the world and eliminated Eric Preston and Steve Scott in the final moments of the most star studded Memorial Day Rumble in our company's history. A moment that earned him a World Title shot that he has held, no, hid in his back pocket for the past year.

BW: As I stated, Terry Shane III is a man of perfection. A man with a master plan that has yet to surface because Shane himself wants to wait until the perfect time and place to strike is found.

GM: And when in the world will that be, Bucky?

BW: We'll find out in two weeks' time. The power-hungry suit in the President's office has demanded that he come to the ring on Saturday Night Wrestling and announce to the world when he will challenge for the title.

GM: I have a hard time understanding his logic. If you wanted a perfect platform to battle for the World Heavyweight Title, why not pick tonight? Memorial Day Mayhem has proven to be one of the most historic shows of the year every time out. It was six years ago that Marcus Broussard became our first ever National Champion. It was four years ago that the Bishop Boys became the first two time National Tag Team Champions. What better night then tonight? What better time than now, Bucky?

[Shane's once small and tepid steps begin growing long and filling with purpose as his ascension to the ring draws nearer. Shoulder length hair is matted over his cheeks and jawbones but his piercing brown eyes cut through the long black tendrils as the ring itself becomes the single fixation of his focus.]

GM: Terry Shane steps into the ring, already barking at AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger and the bell hasn't even rung yet.

BW: He wants to make sure Jagger keeps himself in line in this one.

GM: Shane is ready... he's set... and now it's time to see if Steve Spector can stave off retirement... if Steve Spector can push Father Time back into the shadows and enjoy one more run in the sport that he's loved for his entire life.

[The announcers lay out, silent as Shane approaches the ropes, staring down the entrance ramp... watching... waiting... preparing for one of the biggest fights of his life.]

PW: And his opponent... from Carteret NJ.. weighing 226 pounds, here is..

STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEVE SPEEEEEEEEEECTORRRRRRR!

[The opening to "101 North" by Tomahawk begins to play over the PA system as the crowd EXPLODES in cheers. After a few seconds, the voice of Mike Patton comes over the PA...]

Hitch a ride....

Hitch a ride.....

[With all eyes on the entranceway, the crowd on their feet, everyone waiting expectantly for the arrival of the former World Champion and Hall of Famer...

...and instead, they get the sight of a large metal dumpster being pushed into view.]

GM: What in the...?

[Four men who appear to be dressed as garbagemen are guiding the large wheeled dumpster down the ramp as a puzzled Terry Shane can be heard shouting at Johnny Jagger again.]

GM: Terry Shane sounds as confused as the rest of us. What is going on here, Bucky?

BW: Maybe Spector thought better of this and decided to go home.

[Shane is screaming now, turning a shade of bright red as the dumpster gets closer and closer to the ring. It is a deep forest green in color, metal all over including the black lid that is split into two matching pieces. The lid is closed as it draws near.]

GM: Fans, if you can't tell, these men are pushing a garbage dumpster out here to ringside and... well, Terry Shane is not happy about it.

[The four "garbagemen" get the dumpster right up against the ropes, leaning down to secure the wheels so it doesn't roll off the ramp. When in position, the dumpster takes up the majority of the ramp, leaving just a very small space on either side to move. Shane turns his rage onto the workers, shouting at their backs as they trade a high five and walk back up the ramp they just came down.]

GM: Steve Spector's music is still playing but he's nowhere to be seen.

[Shane approaches the ropes again, this time climbing up them in the middle. He steps from the top rope right on top of the dumpster, the top of

which rests a few feet above the ropes. He stands on the metal lid, shouting at the garbagemen as the music fades.]

GM: Perhaps you're right, Bucky. Perhaps Steve Spector has decided to walk away from this dangerous No Disqualification match.

BW: Walk away while you still can walk, Spector. If the Ring Leader gets his hands on you tonight, you'll be in a wheelchair for the rest of your days just like Monosso is.

[Shane hops off the dumpster, standing on the other side of it on the ramp. He's still shouting down at the garbagemen who haven't quite faded from view yet. He's steaming mad, his face a bright red as he screams his displeasure at the situation.]

GM: Terry Shane's out there on the ramp, waiting for his opponent and-

[The music kicks in again to another big reaction. Shane turns, looking down the rampway. He waves towards the back, inviting his opponent into the ring...

...when very slowly, we see one of the metal lid flaps creep open. It comes up high enough for Steve Spector to pop his head into view, holding a finger to his lips to tell the crowd to be quiet.]

BW: SPECTOR! IT'S SPECTOR!

GM: SHHH!

BW: TERRY, HE'S BEHIND YOU!

[Spector pushes the lid back, resting it on the ropes as he climbs up onto the other lid, standing high for one and all to see. The crowd is going NUTS at this point as Shane is waving frantically towards the back now...

...and then quickly turns, just in time for Spector to leap off, nailing him with a flying dropkick that knocks him down on the wooden ramp!]

GM: OH MY STARS! SPECTOR PULLED ONE OVER ON TERRY SHANE AND-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!! HERE WE GO!!

[Spector crawls over onto Shane, taking a knee next to him while grabbing a handful of hair, pounding him repeatedly in the face!]

GM: Steve Spector is taking the fight to Terry Shane in this No Disqualification showdown!

[Spector switches up, grabbing two hands full of hair and SLAMMING the back of Shane's head into the ramp!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Come on, Gordo! Say something! Terry Shane's got a history of concussions and Steve Spector's trying to take advantage of it!

GM: We don't know that... not yet at least.

[Spector drags a struggling Shane up to his feet by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and FLINGS him bodily into the metal dumpster. Shane comes up off the ramp, his body slamming horizontally into the object!]

GM: Good grief! Steve Spector is using this dumpster as a weapon!

BW: Shocking, isn't it? This is a guy who became a World Champion and a Hall of Famer in Los Angeles in that cesspool known as the EMWC! He's liable to use ANYTHING in a match like this. In his career, he's used chairs, tables, broken glass, thumbtacks, lightbulbs - who knows what else! You're surprised he's using a weapon? I'm surprised when he DOESN'T use a weapon.

[Spector leans over, grabbing Shane by the hair, pulling him up off the wooden ramp...]

...but Shane grabs a handful of the front of Spector's trunks, YANKING him chestfirst into the metal dumpset!]

GM: Ohh! Brilliant leverage move by Terry Shane as the Ring Leader tries to cut off Steve Spector's early offensive flurry.

[Shane quickly gets to his feet, grabbing Spector by the hair...]

...and SMASHING his head into the lid of the dumpster!]

GM: Spector goes headfirst into the metal lid on this... what the heck is Shane doing now?!

[Shane drags Spector a few feet to his right, draping his upper body over the lip of the dumpster. He reaches up, grabbing the metal lid...]

GM: Oh no. Don't do-

[...and SLAMS it down on Spector's exposed back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And if you want to talk about a target - a body part that one of these men will be aiming for - you have to believe it'll be the surgically-repaired back of Steve Spector. That back gave him so much trouble during his

career - especially the latter part in the EMWC. You think Terry Shane wouldn't love to put him back in that kind of pain?

BW: Steve Spector has sidelined Terry Shane's quest to be the World Champion for MONTHS, Gordo. Terry Shane got kept out of the SuperClash World Title match due to injury and ever since then, Shane has had to fend off Spector. That's a half of year of Shane's career wasted on this guy who should be back in his living room watching his old matches on VHS 'cause he can't afford a DVD player - let alone a computer - and reliving his glory days.

[Shane grabs Spector by the back of the trunks, dragging him back off the dumpster. He slams the lid down, making sure both lids are down...

...and then clambers up on top of it, reaching down to pull Spector up there with him.]

GM: What in the...?

[Shane stands atop the dumpster, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and then points to the kneeling Spector in front of him.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh yeah!

GM: Terry Shane is... he's gonna throw Spector off the top of that dumpster up on the ramp to the floor below! He's gonna end this right now!

BW: If you think back to SuperClash when Spector threw Shane off the ramp on the floor, Terry Shane is raising the bar even higher, daddy! He's gonna cripple this has-been right now!

[Shane mimes doing exactly that, pulling Spector up to grab him by the back of the trunks...]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do it! Don't do this!

[The referee is also begging Shane to not throw Spector to the floor...

...buying just enough time for Spector to slam his elbow back into the gut a few times, breaking Shane's grip.]

GM: Spector battles free and-

[Grabbing the back of the trunks, Spector LAUNCHES Shane off the top of the ramp, sending him into a front flip...

...where he CRASHES down on the canvas to a deafening roar!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: That tyrant Spector strikes again! Just like SuperClash!

GM: Well, not EXACTLY like SuperClash. This time, he threw Terry Shane into the ring rather than out to the floor on the concrete. It probably knocked the wind out of him... almost like being thrown off the top rope... but it won't threaten to end the match like it did at SuperClash.

BW: Terry Shane will NOT go down without a fight, Gordo. He wants to win this match, cement himself as the Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title, and then put that title around his waist in the next few months - it IS the Year of the Shane Gang after all.

GM: After Donnie White went off that scaffold earlier and Lenny Strong failed to win the Mayhem Match, it's not even the NIGHT of the Shane Gang.

BW: The best things come to those who wait. And I'm thinking that before the summer is out, at least one member - maybe more - of the Shane Gang will have gold around their waists, daddy.

GM: Terry Shane will be heading back home to Missouri for Guts & Glory in July. It'll be interesting to see the crowd reaction for him that night, Bucky.

BW: He's a hometown hero in Missouri! Just like Demetrius Lake!

GM: His father was a legend in the state for certain. I'm just not sure that reaction will rub off on the third generation superstar who is just now getting back to his feet inside the ring...

[Which is Steve Spector's cue to dash the few steps of space on top of the dumpster...

...and HURL himself off into a crossbody on Terry Shane!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE DUMPSTER!!

[Spector tightly hooks the leg as Johnny Jagger dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Shane kicks out at two, breaking the pin...

...but can't get off the mat as Spector grabs the hair again, slamming the back of the head into the canvas a second time!]

GM: He's going right back to work on him!

BW: Right back after the head, you mean. It takes a real lowlife... a real tyrant... to try and bust up the head of someone with a concussion history, Gordo. Especially considering everything we know about concussions these days.

[Spector climbs up off the mat, grabbing Shane by the arm, and whipping him into the corner. The former World Champion dashes at the corner, leaping up to land a big forearm in the buckles!]

GM: Big forearm shot!

BW: To the head!

GM: To the jaw!

BW: Which is part of the head!

GM: Steve Spector is starting this one off very quickly, fans. It seems like he wants to try and end it early.

BW: He knows that as the match goes on, the tide turns in Terry Shane's favor.

[Grabbing Shane by the hair, Spector marches across the ring, slamming Shane's head into the top turnbuckle, sending him sailing backwards and sprawling down to all fours on the canvas...

...where Spector throws himself into an Oklahoma Roll!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

BW: Kickout again! Spector's a desperate man, Gordo.

GM: Can you blame him? His career's on the line! He may not want to compete ever again after tonight. Who knows? But what I do know is that if a man as proud as Steve Spector is going out on HIS terms - not Terry Shane's - if he possibly can.

[Spector climbs back to his feet, burying a knee into the gut of a rising Terry Shane. He grabs two hands full of hair, winding back...]

GM: Headbutt! Oh my!

BW: Can you honestly sit there now and tell me this tyrant isn't head-hunting, Gordo?!

GM: He might be targeting a known weakness on his opponent, yes.

BW: That's a real nice way of putting it.

[Keeping one hand in the hair, Spector winds up, laying in an elbow shot to the side of the skull... and another... and another... and another... and another... and another!]

GM: Good grief!

[Shane staggers back upon being let go, throwing a wild right hand at the empty air before falling to a seated position against the corner turnbuckles.]

GM: Spector backs to the far corner...

[He slowly raises both arms, pointing two finger "guns" at the downed Shane before sprinting across...

...and DRILLING him with a leaping low dropkick to the skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Spector gets up, dragging Shane out to the middle of the ring before dropping into a lateral press.]

GM: Spector's got one! He's got two!

[Shane lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only.

[The Hall of Famer climbs to his feet, looking down at the prone Shane...

...and STOMPS him between the eyes!]

GM: Oh! A vicious stomp by the former World Champion!

BW: This is ridiculous, Gordo.

GM: The man's CAREER... his LIFE... is at stake, Bucky. What do you want him to do? Wrestle the match with kid gloves?! Go for a series of single leg takedowns?!

BW: We'll see if you feel the same way when Terry Shane turns this around, Gordo.

[Spector drags Shane off the canvas, tugging him into a front facelock, and walking back to the corner...]

GM: Oh my! Spector's going to try to REALLY end this early!

[The Hall of Famer steps up on the second rope, sitting down up top while keeping the front facelock applied...]

GM: He's looking for the tornado DDT!

[Spector leaps off, twisting around in mid-flight...

...but Shane counters, pushing Spector off where the New Jersey native lands on his knees.]

GM: Nice counter by the Ring Leader!

[Shane comes quickly towards Spector who is down on the mat but Spector is up just as fast, rifling right hands into the temple of Terry Shane. A boot to the gut doubles up Shane.]

GM: Spector hooks him! He's calling for the Cherry Blossom Bomber!

[Spector goes to lift Shane into the air...

...but gets dragged down into a small package instead!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Spector narrowly avoids having his career ended by kicking out of the cradle attempt!]

GM: Spector just barely gets out!

[But the Hall of Famer is quickly out...

...and BOOTS the rising Shane in the side of the head, knocking him back down to all fours!]

GM: Oh! What a kick!

BW: TO! THE! HEAD!

[Spector snatches the arm of Shane, looking for an Irish whip.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Shane!

[Spector hits the far ropes, coming back fast as Shane attempts a clothesline.]

GM: Spector ducks under, off the ropes again...

[Shane shifts his position, turning slightly to catch a charging Spector up under his arm...

...and SNAPS him down into a backbreaker!]

GM: OHH!

[Spector writhes in pain on the canvas as Shane stands over him, shouting at the Hall of Famer.]

GM: And just like that, Terry Shane turns the tide in his favor!

[A fired up Ring Leader drags Spector off the mat, grabbing a handful of trunks...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and turns back towards the dumpster, rocketing Spector through the ropes and sending him skullfirst into the steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD! SPECTOR'S SKULL SMASHES INTO THE STEEL!

[Spector crumples down to the canvas, clutching at his head as Shane stands over him, ignoring the shouts from the official.]

GM: AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger is letting Terry Shane have it but there's not very much he can do, Bucky.

BW: That's right! It's No Disqualification - just like Spector wanted. But Terry Shane has proven before that this stipulation doesn't affect him as badly as some might hope. Ask Hannibal Carver what happens when you brawl with the Ring Leader.

[Shane launches into an attack, repeatedly stomping the head of Spector. The referee shouts at him again as Shane drives Spector under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Out goes Spector to the floor but Shane's going after him, fans. Terry Shane is out on the floor, pulling Spector off those thin ringside mats...

[He grabs the former World Champion by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING!!

[Spector winces, crumbling to his knees as he reaches around the grab at his back.]

GM: Terry Shane going, predictably, after that surgically-repaired back on the Hall of Famer.

[Shane grabs the railing, stomping Spector's back repeatedly as the ringside fans jeer every blow.]

BW: Spector had his chance. He had his window of opportunity but it just got slammed shut by Terry Shane III!

[The Ring Leader drags Spector off the ringside mats, looking out at the jeering crowd...]

...and then THROWS him backfirst into the railing again!]

GM: Spector again hits the steel!

[Spector's arms fall back over the railing, keeping him on his feet as Shane winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big knife edge chop by Terry Shane!

[Two more chops connect before Shane grabs the arm...

...and whips Spector into the ring apron, the small of Spector's back hitting the edge of the apron! Spector cries out, crumpling down to his knees as Shane stands over him.]

GM: So much for Terry Shane wanting a scientific battle.

BW: Hey, Spector started this, Gordo. He brought that dumpster out here and started using it as a weapon. Shane's just defending himself.

GM: That's one way of looking at it, I suppose.

[Shane drags Spector off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He rolls in after him, climbing up to his feet. The Ring Leader pulls Spector up by the arm, slowly twisting it around...

...and JERKS Spector into a shouldertackle!]

GM: Short-arm shouldertackle!

[He pulls Spector up, repeating the attack again and again, finally leaving Spector down on the canvas once more.]

GM: Terry Shane is physically dominating Steve Spector at this point of the contest.

[Shane uses the toe of his boot to roll Spector over onto his back, winding up to drop an elbow into the lower back. Spector cries out from the impact.]

GM: Shane with the elbow, right on target.

[The leader of the Shane Gang gets back to his feet, dropping a second elbow... and a third.]

GM: A brutal series of elbow drops to the lower back and Steve Spector's in some serious trouble as we approach the ten minute mark of this one.

[Shane uses a handful of hair to drag Spector off the mat, tugging him into a double underhook with little resistance.]

GM: What's this?

[Shane lifts Spector into the air, twisting and bringing Spector down so that his upper legs bounce off the top rope...

...and DROPS him with a slingshot butterfly suplex!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: The Butterfly Effect!

[Shane holds a picture perfect bridge as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The gutsy Spector raises a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count! Two count only for the Ring Leader!

[An angry Shane rolls Spector to his back, dropping to his knees and slamming a short forearm into the kidneys. He winds up, driving his forearm into the lower back repeatedly!]

GM: Shane's all over him!

[He switches up his attack, clubbing the forearm down repeatedly on the lower back.]

GM: The Ring Leader is pounding away!

[Planting his hands on the mat just beyond Spector's torso, Shane pushes his body up into the air...

...and DRIVES a knee down into the lower back!]

GM: Ohh!

[Shane rolls Spector over, diving across.]

GM: Shane gets one! He gets two... but that's all.

[An annoyed Shane climbs to his feet, pulling Spector off the mat with him, and BLASTS him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Big uppercut by Shane! And a second one sends Spector back into the ropes...

[Shane steps in, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip shoots him in...

[A rebounding Spector gets scooped up, spun around in a tilt-a-whirl...

...and DRIVEN down across the bent knee!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A BACKBREAKER!!

[Shane attempts another cover, again getting a two count from referee Johnny Jagger. The Ring Leader shouts at Jagger as he gets back to his feet, glaring at the downed Spector.]

GM: Terry Shane seems to be losing his cool a bit in there, Bucky.

BW: That's something he can't afford to do. And if Miss Sandra Hayes was out here, there's no way it would happen. But with the Shane Gang unfairly banned from ringside, Terry Shane is losing his focus a little bit.

[The Missouri native hauls Spector to his feet, shouting right in his face...

...and getting a stiff forearm to the jaw for his efforts! Big cheer!]

GM: Spector's fighting back! Spector's fighting back!

[A flurry of forearm blows has Shane backing down into the ropes. Spector uncorks a big uppercut, sending Shane tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: SPECTOR SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

[Spector falls into the ropes, breathing hard as Shane sprawls out on the floor.]

GM: Steve Spector has not had many matches since his return to the ring last November, trying to conserve whatever energy he's got left inside the ring for special occasions. He looks weary inside that ring right now...

[As Shane staggers up to his feet, Spector grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top...]

GM: OHHH! HE WIPES OUT SHANE WITH A DIVE TO THE FLOOR!

[Spector rolls off Shane, grabbing at his back as the referee steps out on the apron, looking down at both men who are on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: The referee out there to take a look but again, this is No Disqualification which in this match, I'm assuming means No Countout as well.

[Breathing heavily, Spector battles back to his feet, hanging on to the ring apron for support.]

GM: Spector's back up, pulling Shane up...

[He rolls Shane under the ropes, again leaning on the apron for support when he finishes.]

BW: Now you're seeing why he wanted to end this early, Gordo. Spector's running on fumes already!

[Spector turns, walking back to the ringside barricade, gesturing to a front row fan in a faded EMWC t-shirt who gladly and gratefully hands his chair to the former World Champion.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Here comes the hardware!

GM: That ringside fan gave Spector his chair and it looks like he intends to use it in this No Disqualification matchup, sliding it inside the ring.

[Spector pulls himself up on the apron, giving a tired shout to the cheering fans as he grabs the top rope with both hands, watching as Terry Shane struggles up to his feet.]

GM: Spector leaps!

[Springing off the top rope, Spector aims a dropkick at the chest of the Ring Leader...

...who somehow counters, sitting out into a thunderous powerbomb RIGHT on the steel chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THAT'S IT! IT'S OVER!

[Shane hangs on to the legs, basically holding Spector into sunset flip position.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Spector's shoulder FIRES off the canvas, breaking the pin!]

GM: Spector kicks out in time! It was a fantastic counter by Terry Shane and it almost ended Steve Spector's career as a result, Bucky!

BW: He almost got him. Spector took a chance - a big one - and it almost cost him everything right there.

[Shane scrambles up to his feet, picking the chair up off the mat as Spector rolls over to all fours...]

GM: Oh no.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and BASHES Spector across the back with the steel chair! Spector howls in pain as he falls to his stomach. The crowd is jeering loudly as Shane rears back a second time.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

BW: He's gonna do it again, Gordo! He's gonna do it again!

[Shane stands over Spector, chair pulled back overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: A SECOND SHOT WITH THE CHAIR!!

[An angry Shane throws the chair aside, sending it skittering across the ring as Shane drops into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg as he shouts at Jagger to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The shoulder comes up again, breaking the pin!]

GM: He almost got him again! Terry Shane tried to use that chair to beat Spector down like a hammer pounding a nail but it wasn't enough to get the career-ending three count!

[Shane pops up to his knees, shouting at Johnny Jagger as he climbs off the mat. He grabs Jagger by the collar, pushing him back against the ropes.]

BW: Hey, this is great! Shane could pop him one and not get disqualified for it!

GM: He could, I suppose... but he still might get hit with a fine or a suspension if he does it!

[Shane is bullying the AWA's Senior Official in the corner for several moments before turning back towards the downed and hurting Spector. He yanks him up by the back of the trunks, hooking him in a half nelson...]

GM: BACKBREAK- SPECTOR COUNTERS!

[The former World Champion turns it into an armdrag in mid-move, yanking Shane down to the canvas.]

GM: Big counter by Specto- OHH! BIG ELBOW TO THE SKULL BY SPECTOR!

[Shane staggers backwards, falling into the ropes near the dumpster as Spector winds up, slapping his elbow a few times...]

GM: HERE COMES SPECTOR!

[...but Shane ducks the head, elevating Spector over the top rope, backdropping Spector down onto the metal dumpster lid!]

GM: OHHHH! BACKDROP RIGHT DOWN ON THE SOLID STEEL!!

[Shane leans back against the ropes for a few moments, taking several deep breaths as the crowd buzzes with concern for the Hall of Famer.]

BW: What a move by Shane! Spector's done, Gordo! He's done!

GM: Steve Spector is NOT done until Shane can pin him for a three count or can make him submit!

[A tiring Shane turns around, climbing the ropes and stepping out onto the closed metal dumpster lid. He leans down, dragging the hurting Spector up to his feet...]

GM: He's threatening to throw him off the dumpster again!

[Spector suddenly slaps Shane's hand away, tucking his head under the chin and dropping to his knees!]

GM: JAWBREAKER! A desperation counter by Spector and-

[Spector grabs Shane by the head, slinging the Ring Leader's arm over his neck...]

GM: Oh no. You've gotta be kidding me! You've gotta be-

[Spector suddenly lifts Shane into the air, grimacing with the effort...]

GM: SUPERPLEX! SUPERPLEX!

[...and FALLS straight back into a superplex on the elevated wooden ramp!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD!!!

BW: WHY?! Why the heck would Spector do that with a bum back?!

GM: It's desperate times for Steve Spector as he tries to save his very career and he's willing to risk his own body to do it, Bucky! I can't believe we just saw that!

[The referee steps out on the apron, inching down the small part of the ramp not taken up by the dumpster. He rounds the corner, promptly kneeling down next to Spector to check on him.]

BW: Why the heck is Jagger checking on Spector?! It was Shane who took the superplex!

GM: But Spector delivered it and he's got a history of back issues!

[The referee continues to speak to both men as the crowd buzzes with concern for the Hall of Fame fan favorite.]

GM: A quick check of the clock shows us a hair under 15 minutes into this battle as both of these men just took a tremendously hard fall on that elevated wooden ramp that has become a trademark of many AWA shows.

BW: Spector ain't moving, Gordo.

GM: He certainly isn't... and you can see the official waving towards the locker room. I think he's trying to get some medical attention out here for Spector.

BW: He hasn't even checked on Terry Shane yet! Look at this biased officiating! Look at how the AWA front office continues to discriminate against the Shane Gang! They put Donnie White on a scaffold with a known lunatic. They refuse to give the Lights Out Express the title shot they deserve after defeating SkyHerc at the Rising Sun Showdown. And now they're hoping Steve Spector cripples Terry Shane so that he's off their books as well!

[Johnny Jagger finally kneels down next to Terry Shane who promptly reaches up, using Jagger to drag himself to a seated position. A horrific red welt is splashed across his back from the impact of the superplex. Jagger cringes at it as Dr. Bob Ponavitch races past Shane, kneeling down next to the still-motionless Spector.]

GM: Dr. Ponavitch, the AWA's head doctor is checking on Spector...

[Shane pushes up off the ramp, hobbling several feet away while grabbing at his lower back. He slowly turns, facing where Spector is being tended to by Ponavitch.]

GM: This match might be over, fans. Dr. Ponavitch looks very concerned.

[The doctor is kneeling next to Spector, placing a hand on his chest as he speaks to him.]

GM: Spector hasn't moved at all since he hit that wooden ramp.

BW: Oh, he's about to move now!

[Terry Shane stalks over, shoving Dr. Ponavitch down to a seated position on the ramp.]

GM: Oh! Come on! There's no call for that!

[Shane drags Spector to his feet, wrapping his arms around the former World Champion's torso...

...and charges him backwards...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Spector winces on impact, crumbling down to his knees again as Shane straightens up, shouting at Johnny Jagger as he approaches.]

GM: Spector driven backfirst into the dumpster!

BW: You think he's regretting bringing that thing out here yet?!

GM: I don't know.

[Shane gets backed away by the referee.]

BW: What the hell is Jagger doing?! There's no reason to back him off unless you're stopping the match.

GM: I think that's what Jagger wants to take a look at.

[Spector climbs to his feet with much effort, pushing up the split lids of the dumpster. He reaches inside...

...and turns just in time to duck down, backdropping a charging Shane into the dumpster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHANE GOES IN! SHANE GOES IN!! SPECTOR SAVED HIMSELF!!

[Spector collapses to his knees, breathing heavily as he grabs at his lower back which sports a nasty red welt of its' own.]

GM: Spector falls down to his knees again. Every move the Hall of Famer makes is taking a lot out of him. He looks physically exhausted in there as we close in on the twenty minute mark of this grueling battle.

[The doctor leans in, checking with Spector again as he battles up to his feet, reaching into the dumpster...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: SINGAPORE CANE!!

[Shane emerges from the dumpster, standing tall with a Singapore cane in his hands as he looks down at the staggered Spector who falls to all fours. The Ring Leader tosses the cane out onto the ramp before ducking down. Slowly, he stands, throwing object after object from the dumpster into the ring.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: The dumpster's full of weapons! That's why Spector brought it out here!

GM: He's throwing in chairs... pieces of metal... more of those canes... was that a street sign?!

[Shane quickly just keep throwing things in, littering the ring with weaponry before he climbs back out, moving to get to the cane...

...where Spector is crawling towards it, hand stretched out for the handle!]

GM: Spector's going for the cane and-

[A smirking Shane steps on it, cutting him off.]

BW: Hah! Shane's got the cane now!

[Spector suddenly jerks it free, SLAMMING it up into Shane's groin!]

GM: HE CERTAINLY DOES!!

[Shane's face goes white, slumping down to his knees on the ramp as Spector uses the cane to push himself up to his feet. He looks down at Shane, gripping the cane in both hands...]

GM: Oh no.

[He winds up, pausing as the crowd buzzes about what's next. Spector hesitates for a moment...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SINGAPORE CANE SHOT TO THE SKULL! GOOD GRIEF!

[Shane slumps facefirst to the mat, Spector standing over him with the cane still in hand as the crowd roars for him. He throws the cane aside, bouncing it off the ramp to the floor as he gives a roar to the crowd who roar in response.]

GM: Spector pulls Shane off the ramp, dragging him back towards the ring.

[Spector steps through the ropes, pulling Shane back in with him. They step out to the center of the ring, surrounded by Spector's arsenal as he boots Shane in the midsection.]

GM: Spector pulls Shane into a front facelock... another Cherry Blossom Bomber attempt...

[But a desperate Shane drops down, rolling him into a small package for the second time.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Spector kicks out, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Spector's out in time! For the second time, he went for the Cherry Blossom Bomber and for the second time, Terry Shane almost snatched a victory and Spector's career away from him!

[The former World Champion is up first, picking up a cookie sheet on his way up...

...and BASHES it down over the back of Shane's head as he tries to stand!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Spector throws the cookie sheet aside as Shane falls into the corner.]

GM: Spector with a whip...

[But Shane reverses, firing Spector across the ring with such velocity that Shane falls to his stomach and Spector SLAMS chestfirst into the turnbuckles, collapsing backwards to the canvas.]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Most competitors try to turn on those whips to the corner, preferring to take the impact on their back and put themselves in a position to counter whatever is coming next. But Spector couldn't do it. Spector couldn't allow his back to take that impact!

[Shane crawls over a downed Spector, diving into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Spector lifts a shoulder again. An enraged Shane takes the mount, grabbing a handful of hair and opening fire with a series of stiff right hands to the skull!]

GM: Shane's hammering away on him! He's losing his cool again, Bucky!

BW: He's getting frustrated at being unable to put away Steve Spector. Terry Shane is on the verge of greatness in our sport. He's won the Rumble. He's a top contender for the World Title. He leads one of the most dominating groups in our industry. He will NOT have that sidetracked by a has-been like Spector, damn it!

[Shane climbs up to his feet, snatching a second Singapore cane off the canvas. He plants his knee into the lower back of Spector, slipping the cane around the throat, and yanks back!]

GM: Oh my! A modified Camel Clutch using that Singapore cane!

[Shane grits his teeth, again turning red with anger as he tries to strangle the life out of his rival.]

GM: Shane's trying to choke him out! If he can't pin him, maybe he can render him unconscious!

[Jagger kneels down, checking for a submission.]

GM: There's no way that Steve Spector submits his career away, Bucky. Not a chance.

BW: I have to agree with you there.

[Spector grabs at the cane, trying to free himself as Shane leans back, tugging hard...]

GM: Spector's pushing on it, Shane's pulling on it! It's a battle of strength here - who will come out ahead?!

[The Hall of Famer manages to get the wooden cane off his windpipe...

...and swivels to his back, raising his legs to monkey flip Shane off of him!]

GM: What a counter!

[Spector rises to his feet, coughing and gasping for air as he leans down...

...and scoops up the street sign, grinning at the crowd's reaction to the big "STOP" being raised over his head!]

GM: Spector's got that sign and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: RIGHT OFF THE SKULL!!!

[Shane staggers from the impact, falling back into the corner. He drapes his arms over the top rope, managing to stay on his feet. Spector throws the dented sign over the ropes to the floor, scooping up the discarded Singapore cane...

...and does his very best Nelson Cruz impression, taking aim at the ribcage of Terry Shane!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Spector then does his best Yasiel Puig impression, flipping the stick away and sending it clattering to the floor. He leans down, using his leg strength to muscle Shane up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Spector puts him up top!

[The Hall of Famer steps up to the second rope, using a few right hands to stun the Ring Leader before leaping up, snaring his head between the legs...

...but Shane manages to block the hurricanrana attempt!]

GM: BLOCKED!

[Shane hangs on to the legs, tucking his legs under Spector's arms, trapping them...

...and leaps off, smashing Spector's face into the canvas before switching his grip to grab Spector's legs under his armpits!]

GM: BOSTON CRAB! BOSTON CRAB APPLIED ON THE HALL OF FAMER!!

[Spector instantly cries out in pain at having his back torqued by his rival!]

GM: This might do it, fans! Unless Steve Spector can find a way out of this devastating submission hold - and quickly - you have to think his night will be over!

BW: I'm sitting here wondering if this is a message to Dave Bryant. Bryant's been using that Iron Crab as of late... heck, that's how he beat Dufresne back at SuperClash V to win the World Title. Could Terry Shane be playing a little game of "anything you can do, I can do better?"

GM: That's a dangerous game to get into in a match with stakes this high.

[Spector is howling in pain, clawing at the canvas as Shane leans back, back, back in the painful hold.]

GM: Spector's trying to get to the ropes.

BW: But even if he does, that's not a way out, Gordo! That just means that he'll be holding the ropes while Shane breaks him in half. There's no disqualifications! The ref can't make him break a hold in the ropes!

[Spector makes a desperate lunge, grabbing the bottom rope. He pleads with the referee to break the hold but Johnny Jagger can't do it. He kneels down, explaining the situation to Spector...

...who gets even more desperate, grabbing the middle rope with one hand...]

GM: Oh my...

[And then grabbing it with the other, bending his body at a sickening angle to try and escape!]

GM: Spector's punishing himself further but this is the only way out. It's the only way!

[Spector grabs the top rope, pulling hard...

...which manages to fling Shane away, sending him stumbling forward. Spector collapses against the ropes, wrenching an arm around to grab at his lower back!]

GM: He did it! He got out of it!

BW: But at what cost?! He's in a tremendous amount of pain, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is. He's hurting badly and Shane's coming right back for him...

[But as Shane approaches, Spector spins away from the ropes and BLASTS him with an elbowstrike to the temple!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[With Shane very dazed after the elbowstrike, Spector reaches down to pick up the closest bit of plunder, jabbing the edge of a steel chair's seatback into the gut of Shane, doubling him up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY AS SPECTOR _HAMMERS_ SHANE ACROSS THE BACK WITH THE STEEL CHAIR!!

[Shane collapses, rolling to his back where he arches up in pain. A frustrated Spector opens the chair, slamming it down on the canvas.]

GM: What in the...? Spector to the far ropes...

[He rebounds back, stepping up on the chair, springing to the top rope...]

BW: MOONSAULT!

[...and blindly flips backwards, soaring through the air towards Terry Shane!]

GM: CONNECTS! Jagger down to count!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Spector rolls off, burying his head in his hands.]

GM: A dazzling maneuver there by Steve Spector - by a Steve Spector channeling his so-called glory days, Bucky Wilde!

BW: I don't know where he found it in him to pull off a move like that. Triple Jump Moonsault? I feel like it's fifteen years ago, daddy!

GM: Spector's back to his feet... repositioning the chair... my stars, I think he's going for it again!

[Spector dashes to the ropes a second time, looking to repeat the move...

...but Shane shifts position, bringing up his legs to scissor Spector's in a drop toehold...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPECTOR GOES FACEFIRST TO THE CHAIR!!

BW: Beautiful drop toehold! And even in a total brawl like this one, Terry Shane is finding a way to bringing his superior mat wrestling skills to the dance, daddy!

[Shane slowly climbs to his feet, using Spector to aid him. He rises up, staring out at the jeering crowd...

...then down at Spector who is facefirst on the chair still.]

GM: Shane's grabbing another chair! I don't think I like the looks of this, Bucky.

[Shane opens the chair, setting it up very close to Spector's.]

GM: What in the world?

[Shane rushes to the ropes behind him, running back where he steps up onto his open chair...

...and leaps up, tucking his legs...]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The double stomp DRIVES Spector facefirst into the steel. Shane smirks as he turns back, flinging Spector down to the canvas before covering.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Spector inches a shoulder off the mat just before the three count.]

GM: Incredible! Absolutely incredible to see Steve Spector still managing to-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!! Another steel chair across the back of the Hall of Famer! Terry Shane is sick!

BW: Hey, I warned you, Gordo! I warned you that you wouldn't like it when Terry Shane turned it around on Spector!

[Shane steps over a prone Spector, raising the chair upside down over his head...

...and DRIVES the edge of the chairback down into the kidneys!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Shane does it again... and again...]

GM: He's repeatedly going after the lower back with the chair! Terry Shane is a sick and twisted son of a-

BW: Gordo, I warned you!

GM: Oh, shut up! You warned me, yes... but this isn't right. There's not a soul on the planet who could honestly say this right! Not even you, Buckthorn Wilde.

[The referee steps in, shouting at Terry Shane who responds by flinging the chair aside...

...and booting Johnny Jagger in the gut!]

GM: OH!

[He hooks the AWA's Senior Official in a front facelock...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GOD!

BW: He DDTd Johnny Jagger! Holy-

GM: He's gonna be fined! He might be suspended! Terry Shane just crossed a line that should NEVER be crossed, Bucky!

[Pulling Jagger off the mat, Shane hurls him through the ropes and out to the floor where Dr. Ponavitch scrambles to check on him.]

GM: Look at Shane. Look at the cold-blooded determination in his eyes! Terry Shane will not rest until he defeats Steve Spector here tonight. He will not rest until he retires the Hall of Famer!

[Shane unfolds the chair again, setting the two open chairs side by side as he drags a limp Spector off the mat, turning to lift him up into sideslam position...]

GM: Oh god... oh god, no!

[...and DRIVES him spinefirst down across the two chairs! The crowd erupts on impact in shock and then falls silent as a smirking Shane drags Spector off the chairs, dumping him on the mat.]

GM: Shane's making a cover but he floored the referee! Johnny Jagger is out cold out here! He's unconscious!

[Suddenly, a blur comes darting down the aisle.]

GM: Marty Meekly's coming out here to replace him! Meekly's on his way but will he get here in time?

[Meekly has to slow down to get around the dumpster, getting into the ring and promptly diving to the mat as Shane waves for him to hurry.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[HUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Gainesville crowd as Steve Spector lifts a shoulder!]

GM: HOW?! MY GOD, HOW DOES HE DO IT?!

BW: Steve Spector just kicked out again! And Terry Shane can NOT believe it!

GM: We have passed the twenty-five minute mark in this contest and I do NOT understand how either of these men are still going, Bucky. Both men have been put through horrific falls, big slams, terrible submission moves - and yet they're still going!

[Shane drags a limp Spector up, moving around to stand by the open chairs. He scoops him up for a bodyslam...]

BW: SLAM ON THE CHAIRS!

[...but Spector slips out the backdoor, dropping down to a knee. He comes up, burying a boot in Shane's gut as he turns. Spector spins, hooking Shane around the head for a snapmare, leaping up, and JAMMING Shane's jaw into his shoulder!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF STUNNER! GOOD GRIEF STUNNER!

[Shane BOUNCES back from the impact, sprawling himself across the two open chairs. Spector grabs an ankle, yanking him down and diving across with an arm!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[This time, it's Terry Shane's shoulder flying up off the canvas!]

GM: My god, Shane kicks out of that! What a battle! What a war these two men are going through here tonight in the O'Dome! The House of Horrors is rocking here at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[A shocked Spector looks at Marty Meekly who holds up the two fingers. Spector collapses to his back, shaking his head as he rolls out of the ring. He drops to a knee, digging under the ring...]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's got...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Spector pulls a ten foot steel ladder into view!]

GM: He's got a ladder! Steve Spector's got a ladder!

BW: There's nothing hangin' above the ring tonight, Gordo! This ain't Bryant versus Hudson! This is a desperate, past-his-prime tyrant trying everything he's got... every move that's ever been in his playbook to beat Terry Shane and save his damn career!

[Spector pushes the ladder into the ring, crawling in after it. A rising Shane gets a big right elbow smash to the jaw, knocking him down.]

GM: The former World Champion is setting up that ladder in the corner. I have no idea what he's got in mind with but it can't be good... it simply cannot be a good thing for Terry Shane!

BW: How much could Spector have left in the tank?! It can't be a good thing for him either!

[Spector slowly starts to climb, step by step making his way up the ladder...

...when suddenly, Terry Shane comes up off the mat!]

GM: SHANE! SHANE'S CLIMBING TOO!

[The crowd roars as the two men race their way up the ladder, reaching the peak at nearly the same time. Shane is quickly to unload, burying a pair of right hands into the ribs.]

GM: We've got a fight up on top of a ten foot ladder!

BW: That's a long way up there, Gordo. A real long way!

[Shane throws another right hand, this one to the jaw. Spector clings to the top of the ladder, trying to stay up there. He returns fire, rocking Shane with two swift right hands to the forehead...

...and then SLAMS his skull into Shane's!]

GM: Headbutt!

BW: Shane's dazed after that one!

[Spector grabs Shane by the hair, smashing his face down into the top of the ladder three times.]

GM: Good grief! Terry Shane is out on his feet!

[Spector turns, looking over his shoulder. He takes a step down the ladder, stepping back with a foot on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: What is he doing?

BW: I have no idea but I don't like the looks of it, Gordo!

[Spector leaps off, spinning as he does...

...and CRACKS Shane with the Roaring Elbow!]

GM: OHHH! ROARING ELBOW!

[The blow sends Shane sailing backwards off the ladder, crashing down on the canvas as Spector clings to the ladder, trying to stay up there after the unique and death-defying move!]

GM: Spector's still on the ladder! He's climbing again.

[Spector steps over the top, sitting down on top of the ladder. He rises to his feet...

...and then steps up onto the very top step, nowhere to go but down if he loses his balance!]

GM: STEVE SPECTOR'S ON TOP OF THE LADDER! DEAR GOD, GET HIM DOWN FROM THERE!

BW: He doesn't care if he ends up in a wheelchair! Spector's going to-

[Bucky's words are cut off as Spector throws himself off the ladder, flashbulbs firing all around the building as he soars up...

...and then down, down, down...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: SPLASH OFF THE LADDER! SPLASH OFF THE LADDER!!

[Spector bounces off Shane from the impact, clutching his ribs as he does so...

...just in time for the off-balance ladder to come falling down onto his back!]

GM: OHH!

[The crowd is buzzing from the big splash, still on their feet as the falling ladder brings them to silence. Spector is motionless, the ladder pinning him facefirst to the canvas. Terry Shane is unmoving a few feet away, staring up at the lights.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men may be out! This might be over right here, fans! This match may be over right here and now!

BW: What happens then?! Does Spector still have to walk away?!

GM: I have no idea!

[The referee yanks the ladder off of Spector, shoving it aside as he kneels down next to the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Marty Meekly is right there next to Spector, checking on him, making sure he's okay to continue.

BW: He's not! It's obvious! Ring the bell and declare Terry Shane the winner!

GM: That very well might happen, Bucky. Meekly's taking a long look...

[Meekly gets up, walking over towards the timekeeper.]

GM: I think he's going to stop it. I think he's-

[But Dr. Bob Ponavitch rushes in, waving his hands at the official.]

GM: No, no. The doctor is going to check Spector himself!

BW: Wait a minute! This is the referee's call - not Ponavitch's!

GM: Both men have the authority to make this call but it looks like the Doctor wants to register his opinion before Marty Meekly stops this match.

BW: What doctor would want to see this continue?!

[Ponavitch slides in, kneeling next to Spector, checking on the former World Champion. Spector can be seen shaking his head at Ponavitch, refusing to give it up. Meekly is conversing with the timekeeper as Terry Shane rolls to his stomach, a trickle of blood coming out of the corner of his mouth.]

GM: Terry Shane is bleeding from the mouth, fans.

BW: Yeah! Why not take a look at that, Ponavitch?!

GM: You want the doctor to stop the match because Shane might be bleeding internally?

BW: Uh, never mind. Keep lookin' at Spector!

[Shane pushes up to all fours, cradling his ribs as he looks across the ring, climbing to his knees.]

GM: Shane's shouting at Spector... shouting at Spector to keep going!

BW: Terry, hush! Let the man give up in peace!

GM: Shane wants more! He's not done with the Hall of Famer!

[It's the Ring Leader who is the first to his feet, first pausing to threaten the official before making his way over towards Spector, dragging the former World Champion off the mat. He hooks a double underhook, viciously driving knees up into the upper body.]

GM: Shane's trying to finish him off! He knows Spector's close to the end!

[Shane ducks under Spector, lifting him up onto his shoulders...

...and then shoves him up and over, dropping onto his back and raising his knees!]

GM: OHH! FAT TUESDAY! And if that's not a message to the World Heavyweight Champion, I don't know what is, fans.

[Shane pushes to a knee, grinning as he plants a hand on the chest of Spector.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Spector's shoulder weakly comes off the canvas, just creating the slightest bit of space to escape the pin. Shane pushes up, shaking his head as he pulls Spector up. Grabbing the arm, Shane whips Spector across...

...but Spector collapses in a heap, promptly rolling out of the ring to the floor.]

GM: Spector couldn't even make it across the ring, fans! He went down hard off that whip and... look at the grin on the face of Terry Shane! He thinks it's over!

BW: He KNOWS it's over! Like you said, Spector couldn't even make it across the ring! How the heck can he keep fighting? How the heck can he-

[Shane arrogantly approaches the ropes where Spector is down on the ringside mats...

...and then quickly backpedals as Spector rises up to a tremendous roar, gripping a long white tube in his hands.

A glass tube with a pair of googly eyes on it.]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! HE'S GOT TUBEY!

BW: TUBEY?! WHAT THE HELL IS A TUBEY?!

[Spector's eyes are wide, glassy with insanity as he crawls up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. Shane is stepping back, hands raised as Spector comes towards him with his most infamous weapon of choice gripped in white-knuckled hands.]

GM: Steve Spector's got that light tube and he's heading straight for Terry Shane! We've said it before and we'll say it again - if you have young children in the room, this might be a good time to get them the heck out of Dodge!

BW: Right now, Terry Shane's looking for a way to get the heck out of Dodge, Gordo!

[Shane's head is pivoting back and forth, searching for an escape as Spector menaces him with the dangerous weapon. His hands are raised, begging for any mercy to be found within the madness that has overtaken the Hall of Famer...]

GM: Shane's in trouble! Shane's got no allies out here to help him! He's got no way out of this-

[Except to strike, rushing forward at Spector who wheels around, burying a rolling sole butt in the midsection. The kick drops Shane to his knees as Spector moves around in front of him...]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Somebody stop this maniac! This tyrant!

GM: Apparently the words of Karl O'Connor have had no effect on Steve Spector on this night!

[Spector has a bloodthirsty grin on his face as he raises the fluorescent light tube back over his head, holding it like an axe over the pleading Terry Shane, the begging Terry Shane, the fearful Terry Shane...]

GM: Spector's gonna cave his skull in with this! He's gonna-

BW: What's he doing?!

GM: I don't know. He's got Shane right where he wants him!

[Spector pauses, blinking several times, looking down at Shane. His gaze drifts, looking out over the fans, many who are holding their collective breath, waiting to see what happens...]

GM: Steve Spector may be having second thoughts! Maybe Karl O'Connor DID get through to him! Maybe the thought of these fans having this as their lasting memory of Steve Spector. Maybe the thought of his wife and kids at home seeing him do-

[Spector abruptly shakes his head, breaking the light tube over his knee and throwing the two pieces aside.]

GM: He didn't do it! He COULDN'T do it!

[Spector pulls the dazed Shane off the mat, yanking him into a front facelock.]

GM: He's going for it again!

[He lifts Shane, getting him in the air this time...

...but the Ring Leader slips out, landing behind Spector...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPECTOR GOES LOW!! SPECTOR KICKED HIM LOW!!

[The back kick finds the mark as Shane stumbles back, falling against the turnbuckles. Spector leans over, muscling him up to the top turnbuckle in a seated position.]

GM: He just called for the Goddess Cutter! This is how he won the World Title!

[Spector leaps up to the middle rope, springing up to hook a three-quarter nelson on the seated Shane...]

...who swiftly wraps his legs around the ropes, refusing to go with the hold. He uses his arms to hold the smaller Spector, hooking his right arm in an inverted headlock!]

GM: What's he-?!

[Shane leaps off the top, somersaulting over a trapped Spector...

...and DRIVING Spector's jaw into his shoulder!]

BW: GOOD GRIEF STUNNER '01!! FROM A TIME WHEN EVERY MOVE HAD A NAME ATTACHED TO IT!!

[Holding the inverted facelock, Shane snapmares Spector over, shoving him down onto his stomach...

...and then sits down on the back of Spector, still holding the facelock and bending Spector back in a horrifically painful hold!]

GM: AHH! AHH!

BW: Is that... that's the Destiny Strangle! This is one of the most painful holds I've ever seen in all my days in this business and Terry Shane just showed off the sweetest science you'll ever see to counter Spector and end up with this locked in!

GM: Spector's in trouble! Spector's got nowhere to go! This hold is locked in deep!

[The referee dives to the mat, checking for a submission.]

GM: Marty Meekly down on his belly, checking to see if Spector gives up!

BW: Give up, Spector! Give it up, oldtimer!

[Spector claws at the canvas, trying to drag himself across the ring as Shane holds on tight, screaming "QUIT! QUIT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"]

GM: Terry Shane's got the Destiny Strangle applied and is it the destiny of Steve Spector to have his career ended right here tonight in Gainesville, Florida!

[Spector pumps an arm, trying to find a way out...

...but his movements are slowing. His actions are telling the story of a man who has been to hell and back on this night and whose body may be finally failing him.]

GM: Spector's trying to hold on! Trying to find a way! Trying to...

[The pumping arm drops to the canvas.]

BW: HE'S OUT! RING THE BELL!

GM: The referee's down there to check... he lifts the arm once...

[The arm falls back down, hitting the canvas.]

GM: That's once. If it falls three times, it's over!

[The arm is raised again... and drops a second time.]

GM: There's two! Steve Spector's hanging on for dear life... Meekly's raising it one more time...

[Shane leans back, stretching Spector with all he's got left...

...and then falls back himself, releasing the hold as the arm hits the mat a third time!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: HE DID IT! TERRY SHANE HAS RETIRED STEVE SPECTOR!

[With Spector motionless facefirst on the mat, the referee points to Terry Shane as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

TERRRRRRYYYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[Shane tiredly raises an arm as the referee grabs him by the wrist, pointing to him again. The crowd is loudly jeering the result.]

GM: My stars, what a war it was... but as you said, Terry Shane just retired Steve Spector. Spector put it all on the line here tonight - one more time - but he came up just a bit too short.

BW: The Year Of The Shane Gang has TRULY begun now!

GM: Spector's out cold on the mat. He passed out from the pain of that devastating submission hold. It was indeed the Destiny Strangle and perhaps what we just saw was indeed the destiny of Steve Spector here tonight.

[With the aid of the referee, Terry Shane gets back to his feet, a shocked and perhaps even disbelieving look on his face.]

GM: Shane looks surprised, Bucky. I'm not even sure he thought he'd win here tonight.

BW: Terry Shane is the Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title... and if he can put together a performance like this when the World

Title is on the line, you just might be looking at the next heavyweight champion of the world, daddy!

[The referee gets Shane out of the ring, walking him back up the aisle as Spector lies motionless on the canvas. Shane is celebrating his win, arms held over his head even as he disappears through the curtain.]

GM: Steve Spector is still down. Steve Spector... he may not even know what happened yet, fans.

[Slowly, the Hall of Famer gets his arms under him, pushing up off the mat to his knees. He looks over at the crowd...

...and then collapses back down to all fours, burying his head in his arms.]

BW: He knows. He certainly knows. He had a historic career, Gordo... a legendary career. No one likes to hear their number called when it's time to leave that squared circle and certainly no one likes to hear it called like this. You know he wanted to go out on his own terms with his head held high but... it just wasn't his night.

GM: It could've been. It was as close of a match as you can get. It could easily have gone the other way. Very easily. But it didn't. And now a man's iconic career is over.

[Spector pushes back up to his knees, tears in his eyes as he looks out at the roaring crowd paying their respects to him.]

GM: Steve Spector has done it all in this business, fans. He's won World Titles. He's fought in historic battles against legendary competitors. He made it to the top... all the way to the top... when he was inducted last fall into the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame. But tonight... tonight, it all comes to an end for him. Right here in Florida... the same place where it all started.

[A disappointed Spector is helped to his feet by Dr. Ponavitch, wincing as he gets up. He looks out at the cheering crowd, mouthing "Thank you" repeatedly as he presses his fist to his heart.]

GM: These great fans are telling Spector how much they love him... how much they respect him... and he's giving it right back to them. On a night that's been thrilling with action, this is a moment that fans of this business will never forget. The final match... the final battle for Steve Spector.

[Spector stands in the center of the ring, forcing himself into what must be a very painful bow to all sides of the ring before leaning back on Dr. Ponavitch, heading through the ropes and out onto the ramp...

...as we fade to black.

[he commercial opens to a wrestling locker room. We see Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, the team known as Dichotomy, entering the room carrying two enormous duffel bags each. The tall, slender Ginn is Caucasian and has

reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. The athletically built Hoefner has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. Both men are wearing their ring attire and a shirt: Ginn's is a heather-grey polo shirt with the six-pointed Imperial logo on it in black, and Ginn's is a black shirt reading "VALAR MORGHALIS" in a fantasy-like font.

The duo plants their bags on a nearby bench. They then turn to face and address the camera directly. Chryon identifies them for the home viewer.]

MH: I'm Mark Hoefner. This is Matt Ginn. We're professional wrestlers.

MG: However, our entertainment predilections do not lend itself to the hypermasculine testosterone-overdosed drooling idiocy that many wrestlers and wrestling fans enjoy so much that they devote all seven brain cells to following.

MH: In short, we're a lot smarter than the rest of these guys. And so we like different things. And maybe you're like us. Maybe you don't fit in with the typical wrestling fan who thinks that the monster truck is the ultimate expression of humanity.

MG: Everywhere we traverse, many fans inquire of us the same thing.

[A fan walks up, and points at their shirts.]

Fan: Dude! Where did you get those shirts?!

MG: Of course, being professional wrestlers, the only appropriate response to such an intrusion is mindless violence.

[Hoefner picks up a chair and brains the poor guy.]

MG: However, just so we can hopefully get an end to such banal questions, we've decided to provide an answer to everyone who has asked.

[The scene cuts to someone using a desktop computer with a large screen. A voiceover person takes over from here.]

VOICEOVER: ThinkGeek.com. We create and sell products that appeal to the geek in all of us. What's your passion? Science Fiction? Video Games? Computer programming? Math and science? Pop culture? If it's geek, we have it.

[Shots of many of their products flash across the screen.]

VOICEOVER: ThinkGeek: Stuff for smart masses!

[And back to the locker room. Hoefner is hitting yet another fan with a steel chair.]

MH: NO AUTOGRAPHS!

MG: I... don't think we can film a commercial for that one. So only one problem remains.

[Each of them zip open one of the overstuffed duffel bags... and a whole bunch of shirts spill out. Yet another fan enters, stepping over the bodies of the first two.]

Fan: Which ones will you wear today?

[Ginn facepalms as Hoefner looks up and makes an incredulous 'are you kidding me' motion. He picks up the chair as we fade to black. A loud WHACK is heard shortly thereafter.

We fade back up on a shot of Mark Stegglet standing in the backstage area alongside "The Professional" Dave Cooper. Cooper is wearing a black leather duster over a shirtless torso. A pair of black trunks and boots rounds out the ensemble as he rubs his hands together, a smile on his face.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. I'm standing here with Dave Cooper, the Professional, as he is just moments away from putting his career on the line in a Loser Leaves Town for six months match! And Mr. Cooper, I can't help but wonder why in the world you're smiling with the stakes like that.

[Cooper nods.]

DC: Did you see what I just saw out there, Stegglet?

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

DC: Steve Spector, the hero of the people. The former World Champion. The Hall of Famer. That description remind you of anyone we know?

[Stegglet frowns.]

MS: You're speaking of Juan Vasquez.

[Cooper nods.]

DC: What a clever boy you are. Of course I'm speaking of Juan Vasquez. Juan Vasquez the Great. Juan Vasquez the Powerful. Juan Vasquez the Franchise.

Since the day he stepped into the AWA and was given a shot at the National Title his first night in, Juan Vasquez has been treated like a demigod by these people... by you announcers... and most of all by the suits that run this company.

But as Steve Spector just showed us... no matter how long your resume... no matter how many titles you've won... and no matter how many people chant your name... your career can be ended...

[He snaps his fingers.]

DC: Just like that. And make no mistake, Mark Stegglet, this six month thing is a cover... a protection for myself. But it's not six months that I want Juan Vasquez on the shelf. It's for the rest of his life.

Are you a Kelly Clarkson fan, Mark?

[Stegglet looks REALLY confused now.]

MS: I suppose.

[Cooper nods again.]

DC: When Kelly Clarkson first became a megastar, she sang a song called "A Moment Like This." Remember that one?

[Cooper hums a few bars as Stegglet nods.]

DC: It was about taking that one moment... seizing that one opportunity and making the most of it to become the superstar you always knew was possible.

Tonight is that moment for me.

You see, Mark... I've been with this company almost since Day One. I've won the National Tag Team Titles as part of Rough N Ready. I terrorized and dominated this company as part of Royalty. I helped steal the National Heavyweight Title right out from under the front office and brought about the biggest change for this promotion ever.

[Cooper shakes his head, wincing a bit.]

DC: But none of it... none of it is enough. Because there's so many things I HAVEN'T gotten to do. I haven't gotten to wear the World Television Title around my waist. I haven't gotten my shot to be the top dog.

And I'm running out of time, Mark. I'm a helluva lot closer to the end of my career than I am to the beginning. When you reach that point in your life, you sit back and wonder why. You wonder why you haven't achieved that success. You ponder why you haven't been to the top.

[Cooper jerks a thumb at himself.]

DC: And for me it's all about what might have been. Where would I have been if I hadn't saddled myself with that numbskull Somers for years? How high would I have climbed if I wasn't playing the enforcer for Langseth and Petrow? How many Main Events would I have been in if I wasn't the muscle behind Calisto Dufresne?

But this is it, Mark. Tonight's the night. Tonight is my moment.

It's my moment to take Juan Vasquez, the shining star of the AWA, and turn out his lights for good. It's my moment to show the world - you, the fans, the office - that I CAN win the big matches. That I CAN beat the top stars. And that I CAN be a champion.

[The Professional shakes his head.]

DC: But that's tomorrow. Tomorrow is about Ryan Martinez. Tomorrow is about Supreme Wright or Dave Bryant.

Tonight is about Juan Vasquez. Tonight is about ENDING Juan Vasquez. Tonight is about showing the world that Juan Vasquez' days are over and the days of the Professional are about to begin.

Tonight is MY night.

[Cooper grins again.]

DC: Tonight is MY moment.

Some people wait a lifetime... for a moment like this.

[Cooper chuckles darkly, staring into the camera with his hands clasped together.]

DC: I know I have.

[He looks over to Stegglet expectantly.]

MS: What?

[Cooper gestures at the camera.]

MS: I don't... oh. And that's the end of the discussion?

[Cooper grins, patting Stegglet on the back.]

DC: Exactly.

[We slowly fade away from the Professional to...

...a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Juan Vasquez, backstage. The former two-time AWA National Champion is dressed in his trademark white tracksuit with black trim, ready for his match in mere moments. He still wears an eyepatch over his left eye, a reminder of the attack he suffered at the hands of Dave Cooper. Juan has his arms crossed over his chest and a solemn look on his face, apparently deep in thought. He doesn't bother looking up towards the camera as Dane begins to address the audience.]

JD: Juan Vasquez, for months now, Dave Cooper has been a thorn in your side. He's injured your eye, insulted your friends, savagely attacked you from behind, and tonight, he may bring your AWA career to a screeching

halt, as you face him in a Loser Leaves Town match. With so much on the line, I know conducting this interview is probably the furthest thing on your mind, but what are your thoughts going into tonight's match?

JV: I heard Bucky Wilde call Dave Cooper a wielder of "the truth."

[Juan laughs without mirth.]

JV: Nice joke.

[He turns towards Dane.]

JV: I've never hid the truth of who I am or what I've been, and I sure as hell ain't gonna' stop doing that now.

Everyone wonders why I haven't gone after Nenshou. They wonder why I haven't avenged Luke Kinsey. They wonder why I let the man that blinded my best friend continue to wrestle in the AWA and go unpunished.

[There's a blank, contemplative look on Juan's face.]

JV: There isn't a day that goes by where I don't think about it. Every time I'm in an arena. Every time I see him backstage. Every time I see Nenshou in the ring. I feel it. I WANT it.

Revenge.

[He frowns, shaking his head.]

JV: But I stop myself, because I know he ain't the one to blame for what happened to Luke. I stop myself because I realize he was just a soldier following orders from that fat bastard he called a leader. I stop myself because if anyone knows that people should deserve an opportunity at a second chance, it should be me. I stop myself...

...because I promised Luke that I wouldn't go down that road ever again.

[There's a brief pause, as Juan lets those words sink in.]

JV: In my darkest moment, when I _did_ give in to my anger and rage, when I _did_ embrace that evil in my heart, Luke Kinsey was there to snap me out of it. He was there to clear the fog from my eyes and make me realize that there's a right way to do things. A BETTER way to do things.

But I've always been stubborn; Too stubborn for my own good...and I keep forgetting the lessons that I've learned. I'm NOT an avenger. I'm NOT a monster. I'm NOT a vengeful bringer of justice raining hellfire and brimstone on those that've done me wrong.

[He chuckles as the hardened look on his face slowly melts away.]

JV: I'm Juan Vasquez. _Just_ Juan Vasquez.

And somewhere along the line, I forgot that.

[Juan turns his attention straight towards the camera.]

JV: Dave Cooper isn't a wielder of truth. He isn't some great prophet spreading the gospel. He isn't anything, but a symptom of the sickness, the illness, the DISEASE that's been festering in the AWA for years. This is the man that helped Mark Langseth steal the National title. The man that served as the backbone of Royalty and vowed to destroy the AWA. This is the man that has been nothing but a parasite sucking the life out of this promotion for years.

And it has to stop. It HAS to sto-

[But before Juan can finish, Dane's arm is pulled down off screen. Both Dane and Vasquez turn their head as Eric Preston walks into view, still unshowered, looking worse for wear after the brawl with the Dogs of War.]

JD: Eric Preston, are you-

EP: Listen, Jason, I'm only here for a second. You and I haven't always seen eye to eye, Vasquez, but I'm here to tell you that I've got your back. _We_ have your back.

You might end up out of the AWA tonight, and that's not something you can risk. It's not something the AWA can risk. You don't have anything to prove to Dave Cooper or to the fans or to anyone. You don't have to do this, man. You ain't gotta put it all on the line.

JV: I hear where you're coming from, Eric, but you don't-

[Preston cuts him off.]

EP: No, I _do_ understand. You feel like you have some civic duty to rid the AWA of Dave Cooper, and I get that, but we both know that strange things happens in that squared circle. Ankles turn, boots get stuck, you slip funny on the mat. Something funny happens and you're a permanent resident of Spectatorville. And you know damn well that Dave Cooper is as nasty and smart as they get, you know damn well he's coming to that ring ready to injure you permanently. I know you're Juan Vasquez and you're a god among men...

...but even Juan Vasquez needs to listen to good advice. Tonight's a mistake, and you're going to regret it.

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: Amigo, I appreciate your concern, but I've gotta'-

[With that, Preston turns around and slaps the back wall in frustration.]

EP: Dammit! Don't you get it?

One wrong move and you're out. You're done. And whether you think so or not, you're human. It happens to all of us.

Look outside your narrow world view, look what's going on outside of your little bubble. There is a war at all of our doorsteps, and you're about to risk your chance to fight in it because your lame-ass friend is blind. The stakes have never been higher. This is about much more than people getting attacked or backjumped or whatever. It's about jobs, it's about livelihoods, it's about people's families. It's about people never even having a chance to make themselves something, it's about not even having a chance to succeed. You're beyond their scope, but the rest of us are fighting for our lives to take a whack at the big money, at the big time.

And rather than fight for the company that made you a millionaire and a household name, rather than stand on the front lines for someone BESIDE yourself, you're gonna be a selfish jackass and put yourself fir-

"SMAAACK!!!"

[A left hook from Vasquez stops Preston in mid-sentence, sending the Combat Corner alum to the ground. Juan stands over Preston, screaming at him as Jason Dane tries to pull him back.]

JV: YOU DON'T THINK I KNOW THIS!? YOU DON'T THINK I UNDERSTAND!?!

JD: Juan, what the hell do you think you're-

[Juan holds up a hand, motioning for Dane to back off. He shakes his head, looking a bit remorseful.]

JV: I hit you with my left, 'cause I want you to be able to hear this, Eric. Just listen to what I have to say and if you're still mad about it, I'll let you hit me back.

[Still on the floor, Preston doesn't bother to turn around to acknowledge his former teacher.]

JV: I've done nothing BUT fight for this company for four damn years. Sometimes I won, sometimes I triumphed, sometimes...

...I lost.

[Juan squeezes his eyes shut at that remark, letting the painful memory pass.]

JV: But for me, the wars never ended.

[Preston turns back around, rubbing his jaw, staring daggers at Vasquez.]

JV: I took four good men into War Games; men I said I'd said I'd march with to the gates of Hell to face the Devil himself, men that trusted me to lead them to victory...

...and it cost them their careers.

[He looks Eric straight in the eye.]

JV: Can you even begin to understand how something like that weighs on you?

[Preston breaks off eye contact, looking a bit uncomfortable under Juan's glare.]

JV: Who's our enemy, Eric? How many are we facing?

...Who's the third Wise Man?

[Juan sighs.]

JV: We don't even know what we're up against. But I know THIS much.

They formed together because of ME. Because they resent me, because they fear me, because they hate me...it doesn't matter. But I'm always going to be under their watch. And the moment Juan Vasquez declares war against the Wise Men, the moment they even THINK I'm ready to make a move, then you'll REALLY know what "war" means.

[Preston still won't look at him, but he's listening.]

JV: I said I've never hid the truth from anybody and I'll tell you the truth right now.

[Juan pauses and takes a deep breath, mentally preparing himself to say the words that he's going to say.]

JV: I can't do it.

[That...that catches Preston's attention.]

JV: At least not the way I am now. I've got one eye and a body that feels like it's ready to quit on me at any second. But what I got left in me, I know it's enough to take down Dave Cooper. I know it's enough to move at least one obstacle out of your way.

[A bitter chuckle.]

JV: You think the Dogs of War are the only soldiers in their army? Cooper, Royalty, Doyle, The Wise Men...it's all connected. It's all the damn same. You think it's bad now? Just wait until they actually feel they have their backs against the wall. You think I'm being selfish? The smartest thing I've DONE...

...is stay away from you and Ryan.

[Juan shakes his head slowly, ruefully.]

JV: Stop begging for my help, 'cause all I'm gonna' do is hold you back. But YOU can do this. I KNOW you can do this. The greatest advantage you got over any of those bastards is the fact they none them realize what you're capable of. You need to forget about this broken down man and you need to learn to stand on your own damn two feet.

[A beat.]

JV: You need to become the man that me and Todd always thought you'd be.

[There's silence for a moment and suddenly without so much as another word, Juan walks past Eric Preston; the Combat Corner alum now lost in his own thoughts as we slowly fade to a gorgeous panning shot of the interior of the O'Dome.]

GM: Wow.

BW: You can say that again.

GM: For months, Juan Vasquez has stood silent on this Wise Men affair. For months, the entire world waiting for him to make his stand against the latest - and most dangerous - threat to the entire AWA. He's a man who has stood up against and helped put down the Southern Syndicate. He's a man who stood up against and helped put down the Unholy Alliance last year. Everyone wanted to know... when will Juan Vasquez stand up and fight against the Unholy Alliance?

BW: I think we've got our answer, Gordo.

GM: I think we do. Fans, one of these men are about to be forced to leave the AWA for six months. Will it be the Professional, Dave Cooper? Will it be Juan Vasquez? We're about to find out so let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and the LOSER must LEAVE TOWN for six months!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

["The Professional" by Leon begins to play over the PA system to a very loud negative reaction from the crowd.]

PW: From Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is the Professional...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOOOOPERRRRRR!

[The boos intensify as Cooper strides through the curtain into view. He has an athletic build, buzzed black hair close to his scalp. We can see the black wrestling trunks, kneepads, and boots along with the vest with the words "The Professional" on the back. He smirks at the crowd's reaction beneath his black mustache.]

GM: It's hard to believe this man was once one of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA, Bucky.

BW: It just shows how fickle these idiot fans here - in Texas, in Florida, anywhere the AWA goes. They love these guys one minute and then hate them the next. Ask Supreme Wright. Ask Dave Bryant. Ask Eric Preston.

GM: In all of those cases, there were very specific circumstances that caused that change of heart. If you can't understand why these fans boo Dave Cooper after some of the garbage he's put them through over the past few years, I think you're not paying attention.

[Cooper strides down the aisle, glaring at the jeering fans. He pauses a few times, jerking a thumb at himself while taunting them. Reaching the ring, he steps through the ropes, jogging in place a bit before pulling off the leather vest, tossing it over the ring ropes to a ringside attendant.]

GM: Cooper's putting a lot on the line in this one. After seeing a man's career ended in our last match, many might think a six month absence from the AWA isn't a big deal but for these two men, it's everything.

BW: You're right about that. Cooper admitted it earlier on. His career is coming to a close, Gordo. He's closer to the end of his career than the beginning and he needs every day he can get. Being on the sidelines for six months is taking the man out of the prime of his game for a long, long time. No chance to become the World Television Champion. No chance to become the World Heavyweight Champion.

GM: Exactly right. Dave Cooper's career might not be on the line in this one - technically speaking - but a six month absence at this stage of his career is absolutely devastating. It knocks him right back down to the bottom of the ladder.

[Cooper tugs at the ropes as the music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a momentary pregnant pause before the sounds of Pete Rock and CL Smooth's "They Reminisce Over You" kicks in to a TREMENDOUS reaction from the Florida crowd!]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[After a few moments, the spotlights criss-cross the arena before coming to rest on the entryway.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAASSSSSQUEZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The crowd noise gets louder as the two-time AWA National Champion walks into view, standing with his head ducked down as the spotlights light him up. He's in a hooded version of his usual tracksuit, the hood covering his head as he bounces back and forth from foot to foot, staying loose as Cooper waves him towards the ring.]

GM: The former two-time National Champion. A former World Champion in other territories. A Hall of Famer in his own right. Many have called Juan Vasquez as a pillar of the foundation that holds up the AWA and I can't argue that assessment, Bucky.

BW: If he's a pillar, we may be in some trouble 'cause that pillar is getting shaken down tonight, daddy!

GM: We talked about what was at stake for Dave Cooper if he's on the sidelines but what about Juan Vasquez? Juan Vasquez may have every intention of sitting out this war with the Wise Men but you had better believe he has aspirations of being the AWA World Heavyweight Champion. But if he's gone for six months, he misses almost the entirety of the Coast To Coast tour. If he's gone for six months, he misses the Rumble and a chance to earn a World Title shot. If he's gone for six months, he would return to the active AWA roster literally ONE day before SuperClash with no time to earn a spot of substance on the biggest show of the year.

BW: And with an ego like Vasquez has got, that might be the most soul-crushing thing he's ever had happened to him.

[Vasquez pauses just beyond the ropes, throwing back his hood to reveal an eyepatch covering his injured eye. Cooper immediately goes into a Stevie Wonder impression, throwing his head back and forth as Vasquez seethes. He shrugs out of the tracksuit, standing in a pair of black MMA style shorts with white lettering down either leg - the left reading "LOSER", the right reading "LEAVES."]

GM: It's literally written all over Juan Vasquez. This situation has become very, very personal and now it will be settled in the most severe of fashions - Loser Leaves Town.

BW: And the AWA ain't like some joints, Gordo. When we use the words "Career Match" and "Loser Leaves Town", we mean it. You don't believe me? Ask Marcus Broussard what happened to his career. How about Joe Petrow? Maybe November if you can make the trip back to Japan where he was exiled. We take these stipulations VERY seriously. If you lose one of these

matches, it would take an act of God to get you back in... and even that might not be enough.

GM: The stakes are incredibly high in this one and as Juan Vasquez steps through the ropes, you can feel the tension in the air for this final showdown between these two competitors.

[Vasquez stands just beyond the ropes, staring a hole through Cooper who is pacing back and forth. Referee Ricky Longfellow stands between the two men, his arms outstretched in both directions to keep them at bay from one another.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow will be your man in the middle for this one, trying to keep things on an even keel. He knows what's at stake as well as the two combatants to be sure.

[Longfellow turns to each man, giving some final words of instruction as they move to opposing corners...]

GM: Sixty minute time limit for these two men as they attempt to put one another down... and as banged up as Juan Vasquez has seemed in recent weeks, I'm guessing we don't get anywhere near that time limit, Bucky.

BW: He's going to come at Cooper fast and hard and he's going to try and end this thing as quickly as he can. Ordinarily, Vasquez would have the stamina edge but he's not that far removed from that hellacious Exploding Ring Death Match over in Japan.

GM: Plus, he's still wearing that eyepatch to protect his left eye that Cooper injured to begin with.

[Longfellow slowly edges back, wheeling around to signal for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Vasquez comes tearing across the ring, throwing a forearm shot to the jaw of Cooper that barrels him back into the corner. He squares up, throwing a quick series of alternating rights and lefts to the body.]

GM: Vasquez bringing the heat early in this one.

[Grabbing an arm, Vasquez shoots Cooper from corner to corner with a big Irish whip, sending him smashing into the buckles where he stumbles out...

...and gets LAUNCHED into the air, flipped upside down and dumped down on the canvas with a backdrop!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY JUAN VASQUEZ!!

[A fired up Vasquez gives a fist pump to the cheering fans as he turns back towards Cooper who is staggering up to his feet...

...and rushes at him, connecting with a clothesline that drags Cooper across the ring, taking him over the top rope and dumping him down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHH! OVER THE TOP GOES COOPER TO THE FLOOR!!

[Vasquez turns around, giving a shout to the roaring Gainesville crowd as he walks across the ring. He slams his arms down on the top rope, turning back to face the downed Cooper.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is RED HOT here tonight! That conversation backstage between he and Eric Preston may have lit a fire under the Hall of Famer going into this huge showdown with the Professional!

[The two-time National Champion leans against the ropes, waving a hand towards a dazed Cooper who is trying to get up off the ringside mats...]

GM: HERE COMES VASQUEZ!

[But the Los Angeles native stumbles in mid-run so when he throws himself between the top and middle ropes, Dave Cooper has time to sidestep, sending Vasquez flying through the ropes...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and RIGHT into the steel barricade at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ HIT THE STEEL! GOOD GOD!!

[The crowd is stunned at the early crash and burn of Vasquez as he slams headfirst into the ringside barricade. Cooper is leaning against the apron, a smirk on his face as Vasquez sprawls out on the floor.]

BW: You saw it, Gordo? You saw it, right?

GM: I saw him stumble, losing his footing a bit on his way across the ring. That HAD to have played a role in missing like that.

BW: It's the injuries! It's the match with Ishrinku! It's getting blown up! It might even be the eye injury throwing off his depth perception. This is NOT a match that Juan Vasquez is in top shape for - he even admits it himself. It's his ego that drove him to make the challenge for this match and it's his ego that's going to get him driven out of town for six months, daddy.

GM: I hate to say that you're right but there's obviously something bothering Vasquez. Whether it's the years or the mileage, time has taken its toll on the Hall of Famer and- oh my stars!

[Cooper drags Vasquez off the ringside mats, revealing a nasty gash over his left eye, right above the eyepatch.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has been busted open mere minutes into this match, fans!

[A grinning Cooper drives an overhead elbow down into the gash followed by a series of short knuckle punches to the cut.]

GM: Dave Cooper's trying to split that cut open even wider, really trying to get that blood flowing, fans.

[Cooper drags Vasquez off the floor by the hair, takes aim, and SMASHES him headfirst into the railing!]

GM: OHHH! Down he goes again!

[Vasquez falls to the floor, leaning back against the railing, a healthy flow of crimson escaping from his cut forehead. Cooper grabs the railing, raining down stomps into the chest...

...and then plants his boot into Vasquez' throat, choking him out on the floor!]

GM: The Professional's not pulling any punches in this one. He's got the two-time National Champion busted open and Cooper's letting him have it!

BW: The referee's shouting at Cooper to get it back in the ring but he needs to count, not shout.

GM: You can bet that Ricky Longfellow will be very hesitant to count out or disqualify either of these men considering what's at stake here tonight in this one.

[Cooper drags Vasquez off the floor by the hair again, pulling him over towards the timekeeper's table...

...and SMASHES his head into the wooden table!]

GM: Ohhh! Look out over there, guys!

[The timekeeper and Phil Watson scatter as Cooper smashes Vasquez' head into the table, sending the ring bell clattering down on the floor. Finally, Ricky Longfellow DOES start a count, drawing a glare from the Professional.]

GM: The referee starts his ten count and you can tell that Cooper was truly enjoying these lax rules here tonight. He wants to punish Vasquez and out on the floor, he can really do it.

[One final faceslam, this time into the ring apron, connects before Cooper shoves Vasquez' up onto the apron, pushing in his lower body but turning Vasquez so that his head and neck are hanging back off the apron.]

GM: Cooper's positioning Vasquez so he can- ohh! Big elbow down across the throat!

[Vasquez sits up, coughing violently as he rolls back into the ring, clutching at his throat.]

GM: Vasquez gets hit right across the windpipe!

[The Hall of Famer grabs at his neck as Cooper slides in behind him, grabbing him by the back of the trunks...

...and ROCKETS him over the top rope, sending him flipping over the ropes and crashing down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHH! RIGHT BACK DOWN TO THE FLOOR!!

[The crowd is all over a smirking Cooper as he fields protests from Ricky Longfellow. He pushes the referee aside, moving through the ropes to stand out on the ring apron. Cooper looks out at the jeering crowd, waving for a louder reaction - which he definitely gets - before looking down at the stunned Vasquez, waving for him to get back to his feet.]

GM: The methodical Cooper measuring his man...

[He leaps off as Vasquez rises, slamming his forearm down between the eyes, knocking Vasquez back down to his knees. Cooper grabs a handful of hair, hammering the cut forehead with right hands again.]

GM: And Cooper is still going after that cut with a vicious series of right hands!

BW: He's gonna bleed Vasquez dry, daddy! With every drop of crimson dropping out of Vasquez' head, he loses a little bit more energy to fight off the Professional. If you're sitting at home watching, I'd turn that DVR on because you're witnessing the end of an era right here and now - the end of Juan Vasquez in the American Wrestling Alliance!

[Cooper steps back, burying a boot into the chest of Vasquez, causing him to slump facefirst down to the ringside mats.]

GM: Cooper's got Vasquez down on the floor again... ohh!

[The crowd groans as Cooper viciously stomps the back of Vasquez' head, smashing his face into the floor!]

GM: Dave Cooper is relentless!

BW: When the stakes are this high, you gotta be. Ask Stevie Scott - if you can find him - or Jim Watkins. A match like this takes everything you've got and then some. Stevie Scott was willing to deliver that piledriver on Broussard to win that match... willing to possibly put a man in a wheelchair for the rest of his days to do it. Jim Watkins was willing to cripple Joe Petrow and the last I heard, Petrow's STILL in a wheelchair, Gordo.

GM: I believe that's true, yes.

[With two hands full of hair, Cooper rubs Vasquez' face back and forth on the barely padded floor a few times before dragging him up...

...and AGAIN smashes his head into the ring apron, leaving a red smear before shoving him back into the ring.]

GM: Vasquez gets put back in... look at Cooper!

[The confident Cooper turns around, shouting at a ringside fan in a Juan Vasquez t-shirt.]

"Take a good look, boy! A real good look. I'm gonna end your hero's career!"

[Cooper slowly turns back to the ring...

...where Vasquez is hanging onto the top rope, using it swing through and drive both feet into the face of Cooper!]

GM: OHHH!

[Cooper goes sailing back, slamming backfirst into the barricade.]

GM: Cooper falls back into the railing!

[Vasquez sits on the bottom rope, breathing heavily as Cooper tries to steady himself. The Hall of Famer ducks through the ropes, stepping out on the apron. He leans against the ropes, taking a few deep breaths as he wipes his bloody forehead with the back of his hand.]

GM: Vasquez taking a moment to catch his breath, backing down the apron towards the ringpost...

[The two-time National Champion leans against the post, waving for Cooper to stagger off the railing...

...and then comes tearing down the ramp, leaping off with his knees raised. The knees catch Cooper in the chest, driving him down to the floor with Vasquez on top of him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a move by Vasquez!

BW: He uses a version of that inside the ring, Gordo, but now we're seeing it out on the floor! Innovative offense and that one did a number on the Professional for sure!

[Vasquez rolls off Cooper upon hitting the floor, moving a few feet away. He's on his back, blood pouring from his forehead as the referee starts a double count on both men.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow starts up the ten count again, counting both men as they attempt to get up off the floor.

[The Hall of Famer is the first one up, dragging Cooper off the floor and blasting him across the chest with a knife edge chop!]

GM: Oh, big chop!

[Cooper falls back into the railing again, arms draped over the barricade. Vasquez moves in, burying a boot into the chest... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: The Hall of Famer is kicking away at Cooper, trying to wear him down a bit.

[He grabs Cooper by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Vasquez suddenly leaps up, landing on the ring apron. Cooper rushes in behind him...

...and catches a back kick to the jaw!]

GM: OHH!

[Vasquez looks back, checking to see where Cooper is.]

BW: Oh my...

[The Los Angeles native leaps up to the middle rope, ready to spring back with a moonsault...

...when Cooper reaches up, yanking Vasquez' ankle out from under him.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST DOWN ON THE APRON!! GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: Vasquez went for another crazy dive, trying to find a way to use his athleticism to his advantage but Cooper was ready for him! Cooper saw it coming and Vasquez just seems a step slower than usual here tonight, Gordo.

GM: You're right about that. Vasquez seems to be having some trouble.

[Cooper drags him off the floor, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. The Professional slides in after him, breaking the count.]

GM: Cooper's back on his feet, stalking after Vasquez who is trying to crawl away, trying to create some space between the two men.

BW: No chance of that.

[Cooper reaches down, grabbing the back of the trunks and dragging Vasquez off the mat by them...

...and uses the trunks to yank Vasquez into a forearm shot to the kidneys!]

GM: Big shot to the small of the back.

[Cooper hoists him up into the air, dropping him with a back suplex. He rolls over, applying a cover.]

GM: Cooper gets one! He gets two! But that's all!

BW: A two count means he's one count away from ridding the AWA of Juan Vasquez, that coward!

GM: COWARD?! How DARE you call Juan Vasquez a coward after all the tremendous battles he's fought in the AWA over the years?

BW: You heard him backstage bowing out of a fight with the Wise Men!

GM: And you heard why! He told Eric Preston exactly why he can't take part in this war.

BW: Sounds like a copout to me.

[Cooper climbs to his feet, dragging Vasquez up by the hair. He peppers him with a series of jabs before throwing a right hook that sends Vasquez falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Vasquez in the corner...

[Cooper mounts the middle rope, holding up his right hand...]

GM: Cooper raining down blows from the second rope...

[Vasquez suddenly slips out from under Cooper, reaching up and yanking him into a torture rack...]

GM: TORTURE RACK!

BW: He's looking for the Dirty San-

GM: Cooper flips out!

[Cooper slips out of the torture rack turned into a split-legged piledriver that Vasquez was once famous for, landing on his feet behind him. He buries another forearm into the small of the back...

...and then uses a handful of trunks to throw Vasquez shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH!

[Cooper drags Vasquez back out by the back of the trunks...

...and SHOOTS him in a second time!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! The right shoulder of Juan Vasquez just went shoulderfirst into the steel twice!

[Cooper pulls Vasquez back, shoving him down to his knees and grabbing the arm, yanking back on it in an armbar.]

GM: Cooper hooks on an armbar on the kneeling Vasquez, yanking the arm back.

BW: The RIGHT arm, Gordo. That's the important part. You think Cooper's not thinking about neutralizing the Right Cross, you're crazy.

GM: Very true, Bucky. The Right Cross is one of the most devastating weapons in Juan Vasquez' arsenal. If Cooper takes it out of action, he might get one step closer to winning this match and making Juan Vasquez leave the AWA for six months.

[Holding the arm with his right arm, Cooper uses his left to hammer down elbows into the cut forehead...

...and then yanks the eyepatch off!]

GM: Oh no!

[Vasquez slumps to his stomach, trying to cover up his face as Cooper holds the eyepatch over his head, soaking up the jeers from the crowd. A smirking Cooper actually puts the eyepatch on, choosing this time to stagger around the ring, swinging his arms back and forth in front of him.]

GM: What a jerk this guy is!

BW: If only Luke Kinsey could see him now!

GM: That's not funny in the slightest.

[Cooper flings the eyepatch aside, flipping Vasquez over to his back where the Hall of Famer has his arms up over his face, trying to defend himself. The Professional drops to a knee, grabbing Vasquez by the hair...

...and SLAMS the fist down into the eye area!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Cooper's REALLY looking to end this now!

[Holding the hair, Cooper drags Vasquez over towards the corner, aiming him towards it and slamming his eye area right into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: The referee's right on his case about it but Cooper does it again! He's intentionally going after the eye that HE injured to begin with!

BW: Luke Kinsey's crying out of his mind's eye for that... since he can't cry out of his real eyes... 'cause he's blind you know.

GM: What the-?! What is WRONG with you?!

[Cooper drags Vasquez out of the corner...

...and sinks his teeth into the cut forehead, causing Vasquez to howl in pain. "The Professional" breaks at four, watching the two-time National Champion fall back into the ropes, blood streaming into his injured eye.]

GM: Cooper's got him bleeding. He's got the injured eye exposed. And Dave Cooper is living up to what he said he was going to do. He said he was going to try and end Juan Vasquez' career here tonight. Not put him out for six months... he wants to end his career.

BW: He's gonna do it too, Gordo! I can feel it in the air! He's gonna blind Juan Vasquez!

[Cooper plants a pair of boots into the gut of Vasquez, grabbing him by the arm, twisting it around...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the bicep!]

GM: Cooper keeps switching up his attack.

BW: The mat scientist in him knows he should take out the arm. Take out the Right Cross. Maybe take out the City of Angels. But the cold-blooded brute in him wants to take out that eye and put Vasquez on the shelf once and for all.

[With Vasquez up against the ropes, Cooper grabs him by the arm, whipping him across...]

GM: Vasquez off the far side... ducks the elbow...

[Cooper sets for a backdrop as Vasquez rebounds...

...and DRIVES a knee up into the face, sending Cooper stumbling backwards towards the ropes.]

GM: And now it's Vasquez to the ropes...

[But Cooper is able to duck down, lifting Juan up for a backdrop but Juan hangs on to the ropes, landing on the apron...]

GM: Vasquez on the apron... ohh! Shoulder to the gut of Cooper!

[A bloody Vasquez grabs Cooper by the hair, yanking his upper body through the ropes...

...and SLAMS his knee up into the face, landing brutal knee strikes over and over!]

GM: OH! OHH! OHHHH!

[Vasquez bounces off, leaving a stunned Cooper dangling over the middle rope as Vasquez rushes back down the apron...

...and CONNECTS with a running knee to the side of the head!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The Hall of Famer pulls Cooper through the ropes out onto the ring apron. The crowd begins to buzz with concern at what they're seeing.]

GM: Both men out on the apron... what in the...?

[Vasquez hooks a front facelock on Cooper, giving a shout...

...and LEAPS off the apron, delivering a DDT on the edge of the apron, causing a sickening "THUD!" to echo throughout the O'Dome!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: DDT! HE DDT'D DAVE COOPER ON THE HARDEST PART OF THE RING!

[Vasquez sits on the floor, breathing heavily as he wipes the blood from his face as he looks up at a motionless Cooper. Cooper is sprawled facefirst on the apron, trying to recover from the devastating DDT as the crowd buzzes at the impactful move.]

GM: A devastating move by the former World Champion and he may have just completely turned the tide in this matchup!

[Cooper suddenly flops off the apron to the floor, revealing a splash of crimson pouring down his face.]

GM: And now it's Dave Cooper who has been busted open as well!

BW: That savage Vasquez just split his head wide open!

[The two-time National Champion rolls towards Cooper, grabbing a handful of hair. He takes the mount, knuckle-punching the cut forehead over and over and over to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Vasquez is battering Cooper into the mat, splitting that cut even wider!

[A weary Vasquez gets to his feet, giving a roar to the crowd before pulling Cooper off the ringside mats...

...and FLINGS him into the barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!!

[Vasquez grabs the top of the railing, smashing a knee into the face.]

GM: Brutal knee strike against the barricade!

[A second knee lands... then a third... then a fourth.]

GM: Big knees to the head against the steel, smashing the back of Cooper's head into the railing time and again!

[Vasquez backs off, giving another shout.]

BW: And now it's Vasquez who you get the feeling is trying to rid the AWA of Cooper! He's gonna make sure that Cooper ain't coming back at all, Gordo!

[Vasquez tears towards him, looking to deliver his running knee...

...but Cooper dives out of the way, causing Juan's knee to slam into the railing before his momentum causes him to topple over the barricade into the front row!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COOPER GOT OUT OF THE WAY IN TIME!!

[The Professional uses the railing, dragging himself back to his feet. We can hear the official shouting at him to get the action back inside the ring but the now-bloodied Dave Cooper seems to have other ideas as he leans over, dragging Vasquez back to his feet by the right arm...

...and then SLAMS the arm down on the top of the barricade!]

GM: OHH, COME ON!

[Vasquez slumps to his knees, clutching his arm in pain as the bloodied and weary Cooper leans on top of the railing. Cooper grabs the arm again, dragging Vasquez up...

...but a left hand to the jaw stuns Cooper!]

GM: Cooper went to smash his arm down on the railing again but Vasquez had other ideas!

[A second left knocks Cooper a few steps back from the railing. Vasquez uses the opening to step up on the front row of chairs, moving to put one leg on top of the railing...

...and THROWS HIMSELF onto the dazed Cooper with a crossbody!]

GM: OHHH! VASQUEZ WIPES OUT COOPER ON THE FLOOR!!

[With Cooper pinned down, Vasquez opens fire, throwing rights and lefts down at the prone Professional!]

GM: He's beating the hell out of Dave Cooper out on the floor!

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, ignoring the official's cries to get the action back inside the ring as he drags Cooper off the floor...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him head over heels into the side of the wooden entrance ramp with a hiptoss!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! Juan Vasquez uses that trademark hiptoss to throw Dave Cooper into the side of the ramp! Incredible!

BW: And if Vasquez was going to find a way to turn this thing around, this might be the beginning of it right there, Gordo. That was a big match move out of the Hall of Famer that shows exactly why he's been so successful for so long. He pulled a big blow out of that playbook to put Dave Cooper in a real bad way out on the floor.

[Vasquez staggers towards the sprawled-out Cooper, using the back of his arm to wipe the blood from his face...

...but walks past him, using the wooden ringsteps to climb up onto the elevated platform.]

GM: What the...? Where is he going, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea.

[The Hall of Famer stands at the edge of the ramp, looking down at the prone Cooper. He turns, looking out at the roaring crowd cheering on his every movement.]

GM: Vasquez is... what the heck IS he doing?!

BW: This guy's nuts, Gordo. He's crazy!

GM: Juan Vasquez may win this match after this but at what cost? He's already banged up. He's already hurting. He's already feeling a career's worth of brutal matchups. Tonight, he might drive Dave Cooper out of the AWA but what if it takes him with Cooper?!

[Vasquez slowly takes several steps back, standing at the other edge of the ramp. He can be seen taking several deep breaths...

...and then rushes across the width of the ramp, flinging himself up into the air...]

BW: SENNNNNNTOOOOOONNNNN!

[...and CRASHES backfirst down on the motionless Dave Cooper!]

GM: OHHHHHH! SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS OFF THE RAMP!! GOOD GOD IN HEAVEN!!

[Vasquez slumps back onto Cooper as the crowd ROARS in response for the big dive off the raised entrance ramp!]

GM: If this was a Falls Count Anywhere match, I do believe that Dave Cooper would be packing his bags and heading out of town for the next six months but this action MUST get back inside the ring in order for a three count to happen.

[A protesting Ricky Longfellow is shouting the same point right now before starting a double count.]

GM: The official for this match, Ricky Longfellow, is being very loose in his enforcement of the rules. He does NOT want to end this match in a countout or disqualification for sure.

BW: Can you imagine the reaction we'd have in here if Vasquez got sent out of town on a DQ? I'd be out the door before they announced it. I ain't a fan of riots - I've been in a few in my managerial days down in the Tennessee territory, daddy.

[As the count hits five, a weary and bloodied Vasquez uses the ring apron to drag himself to his feet. He throws a look up at Longfellow who implores him to get back into the ring...

...but shakes his head, turning back towards Cooper.]

GM: The referee just told Vasquez to get in there to stop the count but Juan Vasquez does NOT want to win that way, Bucky. He wants to pin the man. He wants to make him submit!

BW: What a self-centered, selfish thing for Vasquez to do! You heard Eric Preston telling Vasquez that they need him on their side against the Wise Men!

GM: And you heard Vasquez tell him that's not going to happen, Bucky. Juan Vasquez says the biggest contribution he can make to that conflict is to force Dave Cooper out of town before he becomes a weapon for the Wise Men in this war.

[Vasquez drags the bloodied Cooper off the ringside mats, using the hair to throw him back under the ropes into the ring. The Hall of Famer climbs up on the apron...

...and points to the corner!]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Vasquez is going up top!

GM: Juan Vasquez is heading over here to the corner right above us... and yes, indeed, he is climbing the ropes!

[The staggered Vasquez gets one foot on the top rope, looking out on the crowd. He pushes his way to the top, straightening up...

...and leaps off, pumping his arms and legs for a frog splash!]

GM: MAGIC CARPET RIDE!

[One of the signature moves of his best friend, Luke Kinsey, takes aim at the prone Cooper...

...and misfires when Cooper brings the knees up!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cooper tucks Vasquez' head, hooking the legs, and rolling him off his knees into a makeshift cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the Vasquez knockout!]

GM: Oh my stars! How close was that?! Dave Cooper almost sent Juan Vasquez packing with that counter to the frog splash!

BW: Another bad idea out of Vasquez! He took too long getting up the ropes because of his physical condition and then busted out a move of his blind

buddy Kinsey as some sort of a tribute! Where the heck did that get him?
Almost out of the AWA!

[Cooper rolls to his knees, taking his turn to wipe the blood from his eyes, before climbing to his feet. He drags Vasquez off the mat by the right arm, hammering the limb a few times before using it to whip Vasquez into the turnbuckles, charging in after him.]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner!

[Cooper backs out, allowing Vasquez to stumble towards him where he hooks him around the head and neck...

...and DRIVES him down with a uranage slam!]

GM: Ohh! Big slam takes the dazed Vasquez off his feet... and look at this!

[Cooper hops up to the midbuckle, standing tall...

...and then very slowly slides down his kneepad, revealing the solid kneecap underneath.]

GM: Cooper's exposing his knee, pulling the kneepad out of the way as he-

[He leaps off, driving the knee down into the bloodied skull of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: I love it! Cooper just used his OWN version of Rough Housing - his former tag team finish with Eric Matthew Somers!

[Cooper applies an arrogant version of the lateral press, nodding his head as he doesn't even bother to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS again as Vasquez lifts a shoulder in time!]

GM: Another near fall right there but Juan Vasquez refuses to stay down! Juan Vasquez refuses to lose! And most importantly, Juan Vasquez REFUSES to leave town, fans!

[The fans are cheering for Vasquez, trying to rally him back into the match as Cooper slowly drags him up...

...and HURLS him over the top rope again, this time putting him out on the elevated wooden platform!]

GM: COOPER THROWS 'IM OVER THE TOP!

[A tired Cooper leans against the ropes, taking some more verbal abuse from the official as he looks out at the bloodied Vasquez laying on his back on the elevated ramp.]

GM: Cooper's coming out after him... the bloodied veteran looking to find a way to put Juan Vasquez down for a three count. Can he do it out here on the ramp?

[Cooper grabs Vasquez by his blood-soaked hair...

...and SMASHES his face into the wooden ramp, taking care to aim the eye at the platform!]

GM: OHH!

[Vasquez' bloody forehead leaves a red smear on the ramp as Cooper gets up, viciously stomping the back of the head, driving the eye area repeatedly into the wooden ramp...

...and then angrily drops his knee down on the back of the head!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The referee might want to step out there and take a look at this, Gordo. I know Vasquez wants to win this match but it ain't worth a man's eyesight. Ask Luke Kinsey how he feels about losing his eyesight in a wrestling match.

[Cooper stands tall over Vasquez, shouting at him.]

GM: Cooper telling Vasquez to stay down... telling him to give it up and walk away...

[But Vasquez refuses, pushing himself up to his knees where an angry Cooper smashes a right hand into the eye. Vasquez grits his teeth, shaking his head as Cooper unloads a second blow to the eye. His whole body is shaking with intensity as Cooper connects with a third!]

GM: Cooper's hammering away at the eye but Vasquez will not stay down!

[As the fourth comes sailing in, Vasquez raises his left arm to block it!]

GM: He blocks it!

[And comes up firing with a right hand of his own!]

GM: Right hand by Vasquez! A second right hand connects!

[The third one has Cooper reeling as Vasquez grabs him by the hair with his left hand just before SMASHING his bloody skull into Cooper's bloody skull, sending him down to a knee!]

GM: One of the hardest heads in the business sends the Professional down to his knees!

[And now it's Vasquez' turn to open up, burying punch after punch into the cut forehead until his hand is covered with as much of Cooper's blood as the Professional's forehead is!]

GM: Cooper is a bloody mess as Vasquez drags him up, looking to turn this thing around and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COOPER GOES TO THE EYE! COOPER GOUGED HIM IN THE INJURED EYE!

[With Vasquez promptly falling to his rear end, Cooper slides behind him, digging his fingers into the eye as Vasquez howls in pain, flailing his legs on the wooden ramp as the crowd screams bloody murder at the Professional.]

GM: He's trying to blind the former World Champion!

[Cooper finally breaks it off, looking at the bloody fingers on his hand before wiping them across his bare chest, leaving a bloody streak behind. He circles around the downed Vasquez, ignoring the jeering fans as he pulls Vasquez to his feet...]

GM: What's he-?

[An Irish whip sends Vasquez into the ropes on the outside of the ring, bouncing back towards a waiting Cooper who lifts him by the upper thighs, pivots...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER ON THE RAMP! SPINEBUSTER ON THE RAMP!!

BW: That's it!

GM: Dave Cooper agrees with you!

[Cooper throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before climbing to his feet.]

GM: Dave Cooper says it's over too but remember, this is NOT a Falls Count Anywhere match. Dave Cooper MUST get Juan Vasquez back inside the ring in order to pin him for a three count!

[Cooper is taunting the fans now as he stands over Vasquez, shouting "IT'S ALL OVER!" repeatedly to deafening jeers from the Gainesville crowd.]

GM: Cooper telling the fans it's over. He's telling everyone it's over but it's NOT over until he gets the man inside the ring and pins him, Bucky!

BW: I gotta agree with you there, Gordo. He needs to stop yelling at these Gainesville geeks and put Vasquez down for three!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the arm, Cooper drags his limp form towards the ring. Getting close to the ropes, he starts stomping the ribs of Vasquez, pushing him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Cooper puts him in... gets back in himself...

[The Professional steps in, "dusting off" his hands as he sneers at the jeering fans. He very slowly drops to his knees, sliding into a lateral press without bothering to hook a leg again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

[Cooper looks up in disbelief at Ricky Longfellow who mimes the distance between his hand and the canvas for the three count, pointing to Vasquez' raised shoulder.]

GM: Dave Cooper looks like he's in shock!

[The Professional shakes his head as he rises to his feet, raising three fingers in the air.]

GM: Cooper says it was a three but Longfellow says otherwise!

[Longfellow shakes his head in response, holding up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only and Dave Cooper's wasting a whole lot of time in arguing with the referee. He's not going to change his mind! He's not going to make it a three so why bother with this?!

BW: Vasquez is OUT, Gordo. He may have kicked out of that pin but he's barely able to move right now!

[A furious Cooper wheels around, dragging a limp and bloody Vasquez off the mat, shoving him back into the corner. He squares up, throwing rights and lefts to the body of his foe.]

GM: Cooper's hammering away at the body!

[He grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist into the eye over and over.]

GM: Back to the eye! Cover up, Juan!

BW: He can't, Gordo! What don't you get about that?! Juan Vasquez is done! He's finished!

GM: Juan Vasquez is a man who has proven time and time again that above all else, he is a survivor! He survived the Southern Syndicate! He survived and came back from the Wise Men's first strike as a group at WrestleRock! He's survived two WarGames! He survived an EXPLODING RING two months' ago. And by God, he will SURVIVE Dave Cooper!

[Cooper is teeing off now, landing blow after blow after blow on the eye of Vasquez, the crowd roaring their disapproval. The fans are screaming their concern for their hero as Ricky Longfellow steps in, forcing Cooper back.]

GM: The referee needs to look at that cut... to look at that eye...

[The camera focuses on Vasquez, his entire face soaked in the crimson mask. He's hanging on to the top ropes, trying to stay on his feet as the referee steps in, checking the eye.]

GM: Take a long look there, referee.

[But Cooper's having none of that, stepping in and flinging the official aside before driving his knuckles into the eye again... and again... and again...]

GM: Damn it! Stop this, referee!

[Longfellow goes to step in again, pushing Cooper back as the Professional shouts at Vasquez, talking trash at him...]

...and then steps back in, slapping him across the face!]

GM: Oh! He slapped him! He slapped-

[Vasquez' eyes go wide, his head snapping back...]

...and it's his turn to shove the referee aside, knocking Longfellow down on his rear end!]

BW: RING THE BELL! DISQUALIFY HIM!

[Vasquez stalks towards Cooper as Cooper winds up, throwing a big right hand...]

...and catching one in response!]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez fires back!

[Cooper staggers back, raising his hands. Vasquez shouts at him, "HIT ME!" as he sticks out his chin. The crowd ROARS at this as Cooper looks around in disbelief.]

GM: Vasquez is DARING him... BEGGING him to hit him!

[Cooper winds up, throwing another right hand...]

GM: Big shot by Cooper!

[But Vasquez doesn't seem to feel it, letting loose a wild flurry of rights and lefts, battering Cooper across the ring...

...and driving him right through the ropes, knocking him out to the floor!]

GM: Vasquez knocks him to the floor and-

[Vasquez lets loose a scream, tearing across the ring, hitting the ropes and coming back at top speed...

...and forms a human missile, launching himself through the ropes like a torpedo that hits Dave Cooper right in the chest, sending him sailing back into the barricade where he SLAMS backfirst!]

GM: GOOD GOD, WHAT A DIVE!!

[The bloody Vasquez climbs to his feet, giving off a crazed roar to the capacity crowd in the O'Dome!]

GM: VASQUEZ HAS GOT A SECOND WIND!

BW: HOW?! HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?!

[Vasquez drags Cooper off the railing, pulling him back towards the ring. He grabs a handful of hair, smashing his skull into Cooper's cut forehead with a headbutt!]

GM: Headbutt!

BW: Vasquez has got one of the hardest heads in the business! We've seen him go headbutt-for-headbutt with men like Raphael Rhodes, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, and even the mighty Tumaffi!

[Vasquez throws a second headbutt... a third... a fourth. The blows come fast and furious, each one glazing the eyes of Dave Cooper more and more as he tries to stay on his feet. The grip on the hair seems to be the only thing keep Cooper standing as Vasquez splits his own head in a second spot delivering the strikes. The Hall of Famer turns, looking to the fans...]

"ONE MORE?!"

[The crowd ROARS in response. Vasquez nods...

...and then SMASHES a leaping headbutt down between the eyes of Cooper before angrily flinging him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Vasquez throws Cooper back in! He's looking to finish this off!

[With Cooper down on the canvas, barely moving, Vasquez steps in...

...and points to the corner!]

GM: He's going up!

[Vasquez steps up on the bottom rope, leaping high into the air with a backflip...

...and crashes down on a prone Cooper!]

GM: One moonsault!

[Vasquez pushes up off the mat, pointing to the corner again. He wobbles across, stepping up to the middle rope. He pauses, breathing heavily, leaning forward to grab the top rope. The blood drips off his forehead, landing on the turnbuckles...

...and then throws himself backward, connecting with an awkward looking moonsault!]

GM: A second one!

BW: It may be time for a Moonsault Trilogy, daddy!

[A dazed Vasquez pushes to his knees, blood streaming down onto his throat and chest as he points towards the buckles again.]

GM: I don't know if he's got it in him, Bucky!

BW: I don't either.

GM: He's gonna damn sure try though!

[Vasquez gets to his feet, staggering towards the corner. He collapses chestfirst into the buckles, blood pouring off of him as he tries to climb the turnbuckles. He gets to the bottom rope, pausing for several moments as he tries to steady himself.]

BW: He's taking too much time, Gordo!

[He steps up to the second rope, falling forward to grab the ringpost.]

GM: Vasquez is barely able to stand! He's going for it all but I'm not sure he can do it, Bucky. He's having an incredibly hard time standing up there on the turnbuckles!

[Vasquez straightens up, planting a foot on the top rope. The other stays on the midbuckle, Vasquez struggling to keep his balance. He closes his eyes, taking several deep breaths.]

GM: Cooper hasn't moved yet but Vasquez is taking WAY too much time in trying to complete this Moonsault Trilogy, fans!

[He pushes up, standing on the top rope for a split second before hurling himself backwards...]

BW: MOONSAAAAAAAUUUULLLT!

[...and CRASHES onto nothing but canvas as Dave Cooper rolls out of the way in time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[With a motionless Vasquez facefirst on the mat, blood pooling underneath his head, Dave Cooper is all smiles as he drags himself to his feet in the corner.]

GM: He was playing possum! I'm almost sure of it! Dave Cooper could've gotten out of the way of that at any time but he waited until Vasquez went for it all and then he moved!

BW: He went for the big flip off the diving pool but someone drained out all the water, daddy!

GM: Cooper is up... and we could be witnessing the end of Juan Vasquez right here!

[Cooper pushes out of the corner, pausing to drag a thumb across his throat to jeers from the crowd. He leans down, dragging the bloodied and motionless Vasquez off the mat...

...and tugs him into a front facelock!]

GM: He's going for the Gourdbuster! That's how this whole thing between Cooper and Vasquez got started, Bucky!

BW: And it's how it's gonna finish too! Cooper's gonna end it all right here!

GM: He's pushing him out to the middle of the ring, slinging that arm over his neck...

[Cooper pauses, sucking up all the strength left in his body.]

GM: Dave Cooper's been to Hell and back as well. Can he do it? Can he get him up for it?

[With great effort, Cooper gives a big lift, taking Vasquez up into the air...

...a little too far into the air!]

GM: VASQUEZ SLIPS OVER THE TOP!

[Somehow managing to land on his feet behind Cooper, Vasquez quickly strikes, burying his thumb into the side of Cooper's throat!]

GM: THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE! THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!!

[Cooper frantically reaches up, grabbing at the arms of Juan Vasquez. The bloodied Vasquez hangs on for dear life, his teeth clenched together as he tries to hang on.]

GM: The Spike is in deep! Cooper's fighting it!

[Cooper plants his feet, rushing back...

...and DRIVES Vasquez back into the buckles!]

GM: Into the corner... but Vasquez is hanging on!

[Vasquez gets dragged a few feet out of the corner...

...then DRIVEN back in!]

GM: Twice he gets smashed into the buckles! But he continues to hang on!

BW: I can't believe this! Shake 'im off, Dave!

[Cooper staggers out to the middle again, starting to show signs of losing consciousness...

...when Vasquez leaps up, dragging Cooper down to the mat with his legs wrapped around him in a bodyscissors!]

GM: VASQUEZ DRAGS HIM DOWN! CAN COOPER ESCAPE?!

[Cooper's arms are pumping in the air, searching for an escape as Vasquez screams in his ear, "QUIT! QUIIIIT!" The referee is on his knees, listening and looking for any signs of a submission.]

GM: Dave Cooper's AWA career is on the line here! Can he manage to hang on?! Can he find a way to stay awake?! Can he-

[Suddenly, the referee wheels around, calling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GAVE UP! HE GAVE UP!

[The crowd ROARS at the sound of the bell as the bloodied Vasquez releases his grip, allowing the equally-bloodied Cooper to slump down beside him on the mat.]

GM: That's it! Dave Cooper is gone! He's gone for six months!

[The referee turns to the ring announcer, speaking quickly.]

PW: Your winner of the match by submission...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAAAAAAAAAASQUEZZZZZZZ!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers yet again as Longfellow raises Vasquez' arm, dropping it where it falls limply down to the canvas as Vasquez lies flat on his back, staring up at the lights.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has won this match but... he looks to be in very bad shape, fans.

BW: He may have won the battle but he may have lost the war!

GM: Dave Cooper is unconscious on the mat. When he wakes up, he'll realize he's gone... he's gone from the AWA for six months! But when Juan Vasquez wakes up... what then? He's won but... look at him, Bucky.

BW: I'm looking at him. He ain't moving. He's as bloody as I've ever seen. His eye is swollen shut and who knows what kind of damage was done to it throughout this match. He sent Cooper out of town for six months but it might be at LEAST that long before Vasquez can wrestle again too!

GM: We're... yes, the referee is signaling to the locker room. We're going to need medical help out here - for both of these men, I believe.

[The camera cuts to the aisleway where Dr. Bob Ponavitch is being escorted down the aisle by an EMT team. The AWA's Head Doctor has a concerned look on his face as he approaches the ring.]

GM: Dr. Ponavitch stepping inside the ring. He sends two EMTs over to Cooper and two over to Vasquez. Both combatants are still down. Neither man is moving at all.

[Ponavitch moves back and forth between the two teams, giving instructions as he looks for signs of life out of either man beyond their heaving chest.]

GM: The doctor doesn't like what he sees either. He's waving for further assistance and... yes, here comes a pair of stretchers now.

[The stretchers reach the ring quickly as Ponavitch continues to shout instructions.]

GM: This is a horrific scene to witness after such a fantastic matchup but... well, as you often hear about pro wrestling, this is NOT ballet. This is a contact sport and when two men with the skill level and emotions of these two get inside that ring... sometimes bad things happen, Bucky.

BW: Both men came in there with the goal of putting the other one on the shelf - maybe permanently - and I think they both accomplished it. I'm not sure we're going to see either of these men for quite some time.

GM: We know Dave Cooper will be out for at least six months and... well, I hate to speculate on the condition of Juan Vasquez but we've seen that man come back from one of the worst beatings on record in professional wrestling history. He'll be back from this, Bucky. If at all possible, he'll be back from this.

BW: I guess time will tell... but right now, he's being loaded up on that stretcher just like Cooper is.

GM: Both men being taken from the ring on a stretcher. Both men heading to a nearby medical facility I'm certain. Fans, we're going to take a quick break before coming right back for tonight's Main Event - the World Title showdown between the champion Supreme Wright and his challenger Dave Bryant!

[We fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut into the ring where 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...]

We're brought to the sight of the Number One Contender to the World Championship doing something we don't see him do often -- pacing. "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant is already in his ring robe, walking slowly back and forth for another few steps before stopping in the middle of the shot, looking calmly into the camera.]

DB: This is it...finally. A match I've wanted for six months...a match that anybody who loves wrestling, who has an inkling of interest in the science and technique involved in our sport is drooling over the prospect of.

[Bryant pauses, then chuckles.]

DB: Six months...you'd think I would feel more nervous, that maybe you'd find me sitting in a chair back here, hands shaking, already sweating, maybe muttering to myself about what I plan to do tonight, making frantic last minute revisions to the game plan I think will bring me victory...and bring me back the title that was stolen from around my waist at SuperClash.

[Bryant steps closer to the camera, holding up one hand -- a hand whose fingers have been individually taped up. The hand is steady, unmoving.]

DB: Now, you might be wondering how I can be that calm, how anybody walking into a World Title match against one of the best in the world isn't at least a little nervous. I mean, there'd be no shame in nervousness -- I'm about to walk that aisle and step into the ring, for the third time, against a man that I know can beat me. A man that's studied my every move, and with the help of his grandfather, who could've also been called one of the best in the world in his day, analyzed everything I've ever done in the AWA...and knowing Wright, probably everything I ever did outside of it, too.

[Bryant drops his hand back to his side, stepping back.]

DB: Knowing all that, and watching Wright defend his title again, and again, and again, in Texas, in Japan...by all rights, I SHOULD be nervous, right? I mean, I thought I would be, said to myself that if I just take deep breaths I could shake it off...but it never came, Wright. This is the biggest match of my life...again...

[Bryant smirks briefly at that.]

DB: ...and I am feeling more confident than I have in years. Don't think it'll make me stupid, though, Supreme, because a lot of years, a lot of humiliation, and a lot of physical pain have taught me that all the confidence in the world won't do me any good if you manage to hook in that Cobra

Clutch Crossface, and all that confidence won't stop me from getting pinned in the center of the ring if I let you Reign Supreme.

[Bryant grimaces for a moment, putting his hand on his ribs in memory.]

DB: Of course, why shouldn't I feel confident? Supreme Wright and I wrestled in the finals of the Chase, and I beat him there. I didn't just beat him, though...I drove him to his knees, and then I knocked him out cold. I know he's watched that match to get ready for this one, and I know there's no way he didn't pay close attention to that part. It's a big part of what finally cracked his cool facade, what pushed him all the way over the edge...hell, he probably sees it at night before he goes to sleep.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: If that's not enough, well, kids, there's plenty of other visions of his demise at my hands he could be fixed on. The show after SuperClash where I knocked him cold again and stood over him, his stolen property back in the hands of the man he robbed. Maybe, just maybe, he's gotten past all that...and then got to the footage of his hand slapping the mat, his frantic begging to be let out of the Iron Crab before I broke his damned back. Seems like one of us is always taking the other by surprise, huh, Wright? Then again, you think so little of the Combat Corner, of the place that MADE you, that I'm not surprised you didn't see me hiding under those colors.

[An unmistakably angry edge has come into Bryant's voice.]

DB: I've tried so long and so hard to keep the respect I had for you in the front of my head, Wright, and I don't know why. I keep telling myself it's because that respect keeps me smart, keeps me knowledgeable of the fact that despite your other less admirable traits as a human being, you are among the very finest professional wrestlers on the planet. If I throw a punch an ounce too hard, you could grab my arm and yank it out of its socket. If I throw the superkick and you're ready for it, I could lose a knee, get an ankle broken...but that respect? You don't DESERVE it, Wright. You could've had that shot at the World Title any time you wanted it, and I'd have given you any match you wanted because after we faced off at the Clash, I thought you were worthy of that respect. You gave me the fight of my life, and I'd be a less than honest man if I didn't stand here right now and say that match made me BETTER.

[Bryant's hand, clenched in a fist, is raised again, shaking -- in anger.]

DB: But no, you took a shortcut. You stood across from me, hand outstretched, and with my heart full of goodwill, relishing in the fact that not only did I finally get my career to the place it should've been over ten years ago, I was going to get to celebrate that moment with one of my peers, a man I thought worthy of great respect...and then the side of your foot crashed into my head, I hit the mat three more times, and that good feeling in my heart was all but gone. It would've been so easy to break after that, to become the man I used to be, to become...well, to become YOU, Wright.

[Bryant's hand unclenches, dropping back to his side.]

DB: I refused. I won't go back to being that vile, contemptible son of a bitch. I'm going to do this my way, the RIGHT way, just like I did during the Chase, just like I did at SuperClash. I'm going to look you dead in your eyes, Wright, and then I'm going to beat you to within an inch of your life, lock you in the Iron Crab, and listen for that sweet sound of the bell ringing. I'm going to take back MY title, Wright, and if the pill this Doctor has prescribed seems too bitter to swallow...well...

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Call me in the morning, kid.

[Fade from the shot of the smirking Bryant to...

The words "Recorded Earlier Today" flash across the bottom of the screen as we fade into a shot of the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright. The champion is seated in a folding chair inside the middle of a wrestling ring, with the rest of Team Supreme standing behind him. Pulling back slightly, the camera reveals that we're inside the middle of an empty O'Dome.

Wright is dressed in a moss green Country waistcoat worn over a white tailored dress shirt with a stain beige necktie, and matching trousers. On his lap, rests the greatest prize in all of professional wrestling, the AWA World Heavyweight title belt. The members of Team Supreme are wearing their trademark red and black tracksuits, with the exception of Cain Jackson, who stands directly behind the champion, wearing a sheer black tracksuit, signifying his status above the rest of the pack.

Wright looks down at the title belt in his lap, before looking back up at the camera, softly murmuring two words...]

SW: "You're wrong."

[A brief pause.]

SW: You said those two words to me once upon a time, Dave Bryant.

[His eyes narrow.]

SW: And I was never more insulted in my life.

[A look of mild anger forms on Wright's face, but he is otherwise calm in his voice and demeanor.]

SW: You had the audacity to compare your "redemption" to my life's work.

[The slightest of grins paint the edges of his mouth, a smile of horrified disbelief.]

SW: Truthfully, a man like you couldn't even begin to understand the sacrifices and struggles a person like me had to go through. That's why you were able to carelessly say such an ignorant thing. That's why in your eyes, a career ruined by self-inflicted stupidity was deemed worthier of the World Title.

[Supreme closes his eyes, speaking to himself.]

SW: Unforgivable...

[He shakes his head.]

SW: ...unforgivable.

[He opens his eyes, glaring into the camera with anger.]

SW: That's when I knew I could never respect a man like you. That's when I knew I could never tolerate a man like you holding my World Title.

[The rage in his voice is beginning to build.]

SW: Because with two words, you belittled my love, my desire, my dedication, and my devotion for this sport. With those two words, you took my hopes and dreams and treated them like it was a damn JOKE.

[Supreme lowers his head, repeatedly and slowly clenching and unclenching his fists.]

SW: And when I lost...when I lost to YOU...

...it validated everything you said.

[The building rage seems to dissipate. His voice loses its edge, as if he's lost all the fight in him.]

SW: Everything I did, everything I said, all that big talk about being the best, all those hours spent perfecting my craft in the Combat Corner, all those lost years spent chasing a World Title I could never have...

...at that moment, it really was nothing more than a damn joke.

[Supreme raises his head.]

SW: If I was a worthless person like you, Dave Bryant, I might've just given up right then and there. But I still had something to prove. I still had to show you and the world. I had to show you all...

...that I wasn't wrong.

[His eyes open wide and a crazed look forms on Wright's face. Suddenly, that anger and rage comes back vengeance, rising to a boil.]

SW: And I WASN'T wrong, Dave Bryant.

[Supreme rises out of his chair, gripping the World Title in his right hand and dragging it behind him, taking a step forward towards the camera. Once again, the stoic mask drops and his emotions are revealed for all the world to see.]

SW: I WASN'T WRONG!!!

[The shout echoes throughout the empty venue and then there's silence, save for the sounds of Wright's heavy breathing. Throughout his outburst, Team Supreme remains unmoved. Slowly, Supreme composes himself, standing up straight and picking the title off the ground, cradling it in his arm.]

SW: At SuperClash, I showed you just how serious that "joke" was.

[The emotions are bottled up again. He's back in control.]

SW: Some people say that what I did to get this World Title was "unfair." Some people say that my actions made me a lesser champion in their eyes.

I respectfully disagree.

[His voice is calm, his expression is cold.]

SW: Because in six months, I've defended this title more than James Monosso and Calisto Dufresne did throughout their reigns COMBINED.

Because with the threat of The Wise Men, the safest place this title belt could be is around MY waist.

Because the World Title is NOT Dave Bryant's gold watch for a job well done.

[Supreme moves in closer.]

SW: The World Title is NOT your redemption, Dave Bryant.

Not then. Not now.

[His gaze is intense. His words are calm and measured.]

SW: You will NEVER be the World Champion that the AWA wants. You will NEVER be the World Champion that the AWA needs. Because deep down in that shriveled thing you call a heart, you already know.

That champion...

[He slowly raises the belt up to the camera.]

SW: ...is ME.

[Fade out.]

Crossfade one more time, revealing Jason Dane standing alongside the AWA President, Karl O'Connor.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, the AWA President has requested this time to address the fans.

[O'Connor nods, wiping his brow.]

KOC: It's been an exciting night. A wild night. Some might even say a controversial night at times. But it has been yet another successful night for the AWA - the major league of professional wrestling.

Our next match is six months in the making. Perhaps the most eagerly anticipated World Title Match yet...

...and I'll be damned if I'm going to let anything ruin it.

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

KOC: Not Team Supreme. Not Robert Donovan. Not... whoever.

The AWA fans deserve a classic matchup. They deserve a top flight Main Event for the World Heavyweight Champion.

And they deserve to not have to keep wondering when the other shoe is going to drop.

[A nod.]

KOC: They're gonna get all that... because I'm going out there... I'm going to sit right down at ringside to watch what I expect will be one of the finest professional wrestling encounters I've ever seen.

And I DARE anyone to come out there and try to ruin it.

[The AWA President smiles as we slowly crossfade to the announce duo down at ringside.]

GM: The moment is upon us, fans. Six months in the making. It was on Thanksgiving night last year at SuperClash that Supreme Wright cashed in that Steal The Spotlight contract to snatch the World Title that Dave Bryant had JUST won right out of his hands. Ever since then, we've waited for this showdown. The veteran, the Doctor of Love, has seemed to have Supreme Wright's number since the Chase For The Clash late last year but the champion's obsession with being - and staying - the World Heavyweight Champion drives him more than perhaps any champion in history. But tonight, something's gotta give. Bucky Wilde, it's prediction time.

BW: I... I just don't know, Gordo. My gut says that Supreme Wright will find a way to keep the title because... well, we saw what he'd do to WIN the title.

We've seen what he'll do to KEEP the title. God only knows what he'd do if he LOST the title... and my insurance ain't paid up this month. But Dave Bryant's proven on three occasions that he can put the World Champion out. He used the superkick twice to knock Wright into the middle of next week and he locked in that Iron Crab and had Wright squealing like a soccer mom trying to get Travis Lynch's attention. This one's too close to call - it's a pick 'em, Gordo.

GM: Too close to call indeed. It's Main Event time! Take it away, Phil Watson!

[We crossfade to the ring for the final time of the night as Phil Watson steps up to the mic.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit... and is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to cheer accordingly. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the roar of the crowd being rained down upon him.]

PW: Coming to the ring... he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYAAAAANNNNNNT!

[The cheers get louder as the Las Vegas native makes his way down the aisle. He looks out at the cheering crowd, a look of slight disbelief on his face at the tremendous support he's getting from the Gainesville crowd.]

GM: It wasn't that long ago - less than a year now - that Bryant stood as one of the most dastardly men in the entire company. He was despised, hated by the fans during his feud with Glenn Hudson over the World Television Title but when Bryant came to Hudson's aid when Royalty struck, the support started to turn in his favor.

BW: And these nickel-and-dimers sure do love to hitch their wagons to a shooting star so when he was tearing through that Chase For The Clash tournament, they all rallied behind him. There were more people on that bandwagon than the Miami Heat Fan Club.

[Bryant grins at the fans, making his way down the aisle in a slight trot now. He stops at the ropes, ducking through them. He walks out to the center of the ring, very slowly turning around with his arms extended to even more cheers before he shrugs out of his robe, folding it over his arm and handing it off to a ringside attendant before he turns back towards the ring, jogging in place as referee Marty Meekly approaches.]

GM: The challenger has entered the ring. Determined. Focused. Ready to do whatever it takes to become the World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: Better check him for a roll of quarters, Gordo.

GM: Dave Bryant is not that man... not anymore at least. He will stick the letter of the rulebook in his efforts to regain the World Title here tonight just as we suspect his opponent will.

[The music fades as Phil Watson begins again.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights in the arena suddenly go out, drawing a surprised roar from the crowd. The beating of drums and the voice of Will Smith can be heard through the PA system...]

"THE CHAMP IS HERE!"

"THE CHAMP IS HERE!"

"THE CHAMP IS HERE!"

[...]

"THE CHAMP IS HERE."

[An epileptic flash of white lights accompany each repetition of the phrase, until the arena goes silent once more and the crowd roars with boos as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play. The lights then slowly return as the crowd ERUPTS with jeers at the sight of Cain Jackson and Team Supreme emerging from behind the curtain. They form two rows opposite of each other in the aisle as the boos reach a peak when they see the AWA World Heavyweight champion, Supreme Wright.

The World Champion is dressed in a black velour fighter's robe, holding the World Title belt high into the air as he walks past his charges. Team Supreme follows behind their leader as he leads them down the aisle and towards the ring. Despite the roar of the crowd and the chaos of the moment, Wright's eyes are focused on the ring and ONLY the ring.]

PW: He hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana...weighing in at 225 pounds...he is the reigning AWA Heavyweight Champion of the WOORRRLLLLDDDD....

SUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIGHTTTT!!!!

[Wright reaches the ring, allowing a pair of Team Supreme members to remove the robe as he stares from just beyond the ropes at Dave Bryant who is pacing back and forth alongside the ropes, eyes focused on the World Heavyweight Champion who lifts the title belt into the air, thrusting it higher and higher as he returns the stare.]

GM: There it is, fans. That's what it's all about. Sure, this rivalry became something personal over the past several months but at the end of the day, it's about the World Heavyweight Title. Supreme Wright will do anything to keep it, Dave Bryant wants to win it back.

[The World Champion hands the title belt to a waiting Marty Meekly who shoves the belt up into the air, showing it off to every fan inside the O'Dome as Wright steps through the ropes. Cain Jackson makes a gesture, causing the Team Supreme members to split their strength, walking down the two separate ringsteps to form a human cage around the ring. The beast of a bodyguard smirks as he looks in at Bryant who throws a quick glance to either side of the ring, watching the Team Supreme members file down into place...

...and then cracks a grin as he spots the AWA President, Karl O'Connor, walking down the ramp with the aid of his cane.]

GM: And here comes the AWA President, determined to make sure this match goes down without the slightest hint of trouble.

[O'Connor makes his way swiftly down the aisle, hobbling down a set of ringsteps and taking a seat next to the timekeeper as Phil Watson joins them at the table.]

GM: The AWA President will be right here to see it all go down as we prepare for one of the most highly-anticipated rematches in AWA history. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger was sidelined by Terry Shane earlier tonight so it's Marty Meekly who draws the straw to officiate this very important matchup.

[Meekly moves to Wright's corner, speaking to the World Champion who STILL has his eyes locked on Bryant who has pulled back to his own corner now, preparing for battle.]

GM: Some final words to both men by the man in the middle for this one and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[Both champion and challenger burst into motion at the sound of the bell. Neither man comes directly towards the other, instead opting to sidestep, circling one another slowly.]

GM: Both men slowly moving out of their respective corners.

BW: Neither man wants to make a mistake in this one. They know that the slightest mistake can end in you getting your lights turned out in an instant.

[Bryant stretches an arm out in front of him, making a grab at Wright's wrist but the World Champion jerks it out of the way before lunging in, faking an attempt at a single leg before getting right back up.]

GM: No one's going to rush anything in this one.

BW: It's a testament to the World Heavyweight Title, Gordo. All night long, we've seen wrestlers with bad blood rush into a brawl or attack right at the bell. These two are going to take their time and try and make their opponent wrestle at their pace. Despite the bad feelings, the World Title is just so much more important to them both.

[The two men continue to circle, occasionally stretching out an arm, looking for an opening as the crowd claps in rhythm for both men, cheering them on...

...until they finally come together in the center of the ring, tangling up in a collar and elbow tieup. The crowd cheers the first sign of the match TRULY beginning as they jostle each other back and forth.]

GM: Both men trying to get an edge in this tieup but they're very similar in size. Wright's got about an inch in height but Bryant's got about three pounds in weight. Almost identical.

[Wright starts to get an edge, pushing Bryant backwards. But the Doctor of Love pivots, swinging Wright around and shoving him into the turnbuckles.]

GM: The referee calls for a break. Marty Meekly didn't waste any time in stepping in, trying to get these two apart.

[The official's count hits four before Bryant suddenly lets go, stepping back with his hands raised.]

GM: Clean break by the challenger and to be honest, I'd expect nothing less from him since last fall when he really turned over a new leaf.

BW: When he became a rule-abiding sucker who lost his World Title minutes after he won it?

GM: I wouldn't exactly phrase it like that, no.

[Bryant walks back to the center of the ring, rubbing his hands together as he waves the World Champion back out to join him. Wright leans against the turnbuckles for several moments, turning to tug the top rope on both side a few times before moving back out.]

GM: The World Champion taking his time in tying up once more...

[They come together a second time, instantly slamming hard against one another as each seeks the advantage. Bryant grits his teeth, planting his feet as he pushes at the upper body of the World Champion, slowly backing him one step at a time across the ring.]

GM: Wright's being forced back to the corner... just like he did to the challenger moments ago...

[But just as Bryant did earlier, Wright manages to use Bryant's own momentum against him, pushing the challenger into the turnbuckles. The referee rushes in again, calling for a clean break.]

GM: Bryant broke clean as a whistle moments ago - will the World Champion return the favor?

[The referee counts one... two... three... four...

...when Wright abruptly breaks. Bryant is ready, fists balled up and arms raised like a boxer trying to defend himself. But Wright is already raising his hands and taking several steps back.]

GM: How 'bout that?

BW: Why do you sound so surprised, Gordo? Has Supreme Wright ever conducted himself as anything less than a gentleman inside the ring?

GM: Let's ask Kenta Kitazawa about Wright bending back his fingers, trying to break them!

BW: Well, he DIDN'T break them, did he?!

[Wright steps out to the middle of the ring, glaring at the challenger who stares right back at him, his head slightly tilted as if he's trying to figure out Wright's thinking as he lowers his arms from their defensive stance.]

GM: Bryant seems as surprised as I was by that. He was ready for Wright to take a cheap shot at him.

BW: You move a pawn, I move a pawn. It's the greatest game of human chess in the early part of this World Heavyweight Title showdown. A sixty minute time limit gives them all the time in the world to get inside each other's heads and break each other down.

GM: AWA President Karl O'Connor out here near us, applauding the clean break. Boy, the Strangler was in more than his fair share of classic World Title matchups, wasn't he?

BW: That's before my time, Gordo. But I'm sure you saw 'em all.

[Bryant rolls his neck, edging back out of the corner towards Wright. Wright swings an arm out, trying to gauge the distance as Bryant backpedals. The

referee waves for action, bringing the challenger creeping out of the corner, right back into another collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Back to the lockup, the most elementary of wrestling moves.

BW: This is what they teach you on Day One of wrestling school, Gordo.

GM: And for Supreme Wright, that Day One was in the Combat Corner.

BW: It was and boy, does Michaelson and his suckups like to remind everyone of that. I'd like to remind everyone that Michaelson never graduated the kid and he had to go somewhere else to prove that he was one of the best in the world. After that, it was the AWA that went and brought him back - against Michaelson's wishes from what I understand.

GM: The relationship between trainer and student can sometimes be a rocky one and the relationship between Supreme Wright and Todd Michaelson can be called "rocky" only if we're being polite.

[While the announcers discussed Wright's background, the tieup finds Bryant pushing Wright backwards, forcing him back into the turnbuckles for the second time.]

GM: Back to the corner again... and again the referee steps in, looking for the break...

[Bryant does exactly that, backing off with his hands raised.]

GM: So far, this one's been a stalemate. Neither man has been able to secure any sort of an advantage in the early moments of this World Title matchup.

BW: Two clean breaks by Bryant... and this time, Wright rushes back into another tieup. Maybe he's getting a little weary with this back and forth garbage. Maybe Wright's looking to push the pace a little bit here.

[Bulldozing Bryant back against the buckles, Wright hangs on, shoving him back as the official calls for a break...]

GM: The count to three... now to four...

[Wright steps back, breaking clean...

...and then DRILLS the challenger with a right-handed forearm to the jaw after spotting Bryant's arms lowered!]

BW: Oho! Bryant didn't defend himself that time and Wright made him pay for it!

[The one blow is all Wright wanted though as he backpedals away, a slight smile on his face at Bryant's reaction as the challenger rubs his cheek.]

GM: The very epitome of a cat and mouse game being played here by both champion and challenger as they try to set the tone for what is sure to be a lengthy battle to follow. Bryant thought he'd get another clean break after he got one the first time and Wright made him pay for that assumption.

BW: You know what happens when you assume, right Gordo?

GM: I believe I do, yes.

BW: You get hit in the face like a chump!

GM: I don't think that's how it goes.

[Bryant is still rubbing his jaw as the referee steps towards him, waving for the matchup to continue. The Doctor of Love nods, staring at Wright who returns the cold glare.]

GM: Bryant edges back in... and I'm guessing that's the end of that little game they were playing.

[The two athletes go right back to the collar and elbow though before Bryant turns it into a side headlock.]

GM: Side headlock applied by the challenger - again, in a sixty minute time limit, you have plenty of time to try strategies like this, hanging on, wearing down the opposition.

[Bryant squeezes the head of the World Champion, cranking down on the hold as Wright looks for an escape. The Louisiana native opts to throw a pair of light forearms to the ribs, looking to create some space as he wraps his arms around the waist.]

GM: Wright's searching for a way out. He's not in any immediate danger but he knows that being trapped in a hold like this for too long is a first class ticket to being out of gas.

[Wright lands a few more forearms before he shoves Bryant off, throwing him towards the ropes.]

GM: Bryant hits the ropes, bouncing off...

[The World Champion drops down, causing Bryant to hurdle over him, hitting the far ropes.]

GM: Off the far side...

[Bryant steamrolls over Wright with a shouldertackle, knocking him off his feet to a big cheer...

...where the World Champion swiftly rolls out of the ring towards a waiting Cain Jackson. Jackson grabs Wright around the shoulders, pointing towards the ring, shouting encouragement to his ally.]

GM: That should tackle really took Wright off his feet and the World Champion certainly didn't see that coming, fans.

[Wright shrugs Jackson's arm over his shoulders, pacing around the ringside area as Team Supreme members scamper out of his way. He is visibly upset as he pulls himself back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes, and rushing at Bryant.]

GM: The champion wastes no time in getting back in... and he gets hiptossed up and over by the challenger!

[Wright scrambles right back up, coming in hard towards Bryant who grabs him by the arm, taking him down to the canvas!]

GM: Deep armdrag by Bryant!

[The World Champion is right back up as Bryant hooks the arm, taking him down a second time!]

GM: Another armdrag!

[Wright pops up, ready to go again...

...but pulls up as Bryant sets for another armdrag, dropping down to the mat and rolling back out to the floor to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: We're seeing a side out of the World Champion that perhaps we haven't seen before. He's usually all offense. Those big strikes, the throws, the submission holds. But tonight, he's playing a little bit of defense. Perhaps looking just as much to keep the World Title as he is to beat Dave Bryant.

BW: That's a good point, Gordo. As much as I'm sure Wright would love to beat Bryant, pin him... submit him... choke him out in the center of the ring with the whole world watching, I'm sure he'd consider it a victory if he walks out of here tonight with the World Title. He doesn't have to beat Bryant but the challenger DOES have to beat him to win the title.

[Bryant stands in the center of the ring, a smile on his face as he waves for Wright to return to the squared circle. Wright seems to be taking his time a bit more this time around, walking around the ringpost as Team Supreme members scatter. He keeps his eyes in the ring on Bryant but seems to be less eager to jump back into the fray.]

GM: The World Champion's taking his time out there on the floor, getting a breather. Perhaps even trying to regroup a little and think about his gameplan coming into this.

BW: It's too early for that. Stay on your gameplan. Let Bryant get in this flurry of offense at the outset and find a way to make him wrestle your match.

[At the count of six, Wright pulls himself up on the apron. He pauses, wiping the bottom of his boots on the mat before ducking back into the ring. Bryant is still calling him out but Wright hangs back by the ropes, staring a hole through his challenger.]

GM: This is a very different look, in-ringwise, from Supreme Wright than we're used to seeing.

BW: Than Bryant is used to seeing too, Gordo. These two know each other so well at this point between their two matches and all the countless hours of video that I know both men have studied. When you know an opponent that well and you know that opponent knows you that well, you often find yourself looking for something new... something different... to throw him off his game. For Wright, this might be it.

[Wright slowly edges out of the corner into another collar and elbow, one that he quickly switches into a rear hammerlock.]

GM: Wright with the go-behind into the hammerlock, cranking up on the arm...

[The World Champion quickly abandons the hammerlock, slipping into a side headlock.]

GM: Now it's Wright with the headlock, bearing down on the head and neck of the challenger, making him carry some weight around and trying to drain a little fuel from the gas tank.

[Wright is in the center of the ring when Bryant slips in a pair of forearms to the ribs, breaking the hold enough to shoot the champion off into the ropes.]

GM: Bryant shoots him off...

[The champion bounces back, jumping over Bryant as he drops down, hitting the far ropes and coming back with a tackle but Bryant drops down a second time, causing Wright to hit the ropes for a third time, rebounding back...

...right into a backdrop from the challenger!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[Wright crashes down hard on the canvas...

...and again rolls from the ring, this time just barely escaping the challenger who was looking to follow up. Bryant takes a swing through the ropes at Wright who is out on the floor. Wright simply backs off, showing no reaction to the missed swing at all as Cain Jackson steps to his side, glowering at Bryant.]

GM: Wright bails out again. He's having a real hard time getting on track in the early moments of this one and perhaps the fans are right, Bucky. Perhaps the Internet experts are right. Perhaps Dave Bryant DOES have

Supreme Wright's number and it's only a matter of time before the World Title changes hands here tonight in Gainesville, Florida.

BW: What a load of manure, Gordo. You don't get to be at the level that Supreme Wright is at and have it be that easy for someone to get your number. Dave Bryant is a helluva wrestler and he just might be the World Champion when it's all said and done... but he's going to have to earn it, Gordo. He ain't gonna get it based on what he's done in the past. He's gotta do it right here tonight in the center of that ring.

GM: Wright's definitely not in a hurry to get back in there this time. He's taking the long route around the ring... walking up those wooden steps to climb up on the entrance ramp.

[The World Champion pauses, turning to look back down the entrance ramp towards the exit.]

BW: Hah! You talk about getting into someone's head! Dave Bryant suddenly just got real concerned that Supreme Wright might just decide to walk out of here.

GM: All that talk about competition and being the best in the world and he'd walk away from a title match?! What a hypocrite!

BW: Hey, he hasn't done it... yet. But could you blame him if he did? We're talking about the World Heavyweight Title - the biggest prize in our sport. You do whatever it takes to win it and even more to hang on to it, daddy.

[With the count at eight, Wright steps in through the ropes only to get ambushed by Bryant who comes in swinging with a pair of forearms to the side of the head. He swiftly grabs an arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by the champion!

[Bryant comes tearing off the far side as Wright wheels around, burying a rolling sole butt into the abdomen of the challenger before Wright snares him in a side headlock.]

GM: Back to the headlock... and over he goes in a takedown!

[The speed of the side headlock takedown rolls Bryant clear over onto his shoulders. Marty Meekly dives to the mat, slapping the canvas twice before Bryant lifts his shoulders.]

GM: Two count by the champion.

[Wright wrenches down on the hold, sitting on the mat as he twists the head and neck. Bryant slips an arm up on the cheek of Wright, pushing on it to try and break free.]

GM: The challenger looks to break out of this... nope. Wright breaks the hold just long enough to slap the arm away and then goes right back to the hold.

BW: Great tenacity on display by the champion as he takes that simple side headlock and really bears down with it... really putting a basic hold to effective use.

[Bryant slips the arm over the cheekbone again, pushing hard to create a bone-on-bone contact as he tries to force his way out. With Wright wincing in pain, the challenger slips a knee underneath himself, battling to get back up off the mat.]

GM: Bryant fights his way up to his feet, again with some forearms to the ribs.

BW: He's back at the ribs, trying to break the grip.

[He creates enough space to back Wright into the ropes, looking to throw him off...

...but Wright hangs on, shaking his head as they go right back down to the mat.]

GM: Wright wouldn't let go!

BW: He got embarrassed with that shoulder tackle earlier so the best way to avoid letting Bryant turn up the pace was to hang on to the headlock, forcing Bryant back down to the mat.

[Bryant squirms on the mat, slipping both arms under his chest to force himself up. Wright cranks on the headlock again, forcing the arms out to look for an exit.]

GM: Wright's not known for his upper body strength but those arms are strong enough to wear down the challenger for sure. Bryant again is forced to look for an escape, trying to battle out of this hold.

[Pushing up to his knees, Bryant wraps his arms around the waist of Wright, rolling quickly to the side and putting Wright down on his shoulders.]

GM: Rolled up for one! Two!

[But Wright pushes back, rolling back the other direction with the headlock still applied. Bryant ends up back on his belly as Wright torques his head and neck.]

GM: The World Champion seems to be in no hurry to press the offense tonight against the challenger - again, perhaps trying to send Bryant a message that he doesn't have to beat Bryant but Bryant has to beat him.

[Bryant again slips his knees underneath him, pushing up to his feet off the mat. He wraps his arms around the body.]

GM: The challenger perhaps looking to fire him off again...

[But Bryant has other ideas as he lifts Wright off the mat, searching for a belly to back suplex...

...that Wright manages to turn back into the side headlock, using the downward momentum to whip Bryant back over his hips, down onto the mat with a headlock takedown right onto his shoulders for a quick two count from the official before Bryant lifts out.]

GM: Another two count there for Wright!

BW: This is a brilliant strategy right now for the World Champion. He's using just about no energy at all and he's making the challenger consume a ton of it. Imagine how much gas Wright will have left in the tank when it comes time to need it later in the match thanks to this gameplan.

[Down on the mat, Bryant stretches out, slipping a foot over the bottom rope and forcing Marty Meekly to signal for a break.]

GM: Bryant gets to the ropes.

BW: The coward's way out.

GM: Wright breaks it... up to his feet...

[He wheels around, looking to attack Bryant before he can get back to his feet but the Doctor of Love catches him with a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Big right hand downstairs by the challenger... and a second one leaves Wright doubled up.

[Bryant climbs to his feet, grabbing Wright from behind, leaning over...]

GM: He's trying to Rack him! He's trying to get Wright up in the torture rack!

[The fans squeal, sensing that Bryant's about to try for Wright's own killshot on him...

...but Wright has other ideas, repeatedly driving his elbow down into the back of Bryant's neck, forcing him down to a knee.]

GM: Wright battles out!

BW: I think Bryant was looking for Reign Supreme, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right. Perhaps if you think someone knows all of YOUR moves you also might think you'll have success with one of THEIR moves!

[Wright grabs Bryant by the hair, slamming short kicks up into the forehead of the challenger before flinging him back into the turnbuckles. Bryant's arms hook around the top rope as Wright approaches.]

GM: Wright with a hard series of kicks to the skull and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: Woo boy! Big chop in the corner!

[Two more chops connect before Wright grabs Bryant by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The force behind the reversal causes Bryant to slump to a knee as Wright rockets across the ring and SLAMS backfirst into the turnbuckles. He staggers out as Bryant gets up... sets his feet...]

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORN-

[Wright front rolls under the superkick attempt, taking a knee and shaking his head as Bryant wheels around.]

GM: Bryant tried to wrap it up early right there! He looked for the one-blow knockout!

[Wright climbs back to his feet as Bryant comes at him...

...and then THROWS himself into a double-leg takedown, powering Bryant down to the canvas where the World Champion takes the mount position, straightening up...]

GM: OHHH!

[The Louisiana native rains down blows, landing heavy elbowstrikes to the skull from the MMA-style mount. The referee is shouting at Wright, trying to get him to let Bryant back to his feet. A half dozen elbows connect before Wright climbs to his feet, jeers coming down from the capacity crowd.]

GM: The fans here in Gainesville are letting Supreme Wright have it after those brutal elbowstrikes from the top. Bryant's down and- uh oh!

[The jeering crowd starts to buzz with concern at the sight of Dave Bryant's eyebrow that was apparently busted open by one of Wright's well-placed and dangerously-thrown elbowstrikes.]

GM: One of those elbows seems to have lacerated the challenger and that's not good news for Dave Bryant.

BW: You can ask Vasquez and Cooper from our last match. Blood loss completely changes a match for you.

[Bryant drags himself across the ring, throwing himself under the bottom rope as Wright points at him. The World Champion pursues his bleeding challenger as Bryant drags himself out on top of the timekeeper's table. The timekeeper, Karl O'Connor, and Phil Watson all vacate the premises as Wright steps through the ropes, looking to keep up the pressure on the challenger.]

GM: Bryant's down on his knees on the timekeeper's table and Supreme Wright is right out there with him, fans.

BW: This can't be good news for anyone.

GM: Wright with an elbow down across the back... and a double axehandle...

[The World Champion drags Bryant off his knees and into a front facelock, slinging Bryant's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: What in the...?

[Wright elevates him, lifting him into the air...

...and DROPPING him backfirst on the solid unforgiving floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPLEX OFF THE TABLE ON THE FLOOR!

[With both men sprawled out on the barely-padded concrete floor and the crowd roaring for the high impact move, a voice rings out over the PA system.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: You hear the call for fifteen minutes as these two men continue to battle, continue to struggle over the ultimate prize in our sport - the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: A suplex off the timekeeper's table on the unforgiving concrete floor, daddy! There ain't no give in that floor, Gordo.

GM: There certainly isn't. It was a very dangerous move - for both men - and once again, it just shows the lengths these two are willing to go to have that World Title around their waist when they leave the O'Dome tonight.

BW: I guess the time for trading headlocks is over!

[Wright slowly climbs back to his feet off the floor, actually grabbing at his own back as he gets up. He looks up at the ring where the referee has started his double countout. Marty Meekly is up to four as Cain Jackson approaches, telling his ally to get Bryant back inside the ring and "finish it!"]

GM: Wright drags Bryant up, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. He rolls himself back in as well... and this is trouble for the challenger for sure.

[The World Champion rises again, slowly approaching Bryant who is flat on his stomach on the mat...

...and DROPS a knee down into the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh!

[Kneeling on the kidneys, Wright grabs a handful of hair, yanking Bryant's head back far enough that he can cup a hand under the chin, bending the challenger's back in a modified bow and arrow. The pressure is on the spine as Bryant kicks at the canvas. The referee kneels down in front of Bryant, asking him if he wants to submit but the Las Vegas native is repeatedly and defiantly shaking his head.]

GM: Wright's got this unique submission hold applied but right now, Bryant is managing to hang on. He doesn't want to quit. He doesn't want to give up what might be his only chance to regain the World Heavyweight Championship.

[Bryant is clawing at the canvas, trying to drag himself across the ring to escape the hold but Wright yanks back on the chin, causing Bryant to wince in pain. He grabs at the hand holding his chin with both hands, trying to pry the fingers off his face.]

GM: Bryant's trying to find a way out of this hold. After that suplex on the floor, his back's gotta be in a lot of pain right now.

[Suddenly, Bryant manages to pry the hand off his chin, slumping down to the mat as Wright gets to his feet...

...and STOMPS the lower back. The referee steps in, warning him to make sure it's the flat of the boot just before Wright stomps the back a second time.]

GM: Bryant needs to get back on his feet where he has a better opportunity to protect himself.

[The challenger does exactly that, crawling away from the World Champion and using the ropes to get back to his feet. Wright measures him as he steps towards the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Roundhouse kick to the lower back!

[Bryant is leaning chestfirst on the buckles, his back a wide open target as Wright repeatedly takes aim and fires.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Good grief! A half dozen spine-rattling kicks to the back by the champion and Bryant's having a hard time standing up in the corner there.

[Wright grabs Bryant roughly by the shoulder, turning him around and lighting him up with a knife edge chop!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Ohhh!

[Again, he opens fire on the defenseless challenger.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Supreme Wright is just having his way with the challenger at this stage of the contest, kicks and chops in the corner just brutalizing him.

BW: Wright's one of the hardest hitters you'll find not just in the AWA but the entire world of wrestling - something he proved over there in Japan at the Rising Sun Showdown in a place known for hard hitters.

GM: That suplex out on the floor off the timekeeper's table certainly changed the complexion of this one, fans. Up until that moment, it was a fairly even matchup and you might even have Bryant ahead on points if such a scoring system existed. But right now, this match is ALL Supreme Wright and the challenger needs to start looking for something to get back into this.

[Pulling Bryant from the corner in a front facelock, Wright SNAPS him over with a hard suplex, floating right over the top into a cover.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! But up comes the shoulder of the challenger who has worked too long and hard to get this opportunity here tonight to have it taken away like that. It's going to take more than that to put Dave Bryant down for a three count.

BW: Don't say that too loud or Wright's going to take it as a challenge, Gordo.

[Wright again takes the mount, opening up with a series of brutal elbow strikes to the skull, taking aim at the split eyebrow as the blood starts to flow steadily from the wound.]

GM: That cut is starting to look pretty bad, Bucky.

BW: And it's right above the eye which is one of the worst places to get split open. That blood is gonna flow right down into the eye and I can't begin to tell you how much that stings and impairs your vision. Bryant's going to be rubbing his eye and squinting all night long.

[The World Champion rises, standing over the prone Bryant as the crowd jeers loudly. Wright looks around at the jeering crowd, seemingly noticing them for the very first time. Out on the floor, we can hear Cain Jackson shouting, "STAY ON HIM!" to try and encourage the champion. A quick cut to the AWA President shows a slight look of concern.]

GM: Karl O'Connor looking on, perhaps thinking back to his glory days in Missouri as part of the St. Louis Wrestling Office. You know he'll be excited to be back in the great state of Missouri for Guts & Glory in July.

BW: Excited? He might come out of retirement to challenge the World Champion for the title!

GM: I don't think that would be a very good idea for him. These men are top level athletes at the peak of their game as we're seeing here tonight in Gainesville.

[Wright drags Bryant off the mat by the hair, using a snap mare to take him down into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Hard kick to the spine!

[Again, the World Champion opens fire with his devastating striking game.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Good grief! Those kicks are borderline demonic!

[Bryant flops to his side, grimacing in pain as a confident Wright stands over him, the fans jeering once again.]

BW: These people are booing Supreme Wright for no reason, Gordo.

GM: No reason?!

BW: He's done nothing wrong! He's fighting a clean match, he's fighting a hard match, and he's physically dominating Dave Bryant right now. They should be cheering a World Champion with this type of skill - instead they boo him?

GM: What about his actions back at SuperClash and essentially every night since then?!

BW: If you want to dig up old history, go hang out with the old man from Jurassic Park, daddy. But since you did, it's time to open up and admit the truth. Supreme Wright didn't do a thing that any one of us wouldn't have done. Everyone would take the opportunity to get ahead in their jobs, no matter who they hurt or how they have to do it. You think Jason Dane wouldn't stab you in the back to be sitting in your chair? You think those nine-to-fivers in the crowd tonight wouldn't poison their co-workers' coffee to get a corner office with a view? In this life, it's all about making your way to the top... and you cannot fault Supreme Wright for being willing to do whatever it took to get there.

GM: You have a horrible view on life, Buckthorn Wilde.

BW: No, I've got a realistic view on life, Gordon Myers.

[As the announcers bicker, Wright drags Bryant off the mat, pasting him with a European uppercut that sends the Doctor of Love falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Back to the ropes... Wright shoots him across...

[The Irish whip has Bryant rebounding fast as Wright attempts a backdrop...]

GM: Leapfrog over the top, Bryant keeps on going...

[Wright spins around, catching the rebounding Bryant in a tilt-a-whirl...

...and DRIVES him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: OHHH! ABSOLUTELY DEVASTATING!

[Wright drops down into a lateral press, earning a two count before the shoulder comes up.]

GM: We've passed the twenty minute mark of action in this one as Supreme Wright fails to score the three count yet again.

[With Bryant down on the mat, Wright stands up...

...and moves around to grab at his legs.]

GM: He's looking for the Boston Crab - he's going to slap on an Iron Crab of his own!

BW: Just like Bryant tried for the Reign Supreme earlier!

[But as he leans over to secure his grip on the legs, Bryant reaches up, dragging him into a small package.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DAVE BRYANT ALMOST SNATCHED THE VICTORY AND THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE RIGHT THERE, FANS!

[Wright scrambles back up as Bryant tries to do the same...

...but Wright cuts him off with a double axehandle across the back, putting him back down to his knees.]

GM: A hard shot there stops Bryant short as Wright hooks him...

[A belly-to-back suplex attempt sees Bryant flip out over the top. He promptly leaves his feet, throwing his shoulder into the back of Wright's knee, clipping his legs out from under him!]

GM: OH! HE CLIPPED HIM!

[Wright collapses to the mat, immediately grabbing at his right knee as Bryant scampers to his feet, moving around the World Champion. He grabs the foot, lifting it off the mat...

...and drops the point of the elbow down into the knee!]

GM: Dave Bryant with a flurry of offense off that counter and he's trying to take out the wheel of the World Champion! Another elbow to the leg... there's a third!

[Bryant climbs to his feet, holding Wright's foot in his hand as he slams his own foot into the knee over and over again, drawing a roar from the fans as he punctuates the attack with a big shout, throwing the leg down to the mat.]

GM: Bryant's going after the knee with a ruthless aggression as he tries to find a way to even things up in this one after having his back tormented for the past several minutes.

[Bryant walks around the ring a bit, holding on to his lower back as he winces with every step.]

GM: The challenger's also gotta take some time and let that back recover as Wright struggles to get back up off the mat...

[Seeing the champion using the ropes to get up, Bryant rushes forward, kicking the back of the knee...

...which causes Wright's legs to fly up into the air, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! He kicked the leg out from under him!

[The World Champion rolls from the ring out to the floor as Bryant leans against the turnbuckles, breathing heavily as the fans cheer his attempted comeback from the assault to the back.]

GM: Wright on the outside, Bryant on the inside. Cain Jackson immediately makes his way over to Supreme Wright, checking on the physical condition of the AWA World Champion after that sudden attack on the leg by the challenger.

BW: It's an interesting mirror image, Gordo. With Bryant using that Iron Crab to such effectiveness in recent months, you would expect that HE'D be the one going after the back. And Wright's notorious for targeting the leg. Once again, you see both men going to something outside of what their opponent might have expected in an effort to throw them off their game.

[Bryant gets a running start, hitting the far ropes...

...and CONNECTS with a baseball slide dropkick to the face of the surprised Wright, sending the World Champion down on the barely-padded floor. Bryant sits on the mat, looking through the ropes at the downed Wright for a few moments before sliding out to the floor.]

GM: Bryant's back out on the floor and I'm not sure this is where he wants to be.

BW: For a long, long time, Dave Bryant was one of the dirtiest players in the game and being on the floor was second nature to him - especially during his glory days in Los Angeles - but with his change in attitude and while being surrounded by Team Supreme members, this may not be the best plan for him.

[Bryant glares at the nearby Team Supreme members, pausing to shout something in the face of Tony Donovan before he grabs Wright by the arm, pulling him up off the ringside mats...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: HE WHIPS HIM TO THE STEEL BARRICADE!!

[Wright winces, arms draped over the railing as Bryant slowly approaches, winding up as he does...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop on the floor by the challenger!

[He winds up again, throwing a second and third chop before pulling Wright off the railing, twisting to the side as he grabs the arm again.]

GM: Oh no!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's groan comes as Supreme Wright gets Irish whipped spinefirst into the side of the elevated wooden platform!]

GM: Good grief! Bryant's using the environment around him as a weapon! First to the railing, then to the broadside of the entrance ramp and that shook the World Champion from head to toe.

[Wright slumps down to all fours as Bryant slowly approaches, giving a few strong words in the direction of Cain Jackson as he passes him. Jackson glares at Bryant, clenching his fists...

...but a stern warning from Karl O'Connor backs the bodyguard away, seething with rage. Bryant grins at the big man backing down as he pulls Wright off the floor, shoving him up onto the entrance ramp.]

GM: Bryant's putting Wright up on the ramp as the referee's count reaches five. Marty Meekly's shouting for Bryant to get the fight back inside the ring but the challenger's got other ideas, fans.

[Bryant climbs the wooden steps, taking his spot on the ramp next to the World Heavyweight Champion. He pulls Wright to his feet, grabbing the leg and bending it...]

GM: Shinbreaker!

[The challenger lifts him up, dropping Wright's own shin across his bent knee...

...and then bounces him back up, using the momentum to take him up and over, dropping him with a back suplex on the solid wooden ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! What a move out of the Doctor of Love and - he's coming up hurting from that, Bucky.

BW: Of course he is. He dropped down on his back with that move as well and strained his back lifting the champion. That was one of those moves that sounded a lot better in your head before you did it.

[Grimacing as he climbs off the ramp, Bryant staggers towards the ropes where the count is up to eight. The challenger ducks through the ropes, breaking the count...

...and then moves back towards the downed Wright.]

GM: The shinbreaker/suplex combo may have shaken up Bryant but what it also did was manage to hurt both the leg and back of the World Heavyweight Champion. Slowly but surely, Dave Bryant is working himself into position to attempt the Iron Crab - his version of the Boston Crab that he used to win the World Title last November, a hold that has put Calisto Dufresne out of action for months now!

[Bryant pulls Wright off the ramp, chucking him through the ropes and back inside the ring. The Doctor of Love stops on the apron...

...and points to the corner!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: We talked about using weapons outside of your usual arsenal in a match like this and that appears to be exactly what Dave Bryant has in mind, Gordo!

GM: Bryant had some high flying in his arsenal... in the 1990s! But I can't recall the last time we've seen something like this out of him. This is a dangerous move for the challenger to attempt.

[Bryant edges up the ropes, moving cautiously as he heads towards the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Bryant's got one foot up top... waiting for Wright to stir...

[The Doctor of Love hurls himself off his perch, catching the World Champion across the chest with a crossbody block, knocking him down to the mat in a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright rolls Bryant off of him, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only for the challenger as he gets back up and-

BW: HE'S GOING FOR THE CRAB!!

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant grabs the legs, looking to apply the Boston Crab...

...but Wright's having none of that, kicking Bryant away to the dismay of the O'Dome crowd. Wright promptly rolls to the floor, shaking his head, a slight look of concern on his face at being caught so easily in the Iron Crab attempt.]

GM: Look at these followers out here, these Team Supreme members actually fanning the World Champion with a towel... but underneath all that,

look into the eyes of the champion. He is concerned. He is worried that Bryant came THAT close to getting the Iron Crab applied.

BW: He's felt that hold before, Gordo, and he'd likely prefer to never feel it again.

GM: Bryant's got those two big weapons that Wright needs to avoid if he's going to successfully defend his title here tonight - the Call Me In The Morning superkick and the Iron Crab that Bryant won the World Title with last year.

[Bryant approaches the ring ropes, shouting at Wright who is kneeling out on the floor. The challenger steps through the ropes, still running his mouth towards Wright...

...who is suddenly eclipsed as Cain Jackson stands in front of him, waving for Bryant to come at him.]

GM: Uh oh. I don't like the looks of this situation, fans.

[But Karl O'Connor is swiftly on the scene, shouting at Cain Jackson, ordering him to back away.]

GM: And the presence of the AWA President at ringside pays dividends for the challenger as Cain Jackson is being forced away from Supreme Wright, allowing Bryant to come back down to the floor.

[The challenger grabs Wright by the back of the head, SMASHING his face into the ring apron before rolling him back in. Bryant rolls back in as well to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: The match - this showdown with the World Heavyweight Title on the line - continues! Karl O'Connor is STILL letting Cain Jackson have it.

[We cut to the floor and catch the tail end of a sentence that says "one more time and you're gone! You're out of here!"]

GM: I believe we just heard Karl O'Connor threaten to EJECT Cain Jackson from ringside!

BW: THAT'S NOT FAIR!

GM: To whom?! It seems perfectly fair to Dave Bryant who won't have to worry about that beast any longer!

[Bryant drags Wright to his feet inside the ring, throwing a few short forearms to the jaw before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi-

[But Wright reverses it, flinging Bryant across the ring. The challenger rebounds as Wright sidesteps, catching him in a rear waistlock as he goes by...

...and promptly DUMPING Bryant on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: GERMAN SUPLEX AND A BEAUTY!!

GM: He couldn't hold the bridge - his leg is too banged up for the bridge but a quick lateral press instead!

[The referee dives down to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The shoulder comes sailing up off the canvas, breaking the pin!]

GM: Ohh! Two count only for the World Heavyweight Champion!

[A frustrated Wright shows three fingers to the official who shakes his head, holding up two. Wright swiftly secures the mount, raising back an open right hand...

...and SLAMS it down into the shoulder!]

GM: Palm strike to the shoulder!

BW: We've seen him do this before after a kickout.

[Wright winds up for a second...

...but Bryant swings his legs up, catching the arms of Wright and dragging him down to the mat!]

GM: ROLLUP! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Wright kicks out hard, rolling through it in a back somersault to his feet where he snatches the legs...

...and looks for a Boston Crab of his own!]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOING FOR THE BOSTON CRAB! HE'S GOING FOR THE BOSTON CRAB! HE'S TRYING TO TURN HIM OVER!!

[Bryant's fighting the submission attempt from the get-go, kicking and twisting and flailing. Eventually, Wright gives it up, throwing Bryant chestfirst into the corner with a catapult!]

GM: Catapults him into the buckles!

[Wright slowly gets back up, glaring into the corner where Bryant is slung over the top rope. He rears back and Buries a forearm shank into the kidneys!]

GM: Wright goes immediately back to work on the lower back... ohh! A series of hard forearm shots to the kidneys!

[Wright switches his attack, throwing a series of knees to the exposed back as well before the referee starts a five count, backing him away...

...and then shoves the official aside, charging back in and leaving his feet with a leaping knee to the back!]

GM: OHHH! A devastating attack by Wright, dragging Bryant out by the back of the trunks now. Back suple-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts loudly to Wright powering Bryant up into the air, holding him for a split second...

...and then DROPPING him spinefirst on a bent knee!]

GM: Good grief! That might be it, fans!

[Wright settles into a lateral press as the referee counts.]

GM: ONE! TWO! T-

[Bryant's shoulder slips up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt. An obviously upset Wright gets up, stomping the shoulder a few times, driving it back down to the mat.]

BW: You lift the shoulder, he's going to try and break the shoulder.

[Dragging Bryant off the mat by the hair, Wright slams his bloodied face into the top turnbuckle, spinning him around for a few hard chops across the chest.]

GM: Those chops are just so painful to watch.

BW: Imagine what it's like to feel one, Gordo.

GM: I'd rather not.

[Grabbing an arm, Wright fires Bryant across the ring, falling to his knees from the effort behind the whip as Bryant SLAMS spinefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Good grief! The back of Dave Bryant is being put through the wringer tonight, all - you must imagine - to make the Reign Supreme, the move that defeated Bryant back at SuperClash, that much more devastating.

[Wright pushes up, falling back into the corner. His chest is heaving, his body covered in sweat from exertion as he leans against the turnbuckles, staring across at his hurting foe...

...and then comes barreling across, wincing with every step on his banged-up leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Running European uppercut! He nailed it!

[Wright grabs the arm, whipping Bryant across again, falling down to his knees a second time as Bryant slams into the turnbuckles.]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

BW: Victory may be within reach for the World Champion right about now, daddy!

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one - this World Title affair carrying a sixty minute time limit... but Wright could be closing in on victory as you said, Bucky.

[The World Champion comes across again, moving a bit slower this time on the banged-up limb...

...but still delivers a powerful running European uppercut, snapping Bryant's head back on impact!]

GM: Dave Bryant looks like he might be out on his feet, fans. He's barely got his eyes open at this point as Wright... what's Wright doing?

[The O'Dome crowd begins to buzz as Wright leans over, muscling Bryant up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Wright sets him up top... ohh! Big knife edge chop!

[A couple stiff forearm shots to the skull keep Bryant in position as Wright steps up on the middle rope.]

GM: It looks like he's going for a top rope belly-to-belly here, fans!

BW: If he hits that, it's over, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that. Both men have taken a tremendous amount of punishment in this one... ohh! Bryant fights back! Bryant's fighting back with a pair of right hands!

[A third right hand has Wright stunned as Bryant lashes out with a headbutt, putting stars in the eyes of the World Champion...]

...who SMASHES the underside of Bryant's jaw with a European uppercut!]

GM: Goodness! What a shot out of the champion!

[A second one connects, snapping Bryant's head back.]

GM: They're brawling on the ropes, fighting for survival!

[Wright goes to wrap his arms around the challenger's torso for the big throw but Bryant SLAMS his arms together on the ears of the World Champion, stunning him...]

...and a well-placed boot sends Wright falling off the buckles and down to the mat.]

GM: Bryant kicks him off! Saving himself from whatever Wright had in mind right there!

[The challenger stands up, steadying himself as he tries to get his balance on the top rope...]

...and HURLS himself off towards a doubled-up Wright!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!

[But Wright is ready for it, kneeling down on the arms of the challenger!]

GM: NO! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Bryant somehow manages to kick out AND reverse the hold, dragging Wright back down to the mat in a sunset flip hold!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Wright kicks out, rolling backwards to his feet where he grabs the legs...]

GM: BOSTON CRA- no! SLINGSHOT!

[Wright falls back, using his legs to catapult Bryant up into the air towards the corner...]

...but Bryant lands on the middle rope on his feet! Big cheer!]

GM: Bryant counters! Bryant counters!

[The challenger leaps off, twisting around for a crossbody as Wright rises...]

...and OBLITERATES him with a leaping European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it! It's over!

[Wright dives across, hooking both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He kicked out! My god, he kicked out!

[Wright pushes up to his knees, his eyes wide with disbelief as he looks up at Marty Meekly who insistently holds up two fingers.]

GM: Supreme Wright thought he had successfully defended his title right there but Dave Bryant managed to get the shoulder up in time - somehow, someway!

[The champion is still shaking his head as he climbs to his feet, viciously stomping and kicking the downed Bryant, forcing him under the ropes and out onto the ring apron. An upset Wright steps out on the apron, pursuing him. He leans down, dragging Bryant up to his feet and securing a half nelson...]

GM: What in the...?

[...and HOISTS him up before he steps off the apron, DRIVING Bryant's spine down on the hardest part of the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good god almighty! A devastating backbreaker on the ring apron!

BW: Wright hurt himself! He hurt himself!

[We cut to the floor where Wright is grimacing in pain, grabbing at the knee.]

GM: He got so upset there that he didn't even think about what that move might do to his already-hurting leg, Bucky.

BW: He let his emotions get the better of him. Supreme Wright's biggest problem going into this match is that Dave Bryant somehow, someway has managed to crack that icy shell we've seen out of Wright since his return to the AWA. Bryant got in there and got his real feelings to shine through. Those feelings don't help Wright in a match like this - they hurt him as we just saw right there.

[The bloody challenger lies sprawled across the apron, unmoving after the tremendous fall on his back but the World Champion is seated on the floor, unable to take advantage of the situation as he cradles his injured knee.]

GM: Both men are down after that exchange and you can feel the electricity in the air, Bucky. These fans realize they're seeing something special. The ultimate showdown between two of the best in the world battling for the biggest prize in our sport - the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

BW: I just can't figure out how either of them have anything left, Gordo. We're over a half hour into this thing and both men are just destroying one another with everything that they've got.

GM: Remember, fans, this is the very first time we're seeing these men collide at full strength. Back last fall during the Finals of the Chase For The Clash, both men had already fought a match that night and of course, at SuperClash, Dave Bryant had just completed a grueling matchup with Calisto Dufresne when Supreme Wright struck.

BW: I can't stand this revisionist history, Gordo! Did you forget that Supreme Wright also had a match at SuperClash? That Supreme Wright had emerged victorious in the biggest Steal The Spotlight matchup of all time to EARN that World Title opportunity?

GM: Of course not, Bucky, but even you will admit that he had quite some time to recover from that before making his title challenge. It's hardly the same as just completing a match.

[The referee rises to his feet after checking on the former World Champion as he starts his ten count.]

GM: Both men are down. Both men are in tremendous amount of pain. Bryant's back has to feel like it's on fire right now and Wright's knee probably doesn't feel much better.

[Cain Jackson seems about to help Wright to his feet when AWA President Karl O'Connor intervenes, shaking his head at Jackson who is seething as he backs away, shouting something that ends with "old man."]

GM: Karl O'Connor thusfar has proven to be of great value out there on the floor, keeping Team Supreme from involving themselves in this matchup - especially Cain Jackson.

BW: The man is a bodyguard. Let him do his job and find ways to guard the body of the World Champion.

[The count gets up to four as Supreme Wright gets aided to his feet by other Team Supreme members as Cain Jackson and an upset Karl O'Connor trade words.]

GM: Wright shoves Bryant back into the ring... coming in after him now.

[Wright gets a chance to stomp the challenger several times before dragging him up off the mat. He tugs him right into the cravate, twisting the neck of the Doctor of Love before smashing a knee up into the face... and again... and again...]

GM: The champion's throwing big knees into the cravate, hammering away at the challenger!

[The repeated knees leave Bryant staggered as he falls back, draping an arm over the top rope to stay on his feet. He turns Bryant by the arm, looking for a whip...]

GM: Irish whip by the champion... Bryant reverses!

[The desperation counter sends Wright bouncing off the ropes, springing off towards Bryant who simply slumps over, setting for a backdrop...]

...and eating a front kick to the face that snaps him up straight.]

GM: Bryant set too early and paid the price for it!

BW: I'm not sure how much he's got left in the tank, Gordo. He seems like he's runnin' on fumes to me right now.

GM: You could be right. Both men have put each other through a tremendous amount of punishment so far in this one.

[With Bryant stunned from the front kick, Wright DRILLS him with an elbow strike to the jaw that sends the challenger falling back towards the ropes...]

...where he attempts to mimic the champion, dropping back between the top and middle ropes, attempting to use them as a pendulum and rebound himself back out to strike...]

GM: REBOUN- OHHHHH!

[...only to have a forward-thinking Wright charge him, throwing a boot between the ropes and SMASHING it into Bryant's bloody face!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Supreme Wright was a step ahead of Dave Bryant right there. Bryant went to use one of Wright's signature plays but Wright was ready for him. Heck, he might even be TWO steps ahead of him, Gordo.

GM: He left Bryant hung out to dry over the middle rope and... now what in the world is he going for?

[The crowd buzzes as Wright grabs one of Bryant's legs before reaching his own legs up, wrapping them around the torso...]

...and falls back, essentially applying a half Boston Crab and using the middle rope for an obscene amount of leverage!]

GM: I guess... maybe you'd call this a hanging Boston Crab?!

BW: I've never seen that done before, Gordo! I've seen other variations of submission holds based around the ropes but I've never seen this one! Supreme Wright continues to show why he's the World Champion and exactly why he's considering the best professional athlete in the world today!

GM: Bryant's screaming in pain but he doesn't have to hang on long. This is an illegal hold and the referee is right there to call for the break.

BW: Wright ain't breakin' nothin' but Bryant's back, daddy!

GM: Come on, referee! Break the hold!

BW: Meekly's counting, Gordo. What more do you want from him?

[As the official's count hits four, Wright releases the hold, leaving Bryant hanging backwards over the middle rope. He leans over the top, pulling Bryant up...

...and viciously slaps him across the face to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[He slaps him again, glaring into the dazed eyes of the challenger. The referee orders him to back off...

...but not before he lands an open handed slap to the ear of Bryant, causing him to spin away, falling to his knees clutching that side of his head.]

GM: Wright once again showing a total lack of respect for the code of honor that these wrestlers compete by - totally willing to bust an eardrum or break some fingers.

[Wright grabs a handful of Bryant's bloody hair, viciously smashing a forearm into the side of the head... and another... and another.]

GM: He's teeing off on the challenger! He's beating him down into the mat!

[Down on his knees, Bryant is reeling as Wright pauses to get yelled at by Marty Meekly...

...and then throws a right hand to the gut! Big cheer!]

GM: Bryant goes downstairs! He's fighting back!

[Wright winds up, throwing another elbow to the temple that rocks Bryant to the side...

...before he throws a second blow to the body!]

GM: Downstairs again! Bryant continues to fight back! There's just so much at stake in this Main Event matchup for the World Heavyweight Title that neither of these men are willing to go quietly into the night.

[A third shot to the gut sees Wright doubled up as Bryant struggles to get to his feet. He quickly grabs the arm, throwing Wright the short distance into the ropes. Bryant drops down, burying a back elbow into the midsection.]

GM: Bryant goes down low yet again, trying to soften up the ribs and core of the champion.

[On his feet, Bryant loops a leg over the back of the doubled-up World Champion's head and neck, stretching out an arm. He leaps up to deliver the leg-assisted bulldog...]

GM: BULLDO- COUNTER!

[In mid-leap, Wright somehow manages to shift his position, getting a loose grip on the leg...

...and muscles Bryant up into the fireman's carry!]

GM: He's going for Fat Tuesday! He's got him up! He's got him for Fat Tuesday!

BW: If he hits it, it's over, Gordo!

[A panicked Bryant lashes out, landing a brutal series of elbows to the side of the head, causing Wright to loosen his grip enough for the challenger to slip out behind him...

...and immediately pull him down into a schoolboy!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost got him, fans! He ALMOST got him! We were on the verge of having a brand new World Heavyweight Champion right there!

[An angry Wright gets up, grabbing the bloodied Bryant from behind in a rear waistlock...]

BW: GERMAN!

[...but Bryant again knows what's coming and is ready for it, slamming his elbow back three times to break the waistlock. He dashes to the ropes in front of him, rebounding back towards the stunned Wright.]

GM: Off the ropes and-

[Wright hooks Bryant as he comes by, lifting him off the mat in a uranage...

...and SLAMS him down across a bent knee for a backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY!

BW: You want to talk about a message?! That was a direct message to Terry Shane, daddy!

GM: Wright covers! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He got the shoulder up again! He got the shoulder up again! My god, what a battle!

[Wright again shows frustration as he pushes up to his knees, balling up a fist and punching the canvas a few times. He glares at Marty Meekly who continues to tell him it was a two count. The World Champion shakes his head as he gets back to his feet, dragging Bryant back up.]

GM: He's got him up and-

[The crowd jeers loudly as Wright pulls Bryant into a standing headscissors, reaching down for a double underhook...]

GM: I can't believe the nerve of this guy! He's going to go for a Billion Dollar Bomb - the signature move of Todd Michaelson, the man who trained him, the man he betrayed!

[Wright goes to lift him...

...but Bryant reaches down, sweeping the legs out from under him. He hooks the legs, flipping over in a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! THR-

BW: BRIDGE!

[The crowd buzzes in wonder as Wright shows incredible neck and back strength, bridging up out of the pin attempt, rolling Bryant over into a backslide setup.]

GM: Wright's looking for the backslide! Bryant's fighting it!

[The challenger steps closer to the ropes, dragging Wright with him...

...and then leaps up, kicking off the ropes into a back somersault, landing on his feet in front of Wright.]

GM: Whoa!

[Bryant quickly hooks the arms, lifting Wright up, and flipping him over into a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: BILLION DOLLAR BOMB! BILLION DOLLAR BOMB!

[The challenger hangs on to the legs for dear life as Marty Meekly counts.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And now it's Supreme Wright who somehow kicks out in time! Incredible! Fans, we are about forty minutes into this grueling war between the World Heavyweight Champion and the Number One Contender to that title. Just about two-thirds of the way through this sixty minute time limit and the action is red hot here in the Sunshine State!

[Bryant slowly crawls to his feet, looking over towards Wright who is moving pretty slowly himself at this point. The Doctor of Love looks out at the crowd...

...and STOMPS his foot!]

GM: He's calling for the superkick! Bryant's looking to end it right here!

[As Wright gets to his knees, just like at the Chase For The Clash, Bryant prepares to end the match the same way he did on that night...]

GM: He's gonna do it! We're gonna have a new World Champion!

[Bryant takes a deep breath and surges forward, lashing out with his leg...

...only to have Wright slightly shift position, ending up with the leg on his shoulder!]

GM: What the-?!

[Wright stands up, the leg still over his shoulder, lifting Bryant up into the air for a potential powerbomb of his own...

...only to have Bryant swing the other leg up, hooking a headscissors, and snapping back, dragging Wright down with a rana!]

GM: OH MY!! BRYANT SAVED HIMSELF RIGHT THERE!

[The challenger is facefirst on the mat, breathing heavily as Wright lies flat on his back several feet away.]

GM: Both men are down. Both men are exhausted. Both men are hurting. But the question is - who can find a way to push all that down and find a way to finish the other man off?! Who will be our World Champion when all is said and done?!

[Bryant is the first to his feet, pushing up off the mat. He leans over, hands on his knees for a few moments as he sucks some wind, slowly moving towards Wright who has rolled to all fours...

...and then STOMPS on Wright's fingers to a big cheer!]

GM: OHH!

BW: HEY! HE CAN'T DO THAT!

GM: Dave Bryant might be getting a little payback for Brian James... for Kenta Kitzukawa... when Wright went after THEIR fingers!

[Bryant stomps the hand again, causing Wright to push up to his knees, cradling his hand in front of him. The challenger looks down at him...

...and SLAPS him across the face!]

GM: OHHH! PAYBACK IS HELL, SUPREME WRIGHT! PAYBACK IS HELL!

[Wright recoils from the slap, spinning away as Bryant steps up behind him, jerking his head back...

...and sticks his filthy fingers in the corner of Wright's mouth, yanking back on it!]

GM: He's fish hooking him! Bryant's fish hooking the World Champion!

BW: Is THIS how you want your World Champion to act?! This is disgusting! It's disgraceful! It's an act worthy of a member of the Stench family! Maybe Bryant is another one of those Blackjack by-products he's left all over the globe!

GM: BUCKY!

[The referee shouts at Bryant for the blatantly illegal hold. The Doctor of Love leaves it on until the count of four... and then some before pulling away, shoving Wright down to the mat. Marty Meekly gets right in the face of the challenger, shouting at him but Bryant's hearing none of it, shoving past the official to drag Wright off the canvas.]

GM: Dave Bryant with a second wind here, trying to find a way to finish off the World Heavyweight Champion!

[Bryant drags Wright off the mat, ducking down to hook a fireman's carry.]

GM: He's going for Fat Tuesday! Bryant's going to finish off Wright with his own move!

[Bryant walks around the ring with Wright up in the fireman's carry, looking to finish him off...

...and throws a weary Wright over his head, dropping down to a knee where Wright SLAMS down gutfirst!]

GM: He hits it!

BW: It wasn't quite Fat Tuesday but I'm guessing Bryant was trying to protect his back by not dropping down to it. It was effective but not exactly as devastating as Fat Tuesday is, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right... but could it be enough?!

[Bryant climbs back to his feet, looking down at Wright who is clutching at his ribs...

...and then leans down, grabbing the legs.]

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

[But a desperate Supreme Wright reaches up, grabbing a handful of Bryant's hair as he leans over...

...and YANKS him into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright immediately transitions from the small package attempt, slipping to the side of Bryant and wrapping his arms around the head and arm of Bryant, hooking in the head-and-arm triangle choke known as The Big Easy.]

GM: SUBMISSION HOLD APPLIED!

BW: He's gonna choke out the challenger!

[But before the hold can get fully locked in, Bryant, who has done his homework for sure, starts throwing knees to the back of Wright's head, breaking out of the hold and sending Wright sprawling back onto the mat. The challenger scampers off the mat to his feet, leaning down again...]

GM: He's going for the Iron Crab again...

[But Wright launches into a series of stiff upkicks to the shin and knee of Bryant, sending him hobbling away. Wright slips to his knees, yanking the leg out, causing Bryant to fall facefirst to the mat where Wright applies a stepover toehold...

...and drops down into a sleeperhold!]

GM: ARISTOCLUTCH! THE TRADEMARK HOLD OF THE GREAT LORD BYRON!

[Wright wrenches on the head and neck, looking to choke out the challenger as the referee drops down to the mat to check his condition.]

BW: We've said it before, Gordo. Most young men in this business spent their early years wanting to learn to brawl like Kowalski or Thunder or fly like Inferno or Wanizame. Supreme Wright grew up wanting to be an artist on the canvas like Lord Byron!

GM: What a moment it would be for Wright to finish his most grueling title defense with the signature hold of his childhood idol!

BW: This hold is brilliant, Gordo. Lord Byron was a mat wrestling - a submission - genius. It wrenches the knee, it tortures the neck, and best of all, you're putting your opponent to sleep as well! If Bryant doesn't get out of this - and fast - this one's all over, daddy!

GM: Dave Bryant's looking to do exactly that, clawing at the canvas, attempting to get to the ropes that are - quite frankly - not out of reach for him.

BW: That was a mistake by Wright. Perhaps sheer exhaustion. Perhaps blinded by adrenaline. Maybe showing some rare emotion in wanting to finish this off right now. He set up too close to the ropes and as Bryant - look at him, he's literally dragging Wright's bodyweight across the ring! Incredible!

GM: Bryant's showing incredible heart, fighting spirit, and a will to win that World Heavyweight Title no matter the cost!

[Through clenched teeth and grimacing with every movement, Bryant inches closer and closer...

...and with one final surge, he wraps a hand around the bottom rope!]

GM: HE GOT TO THE ROPES! BRYANT MADE IT TO THE ROPES!

[Wright doesn't break the hold though, forcing the referee to start a five count. The count reaches four before he releases, rolling to his side to sit up on the canvas. Outside the ring, Cain Jackson is shouting at Wright, pointing aggressively at Bryant's prone form with a "FINISH! THIS! NOW!"]

GM: Cain Jackson wants it to be over. He wants Supreme Wright to find a way to finish this match right here and now and retain the World Heavyweight Championship!

"FORTY-FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN!
FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Only fifteen minutes left in this sixty minute time limit as these two warriors search for a way to put in the final blow - the killshot if you will - to put the World Heavyweight Title around their waste!

[Upon hearing the time limit call, Wright struggles to his feet.]

GM: And we've seen a very clear change in gameplan as the match went on, Bucky. Earlier on, Wright seemed completely satisfied with working towards a time limit draw - he seemed fine with the idea of making Bryant beat him. But now he seems determined to finish this.

BW: Part of it is that will to win in him, Gordo. Supreme Wright, love him or hate him, is more driven than perhaps anyone we've ever seen - on the border of obsession. But it's more than that. For the past six months, all Supreme Wright has heard is "Dave Bryant this and Dave Bryant that"... you really think he wants that to continue? Because that's what a time limit draw does. The first question after a time limit draw is - when are we going to see a rematch? And in true Rocky fashion, I say "There ain't gonna be no rematch!" Wright wants to end this. He wants to defeat Dave Bryant as decisively as possible and move on to the next challenger - perhaps Terry Shane III.

GM: But can he do it? After this war that these two men have been through, can either of them dig deep enough to find a way to end it?

[Wright leans down, looking to pull Bryant off the mat...

...when Bryant plucks him into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, I THOUGHT HE HAD HIM RIGHT THERE!

BW: That was TOO close, Gordo.

GM: It certainly was for Supreme Wright and the rest of Team Supreme. Cain Jackson looked like he was going to have a meltdown right there.

[Wright scampers up, anger flashing in his eyes as he SLAMS an elbow into the side of a rising Bryant's head, knocking him down to a knee. A second big elbow puts him on both knees, Wright standing over him...]

GM: Wright's backing off... I think he's-

BW: He's going for the superkick! This is how he finished off Kitzukawa in Japan before locking in that armlock. This is how Bryant finished HIM off during the Chase For The Clash!

[The World Champion looks down at Bryant, his whole body shaking with intensity as Cain Jackson is shouting "FINISH HIM!" at the top of his lungs. Members of Team Supreme are surrounding the ring, slapping the canvas over and over and over...]

GM: This could be it, fans! The moment is upon us!

[Wright suddenly gives a shout, surging forward for the superkick...

...but Bryant is anticipating it, sweeping the legs out from under him.]

GM: BRYANT COUNTERS!

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Bryant, legs under his arms, flips a struggling Wright over onto his stomach!]

GM: IRON CRAB! IRON CRAB IS LOCKED IN!!

[Wright instantly cries out in pain, clawing at the canvas as Bryant sits back, torturing the lower back of the World Heavyweight Champion just as he did to Calisto Dufresne some six months prior.]

GM: This is how he won the World Title at SuperClash!

BW: What the heck is Cain Jackson doing?

[Literally throwing Team Supreme members out of his way, Jackson makes his way over to the timekeeper's table...

...and snatches the World Title belt up in his hands. He stalks over, getting right in Wright's field of vision.]

GM: He's- he's holding the title belt where Wright can see it!

BW: Now THAT'S extreme motivation, Gordo! He's showing Wright what's at stake, showing him what's on the line!

[Wright's eyes go wide at the sight of the World Title belt being dangled in front of him. With Bryant leaning back in the hold and Marty Meekly asking him if he wants to submit, Wright begins to drag himself across the ring, pulling Bryant with him.]

GM: Wright's trying to get to the ropes! It's a long way to get there! Bryant locked that on in the center of the ring pretty much, Bucky.

BW: But remember what we were saying. An extreme will to win. A desire to keep the World Heavyweight Title around his waist at any and all costs.

The overwhelming obsession with the title belt being shown to him right now. And he's doing it, Gordo... he's doing it!

GM: He is! I can't believe it! He's actually dragging himself across the ring, crawling on his elbows as Bryant wrenches the back

BW: This is amazing! Jackson's screaming at him, telling him that it's just a little further! Just a little bit further!

GM: Wright's getting close! He's almost there!

[Wright is on his belly, using his fingers to drag himself inch by inch closer to the ropes that would mean his escape from the painful submission hold. Bryant looks shocked at Wright's ability to withstand - and potentially escape - his trademark hold...]

GM: Bryant leans back just a little bit further, hoping to turn up the pressure enough!

[Wright stretches out his arm as Cain Jackson nods in approval, pointing to the title belt, shouting about the title belt.]

GM: Wright's- HE GOT IT! HE MADE IT!

[The referee immediately starts counting, ordering the break as Bryant leans back further, getting just a little bit more punishment before he lets go at four, collapsing to a knee. He rubs a hand over his bloody face, shaking his head in disbelief at Wright's escape of the Iron Crab.]

GM: My stars, can you believe it, Bucky?

BW: I didn't think he was going to make it, Gordo. But that's how much that title means to him. He REFUSES to lose! He absolutely REFUSES to face the possibility of walking through life as a FORMER World Heavyweight Champion. But if I'm Dave Bryant right here, I get right back up, drag him out to the center of the ring, and put that damn hold back on him! He won't get out of it twice for sure!

GM: That might've taken everything that Supreme Wright had left in the tank to escape that Iron Crab... and what does that do to his knee that was hurting already? What does it do to his back that just got tormented by the Iron Crab? Supreme Wright is in a bad way right now and he may have gotten out of the Iron Crab but at what cost?

[An exhausted and pain-wracked Wright rolls out to the apron, breathing heavily as Dave Bryant pushes up to his feet, looking on in disbelief at Marty Meekly who looks just as surprised as he waves it off, pointing to the ropes.]

GM: Meekly's telling Bryant that Wright made it to the ropes, that he escaped by grabbing the bottom rope. This crowd seems stunned as well, Bucky.

BW: They thought one of their heroes was about to become the World Heavyweight Champion. They were wrong. Supreme Wright ain't wrong. But they are!

[Bryant tiredly wobbles towards the ropes, leaning over them to drag the World Champion up to his feet...

...who DRILLS Bryant between the eyes with an elbowstrike, sending Bryant staggering backwards!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT BY-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Bryant returns fire, connecting with the Call Me In The Morning superkick right on the chin...

...which sends Wright sailing backwards off the apron, collapsing onto a pile of Team Supreme members out on the floor, knocking them down to the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WRIGHT GOT FLOORED FROM THE SUPERKICK!

[Bryant looks out over the ropes, shouting at the downed Wright, making the "belt gesture" repeatedly to a tremendous reaction from the O'Dome crowd.]

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

[At the time limit call, Bryant drops to his back, rolling under the ropes and out to the floor. His presence causes some of the Team Supreme members to step back as Bryant leans down, dragging Wright off the mat and soving him back under the ropes.]

GM: The challenger is wasting no time in trying to end this. He's got Wright back in and-

[As soon as Bryant steps up on the apron, a Team Supreme member rushes forward, grabbing him around the leg.]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second! That's Tony Donovan! He's grabbing Bryant's leg and he's stopping him from-

[Suddenly, Karl O'Connor comes tearing into view...

...and SLAMS his cane into the back of Donovan's head, dropping him down on the floor!]

GM: OHH! O'CONNOR HITS DONOVAN! O'CONNOR HITS DONOVAN!!

[The rest of Team Supreme surrounds a cane-wielding AWA President, looking to strike when O'Connor scoops up a house mic.]

"YOU! ALL OF YOU!"

[Pregnant pause.]

"YOU'RE OUT OF HERE!"

[The crowd ROARS at the announcement!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: HE JUST EJECTED TEAM SUPREME!

BW: That's not fair, Gordo!

GM: The heck it's not!

[Cain Jackson throws a FIT, screaming and shouting at Karl O'Connor as the AWA President gestures with his cane, ordering Team Supreme to vacate the premises.]

GM: He's throwing them out! He's throwing Team Supreme out of the ringside area after that blatant interference by Tony Donovan! Donovan was trying to help Wright but ended up making a HUGE mistake!

BW: Man, look at Cain Jackson. I would NOT want to be Tony Donovan right now. Cain Jackson is absolutely livid!

[Jackson can be seen reading Donovan the riot act as the group makes their way down the aisle. Bryant, in the meantime, has stepped back into the ring, battering Wright back into the ropes with a series of knife edge chops.]

GM: Bryant stays on the attack, battering Wright back against the ropes...

[He whips Wright across the ring, sending him off the far ropes where the World Champion grabs the ropes, hanging on for dear life. A frustrated Bryant stalks across the ring, looking to finish him off...

...when Wright suddenly lashes out, jabbing a thumb into Bryant's eye!]

GM: What the-?! Thumb to the eye! I've never seen Wright do something like that!

BW: WHATEVER IT TAKES, DADDY!

GM: Bryant can't see a thing! He's over there rubbing his eye and-

[Wright swoops in from behind, lifting Bryant up into a torture rack.]

GM: HE RACKS HIM! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

BW: REIGN SUPREME!

[Wright turns around, facing out into the ring, taking deep breaths as he prepares to deliver the same move that won the World Title for him.]

BW: This is it, Gordo! This is it!

[But just as Wright goes to step away from the ropes, he finds himself stopped short.]

GM: BRYANT'S GOT THE ROPES! HE'S HANGING ON!

[Wright struggles against the grip, trying to pull Bryant off the ropes as the challenger desperately tries to avoid the potential match-ending move.]

GM: Wright's trying to rip him away from the ropes but Bryant's hanging on with all he's got left in the tank! He knows what happens if he lets go of the ropes! He knows what happens if-

[A frustrated Wright suddenly pushes Bryant straight up, sending him arcing over the ropes...

...and CRASHING facefirst down on the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright collapses to his knees, dropping down to all fours as the referee rushes over to the ropes, looking over them at the downed Dave Bryant.]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! AN INCREDIBLE COUNTER BY THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION AND DAVE BRYANT IS IN A BAD, BAD WAY WITH MERE MINUTES TO GO IN THE TIME LIMIT!

BW: How much time is left, Gordo?!

GM: A little over seven minutes by my count. Seven minutes and change is all that remains in this battle for the greatest prize in our sport - the AWA World Heavyweight Championship!

[The camera cuts out to the floor, revealing the bloody challenger facefirst on the floor unmoving.]

GM: Bryant's down... he went down VERY hard on those thin mats at ringside. Those mats do NOT provide a lot of cushion, fans. For those of you at home who think Bryant just landed facefirst on some padding, if you felt these mats, you'd know they provide more protection for the floor than they do for the men falling upon them.

BW: But Wright's down as well. That took a lot of out of him and he hasn't been able to take advantage of it yet. It was an incredible move but... but I'm not sure it keeps the World Title around his waist, Gordo.

GM: It might, Bucky, as Marty Meekly just started a ten count.

BW: Ugh. As much as I'd love to see Wright keep the World Title around his waist, I do NOT want to see a match like this end like that, Gordo. This match deserves to have a clear cut winner - a pin, a submission, a chokeout.

GM: I agree but if Dave Bryant can't answer the ten count, I'm sure Supreme Wright will count himself lucky to walk out of here tonight with the World Title still around his waist. We're under seven minutes now according to the timekeeper. Time is of the essence now.

[The referee's count gets up to three as Bryant slips his arms under him, a bloody streak left on the ringside mats.]

GM: The challenger is starting to stir... starting to get back to his feet off the canvas...

[Bryant pushes to his knees as the count hits five.]

GM: The count is up to five. Can Bryant beat the count? Can he make it in before the ten count sinks his chance to regain the World Heavyweight Title that he held for mere moments on Thanksgiving Night?

[Inside the ring, Supreme Wright staggers up to his feet, looking out to the floor where Bryant is struggling to get off the floor...

...when suddenly, a disturbance at the top of the entryway draws the attention of the fans.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Uh oh!

[Wright turns his focus up the aisle as well, looking confused at the sight of the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes, walking down the ramp.]

GM: What the hell is HE doing out here?!

BW: Percy Childes don't answer to you, Gordo! He don't answer to ANYONE!

[A few moments later, the boos intensify at the sight of Larry Doyle walking down the ramp as well. Doyle has a cell phone pressed to his ear, looking down the aisle as he speaks.]

GM: Larry Doyle's out here as well!

BW: The Wise Men are in the house!

GM: Who the heck is on the phone, Bucky?

BW: Do you even have to ask? It's gotta be the third Wise Man, Bucky! It's a conference call with the true power brokers in the world of professional wrestling! Nothing happens in this industry without these three men

knowing about it and nothing happens in this industry that they don't have a say in!

GM: They've got no business being out here!

BW: Oh no?! The World Title is on the line - the greatest prize in our sport - I'd say they have a vested interest in seeing who walks out of here as the most powerful athlete in the business, Gordo.

[Wright shouts down the aisle at Childes and Doyle who stop in their tracks...

...because the AWA President, the man once known as the Strangler, is standing on the entrance ramp with a steel chair gripped in his hands.]

GM: O'Connor's on the ramp! The AWA President is taking a stand against the Wise Men! He swore that no one would ruin this match tonight and I think he meant it, Bucky!

BW: This isn't wise. This isn't wise at all! O'Connor can't stand against the Wise Men!

GM: But that's exactly what he's doing. If Childes and Doyle want to have a say in the winner of this match, they gotta come over a chair-wielding former World Champion!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

[The referee was distracted by this showdown as well, allowing Dave Bryant time to climb up on the ring apron. A frustrated Wright approaches, landing two big elbowstrikes to the side of the head. He leans over, pulling Bryant up into a fireman's carry, lifting him over the ropes and into the ring.]

GM: FAT TUESDAY! FAT TUESDAY!

[But as Wright attempts the move, Bryant twists his body, landing on his feet as Wright falls to his back. The challenger grabs the leg, twisting into a spinning toehold...]

GM: FIGURE FO- OHHHH!

[Wright upkicks him right in the shin, knocking him down to his knees...

...and putting him in the perfect position for Wright to lock his legs around the head and neck of the challenger, securing a triangle choke!]

BW: TRIANGLE CHOKE!!

[A desperate Bryant starts raining down left hands on the jaw of Wright, trying to battle his way free...

...and then grabs the legs, flipping over in a double leg cradle!]

GM: CRADLE FOR ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[Wright rolls to his side, escaping the pin and rolling Bryant right over onto his stomach. Wright spins to the side, grabbing the legs...

...and standing up, pushing down on the legs!]

GM: THE SUPREMACY!

BW: Some people call this an inverted Texas Cloverleaf... some call it a gorilla clutch... Wright calls his the Supremacy and it's claimed many a victim over the years, Gordo! This might be it!

[With Bryant on his belly, the challenger can see the ropes that would allow him to escape the painful hold. He cries out, stretching out his arm to gauge the distance before realizing how far away he is.]

GM: He's got a long way to go if the ropes are going to let him out of this hold!

[Wright pushes down, gritting his teeth together as he bends the challenger like a pretzel...]

GM: Wright's got one of his signature holds locked on as-

"FOUR MINUTES REMAIN! FOUR MINUTES!"

GM: Four minutes left! Only four minutes in this sixty minute time limit of what has been an epic showdown between the World Heavyweight Champion and his Number One Contender!

BW: Bryant can't survive four minutes in this thing, I can promise you that, Gordo!

GM: I believe you're right. He's gotta get out of this - he's gotta do it soon!

[Bryant manages to elbow crawl his way several feet closer to the ropes, ending up about five feet away before a desperate Wright sits back, wrapping his legs around the torso in a bodyscissors.]

GM: OH MY! There may be no escaping this one! He's got the bodyscissors applied along with the Supremacy!

[The challenger buries his crimson mask-covered face into his arms, hammering a closed fist into the canvas.]

BW: He's tapping! He's tapping out!

GM: He most certainly is not! He's trying to fight down the pain, trying to resist the urge to give up and end his suffering in this matchup. Dave

Bryant is DESPERATELY trying to hang on with all he's got left in his body, trying to get to those ropes.

[Lifting his head, Bryant stares at the ropes through blood-stung eyes. Giving a shout, he pushes up onto his elbows, inching forward bit by bit...]

GM: Bryant's almost there! The entirety of the O'Dome crowd are on their feet, cheering him on! They want to see him make it! They don't want to see this match end like this! They want to see-

[Bryant lets loose a horrific scream as he makes one final surge...

...and grabs the bottom rope! HUUUUUUUGE OVATION!]

GM: HE MADE IT! HE GOT THERE!

[The referee waves for the hold to be broken but as Bryant did earlier, Wright hangs on until four, getting just a little extra punishment out of it. As he breaks, he climbs to his feet, looking down the aisle where Doyle and Childes are huddled up, still speaking on the cell phone to the person on the other end as Karl O'Connor keeps one eye on the ring and the other eye on the Wise Men assemblage.]

"THREE MINUTES!"

GM: Three minutes left! One hundred and eighty seconds to win this match and the World Heavyweight Title!

[A frustrated Wright is shaking his head again as he pulls Bryant off the mat, decking him with an elbowstrike to the cheekbone, sending him spinning away and falling chestfirst into the ropes.]

GM: Bryant's hanging onto the ropes... trying to stay on his feet...

[Wright approaches from behind, looking to apply a rear naked choke...

...but Bryant responds with a quick right-left back elbow to the sides of the head!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him coming in!

[Bryant wheels around, left arm cocked, and takes a swing at Wright!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: The left hand connects!

[Wright staggers back as Bryant stumbles forward, burying a boot into the midsection of the World Champion. The challenger hooks a front facelock...

...and SPIKES Wright skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT! BRYANT SPIKED HIM!!

[But the exertion seems to have taken too much out of Bryant as he lies flat on his back on the canvas, chest heaving up and down as Wright lies motionless after rolling to his back.]

GM: Bryant got all of that DDT and on a normal night, that'd be it. That'd be the end of it but he can't get the cover. The challenger cannot take advantage of the DDT!

BW: Wright's not moving a bit. Bryant's down as well. We're down to just over two minutes, right?

GM: Absolutely. Just about two minutes remaining in this hellacious showdown for the World Title. Who can do it? Who can put it all together and make one final push to become the World Heavyweight Champion?

[The shot cuts to Wright, breathing hard while flat on his back on the canvas.]

GM: Supreme Wright is willing to do ANYTHING to keep the title but so far tonight, that hasn't been enough! Can he find something to put Bryant down for three? A Fat Tuesday... a Reign Supreme... maybe one of his deadly submissions.

BW: Ain't no time for a submission right now, Gordo!

GM: Two minutes would be plenty of time but it would need to be applied soon!

BW: Neither man is moving. There ain't no "soon" right now!

[A dazed Bryant sits up, looking over at the downed Wright, flinging an arm over his chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! WRIGHT PUT EVERYTHING HE HAD LEFT INTO ONE FINAL KICKOUT!!

[Bryant rolls off Wright, blinking his blood-stung eyes as he shakes his head in disbelief. He grabs the ropes, dragging himself off the canvas.]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

GM: Only two minutes to go! Bryant's on his feet. What is left? What more can he do?! He's tried the Iron Crab! He's tried the Call Me In The Morning! Neither one of them has been able to finish off the World Champion! What else is in the arsenal of the challenger?

[Bryant rubs at his eyes, turning away from Wright...

...and stepping out to the apron as the crowd starts to buzz in confusion.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Bryant's going up top?!

GM: What?! Dave Bryant's wrestled primarily a ground game for ages! We saw him up top once earlier tonight but this is NOT his usual game, Bucky.

BW: Desperate times call for desperate measures, Gordo.

GM: Bryant taking his time. This isn't his usual game so he's very wary about it and rightfully so but you might be right, Bucky. We talked about going outside your usual arsenal in a match like this - about using the unexpected. Wright's had counters for many of Bryant's signature moves just as Bryant has had some for the World Champion's.

[Bryant steps up to the second rope, hanging on to the top rope to keep himself steady as Wright lies motionless on the canvas.]

GM: Bryant's on the second rope... the blood still pouring down his face. He's gotta be exhausted. He's gotta be ready to fall over at the sound of the bell.

[The Doctor of Love places one foot on the top rope, looking out the roaring crowd as he steps to the top...]

GM: The crowd are on their feet... Bryant's up top, balancing himself... steadying himself... taking deep breaths...

[Bryant is poised to strike, his eyes closed as he tries to calm himself down...

...and suddenly leaps into the air, flipping backwards while sailing forwards...]

GM: SHOOTING STAR OFF THE TOP!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[Bryant BOUNCES off the open canvas on impact, his victim having just BARELY rolled aside to avoid it!]

BW: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! Bryant went for the homerun and had it robbed with a climb of the wall! Supreme Wright rolled out of the way and Bryant just CRASHED AND BURNED, DADDY!

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

GM: Sixty seconds to go! Just sixty seconds left in the time limit! Can Supreme Wright take advantage of this major miscue on the part of the challenger?! Bryant went WAAAAAY back in his history to attempt something that he... well, quite frankly, that he probably shouldn't have and he paid the price for it!

[A dazed Wright sits up off the mat, looking around in confusion.]

GM: The World Champion is stunned - he might not even know what just happened! That roll was pure instinct, Bucky. He felt danger coming and he avoided it but-

[Wright spots the bloodied Bryant facefirst and motionless on the canvas. He rolls to all fours, crawling towards his downed challenger.]

GM: Wright's going for it!

[He leans over him, pulling him up by the hair to slip left arm around the neck while grabbing the other wrist with his right hand...]

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

GM: COBRA CLUTCH...

[...and drops back, applying the most devastating submission hold in the world of professional wrestling!]

GM: ...CROSSFACE!

BW: THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THIS!

[Wright leans back, clenching his jaw as he tries to force a submission out of the challenger with time ticking away fast on the clock.]

GM: Dave Bryant can NOT get out of this! There is no way out of this!

BW: All he can do is try to hang on and force a time limit draw. If he can get the draw, he almost assures himself a rematch. If he gives up or passes out, there ain't gonna be a rematch, daddy!

"FIFTEEN SECONDS!"

GM: Bryant's trying to hang on, grabbing at the hand of Wright, trying to pry the fingers loose!

BW: No chance! That thing is sunk in DEEP, Gordo!

[Bryant digs his fingers in under the grip on his wrist, trying to pry it free.]

"TEN SECONDS!"

[The crowd starts counting down as Bryant struggles to stay conscious.]

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

[His hand slips down, landing on the canvas as he slumps a bit in Wright's grasp.]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

[Marty Meekly lifts Bryant's arm, holding it high for a bit...

...and then drops it down motionlessly to the mat.]

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

[He lifts the arm again...

...and drops it down.]

"ONE!"

BW: ONE MORE TIME!

[He lifts the arm again...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THAT'S IT!

[The crowd roars at the sound of the bell as an exhausted Supreme Wright releases the Crossface, slumping back down to the canvas.]

BW: That was the only way out of that hold, Gordo. We've never seen anyone escape it and I don't think we were about to see it happen right there. Bryant might be out cold right now.

GM: He's certainly close to it. Both men are down and utterly exhausted after the grueling war they've just been through.

[We cut to the aisleway where Doyle and Childes are deep in conversation with one another. Childes points to the ring with his crystal-topped cane repeatedly as Doyle nods.]

GM: The referee's over here at ringside, speaking to the timekeeper. Karl O'Connor moves over there too, making sure that the decision is official.

[We cut to the conference between the AWA President, referee Marty Meekly, the timekeeper, and ring announcer Phil Watson as a tired Wright rolls out of the ring, snatching up the World Title belt. He walks around the ringpost, climbing the wooden ringsteps.]

GM: Wright's heading out of here. He's heading back up to the locker room, the World Title clutched to his chest. He knows how close he came. He understand how close he came to losing the World Heavyweight Title - the most treasured thing in his life - right here tonight, fans.

BW: But at the end of the day, he's got the gold. He's still the World Champion and there ain't a thing anyone can do about that.

[Wright pauses on the ramp, saying something from a distance to Childes and Doyle who look on passively. Phil Watson's voice rings out to make it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the time limit for this matchup has been reached.

[The crowd jeers!]

PW: And after sixty minutes of fantastic action, referee Marty Meekly has declare this match a TIME... LIMIT... DRAAAAAAAAAAW!

[More boos pour down from the crowd who was ready to see a new World Champion crowned on this night.]

GM: A time limit draw is the official decision. That means that Supreme Wright retains the World Heavyweight Title but as you said, Bucky, a draw likely also means that Dave Bryant will get another shot at the title at some point. It may not be tomorrow... it may not be next week or next month... but at some point, you have to imagine the World Championship Title will be on the line with Dave Bryant as the challenger again. You have to believe that-

[The voice of Phil Watson interrupts.]

PW: HOWEVER...

[The crowd begins to buzz with anticipation.]

PW: The AWA President, Karl O'Connor, has stated that due to the importance of this match and the anticipation for it...

[Pregnant pause.]

PW: ...there MUST BE A WINNER!

[HUUUUUUUGE ROAR FROM THE CROWD! Supreme Wright jerks around, staring at the ring where Dave Bryant is being aided back to his feet by Marty Meekly. A smile crosses the face of Percy Childe as Wright shouts at the ring.]

BW: WHAT?! HE CAN'T DO THAT!

GM: Apparently he can, Bucky! Karl O'Connor says there must be a winner and-

[Watson continues.]

PW: Therefore, the match WILL CONTINUE!

[The O'Dome crowd goes BALLISTIC at the idea of Sudden Death Overtime as a weary Bryant falls back into the turnbuckles, waving down the aisle at Supreme Wright, summoning him back into the ring for the match to continue.]

GM: The match will continue! Incredible!

[Wright angrily storms back down the ramp, hobbling with every step as he clutches the World Title to his chest, shaking his head angrily at the official who orders him back into the ring.]

GM: Marty Meekly's telling him to get back in! He's telling him the match is restarting and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, uhh... here we go AGAIN, fans!

[Wright is in a fury as he steps through the ropes, shoving the title belt into the chest of Meekly.]

GM: Oh! Wright is hot!

BW: Can you blame him?! What the hell IS this, Myers?! This is Karl O'Connor showing off... throwing his weight around like he's some kind of... of... of I don't know what! I'm so mad I can't even think right now!

[Wright moves in swiftly on the cornered Bryant, smashing him with an elbowstrike... and another... and another...]

GM: Wright's opening fire on Bryant, hammering him in the buckles.

[He switches his stance, opening up with knife edge chops.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The ten skin-blistering chops leave Bryant draped over the ropes, his arms hanging on for dear life as Wright grabs one, whipping him across.]

GM: Wright shoots him in.

[With a sneer, Wright turns towards the still-buzzing crowd before blazing across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and running right into a pair of raised boots!]

GM: OHHH! WRIGHT GOT CAUGHT COMING IN AND-

[As Wright staggers back, Bryant straightens up and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

[Bryant collapses, hooking a leg as he rolls across Wright's chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! GOD ALMIGHTY, HE KICKED OUT!

[Bryant buries his bloody face in the canvas, the crowd roaring with shock at the kickout.]

GM: I thought he had him! I thought we had a new World Champion!

BW: Hey, what the heck is Percy doing?!

[The camera falls on Percy Childes who is holding his crystal-topped cane as high as he can.]

GM: I have no idea. I don't have time to worry about Percy Childes with the World Heavyweight Title on the line, Bucky! Bryant nearly won the World Title right there.

[The camera cuts back to an exhausted Bryant as he pushes up to his feet, clutching his arm from that hard Shooting Star Press failure...]

...and then moves around the fallen Wright, grabbing his legs.]

GM: IRON CRAB IS COMING...

[But Wright plucks him into a small package again!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Wright kicks out again, just barely breaking the pin as Bryant scampers up, filled with a third wind...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! ANOTHER SUPERKICK!

BW: This time Wright was on his knees! Just like during the Chase Finals!

[This time, Bryant doesn't bother with a pin attempt, grabbing the legs under his arms...

...and turning him over into the Iron Crab!]

GM: CRAB! THE IRON CRAB IS LOCKED IN!!

[Wright screams out in pain immediately as Bryant leans back on the punishing hold!]

GM: Bryant's got the Iron Crab applied! Wright's fighting it, clawing at the mat, trying to get to the ropes again!

BW: They're not that far away! Bryant made a miscalculation where he applied it!

GM: You're right, Bucky. Wright is within reach of the ropes... or not that far out of reach at least and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds as Marty Meekly waves to the timekeeper, sending a DEAFENING ROAR through the crowd!]

GM: HE GAVE UP! WRIGHT GAVE UP!!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: DAVE BRYANT IS THE WORLD CHAMPION!! DAVE BRYANT JUST REGAINED THE WORLD TITLE!

[An exhausted Bryant slumps to his knees, throwing his arms up in the air as the O'Dome crowd ROARS in celebration. The referee confers with Phil Watson before making it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match by submission...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...and NEEEEEEEEEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

[ENORMOUS ROAR FROM THE CROWD!]

PW: DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNNNT!

[Marty Meekly swiftly scoops up the title belt, moving over to hand it over to Dave Bryant who struggles up to his feet, holding the title belt up against his chest.]

GM: For six long months, Dave Bryant has battled with the dream of this moment. He has fought through everything with the hope that he could one day hold that World Heavyweight Title again! And now, here in Gainesville, Florida with the entire world watching... HE... HAS... DONE IT!

[Bryant tiredly climbs up on the midbuckle, thrusting the World Title belt up into the air.]

GM: We've got a new World Champion in Dave Bryant!

[Inside the ring, behind Bryant, we can see Karl O'Connor speaking heatedly with Marty Meekly. O'Connor is gesturing to Wright who is still down on the canvas.]

BW: What's going on in there?

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: With O'Connor and Meekly... what the heck is going on?

GM: I'm not sure. The celebration between Dave Bryant, the new Heavyweight Champion of the World, and the fans here in the O'Dome continues to rage and I'm guessing it'll rage all night long, Bucky!

BW: I'm sure you're right but...

[Bryant hops down off the midbuckle, turning to spot O'Connor and Meekly arguing. The new World Champion looks puzzled as he approaches them, trying to figure out what's going on.]

GM: Now Bryant's in this middle of this discussion. O'Connor's pointing at Wright and-

BW: O'Connor just said that Wright never gave up! I heard him! He said Wright never gave up!

GM: Huh?! How is that possible?!

BW: I don't know. I THOUGHT there was something odd there, Gordo. I thought maybe Wright was injured or something but he was VERY close to the ropes and I can't imagine how someone as obsessed with the World Title as Wright is would give up that quickly!

GM: O'Connor's talking to Bryant now who looks as confused as I feel. Now Bryant's talking to Meekly who...

[The crowd cheers as Meekly raises Bryant's hand, pointing to him...

...only for Bryant to angrily rip his arm away from Meekly, pointing an accusing finger at him.]

GM: There's something going on in the ring, fans. I'm not entirely sure-

BW: I told you, Gordo! O'Connor says Wright didn't give up and I think he's right! I think he's-

GM: But what the heck does that mean?! Did the timekeeper ring the bell on his own?!

BW: No, no! We saw Meekly tell him to ring it!

GM: So, what are you saying, Bucky?

[Marty Meekly's argument with O'Connor and Bryant comes to an abrupt conclusion as Meekly spots Supreme Wright climbing to a knee, staring a hole right through the scene in front of him.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Wright just realized what happened, I think! He sees Bryant with the World Heavyweight Title - with HIS World Heavyweight Title!

[Wright rises to his feet, pointing an accusing finger...

...at Marty Meekly. Meekly shakes his head back and forth, raising his hands in a defensive gesture.]

GM: Marty Meekly?! Are you saying that Marty Meekly did-

[The crowd get louder as Meekly backs to the ropes...

...and then makes a break for it, ducking through the ropes and making his way up the aisle towards the locker room!]

GM: Meekly's running for it! The referee is running for it!

[An angry Wright points at Bryant and O'Connor.]

GM: He told them that this isn't over and-

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: Wright's going after Marty Meekly! He's chasing Marty Meekly down the ramp and-

BW: Wright just got robbed, Gordo! He just had the World Title ripped off his waist!

GM: But why?! Why in the world would Marty Meekly do something like that?! Who would be...?

[Gordon's words trail off.]

BW: What?!

GM: Childes. Doyle. The damned Wise Men, Bucky! They did it! They're responsible!

BW: What?! That's slander, Gordo!

GM: Why were they out here? Why was Childes lifting his cane like a... like a signal of some kind?!

[Meekly disappears through the curtain, shoving past a cameraman who rushes after him. The cameraman is running through the backstage area, keeping pace with the official who keeps throwing looks over his shoulder. We spot a few familiar faces in the corridors, men like the Northern Lights conversing with TORA about the Main Event they just saw as the official hurriedly runs past.]

GM: Marty Meekly's making a run for it! He's running through the backstage area- Bucky, he's leaving the building! He's out in the parking lot and-

[We spot a limousine waiting in the distance, a figure standing and shouting, waving him towards it.]

GM: That car is waiting for him! That limo is waiting for Meekly!

[He makes a beeline for the car as a loud "CRASH!" is heard from off-camera. The cameraman wheels around, just in time to get shoved off his feet by a furious Supreme Wright who is now trailed by a sea of Team Supreme members. Cain Jackson is leading the charge, his long legs getting him out in front of everyone else as Meekly ducks into the car. Jackson keeps on running...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and connects with a big boot on the back window, shattering it!]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[The cameraman rushes to catch up as Supreme Wright reaches the car, jerking the door open...

...and we catch one glimpse of a shocked Marty Meekly sitting between Larry Doyle and Percy Childes before the car peels out of sight, leaving a stunned Team Supreme behind.]

GM: It was them! It was the Wise Men!

BW: I... I...

GM: You don't have to say a word, Bucky! We all saw it! Percy Childes, Larry Doyle, and whoever the third man is... they set this up! They set up this thing with Marty Meekly! The Wise Men have turned their attention towards the World Heavyweight Title with controversial results!

[We cut back to the ring where Bryant and O'Connor are deep in a heated conversation, the World Title belt now being held between them, each giving it a tug.]

GM: Controversy has broken out at Memorial Day Mayhem! MAYHEM has broken out at Memorial Day Mayhem! Fans, we're out of time! We... I have no idea what else to say! We have a new World Heavyweight Champion...

BW: Or do we?!

GM: We'll try to get the answer to that question very soon! Stay tuned to AWA Access and the AWA website for all the breaking news! So long from Gainesville where... the Wise Men have STRUCK in devastating fashion!

[Bryant and O'Connor continue to play tug-o-war over the World Heavyweight Title belt...

...as we fade to black.]