

Saturday Night Wrestling

Saturday, January 18th, 2014

Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

[We fade up from black on the sounds of Bachman Turner Overdrive's "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet" as we get shots from past AWA action:

Juan Vasquez smashing the Right Cross across the jaw of MAMMOTH Mizusawa.

Calisto Dufresne throwing a fireball in the face of City Jack. The Dragon revealing himself as William Craven.

The Bishop Boys landing Doc Allen's Miracle Headache Elixir on a helpless foe.

Grant Stone and Bobby Taylor trading haymakers from their war in the early days of the AWA.

Marcus Broussard hitting belly-to-belly suplexes on a range of opponents over and over again.

Stevie Scott smashing the metal briefcase over the skull of Kolya Sudakov.

Alex Martinez dropping a bloodied William Craven in a Firebomb chokeslam.

Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines using the Splashbuster to great effectiveness at the Stampede Cup

Dave Cooper gets a montage of spinebusters executed to perfection over the years.

Nenshou spews mist into the eyes of Jason Dane.

And more footage flashes by - Violence Unlimited, the Lynches, Kevin Slater, Raphael Rhodes, Eric Preston, The Shane Gang, Ron Houston, Tumaffi, and more... and more... and more...

Until finally, the footage is all a blur of motion, shots flying by so fast, it's almost impossible to pick out who is who - Buddy Lambert, Ricky Royal, the Rockstar Express, Gary Bright, Glenn Hudson, Alphonse Green, The Rave, The Hive...

The footage freezes on a clip of Dave Bryant snapping Glenn Hudson's head back with a Call Me In The Morning to regain the World Television Title before cutting to Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds winning the World Tag Team Titles at SuperClash V as Jones leaps off the top rope, driving a double stomp down into the face of Kenny Stanton just before Hammonds throws Stanton down with the Hammonds Hammer.

And then finally to Supreme Wright lifting a torture racked Dave Bryant up and over his head, driving him down onto two raised knees, capturing the World Heavyweight Title in shocking fashion after cashing in the Steal The Spotlight contract at SuperClash V...

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of the exterior of the Crockett Coliseum, a converted warehouse on the outskirts of Dallas, Texas. Big steel letters with the name of the building stand tall over the entrance - a giant gleaming marquee that reads "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in large black print. There are still lines of fans streaming into the building as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard over the footage.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen... WE! ARE! LIVE! from the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, for yet another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! It is a brand new year for the AWA as we take to the airwaves for the very first time since Thanksgiving night just down the road in downtown Dallas! Bucky Myers, a Happy New Year to you!

[As Gordon speaks, we crossfade into the building where first, we get a shot of the Wall Of Fame, the lengthy wall that the AWA uses to pay tribute to stars of professional wrestling past. We see the Hall of Fame plaques for men like John Wesley Hardin, Caleb Temple, and "Crimson" Joe Reed along with tons of old wrestling photographs, posters, and even a handful of memorabilia like the trunks Tommy Fierro was wearing when he beat Hamilton Graham for the World Heavyweight Title and what appears to be a piece of the iconic Bulldog Brown table.]

BW: It's a happy new year for me but it ain't a happy new year for a whole lot of people here in the AWA after what went down at SuperClash, Gordo.

GM: In case you haven't heard the news, we have a brand new World Heavyweight Champion... and no, it's not Dave Bryant who won the title from Calisto Dufresne to bring his Cinderella story to a thrilling conclusion. It is Supreme Wright who cashed in the Steal The Spotlight contract he won earlier in the night to become the new World Champion!

[A second fade gets us into the arena bowl where five thousand fans have jammed into the Hot Tin Box to get a glimpse of the best pro wrestling action on the planet. Steel chairs are set up all over the ringside area, surrounding the red, white, and blue roped ring that has black mats laid out at ringside and a steel barricade to keep the masses at bay. Towards the back of the sections of chairs are wooden bleachers that seat the majority of the crowd.]

BW: Controversy, thy name is Supreme Wright! Half the locker room is outraged the way he won the title, half the locker room thinks it was the greatest thing ever!

GM: I'm sure we can figure out what side of that you lie on. We've also got brand new World Tag Team Champions as Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds defeated the Blonde Bombers in a spectacular matchup to capture those titles as well. As 2014 begins, Royalty seems to be on the ropes, Bucky!

BW: Maybe, maybe not. If I've learned anything about Royalty, it's never to doubt them. They may turn everything around right here tonight.

[One side of the building houses a small entrance stage with a long elevated wooden platform that leads the distance to the ring. We can also spot an elevated interview platform off to the side of the stage.]

A cut down to ringside shows the timekeeper's table before the cameraman rounds the corner to find Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in front of the announce table. Myers, the Dean of professional wrestling announcing, is standing in a plain salt and pepper sportscoat, black slacks, white dress shirt, and a stars and strips flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern Manager of the Year, is in a bright neon lime green sportscoat, sunburst yellow dress slacks, a insanely bright white dress shirt, and a tie that seems to have every color in the rainbow and then some. He's also holding a metal briefcase in his hand with "BIG BUCKS" bedazzled on the side that he gestures to as Gordon begins to speak again.]

GM: It's Awards Night here on Saturday Night Wrestling as we pay tribute to the wrestlers and matches that you, the fans, voted as the best of 2013! We'll get into that a little bit later but right now, we've got news... big news to address. We've talked about what happened with the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash. We've talked about what happened with the World Tag Team Titles at SuperClash. But what about the World Television Title? What about Dave Bryant?

BW: Hey, the rules are clear in my book. Nobody can hold two championships at the same time. The moment that Bryant beat Dufresne for the World Title, the World Television Title was vacated. Period.

GM: There's been a lot of discussion about that... a lot of debate. But it seems like the time for debate is over. Let's go to the ring and settle this right now.

[Crossfade to the ring where Jason Dane is standing. On one side of the ring is AWA President Karl O'Connor who looks on with a solemn expression as he leans heavily on his walking stick. On the other side of the ring, Dave Bryant is pacing back and forth, the World Television Title slung over his shoulder.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Controversy is certainly in the air as we kick off Awards Night here at Saturday Night Wrestling. The situation is muddled at

best. As Bucky Wilde says, the rule is simple. An AWA competitor may only wear ONE championship at a time. The moment Dave Bryant became the World Champion as SuperClash V... he possessed two titles. Many argue that Bryant IMMEDIATELY vacated the World Television Title but some have said that Bryant would've been given the choice of which title to vacate and Supreme Wright denied him of the chance to make that choice.

President O'Connor...

[Karl O'Connor slowly moves to Dane's side, obviously wincing a little as he does so.]

JD: Sir, I know that your office, yourself, as well as the Championship Committee have had several meetings since SuperClash V trying to determine the appropriate action to take for this situation. Have you reached a decision?

[O'Connor slowly nods as he leans over the mic. There are quite a few boos for the AWA President before he speaks, causing him to pause for a moment before finally talking.]

KOC: I suppose I deserve that. But... you have to know that I had no idea... not the slightest idea at all that Supreme Wright would cash in that Steal The Spotlight contract in that fashion.

[The boos continue to pour down, growing louder this time.]

KOC: I have apologized to Dave Bryant for what happened just as I stand here now and apologize to all of you. That is NOT how I wanted to see the World Title change hands and that is NOT how I wanted SuperClash to end.

[The boos get louder still as Dane speaks up.]

JD: Sir, the TV Title?

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: Fine, fine. We're out here right now to discuss the situation surrounding the World Television Championship. My office has met on several occasions with the Championship Committee... as well as the AWA legal team... to try and determine the appropriate outcome... but before I go any further, I think it's only right that the man who currently holds that championship be given the chance to tell you himself.

[O'Connor lowers the microphone, and, on cue, "Bad Seed" hits the PA. The crowd rises to their feet to greet the current (?) Television Champion and former World Champion, "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant. Bryant emerges from the curtain, dressed in a sharp black suit with white dress shirt and tie, Television title belt over a shoulder. Bryant stops in the middle of the aisle, giving O'Connor a less-than-friendly stare before turning and pointing to the crowd, nodding in appreciation to their response. The Television champion

makes his way to the ring, up the stairs, stepping between the ropes and walking straight up to O'Connor, letting the TV title belt slip from his shoulder and into his hand. O'Connor, looking ever so slightly nonplussed, hands the microphone over to Bryant and then walks to the corner. Bryant turns his back on the AWA President and, taking a moment to put the Television title belt back on his shoulder, turns to address the crowd.]

DB: I'd thank you, O'Connor, but I've been on this honesty kick lately and I just don't think I can lie the way I used to.

[Bryant turns and smirks at the AWA's President for a moment, then turns away.]

DB: So many questions to answer, so little time. I stand here before you, despite everything, the only man in the history of the AWA who can rightfully wear the title "double champion".

[Bryant pauses for a moment while the crowd applauds.]

DB: I suppose there'll be time to talk about that, to talk about Supreme Wright and what a miserable person he truly is, maybe some time to rack up a few of those dreaded "language fines" I've heard so much about, but this time isn't really about me. It's about this.

[Bryant reaches up, unhooking the TV title belt from his shoulder and holding it up, drawing another round of cheers from the crowd.]

DB: This belt...to me, it's more than a title, it's a symbol. It's a symbol of the chance I was given, a symbol of my professional rebirth, a solid, tangible sign that I had managed to claw my way back through the abyss I'd willingly cast myself into...not to wax poetic or anything. I might sound a little overdramatic at the moment, but I want everybody in this audience, and everybody behind that curtain to understand just how much this title means to me...

[Bryant pauses, turns...and then throws the belt at Karl O'Connor, catching the AWA President by surprise. He still catches it, though.]

DB: ...and why I have to give it up.

[The crowd starts buzzing, not sounding happy.]

DB: I did some lousy things to keep that belt as long as I did, but I always felt like it should be looked at as something more than someone's stepping stone to the World Title. I felt like every TV title defense should be the Main Event every Saturday night, that any match where I put that belt on the line was worthy of that spot. Egotistical? Hell yes it was, but I did my best every night to make sure that was justified. After holding the AWA World Title in my hands, even if it was just for a few moments...I can't go back. I have to dedicate everything I have to getting the World Title back, and a man chasing the World Title is not a man worthy of holding that gold in O'Connor's hands right now.

[Bryant flexes his now-empty hand.]

DB: I'll give the office this, they left me with the choice. They told me that I'd have had the option to give up either the World Title or the Television Title, that I couldn't hold both, but since Wright stole that option from me, they said that what happened to the TV title was up to me. I told them the same thing I'll tell you now -- the man that holds that title has to want it with every part of his being, has to want to defend it night in and night out. They have to be willing to sacrifice everything to keep the Television title around their waist, not treat it like it's their key to bigger and better things, and after setting my feet on the highest plateau in this business...I couldn't do it. It might sound weird, but being World Champion for five minutes meant I was no longer worthy of that Television title. It deserves a champion who will put his all into keeping it, and I can't do that anymore.

[Another pause.]

DB: I can't do it because my hands have to be free, have to be empty...so I can wrap them around Supreme Wright's neck!

[That brings the fans to their feet, but suddenly...

...there's static.]

BW: Speaking of people deserving of being champion.

GM: Oh please.

[Enter the Siren. Miss Sandra Hayes is the first member of the Shane Gang out on the elevated ramp, high heels and all. As "Dance of the Knights" by Sergui Prokofiev trumpets throughout the arena the Siren steps forward looking as seductive and playful as ever in a slinky, high-shine number that loves her body in all the right places. As she twirls around we get a glimpse of the sexy crisscross detail on the back of her dress but it's the alluring front zipper that stretches from the bottom of the dress at hip level up to her belly button before being tied off like a shoelace ready to snap the rest of the way.]

BW: Humana. Humana.

GM: Keep it clean.

BW: Did I say humana?

[Out next are the duo creatively being billed as the Lights Out Express on internet geek sites across the country; Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. The menacing muscle of the Shane Gang are back in their green and white track jackets and wrestling tights with white knee pads and boots. Behind them saunters out the coolest cat with the most mesmerizing mohawk in all the land, the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White. White's blinding silver-sheen sleeveless jacket drags across the ramp. He is in full accessory mode with a

green choker, studded belt and wrist wraps, painted fingernails, a little bit of manliner under his eyes, and a fistful of blinged out rings on his left hand.]

BW: Would someone let Sandra know I saved her a seat beside me. Permanently.

GM: I don't think Dave Bryant is quite as excited to see the Gang out here as you are.

BW: I heard he's going through a confused phase in his life right now. Can't blame the guy really.

[Finally, there is the Ring Leader. Terry Shane III steps out, plants his right foot into the ramp, pivots and spins his body around, whipping his gemstone covered green robe around with him. His jet black hair is combed perfectly back and fastened in a white tie against the back of his neck. Shane splits through the Gang who stand back near the entrance way while only Miss Hayes accompanies him down the aisle. Bryant can be seen mouthing something to Shane which the mics aren't able to quite catch but it does draw a sneer from Shane who stops at the ring ropes, walking down the wooden steps to step foot on the concrete surrounding the ring where he circles around to retrieve a mic.]

TS3: As my dear, dear old friend Supreme Wright would put it...

...I respectfully...

[Pause, Shane snickers.]

TS3: ...disagree.

[And the crowd lets him hear it.]

TS3: Fact is, you were NEVER worthy to hold that Television title, Bryant. You are one of the single gateways left of what this business use to represent; Blood. Chaos. Ignorance. Tasteless. Putrid. Disloyal. I could go on for hours but one word sums all of these up and fits you perfectly.

Embarrassment.

THAT is what you are, Dave Bryant. That is what you and the Bullywug did to the Longhorn Title...it is what YOU did to the Television title...and now...NOW...worst of all, it is what YOU have done to the World Title.

A title that I held in the utmost esteem and viewed with the greatest of integrity.

A title that represented a change from yesteryear, from YOUR generation. A title that was meant to crown the hungriest, most deserving, god-given talented wrestlers of THIS era so that the entire world could be PROUD to say...HE...THAT MAN is our champion.

[Shane snarls, spitting to the floor.]

TS3: But you know what happened? You did not JUST lose that title in five minutes...

...you DISGRACED it.

You let Supreme Wright, a man with no more worth than the ten cent catch phrase on his twenty dollar shirt paint you as a fool with the entire world watching. Last year, you STOLE the show at SuperClash, even I will give you that. But THIS year, my how times have changed. You let that Combat Corner dropout TAKE it from you without even putting up a fight.

You disgust me, Dave Bryant.

GM: Wow, even I am a bit taken back at Shane's hatred for Dave Bryant.

BW: This man demands greatness.

TS3: I promise you and everyone watching one simple thing. I will DIE in that ring before I ever let YOU come near that World Title again, Bryant. This is not even about the fact that I have waited EIGHT MONTHS for the shot I EARNED at Memorial Day Mayhem because I proved then just as I have proved since then that I am a patient man who will wait for that perfect moment to strike. But the time for waiting is OVER!

The road to the title for ME...

...begins RIGHT now.

[Shane feints for the ring...

...when suddenly STEVE SPECTOR hurls his body over the railing and tackles Terry Shane III to the ground!]

GM: SPECTOR! SPECTOR! SPECTOR!

[The Hall of Famer pins Shane down to the barely-padded floor, hammering him relentlessly with right hands as Miss Sandra Hayes shrieks in terror.]

GM: Steve Spector came through the crowd and he's all over Terry Shane!

[Climbing to his feet, Spector pulls Shane up by the hair with him...

...and FLIPS him over, throwing him backfirst into the side of the elevated wooden ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HE'S SNAPPED AGAIN, GORDO!

GM: He certainly has! Steve Spector is attacking Terry Shane with a fury here in Dallas, Texas and he's picking up right where he left off at SuperClash, fans!

BW: The man has a history of concussions! He shouldn't be treated like this!

[With Hayes still screaming, the Shane Gang comes charging down the ramp towards the ring, racing down the steps towards Spector who leaps over the barricade and flees from the ringside area before becoming the victim of a group assault!]

GM: Spector strikes hard and early here on Saturday Night Wrestling! Terry Shane's been completely laid out!

[Inside the ring, Dave Bryant shakes his head in disbelief at what he just saw. He's taken up a defensive posture, actually standing in front of Karl O'Connor as the Shane Gang attempts to tend to their leader on the floor as we slowly fade to the backstage area where we see Jason Dane.]

JD: I'm here with the man that's been the talk of the wrestling world since the end of SuperClash, where he did the unthinkable and walked out of the American Airlines Center as YOUR new AWA World Champion! Right now, in his first interview since becoming champion, I'm here with Supreme Wright!

[A massive roar of cheers and boos can be heard coming from the inside of the Crockett Coliseum as the camera pans over to the champion. Supreme's look has changed drastically since we last saw him. Gone, are his trademark cornrows, shaved away in favor of a low fade haircut. Supreme is dressed in a vintage Botany charcoal gray tweed jacket and vest combo w/ a vermillion colored necktie. In his right arm, he cradles the crowned jewel of the wrestling, the AWA World title.]

JD: Supreme, I'm just going to get straight to the point.

Why?

SW: Everyone expected Dave Bryant to walk out of SuperClash as the AWA World Heavyweight champion. I guess you could say...

[A smirks forms on his face as he turns to Dane.]

SW: ...I respectfully disagreed.

[The crowd reacts to Supreme's snark as you would expect them to, with boos and disbelief at his callousness.]

JD: I don't understand. You've always preached fairness. You've always talked about doing the right thing. So when you won Steal the Spotlight, everyone assumed you'd be above taking advantage of a man that had just gone through hell and back to win the AWA World title. But to see you just go out there and pull the rug out from under Dave Bryant like that...well, I can't find a nicer way to say this...

...it was an incredibly cold and heartless thing to do.

[Wright raises an eyebrow at that comment.]

SW: "Cold and heartless", Mr. Dane?

[Supreme seems almost amused by that description.]

SW: You think THAT was "cold and heartless"? No...not even close. Let me TELL you what is "cold and heartless."

[And then, the relaxed expression on Supreme's face hardens. A familiar look of restrained rage and burning intensity forms.]

SW: "Cold and heartless" is the broken and corrupt Championship Committee that bends to the will of the Wise Men. "Cold and heartless" is the promotion that allows that corrupt system to continue to exist. "Cold and heartless" is forcing your rightful number one contender to wrestle in an endless parade of tournaments, battle royales, and twenty man elimination tag team matches to "prove" himself "worthy" of a title shot he had already earned; all the while knowing full well he would NEVER be allowed to become the champion.

[He gives a quick glance to the title belt nestled in the crook of his arm before continuing on.]

SW: And even then...even after Mr. O' Connor told me that I could challenge for the title anywhere and at any time, I had no intention to cash in on my contract at the end of SuperClash. But then I heard The Wise Men speak...

...and Percy Chiles made the decision for me.

[He makes a bitter chuckle.]

SW: I once said that the AWA front office would rather see the World Title go around the waist of liars, cheaters, cowards and thieves, before they'd ever allow it to go around the waist of Supreme Wright...

...and it turns out that I was absolutely correct.

[Supreme glares at Dane with a look of contempt on his face.]

SW: Do you think I could ever trust the Championship Committee again? Did you actually think that I would continue to place my fate in their hands?

Only a fool would do that, Mr. Dane.

And mama didn't raise no fool.

[He breaks his gaze and stares away from Dane, adjusting his necktie as he does so.]

SW: So if you expect to hear an apology from me about my actions at SuperClash...

...don't.

[There's no force or menace in the words, but the remorselessness strikes Jason Dane just the same.]

SW: I'm not going to apologize for realizing a dream I've held for twenty-eight years. I'm not going to apologize for reaching a goal that I've had since even before I've been able to remember.

[Supreme stares straight into the camera with a determined, resolute look.]

SW: I will NOT apologize for becoming the AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[That really sets off the crowd, as a loud chorus of boos can be heard along with some quickly drowned out cheers.]

SW: I've played by the rules of the AWA Championship Committee for far too long. A Championship Committee, that was as broken and corrupt as I imagined it to be. Well, I'm not playing by your rules any longer.

[He raises the title belt high over his head.]

SW: Now you're playing by MINE.

[Surprisingly enough, that bit of anti-establishment sentiment brings about some applause from the crowd.]

JD: What do you mean by that, Supreme?

SW: It means that I'm going to make the Championship Committee irrelevant. It means I'm going to render the big, fat lie that is the top ten contenders list obsolete. I will not be a babied and coddled champion that sits at home waiting every thirty days for his next challenge. I will not be a champion that will avoid any and every challenge like a disgusting coward.

I will accept every challenge. I will defend this title at every opportunity.

And I will go down in history as the greatest World Champion that there ever was.

"That a fact?"

[Just as Supreme finishes his sentence, he's interrupted by the entrance of the tag team champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds! Dressed impeccably in matching black pinstripe suits, Jones and Hammonds are both holding the AWA World Tag Team titles over their shoulders. Jones removes

his sunglasses and places them into his shirt pocket as he walks up to Wright and Dane, all smiles.]

SJ: Ain't this a sight, Supreme? Three homeboys straight outta' the Combat Corner and they're all holdin' gold!

JD: Skywalker Jones! Hercules Hammonds! What are you two doing here?

SJ: Ha! You might not know, little man, but judgin' by the look on his face, Skywalker Jones thinks "Mr. Wright" knows exactly why we're here!

[Supreme doesn't say anything in response, merely staring at Jones with stone faced glare.]

SJ: Ya' see, when we formed our alliance, we made it our goal to take down Royalty! We made it our goal to hold all the gold! We'd be the heroes that saved the AWA from Calisto Dufresne, Davy Cooper, and The Bombers! And I'm proud to say it...we did it!

[Jones grins big at Supreme.]

SJ: Or if you wanna' be technical about it...

...me, Herc and DAVE BRYANT did it.

[A loud "OHHH!" can be heard from the crowd as Jones backs away from Wright, a more serious expression now on his face.]

SJ: But I'm not here to judge you, Supreme, 'cause whatever Hell you've brought down upon yourself ain't got nothing to do with me. What I'm here for...

[Jones points to the World title belt held in Supreme's right arm.]

SJ: ...is THAT.

[A loud roar of cheers can be heard from inside the arena.]

SJ: Do you remember what I said when I proposed our little alliance? The moment either one of us takes the World title, this alliance is over...

SW: ...and our war begins.

[Jones laughs, patting Supreme on the shoulder.]

SJ: I knew you wouldn't forget! And I know for a FACT that you ain't gonna' refuse my challenge! But Skywalker Jones doesn't want a war with you, Supreme! He just wants one match! The match he gave up at SuperClash for these tag team titles!

A match for the World Heavyweight title!

[Big Pop!]

SJ: And I want it...

[Supreme cuts him off.]

SW: TONIGHT.

[That catches everyone off-guard, even Jones, whose eyes open wide with surprise.]

SJ: ...Pardon?

SW: I'm not Monosso and I'm not Dufresne. I'm not a champion that's gonna' hide himself from the world and wait for his challengers to come to him.

You want to step into MY ring and wrestle for MY title?

Then you better damn well be ready to wrestle for it under MY terms.

[Jones smirks and nods at Wright.]

SJ: Alright! Since we're such "good friends", I was gonna' let you enjoy holdin' that title for a few more weeks, but if you wanna' lose your title that badly, then tonight's fine by me!

[Jones turns to Herc.]

SJ: Me winning the World Title tonight good for you, Herc?

HH: Fine by me, Jones.

SJ: Then tonight it is! Todd Michaelson's dream match! Skywalker Jones versus Supreme Wright for the AWA World Heavyweight title!

[The crowd roars huge, as Supreme holds his hand out to Jones.]

SW: May the best man win.

[Jones looks down at Supreme's hand and grins, before putting his sunglasses back on.]

SJ: Don't worry about it...I will!

[And with a cackle, Jones brushes past Supreme as Hammonds follows, leaving the champion hanging. Supreme glares angrily at Jones as he walks away, before giving Jason Dane a nod and heading off into the opposite direction.]

JD: What a shocking development! The World Heavyweight Title on the line here TONIGHT as Supreme Wright plans on defending the gold against one-

half of the World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones! It's going to be a heckuva night here in Dallas, fans, but we've got to take a quick break. When we come back, it's Callum Mahoney in action so don't go away!

[Fade to black.]

Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...

We crossfade back from commercial to the ring, where Callum Mahoney is standing by. 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.

Across the ring from him is an athletically-built male, with lightly-tanned skin and a light brown buzz cut. He wears a pair of black trunks, with the image of a skull superimposed over the British Union Jack across the back, a pair of black knee pads and a pair of black boots.

As has become a ritual during the Armbar Assassin's appearances, the fans are chanting "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"]

GM: Back from the commercial break, folks, and we have the fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney, set to go against "Black" Jack Roberts! This kid from Kingsbridge, England is the son of Buccaneer Bart Roberts and he looks to carve a career for himself here in America.

BW: Well, let's see how he fares against Mahoney here.

"DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! Collar-and-elbow right out of the gate... Mahoney uses that European grappling style to switch right into a cravate, the three-quarter nelson...

[Roberts struggles against the hold as Mahoney wrenches his neck at an awkward angle and then uses the grip to flip Roberts over into a seated position with a snapmare.]

GM: Good execution on the takeover by Mahoney.

[Mahoney drops to a knee, driving his other knee into the base of Roberts' neck. The Englishman rolls to the side, grabbing at his neck as Mahoney grabs a handful of trunks, pulling Roberts off the mat and burying a forearm shank into the kidneys!]

BW: Mahoney's one of the hardest hitters you'll ever run across inside of a wrestling ring, Gordo.

GM: When you talk to guys in the locker room, they'll tell you exactly that. Callum Mahoney, in a very short period of time here in the AWA, has developed quite the reputation as both a hard hitter AND one of the toughest guys in the locker room.

BW: And don't forget that armbar.

GM: The Armbar Assassin has tapped out competitor after competitor with that armbar that seems to come out of nowhere at times... including former AWA National Champion and Mixed Martial Arts superstar, Kolya Sudakov.

[Mahoney lands a second forearm into the kidneys, sending Roberts stumbling chestfirst into the ropes where the Irishman spins him around, winging him across the ring. Mahoney holds his ground, dropping Roberts with a shoulder tackle on the rebound.]

GM: Mahoney takes him off his feet with the tackle.

[Roberts scrambles back to his feet, racing to the ropes a second time. The Irishman sidesteps the rebounding Roberts, allowing him to hit the far ropes where he comes off again...

...and gets greeted with a brutal European uppercut up under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Mahoney!

[Grabbing a handful of Roberts' hair, Mahoney cracks him with a pair of forearm uppercuts again, sending Roberts falling back into the turnbuckles. Mahoney pursues...

...but Roberts is ready for him, opening fire with a pair of big right hands!]

GM: Roberts is fighting back! Young Jack Roberts is matching the aggression of the Irishman!

[Mahoney stumbles back as Roberts pursues, fists drawn back and at the ready...

...but Mahoney swings a leg up, driving a knee into the midsection of the Englishman!]

GM: Oh! Mahoney cuts him off...

[Grabbing a handful of trunks, Mahoney ROCKETS Roberts shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL!

[Still holding the trunks, Mahoney pulls Roberts out into a side waistlock, lifting him off the canvas, dropping him down with a back suplex.]

GM: Mahoney's showing he's got more in the arsenal than just fists, forearms, and armbars as he takes the man down with a nicely-executed suplex.

[Pushing up to a knee, Mahoney balls up his fist and SLAMS it down into the midsection, forcing Roberts to sit up on the mat, clutching his abdomen as Mahoney gets to his feet, takes a three step rush and lands a boot flush to the shoulder!]

GM: Mahoney continues to go after the shoulder, perhaps looking ahead to a chance to slap on the armbar.

BW: With what we heard moments ago, learning that the World Television Title is now vacant, you have to believe that Mahoney may be bringing a little something extra here tonight. EVERYONE may be bringing a little something extra here tonight now.

GM: We do not know how President O'Connor intends to fill that vacancy but anyone who has a shot at being involved is really going to need to raise their game here tonight on Awards Night.

[With Roberts struggling to his feet, Mahoney yanks him into a front facelock, extending his right arm straight out.]

GM: This kid, Jack Roberts, is showing a lot of fight but- ohh! Single arm DDT! And that's a real good way to separate a shoulder, Bucky.

BW: Dangerous, dangerous move by a dangerous, dangerous man.

[Mahoney looms over Roberts, as he pushes himself up onto one knee again. He leans down, smashing a clubbing forearm across the shoulder before grabbing a hold of the arm and giving it a hard yank, trying to hyperextend it.]

GM: There is no secret to the gameplan of Callum Mahoney. Grab the arm, hurt the arm, slap on the armbar.

[Pulling Roberts off the mat, Mahoney twists the arm around, cranking on the limb as Roberts wincing, grabbing at his shoulder. The brawling Irishman lands a few more clubbing forearms across the twisted limb. With his free hand, he looks out at the crowd, curling his fingers in a "come on!" gesture.]

GM: For a tough old brawler, Mahoney certainly does love the interaction with these AWA fans.

[The "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" chant starts up again as Mahoney cracks a grin...

...but gets caught with a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Roberts with the right hand downstairs!

[A second right hand lands on the ear of Mahoney, sending him falling back.]

GM: Roberts trying to generate some offense...

[But as Roberts pursues, Mahoney leaps up, grabbing the weakened arm between his legs, and dragging Roberts down to the canvas!]

BW: ARMBAR! The armbar is locked in!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Jack Roberts taps. Mahoney wins!

BW: I think he could've ended that at any time, Gordo. He was just having fun in there.

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play, as Mahoney releases the hold and gets to his feet. Referee Davis Warren tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney very quickly pulls it away. Cradling his arm, Roberts tries to get to his feet, but stops short when he sees Mahoney standing over him. Looking down on the Englishman, we barely catch the Irishman telling him, "Nice try, lad, but not tonight" before he steps through the ropes, making his way up the elevated walkway towards the locker room.]

GM: Callum Mahoney is triumphant here in the opening match on Awards Night as he looks towards possibly getting a chance to compete for the World Television Title in the weeks to come. Let's take another look at how he got that done...

[We crossfade into slow motion footage where we see Mahoney rocketing Jack Roberts shoulderfirst into the ringpost.]

BW: Into the steel he goes. There ain't no give in a ringpost like that so the kid's shoulder got jammed up nice and good there.

[Using the trunks, Mahoney pulls Roberts into a back suplex, dropping him awkwardly on his shoulder in the process.]

BW: It's the little things, Gordo. Mahoney knows he's going to use a suplex... but he also knows that he wants to hurt the shoulder, not the back. Let's drop him on his shoulder! Just a little variation in the move but enough to really tweak that arm.

[And lastly, Mahoney leaps up, scissoring the arm, and dragging his opponent down in an armbar to get the submission victory.]

BW: And it doesn't take long after the Armbar Assassin hooks in his favorite hold to make Roberts tap, tap, tap away. Your winner by submission, Callum Mahoney!

GM: Mark Stegglet is standing by with the winner so let's go over to Mark right now and get some comments.

[We crossfade over to the interview platform to find Mark Stegglet standing by with Callum Mahoney.]

MS: Another match, another victory for Callum Mahoney. What does the Armbar Assassin have in mind for the year 2014?

CM: It's a new year, Mark, but it's the same old, same old for me: Bart Roberts' kid, the First Night Fighters... They keep bringing the untested in and I'll keep making them tap out!

MS: Speaking of the First Night Fighters, you weren't particularly successful in the Steal the Spotlight showcase. This after Curt Sawyer, MAMMOTH Maximus and you crashed what was essentially going to be a two-team a-

CM: [Interrupting.] The only reason why Sawyer, Maximus and I did what we did was exactly because the suits expected us to just sit back while some unknowns took our spots. And even when we asserted our claim to being a part of the match, nobody took us seriously, did they? Calling me "the armbar guy," calling our team Team Liquid Courage... I might not have stolen the spotlight, but I made a former National Champion tap out and nearly did the same to a two-time National Champion. It took Vasquez pulling out a double leg cradle from out of nowhere to put the Armbar Assassin away.

So, you ask me what's on my mind for the year 2014? I don't know, Mark. Maybe I aim to get in there and win that vacant World Television Title. Or, maybe, I go find a partner and have a go at the Stampede Cup?

In the meantime, I plan to do what I've always been doing. Show up and...

[The fans pick it up.]

"FIGHT!"

"FIGHT!"

"FIGHT!"

"FIGHT!"

"FIGHT!"

[The chant continues as we cut back to the locker room area where Hannibal Carver is pacing back and forth. He pauses, pulling the hood of his hooded sweatshirt off of his head before turning his head to glare at the camera.]

HC: It's no industry secret. Anyone that's followed this sport knows the significance of this time in history. Twenty years. Twenty years since the creation of the legendary EMWC. Anyone that's followed my career knows that place in particular is a sticking point with me. A regret. A chance to collect a paycheck from the biggest game in town.

[Carver shakes his head, rubbing his temples in frustration.]

HC: But my own vices prevented that. So that when I went the call, my head wasn't in the game. And if one man represents that failure... it's Juan Vasquez.

[Carver nods.]

HC: When I should've been geared up to show the world what I could do, I was instead out of my gourd on whatever I could get my hands on. And the result was Juan's hand being raised and me being rightfully handed a pink slip. So yeh can imagine my excitement when the hand of fate intervened, and all these years later I'm stepping through the ropes to get nose to nose with Juan Vasquez.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: And from what I heard from the crowd, I haven't been the only one waiting for it. Which was good, because we gave them everything they'd been waiting for. Just like me, Juan's a different man now. Yeh wouldn't even recognize him from the kid he was then and the man he is now. It was a helluva fight, but just when we were hitting our peak?

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Excitement turns to RAGE.

[Carver's hands ball into fists, seemingly all on their own. Carver grits his teeth, breathing hard through his nose. He takes a couple seconds to calm himself before continuing.]

HC: Yeh must not follow the shows, Marley. Yeh must not have seen that some other little scum played his games with me. Never facing me like a man, always running... only attacking when my back was turned. Playing

mind games, thinking THAT was the thing that would blur my vision long enough to get one over on me.

But that little rabbit, Marley?

[Carver nods, absolute hate showing in his eyes.]

HC: I bashed him in the head until he had brain damage no doctor will EVER be able to fix.

[Carver scowls, spitting on the floor like a venomous snake releasing his poison.]

HC: When I told yeh to run, yeh should've heeded that wise bit of advice. This could've been just a match. With a winner and a loser. But yeh would've walked away when it was all said and done. All yer running buddies would've walked away. But now, none of that.

Now, I'll rip and tear every last one of yer buddies until they regret ever speaking to yeh in the first place.

I will turn the brains of every last Wise Man into mush even if it means an early grave for yers truly?

Now?

[And finally, the Boston Brawler's rage explodes.]

HC: WAR!

[Carver glares at the camera, shaking with absolute anger as we cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first ... already in the ring ... from San Cristobal in the Dominican Republic ... weighing 275 pounds ... he is Angelo Cordero!

[There is zero reaction for the Dominican heavysset journeyman as he raises pudgy arms to the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent ...

["Fame" sets the crowd cheering in anticipation.]

PW: ...from Halifax, Nova Scotia ... weighing in at 248 pounds ... accompanied to the ring by Marissa Monet ... he is...

SHADOOOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[There's a loud fan reaction as the curtains part and Rage emerges first, wrapped in a sleeveless oxblood leather robe. He throws his arms out to the crowd as he spins in place before pointing to the curtain. He then switches

the point to an open palm as a big hand reaches out and takes his and Marissa Monet emerges to the cheers of the crowd. The 6'6 Amazon with the monster natural Afro surveys the crowd with a coquettish smile as she takes Shadoe's arm and they vamp down the aisle.]

GM: Shadoe Rage looks to have healed since we last saw him at SuperClash. There isn't a trace of a limp from that ankle injury suffered at the hands of the Shane Gang.

BW: Well he's got that big ol' woman to prop him up. Can't fall down when you're leaning on that beast.

GM: Bucky, I promise you you don't want to say that to Marissa Monet's face and it looks like she's coming here to commentary.

BW: What? Wait, how good are her ears?

[Indeed, Marissa leaves Shadoe at the ropes, walking down the wooden ringsteps, and heads to the broadcast position. There's an audible "CLUNK!" as she joins the crew on headset.]

MM: Were you just talking about me? I can tell by the look on Bucky's face you were just talking about me.

BW: We were just saying how it's our pleasure to have you on the show. Right, Gordo?

GM: I was.

MM: And Bucky was saying something derogatory, I suspect?

BW: No ma'am.

GM: Yes ma'am!

BW: Gor ... OW, MY SHOULDER!

MM: Sticks and stones will break your bones, Bucky. Name call and Marissa will hurt you.

BW: Yes, ma'am.

GM: Can we have you here every week?

MM: I'd love to but I'm really here to promote my man, Shadoe Rage. We're getting ready to kick off the new year in fine style!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Inside the ring, Rage has shed his robe, glasses and bandana to reveal a pale pink boot and burgundy trunks color scheme today. He lunges at

Cordero, forcing the pudgy heavy man to stumble backwards. Rage points to the sky as the crowd gets behind him. Rage runs the ropes, yanking and pulling at them, before he fakes another charge at Cordero, dropping to all fours and coming at him like a rabid dog. Cordero is totally perplexed by this psychological warfare and resorts to begging the referee for help. This draws more cheers as Rage plays up to the crowd, leaping onto the turnbuckles and pointing towards Marissa Monet.]

MM: Right back atcha, baby! Woوو, go get him now!

[The camera captures Monet rising from her seat and giving the thumbs down/throat slashing gesture. They cut back to ringside with Rage nodding in understanding. He hops down from the buckles as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: Marty Meekly calls for the bell and we're off and running in this singles matchup. Again, Shadoe Rage must be feeling much like Callum Mahoney was earlier tonight as he tries to get the attention of the AWA Championship Committee and earn himself a chance in the coming weeks to become the World Television Champion.

MM: My baby looks good in gold, Gordon.

[Rage lunges into a tieup with Angelo Cordero in the center of the ring.]

GM: Right into the lockup... and this might be a problem for Shadoe Rage as Cordero is much bigger and stronger man.

[Cordero bodies Rage up against the ropes where the smaller man uses his footwork to somehow turn Cordero around, pushing him back against the corner. But before he can seize the advantage, Cordero shoves him back out with his weight and the two roll along the ropes, trading the advantage several times before they end up in an adjacent corner with Rage backed against the buckles.]

GM: The referee's calling for a break here.

[With a loud "HAH!", Cordero steps up and throws a big overhead haymaker that comes up empty as Rage ducks out of the buckles, throwing an elbow back into the shoulderblades and sending Cordero stumbling facefirst into the corner.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is using that speed and quickness that he's been known for throughout his lengthy career.

BW: Yeah, how old is this guy anyways?

MM: I'm not sure that's any of your business, Bucky.

BW: There's record books! I can find out! You can't hide the truth from me!

[Grabbing Cordero by the greasy mullet, Rage bounces his skull off the top turnbuckle. The bulky brawler stumbles away with Rage in pursuit. He slips an arm under Cordero, pulling his throat down on the top rope and choking him as the referee starts his count.]

GM: Again, Meekly calls for the break. Rage showing an aggressive side here tonight in Dallas.

[At the four count, Rage breaks the hold and then uses the ropes to snap Cordero back off them, knocking him down to the canvas. With a smirk to the cheering fans, Rage strides out to the middle of the ring, leaping high into the air and BURIES the point of his elbow into the chest, causing his victim to sit straight up on the canvas, clutching his heart!]

GM: What impact on that leaping elbowdrop! The elbow is the favored weapon of Shadoe Rage as we often see elbowstrikes, elbowdrops, and of course, the flying elbow off the top.

MM: Sure to bring him victory every time.

BW: He didn't get a whole lot of victory back at SuperClash inside that cage. In fact, I'm pretty sure the Shane Gang handed him his tail and then some, daddy.

[With Cordero sitting up on the mat, Rage steps back, throwing a side thrust kick to the heart that sends the big man back down.]

GM: Kick to the heart by Shadoe Rage and as I said, he's showing quite a vicious streak here tonight in this one. That loss back at SuperClash that Bucky mentioned must be still bothering him, Marissa.

MM: It never stopped bothering us, Gordon. SuperClash is the biggest show of the year and that hag, Sandra Hayes, dared ruin it for Shadoe. You see how she had to pay. She got off lightly if you ask me.

GM: So it isn't over?

MM: You know what. Don't let me say it. Let Shadoe tell it. Show the interview he previously recorded.

GM: Let's take a look...

[At the bottom right hand corner of the screen an inset box appears. Inside the box, Shadoe Rage stands in his ring entrance gear, rubbing his hands together with what must be lethal anticipation.]

SR: Happy New Year, AWA. Happy New Year, Marissa Monet. All is right in Rage Country for 2014, because the Queen is back by my side. And that's real bad news for you, Donnie White. That's real bad news for you, Sandra Hayes. That's real bad news for you, Terry Shane. And that's real bad news for the new World Champion, Supreme Wright, and any and every man who dares get in the way of what I want.

[While Rage is speaking, we see him drag Cordero off the canvas, pasting him alternating left-right jabs to the mush and a standing dropkick that sends him falling through the ropes and out to the barely-padded concrete floor below.]

SR: Yeah, the Shane Gang proved three on one that they could beat me when I'm on a bad ankle. But now my leg is healed and I've got Marissa Monet to watch my back. Donnie White, watch your back and watch your front, because it doesn't matter what direction I'm coming from ... I'm going to kick your head off to kick off the New Year. Get me? Off with your head. Off with Lenny Strong's head. Off with Aaron Anderson's head. And off with that Ms. Sandra Hayes' head because she dared get involved in the Hyperstyle Wildbrawl and mess up the past, present and future. Tell your boss I'm clearing out his minions. Tell Supreme Wright that I'm coming for the World title. Tell everybody else, get the Hell out of my way, because my new year's resolution is simply this. I resolve that I will not lose. Hear me?

[And with that the inset disappears just in time for the audience to turn their full attention to Rage scaling the turnbuckles and plastering Cordero with a suicide leap Death from Above. The double axehandle sends Cordero crashing into the ring rail.]

GM: Ohh! A death-defying leap from the top rope to the arena floor and his ankle MUST be feeling better to attempt something like that.

BW: Not necessarily. We saw him do it at SuperClash too with a bum ankle. Nobody's ever accused this guy of being the sharpest tool in the shed.

MM: Keep running your mouth like that, Bucky, and he might use the sharpest tool to split your pretty little head right open.

BW: Hey! You can't threaten me like that! The AWA has rules against that!

MM: Watch this one, boys.

[Rage grabs a stunned Cordero by the arm, flinging him the few steps from the railing to the ring apron before dashing in and leaping up, throwing a knee into the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! Cordero may be on Dream Street after that!

MM: There is no better headhunter in the game then Shadoe Rage. And it's time he got his due. For too long the promoters have been holding down a supreme talent because of his name and family history.

BW: Well, his daddy was an outlaw in this business.

MM: And he is not his father. He is a future World Champion. And I'm going to make sure of that. Shadoe is a born fighter. He isn't strategic, though.

He will take on all comers. That doesn't get you to the top. This isn't a meritocracy. We can see that by the success of the likes of Terry Shane III and Demetrius Lake. Shadoe Rage should be headlining main events. His style is unlike any other. Outside of the Prophets of Rage, he's never been given his due as a singles talent. But any man that can do this...

[With Cordero back inside the ring, Rage points to the sky, twirling his finger as he steps out on the apron, scaling the turnbuckles in a quick fashion. He pauses up top, raising both arms in the air, before flinging himself through the air, and BURYING his elbow into the chest!]

MM: ... is too talented to be ignored. And I'm going to make sure he's not ignored.

[Rage rolls over, grabbing a leg for the quick one-two-three.]

GM: Shadoe Rage picks up a victory here on Awards Night!

[Rage climbs to his feet, getting back to the turnbuckles and pointing to the sky as the crowd cheers his win.]

MM: And that's the move that's going to win a championship, gentlemen. Tell the promoters, the Championship Committee, and President O'Connor that Shadoe Rage is one to watch and one to watch out for this year. You're in Rage Country now. Got it?

BW: Yes, ma'am.

MM: It was my pleasure.

[There's an audio squeal as Marissa removes her headset and heads into the ring.]

BW: Think she's out of earshot?

GM: Bucky, were you scared?

BW: Scared? I ain't scared a no woman, Gordon.

GM: You seemed scared.

BW: My mama always raised me to never lay a hand on a woman but if she wants to get wild, it's my last name, Gordo!

[Gordon chuckles as we fade away from a shot of Shadoe and Marissa walking back up the aisle towards the locker room...

...and back up to Jason Dane who is standing on the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... TRAVIS LYNCH!

[The Crockett Coliseum crowd cheers wildly as the youngest of the Lynch brothers takes his place besides Jason Dane in the interview area. Travis is wearing the AWA "Texas Born, Lynch Raised" T-shirt that, as always seems a size too small; a pair of blue jeans, brown leather belt, which has a Texas shaped belt buckle and his brown ostrich cowboy boots. He smiles broadly as the camera as he slaps Dane on the back.]

TL: How ya' doing, Jason?

[Dane looks uncomfortable at being asked a question.]

JD: Uh, I'm fine, Travis. Thanks for asking. But I think the real question is - how are you these days?

TL: Well, Jason, as you can see I've gotten my smile back!

[Travis smiles again and the women in attendance just soak it in.]

JD: So I've noticed and it seems like I am not the only one.

TL: Well, Jason, that happens when you rid the AWA of a plague like the Beale Street Bullies. You see, Jack and I told them that they would pay for what they did to James ... and well... ol' Blackjack he put an exclamation point on that when delivered the piledriver to Dick Wyatt.

[Cheers erupt throughout the Coliseum.]

JD: On that point, Jack and yourself seemed a bit stunned when Blackjack did that.

[Travis nods as he speaks.]

TL: Everyone knew how hot under the collar the entire family was ... but yeah, yeah... the piledriver was a bit of a shock. But Jack and I, we feel no remorse or pity for Wyatt, he got what he deserved. And that made SuperClash a great night for the Lynches!

[Once again, the cheers fill the Coliseum and a number of "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" cries are heard from the crowd. Travis smiles once more.]

TL: I love y'all too.

[Dane raises the mic to speak again.]

JD: Speaking of SuperClash, what are you going to do about Demetrius Lake's assault on your father?

TL: We all know that when you lay a hand on Blackjack, the boys respond. Rex Summers found that out first hand a couple of years ago. But as to what I'm going to do?

[Travis grins.]

TL: I'm not going to do a thing.

[A stunned silence overtakes the crowd as Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: I'm sorry. Did you say that you're not going to do-

[Travis raises a hand to interrupt.]

TL: Don't get me wrong, Jason. I'm not sayin' I don't want to beat him like a government mule ... but Demetrius gotta know that there's a yellow jacket in the outhouse, and that yellow jacket's name is Jack Lynch!

[The crowd cheers at the mention of the oldest Lynch boy.]

TL: Jack looked me in the eyes and told me he wanted Demetrius and was gonna make him buzzard bait. Now what kind of brother would I be if I denied Jack that request? I'd be like Adam Rogers, he told the Beale Street Bullies he was their brother, he had their backs and where is he now?

[Before Jason can answer, Travis continues to speak.]

TL: Likely in the same gutter he crawled out of when Donovan offered him a payday! Jack knows if he needs me he doesn't have to ask. He'll just turn around and there I'll be ready to go to war.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: But till then I'm following the words of the ol' man.

JD: Which are?

TL: Well Jason, during the holidays he took me aside and said "Trav, you took the PCW title back from the filth that was tarnishin' her ... you stood tall with your brothers and then myself as we took the fight to 'em dirty Bullies. It's time for you to look out for you."

He then tapped me on the cheek and smiled. So that's what I'm gonna do.

[The crowd cheers at the implication.]

TL: It's time to stop flounderin' and time to reach begin the long climb to the top.

[The cheers pick up volume and intensity as Travis slaps Jason on the back.]

TL: And I'm startin' with the World Television Title. So, if you're in the back and you can hear my voice... whether your last name is Stegglet, Taylor, Michaelson, O'Connor, or anyone else who has the power to put MY name in the mix for that vacated title, you're lookin' at the next champion!

[With a big crowd reaction behind him, Travis Lynch walks off the platform and out of sight.]

JD: There you have it, fans. The World Television Title is vacant and the AWA locker room is on the hunt for gold to kick off 2014 including that man, Travis Lynch! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Stampede Cup Qualifying action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway.

Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but Shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

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

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

As we fade back from commercial, we end up backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with two extremely colorful individuals. It's the Rave, who are as colorfully adorned as usual.

Jerby Jezz, the pale reddish-skinned Raver, is garbed in a neon-green Lycra jacket with orchid-and-tan colored polyester tubing around the outside, and several large navy blue tassels attached to that. He's sporting thick baggy sky-blue track pants with orange and yellow zig-zags, and cherry-red Zips with forest-green trim. He's also wearing a violet-tinted monocle with multi-colored wiring connecting it to a chrome-and-teal earpiece with a single red feather glued to it. His hair is done up in a tall wavy fauxhawk which starts at light blue and travels to purple at the end.

Shizz Dawg OG, the light-mocha-skinned Raver, has on a half-orange half-mint-green coat with purple lining and epilauts with purple-and-gold frills. Many plum-colored bands are wrapped around his arms. His ring attire seems to consist of a pair of black sweatpants which have been mottled with green, red, yellow, and pink paint, with a pair of mid-thigh-length cyan trunks with a brown-and-peach 'sprinkle' pattern. He's wearing lime-green Roos with scarlet trim, and a thick maroon pair of goggles with sea-green lenses. His puffy round hairstyle is a swirl of grey and golden-orange. Both Ravers sport the usual brass steampunk-looking wrist-mounted streamer launchers that they always wear.]

JD: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where it's time for another, uh, adventurous interview with the alleged time travelers, the Rave.

JJ: Filbritz it, jacksaw! We flow that many of you protosheep still don't flow that we're relative-here in the relative-now to save our past from your future by saving your present from our past.

JD: This may be a new record; you usually don't have me dizzy until thirty seconds in.

SDOG: But for those winhaving jaggos who flow with the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, we have a rawklimation!

JJ: In anciespeak, that means "good news".

SDOG: We just flowed back from 2032, and the Time Variance Au...

JJ: ...they don't need to flow about them!

SDOG: Squerd. All you need to flow is that the railspur is in chronolock, and our past is now timesynced with your present to preserve everyhumie's future!

[At this, the Rave start dancing in celebration. If, in fact, that... thing they are doing is dancing in 2032. It may also be that they've both spontaneously developed epilepsy and simultaneously looked to see what the other one was wearing. It would look the same either way.]

JD: So... your mission in our time is over?

JJ: Don't you flow with causality, dimscrew? There's still one paradox to dematriculize from the timeflow. And that is what happened in 2012 when a certain gyzzrus loaf damaged our timeride and caused a chonal destabileddy in 2013 that made us not win the Wildstyling Hyper Acclimation Tournament like history says we willdid!

JD: Wildstyling Hy... WHAT?

SDOG: Yes! That!

JD: Oh, now I remember. That's what you call the Stampede Cup.

[At the words "Stampede Cup", both Jezz and Shizz get sour looks on their faces.]

SDOG: How would you like it if we called something the "Holocaust Cup" or the "Nine Eleven Cup" or the "US Congress Cup"?

JJ: It hasn't happened yet, Shizz. They'll see. I mean, we could stop it... but the paradox would rixx the entire timeflow, in all three directions.

SDOG: Digression! We will win the Wildstyling Hyper Acclimation Tournament and rename it the Wildstyling Hyper Acclimation Tournament like it always should have been, so that future generations of humiespawn can understand the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior! We already flow that we willdid win, because we have the trophy!

[Jezz picks up an old, timeworn trophy that he had apparently set down before the segment began.]

JD: You showed that last year!

SDOG: But when our chronoride was damaged, and the flux decapacitated, it warped the chronosignature of...

JJ: It changed our past to your present, where we willdid win in 2014 instead of 2013! But this time, there was no demiquantum flux cascade on which to blame any variance! If we don't win the Wildstyling Hyper Acclimation Tournament, the grandspawndonor paradox will cause a timecrash!

SODG: But it would have already happened, so we flow that we will win. Tonight, we will qualify. Senator Myers' vision of peace in all time will be complete, and we will RAVE!

Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE CHEESE!

JD: I thought that was 'borscht'?

[Both Ravers look at Jason like he's just fallen out of the sky.]

SDOG: You're weird.

[And with that, the Rave shuffles off with their crazy gyrating dance-walking. Jason shakes his head sadly.]

JD: You'd think after two years of interviewing those two, I'd be used to it. No. No, I'll never be used to it. Back to you, Senator Myers. And Bucky.

BW: Rub it in, whydon'tcha!

GM: You always complain when he doesn't throw it back to you. Now he does and you're not happy.

BW: It used to be Senator Wilde before those bumbling idiots failed to protect history. They probably screwed it up themselves. Well, tonight they've got to face Dichotomy to get to the Stampede Cup. I hope we get a grandspawndonor paradox.

GM: You still believe that they're actually two time travelers instead of two wrestlers who use mind games to make up for their very small size, by the standards of the sport?

BW: They stopped giving me sports betting tips! I'm missing out on a fortune!

GM: Take it away, Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest, scheduled for one fall and a twenty minute time limit... is a Stampede Cup Qualifier!

[The fans cheer for this, and then...]

WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

[...begin to boo as "Vengeance" by The Protomen plays over the PA.]

GM: The Stampede Cup is our next big event coming up in March and back at SuperClash V, Air Strike defeated the Longhorn Riders to become the first team entered into the field. We're going to find out more entries latest tonight but right now, we're about to see a Stampede Cup Qualifier that will pit Dichotomy against the Rave. I suspect a psychiatrist would have a field day with this one.

[After a short time, the curtain parts to reveal two figures. The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol. He's wearing a blue polo shirt (with a triangular Starfleet communicator-pin logo on it) and heavy wrist tape, which he's adjusting.

The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white. He's wearing a black T-Shirt with HEISENBERG LABORATORIES in white print. The two men stop at the top of the aisle and survey the scene, conversing a bit before proceeding down the aisle.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Cambridge, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty-seven pounds...

...MATT GINN... MARK HOFNER... they are DICHOTOMY!

[The duo takes their time proceeding to the ring as the analog-mastered rock of The Protomen kicks into gear. Ginn gives several of the fans disgusted looks and dismissive gestures while Hoefner shouts insults and makes threats. They stop a couple times on the way to do this, taking their sweet time.]

BW: You know, while everybody else has been talking about the Wise Men, talking about Royalty and the title situation, talking about Supreme Wright, talking about every other thing... over the past year we've had some of the rookies who never won any matches, who came out and got beat up every week, and now they're the ones who are coming on strong. I don't think you give Dichotomy enough credit.

GM: I think you give them too much credit, seeing as how they still have not defeated a ranked team. But they have a major opportunity to do just that here, assuming that they're going to wrestle and not spend their time whining about conspiracies and the Northern Lights.

[Upon reaching the end of the elevated aisle, Hoefner slingshots himself over the top into the ring, while Ginn wipes his feet on the apron and steps gingerly through the ropes. Hoefner steps up on the second rope and makes rude gestures while shouting at the fans, while Ginn merely contorts his face into a disgusted sneer and plugs his ears to block out the boos.]

BW: Well, it ain't like their opponents are the picture of focus either.

GM: I maintain that everything the Rave does is calculated to give them an advantage. We'll see if that works tonight.

PW: And their opponents... about to make their way down the aisle...

["Vengeance" is cut off by the opening organ ditty that leads into "So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys. The fans cheer as the crazily attired members of the Rave shimmy out from behind the curtain. Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG are attired as seen in their interview segment, which is to say they look like an explosion at the Crayola factory. Jezz and Dawg proceed to half-strut, half-dance, and half-vibrate down the aisle, because they have no respect for either physics or mathematics.]

BW: Traitors! They sold me out, Gordo. I was gonna be a Senator. *sob*

GM: Really, Bucky? That's the worst fake sobbing I've heard since my granddaughter tried to get me to buy her Disney Infinity figures for Christmas.

BW: And it worked.

GM: Back on track, the Rave are, as usual, very colorfully attired to say the least. They look like they were caught in a tornado that passed through both a Sherwin-Williams and the Salvation Army.

BW: Ha. If nothing else, they bring out your secret snarky side.

[The duo does an over-the-top rope synchronized diveroll, and come up in a ready-to-fight position... which, combined with the fact that both of them have weaponizable brass forearm guards, stops an attempted Dichotomy ambush cold. Hoefner and Ginn stop in mid-rush, and pull back to their corner as the music stops. Jezz and Dawg nod and some trash-talking begins as Phil Watson completes the introduction.]

PW: From New Seattle in the year 2032... at a total combined weight of three hundred ninety-seven pounds... JERBY JEZZ and SHIZZ DAWG OG... THE RAVE!

[Cheers go up, and a loud *POP* sound emits from the brass streamer launchers as Jezz and Shizz make a dramatic pose, sending streamers of every possible color flying all over each side of the ring. Ginn and Hoefner make a big show of recoiling, ripping the streamers off of them, and complaining to referee Davis Warren about it. The Rave proceeds to strip off the streamers, eyewear, and jackets.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We are underway, and to the surprise of approximately no one, Dichotomy is stalling.

BW: No, they're planning.

[They've both stepped out to the apron and are now having yet another conference. Jezz and Shizz approach, and start making some derogatory comments. Well, maybe. Upon hearing them, Ginn and Hoefner merely look

at one another with perplexed expressions. Mark Hoefner waves Davis Warren over and demands that he translate what the Rave just said.]

GM: Stalling. This match was signed on January fifth in the offices of the AWA, Bucky. Dichotomy has had about two weeks to come up with a strategy. If they don't have one by now, they're out of luck.

[Despite being time defenders, the Rave decide that they don't have all the time in the world, and grab the top rope on either side of Mark Hoefner. The colorful duo slingshot a surprised Hoefner over the top rope into the ring the hard way to the approval of the crowd.]

BW: Hey! Maybe slingshotting someone in the middle of a planning session is proper etiquette in 2032, but here in 2014 you gotta wait your turn!

GM: Jerby Jezz and the Dawg OG pick up Hoefner, and a double body slam sends him down! Ginn is in, and the Dawg OG throws the spinning heel kick to the back of his leg as Jezz hits a leaping clothesline! The six-foot-seven inch Ginn goes sprawling to the mat!

BW: Come on, Warren! They have five seconds, not five minutes!

GM: Jerby stepping out of the ring. Bucky, I remind you that when the Rave were calling you a senator and verbally abusing the fans, you supported these tactics.

BW: More lies and obfuscation from a man who clearly is only interested in stealing my senatorship through evil means. I bet you cut a deal with the Rave to change history so you'd be the Senator instead. All that disbelief of their clearly-proven time travel is just a front. I'm on to you, Myers!

GM: *sigh* The Dawg OG with some brawling offense on Hoefner to back him into a corner. Irish-whip... reversed by Hoefner! The Dawg to the buckles and Hoefner follows in, but he eats two oddly-shoed feet to the chest!

BW: That flattened him out, and Shizz is goin' up. Try saying his first name sometime.

GM: No. The Dawg OG off the top rope with a forearm, driving it into the side of the face of a prone Hoefner! Fast and brutal attack by the Dawg, who is now maneuvering Hoefner over to the Rave corner. The tag is made to Jerby Jezz, and both Ravers are in.

[The Dawg and Jezz throw four synchronized punches at a cornered Hoefner to soften him up, and then Jezz backpedals. Shizz jumps up on Hoefner in the corner, and monkey-flips him out of the corner... Jezz dropkicks the Shenandoah native when he's upside down off the monkey flip, arresting his forward momentum and causing him to land face-first on the mat! This draws a loud cheer from the crowd.]

BW: OW!

GM: A simple yet brutal double team move by the Rave. These two men go right for the jugular every time out, but more so with a million dollars on the line. The winner gains entry to the prestigious Stampede Cup, and the Rave do not want a repeat of last year when it took them two tries to get into the tournament.

BW: Because they probably won't get a second chance this time. They only got a second chance because their first chance was at SuperClash in 2012, and there is a lot of time between SuperClash and the Cup.

GM: Jerby Jezz is the legal man, and he sends Hoefner off the ropes...

[The crowd boos as Hoefner grabs the top strand as he rebounds, which causes him to stop short on the bounceback. He slides under the bottom rope and walks away towards his corner with an angry, pained look on his face.]

BW: Ha! Smart. Things are not going your way, take a breather.

GM: Definitely an intelligent tactic. If he remembers that being outside the ring means being in the Rave's proverbial wheelhouse.

BW: Now's when the referee has to keep control of these little lunatics. Look out, Mark, here comes Shizz!

[Shizz Dawg OG, who is the illegal man, runs around the apron to get to Hoefner's side of the ring. However, Matt Ginn is paying attention. He heads over and cuts Dawg off before he can leap off the apron onto Hoefner, booting him in the face with one of his long legs and causing him to fall flat on his back on the apron.]

GM: Ginn very alertly hammering the Dawg OG before he could make a move. The MIT graduate using his best attribute, his intelligence, to stop the Rave's madness before it starts.

BW: Uh, oh. Spoke too soon!

[The fans roar as Jerby Jezz runs to the corner, hops to the second turnbuckle, and bounces off of that over the top rope to hit Ginn with a cross-body block on the apron... sending him crashing into Hoefner on the floor! Jezz lands on top and there's a huge pileup and a very loud reaction to the spectacular maneuver.]

GM: INCREDIBLE! JERBY JEZZ WITH A DAREDEVIL MOVE WIPING OUT BOTH MEMBERS OF DICHOTOMY!

BW: They're going for the countout early!

GM: The Dawg OG rolling under the bottom rope into the ring. He's not the legal man, and Davis Warren is laying a count on him. OG runs off the far ropes... OH MY WORD!

[Gordon's 'oh my word' punctuates a tope con hilo over the top rope atop the pile outside the ring, as Jerby Jezz rolls off of Ginn to avoid taking any of the impact. The cheers for the spectacular moves are deafening, and Jezz slides back in the ring and makes a big showy gesture for the referee to start the countout.]

BW: This match started about as badly as it could for Dichotomy. They're already in jeopardy of taking a doublecount!

GM: Davis Warren is lecturing Jerby Jezz about the Rave's playing fast and loose with the rules here. It's a fair point; while he probably shouldn't be issuing any disqualifications for the illegal man initiating that sequence, giving Jezz a warning serves to slow down the Rave's offense which is a tangible consequence.

BW: As weird as you may think it sounds in this case, I say that referees should sit back and let them fight. If you ain't gonna disqualify somebody about something, it ain't worth getting excited about.

GM: Warren starts the count, and both Ginn and Hoefner are moving like Bucky Wilde on a Sunday morning after one of his infamous post-show revelries.

BW: One, I resent that insinuation, and two, that's a bad analogy 'cause neither one of them have vomited or punched their bathroom mirror yet. Er, uh, ha ha, funny stuff I just made up there!

[Dichotomy slowly shamble around the ring to their corner, stopping to berate fans and yell at the cameraman for being in their way. They wait until the count of nine before Hoefner reenters.]

GM: Hoefner rolls into the ring near his corner, and he reaches up his hand to tag in Matt Ginn. This is probably a better matchup for Dichotomy; Hoefner moves a mile a minute, but the Rave loves that pace. Ginn prefers to put a stranglehold on a match's pace and turn things into a mat wrestling exhibition, where the Rave are particularly weak.

[Ginn takes the full five count after the tag before actually getting in. The crowd boos all of this time-wasting that Dichotomy's doing, and more so when the first thing Ginn does is demand that Warren search Jerby Jezz for foreign objects.]

BW: You know, Jerby Jezz could be hiding a chainsaw in those baggy pants he's wearing. The colors alone oughta qualify them as illegal anyway.

GM: I shudder to think what colors his boxers would be.

BW: ...I shudder to think what the Rave would even wear for underwear.

GM: I suggest we drop this tangent and never speak of this ever again.

BW: Done.

GM: The match has gone from rapid-fire flying to a screeching halt, and the fans expressing their disapproval. Jerby Jezz checks clean, and now Jezz and Ginn with a tieup... eyerake by Ginn. Stuffing a forearm shiver to the face, and a side headlock takedown... Jezz out the back door. Both men up, and Jerby Jezz with a kick to the face before Ginn could stand up all the way.

BW: Jezz backs out before Ginn can get him.

GM: Dropkick by Jerby Jezz topples Matt Ginn! Ginn does not have the reflexes needed to defend against this kind of attack from someone as fast as the Rave.

[Jezz quickly moves in, and Irish-whips Ginn to the ropes. As he hits the ropes near Shizz Dawg OG, Ginn suddenly stumbles forward onto his knees and holds his back. He and Hoefner both begin wildly gesturing towards Shizz Dawg, claiming that he attacked Ginn as he hit the ropes.]

BW: Come on, ref! You can't let the Rave just do whatever they want!

GM: The Dawg OG didn't do anything! Matt Ginn is accusing him falsely, Bucky!

BW: Well, I don't know what match you're watching, but I know all the fans saw it because they're booing the dirty cheat.

GM: They're booing A dirty cheat, yes, but I don't think we're talking about the same person. And... for heavens sake! Now they want the referee to search OG!

BW: The guy's wearing a pair of cheap Wal-Mart sweats underneath wrestling trunks. He's GOT to be hiding something.

GM: There are no circumstances under which I would ever argue in favor of wearing that particular ring attire choice, so I have no comment.

[Knowing very well that Dichotomy is up to something, but unable to buck the precedent he set when agreeing to search Jezz earlier, Davis Warren goes to check Shizz for a foreign object. And that's when Mark Hoefner comes off the top rope into the distracted Jerby Jezz's back with a flying double axehandle, sending him careening into a high sidewalk slam by Ginn! The crowd boos like crazy.]

BW: Ha ha ha! They set that up perfectly!

GM: Absolutely despicable! Dichotomy using underhanded means to gain control of the match, and now Ginn is using his boot to choke Jerby Jezz on the mat.

BW: Well, all the times you whined and cried over the years about the Rave ignoring the rules because they're from 2032 makes that whining and crying seem awful hypocritical, Gordo.

GM: Why? They were wrong to do it, and Dichotomy is also wrong to do it. That's not called being hypocritical, that's called being consistent.

BW: Oh, well... uhm... when you put it that way... look at that evil cheater evilly cheating! Castigate him!

GM: The Dawg OG runs into the ring and knees Ginn in the back! He is trying to drag Jezz towards his corner, but Davis Warren will not permit it. That was a terrible decision by the Dawg, and his partner is going to pay for it; Hoefner in behind Warren's back, grabs two hands full of Jezz's hair, and pounds his face as hard as he can into the top turnbuckle!

BW: Wham! Running start, and crushed Jezz's face. I love Hoefner's offense. It's simple and vicious.

GM: Ginn slaps his hands together, and now Warren thinks they've tagged, apparently. Dichotomy manipulating the official, as is their MO. Ginn scooping the legs of Jerby Jezz, and what are they setting up here?

[Specifically, Jezz is slumped in the corner when Matt Ginn grabs his legs and tucks them under his arms, as if he were about to go for a Boston Crab. However, Jezz is still leaning on the turnbuckles, so his entire body is now elevated off the mat. This lets Hoefner get a running start, leap, and crash into Jezz's exposed ribs with a leaping elbow drop. Ginn lets go, and Jezz falls the extra four feet or so to the mat with Hoefner atop him.]

BW: What they're setting up is painful, daddy. There ain't names for moves like that. That's just full-on mean. I like it.

GM: Ginn exiting, and Davis Warren accepting that Mark Hoefner is the legal man. Hoefner blatantly choking Jerby Jezz like a rabid animal!

BW: You finally used 'blatantly' correctly, Gordo, but a rabid animal would be biting rather than choking. Still and all, I guess if rabid animals did choke people, that's how they'd do it. Two hands and screaming about it.

GM: Hoefner draping Jezz's neck on the second rope. We've seen this before!

[What 'this' involves Hoefner grabbing the top rope to slingshot himself onto the apron, stomping the back of Jerby Jezz's head as he lands on the apron. He then takes a single step back, stepping off the apron and driving the elbow into Jezz's head as he falls past. The impact slings Jezz backwards off the rope, and the crowd boos.]

BW: We need a name for some of Hoefner's moves that we just can't describe. Sometimes I feel like we should be callin' a move, but we'd have to describe it, and this ain't radio.

GM: I will leave naming moves to the wrestlers, thank you very much. Hoefner is distracted by the jeering crowd, and Matt Ginn is reaching in the ring through the ropes, using his height and long limbs to his advantage in grasping Jerby Jezz by the foot so he cannot crawl to his corner while Hoefner is preoccupied.

BW: A good tag team is aware of each other's flaws and willing to cover for them. Dichotomy just needs to take that next step and become a great tag team: have no flaws. Like the Blonde Bombers.

GM: They showed plenty of flaws at SuperClash.

BW: "Unlucky" ain't a flaw, Gordo. Anyone can lose to a fluke.

GM: Hoefner is in just as Davis Warren was about to reach five on his count, and...

[*WHACK!*

GM: ...good grief! That kick!

BW: Wow. That was a field goal kick, Gordo! Hoefner took a running start and just laid into poor Jerby Jezz. Just about knocked the blue out of his hair!

GM: As much as I have always wondered how the Rave manage to change hairstyles and colors so thoroughly each fortnight, I'm going to guess that doesn't involve blunt force trauma. Hoefner picking up Jezz and tagging Matt Ginn. Ginn swings his foot up on the ropes, and Hoefner ramming Jerby Jezz right into his boot.

BW: And now we're gonna see how a biologist dissects people.

GM: Biologists don't dissect people.

BW: This one does.

[And Ginn's chosen form of dissection seems to be the abdominal stretch. He clamps it on Jerby, and due to the large height difference, he's just about pulling poor Jezz apart. The Raver flails in obvious pain.]

GM: He's not a biologist; as I understand he ruined his chance at being a scientist by participating in illegal experimentation.

BW: Oooh. Maybe he's a supersoldier!

GM: He wasn't the experimental subject, Bucky! This isn't a comic book. He was a research assistant for a scientist who was performing illegal human experiments with diseases and vaccinations. It's not nearly as glamorous as it sounds. Suffice to say, no respectable academic institution would let Ginn into their program after that scandal.

[As we get some lovely exposition, Ginn reaches back and grabs the top rope for added leverage. Jezz screams, and Warren is oblivious for a moment. Then he seems to hear the increased crowd response, and checks, but by then Ginn has released the top rope.]

BW: Yeah, yeah, society is too scared to break an egg so they'll never make an omelet. All great scientific advances have come when the needs of the many went before the needs of the one. Matt told me all about this, Gordo. I got the real story.

GM: I'm sure you got A story, yes. Both members of Dichotomy have tragic backstories where they directly caused their own "tragedies" because they're fundamentally terrible human beings, and they both blame everyone else instead of learning from their mistakes.

[Ginn is using the top rope again. This time, instead of waiting for Warren to do something about it, Shizz Dawg OG drops off the apron, runs around the outside of the ring, and heads for the ropes where Ginn is grabbing on for the leverage. Hoefner is wary, and much as his partner did earlier, tries to cut the Dawg off before he can get there. However, Shizz Dawg diverolls under Hoefner's attempted clothesline, jumps up onto the apron, grabs Ginn's arm, and jumps down off of the apron... stretching Ginn's arm over the rope and causing the abdominal stretch to tip over. Ginn slingshots back into a very high hip toss by Jerby Jezz! The loud boos for the cheating turn to loud cheers for the turnabout!]

BW: That's one way to get out of a dissection!

GM: The Dawg OG was tired of Ginn getting away with murder.

BW: Dissection. Not murder. So-called "ethics" getting in the way of science again.

GM: Hoefner decking the Dawg, who got his partner out of danger but left himself wide open for retribution. Ginn is staggering, and Jerby Jezz with a leap... driving Ginn to the mat with a leg lariat! That was like a cross between a leg lariat and a leg drop, with Jezz landing on the chest of Ginn... incredible maneuver!

BW: You can't underestimate Jerby. He made the Sweet Sixteen of the World Title Tournament back in 2012, which surprised exactly everyone. Though I guess Shizz got as much offense in those matches as Jezz did.

GM: Both of these young men are more than they appear to be, that much is certain. Hoefner scooping up the Dawg... slams him on the floor! Brutal!

BW: There's padding out there, but it's still worse than being slammed in the ring. Ring mats have give because we don't want anyone to die in this sport. Out there, your life is in your hands. Or the other guy's.

GM: Jerby Jezz is hurting but he is pouring it on! Sending Matt Ginn to the ropes, leapfrogging all six-seven of him... and a spin-around flying headscissors as Ginn comes off the ropes! Ginn's high center of gravity makes those moves very effective on him; he goes flying!

[The crowd cheers with great exuberance for Jezz's offense, but as Jerby rushes to the far ropes, the cheers turn to boos as Mark Hoefner pulls the top rope down, causing the one-time "Nature Manspawn" to go flopping over the top rope and to the floor!]

BW: Talk about a high center of gravity! Wow, how clumsy do you have to be to just fall over the top rope like that?

GM: HOEFNER PULLED DOWN THE ROPE! That should be grounds for an automatic disqualification!

BW: Except the ref didn't see it because Matt Ginn was grabbing his shin and begging for help. Uh, in the manliest and most dignified manner possible.

GM: In so much as it was a ploy, I suppose he does consider it dignified. Jerby Jezz is out of it on the floor, and Mark Hoefner is climbing the turnbuckles. Ginn continues to distract Warren!

BW: Bombs away!

GM: FLYING AXEHANDLE FROM THE TOP TO THE FLOOR! What a devastating maneuver! Shades of Scotty Mayhem right there. Jerby Jezz is in trouble!

BW: How ironic would it be if The Rave lost by doublecount right now?

GM: You mean "countout".

BW: In 2032, it's called "doublecount", because a "countout" is when both members of a team are counted out while the entire other team is in. Also known as Superior Countout Victory, and the ultimate way to win matches in 2032 where pins and submissions no longer exist. We have to explain these things for newer viewers, Gordo.

GM: Well, Mark Hoefner must care more about qualifying for the Stampede Cup than being ironic, because he fires Jerby Jezz into the ring. Matt Ginn right there to pick up the pieces, too.

BW: We are moments away from a grandspawndonor paradox, daddy. I've never been happier about the end of all existence. We get rid of the Patriot Act, Obamacare, and the Lynch Family in one fell swoop.

GM: Matt Ginn lifting up Jerby jezz in the vertical suplex, and holding him up there! Six feet seven inches between Jezz and the mat, upside down, the blood rushing to his brain... and down with thunderous impact!

BW: Some guys can make common moves that everyone uses much more impactful, and Matt Ginn is one of them. You don't need fancy overcomplicated moves if you do the classics right.

GM: Ginn dumps Jerby Jezz through the ropes, and complaining to the official again. He's setting up Mark Hoefner for a repeat performance!

BW: One more of those axehandles oughta do it for Jerby Jezz... HEY!

GM: The Dawg OG caught him! Hoefner thought the Dawg was still down, but he was playing possum! A series of rights to the breadbasket of Hoefner...

[From his position on the apron, Shizz Dawg looks down at Jerby, who is peeling himself off the mat. Jerby nods and waves for Shizz to 'bring it on'. Shizz nods back, rakes Hoefner's eyes, and steps up on the second rope as Jezz keeps waving him on. The crowd knows what's coming, and gets on their feet!]

BW: NO! Matt! MATT! You gotta stop them!

GM: Ginn's back is turned distracting Warren! The Dawg OG has Hoefner by the seat of his pants...

[With a big yell, Shizz throws Hoefner at Jerby, who stands ready to catch him... and then runs away, letting Hoefner crash to the floor! The cheers are electric as both Ravers dance like crazy.]

GM: SILVERFISH HAND CATCH!

BW: NO!

GM: Hoefner crashed into the floor, and Matt Ginn turns around to see the Dawg OG on the ropes...

[Shizz stops dancing, and jumps from the second rope on the outside to the top rope, then right at Ginn with a modified flying dropkick, sending one foot into each of Ginn's knees! This causes him to fall forward onto Shizz, who has his fist held up in front of him. Ginn's nose hits the fist and he rolls on the mat holding his face!]

BW: Oh, come on, ref!

GM: Earlier on, you said that a referee should let them go!

BW: But if you're not gonna let them go, you gotta stop THAT!

GM: The Rave is back in the driver's seat in stunning fashion! Mark Hoefner is out of it! Matt Ginn is reeling! Jerby Jezz slides back into the ring, and makes the tag to the Dawg OG to make it official!

BW: If somebody doesn't do something, I'm not gonna be a Senator! And that's terrible!

GM: The Dawg OG sends Matt Ginn off the ropes, and a back body drop sends the Massachusettes native head over heels to the canvas! Ginn tries to beg off, but OG is relentless, kicking him in the face. The Dawg runs off the ropes, barrels back... what?

[Gordon's confusion comes from the fact that Shizz runs right past a staggered Ginn without touching him. He leaps over the top rope, grabbing the top strand as he goes with both hands. His momentum from running keeps him going even after his feet hit the apron, so he ends up raring way back... and then the snapback from the top rope comes, slingshotting him back into the ring over the top rope, plowing into Ginn with a flying clothesline that takes his lanky adversary off of his feet in spectacular fashion!]

BW: Come on, Matt! His reaction speed isn't fast enough to deal with high speed offense!

GM: This capacity crowd is on proverbial fire, as is The Rave! Tag made, and the Dawg sends a woozy Matt Ginn to the far ropes...

[*WHAP!*

GM: ...AND JERBY JEZZ JUST ABOUT DECAPITATES HIM WITH A FLYING FOREARM!

BW: He got him right as Ginn was jumping over Shizz, who dropped down in front! Perfect timing.

GM: Matt Ginn staggers to the ropes... AND BOTH MEMBERS OF THE RAVE CLOTHESLINE HIM UP AND OVER THE TOP WITH THE DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

[As the loud cheers continue unabated, Ginn lands in a heap as both Ravers flipped over the top with him. Immediately, Jerby and Shizz pick up Ginn, and drape him stomach first over the railing!]

BW: Nononono! Not this! Anything but this!

GM: This is their eponymous finish, and if they hit it, they'll get their Superior Countout Victory for sure!

[Jerby Jezz climbs to the top turnbuckle on one side of the ring while Shizz Dawg OG climbs to the other. The duo wastes no time in leaping down atop Ginn's back...]

GM: __THE RAVE__!

[*CRAAASH!*

[...or they would have, if Mark Hoefner hadn't pulled Ginn out of the way!]

BW: THEY MISSED IT! THEY MISSED IT, DADDY!

GM: OH, NO! The Rave has never missed their self-named move before... and we always knew that if they ever missed THAT...

[The crowd is silenced in swift and stunning fashion as both Jezz and Shizz collide with the ring barricade as well as each other, and fall to the floor motionless. Hoefner throws Ginn into the ring and drags himself away as the referee begins a count.]

BW: Ha ha ha ha ha! Cue grandspawndonor paradox! It was only a matter of time before these idiots missed that suicide move!

GM: I'm sure they thought Hoefner was finished after the Silverfish Hand Catch, but it looks like he was able to roll with the landing enough to be able to recover eventually. As someone who uses so-called 'suicide moves' himself, Hoefner should be expected to have some ability to tumble and take less damage from a landing. Now, the question is whether the Rave have the same.

BW: From THAT?! Are you kidding? Nobody could survive that!

GM: Maybe, but this is a point where the Rave's relatively miniscule size could help them, Bucky. Falling damage is much less for them. It's all a question of how hard they hit the railing. The count is up to six...

[The Rave begin to move. Both of them slowly crawl to the ring.]

GM: ...seven...

[In the ring, Dichotomy is already celebrating their assured victory. The fans are booing them loudly.]

GM: ...eight...

[Shizz Dawg OG, who has taken much less punishment than his tag team partner in this match, gets to his knees. He reaches back, and grasps his partner's hand.]

BW: Ninetenringthebell!

GM: ...nine...

[With one final pull, The Rave pull themselves up, and dive for the bottom rope!]

GM: ...te.... they did it! They beat the count! Incredible!

BW: HOW?!

[Hearing the loud cheers, Dichotomy looks around and yells at the fans that they don't want their cheers. They then turn and see The Rave slowly pulling themselves up, and both men lose it.]

GM: Dichotomy can't believe it! But the Rave is up and the match continues!

BW: That was unbelievable, but reality is about to set in, daddy.

[Hoefner barrels across the ring and steamrolls the Dawg as Jezz fires a chop at an advancing Ginn. Ginn cuts off a second chop with a half-nelson, turns Jezz around, and hammers him in the kidneys with a forearm. Hoefner tries to Irish-Whip Shizz, but the Dawg falls and holds his right leg in agony.]

GM: Dichotomy with the attack! All four men are in... and it looks like the Dawg OG is injured, Bucky!

BW: Like I said, reality check. A crazy suicide dive into the railing... light or not, acrobatic or not, how much can you really have left after that?

GM: Hoefner stomping at the leg of the Dawg, as Ginn hooks Jezz and drives him down with a standing reverse neckbreaker!

[Davis Warren pulls Hoefner back and orders him back to his corner. He then does the same for Shizz, but Shizz can't even stand.]

BW: Warren checking on the Dawg. Kids, this is why you leave wrestling for the grownups.

GM: The Dawg OG is not a child, no matter how he may dress.

BW: I meant people over two hundred pounds. Ideally much more than that. Kids, don't become crazy high-risk flippy stuntman wrestlers. This is what eventually happens to you. Unless you have an entire planet worth of raw talent like a Rick Marley... and kids, take it from me, you don't... it will all end in tears.

GM: Jerby Jezz has taken so much punishment in this match, even outside of missing The Rave, that I question how long he'll last if the Dawg is incapacitated. Ginn with a knee drop. A second. A third. A fourth. Five standing knee drops in a row on Jerby Jezz, and he is not moving!

BW: There's the tag. Davis Warren had to roll the Dawg OG out of the ring, daddy. That's a bad sign.

GM: Well, if he's playing possum, we're about to find out! Matt Ginn lifts Jerby Jezz up on his shoulders! We know what this is!

[The fans implore the Rave to act as Ginn has Jezz in the seated electric-chair position, facing away from the turnbuckle that Hoefner is unsteadily scaling. Still very hurt from the Silverfish Hand Catch, it takes Hoefner a

few seconds to climb the ropes. The Dawg uses the ropes to pull himself up, and tries to rush over to break it up... but he falls immediately. He clambers up, and hops over on one leg... but by then, it is too late. Hoefner leaps off the top with the flying bulldog on Jerby jezz, crunching him into the canvas!]

BW: __APOCALYPSE NOW__!

GM: Ginn with a takedown on the Dawg, and Hoefner shoots the half on Jerby Jezz...

BW: And now comes the end of all things! Whoo!

GM: He got him...

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The fans boo rabidly as Hoefner leaps up and jumps in the air to celebrate his victory... only to stumble into the ropes because he's in pain. Ginn arrogantly sneers and turns his back on Shizz, who is clutching his right leg.]

GM: In what can only be categorized as a major upset, Dichotomy is advancing to the Stampede Cup!

BW: And we're all still here. I guess grandspawndonor paradoxes aren't all they're cracked up to be.

GM: There's no such thing, and you know it. The reality is that the Dawg OG must have injured his leg on the missed Rave... it looks like an Achilles tendon injury from the way he's holding that area. Frankly, going to the well that many times with that crazy move over the years makes me wonder if something like that was inevitable. Let's get the official word!

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the winners of this contest... advancing to the Stampede Cup...

...DICHOTOMY!

[Boos rain down as Ginn roughly deposits Jerby Jezz over the top rope to the floor, and Hoefner mockingly counts to ten. "Vengeance" by The Protomen once more plays over the PA.]

GM: And we're left with the least graceful winners in the AWA.

BW: But winners nonetheless! After years of paying their dues, daddy, Ginn and Hoefner have just officially hit the big time. And it's all thanks to the expert advice of a great man.

GM: Who has no semblance of journalistic integrity or neutrality.

BW: Some people would say that. But to heck with those guys! I saw stardom in these guys and as usual, I was right.

GM: They'll have the opportunity to prove that one way or another at the Stampede Cup. Fans, we're going to get the instant replay of the missed Rave. Let's see if we can see what really happened here.

[And cue the slow motion instant replay. Jerby Jezz is on the top rope to the left, and Shizz Dawg OG is on the top rope to the right. Matt Ginn is draped over the steel barricade, stunned. As the Rave leaps, we see that Mark Hoefner has crawled over, staying next to the apron to be out of the Rave's field of view. He darts up, grabs Ginn by the tights, and pulls him back just in time as Jezz and Shizz hit the barricade. Shizz was going "high", trying to hit the upper back, so when he sees that Ginn has moved, he attempts to correct by pulling his feet out to hit the side of the barricade feet-first. That does keep him from hitting the barricade and continuing into the first row, but his right foot ends up bending a bit too far in the process. His knees and shins are what end up taking the brunt of the impact, but the foot bending is the most obvious cause of injury. Jezz was able to land short and slam into the barricade... devastating, but at least not an ACL injury.]

BW: Ow. Gordon, his right foot there. It hyperextended. He's lucky that wasn't worse. It coulda been one of those injuries where the foot ended up pointin' the wrong way. But that's an Achilles tear for sure.

GM: Which would mean that there will be no second chances for the Rave, at least not in 2014. Let's go up to Jason Dane for more.

[To the interview platform, where Dane is standing by.]

JD: Fans, we will try and get an update on what seems like an injury to Shizz Dawg OG of the Rave. The Rave are one of the top-ranked teams in the AWA, and if they end up missing the Stampede Cup, it would be quite a blow to the AWA tag team div...

MH: Who cares?!

[Mark Hoefner cuts Dane off with a sudden interruption, storming onto the interview platform. Matt Ginn and a lot of boos follow shortly thereafter.]

JD: The fans care!

MH: Well, why don't you tell the fans who won?! Who won?! Who is going to the Stampede Cup?! Go on, tell them.

JD: You are.

MG: And yet the prevailing narrative seems to be the fact that two child-sized refugees from a sanitarium will be missed. Mister Hoefner and myself have secured the biggest victory of our careers to date, and yet we are regarded as an afterthought. Because the witless masses wanted to see lunatics who invent words and wear preposterous clothing. Perhaps they should have gone to a Lady Gaga concert instead.

MH: No, the big story is that the AWA, as usual, is trying to pretend that we don't exist. I bet they had everything set up for the Rave to win. I bet they already sent the Stampede Cup posters to the printers, with their faces on them. Well, now that we've proven that they're not time travelers...

MG: We hardly needed to PROVE that, Mark. It's scientifically impossible.

MH: Oh, yeah? Then explain Abraham Lincoln!

[Ginn puts his head in his hands.]

MG: To prevent another forty-five minute diatribe about Abraham Lincoln, I accede the point. We have just now proven that the Rave are not time travelers. Please continue.

MH: So those guys are yesterday's news. Dichotomy is today's news, tomorrow's news, and we will remember this day. All you fans booing when we won fair and square, and especially how you announcers acted like we were an afterthought. Nobody believes in us? Fine. You probably don't believe that Google is secretly a joint arm of the NSA, Mossad, and the Shriners...

MG: What my partner wishes to convey is that you are all gullible fools. You will believe whatever you are programmed to believe. For example, every time some public figure does something scandalous, they issue an obviously disingenuous apology through a public relations person, and the media acts as if it is truthful contrition. Then you believe them. Every time. I wish to be very clear: we do not apologize for what we have done. We will not apologize for what we will do. We hope to offend you all on a regular basis, because you're all frankly quite disgusting people. You cling to the artificial concept of morality to justify your lack of will.

MH: The chemicals that the government adds to our food and water probably have something to do with that, Matt.

MG: I can't see how poisoning these people would be anything other than an improvement.

JD: Alright, alright, we get it. You hate the fans.

MH: Everyone. We hate everyone. But especially you. You want to shove your opinions down everybody's throat. Decide who they root for. Decide who gets opportunities. But you hung yourselves this time, Dane. You left the door open for anyone to get in, because you were so confident that it would be your golden boys. But now Dichotomy is going to crash your exclusive little club. Try not to be so surprised when we burn it to the ground.

MG: Unless, of course, it means that you die in a fire. We could only be so lucky.

[With that, Dichotomy marches off, leaving an annoyed Jason Dane behind.]

JD: It is hard to say who has the worst attitude in the AWA, but those two men are contenders. Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

GM: So their first thought on winning a huge match to qualify for a million-dollar tournament is that they're offended because we were concerned for the physical well-being of a man who has likely torn an Achilles tendon? Those two are sickening.

BW: You must be eating those government chemicals.

GM: Ginn has delusions of grandeur and Hoefner has delusions about everything. We'll see just how far that takes them when they get to the Stampede Cup. Fans, later tonight, Jason Dane will be coming to you live from the Control Center with some big news about the Stampede Cup as well as the upcoming Anniversary Show for the AWA but right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with a special guest. Mark?

[Cut to backstage, where we find Mark Stegglet with one of the newest additions to AWA in Tony Sunn. Sunn is wearing a grey hooded sweatshirt, navy blue track pants and a thoughtful frown. He gives Mark a polite nod.]

MS: Tony Sunn, heckuva performance at SuperClash during the Steal the Spotlight match. Though you didn't get the victory, the brass upstairs was impressed enough to offer you a full-time contract here in AWA...thoughts?

TS: Lots of different feelings, Mark. Obviously, I wish I could have won, but there's no sense in beating myself up after the fact. And I'm thrilled beyond believe to officially be a part of AWA! But...

[Tony's frown deepens.]

MS: But...?

TS: But... [a small sigh escapes him.] ...are things normally like this around here?

MS: What do you mean?

TS: So self-serving. Every man for themselves and damn the cost! I mean, you had Rick Marley sneaking into the Steal the Spotlight under a mask and pretending he was a First Nighter for starters just to get at Carver. And Gibson Hayes too! Phenomenal talent -- he didn't even HAVE to hide who he was! But he had to take the shortcut...

[Tony shakes his head, grimacing.]

TS: Blackjack Lynch, going through hell and back to fight for his family. And he can't even enjoy that moment of victory before he gets jumped by Lake! Then we've got the so-called "Wise Men"... [A look of utter disgust crosses Sunn's face.] ...they say there's no honor among thieves. Well,

Mark, thieving hyenas have got more honor and camaraderie than Percy Childes!

[He pauses.]

TS: And then there's Supreme Wright. It's just... [Sunn raises his hands in frustration.] ...it's just not right.

MS: There's certainly some controversy in how Supreme Wright gained the AWA World Heavyweight title. However, that being said, Tony, if you had won that same opportunity, can you say for certain that you wouldn't have done the same thing?

[Sunn is quiet for a few moments as his expression grows thoughtful.]

TS: Maybe. But I'd like to hope that I'd be better than that, Mark. Dave Bryant deserved better. More importantly, the AWA fans deserved better! You always should want to face an opponent at their best -- that's the only way you can challenge yourself and prove that YOU are at your best! That's the promise I made to my dad...and I'll make that same promise to the AWA fans as well.

MS: Strong words...thanks for giving us a moment of your time, Tony. And good luck... and at this time, I'd like to kick off Awards Night by announcing the first winner of the night!

[Stegglet is handed an envelope from off-camera. He nods to the aide before opening the envelope and pulling out a slip of paper.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of the 2013 Tag Team Of The Year... and a runaway winner at that...

Former AWA World Tag Team Champions... THE BLONDE BOMBERS!

[We can hear the boos from inside the arena. Stegglet winces as we crossfade back inside the arena bowl where the fans are jeering the first award announcement of the night. Phil Watson is in the center of the ring, ready to go.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 367 pounds, Andy and Will...

THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[The Brothers raise their hands and hi-five as Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents... from-

LD: I'll take that, gimme that!

[That'd be Larry Doyle, grabbing the microphone from Phil Watson.]

LD: Lemme show you how it's done, Sparky.

Introducing first! The Woman's Pet and the Man's Regret! The Doctor of Style, the Gangster of Love, the Notorious K.E.N. He's got more money than Matchbox 20, he's responsible for more moisture than a Russian cold front...

"SMOOTH!" KENNY! STAAAAANNTOOOOOOOOOOOON!

[Stanton jumps up in the air and makes the "perfect ten" sign with his hands.]

LD: And his partner! The Tower of Power, the Master of Disaster, the Scourge of the Far East! The One Man Weapon of Mass Destruction, the owner and proprietor of Devastation Inc!

"THE BIG DEAL!" BRAAAAAAAD JAAACOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBS!

[Jacobs flexes and screams at the camera, as Doyle pats him on the back.]

LD: TOGETHER, THEY ARE THE BLOOOOOOOOOOOONDE
BOMMMMMBBBBAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHSSSS!

GM: The Blonde Bombers back on the scene after one of the great tag team title matches we've ever witnessed, Bucky.

BW: The Bombers just might be the greatest team the AWA has ever seen, daddy, they cast a tall shadow. Good luck to Jones and Hammonds tryin' to fill those shoes, but I'm not seeing it.

[The bell rings and the Blue Brothers are in a world of hurt. Jacobs runs over Will with a clothesline, Stanton catches Andy with a left jab and bullies him into the corner. Brad takes one step back and then lunges forward with a second clothesline that knocks Will out of the ring, and then turns around just as Stanton whips Andy Blue towards him...]

BW: Whooaaaaa baby!

GM: Brad Jacobs catches Andy Blue on the dead run and lifts him up high in the air with a military press! One, two, three reps on the bench press and Andy Blue gets dumped onto the mat.

BW: That's power you don't see every day, daddy, that's power you see about once per year if you're lucky!

[Stanton loops his arm around Jacobs' shoulder, and Brad picks him up as if for a belly to back suplex... and then slams him back down, legfirst across Blue's throat!]

GM: Spectacular teamwork by the Bombers. Andy's out, Will Blue rolls back in as referee Marty Meekly implores Brad Jacobs to get out of the ring, attempting to make this a fair contest.

BW: Good luck!

[Stanton just shrugs and then kicks Will Blue in the stomach, then tags back in his partner and swings a double axehandle... that explodes across the back of the neck of Will Blue. Blue barely hits the mat before he's picked up, swung to the ropes and then laid out with a standing spinebuster from Jacobs, who stands over him and flexes his biceps while he screams.]

GM: That power is just not normal, Bucky, Brad Jacobs is one in a million!

BW: But don't forget about Smooth Stanton, daddy, he ain't no run of the mill neither!

[SLAP! That'd be the tag to Stanton, who easily springboards to the top rope, jumps off and drops a ten foot high fist right between the eyes of Will Blue. Kenny bounces to his feet and tags in Jacobs who immediately stomps in, picks up Will in a bearhug and leans back as Stanton bounces off the far ropes and SKIES with a huge leg lariat, completely wiping Will Blue out!]

GM: What height on that! How does a man do that, how does Kenny Stanton do that! Unbelievable!

[Will Blue simply rolls out of the ring as Jacobs makes a beeline for the corner, grabs Andy by the throat and flips him into the ring! Larry Doyle on the outside screams his words of wisdom, "PUT 'IM UP, BABY! GET 'IM UP THERE! GIVE IT A PERFECT TEN!"]

BW: Will Blue has been made mincemeat of, now Andy Blue is getting his chance!

GM: Jacobs has Andy Blue to the top rope, Kenny Stanton is on the other top rope, here we go!

[Jacobs jumps back, superplexing Andy Blue to that mat... seconds before Stanton leaps off with a big splash, crashing down with contact and instinctively grabs a leg as Marty Meekly slides in for the count.]

GM: One, two, three! There it is, a win for the Blonde Bombers!

BW: That's a perfect ten, daddy, that's what that is!

GM: Call it what you will, that's a much needed victory for the Bombers. And let's go to Phil Watson.

[Cross to Watson, who is speaking from outside the ring.]

PW: Your winners of the match... THE BLONDE BOMBERS!

[Meekly raises the hands of the victorious team as Larry Doyle comes in, microphone in and already rolling...]

LD: You're damn right the Bombers are the winners, and I want you to let that sink into those heads of yours! Jones and Hammonds, I've never seen a luckier pair of wrestlers in my life. If we wrestle that match 365 days, we win 364 of them! But credit to you two, you squeaked one out! Never mind the hair pullin', the tights grabbin', the eye gougin' and the countless times you didn't break a hold at five!

I'd send the tape in to get the referee suspended but there ain't no use talkin' to the people in the AWA Front Office, they're too busy chasin' their own tales with these Wise Men and tryin' to figure out who hopped on Pop and who likes green eggs and ham!

But lemme tell you fellas something, the only green things we like are dollars bills. And since the Federal Bureau of Incompetence that runs this place couldn't find their rear end in the dark if they had two hands in their pants and a flashlight, I'll save you all the legalese.

[Doyle pauses for a moment to catch his breath and then continues on.]

LD: In every contract you sign for a championship match, and no one has signed more championship contracts than me, there is a special little line in there. Article four, paragraph five, section two if I recall.

"In the event that the champion loses their AWA World Tag Team championships, they are entitled to a rematch of their choosing so long as they give fourteen days notice."

Well, best I can tell, the AWA Booking Committee can't figure out when to order Chinese and when to order steak, but we are enacting our rematch clause. We won the first round at the Stampede Cup. Y'all lucked out at SuperClash and stole our titles.

Now we are challenging you to round three. For OUR AWA World Tag Team Titles. And just to make sure there's no flukes, just to make sure there's no doubt, just to make sure there's no questions in anyone's mind that we can dominate, humiliate, excoriate and dominate -- did I mention dominate? -- that rag tag bunch of second class, no class clowns, we are very nicely asking for this match to be contested under Best Two Out of Three Falls Rules.

[At that the crowd comes alive, roaring at the idea.]

LD: When you're the AWA Tag Team of the Year, like we are, you do things the right way. We defended them titles every night, we ducked no challenges, we accepted no substitutes! For the people that voted us as the tag team of the year, I'd like to say thank you but it was a no brainer. Just like this is.

Balls in your court, HercWalker. Don't go turning yellow and hiding now that you got your titles, because we sure didn't! We await your answer, and the paper work to sign!

[Doyle throws down the house mic to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: The challenge has been issued! The Blonde Bombers are looking for their rematch and they're looking for it under Two Out Of Three Falls rules!

BW: It's time to bring the gold back where it belongs, daddy!

GM: Skywalker Jones has other fish to fry later tonight when he takes on Supreme Wright for the World Heavyweight Title but you know he's in the back and you know he heard this challenge issued! Fans, we've got to take a quick break 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 Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to a shot of Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. It's the first Saturday Night Wrestling of 2014 but we've still got unfinished business from 2013 and SuperClash V. We've talked a lot about the happenings at SuperClash but one thing we haven't discussed was what happened to Chris Blue.

BW: Oh, he's done for, Gordo. Finished business. Nothing to talk about.

GM: I've been in this business a long time now and if there's anything that I've learned, it's to never count out that particular individual. However, he did have a VERY bad night at SuperClash. He went into the big show with an entire team in Steal The Spotlight and the belief that he could win that match and the contract that goes with it. However, things went very, very differently for him as the Bishop Boys lost and then left the AWA. Eric Preston walked out on the match, firing Blue in the process. And with just William Craven left as an ally, Blue was assaulted by the Unholy Alliance under Percy Childes' orders.

BW: No, no, no... he was assaulted by the Wise Men!

GM: Of course, we learned at SuperClash that while Louis Matsui and Ben Waterson are former members of the clandestine group known as the Wise Men, Percy Childes is still a card-carrying member and after Blue revealed all of that to the world, Childes ordered him destroyed at the hands of Lake, Marley, and Detson. Blue was rushed to a nearby medical facility and that's where our next piece of footage takes place. Our camera crew was at the hospital, trying to get an update on Blue's condition or perhaps a word with the man himself... but what they got was something much... different. Let's roll that footage taped back on Thanksgiving Night and see exactly what we're talking about!

[We crossfade to footage marked "THANKSGIVING NIGHT - 2013." Our initial shot is on the outside of a hospital, presumably somewhere in downtown Dallas. After a few moments, we crossfade into the hospital itself where our cameraman and Mark Stegglet are walking towards a room.]

MS: That's it, I think. Are we rolling?

[The cameraman mutters a "yes" as he follows in pursuit. Stegglet approaches the door, reaching a hand out towards the handle to open it when suddenly a man in a white coat steps in his path, looking quite curious and suspicious.]

Doc: I'm sorry. Can I help you?

[Stegglet steps back, lowering his hand.]

MS: Uhh, yeah... is this... is Chris Blue in this room?

[The doctor squares himself in front of the room, crossing his arms.]

Doc: That information is confidential. And who, may I ask, is inquiring?

[Stegglet puffs out his chest.]

MS: My name is Mark Stegglet. I work for... well, I work for Mr. Blue's employer.

Doc: I see.

MS: And there are a whole lot of people back... uhh, back at work... who would like to know his condition.

[The doctor eyes the cameraman.]

MS: The company video newsletter.

[The doctor nods without believing a word he's hearing.]

Doc: I'm sorry, son. I can't tell you who is behind this door and even if I could...

[The doctor looks around to see who is listening.]

Doc: I'd have to tell you that visitors are being highly restricted right now. Only family and the closest of friends. In fact, you're the second person we've had to keep from seeing...

[His words trail off as he looks to his right. The cameraman follows his gaze to reveal the green-skinned monster known as William Craven seated in a nearby waiting area.]

MS: He tried to see...?

[The doctor nods.]

MS: And you refused him? And lived to tell about it?

[The doctor looks puzzled.]

Doc: Well, no... actually, we asked Mr. Bl- the patient if he was willing to see him.

MS: And?

[The doctor gives a quick shake of his head.]

MS: I bet that... went well.

[With a jerk of his head, the doctor gestures to his right where we see the splintered remnants of a coffee table being tossed into a trash can by a pair of janitors.]

MS: I see. Well, thanks, doctor.

[Stegglet's plan to dismiss the doctor fails as the white-coated professional stays in place, waiting for a sheepish Stegglet and the cameraman to slink away. The camera slowly turns towards William Craven again, zooming in on the man who has his head buried in his hands in distress.]

Cameraman: Want to try to talk to him?

[There's a long pause as Stegglet considers it.]

MS: No way. You saw that table, right?

[The camera holds on Craven for several long moments before we slowly fade to black.]

And then back up on Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: A very tense situation there as apparently William Craven attempted to see Chris Blue on Thanksgiving Night after Blue's assault at the hands of the Unholy Alliance... the Wise Men... whatever you want to call them. But Craven was refused by Blue.

BW: Those two have always had a rocky relationship. Even if at their best when Craven was running around calling Blue his "Emperor," you got the feeling that Blue was using him as muscle but nothing else.

GM: What will William Craven have to say about all this? We'll find out later tonight but right now, let's go up to the ring for-

BW: Wait a second, Gordo.

GM: Bucky, what is it now?

BW: We have company.

[Bucky motions with his finger, and Gordon looks in the direction Bucky points.]

And the camera is now focused on "The Professional" Dave Cooper who is walking down the elevated platform and to the ring. Once inside the ring, he motions at Phil Watson to give him the microphone, then forcibly takes it from him and shouts at him, his voice heard on camera.

"GET OUT OF HERE NOW!"

Watson, not wanting to argue, shakes his head and exits the ring. Dave Cooper now surveys the booing crowd, a cold expression on his face.]

DC: SuperClash was supposed to be the night when Royalty stood tall... and instead, it became the night where Royalty took a mighty fall.

[That draws cheers from the crowd... and a PO'ed look on Cooper's face.]

DC: Yeah, you all like that, don't you? First of all, the rumors are true that Calisto Dufresne has a back injury and is sidelined indefinitely. And, yes, it is true that Larry Doyle and the Blonde Bombers have other ideas in mind for what they want to do.

But the one constant of Royalty that has always been there has been the man who stands in this ring right now. Despite people who pursued their own agendas, couldn't keep their mouths shut, and had whatever business they felt needed to come first, I was always the one who put Royalty first because I believed in what I stood for.

Given the circumstances, though, it's become pretty clear that I need to stand alone from this point forward... and that's why Royalty is now dead.

[That remark draws another cheer, to which Cooper just shakes his head.]

DC: That's right. On a night where I was just told that we were voted the Most Hated wrestlers of 2013 in the AWA, I'm putting the bullet in the group that even the all-powerful Wise Men was terrified of.

[The cheers continue as Cooper looks even more irritated now.]

DC: Now, let's get one thing clear, and this may come as a shock to all of you. I don't dislike Dave Bryant.

My issue with him was never personal. He happened to be the World TV champion, the belt that used to be the Longhorn Heritage championship, and I made it clear from the day I came back to wrestle in singles competition, that I was going to win that championship. And that's why he entered my crosshairs.

That, and the fact I was tired of seeing more Dave Bryant versus Glenn Hudson matches than there were Friday the 13th sequels.

[The crowd boos loudly, but Cooper continues.]

DC: Still, I give Dave Bryant credit for what happened at SuperClash... but where exactly did it get you? You had to watch as some Combat Corner graduate who keeps getting more second chances than Juan Vasquez, and keeps falling short, until he finally finds a loophole to exploit, because he couldn't get the job done otherwise.

But let me be the first to tell Dave Bryant that what went down is certainly not the fault of Supreme Wright. Oh no... he had plenty of people enabling him and I'm gonna run 'em down for you.

Let's start with Todd Michaelson.

[More boos as Cooper paces the ring.]

DC: Todd Michaelson was the guy who rolled Wright out the doors of that little school of his, who kept trying to give him pep talks about how to be a good little soldier if he just stood at attention a little bit more, and then got the impression that he was gonna take care of all the AWA's problems for them, and thus somehow prove that little school of his was where the next big thing was gonna come from.

And look where it got you, Todd... your prized pupil doing exactly what you hated Calisto Dufresne for doing.

That's why I took it upon myself to come out now, to ensure I don't have to put up with watching two of your snot-nosed, wet-behind-the-ears little punks pretend they know a wristlock from a wristwatch.

[The booing hasn't stopped and neither has Cooper.]

DC: The second one to blame is Karl O'Connor. You know, Karl, you could have easily told Supreme Wright after SuperClash was done that he could have that title shot the very next show if he wanted to, but instead you broke the news to him right away, thinking that good little soldier would just be patient and wait his turn in line.

And look where it got you... the good little soldier you thought was gonna be that knight in shining armor that all these minimum-wage-earning idiots filling the stands want to see, showed his true colors to you and left you looking like a fool, and you got nobody to blame but yourself.

Just like Jim Watkins, you are just a blight on this company, and that's all I have to say on that subject!

[Cooper then gets distracted by a fan yelling at ringside, who he turns to.]

DC: Yeah, son, minimum-wage-earning idiots like you... and I'm betting you called in sick with the sniffles, just so you could sneak down here and tell me how you know it all when the only thing you've learned in life is how to apply for a food stamp, so you better just sit down and shut your trap!

[He turns back to the rest of the crowd.]

DC: And let me get to the third man who is to blame for what happened... Juan Vasquez.

We all saw Juan telling Supreme Wright how much he believed in him, how he represented everything that was good about the AWA, about wrestling,

about how he deserves this opportunity, so won't you please be my neighbor? And no doubt because he figured he could ride Wright's coattails to get himself that Steal The Spotlight contract.

You know, I'm not friends with Percy Childes, and probably never will be. But everything he said at SuperClash was the absolute truth. Juan Vasquez IS the problem!

All you have to do is look at the monster he created. All you have to do is look at how many of the men he called his friends are no longer at his side. No more Stevie Scott. No more Supernova. Supreme Wright thumbed his nose at him. Luke Kinsey may be blinded for life. And on it goes.

If you idiots out there can't realize that Juan Vasquez is a disease that's killing the AWA, then you're even dumber than I can imagine.

[The fans' boos won't end, especially since it seems like Cooper won't end, either.]

DC: As far as I go, I'm an independent from this point forward, and I guarantee you that, no matter what they do with the TV title, I will become the next World Television Champion, I will use it as a launching point to the AWA World Title, and I will prove to be the best damn wrestler there is today, and now, that is the END of the discussion!

[With that, Cooper tosses the mic aside, then thrusts his hands in the air, sneering at the booing crowd, before departing.]

GM: Fans... I don't know what to say. This was supposed to be a special match for... [sighs] Let's go back to Jason Dane who has a very special announcement.

[Crossfade to Jason Dane who is standing at the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, with 2013 in the books and 2014 just getting started, the next big event on the horizon for the AWA is the Stampede Cup. This will be the fifth time that this event will be held as we try to determine the greatest tag team on the planet. Later tonight, I'll be providing you with more details on when and where the tournament will take place but right now, allow me to introduce you to the third tag team in the field - joining Air Strike and Dichotomy...

[Dane lowers the mic, waiting for a second before the opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" kick in over the Crockett Coliseum PA system as the crowd reacts to Jason Dane's announcement with a solid face pop. From the entryway emerge the aforementioned Strictly Business, who are all smiles.

Andrew "Flash" Tucker is clad in a pair of dark blue jeans and a black, tight-fitting t-shirt. His long blond hair falls past his shoulders and a pair of Oakley sunglasses rest on the top of his head. Sporting a pair of pleated khaki shorts and a colorful Tommy Bahama shirt is the recognizable form of

"Money Driven" Mike Sebastian. The former cruiserweight upstart shields his baby blue peepers behind a pair of Maui Jim shades, but they are quickly removed and clipped over the top button of his designer top.

The two men wave at the crowd, soaking in the cheers for a few moments before making their way over to Jason Dane in the interview area.]

JD: Gentlemen, welcome to Dallas!

[The crowd releases another hometown pop before either of the two can respond.]

MS: Alright, where are those cheerleaders we've heard so much about?!

[Looking about, the California natives playfully smirk.]

AT: We're thrilled to be here, Jase. We're even more thrilled to get a shot at a million bucks; not that this guy needs any more of the stuff.

[Tucker elbows Sebastian good-naturedly.]

JD: So it was the thought of a million dollars that brought you two back together for the 2014 edition of the Stampede Cup?

AT: Well the thought of a suitcase full o' cash didn't exactly fall in the "cons" section of the decision-making process, that's for damn sure. But it's more than just a bunch of cash. When we left this business ten years ago, Mikey an' I were on top of the world. Los Angeles, Canada, it didn't matter where we went or whose head we bashed in. We cut through Hall of Fame tag teams like a hot knife through butter. We were considered the best the sport had to offer for two years. An' then we got out before we ended up like the AWA's first World Champion, James Monosso.

MS: The plan was to see a lot more sunshine and a lot less aches and pains. And you will hear no complains from my end - the handicap is down and the only pain meds needed these days are a couple of Advil after a night on the town with this fella.

[Sebastian fires a head nod in the direction of his partner, who amusingly shrugs.]

MS: The rigors of this business certainly took their toll on the two of us. So it was a good feeling to charge up the 'ole alkalines. The single fact I know 'Drew and I are most proud of is the fact we walked away from the spotlight on OUR terms. No crazy surgeries lined up. No therapy sessions necessary. None of that.

And while it's been nice watching our 401k plans go through the roof with our feet up - thanks Blue, for the ten-percent match - we'd be lying to you if we said we came away entirely satisfied with our body of work.

[Tucker shakes his head a bit.]

AT: We swore to each other that we would never miss the long road trips, bein' away from home for 300 plus days. We wanted out while we could still spend all that money and remember how we made it. An' Hell, maybe that's the problem. We still remember bein' the very best in the world. Some historians may not, but we sure as Hell do.

An' sometimes that siren's call is damn hard to resist.

JD: So you miss the sport?

MS: We stood atop the molehill longer than anybody in this business. For a couple years there, I'm not sure life could have gotten any better. Whether it was one of those teams who have since been handed the "legendary" tag, or a couple World champions strung together to finish us off, it didn't matter. You look at the guys we toed the line with and it's a who's-who of this sport. We may not be the spry upstarts who kicked in the door back in the late nineties, but they aren't raking coals over us, either.

AT: Look, Dane, we don't know if we can keep up with guys like Air Strike, or SkyHerc or any of the teams that filled the void that we left ten years ago. But we figured that there's only one way we'll ever know for sure, and that's if we drop our names in the hat o' the biggest tournament on the planet and let the chips fall where they may.

JD: Well, I know these fans are certainly going to be excited to see you two back in action. We know Air Strike has been announced as the first team in. Earlier tonight, Dichotomy became the second. You two are now the third. There will be more as we get closer and closer to the Cup. Any words for your competition at this point?

[A shrug from Tucker.]

AT: No need for us to get out here an' bluster 'bout how we're going to come in an' run roughshod over the competition. It's been a long time since anyone's seen us do that. But before any of these teams think we're gonna be some easy out since we're on the wrong side o' 30, take a moment an' check the resume. Some folks may not remember it but it's a lengthy one; and if that's the case, we aim to remind people of exactly who Strictly Business is and exactly what we're capable of.

MS: The years haven't gone golden for Strictly Business. Not by a long shot.

["When Worlds Collide" kicks on once again as the crowd gives the duo one more hearty cheer as Tucker and Sebastian retreat through the entryway and we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: It's Stampede Cup season here in the AWA and a very famous squad just joined the fray.

BW: ...

GM: Nothing to add to that?

BW: Here's the thing, Gordo. The AWA has been on a real nostalgia kick recently - bringing back Case and Spector. I get it. It's good for ratings, it sells tickets, it moves the needle in a lot of ways. But at the end of the day, do you really think any of these guys stand a chance with today's superstars?

GM: They're speaking the truth when they talk about competing with some of the best wrestlers in the world. Heck, I believe Strictly Business holds a win over Brody Thunder and J.W. Hardin and there's not a lot of wrestlers in singles or tag teams that can lay claim to that.

BW: That was over a decade ago! It may look good on a poster or a t-shirt but I say Strictly Business being in this tournament is exactly that... strictly business for the suits in the front office who don't believe for a second that these part-timers stand a shot of knocking off one of the teams who are here day in and day out.

GM: That remains to be seen. We'll have more on the Stampede Cup in the Control Center later tonight but right now, let's go back down to the ring for more action with the South Philly Phighter!

[We cut to the ring where the Phighter is strutting around the ring, taunting the Dallas fans.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... the South Philly Phighter!

[Jeers for the Phighter as he plugs his ears to ignore the fans... and the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: And his opponent... coming to the ring now, hailing from Los Angeles, California...

[As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, the sound replicating the stomping of hundreds of feet.]

PW: Weighing two hundred and fifty five pounds..

[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#

PW: This is Ryan...

[Once more, the chorus of singers repeats the chorus]

#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#

PW: MARTINEZ!!!!

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp, wearing a black hoodie, the hood pulled up over his face. He steps down to the center of the entrance ramp and pauses, throwing his head back, to reveal his face. He pauses, looking out over the crowd. As the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope.

His hoodie is unzipped and thrown over the turnbuckle in a corner. Ryan 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. Ryan steps to the middle of the ring, bouncing up and down, as he waits for the bell to ring. Just before the bell rings, the chorus of "Vox Populi" the last of his music reverberates through the arena.]

#This is a call to arms, we own the night
This is a battle song, we own the night#

GM: And there he is, Ryan Martinez. He traveled a long, hard road, but at the end of it, he found both retribution and victory at SuperClash, as he and his legendary father, Alex Martinez defeated Gunnar and Justin Gaines.

BW: And yet, the kid is still a bald headed freak!

GM: Bucky! As you can see fans, Ryan's hair is slowly growing back, but it's still little more than stubble. Victorious or not, you can bet that the loss of his hair is a constant reminder of his war with the Gaines family.

"DING DING DING!"

[As the bell rings, Ryan leans forward, his hand extended to the South Philly Phighter.]

GM: Ryan Martinez with a display of sportsmanship. Ryan has always been committed to a personal code of honor, and I spoke with him earlier today, and he's told me that he's determined to continue living by that code.

BW: What a dumb kid.

GM: Bucky! Will you stop? It's rare that you see someone so committed to always doing the right thing. Ryan Martinez is a man of strong convictions, and I can't believe you'd insult him for that.

[The Phighter stares at Martinez for a moment, and then puts his hand out.]

GM: This is a surprise, perhaps Ryan's commitment has rubbed off on...

"SLAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Or not, as the Phighter's hand lifted and extended only to slap young Ryan across the face!]

BW: Not even someone as dense as Ryan could have been surprised by that!

[Ryan backpedals, reeling from the slap, in what looks like an exaggerated fashion, his momentum increasing the closer he gets to the ropes. The Phighter, sensing an easy victory, lunges forward.]

GM: Ryan seems to have really gotten the worst of that slap.

[Not so fast, as Ryan reveals that he'd been racing back, and now, bouncing off the ropes, he uses his own momentum and the Phighter's foolish rushing in to leap forward at the Phighter, driving his shoulder into the Phighter's chest.]

GM: Flying shoulder tackle! That's two hundred and fifty five pounds crashing right into the Phighter's chest!

BW: I'll give it to the kid, he's tough and strong. They don't make 'em small and puny in House Martinez, Gordo!

GM: Not only that, but I understand that Ryan Martinez has decided to expand his repertoire and really focus on what is already an impressive set of in ring skills. To that end, when he is not wrestling here in Texas, he's back in California, studying at the feet of his old mentor "Black Dog" Yoshito Katsumura in his relocated BattleArts Academy. He and Katsumura are doing nothing but training and drilling. As I mentioned, I spoke with Ryan Martinez earlier, and he tells me that, in the coming weeks and months, we're going to see him testing out new maneuvers and techniques.

BW: C'mon Gordo, you really think that kid is going to remember all that stuff? Its like trying to pour an ocean into a half full thimble. There's gonna be nothin' but spillage!

[Staying on the Phighter, Ryan pulls him from the mat, and sends him into the ropes. He catches the Phighter coming off and hoists him up, holding him by the legs and falling backwards.]

GM: Flapjack!

BW: I see a trip to the dentist's office in the Phighter's future.

[Ryan bounces off the ropes, and leaps, hitting a legdrop to the back of the fallen Phighter's neck.]

GM: Ohh! Nice elevation on the legdrop by Martinez!

[He's from done, however, as Martinez sends the Phighter into the ropes once more, downing the Phighter with a clothesline.]

BW: Martinez is coming on fast and strong in this one. He's really taking the fight to the Phighter who looks like he's seen better days than this one.

GM: The son of the legendary Hall of Famer lifts him off the canvas and keeps on lifting, dropping him right down on the back of his head with a back suplex.

BW: He's bringing attack after attack after attack, barely letting up at all.

[Bringing the Phighter back to his feet, Martinez slings him over his shoulder, charging a few steps before PLANTING him with a running powerslam!]

GM: Big powerslam by Martinez! And that could do it!

[But Martinez doesn't opt to attempt a cover, instead climbing to his feet and backing across the ring to the corner. He stomps his foot a couple of times before grabbing the top rope, leaning back and bouncing his body repeatedly off the buckles, watching and waiting for the Phighter to rise off the canvas.]

GM: You've gotta wonder what the youngster has in store for the South Philly Phighter right here, Bucky.

BW: The Phighter looks like he's out on his feet already, Gordo.

[The crowd laughs as the stunned Phighter throws a pair of wild right hands at the air just before the young lion dashes across the ring, throwing his leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: YAAAAAKUUUUZAAAAA!

[The big running boot to the jaw sends the Phighter back down to the mat. Ryan Martinez stands over him, giving a big shout of triumph as the crowd roars in response.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is one of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA and with that World Television Title vacated, he's yet another superstar that you have to imagine will be lining up to get his chance to claim the gold.

BW: Gotta hand it to him, Ryan Martinez is not letting up on the Phighter!

GM: Ryan Martinez is an honorable man, but that doesn't mean he's any less competitive than any other wrestler in the AWA. In the ring, Ryan Martinez resembles nothing more than a buzzsaw.

[Still relentless, Ryan gets the Phighter back up, lifts him, and falls back, hitting a fallaway slam. But instead of releasing it, Ryan bridges, turning it into a pinning combination.]

GM: One! Two! No! The Phighter just barely got his shoulder up.

BW: I don't know how the heck he did that. The Phighter's taking a pounding in here against Martinez.

GM: He's a tough, grizzled veteran who knows how to stay in a fight, Bucky.

[As Martinez gets to his feet, he approaches the downed Phighter who has taken to both knees...

...and throws a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Oh! The South Philly Phighter goes downstairs on Martinez!

[A second shot to the bread basket has Martinez reeling as the veteran brawler gets off the mat, grabbing an arm to whip Martinez into the corner.]

GM: He shoots Martinez in... coming in after him!

[Martinez swings to the side, catching the Phighter with a back elbow under the chin. He grabs the brawler, spinning his back against the turnbuckles. The referee promptly steps in, calling for a break and immediately, Ryan steps back, breaking before even a one count can come down.]

GM: Ryan, once more showing his commitment to sportsmanship...

[The Phighter? Not so much.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another hard slap to the face of Ryan Martinez!

BW: He fell for it twice!

GM: But look at the face of Ryan Martinez! Its beet red! He's hot!

BW: He's got his daddy's temper, you can bet on that! There ain't never been a Martinez that someone would call calm and level headed!

[Ryan exhales, but seems to think the better of whatever he had planned, as he turns his back to the Phighter, only to suddenly spin around, his hand extended!]

BW: ROLLING BACK CHOP!!

[Ryan pauses a moment, looking to the fans, who are on their feet cheering, as Ryan rushes forward, his body turned perpendicular to the Phighter's as

he unleashes a barrage of chops. With each chop, the crowd grows louder and louder, each syllable punctuated by a 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!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS! Look at Ryan go!

BW: Look at the sweat flyin' off the Phighter's chest daddy! Its hittin' the fans in the front rows!

[Martinez continues, though the momentum slows, the fans' chant slowing as well.]

"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!]"

[Martinez exhales, and the camera zooms in on the Phighter's chest, blistered, bruised, and bloody.]

BW: Last time I saw somethin' like that was when I had my butcher ground up some fine sirloin to make burgers!

[Ryan reaches out, seizing the Phighter by the hair and drags him to the middle of the ring. He uses the handful of hair to bend the veteran backwards and delivers a hard chop to the top of the Phighter's chest which sends him crashing into the mat, his body bouncing lifelessly after the impact.]

GM: BURNING SWORD!! Ryan once more showing the influence the Japanese style of wrestling has had on him.

[Pausing in what has, until now, been a nonstop attack, Ryan looks over one shoulder, and then the other at the fans, most of whom are on their feet, screaming. His arms go up, come together, elbow to elbow, and are then pulled down rapidly.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is signaling for something!

BW: I bet he's tryin' to figure out the number for 911!

GM: Bucky! Will you stop!

[The Phighter is up and wobbly, stumbling right into Ryan who doubles him up with a knee to the gut. He quickly hooks the front facelock, slinging the brawler's arm over his neck before hosting him up, and those few fans who had been sitting are now all up on their feet, as Ryan pauses a moment, holding the Phighter vertically aloft. All the blood rushes to the Phighter's brain. Ryan waits, waits, and then drops!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER!!!

BW: It's over, Gordo!

[And indeed it is, as Ryan rolls over the top of the Phighter, hooking the leg and pressing him into the mat. Marty Meekly is in the perfect position, and his hand slaps the mat three times.]

PW: Here your winner... RYAN MARTINEZ!!!

GM: An impressive win for Ryan Martinez. I understand that Ryan is going to be making his way to the interview booth for a few words with Mark Stegglet. We'll have that interview and more, right after this commercial break!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet, microphone in hand, and at his side is Ryan Martinez. His face and mostly bald head are covered in a sheen of sweat, and Ryan has pulled on a black "AWA" T-shirt. Breathing heavily, Ryan's hands rest on his hips.]

MS: That was a very impressive win we saw from you, Mr. Martinez. And speaking of impressive, I'd be remiss if I didn't mention your performance at SuperClash.

RM: Thanks, Mark. SuperClash was the culmination of a long, hard road. But that chapter is over now. And its time for a new beginning.

MS: Before that, since you mentioned a chapter closing, I have to ask you about your father, the legendary Alex Martinez. What can you tell us of his status?

[Ryan pauses, letting out a slightly irritated breath.]

RM: Mark... what my father does is his own business. Here's what I can tell you. He's happy, and he's not planning on returning to the AWA anytime soon. Will he ever return?

[Martinez shrugs.]

RM: I guess we'll all have to wait and see.

MS: Fair enough. Now, let's turn to you, Mr. Martinez. Since you've been in the AWA, I think its safe to say that, despite your popularity and success, there's still something unknown about you. I think a lot of people don't know who Ryan Martinez actually is.

RM: You're right, Mark. And that's my fault. See, I've let myself be defined by other people. When I came here, I came here as nothing more than the son of Alex Martinez. And then I became Gunnar Gaines' tag team partner. And now, well, you know what people have been saying about me, don't you, Mark?

MS: You've very publicly been labeled as, excuse the phrase, a naïve kid.

[Ryan's expression hardens, and he nods his head.]

RM: That's right. I have. And you know what? I may be naïve...

But amigo, you're not going to see me making a deal with the devil anytime soon.

[Mark is silent a moment, not sure how to take that not so thinly veiled shot at an AWA superstar.]

RM: But the question remains – who is Ryan Martinez?

I am not just the son of a legend.

I am not just half of a tag team.

And maybe I am naïve and idealistic. But I prefer to live in a world where good people give others the chance to redeem themselves.

And you know what? I am bullheaded and stubborn and hot headed and prone to going off half-cocked. I am a man guided by passion and ideals. And I am someone who'll lead with chin and leap without ever thinking about looking. And maybe some people don't like that. Maybe some people want to label me as being dumb.

But I know what I believe, and I know it's time that we start changing the way things are done around here. It's time for all the dirty deals, all the back stabbing, all the lying and cheating to stop.

It's time for one man to make a stand. Who is Ryan Martinez?

I am the man that stands against the darkness.

[Mark Stegglet's eyebrows raise.]

MS: I can't help but think you're referencing our World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright, with your words.

[Another pause from Ryan, as for once, he seems to consider his words carefully.]

RM: Let's be crystal clear on this. I don't like what Supreme Wright did, not at all. I don't respect him, and I'm damn sure not going to applaud him. But here's the deal – I understand why he did it.

Because there's something rotten at the heart of the AWA.

And sometimes, when you're faced with a corrupt institution, you feel like the only way to prevail is to fight fire with fire. For some men, there doesn't seem to be another path. For someone like Supreme Wright, who has seen his every move thwarted by a depraved collusion of twisted men, doing the wrong thing seemed like the only option he had.

But understand this. I don't blame Supreme Wright for what he did. I don't condone him either, but this isn't his fault. What he did? The cause of that was three corrupt individuals who've been eating away at the AWA like a cancer.

[Stegglet's eyes go wide this time.]

MS: You're referring to-

[Martinez interrupts.]

RM: Yes, Mark, I mean the Wise Men.

[Stegglet raises a hand in warning.]

MS: I feel the need to say, Mr. Martinez, that you're treading on very dangerous ground. The Wise Men have proven both capable and vicious, even turning against their own.

[Ryan leans in close, and shakes his head.]

RM: Don't waste your breath, Mark. Because I am not afraid of the Wise Men. They may put my face through a car window. They may send a dozen men out to break every bone in my body. They may do their best to cripple me and end my career.

But they'll never back me down.

Wise Men... I'm calling you out. And you want to know who Ryan Martinez is? I'm the man who'll put an end to you. I'm the man coming at you in a straight line. I won't fight dirty. I won't cheat, and I won't lie. I'll come at you head on, and I'll face every obstacle you put in front of me. And nothing you do will stop me.

But there is one thing I need, Mark.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I'd say, to fight the Wise Men, you need an ally.

RM: You're right. I do need an ally. And I'm going to ask them right now.

MS: Them?

RM: That's what I said.

MS: Who?

[Martinez turns out towards the crowd.]

RM: The five thousand fans who're in this coliseum every two weeks. The two and a half million people who sit in their homes and watch me wrestle every two weeks. Every, single, AWA fan.

I need you.

All of you fans who can hear my voice, I'm asking you, reach out your hand, and I'll put mine out to take hold of you. I'm asking you to believe in me. I know there isn't an AWA fan who doesn't work hard for his or her family. I know there isn't an AWA fan who doesn't feel despair when they realize that these so-called Wise Men have rigged the game. But I want you to listen to the sound of my voice. Because I'm telling you, all hope isn't lost.

I'm here, and together, we are going to make this a better place.

[Ryan pauses, inhaling deeply, overcome with emotion.]

RM: Believe in me, as I believe in you. I swear to you, I will never let you down. I will never give in, and I will never take a shortcut. Who am I? I'm Ryan Martinez.

I will not be commanded.

I will not be controlled.

And I will never stop fighting. Not until there's no blood pumping in my veins and there's no more air in my lungs.

Together, we will clean up the AWA. And someday, that World Title that has been so tainted by underhanded maneuvers will be around my waist. Someday, everyone will be able to say "there's Ryan Martinez, the World Heavyweight Champion, and he won that belt like a decent, honorable man would."

[A pause.]

RM: Count on it!

[To the roar of the crowd, Ryan Martinez steps away, as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Ryan Martinez with some words that... well, if you ask me, I'd say he made his father very proud right there.

BW: He also might have made the biggest mistake of his career. He just called out the Wise Men, Gordo! I don't understand these people. You've seen what they're capable of... what they did to Supernova, what they did to Matsui and Duane Henry Bishop, what they did to Stevie Scott who is STILL not cleared to wrestle and no one knows when he will be. You saw what they did to Chris Blue who, love him or hate him, has to be considered one of the most powerful men in the history of this sport. Why, Gordo? Why in the blue hell would ANYONE want to challenge those men?

GM: Did you not listen to what Ryan Martinez had to say? For a long, long time, in this company we've spoken of a darkness... a darkness that has spread wide and taken hold of many that have competed here. And for a long time, we've looked and looked and watched as people cast out men like Anton Layton and Polemos and Calisto Dufresne and Joe Petrow and so many others only to see the darkness remain. The Wise Men, Bucky. The Wise Men are the darkness. And until someone cuts the cancer that is the Wise Men out of the AWA, I'm afraid that darkness will never be cast aside!

BW: You may be right, Gordo, or you may be wrong. I don't know the answer to that. But what I DO know is that when Ryan Martinez puts himself in the spotlight and says that he's not afraid of the Wise Men... he is signing his own death warrant.

GM: We'll see about that. Let's go back to the ring.

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

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

WHUMP-ump-ump

[With the sound of a thunderclap, the lights go out, and the world is plunged into darkness. Wind can be heard, chimed in through the PA system.]

Thump-thump

PW: Introducing first, from Detroit Michigan...

[The sounding of a horrible heart is heard.]

PW: He weighs in tonight at three-hundred and fifteen pounds...

["Forsaken" by Korn with David Draiman explodes out of the PA as Draiman's voice fills the PA system and overflows into the arena. From the entrance portal emerges a hulking form that is, by now, very familiar to AWA fans. Glaring down he beholds his gnarled hands, bound as they are in red gauze, clutching a wooden katana.

The dark figure strides powerfully towards the ring as the lights die. Darkness closes back in, broken only by strobing flashbulbs as fans try to get picture of what can only be one man...]

PW: This is WILLIAM CRAAAAAAAAAAVERN!

[Craven looks out at the crowd one time before ducking between the ropes.]

GM: Craven very somber tonight.

BW: You ever notice how his music talks about not being forsaken?

GM: I have.

BW: Think he feels that way right now?

GM: Only time will tell how Craven handles the absence of Chris Blue, that's for certain.

BW: Look at him - he's just ... depressed? He's like a lost puppy.

GM: A lost puppy with a frightening degree of power and nearly two decades experienced in the squared circle.

PW: And his opponent tonight...

#YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!#

[The curtains ruffle as the rotund rapper known as BC Da Mastah MC prepares to make his entrance, as a knockoff instrumental version of E.U.'s late 80s rap hit "Da Butt" plays over the PA. Craven tucks his chin, glowering down at the entrance portal as his opponent emerges. B.C. walks out onto the aisleway, looking out over the crowd, before making a motion to cut the music.]

BC: Ya know.. I guess I gotta make one of these disclaimer kinda things for what I'm about to say. I 'pologize t' my crew out there, cuz there ain't no way in heck that I condone what that human easter egg, Percy Childs, an' his banda' hoodlums did at SuperClash, but dang.. did Chris Blue have it comin' or what?

[Cut to Craven, who trembles visibly.]

BC: Hey there Billy, how you doin'? Not so great huh? Yo' daddy.. done died, huh? Ain't that a shame? Shame Blue an' Childs couldn't destroy each other, but I'm sure me an' every one of my lil' homies out there will take what we can get, for now. Childs will get what's comin' ta him, fo' sure, but in the meantime ... in celebration of Blue's career, I wrote a little song about it. Like ta hear it? Here it goes!

[With one wave of his hand, the "Da Butt" knock off pipes up again as B.C. waves his hand, the rhythm hitting the arena.]

BC: LIGHT IT UP, PARTY PEOPLE! B.C. BE BRINGIN' DA NOISE! BRINGIN' DA FUNK, AND BRINGIN' DA PAIN! YEA-YUH! HERE WE GO NOW!

[Hunkering down, BC starts to play the crowd, wiggling from one side of the entrance aisle to the other while rapping faster than he ever has before.]

BC: Y'ALL ABOUT TO SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO ME, B.C.
DA MASTAH MC? HE'S GOT A TREAT FOR YE!
'CUZ THE MAN-WITCH DONE DIED, DING-DONG-DING
IT'S GOT ME SO DANG HAPPY, I JUS' WANNA SING!

[Hitting a high note on "sing" BC really gets the crowd going.]

BC: ON DA' RAY-DEE-OH, MAN, DON'T YA BE GLARE.
I AIN'T AFRAID OF YA, GOTTA CHANGE YA POINTA' VIEW..
LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO CRY OVER THAT GEEK OFF DA STREET CHRIS BLUE.

[Turning to face the ring and Craven, BC points up goadingly at the green freak.]

BC: MAN, THEY CHOPPED HIM, DROPPED HIM, KICKED 'IM IN DA HEAD
NOW EVERYBODY'S HAPPY, 'CUZ CHRIS BLUE IS DEAD!

[Climbing the ring steps now BC seems oblivious to the fact that Craven's rapidly becoming enraged and breathes heavily in the opposite corner.]

BC: YEAH, THEY STOMPED 'IM, BELLY FLOPPED 'IM 'TIL HIS FACE TURNED
RED! EVERYBODY'S CEL-UH-BRATIN' CUZ CHRIS BLUE IS DEAD!

[Moving to the center of the ring BC's obviously trying to be antagonistic.]

BC: YA KEEP ON WHININ' 'BOUT YO PROBLEMS, AN' IT'S JUST DANG SAD,
BUT I DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR YA, HOMIE, TOO DANG BAD! PEACE!

[Extending his arm, BC lets the microphone fall in front of him, defiantly locking eyes with Craven. Moving to center Craven glares down at the cocky rapper as the referee tries to back both men up before ringing the bell.]

PW: And his opponent, from Alpharetta, Georgia. He weighs in tonight at three-hundred and sixty-six pounds. This is BC DA MASTAH MC!

[BC obeys the referee, backing away from Craven as the big, green freak closes his eyes, grits his sharpened teeth and looks at the mat, lips moving with words nobody can hear.]

DING! *DING!* *DING!*

BW: What's going on here? Normally Craven would've already shrieked four or five times and there'd be body parts flying everywhere.

GM: Good grief...

BW: What? You know what I'm saying.

[Leaning back on his heels BC isn't sure at first what to do. There's a short conversation with the fat rapper bobbing his head and seeming to say "let's go".]

GM: Craven actually conversing with his opponent. You are right, Bucky, he's definitely not exhibiting the behavior we're used to seeing tonight.

BW: Well he better be on his game tonight or BC could slip one in on him. Can you imagine?

GM: A whole rap album would be written and I'm fairly certain that Craven would explode--

SLAP!

[In the ring, BC hits a haymaker slap on Craven. No longer detached, Craven lunges as the fat man ducks under, then pushes him into the ropes.]

BW: WHOA! Rope-a-dope and Craven's the dope!

GM: BC with the big right hands, looking for an irish whip--reversal! Misses with a clothesline! DROPKICK!

[Arms windmilling Craven staggers all the way back to the ropes and grabs them to steady himself.]

BW: He did not see that one coming!

GM: Most people don't. He may be close to 400 pounds but BC can hit that dropkick out of nowhere.

[Shuffling his feet like a cocky boxer, BC showboats as Craven seethes. Rising to his feet and shaking his head his bad mood is ever more apparent. Pacing the ropes he passes a camera which picks up the word he's repeating; "control".]

BW: There he goes again talking to himself.

GM: Not surprising considering everything that's happened recently. Craven circling BC who just seems to be waiting for the man-beast to make a mistake.

BW: Yeah ... and normally it seems like he would've made one by now and we'd be counting down to when the whole match breaks down into a chaotic bloodbath.

[Looking shifty, confused and overall put-off by Craven's oddly calm demeanor, BC is grabbed roughly and the pair contest strength momentarily as Craven pushes him back into a corner. The referee counts 4 and Craven releases, only to be popped in the jaw and spun into the corner. Face pop!]

GM: BC with right hands in the corner! Irish whip!

[Holding the top rope Craven grins as BC hauls with all his might and is unable to budge the green freak. Shaking his head Craven hauls, sending BC back into the corner and slams forearms and knees into the fat rapper with reckless abandon.]

BW: THAT'S what I expected! Big Bill Craven, wearin' 'im out like he owes him money.

[Pulling, Craven sends BC back across the ring and follows him in. A mafia kick misses as BC moves aside and Craven holds onto the top rope to avoid falling.]

GM: BC too quick! AVALANCHE!

[Collapsing in the corner, Craven looks dumbstruck as BC drags him to the center of the ring.]

BW: THUNDEROUS elbow drop! Cover!

GM: Not even a 1-count! BC really getting the crowd going now!

[Clapping his hands, BC looks all over the arena and waits before dropping down in a chinlock on the recovering Craven.]

GM: And BC looking to wear down his taller, ostensibly stronger opponent.

BW: If that big word you just used means "maybe he is" then let me remove all doubt for you Gordo; Craven's a monster in the gym. The fact that BC's keeping him down is nothing short of a miracle. Just you watch.

[Struggling, Craven manages to get to one knee before throwing his hip into BC to throw the big man over one shoulder!]

GM: Oh! Some kind of a throw creates separation and-

[The crowd roars in surprise as a rising BC gets his head trapped in a clawhold!]

BW: What is he now? William Lynch?

GM: Gripping the back of the head as well--

[Craven uses the two-handed grip to slam BC's face into the turnbuckle, sending him slumping down to the canvas where the Detroit native hooks his powerful arms around BC's plump thighs.]

GM: What in the...?

[Craven abruptly jerks BC off the mat into the air, taking him down with a devastating wheelbarrow suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a show of power by the Dragon!

[Craven stumbles into a cover, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The fans cheer as the Georgia native slips his shoulder off the canvas to break the pin attempt.]

BW: He kicked out!? The man got his 400-pound butt heaved up and over in a suplex from the mat and kicked out? I might actually be developing a little respect for him.

GM: Craven in disbelief. He must have thought that this would be a cakewalk but BC actually putting up a fight tonight.

[Pulling BC up, Craven is caught flat-footed as the rotund rapper drops to his knees with a jawbreaker!]

GM: High-impact jawbreaker and Craven staggering off the ropes!

[As Craven stumbles back towards him, BC hoists him off the mat, pivoting and DRIVING his weight down on top of the Dragon in a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[The crowd starts going wild as BC looks around, amazed at his own success.]

GM: BC seems unsure of what to do. An elbowdrop gets the point across and the big man pulls Craven up ... and Craven's out on his feet! CROSS CHOP!

BW: Hey, c'mon, he can't hit him in the throat! Get in there, ref!

GM: I think that BC knows Craven's reputation, Bucky, and doesn't want to take any chances.

[Staggering backwards into the turnbuckle and bouncing off, Craven misses with a clumsy lariat only to absorb a second dropkick to the face by BC!]

GM: Ohh! Another big dropkick by BC... and I think Craven's out, fans! He's flat on his back by the turnbuckles and- oh yeah!

[The fans go absolutely nuts as BC looks down at Craven, up at the top buckle pad, down, up again, and hops over Craven to ascend the ropes! HUGE FACE POP!]

GM: He's going for it!

BW: This is impossible! This is the "avatar of violence", the man who brought Alex Martinez to his knees!

GM: BC Da Mastah MC has scaled the ropes, standing above the prone William Craven! We could be on the verge of the biggest upset in AWA history!

[Climbing to the top, clapping to get the crowd even _more_ behind him, BC waits as his music kicks in... and with a grin, he leaps--]

GM: TURNTABLE! HE'S DOING IT!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Gasping collectively, the air is sucked out of the arena as--]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! CRAVEN MOVED! Craven rolled out of the way!

BW: Oh yeah and now HE'S on his feet!

[Grabbing BC by a wrist and roughly dragging him to the middle of the ring Craven floats over neatly and locks in a crossface chickenwing! Assuming a squat position he hauls up, slowly pulling BC up with all his might.]

GM: DEAD ZONE! He's locked in the Dead Zone! It's inhuman! Craven's LIFTING THE 366-POUNDER!

[Finally, his shock subsiding, BC furiously slaps at the forearm that partially muffles his inhuman screams.]

GM: It's over! Quick as it's begun, Craven has won this match!

[Craven allows BC to drop back down to his knees, still trapped in the hold. Continuing to pull, Craven bares his teeth in a fugue state, so focused on his task that he doesn't know the match is over.]

DING! *DING!* *DING!*

GM: Finally Craven releases the hold. The official seemed to be having trouble making it clear that this one was over.

PW: Ladies and gentlemen ... the winner of this match as result of a submission ... WILLIAM CRAVEN!

[Looming over BC, who lays on the mat, clutching his arm, Craven looks ready to pounce anew. Looking around himself, at the crowd, the referee, the announcers and the arena itself he slowly comes back to himself before moving to his corner where the wooden sword awaits.]

BW: Oh yeah, this is what I'm talking about. This is why people pay to see Craven, Gordo.

GM: This cannot bode well for BC, Bucky. Craven just about ripped his arm off and now he's armed.

[Cringing, sliding away in a wriggling motion, BC begs for his life, not realizing for a moment that Craven's holding out his hand to his defeated opponent. The crowd falls silent, just as stunned by this development as the rapper himself.]

GM: I ... a show of sportsmanship by the man who, in 2011, said he would tear the AWA down and resurrect the Empire?

BW: What the--Bill! What are you doing!? Whip him like a government mule!

[Pulling BC to his feet, Craven pulls him close and gets in his ear before shoving him back with one hand. BC, still checking over his shoulder as he rolls from the ring and goes to the timekeeper's table.]

GM: BC getting something from, from, he's getting the microphone he had when he came out. Craven apparently wanted the microphone.

[Taking it from BC, who still holds his hurt arm close as if it's broken, Craven gestures up the aisle with the bo'ken.]

WC: I pay you this one courtesy, boy; you've shown me disrespect but there's nothing to be gained by striking down a vanquished foe. Now leave.

[BC does so, hustling up the aisle at the speed of someone half his size. Craven breathes audibly into the microphone, swinging the wooden sword experimentally as he paces the ring.]

GM: I guess we'll hear sooner than later how Craven's handling the loss of Chris Blue, Bucky.

WC: As you all, to the last, doubtless know by now the Emperor, Chris Blue, is very much sent from the place. That ... oaf, with designs on the music industry and no place in the same ring as William Craven very crassly informed you. This is, of course, assuming that, in this era where everyone is constantly connected, you haven't already seen the footage that I understand was captured at the very hospital where I attempted to see Christopher.

He wouldn't see me. I can't blame him considering what has passed...

[Introspective, Craven looks down at his bo'ken.]

WC: It was supposed to be grand, his plan, with our team, united, striking hard down upon a team of unwary victims to cement our place at the top of

AWA's food chain. I would be the apex predator with a right to any one match I cared to claim. At the end of the night ... Dufresne would be easy pickings or I would grind Dave Bryant to powder in a repeat of our bouts in the previous millennium.

But no. We failed him. Preston ... all but betrayed us outright. I suspect that, perhaps, the talk the Emperor gave me, of my own claim to the Spotlight was actually his. Or, perhaps, Preston knew of this and felt betrayal at not being chosen himself. It is difficult to know. The Bishops ... buckled. Crushed. Surely no one could know, given their history, their legacy, that they would be gone in the first legs of Steal the Spotlight. Too soon I was left alone to claim our Emperor's glory.

Then... my error. The match of the evening, my chance at glory, long gone, in his fury Christopher cast me aside. He wished solitude for the evening as he viewed the remainder of the event. Soon thereafter I received word that I should meet him elsewhere. Little did I know that the message was not from him.

[Face seizing up in fury, Craven looks directly into the camera and bares his teeth.]

WC: NOW ... we know that the messenger was from Childes. Heh, I ... I should have myself watched the remainder of the event but I feared a loss of control. A compulsion to involve myself in the matches that followed and, without the prize most sought that night surely there would be nothing gained by assaulting our new champion. No, so I secluded myself and came when called. As it turns out that moment was just as Christopher called Percy Childes to the ring.

Oh, you are ever so quick, aren't you Percival?

[Frowning deeply, Craven's movements become more frenetic.]

WC: C-control. C--kk, control. Percival, you greasy sack of fat, all this time you knew. You knew Christopher was on to you. You inserted Lake into our team to keep tabs on us, no doubt to sow dissent. You sent me away when it was clear how complete the decimation of Team Blue was. Then ... you unleashed your dogs.

Lake was no surprise. A thug you doubtless found on the street looking for any excuse to hurt someone in exchange for a little coin. This doesn't absolve him of blame, of course, but it explains his involvement.

Marley? Heh. We know one another well. He told you this, yes? Friends, enemies, friends, enemies and finally he invited me in to his little party. A world away this was and the details were vague to nearly all, even those on the inside. Before long his group was gone, to the man, all except for me. Last man standing. Richard ... respects me, but we know one another, where we stand, and I cannot hold him in contempt for being true to his nature; a snake. A reptile-minded opportunist who strikes at will without consideration for the consequences!

Heh, aheh, and this is coming from a man whose entire appearance is altered to reflect that very thing. This is not _irony_, Percival ... this is amplification of the point I make.

[A deep shuddering sigh escapes Craven who grits his sharpened teeth.]

WC: Detson. Jonathan. John. How long have we known one another? Twelve years? Thirteen? Always we have kept our distance and, when we would happen to meet, it was always amicable. It could be said that we were friends. Only a handful of men can claim that of me, John. In the AWA, James Monosso comes to mind, and after that, only you ... AND YOU THREW THAT AWAY!

[His voice reverberating off the walls of the arena, Craven paces anew, beside himself.]

WC: So you ... you are first. The Emperor's blood is on your hands and it will only wash clean once mingled with your own. You will pay for your betrayal in full as I break you down to your components, ready for the trash heap but just aware enough to know that your whole house of cards will follow as all the pawns of the Wise Men are lined up and summarily executed IN THE MEMORY OF THE EMPEROR!

[Crying openly, tears streaming down his face, Craven drops the bo'ken and leans heavily upon the top rope.]

WC: This will I do because it was my failure that gave you the opening to strike him down. My own guilt will be purged from me in the blood of his enemies. All these years, twenty years, I've screamed to the high holy heavens that "it gets worse" but it doesn't, Detson. You've done it. You've finally done it.

You've sent me all the way to the bottom.

Now I'll drag you down to hell too.

[Dropping to the mat, Craven lets the microphone fall where it may before grabbing his bo'ken and lumbering back up the ramp as we crossfade to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: What... what in the world do you say after hearing something like that, Bucky?

BW: I don't know. William Craven has stood out here and declared war on the entire Unholy Alliance. All of them. And what more, he wants the Wise Men too!

GM: What must Percy Childes be thinking here tonight, Bucky, as he hears man after man... or in Craven's case, a monster... as he hears them set plans to destroy him and everyone surrounding him? Percy Childes has always been the AWA power broker... the mastermind. The one who had all

the answers. But does he have answers for this? Does he have answers to a situation where William Craven seeks to destroy him?

BW: Percy's ALWAYS got the answers, Gordo.

GM: In most situations, I would agree but this? This is different. Fans, we've got to take another quick break but when we come back, we'll see Jack Lynch in action!

[Fade to black.

The screen is completely black, and over the darkness, can be heard a voice familiar to all movie goers - Liam Neeson's.]

"We've been through this before. I don't know why you can't learn."

[On screen, as two women are grabbed, lifted by the waist, thrown into the back of a van, the van's tires screeching and throwing up sparks, as Neeson steps onto the street, watching it speed away.]

"But let me tell you one more time."

[Close up on Neeson's face, contorted in anger, as he speaks into a cell phone.]

"I'm a man with a very particular set of skills. Skills I have acquired over a very long career."

[There's a rapid succession of shots, all of them of Neeson killing various bad guys with his bare hands.]

"Skills that made me a nightmare for people like you."

[Neeson begins moving forward, following the tire tracks laid down by the van, moving past a long line of cars parked on the street. Then, there is a quick cut to a sinister looking Eastern European man, also holding a cell phone to his ear.]

"You're wrong, Mr. Mills. We know exactly who you are."

[There's a sudden explosion, as one of the cars erupts into flames. Neeson is thrown back, landing on his back.]

"You're a man with a problem."

[From the shadows emerges a man. A very tall man, dressed all in black. The camera doesn't show his face, only his broad back. He leans over Neeson, lifts him by his collar, and tosses him against another car, the window shattering from the impact.]

"A very, very big problem."

[The camera circles around, and we see the face of Neeson's big problem. Angry, with a scar running diagonally across his face. A face every AWA fan knows - the face of Alex Martinez. The Hall of Famer lifts his hand, curls his fingers into a fist, and drives that fist repeatedly into Neeson's face. With the final punch, Neeson slumps down, and the screen goes black again. Red text fills the screen.

MARTINEZ

NEESON

TAKEN 3

SUMMER 2014

[We fade from the graphic back to the ring but instead of ring announcer Phil Watson, we find a pacing MAMMOTH Maximus, who has on a black mask and a black singlet, with a silver M across the front, mic in hand.]

GM: Welcome back, folks! During the break, MAMMOTH Maximus took to the ring, insisting he had something important to say to Percy Chides. We think it might have something to do with Percy's revelation about the Wise Men at SuperClash.

BW: Hush, Gordo! Maximus speaks.

MM: At SuperClash, Percy Chides revealed who the Wise Men are...

[The crowd jeers.]

MM: Or, should I say, were. He also revealed that it was he who had orchestrated the attack on Louis Matsui, not Royalty. I had been played for a fool; I had been barking up the wrong tree... In hindsight, that's not such a difficult thing to do: playing me for a fool. But now... Now, Percy Chides, it's time for your reckoning... For what you did to Mister Matsui... And what you've done for me!

[The threat to Chides is, of course, met by cheers.]

MM: I know you're listening back there - the truly wise are always listening - so, I want you to come out here and bring the man, or men, who were part of the attack on Mister Matsui, because I am going NOWHERE until you come out here in person to hear what I've got to say!

[It takes almost no time at all for Percy Chides to appear at the top of the aisle. The only currently-known member of the Wise Men, a short, bald man wearing a brown diamond-pattern knit sweater and thick black pants, ambles on down the aisle, clutching his crystal-tipped cane. And he does not come alone... the six-foot-nine towering form of "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake is following closely behind. The dark-skinned self-described King Of Wrestling is wearing a midnight-blue many-angled sport jacket, deep tan undershirt, black tie, brown leather shoes, dark brown slacks, and a black

fedora atop his large black afro. He carries a mean, almost disgusted scowl on his face, ringed by his mustache and long, almost conical beard.]

GM: You have to wonder if this is such a wise move by MAMMOTH Maximus. We see Demetrius Lake with Percy, and you know that Johnny Detson and Rick Marley will be blindsiding Maximus from the crowd if any physicality starts.

BW: I don't think there is anything wise about Maximus.

[Maximus holds up a hand as Childes steps through the ropes.]

MM: Percy, you might want to tell your goons to hold back for a sec, at least until you hear what I've got to say.

[Percy pauses, raising an eyebrow.]

MM: I didn't call you out here to attack you for what you did to Louis Matsui. I called you out here... to THANK YOU for what you did to Louis Matsui!

[The crowd reacts in shock, roaring their disapproval.]

GM: What?! Did I just hear that right?! MAMMOTH Maximus finds out at SuperClash V that his manger, Louis Matsui, was injured by the Wise Men at Percy Childes' order and he doesn't want to rip Childes' head off?! Matsui brought Maximus to America! Matsui chose him over Mizusawa! What an ingrate!

[Maximus continues.]

MM: Thank you for revealing the truth. Thank you for pulling the wool from my eyes. You were right, Matsui was determined to shine the light upon himself as a Wise Man... And just like Ben Waterson went into business for himself, Louis Matsui became more interested in making it all about himself! After you put him through a windshield, I FINALLY got the chance to figure things out ON MY OWN!

Now, all December long, he's been trying to get in touch... Trying to tell me what he wants me to do next. I've not given him a response... Until now... Louis Matsui, if you're watching, and I know you are, your services... Are NO LONGER NEEDED! Like Mister Childes said, you might be a man who believed he had the power and influence to tame a giant and suffered severe consequences for it, but you are also mistaken to think that I was going to be your replacement monster.

[The crowd cheers, as Maximus declares his independence. Percy produces his own wireless microphone, and addresses the San Bernardino Mountains goliath.]

PC: Mr. Maximus, that is a bold step that you've just taken. But understand this. Whether or not Matsui tried to tame you is certainly not for me to judge. You alone know the truth, and I see no reason not to believe you.

You understand that our attempt to deceive you was strictly strategic; we have no desire to be your enemy. But... now that you're a free agent, I'd like you to consider this.

You have fiscally benefitted from your arrangement with the Wise Men, whether you knew it or not. We made sure that the AWA paid a premium, and I mean a _premium_, to bring you over from Japan. Many in the office were afraid of you, Mr. Maximus. The potential for you crippling a lesser man is always present, because of your size and power. And since you do not waste your life ingratiating yourself to people, you don't get the fan support that one would expect a dominant athlete to get. So without the lure of big merchandise sales, it would have been easy for them to decide that the risk wasn't worth the gain. You were too dominant, too destructive for them.

But we insisted. And you've proven us right many times. You are quite a draw, and a threat to the World Title. I just would like you to remember that those big paychecks you enjoy? Without the Wise Men, the AWA would never have been compelled to make you that contract offer. So think... wisely... on your future. Even without Matsui, we want to make sure that we can count on your support should the management make an unwise decision.

[During all of this, Maximus and Lake are glaring holes at one another. It's a prototypical alpha-male staredown, with each man silently declaring that they are the most powerful one in the ring. But Maximus can do this and speak with Percy simultaneously, which he does. And he does it by addressing Lake.]

MM: Don't worry, I'm not going to lobby for your spot on the Alliance.

[Maximus smirks ever-so-slightly at the implication he just made, which makes Lake's face turn even more sour. Percy raps his cane on the canvas, in an unspoken command for Demetrius to stay in line.]

MM: It's about time I went into business for MYSELF.

PC: You do have that option, Mr. Maximus. We don't require anyone to be under management. We just want to know that you'll be on our side in any... disputes with management. And then we'll be on your side to ensure you continue getting favorable deals. I would, however, advise that you consider a management deal in the future, should you find yourself at a roadblock. The title opportunities in the AWA seem to be, well, something we can help with more easily if you were with one of us.

[As Percy says this last bit, Maximus shakes his head.]

MM: Now, I know I'll never be one of the Wise Men's Chosen Ones, but make no mistake about it, now that I know where the power truly lies, I'm not going to hinder your machinations. Because doing so would be... Most... Unwise. One thing, though... I don't know where our CURRENT World Champion fits into the Wise Men's plans, but if ever you needed an extra

pair of hands to make things right, well, like I said, I don't need to be a part of the Alliance to know which side my bread is buttered.

[And with that, Maximus starts backing away from Percy Childes and his backup. Lake looks to Percy for instructions. At a nod from Percy, Lake backs up... and a second nod at the audience confirms Gordon's suspicions that they were not alone. Maximus steps through the ropes, and nods to Percy before exiting the ring. The jeers grow louder at the sight of Maximus walking away from the ring, leaving Percy Childes standing tall inside it.]

PC: You have chosen... wisely.

[Childes and Lake also exit, to the boos of the fans.]

GM: So they've gone from making backdoor deals to publicly FLAUNTING their deals?!

BW: Gordo, think about why Percy would come out and deal with MAMMOTH publicly. You're darn right, he flaunted it... because that lets the AWA know just how far in control they are. And MAMMOTH fired Matsui while still staying in the Wise Men's good graces; the big man is smarter than any of us realized! The fans thought he was gonna up and start shakin' hands and kissin' babies? Wrong! MAMMOTH Maximus is his own man, and he's not a mindless beast. He's even scarier now... he's on his own, and he's got a plan for his career.

GM: That, I can agree with. Maximus is every bit as devastating as anyone who has ever stepped in that ring, and now he's doing his own bidding. Everyone in the AWA had better watch their backs.

BW: Their fronts. MAMMOTH doesn't NEED to jump anybody from behind.

GM: Supreme Wright is quickly finding out that life as the World Heavyweight Champion is not easy. There's a laundry list of challengers lining up for the opportunity to take that title from around his waist, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he says he welcomes it! He says he wants to defend against all comers!

GM: We'll see if he means it after he's had a taste of it which he's going to get later tonight when he defends the title for the very first time against one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones. But that's later tonight... right now, let's go to Jason Dane who has a special guest. Jason?

[The camera cuts to the raised interview platform, where Jason Dane stands with Jack Lynch on his right. Lynch is dressed for the ring, wearing a long, leather duster over a bare chest, as well as his wrestling trunks. Tall, but more muscular, less lanky now, Jack, is, as always, wearing his black cowboy hat, slung low to conceal much of his face.]

JD: Here I am with Jack Lynch. Mr. Lynch, we're about to see you in action, but I wanted to get a few words from you before your match.

JL: Sounds good to me. But first, lemme just say this.

You wait your turn boy, I'll be there to whip ya in a minute.

[The camera cuts across the entrance ramp to the ring, where a very impatient Lee Harrigan is pacing back and forth.]

JD: First off, is there anything you can tell us about your brother, James?

JL: Jimmy is... well, he's workin' hard every day. I said it before, but I'll say it again. Jimmy has gotten, and read every postcard, letter and email you great fans have sent to him. And when he's able to sit up for more than an hour at a time, Jimmy told me he's gonna reply to every single one.

[The crowd cheers in honor of the fallen Lynch.]

JD: And then there is your father, Blackjack Lynch. When last we saw him, his triumphant moment had been eclipsed by a man you're very familiar with, one, Demetrius Lake. I have to think that you and your brother will be seeking retribution.

JL: Well Jason. you're half right.

Trav is not goin' anywhere near Demetrius Lake. And that's not his choice, its mine. See, Trav? It's time for him to set his sights on AWA gold. It's time for my kid brother to become a champion.

The Black Tiger?

[With a soft chuckle, Jack removes his cowboy head, lifting his bent head to stare into the camera.]

JL: He belongs to me.

I can't rightly remember how it started between you and me. I do know that there's been a lotta blood spilled over it. And I do know that, last time you and I were in the ring? Well, ya won, and I had to leave St. Louis. Don't think that there's a moment that goes by when that knowledge ain't screamin' at me from the back of my head.

But this ain't St. Louis, Demetrius. This is Texas. And Texas?

[A smirk.]

JL: That's Lynch country!

[The fans roar their agreement.]

JL: You got the last word in St. Louis. And you even got the last word at

SuperClash. But, as Trav, Blackjack and myself proved at SuperClash, it ain't one battle that wins the war. I got a year free from the Bullies. And ya know what that means?

[Jack dons his hat once more.]

JL: Means I got one whole year to do nothin' but concentrate on the likes of you, Demetrius Lake. And speakin' of the illustrious Mr. Lake, did I hear right, he's scheduled to come out here and have a match later on?

[Dane looks apprehensive, but at last nods.]

JD: That's correct.

JL: Good. Then I'll make sure I come out later and get what I want from the Black Tiger. But now Jason, if you'll excuse me.

Time to give a very impatient man a very bad beating.

[And with that, we go to the ring, where Phil Watson stands in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring. LEE HARRIGAN!

[The crowd boos, as the dim Harrigan reacts gratefully, seemingly oblivious to the fact that he's being booed.]

PW: And his opponent.

[The opening chords of the Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas. Weighing in at two hundred and sixty five pounds. A former National Tag Team Champion, and a former winner of the Crockett Cup... here is...

JACK LYNCH!!!!

[The crowd roars, as Jack makes his way down to the ring. He takes his time, moving at a deliberate pace, letting Harrigan stew as he waits. Pausing at the apron, Lynch removes his hat and longcoat, passing them off to the ring attendant. Just as he's standing up, Harrigan comes charging at him, driving an elbow into the side of Lynch's head, stunning him.]

GM: Lee Harrigan clearly got tired of waiting.

BW: Who ever heard of waitin' on a Stench?

[DING DING DING!]

GM: It looks like referee Ricky Longfellow is going to allow that, as he calls for the beginning of the match.

BW: I told ya Gordo, ain't no one going to wait on a Stench. Especially not after what old man Lynch did to poor Dick Wyatt!

GM: I will agree that what Blackjack Lynch did to Dick Wyatt at SuperClash was extreme. But Bucky, if I'm being honest, I can't say that it was undeserved.

[Harrigan has been all over Lynch since the opening bell. Pummeling him with kicks and punches. Slamming him hard into the mat, and generally preventing Jack from building any sort of offense.]

GM: Harrigan whips Jack Lynch into the turnbuckle! Oh! He hit the turnbuckle chest first! That's a good way to crack a sternum!

BW: Luckily, Jack's genetic disorder prevents any real injuries from happening.

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: Everyone knows that every Lynch is born without guts!

[Harrigan rushes in behind Lynch, but at the last minute, Lynch throws his elbow backwards, driving it directly into Harrigan's nose. Howling in pain, Harrigan stumbles back. Jack turns around, breathing heavily, shaking his head, trying to clear his mind.]

GM: Jack Lynch demonstrating his ring mastery. Even hurting, he knew where he was and what he had to do.

[Recovered now, Lynch falls into a three point stance and launches himself at Harrigan. The moment they collide, Harrigan goes rear-over-teakettle, sailing through the air over Lynch's, his impact causing the mat to visibly bounce.]

GM: A perfect football tackle! Like his father and brothers, Jack Lynch has a background playing football, both in high school and college.

BW: Yep, they have a mighty fine tradition of bein' tackling dummies, waterboys and bench warmers!

GM: I don't even know what to say to that!

[Lynch yanks Harrigan off the mat, and, returning the favor Harrigan paid him, whips him into the corner. Harrigan hits back first, and leans, prone in the corner. Lynch backs up, and then races at Harrigan, leaping in the air at the last minute, knee bent and extended forward.]

GM: JUMPING HIGH KNEE!

[Harrigan crumples in the corner, and Jack grabs hold of the top rope, as he delivers a series of hard stomps to Harrigan's back, neck, shoulders and chest.]

GM: Jack Lynch tends to be laconic, and that makes some people think he's laid back. But beneath that cool exterior, Jack Lynch is every bit the ornery cowboy his father is. And we're seeing that right now.

[Taking control now, Lynch scoops up Harrigan and slams him in the center of the ring. Bouncing off the ropes, Lynch jumps up, driving his knee into Harrigan's throat.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: There's a whole lot of elevation on that kneedrop, Gordo.

GM: Certainly was.

[Lynch hauls Harrigan off the mat, taking him up and down again with a snap suplex.]

GM: Quite the assault by Jack Lynch.

BW: I don't like him, but I gotta admit, Jack Lynch has been takin' it right to Lee Harrigan.

GM: And now, Lynch is standing Harrigan up. Harrigan is wobbly. Jack Lynch stepping back, waiting for his moment.

[Lynch waits for Harrigan to lift his head and then charges forward, bending his arm and twisting his body. With his arm bent and the torque that comes from twisting back towards Harrigan, he causes the enormous Harrigan to do a full flip in the air.]

GM: LARIAT!!!

BW: Man, Gordo, he damn near took Harrigan's head off with that.

GM: We've not seen Jack Lynch use the lariat before, but I have to say, he did it to perfection.

[Lynch moves in for the pin, but just as he's about to cover his opponent, a chant rises from the audience.]

"CLAW! CLAW! CLAW! CLAW!"

BW: These monsters want the claw!

GM: Well, Bucky, you watch Jack Lynch in the ring, you want to see the patented Lynch Iron Claw!

[Jack hesitates a moment, and then finally nods. He pulls Harrigan up by the hair, and lifts his right hand. Fingers curl forward, and there's a quick strike of his hand, the movement almost faster than the eye can follow.]

GM: Iron Claw!

[Harrigan's arms flail in the air for a moment, before he collapses on the mat. Longfellow is quick to slide across the ring, his hand slapping the mat three times.]

GM: And that's all she wrote for Lee Harrigan! Jack Lynch with a very impressive victory!

BW: Just you wait until Demetrius Lake gets his hands on that stinkin' Lynch boy. You ain't seen nothin' until you've seen the King at work, daddy!

GM: Certainly, that's a collision that's in the not too distant future and one that I personally can't wait to see. A big win for Jack Lynch here on Awards Night and right now, let's go backstage where I'm told a member of the Unholy Alliance is standing by!

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing beside Johnny Detson. Detson is wearing a black three piece suit with a black skinny tie undone around the collar. He peers at the back of his hand through his shades as if he is almost bored to be there and the interview hasn't even started.]

MS: I'm here with Johnny Detson, and Johnny the question has to be-

Detson: (sigh) No doubt it's about Supreme Wright and his actions at SuperClash. Well Supreme Wright is what I always said he was... fortunate. He is the AWA's fortunate son.

MS: That's not really what I-

Detson: He was fortunate to beat me; he was fortunate to get placed in that match; and fortunate to have that stipulation put in for him. Yes he is and always will be very fortunate. Supreme hasn't seen the last of me but I'll get back to him a little bit later.

MS: Good. Now if I can have your thoughts on-

Detson: Christopher Blue. The name to end all names. The biggest promoter the professional wrestling scene has ever seen. Creator of the E! Half the roster owes their careers to that man.

[Detson smirks.]

Detson: And I'm the one who ended it. Ended all of it. No more Chris Blue; he's been dropped on his over inflated head! And by who? A guy he's once called simply generic? A guy never fit for his Empire? But I'm not bitter, no not in the slightest. Not bitter at all. And why, Stegglet?

[Detson looks at Stegglet who simply shrugs.)

Detson: Because in the end, I'm still standing. Johnny Detson is the answer to the question of who finally ended Chris Blue. I've been sitting here for a year trying to prove to these stupid jack-o's that I'm great. Prove to them? I'm done proving, its time you and everybody else just accept the fact that Johnny Detson is and always will be great. I don't have to prove anything!

[With that, Detson walks off camera.]

MS: But actually, I wanted to ask for your comments on what William Craven said earlier.

[Stegglet looks out to where Detson just walked away. The moment passes and just as Stegglet turns away, Detson comes storming back into the shot. Even though he is wearing dark glasses you can feel him staring a hole through Dane.)

Detson: William?

[Detson slowly cracks his neck back and forth.]

Detson: Craven?

[Detson lowers his head.]

Detson: You want to ask the destroyer of Empires about William Craven?

[An over-exaggerated sigh as Detson lifts his head up.]

Detson: Billy. Billy. Billy. You want to play this game fine; I guess I'm your new shiny object.

[Detson laughs, shaking his head.]

Detson: You want to threaten me? Why? Once again you're all mixed up, pointing in the wrong direction. You shouldn't be threatening me; you should be thanking me.

MS: Thanking you?! You dropped the closest thing to a father figure the man had on his head?

[Detson looks over at Stegglet before looking back at the camera.]

Detson: It's idiot statements like this that have you confused Billy Buddy. I didn't hurt you, I helped you. We didn't let you come down and get destroyed by the Alliance which you would have. No we – I – arranged for you to be out of the building, looking out for you!

MS: You can't honestly expect-

[Stegglet is interrupted by Detson placing a finger on his mouth and slowly shaking his head back and forth.]

Detson: And yes I did drop Chris Blue on his head, and yes, it felt great. But it wasn't just for my benefit, it was also for you. You see I didn't destroy your Emperor; I destroyed your Oppressor! The one holding you back; the one keeping you down. The one doing what every corporate entity has done to you over your forty-seven years of existence.

[Detson nods in agreement as Stegglet can be seen rolling his eyes in the background.]

Detson: I released you from those shackles. I didn't throw anything away Billy. I gave you new life, I set you free. So don't threaten me – thank me! Because really you're going to drag me down to hell? Look around Billy Buddy... we're in Dallas...

[Detson lowers his shades and looks around the room in utter disgust before pushing them back up.]

Detson: ...Texas. We're already there.

[With that, Detson smirks and walks off as we fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fade back up on a panning shot of the interior of the Crockett Coliseum with the fans eagerly anticipating whatever is coming next their way.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and we're being told that there's an unscheduled interview with Jason Dane that we need to send to.

BW: I don't have that on my program, Gordo.

GM: Apparently, someone has demanded interview time, and is getting it. Let's throw it up to Jason.

[We go once again to the interview area, where a nervous Jason Dane is standing by.]

JD: Fans, I... I hope this goes well.

[He clears his throat, gathers his composure, and continues.]

JD: Please welcome at this time... the Asian Assassin, Nenshou.

[The fans react loudly, but really do not know whether to cheer or boo. A swath of red cloth comes whooshing through the curtain, and the robed form of Nenshou, his head covered with an ornate slitted round hood, marches to the platform. Dane is clearly very uncomfortable about this.]

BW: WHOA. Nenshou's gonna do an interview? Without Percy?

GM: Or an interpreter. This is a first, fans, and promises to be very, very interesting.

BW: Especially since Nenshou's already put Dane in the hospital once, and that was with Percy calming him down all the time. I think Jason better watch his step.

GM: It's impossible to know how Nenshou will react to anything. Take it away, Jason. And good luck.

JD: Nenshou. You've requested this time. Are you finally ready to speak to us all.

[A pause, and then an answer. Nenshou's voice is heavily accented, as one might suspect. If it were written as it sounds, it would be slightly less intelligible than Mr. Sadisuto, and that's Sadisuoto's thing so let's just imagine.]

N: I am.

JD: Up until now, you've released statements prerecorded through interpreters.

N: I do not like to do things if I am not perfect. At your language, I am not perfect. Today, I need to speak.

JD: And my guess is that this is about Percy Childes, and the revelations of SuperClash.

N: Of course. Percy Childes...

[Nenshou raises his right hand, with his fingers taped as normal. He slowly pulls off his hood to reveal his face, painted in black with white and red kanji, brushcut hair with a new symbol shaved into it.]

N: Percy. Childes.

[With each word, Nenshou's gaze moves from Dane to the camera. It is a steady, intense gaze from a stern-looking man.]

N: Why. Why do you seek death?

JD: That's a bit melodramatic, Nenshou.

N: No. It would be. It would be for other times. Other situations. But, not now. Percy Childes is a betrayer. He has not only betrayed me, but others. Others who will kill him.

JD: I see you have a new kanji shaved into your head.

N: "Betrayal".

JD: We only have heard fragments here and there of this whole deal between you and Childes. We know there's a third party involved. Childes has often said that he's answering to someone else regarding you. And he claims that neither one of you can end his contract as your manager. Will you please tell us the full story?

N: It is better for you to not know.

JD: No. No, that's never the right answer.

N: All you need is that I came to America to be the champion. I need to be the champion. You do not understand why, but it is important. I do not just want to be champion, I need to be champion. It is not mere... ambition? Percy Childes claimed he would deliver it. I now find out that he has given other people title matches. Some kind of 'order'. He held me back from title matches when I was Number One Contender.

JD: You have a backer who requires you to be the World Champion. Is this about your father?

N: Do you want to die also?

JD: I...

[Jason takes a big step back, but Nenshou is not moving.]

N: It does not matter to you why, so do not question. All that is needed is Percy Childes. He must come here. Now. I must know why he has chosen death.

JD: Someone's coming through the curtain.

[It's Gibson Hayes, dressed in a navy blue suit with white shirt and red tie. He's standing tall, big ole afro moving as he strides out from the curtain towards the interview platform. Dane is perplexed, and Nenshou holds his pointer and middle finger up in front of his face in his 'battle meditation' stance; he's ready to fight.]

JD: ...what.

N: Who send you? Did Childes send you?

[Gibby smirks.]

GH: Hong Kong Fooey, I don't take orders from folks. I'm a "problem" that isn't exactly welcomed here with open arms. I'm here because of you, sweet'ums. I'm here because I couldn't stand listening to you take a giant dook on my native land's tongue. I'm here because I'm sick of people like you festering on the shining shore of America. It sickens me to listen to you plop out words like so much fertilizer. You're a disgrace, Nihaoshao

N: Hmph. I speak English better than you speak Japanese. Or any other language but your own. Did you learn of the world in school?

[Hayes looks at Nenshou, then shakes his head.]

GH: I learned that the world beyond the United States is a waste of space and that foreigners like you... you just try to use America for your own sinister desires. I, Gibson Hayes, "The Last, Best Hope for a Bright Future and Better Tomorrow", "America's Last Son and True Champion" know that trash like you aren't fit to be on my lady's wondrous shores. You're nothing but old tuna, bloated and rotting, that found pity here in Dallas when they need a few corpses to fill out the roster.

[The Japanese start glares at Hayes.]

N: You speak of America. I do not think you speak FOR America.

[This gets a face palm and chuckle from Gibby.]

GH: Buster, I don't know if you're up to date on your wrestling knowledge, but I'mma drop a truth bomb on you. I'm one of the greatest men to set foot in between those ropes of the last generation. I'm so damned good they wouldn't even show my face on a magazine here in Dallas due to how much of a death grip I had on the top. I'm so damned good people wanted to keep me out of this place so badly that it got me interested in coming here. I'm so damned good that I don't even have to list my accomplishments for you, Mr. Roboto.

[Nenshou's patience is at an end as he stares into Gibson's eyes.]

N: Gibson. Hayes.

GH: Mr. Shoe?

N: You want to confront me.

GH: I wouldn't have bothered to show up if I didn't want to deport a piece of trash like you from my beloved.

N: You want to provoke me.

GH: It's your problem if you can't face the truth - you don't belong here Snowshoe.

N: Prove yourself worthy.

GH: I've been a World Champion, have you? Wait, let me answer that for you: no.

N: Then you will have no complaint to wrestle me.

[The fans erupt at the thought of this match up, Gibson's eyes go saucer wide.]

GH: Hold up, Kojima. You're not suggesting we do this now...

N: Now.

GH: Now, now?

N: NOW.

[The fans cheer louder at the prospect of seeing Nenshou vs Gibson Hayes live.]

GH: I'm not sure how they do it in Pyongyang, or where ever the heck you're from, but over here when we have a match, we honor that obligation.

N: My opponent will wait.

JD: I don't think you can just rebook a match, Nenshou. Percy did that often, but now we know why he could. You...

N: My opponent was to be Albert Showens.

JD: Yes, the young judoka...

[Nenshou turns back to the camera.]

N: Albert. Showens. You... will stand aside. I will give you my match purse so that you are paid.

GH: [to Dane] It's obvious he's hopped up on Oriental Spices... he's talking to the camera for goodness sake!

[Nenshou turns back towards Gibson.]

N: I am sure that will deal with that.

GH: Okay, okay, you get your wish... but I need a few moments to get changed into the match. After all, we want a fair fight, right?

N: You have two minutes.

GH: Kick down, sparky. Who are you to give me an ultimatum?

N: Who do you think you are to come here and interrupt me at all?

GH: Who do I think I am? That's rich...

[Hayes turns the other cheek... then hocks a spit wad at Nenshou's face, landing right on the man's nose. Nenshou's face contorts with rage, and his fingers move quickly to his Adam's apple. But before he can respond with his mist, Gibson is standing behind Dane, using him as a human shield.]

GH: Hey now, killer, I wouldn't do that if I were you. I seem to remember that if you do anything to Mr. Dane again... you're done. And then mean ole Percy gets his way, and we wouldn't want that, would we Nenshi-kins?

N: Two! Minutes!

[Nenshou storms off angrily, leaving Gibson smirking and Dane wide-eyed in the fear of what almost happened. Hayes makes sure Nenshou is gone before turning to Dane.]

GH: I think that went rather well!

[Gibson pinches Dane's cheek before walking off, whistling "Dixie".]

BW: Holy smokes! Gordo... we're gonna get Gibson Hayes versus Nenshou! Live! Here tonight!

GM: And not just tonight, but after this brief commercial break!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

Voice: They had to cripple me to stop me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Fade from the shot of Monosso's eyes to a shot of Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Wrestling fans, we are back, and before the break, we saw an incredible scene as the new-to-AWA Gibson Hayes, for reasons that are absolutely foreign to me, interrupted Nenshou's first solo English interview and goaded him into a match. Which will take place now!

BW: Foreign is the right word. Gibson Hayes has always stood for America. And Nenshou is a foreigner who is taking a job that an American could probably do better.

GM: What?

BW: The World Champion is American. Ninety percent of all AWA National and World Champions have been American - Kolya Sudakov was an outlier. So logically, Americans must be better at wrestling. Therefore, Nenshou is holding a roster spot that an American should have.

GM: Did Gibson Hayes feed you that logic? That sounds like something he'd come up with.

BW: Nope. That one was all me. And he's free to use it because it's true.

GM: Will you stop?! Let's go to the ring and get this one underway.

[*DING*DING*]

[The camera pans up to where Phil Watson is standing by. The crowd is pumped up for the match they're about to see, and moreso when the opening lightning strike of "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis bursts over the PA.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit!

Introducing first, about to make his way down the aisle... from The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing two hundred thirty-five pounds... he is the Asian Assassin...

...NENSHOU!

[Less than halfway through Phil's intro, Nenshou storms through the curtain. He walks quickly and with purpose, ditching his hood and his robe as he proceeds down the elevated aisle. The crowd is unambiguously cheering him at this point.]

BW: It's still so bizarre to see him without Percy.

GM: Who is still his manager of record, in a situation similar to James Monosso's in late 2012. Which makes sense, because if Percy's going to draw up an ironclad contract for one guy, he'll do it for all of them.

[Nenshou slingshots himself into the ring, and immediately marches to his corner, puts his fingers in front of his face, and enters his meditative state.]

BW: But he ain't gotta worry about that. He has to worry about Gibson Hayes. The former World Champion in Phoenix, which was one of the most respected territories of the last ten years, worthy of World Title status in the eyes of many. And there's no doubt that Gibson is one of the top stars in the sport.

GM: Nobody questions that, but this will be his first AWA test. He went to the top in Phoenix, will he do it in Dallas?

[Speak of the devil and he shall appear. Eliot Lipp's "Rap Tight" kicks up and that means that Gibson Hayes isn't too far behind.]

PW: And his opponent; hailing from Tuscaloosa, Alabama and weighing in at two hundred forty-three pounds; he is the self professed "Last, Best Hope for a Bright Future and Better Tomorrow" - this is Gibson Hayes!

[And... nothing.]

GM: Gibson Hayes is stalling. He got Nenshou riled up, and now he's making him wait.

BW: That's great strategy against most guys, but I don't think it'll work on Nenshou. That weird meditation he does seems to inure him against that kind of psych game.

GM: Well, he's trying nonetheless.

BW: Gordo, you don't understand what I mean. Gibson Hayes is too smart to not know that.

GM: Then... don't tell me...

[The fans boo louder as the music slowly dies down. Nobody is at the entranceway.]

BW: Either he's gonna sneak up on him from the crowd, which also wouldn't work while Nenshou's in his battle trance thingy... or he's sitting in the back laughing at him. I know where my money is.

GM: This is a joke!

BW: Yes, exactly! And pretty funny if you ask me. Get the hypertense hyperserious guy all wound up and send him out there to do nothing with all that temper. He can control it with the meditation in a match, but he won't meditate all night.

GM: No, I mean that this is a slap in the face of professional wrestling! This is a sport, Bucky! You can't sign a match and then just not show up just to antagonize someone!

BW: Sign a match? Who signed a match? The only guy that signed a match was Albert Showens, remember? Gibson's his surrogate. Gibson didn't sign anything. Nenshou tried to pressure him into coming out here when he wasn't ready. Hayes is not the one who issued the challenge, Nenshou is.

GM: Referee Marty Meekly is laying a count on... that's it. A forfeit. Disgusting.

[The crowd certainly thinks so. They're going bananas, booing and chanting things which WKIK is censoring out. Something about bulls that rhymes

with 'hit'. Nenshou glares at the entranceway, and refuses to allow Meekly to raise his hand.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner as a result of a forfeit... NENSHOU!

GM: What an anticlimactic event.

BW: I think the word you were looking for was 'punchline'.

GM: I think the words that Gibson Hayes will be looking for if this is how he's going to behave in the AWA are 'unemployment insurance'. Let's go backstage and hear from one of the teams in the Stampede Cup!

[We cut to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in between the duo known as Air Strike, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons. Smiling ear to ear the duo is dressed to wrestle with Aarons wearing a bright, orange long pair of tights with a double vertical stripe of royal blue. Mertz is wearing long royal blue tights with a solid vertical stripe of orange down each leg. Both members are wearing there hot of the press brand new "Air Strike Fan Club Member" tee shirt.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm standing here with Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons of Air Strike, the first team to qualify for this year's Stampede Cup! Gentlemen, your thoughts?

[Aarons smiles at Dane before bellowing into the mic.]

MA: STAMPEDE! CUP! Cody, refresh my memory - who are some of the teams who have won the Stampede Cup?

CM: Let's see, Freeman and Dufresne...

[Aarons nods approvingly.]

CM: ...Violence Unlimited...

[Aarons holds out both hands making a V and a U and then mouthing the words VU.]

CM: ...the Lynches...

[Aarons holds out three fingers as he continues to nod his head.]

CM: ...and the Blonde Bombers.

[Cody smirks at Aarons who looks back at Dane.]

MA: A collective who's who of AWA tag teams. A collection of some of the best in the world. And now, Air Strike is in the Cup looking to get added to that list!

CM: Jason, it's an absolute honor to be standing with you here tonight talking about our inclusion in the premier tag tournament in all the world! Sure we've mentioned the winners but throw in teams like the Aces, Rough N Ready, our current champs SkyHerc; and past greats like the Bishop Boys. Any team who's worth their weight enters this tournament with the dreams of winning it. To be included in that list of greats, standing here in the beginning of 2014 with a chance?

[Cody looks over at Aarons and shakes his head.]

CM: Well, you'd be a fool not to feel pretty good about that.

JD: I want to get your thoughts on a team you didn't mention and who was announced earlier tonight as another team in the Stampede Cup, Strictly Business.

CM: Strictly Business was one of the biggest names going in this business. To be in the same breath as Strictly Business, let alone the same tournament... well let's just say it brings a constant smile to my face every time I see how far we've come in this short amount of time.

MA: Mike Sebastian and Andrew Tucker... Strictly Business in the Stampede Cup with Air Strike making an already great tournament line up that much better!

[Aarons smirks as he continues.]

MA: I remember as a little kid in grade school, going over to my Uncle's house when he would order the E on P-P-V and we would sit there and watch Strictly Business doing their thing. One of the standard bearers of the tag team wrestling scene as Cody just said. Always on the title chase scene and now always on the short list for the Hall of Fame. I don't think it would be too bold to say that I think it would be the highlight of this team's short career to get a chance to face them in the Stampede Cup.

CM: Michael's right. There would be no better feeling than to step into the ring against a team like that and be able to show that Air Strike can hold their own against former World Tag Team champions. Hopefully Air Strike and Strictly Business can cross paths and light the world on fire!

[Air Strike exchanges a fist bump.]

MA: Right you are, Cody. Because lighting the world on fire is the Air Strike specialty! Strictly Business and the rest of the Stampede field are going to find out who we are! Cuz we are the high-flying; death-defying; awe-inspiring; never-tiring; highlight-complying... AWA Teenage Dream Team of the new generation. And that's something we've been proving week in, week out.

[Cody nods in agreement.]

CM: And pretty soon people will figure out that instead of worrying about who Air Strike has to contend with; they're going to start worrying because they have Air Strike to contend with!

[With that, the duo exchange another fist bump and head towards the entrance curtain.]

JD: Strictly Business and Air Strike already in the Stampede Cup, who else will join them? Right now, we're going to see Air Strike in action so take it away, Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Currently standing in the ring at a total combined weight of four hundred seventy-five pounds, from Ecuador... the Ecuadorian Hit Squad!

[Two average sized masked men stand in the ring to little reaction from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis to a big cheer from the AWA crowd.]

PW: ...weighing in at a total combined weight of 420 pounds... Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz...

AIIIIIIIR STRIIIIIIKE!

[Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come racing out of the back to the cheers from the crowd. All smiles and sprinting down the aisle, Air Strike bend down to slap the hands of all the fans that stick their arms out. Aarons has a well-toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long purple tights with a black vertical stripe going down the leg. Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Aarons is wearing a bright, orange long pair of tights with a double vertical stripe of royal blue. Mertz is wearing long royal blue tights with a solid vertical stripe of orange down each leg.

Both members are wearing there hot of the press brand new "Air Strike Fan Club Member" tee shirt! Both members sling themselves over the top rope and then rip off their shirts before throwing them into opposite sections of the crowd. The Ecuadorian Hit Squad take this time to charge their opponents while their backs are turned]

GM: Ecuadorian Hit Squad on the attack early but Air Strike sees them coming...

[Both Mertz and Aarons drop down to the mat, forcing the Ecuadorians to hurdle over them but somehow manage to slam on the brakes before hitting the ropes.]

GM: Mertz and Aarons are up!

[A running clothesline from both Air Strike members send the Ecuadorians tumbling over the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Down to the floor goes the Hit Squad!

BW: This is pathetic. Hopefully Ecuador has a better showing in the Winter Olympics next month, Gordo.

GM: I don't think that's likely to happen, Bucky.

[Aarons playfully calls out to Cody and the two switch positions before grabbing the top rope and flinging themselves out to the floor.]

GM: OH MY! Double dive over the ropes onto both members of the Ecuadorian Hit Squad and Air Strike in complete control!

[Air Strike exchange a fist bump with a few members of the crowd before Cody grabs one of the Hit Squad and rolls him back in the ring...

...just as the members of Strictly Business appear at the top of the aisle, sparking a mixture of cheers and concerned buzzing.]

GM: Hey, look at that... the third team to enter the Stampede Cup is making their presence known right here and now, fans, and it looks like Cody Mertz is going to start the action against... well, I don't know which member of the Hit Squad that is.

BW: He's the member of a high covert international hit squad, daddy; you can't just go around assigning them names!

GM: Regardless, Mertz has Number One and throws him in the ring.

[Mertz rolls under as well, getting greeted with some stomps to the back of the head by #1 who drags the spunky high flyer off the mat, yanking him into a side headlock.]

BW: This is where the real trouble starts. I have it on the highest authority that both members of the Ecuadorian Hit Squad were once members of the Ecuadorian Greco Roman Olympic team.

GM: Highest authority?

BW: I have my sources.

[Mertz struggles for a bit as #1 cinches in the head lock. Backing into the ropes, Mertz manages to shove #1 off to the far side. He leaps into the air, leapfrogging the incoming #1 who hits the far ropes.]

GM: #1 off the far side... down goes Mertz and #1 hops right over him...

[As the Ecuadorian hits the ropes for the third time, Mertz rolls over to his back, lifting his legs and tossing #1 down to the canvas with a monkey flip!]

GM: Nice move by Cody Mertz and from the ovation, you can tell that these two are getting more and more popular with every outing here on television.

[We cut to a shot of Andrew Tucker leaning over, whispering something to Mike Sebastian who gestures at the ring and nods. Back on his feet, Mertz takes a step, charging to the ropes where he bounces back, leaving his feet with a leaping elbowdrop to the chest before rolling to his corner where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Quick tag to Michael Aarons...

[Each Air Strike member grabs an arm, twisting it around into a double arm wringer. A pair of boots to the midsection leaves #1 gasping for air before he ends up the victim of a double suplex down to the mat.]

GM: You gotta be impressed by the teamwork of these two.

BW: Hey, they're lookin' good. It's not just any team who can knock off the Longhorn Riders like they did at SuperClash V so you gotta give 'em some credit, I guess.

[With #1 down on the mat, #2 ducks through the ropes, having seen enough as he charges towards Michael Aarons...

...who scissors the legs, taking #2 down to the canvas!]

GM: Drop toehold out of Aarons and-

[A quickly rising #2 gets up, catching a standing dropkick to the mush that sends him tumbling back through the ropes and out to the floor. Aarons quickly gets up, tagging his partner back in.]

GM: Another quick tag as Air Strike shows off that teamwork that I mentioned. These guys learned their craft quite well down in the Combat Corner, fans.

[Mertz grabs the top rope as Aarons grabs the legs of #1, falling back into a catapult as Mertz springboards off the top, diving into a crossbody that flattens #1!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Aarons flung him up right into a springboard cross body from Mertz!

BW: Okay, that was impressive.

GM: Expect nothing less from these tag team specialists!

[An impressed-looking Mike Sebastian lightly applauds the double team as Andrew Tucker nods his head at the action in the ring. Not bothering with a cover, Mertz hauls #1 to his feet, flinging him into the turnbuckles. He dashes across, charging up to sit atop the shoulders of #1 in a Victory Roll position. The Ecuadorian staggers out just after Aarons slaps his partner's back.]

GM: The blind tag is made! I'm not even sure Mertz knows that Aarons made the tag!

[Spinning around on the shoulders, Mertz uses his legs to whip #1 over and down to the mat as Aarons leaps off the top, sailing through the air and driving his elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Picture perfect elbowdrop off the top! There's the cover!

BW: This one's over, daddy!

[And it might have been but at two, Ecuadorian Hit Squad #2 runs in to break it up. #2 sends clubbing forearms against the back of Aarons as the Air Strike member tries to stand.]

GM: The Ecuadorian Hit Squad trying to gain some momentum and they'll need to if they want to stay in the match.

[EHS #2 backs Aarons into a corner with rights and lefts. Up against the buckles, Aarons lifts his hands to defend himself as the bigger man continues to swing for the fences. A big looping right hand comes up empty as Aarons ducks under, seizing the moment to snap off some stiff right jabs to the jaw!]

GM: Aarons is fighting back!

[Grabbing a three-quarter nelson, he flips #2 over with a snapmare before leaping into the air and driving his feet down into the back of the Ecuadorian's head.]

GM: Ohh! That'll rattle your cage!

[As Aarons gets back to his feet, #1 is lumbering towards him but Aarons sidesteps, flinging him chestfirst into the corner. As #1 stumbles back out, Aarons reaches out for him...]

GM: Sleeper! Michael Aarons slaps on the sleeper and-

[Aarons suddenly flattens out, smashing the back of #1's head into the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Interesting move by Michael Aarons out of that sleeperhold and it took #1 down hard.

[A rising #2 gets a boot to the gut out of Aarons who snares a front facelock as we cut to a shot of Andrew Tucker jotting something down on a notepad, pointing it out to Mike Sebastian.]

GM: Aarons hooks him! What's he got in mind here?

[Aarons hesitates for a moment which allows #2 to push Aarons off of him. The Ecuadorian stands straight up only for Mertz to come running down the apron and send him down with a lariat.]

BW: Hey, he can't do that!

GM: Never mind the fact that that member of the Ecuadorian Hit Squad shouldn't even be in the ring!

[Grasping the top rope with both hands, Mertz slingshots himself over the ropes, tucking his legs up tight and exploding down into a double stomp on the downed member of the Hit Squad, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Air Strike regains control of-

BW: You mean Air Strike regains control with another illegal two on one attack!

GM: Hit Squad member #1 is left all alone... and it looks like this could be the beginning of the end as Mertz gives his partner the high sign.

[Mertz and Aarons bounce off the ropes at opposite sides, charging at the Ecuadorian. Aarons goes low, scoring with a chop block on the knee while Mertz comes in high with a flying shoulder tackle, knocking #1 off his feet and down to the canvas.]

GM: Down goes #1 off the double team... and listen to these fans!

[The Dallas fans are roaring as Mertz and Aarons exchange a fist bump over the fallen opponent. They signal to the crowd, pointing to opposite corner as Mertz and Aarons scale opposite turnbuckles...]

GM: Air Strike's up top! They're heading high up in the sky!

[The two fan favorites point to one another before flinging themselves off the top rope, sailing towards one another...]

...and DRIVING a pair of elbowdrops down on the torso of the stunned Ecuadorian!]

GM: Ohh! Double flying elbow off the top and this is academic from here, folks.

[The referee delivers the three count, sending the crowd into another celebration as Aarons and Mertz embrace.]

GM: Another victory for Air Strike, the first team to enter the Stampede Cup tournament.

BW: I can't wait until they hit their heads like the two big coconuts that they are, daddy!

GM: I wouldn't hold your breath on that Bucky, these tag team specialists are flying high right now! And you have to wonder if Strictly Business was impressed by what they saw.

BW: We might be about to find out because they're coming down to the ring, Gordo!

[Aarons slaps his partner on the shoulder, pointing to the ramp. Mertz turns to stand alongside his partner, watching as Sebastian and Tucker duck through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The crowd just got real quiet, Bucky. No one quite knows what to expect here. We've got two of the best tag teams in the world - two of the entries in this year's Stampede Cup staring each other right in the eye, perhaps waiting to see who blinks first.

[The two teams are staring each other down for several long moments...

...until Tucker and Sebastian finally reach out their hands. The crowd cheers as Mertz breaks into a grin, shaking both hands as Michael Aarons reluctantly does the same.]

GM: A good show of sportsmanship there between two excellent teams and if you're a fan of pro wrestling, you've gotta hope those two teams collide at some point in the Stampede Cup.

[With the two teams still shaking hands, we crossfade to a locker room. This particular locker room is occupied by one third of the Beale Street Bullies, the seven foot plus Robert Donovan. The big man's hair is untied and his beard is looking scruffy, making an already surly visage look even surlier. Donovan's wearing his usual black jeans and boots, along with an unadorned blood-red t-shirt. Donovan takes a few more paces, then turns to the camera.]

RD: First show of the New Year...I ain't really planned on havin' to do this alone. I figured win, lose, draw, whatever, there'd still be the Beale Street Bullies, usin' every damn dirty trick we could think of to keep the Lynches' lives a livin', breathin' hell...but here I am.

[Donovan spreads his arms briefly, then drops them back to his sides.]

RD: As y'all can see, there ain't no Bullies. Don't know where the hell Adam went off to, but he ain't here. Dick...I know exactly where he is, an' he ain't gonna be fit to set foot in a wrestling ring for a damn long time, if ever. I'm sure that decrepit sack of crap Blackjack is somewhere hee-hawin' it up, thinkin' he's just the greatest ever, buyin' into that eye for an eye stuff old rednecks seem so fond of.

[Donovan glares at the camera.]

RD: Just remember somethin', Blackjack...I'm also one o' those old rednecks, so you ever show your face 'round here again, an' I'm gonna finish what got started at SuperClash. Believe that, old man.

[Donovan's glare sweeps from side to side.]

RD: Maybe you got rid of two Bullies, an' maybe you think that's enough. Maybe you think ol' Rob is just gonna slink aside, live an' let live, leave everybody to their business...well, you couldn't be more wrong. I ain't just talkin' to the Lynches, either, these words are for every single one o' the rest of the folks in this locker room. I came back to the AWA for a few reasons. I needed the paycheck, an' much as I hate to admit it, much as I thought I hated wrestlin' for bleedin' me dry an' givin' not nearly enough in return, I needed the action. I spent more than a decade away from the sport, livin' the life of a retired wrestler, then a retired, divorced wrestler, then a retired, divorced, mostly broke wrestler. Only thing that didn't change for me while I wasn't workin' was the fact that I always wanted to be.

[Donovan snorts.]

RD: I've left gallons of blood an' sweat in every corner of the world for the wrestlin' business, an' what's it gotten me? A busted marriage, empty bank account, an arm that don't quite straighen out...

[Donovan abruptly tears his shirt open, showing a multitude of scars criss-crossing his chest and abdomen.]

RD: An' this nice lil' roadmap here, remindin' me of all the places I've tried to catch that glory in the wrestlin' business.

[Donovan points to a giant scar running from his left shoulder down onto his chest.]

RD: ...South Laredo...

[Another one running across the big man's gut, all the way around his side.]

RD: ...Los Angeles...

[One last one, a straight line from his right shoulder down to his stomach.]

RD: ...even that hole in the ground in Portland.

[Donovan drops his hands to his side, fists clenching and unclenching.]

RD: Ain't a place I didn't try, a promoter I didn't take work from chasin' somethin' I ain't ever caught. I ran with my brothers, I ran against 'em. I sold my soul to the damned devil himself then spit right in his eye, an' none of it ever got me anyplace. Even here, I started out defendin' the honor of South Laredo, an' still couldn't bring it home. I rallied the troops when Vasquez got himself leveled, fed him the man who brought 'im low an' nothin' ever happened after that. Hell, I was even supposed to get a shot at the National Title, an' everybody forgot after that slimeball Langseth came in an' pantsed the suits so bad they tried blacklisting his name from the AWA. I say tried 'cause there ain't a single one of those clowns with guts enough to walk up to me an' tell me not to say a name, an' if any of 'em wants to try...I ain't a hard man to find.

[Donovan looks away for a moment, his glare intensifying.]

RD: So I went all the way back to what my daddy did. I called up Adam an' Dick, got the boys back together an' we started cleansin' the AWA of the Lynch disease...an' even that fell apart, with that scumbag Blackjack celebratin' takin' the youngest of us an' leavin' him in a hospital bed for who knows how long. Tried callin' Adam up after I left the hospital that night, got nothin', he calls me back sayin' he's done, another idea dead in the ditch...so, I'm done with this.

[Donovan audibly cracks his neck.]

RD: Done with allies, done with friends, done with brothers. Done waitin' for the glory I've chased all my life to come to me. Maybe that's where I've gone wrong all along, tryin' to find ways to make it come to me instead o' doin' what a seven foot, three hundred thirty pound monster should've done all along -- goin' out an' takin' it. So that's how it's gonna be from now on, boys. I'm through waitin'...if you got somethin' I want, I'm gonna walk right up to you an' take it. Get in my way, an' I don't give a damn if your name is Vasquez or Wright, or if it's Stegglet or O'Connor...I'll leave you broken in your own blood. I finally figured out that there's only one man in this whole organization worth givin' a damn about...

[Donovan pokes himself in the chest with a finger.]

RD: An' that man is Robert Donovan. This one man army is gonna finally get what he's had comin' for all these years of blood, pain, misery, an' disappointment. I remember every failure an' I remember every time some son of a bitch has talked his way out of what I got planned, every worthless bastard who's ducked out of what he's got comin'. Ain't no more dodgin' or duckin' Rob Donovan, boys. If I can't get you in the ring, I'll get you in a locker room. If I can't get you in a locker room, I'll get you in a parking lot. If I can't get you in a parking lot...make damn sure I don't know where you live.

[Donovan takes two quick steps to the camera, obviously grabbing the cameraman by the shirt and lifting him up off his feet.]

RD: I know some of y'all are hearin' this, an' you ain't scared. You ain't even worried that I'm talkin' about you, thinkin' old friendships'll keep you safe or that maybe time has healed a wound.

[Donovan drops the cameraman, shoving him backwards at the same time, leaving us with a oddly angled shot that's somehow still aimed at the big man's face.]

RD: You ain't safe...and there ain't no healin'.

[With that, the big man stomps out as 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 Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

Voice: A funny thing... this wrestling business.

[Fade in to Devon Case standing, battle-ready, right in front of the entrance curtain. The crowd might be beyond the curtain, but they can hear every word as he stares into the camera, steely determination on the face of the man from Las Vegas. He seemingly has no time to waste as he speaks.]

DC: Every time you think you understand what is going on inside and outside the ring, something or someone flips the script. Or in some cases throws the script out entirely. That is how I felt after SuperClash... and I've had to twiddle my thumbs and pace back and forth for a month and a half now just waiting to get some things off my chest.

And to answer one important question: with Blue permanently put back under the rock he crawled out from, what is the point of staying around?

[He rubs his jaw and slightly grimaces. He looks down as he continues.]

DC: A valid question... one that has been asked by friends, family, and fans alike. One that has been asked over and over again even by myself.

I mean, Hell, my charge is gone. My singular focus as for why I came back after so many years is no more. He was left in a heap as a piece of mere roadkill by the new big bads, the new "it" group.

The Wise Men.

[His eyes lock on the camera, no look of happiness at all. He seems visibly agitated, angered, and annoyed. Then a single finger waves at the camera.]

DC: And then my mind begins to race and I wonder what if? What if I had gotten a real chance to abolish the nightmare of my past during Steal the Spotlight? What if I, instead of the men who forced Blue into the Nether, got to end the criminal's career as it was so intended to be?

Would I still have this empty pit in my stomach?

Would I still have these sleepless nights where I cannot stop thinking about retribution?

[He sighs, a slight shake of his head.]

DC: For weeks I have agonized over this turn of events. After replaying in my head the scenes like a crime scene investigator I've come to realize something. Something very, very important.

Demetrius Lake...

The Wise Men, Johnny Detson, and whoever else is in their employ.

You robbed me of my redemption... and in doing so you are forcing my hand... you are forcing me to find a way to end this pain elsewhere.

[A somewhat sadistic grin crosses his lips. It almost looks as though he has tried to repress this sadism, but it didn't happen.]

DC: Who better than all of you, I ask, to play the surrogates for Chris Blue?

[A chuckle.]

DC: And I know that statement is bold. And I know that statement is going to cause me much pain and much duress. But trust me, gentlemen... trust me when I say that all of you shall feel the wrath that was meant for Chris Blue...

...it matters not how hard you try to keep me down... and it matters not how many times you may very well leave me in a puddle of my own blood... just know... _know_ that I will eventually have my day with each and every one of you.

[A simple nod.]

DC: And realize that when that day comes that you men... and you alone...

...are the reason I am still around.

[No normal fade out as Case pushes aside the curtain and heads the ring. No music. No big production. Not this time. The crowd pops HUGE as he paces quickly to the ring, stepping in and stretching out with the ropes as he awaits his opponent.]

GM: Wow, Devon Case wasting no time getting into the ring. He didn't wait for his music, he's not waiting to be announced, nothing at all.

BW: He looks like a man possessed. I feel awfully bad for his opponent tonight, the youngster FutureStar. I'm not sure he knows what e is in f-

[A decent sized chorus of boos begin as Gibson Hayes, in his wrestling gear (red tights, red knee and elbow pads, red kick pads over white boots) and with a Drumstick ice cream treat in his left hand hand, makes his way towards Case. Devon seems none-too-pleased with the incoming Hayes. He's backed up a little in the ring, ready for whatever may come his way. His eyes are glaring a hole through Gibson.]

GM: And, folks, I don't know what Gibson Hayes is doing out here after he turn tail and ran away from Nenshou.

BW: Hold on a minute, Gordo. I'm sure there's a valid reason for why Gibson didn't show up.

[Gibby eats his ice cream while looking at Case. Devon leans out of the ring and is given a mic by the ringside attendant. Making sure it is live, Case continues to staredown the oncoming Gibson Hayes.]

DC: I don't have time for this. I don't have time for _you_. So why don't you just turn around and he-

GH: Hey, you. I know you. I hit you in the face recently, right?

[The crowd jeers as Case cocks his head and rubs his jaw again with a sly smile on his face. A smile that could tell a hundred lies.]

DC: Gibson Hayes. Quite frankly and quite surprisingly, I don't got any beef with you. You took advantage of an opportunity and seized on it with the aggression of a man looking to either go big or go home. And I can respect that. But this here, if you keep coming towards the ring, we'll go from a neutral state to a far more dangerous set of circumstances. Understand?

GH: So, I'm going to ignore what you just said because I really can't understand what's coming out of your talk hole, mushmouth. Anyhow, I came out for my match against Noshou just now and, true enough, he lived up to his name. I know I'm pretty amazing, but after I went and got my pre-match ice cream cone, POOF! He disappeared! So, Cap'n, I'm all dressed up and my prom date stood me up. Care to dance?

[Case gives him a look of disgust, possibly even one of just utter confusion as well.]

DC: You got moxie, I'll give ya that. And probably a set of brass to match, Hayes. But trust me... this isn't a fight you want to pick. Not with Nenshou on your back. And not with me in the state of mind that I am in right now. So why don't you take that ice cream cone backstage and enjoy yourself.

GH: Yap, yap, yap. Look, I know you were going to go in that ring and beat on a cripple or a hobo or one of Dallas's 500 pound testaments to the fried food hell that is the Texas State fair.

[Oh boy... cheap, cheap heat.]

GH: And while I wouldn't mind seeing you slap the udders of one of Fort Worth's testaments to clogged arteries, I think these lovable rascallions that the AWA calls fans deserve to see me, Gibson Hayes, and you, guy I hit in the face that one time, go toe to toe in that there ring. Admit it, Golden God, you've got no direction, no idea what you're still doing here after sending Christopher to the wild Blue yonder. You've got an itch, deep down, that needs to be scratched. You've got the desire back. You've got the urge. Let's take advantage of that and blow the roof off this place, yes?

[Case laughs as he paces the ring.]

DC: Eh... I don't know about that.

GH: Eh? Eh? It'll be a dream match! A flash in the pan versus the glittering, golden boy of wrestling... you're the flash in the pan, by the way.

[That got Devon's attention. His eyes have widened and he's picked up his step just a hair more. He takes his shirt off and tosses it in the corner to a big pop from the astute crowd!]

DC: Flash in the pan? Alright Gibson Hayes, show me what you so desperately need to show the world. Get in here, it's time for that aforementioned dance.

GH: Wonderful! I'll just wander over there to that ring and just wait for you to find your smile... so I can wipe it off your irrelevant face.

[Case waves him in as the crowd begins to rise in anticipation! Hayes licks his drumstick as he makes his way to the ring.]

GM: Fans, it looks like Gibson Hayes has finally decided to step into the ring tonight, but Bucky, why is Hayes poking Case after antagonizing Nenshou?

BW: Gordo, while I haven't seen how Hayes operates first hand, I see a predator when I see one. He's picking his battles - letting Nenshou stew and burn out while going right after Devon Case, who's still got a heck of a lot more ring rust on him than Gibson.

[Hayes slowly enters the ring, holding his drumstick in his mouth as he holds both hands up while in between the ropes. Case looks amped up, ready for a fight. Gibby motions for the ref, Davis Warren, to back Case off so he can get in the ring.]

GM: Hayes taking his time getting into the ring.

BW: He's playing the game - this isn't his first rodeo, daddy.

[Gibson is finally in the ring and Case makes a beeline for him, but Gibson moves in between the ropes. Hayes takes his ice cream out of his mouth and demands Warren search case for, what the mics catch as: "foreign tricks and Metamucil"]

GM: Fans, I feel I must apologize for the antics of the AWA's newest signing. I don't know how they did things in Phoenix, but actions such as his are not the way to go about your business in the AWA.

BW: It's all about the mental game, Gordo. Hayes is known for throwing people off their game; pokin' 'em so they get all riled up and make mistakes.

[As Case is getting his right boot checked, Gibson charges in and shoves his Drumstick in Devon's face, smearing it hard enough that it sticks to Case's nose for a short bit. The Golden God immediately makes a move towards Gibson, but is hampered by Davis Warren. The offending confection is removed from the ring as Gibson holds his hands up, feigning innocence.

Warren orders Case back to his corner so he can check Gibson. Case fumes and paces as Gibson smirks.]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: We've already eaten at least two minutes waiting for this match to start.

BW: Yeah, but look at Case. Gibson has already gotten Case off his game. Devon...

[The referee signals for the match to start and Case rushes over towards Gibson in a flash. He catches Hayes off guard with the ferocity of his assault and lands several right hands before whipping Gibson into the far opposite corner.]

GM: Case rockets him across the ring and he's coming in after him!

[Hayes stumbles out of the corner after hitting hard, wobbling right into a running dropkick that sends him flying back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Oh! Case is bringing the fight quick and hard just like he did at SuperClash against the Bishop Boys when he somehow managed to eliminate them both in a short period of time.

[Not finished, Case leaps up, planting his feet into Hayes' upper thighs, flipping him out of the corner with a monkey flip out to the middle of the ring!]

GM: Gibson Hayes was playing mind games with Case and that may have just backfired as Case is wasting no time taking Hayes to task.

BW: The best laid plans, daddy.

[Hayes sits up on the mat, clutching his back as Case stalks him and DROPS him with a stiff right kick to the chest, knocking him back down to the mat. Case promptly turns to the corner, grabbing the top rope with both hands and leaping to the top in a single bound...]

GM: Whoa! What is Case thinking here?

[Case blindly leaps off the top, flipping backwards and crashing down across the chest of a stunned Hayes!]

BW: Moonsault! He hits it early!

GM: Case pulled the high flying move out of nowhere very early in this one and he's going for a quick cover to boot. He wants to finish Hayes off before that ring rust kicks in.

[The referee drops down, slapping the mat twice before Hayes lifts a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only! Hayes gets out of that... but Case gets him right back up and right into a side headlock, grounding his opponent. So far, it looks like Hayes' trickery hasn't paid off for him.

BW: Hey Gordo, did you notice anything there?

GM: What do you mean?

BW: Gibson moved about two inches or so closer; he just sort of shuffled closer to the buckles while Case's back was turned.

GM: Why wouldn't he have just gotten up if he was able to move at all? I think he was stunned from the kick and-

BW: I don't think so, Gordo. Did you hear when Case landed? It sounded different. I think he may have landed on his knees a bit more than you'd normally want to with that move. It's subtle but I'm not sure I'd count out Gibson Hayes just yet.

[Hayes screams bloody murder as he's locked in the headlock. He backs up to the ropes, shoving Case off to the far side.]

GM: Into the ropes...

[Hayes turns to the official, complaining of a hair pull...

...which distracts him just enough for Case to flatten him with a shoulder tackle. Hayes rolls over to a knee on the mat, again complaining to the official. Case steps towards him, looking to pursue but Davis Warren steps in, forcing him back before turning to argue about the hairpull with Hayes.]

GM: Gibson Hayes continues to play games in there with Case and the official, trying to get into the heads of both men and-

[Case shoves past the official, moving in...

...and gets backhanded across the face!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: Hayes slaps him!

[An enraged Case storms forward again, grabbing Hayes by the throat and shoving him back against the ropes. The referee steps in, trying to force a break. Case shows his anger by shoving the referee aside, grabbing the chokehold again!]

GM: Case has snapped! He's all over him, fans! He's trying to choke the life out of him!

[The referee steps in again, waving his arms, trying to force Case back where he admonishes him for putting his hands on the official. Case backs off, shaking his head in disbelief while Hayes leans back against the ropes and whistles.]

GM: Ugh. A disgusting display of... well, I don't know what to say about this, fans. Gibson Hayes has done nothing but disrespect the sport and fans here tonight.

BW: That's probably one of the reasons people weren't exactly jumping for joy seeing him show up at SuperClash.

GM: What do you mean, Bucky?

BW: We all know why Case is back - he wanted Blue. You ever wonder why Gibson Hayes took over a year to show up in Dallas? One of the biggest stars of the last 5 years, a man who's won major awards and sells tickets and merchandise?

GM: You're not saying...

BW: He's a pariah, Gordo. No one wants him here... which is precisely why he's probably here.

[The referee steps aside as Hayes starts to move in on Case who lunges for him, tying him up in a collar and elbow and forcing him back against the ropes.]

GM: The referee's calling for a break again...

[He gets it in the form of Case grabbing an arm, flinging Hayes across the ring to the far ropes where he rebounds back...

...and gets dropped with a spinning heel kick from Case!]

GM: Ohh! The ever-dangerous feet of Devon Case flatten Gibson Hayes in the center of the ring!

[Hayes pushes up off the mat, looking to charge in on Case who leaps up into the air, lashing out with a kick to the back of the head that causes Hayes to flop facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: Leaping head kick!

BW: It's called an enzuigiri. For the love of Pete, Gordo... I get it that you don't know some of the fancier stuff but enzuigiris have been around for a long, long time now... almost as long as you have.

GM: I don't know about that.

[Hayes rolls towards the ropes, grabbing hold with spit flying from his mouth as he shouts at the official. Case looks to pursue once more but the referee again steps in, forcing him back...

...and as he does so, Hayes dips into his boot and pulls something out!]

GM: Wait a second! Hayes pulled something out of his boot!

BW: Are you sure about that?

GM: The referee's back is turned and Hayes just pulled something out of his boot!

[Hayes climbs back to his feet, object in hand, and rushes towards Case who is still arguing with the official...

...and WHAPS Case right in the front of the right knee, sending a loud "SMACK!" into the air. Case crumples to the ground, his right knee folding. The audience howls and hollers at this turn of events.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Devon Case just fell to the mat and he's clutching his right knee. Davis Warren is checking on the former EMWC star as he writhes in pain... and look at the smile on Hayes's face as he tosses something out of the ring. That was a weapon, Bucky!

BW: I think you're making things up, Gordo. As my mama told me: if they don't see it, it didn't happen.

GM: We all saw it! Gibson Hayes with a weapon to the front of the knee of Devon Case and that completely turns the tide in this one.

[Suddenly blessed with a sense of urgency, Gibson pushes his way towards Case and demands a count.]

GM: Hayes gets one! He's got two! But that's all! The shoulder comes off the mat. Case shows he's nowhere near done yet as he gets out of that cover with authority.

[A fuming Hayes climbs to his feet, shouting at the referee to "learn to count higher than amount of chromosomes in your family lineage". The crowd boos as Gibson Hayes covers Case again.]

GM: A second cover gets one and...

[Case powers out of the pin attempt again, forcing Hayes up to his knees. The former Golden God rolls to his side, sitting up and trying to get back to a vertical base...

...when suddenly Hayes grabs the referee!]

GM: What in the-

[Davis Warren has had enough, delivering a shove to the chest of Hayes, sending him stumbling back as Case gets up...]

GM: Ohh!

[A superkick lands firmly on the chin of Hayes, snapping his head back...

...but Case crumples to the mat, clutching his knee.]

GM: His back leg couldn't support him! The knee buckled and gave out!

[Hayes rubs his chin, trying to shake off the effects of the strike.]

BW: With that sudden right leg injury, Case couldn't put enough 'oomf' on that kick, Gordo.

GM: That's apparent as Hayes climbs back to his feet, fighting off the effects of the superkick.

[He grabs the leg, yanking Case towards him which causes a wince from the man formerly known as Mr. Match Of The Year. Hayes flips Case over to his stomach, folding the leg back so that the knee is pointed down and SLAMS the kneecap into the canvas, causing Case to cry out in pain.]

GM: Hayes is going after that knee!

BW: No kidding, Captain Obvious.

[Not satisfied with one, Gibson Hayes does it a second time. Case pounds the mat with his fists and Hayes, obviously enjoying himself, slams the knee into the mat a third time before letting go to take a bow. Case clutches his knee to his chest as he rolls back and forth.]

GM: A sickening display by Gibson Hayes. Rick Marley, Johnny Detson... did Phoenix have any champions that weren't disturbed?

BW: Who cares? Why do you have to live in the past, Gordo? Today's today and Gibson Hayes is giving Devon Case a sense of purpose.

GM: How do you figure?

BW: Case can concentrate on trying to walk again.

[After mugging for the fans (who respond with not so nice comments), Gibson lazily covers Case...]

GM: Not even a one count! Devon Case is showing a great deal of mettle and toughness.

BW: You can't walk on mettle... unless it's a walker, which is probably what Case will be using to get around after this match if Hayes keeps up the attack on the knee.

[Hayes is livid. He doesn't even take the time to complain as he grabs Case by the hair and slams his head into the mat again, and again, and again. Warren tries to pull Gibson off, but Hayes shrugs him off and begins blatantly choking Case.]

GM: Get in there, referee! Get in there right now!

[Case kicks his legs, trying to get out from this brutal assault. Davis Warren lays a quick count, getting to four...

...and then opting to lunge in, grabbing Hayes by the arm and yanking him off his downed victim. An irate Warren gets into Hayes' face, gesturing at Case... then his own striped shirt... then the timekeeper where he mimes calling for the bell.]

GM: Davis Warren is making sure that Gibson Hayes knows that he'll disqualify him if Hayes keeps this up... and look at Hayes! He's enjoying this!

[The sneer Hayes has on his face as Warren tries to move him towards his corner shows just how little he cares about the rules. Case rolls over, coughing, but he manages to get on all fours.]

GM: Look at this! Hayes is untying the tape around his wrist and-

[Shoving past Davis Warren, Hayes wraps the tape around Case's throat, yanking back hard to choke him again.]

BW: No rest for the wicked, daddy.

[Warren again starts his five count, getting to the brink of disqualification when Hayes releases at the last possible moment...

...and then proceeds to do it again.]

GM: Oh, come on! This is ridiculous, Bucky!

BW: Hey, he's got a five count to break, Gordo. This is completely within the- hey! Get off the man, ref!

[Having seen enough, Davis Warren forcefully pulls Hayes off of Case again, threatening disqualification.]

GM: The referee is really letting Hayes have it! He's really going to town on him for all these infractions of the rules that we keep seeing out of him here toni-

[The crowd cheers as a dazed and coughing Case reaches up, dragging Hayes down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP! ONE!! TWO!! T-

[The cheers deflate as Hayes kicks out at two and a half, gasping and clutching at his chest in surprise as Case just misses pulling out a victory.]

GM: He almost got him right there! Gibson Hayes almost cost himself it all with all this cheating and-

[Hayes scrambles back up to his feet, tugging at his tights as he stands before Case who is trying to get up, struggling to a knee...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO THE SKULL!

BW: That's the GHK-1! That's Gibson Hayes' finisher! Did you hear that impact, Gordo?

[Hayes doesn't appear to be done yet though as he pulls Case back to his knees, trying to steady him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Another one! Good grief! Enough is enough, Bucky! Somebody stop the match! This is far beyond what Devon Case deserves, no matter whatever he's done in the past!

BW: Hayes is making his mark. He picked his target. Nenshou was a feint, daddy. He wanted Case all along, to get a quick win over a bigger "name". He wanted to make an impact.

[Satisfied, Gibson goes for another cover. Near the ropes, he slips his feet up on the middle rope as he tugs the tights as well.]

GM: Handful of tights and using the ropes for leverage!

[Warren drops to the mat, slapping the canvas three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner via pinfall... GIBSON HAYES!

[The crowd voices its immense displeasure as Case is attended to by the referee.]

GM: And if the first Hayes incident was anti-climatic, this one was just digesting. He used a foreign object, the ropes, the trunks, and stole this match from a man who was totally unprepared to face him!

BW: A win's a win, Gordo. If you gotta step on someone to get that W, so be it. And what you call a travesty, I call a perfectly executed plan. You make it sound like an act of desperation, but it was an act of victimization.

GM: Enough's enough!

[Hayes isn't finished. He moves in and grabs Case, pulling him up to a vertical base. Case can barely stand as Gibson prepares Case for what looks to be...]

GM: Is he setting him up for a piledriver? Does he want to get thrown out of this place? What is he thinking?

BW: I don't know Gordo... I...

[And the audience, who were screaming bloody murder a moment ago, suddenly begin to cheer as...]

GM: NENSHOU! From out of the back comes the Asian Assassin! He's running at full speed and Gibson Hayes' eyes just went wide as saucers!

[A panicked Hayes throws Case aside, turning tail and running out of the ring as fast as he can.]

BW: Look at that, Gordo! It's just like I said: Nenshou is stealing jobs! First from hard working American wrestlers and now from hard working American spinal surgeons!

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky! Not even you approve of someone using the piledriver. That move does NOT belong in the AWA... and you better believe that Gibson Hayes knows it!

BW: Hey, I'm not a big fan of trying to cripple anyone either but you didn't seem anywhere near as irate at Old Man Lynch when he used it.

GM: That was an entirely different situation and you know it. And look at Gibson Hayes lifting his arms in the air in victory while staring right back at Nenshou... and I believe we haven't seen the last of this quarrel.

BW: But have we seen the last of Devon Case? He got hit right in the kneecap with that... very effective strike by Hayes.

GM: You mean that weapon!

BW: Yes, I agree that Gibson Hayes' hands and feet are deadly weapons. And they may have killed Devon Case's career for good. Nenshou might want to remember that.

GM: There is no way that Devon Case will stop at that! Fans, let's go backstage for an interview!

[Crossfade backstage where Jason Dane's standing next to Alphonse Green. Green's wearing one of his "Gang Green" T-shirts, and a pair of green and white Zubaz pants. Green stands still, staring up at nothing in particular, hands behind his back.]

JD: Guys, I'm back here with Alphonse Green, and as always, the outspoken youngster has a lot on his mind. You requested this television time, where would you like to start?

[Green snaps his head in Dane's direction.]

AG: Ya dang skippy I got a lot on my mind, Dane-o. Where to begin, though.. Boy oh boy, that's a toughie.

[A brief pause as the normally spastic Green tries to collect his thoughts.]

AG: Well, I bet ya'd like to know my thoughts on the whole Television Title boon.. er.. situation, huh?

[Green breathes a sigh of relief after catching himself. Dane nods his head.]

JD: Actually, that would be a great place to start. As someone who has been chasing the Television title for the last few months, I'm pretty sure you're interested in any decision Karl O'Connor makes in regards to the newly vacated title.

AG: Before we start, Dane-o.. that whole situation with what happened to Bryant in the first place really doesn't sit very well with me! I had a gift card for Texas Roadhouse burnin' in my pocket, it woulda been perfect for a World Title celebration! My treat! But.. that didn't happen. All of Bryant's hard work over the last few months went up in smoke, defeat snatched from the jaws of victory. As my daddy used to say, don't be a punk and roll up on a man who's went through a war, lookin' for a fight.

[Green lowers his head.]

AG: I dunno, I mean, I respect Supreme Wright an' all. Stepped into the ring with the man once and he pretty much handed me my lunch.. but that man didn't need to stoop so low.

Anyway, let's get back to that Television title situation! Those words that came out of Bryant's mouth, they hit me right here, man. I listened to his words, and I know for damn sure I can be that guy that can main event every show, that's somethin' I was born to do. But ya know, in order to do that, I need to pick up th' pieces from SuperClash. I was outsmarted by Dave Cooper, and that kinda stings a bit. I know I've been hearin', Alphonse Green don't take things too seriously, and that's gonna make him hit that proverbial ceilin' hard. He ain't gonna break through to the next level.. ya know, maybe there's somethin' behind those words. Maybe I need to step back, take a deep breath, and take things a bit seriously before I can become the Television Champion.

[Green ponders that thought.]

AG: I know my boss woulda wanted it that way. I'll bring that championship home soon, boss.

[Green turns towards Dane, a somber look on his face.]

AG: They got Ben, man.

JD: Ben Waterson? Your mentor was a victim of a vicious beatdown at SuperClash at the hands of Percy Childes and the Unholy Alliance. Have you heard anything about his condition?

AG: I don't know. He's not seein' anyone, man. I dunno what that man's got cookin' in that head of his, but I can imagine he's got all sorts of revenge scenarios goin' on.

If I had known that he got himself involved with Percy Childes and Louis Matsui, I woulda turned down his offer.. no way I wanna get involved with creeps like those guys. Yeah, Royalty was bad news, I was sick and tired of Cooper stickin' his nose in everything. The Unholy Alliance? A whole different story. Always thought those guys were creeps and dweebs. Waterson never gave me full details, but I had to follow the man. He believed in me when nobody else did.. well, in his own way, of course.

[Dane nods his head.]

AG: I know that associatin' with Waterson puts a target on my back to begin with. I've been lookin' over my shoulder and peepin' around corners, sometimes my mind's playin' tricks on me. Ya know what, though? If the Unholy boys and that Wise Men.. boondoggle.. if they wanna make sure I never become Television champion by puttin' me through windshields..

[Green pauses.]

AG: I might be one man against an army, but if it comes down to it.. they might be the ones takin' a ride.. with Alphonse Green.

[Green storms off, no pomp and circumstance, leaving Dane to look on in surprise. Dane turns back towards the camera, a curious look on his face.]

JD: There you have it, guys. Alphonse Green's still on the hunt to become the World Television Champion, but he's got the Unholy Alliance on his mind after what happened to Ben Waterson at SuperClash. Does he have a chance if the Unholy Alliance turn their attention towards him? Only time will tell, fans... we'll be right back after these commercial messages!

[Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...

...and then we fade back up to the interview stage, where Jason Dane is standing by with two very familiar men.

On the left is "Showtime" Rick Marley. The formerly clean shaven long haired cruiserweight has grown a beard (neatly trimmed) and cut his hair short (thought it's still slicked back). He's wearing a black Unholy Alliance (It's Showtime, AWA!) t shirt over his wrestling gear.

On the right, as seen several times already tonight, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. Childes leans forward with two hands atop his crystal-tipped cane, with a wry smile upon his face. The fans boo him loudly.]

JD: Alright, with me at this time, "Showtime" Rick Marley as well as the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. First order of business here, Percy Childes... regardless of how I feel about it, congratulations are in order as you have been voted the AWA's Manager Of The Year for 2013.

[Percy takes the microphone from Dane as the boos increase. Childes waits a moment, looking out at the crowd with a smirk as they boo him. Then he begins.]

PC: Yes, of course. This was an obvious outcome. After all, though there are many great managers in Dallas today, who has made more of an impact upon the AWA than I? So I must thank my Unholy Alliance members, first and foremost...

[Percy nods to Marley and shakes his hand, as he's the only one present.]

PC: ...and they are the only ones I need offer thanks to.

JD: What about the fans who voted for you?!

PC: Why offer gratitude for someone who merely does what is sensible and expected? Truthfully, I do have slightly more respect for them, to run counter to what they're programmed by you and Myers to believe about me. To do what is truthful in spite of their personal opinions. That is more than I thought they were capable of. But gratitude is a bit more than this warrants.

In any case, the award is, in an of itself, not an achievement. It is merely an acknowledgement of my real achievements. The very face of the AWA

has been remodeled, and the remodeling continues apace. The true reason I agreed to come out here to accept this award was to issue a message. but now, after the events of this evening... I think it best to wait.

JD: What? You can't just say that and not explain what you mean, Percy!

PC: I could if I wanted to, but I will explain. I wanted to confront Nenshou tonight. We have gone on far too long this way. I have been unable to have a proper discussion with him since early November. He is still my client, and I still intend to lead him to the World Heavyweight Championship someday.

JD: About that. All this time, we've heard bits and pieces about some third party involved in your contract with him. Everyone is being insanely secretive of your relationship with Nenshou, and Nenshou's true purpose for being a professional wrestler in the first place. Percy Childes, will you stop with the mystery and explain to us all what's going on?

PC: Dane, do you watch horror movies?

[The exasperated face that Dane makes at Percy's response makes Childes smile. The fans boo the aversion.]

JD: I've seen them, but what does that have to do with...

PC: You know that part of a horror movie when a protagonist goes to investigate some noise or some lead, and we all immediately realize that he's an idiot and is about to die horribly?

JD: Maybe if he had more information...!

PC: You wouldn't survive a horror movie, Jason. You wouldn't last ten minutes. I'm trying to protect you. But as for Nenshou, what happened was most interesting. Most amusing, really. Out of nowhere, he encounters Gibson Hayes. Gibson antagonizes him, and now it seems that Nenshou has a new focus for the time being. An interesting matchup, that.

JD: How so?

PC: Purely on a physical level... who is the better fighter? Who is the better wrestler? Purely on the merits of their abilities, it's Nenshou, isn't it? Clearly. But Gibson Hayes never, ever leaves things on a purely physical level. As Mr. Devon Case learned to his painful regret moments ago. I've consulted with Mr. Marley and Mr. Detson, both of whom hate Mr. Hayes with a true passion, but who understand how he operates... and I've decided to let Nenshou handle this problem by himself. For now, Nenshou will handle his own affairs. And when he is finished with Mr. Hayes, we shall see exactly what Nenshou thinks about the necessity of having his manager on hand to do his strategic thinking for him. This will be most entertaining.

JD: Wait. Did... did YOU put Hayes up to...

[Marley steps in wagging a finger in Dane's face.]

RM: Oh, HELL no...not again. I'm standing RIGHT here, Dane. I'm not going to get ignored and passed over for Gibson freaking Hayes a second time. First time around he was the hot shot next big thing out in Phoenix...I let things slide since I'd established myself and my place...and the worm ended up tossing a monkeywrench in the gears and torched the joint.

I'm the guy standing next to you...you'll show me the respect I deserve and talk about something FAR more important than Gibson Hayes.

It's time to talk about ME.

JD: Alright then, Rick Marley. The obvious question is this: why the deception at SuperClash? Why the masked identity? For a newcomer it was understandable, but why did you do it?

[Marley laughs, shaking his head]

RM: You act like there needed to be a reason, Jason Dane...something I learned and learned the hard way is that in this sport it's important to always keep them guessing...from the fans, to the guys in the back, to the people sitting up in the front office: never let 'em know exactly what you're gonna do. Once they've got you figured out, you're as good as buried.

JD: But now you've gotten Hannibal Carver all worked up. Surely you know what happens when Hannibal Carver gets all worked up!

[Marley shrugs.]

RM: He loses what small grasp on the English language he claimed to have beforehand?

Look, I get that Carver's one of those monster types...they're the guys that everyone in the back from the greenest rookies to the most seasoned veterans deal with when we HAVE to, not when we want to...they're the guys that you KNOW you've been in a war with when the match is over..the guys that make you reach for extra pain meds...guys like Bill Craven, Alex Martinez, Serge Annis, Rob Cole...and you know what all of those guys have in common?

I went through matches with every single one of 'em...and I'm still here.

So Carver's mad? Boo freakin' hoo.

JD: Then here is what's left, Rick. Carver wants you in the ring. Do you accept his challenge?

RM: I'll step between the ropes with that semi-literate wannabe hooligan when the time's right, Jason Dane...but anyone with an ounce of wisdom will know that you have to wait for the opportune moment...and that time isn't in the middle of a freakin' parking lot...

JD: And then the question I'd like to ask. The Wise Men. How much were you in...

PC: We're a minute past time, Jason. Wouldn't want your producers calling you out for mismanaging your interviews again, would you?

JD: What?! How did you kn...

PC: Let me know if you'd like better representation. Rick, we're done here.

RM: About time. I'm gonna need a shower to get the 'Dallas mouth-breather stench off of me...

[The two men leave, and Dane glowers at them as they go.]

JD: Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

BW: Time management, Jason! Talk faster! Geez, do we have to get the Call Of The Wilde back on the air for things to be done right?

GM: Nonetheless, we got a lot of information just then. Percy Childes is going to give Nenshou the freedom he wants, but clearly because he doesn't think Nenshou can deal with Gibson Hayes by himself.

BW: It's just like Percy said: if it was just a simple combat, Nenshou would probably win. But you have to handle the mind games when you handle Hayes, and Nenshou always had Percy for that before. Let's see how well he does without him.

GM: And then the whole Rick Marley situation... how long does he think a guy like Hannibal Carver's going to wait before he takes matters into his own hands, Bucky?

BW: I just don't know. Marley's smart, and Percy wouldn't lead him wrong, but Carver's not a guy known for his patience...and unless Marley's LOOKING to get Carver to jump him at the snack table at some point, he'd better just climb into the ring with him...

GM: Well, that time may be upon us.

BW: Huh?

GM: I just received word from the back - on behalf of the office of the AWA President Karl O'Connor, that as part of next week's show, we'll be seeing a six man tag team matchup. On one side of the ring, the Unholy Alliance of Demetrius Lake, Rick Marley, and Johnny Detson. On the other? Hannibal Carver and two partners of his choice!

BW: Oh, Percy's not going to like that.

GM: Perhaps the front office heard what Percy Childes had to say back at SuperClash and have decided to fight back!

BW: It ain't smart... check that, it ain't wise to try and get under the skin of the Collector of Oddities, daddy.

GM: Karl O'Connor with a bold statement here tonight and right now, we're going to his grandson up in that ring in singles action for the very first time! Take it away, Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right, from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 254 pounds... The Red Devil!

[A masked man covered in crimson from head to toe raises both arms to jeers from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent... from Jefferson City, Missouri... weighing in at 265 pounds... "BUNKHOUSE" BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[There's a small reaction for O'Connor as he bursts through the curtain, giving a whoop as he pumps both arms up and down a couple of times. He stands in cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim and matching kneepads and boots before starting to walk down the ramp.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor came to the AWA as part of the tag team known as the Young Bloods but after some problems with his partner, O'Connor has decided to go it alone and-

[The crowd bursts into jeers as Rick Marley and Johnny Detson burst into view. A wildly-swung steel chair smashes across the back of O'Connor, knocking him down onto the elevated wooden platform in a heap. Marley stands over him, still wielding the chair as Detson starts putting the boots to him.]

GM: O'Connor's been assaulted! Detson and Marley, the Unholy Alliance, the Wise Men's henchmen... call 'em what you will but they're doing a number on Bobby O'Connor right about now!

[The fans are booing wildly as Marley jams the edge of the chair down into the kidneys a few times as Detson stomps the back of the head, smashing O'Connor's face into the elevated platform.]

GM: This kid's got no allies in the locker room and- wait a second!

[The jeers grow louder as Marley throws the chair aside, dropping down off the platform to the concrete floor. Detson quickly follows and each man grabs an arm, dragging O'Connor off the ramp.]

GM: What in the world...? Where are they taking Bobby O'Connor?!

BW: Oh, I think I've got an idea where they're taking him.

[Marley and Detson each grab an arm, dragging O'Connor up through the crowd, quickly moving through an entrance tunnel and out of view.]

GM: You don't think...

BW: Oh, I do think! They're taking this kid... the grandson of the AWA President, mind you... out to the parking lot! They're gonna put him through a windshield!

GM: No, no, no... do you think this is a message to Karl O'Connor?!

BW: Can it be anything else? He made a decision that they didn't like so they decided to take it out on his grandson - his own flesh and blood!

GM: We need to get someone out there to stop them! We need security... as much security as we can get out there. We need someone from the locker room... guys, if you can hear me, we need to do something about...

[A quick camera cut gets us to a cameraman who is running hard, trying to catch up to Marley and Detson who are in the distance, kicking open the exit doors and walking out into the Dallas night, still dragging O'Connor behind them.]

GM: The cameras are after them. Where the heck is security during all of this? Where in the world are...

[The cameraman bursts through the doors, moving into the Dallas night in pursuit...

...and stops cold as he finds Marley and Detson frozen in their tracks.]

GM: What are they...?

[The cameraman moves to the side, trying to see past them at what is stopping their advance...

...only to find Hannibal Carver standing in the parking lot with a wooden baseball bat gripped in his hands, glaring at Marley and Detson.]

GM: Oh my stars! It's Carver and he's armed!

BW: You wanted security?! You got the next best thing, daddy!

[Marley shouts a few words at Carver who is repeatedly slamming the barrel of the bat into his palm. He suddenly lifts the bat by the handle, pointing it at the Unholy Alliance members.]

GM: Carver's ready for a fight if they want one!

[He wheels around, bat gripped in both hands...

...and SLAMS it into the nearest windshield, shattering the glass before he turns right back towards Marley and Detson, ready to do the same thing to their skulls if they approach!]

GM: Detson's pulling Marley back! He's trying to get him to back down from this!

[Detson grabs Marley by the arm, pulling him back as Marley continues to shout at Carver. A grinning Carver steps forward, taking a protective stance over Bobby O'Connor as Marley and Detson vanish back through the doors into the Crockett Coliseum as we slowly fade to black...

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway.

Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys'

father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but Shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

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

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and fade back in to a panning shot of the exterior of the Crockett Coliseum on a beautiful Dallas night as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. At SuperClash, we saw Eric Preston fire Chris Blue as manager and go into business for himself, for lack of a better term, Bucky.

[Fade back into the interior of the building as Bucky continues the discussion.]

BW: I remember a time when Eric Preston was the hot name on everyone's lips, Gordo. It seemed like only a matter of time until he held the top gold here, whether it was the National title or the World strap. But that was FOUR long years ago. In that time, a lot of people jumped to that spot we all thought he'd hold. So I'm not surprised that he fired Chris Blue, I just wonder if it's gonna mean anything. The Eric Preston we saw throughout the summer of 2013 and into the fall was NOTHING like the Eric Preston we all knew. I believe in growing as a person, daddy, but he grew the wrong way.

GM: There's NEVER been a prospect as hyped or as accomplished as Eric Preston from the Combat Corner, but potential doesn't buy the groceries, Bucky. Let's go to the ring for his matchup.

[Cross to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring, weighing 254 pounds, from Tallahassee, Florida...

WINSTON "FAMOUS" JAMISON!

[Winston raises his hands in the air, clad in a garnet and gold singlet with white arrows crossed over each other on the chest. He is pale white with a bushy baby fro, with a noticeable gap in between his front teeth. He bounces off the ropes and takes big elongated steps, somewhat warming up.]

GM: Winston Jamison, in from Tallahassee, Florida, and he's a big solid kid, Bucky.

BW: He looks like he's related to Art Garfunkel with that hair. But "Famous" Jamison, we'll see how famous he can be. We've seen Preston lose these matches before, Gordo, anything is possible.

PW: And his opponent... weighing in tonight at 240 pounds... from Greenville, South Carolina...

ERIC PRESSTOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNN!

[Some electric guitar and then...]

#THIS!

#IS!

#SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!

#THIS!

#IS!

#DO OR DIIIEEEE!

["Survival" by Eminem screams over the loudspeaker in the Crockett Coliseum, and Eric Preston walks out, looking a little different. Preston's obviously dropped some weight and is dressed in glossy looking dark purple tights with teal X's up the side and an old fashioned shield with swords crossed behind it and a crown on top of it, showing the letters "EP" interlocked inside of it in teal outlined in white and silver. His boots and kneepads are black, and over top of it he wears a black, sleeveless, sequined robe, with the same shield imprinted on the back in teal, outlined in white and silver. He stops at the top of the aisle, looks around and holds both hands up and continue to ringside.]

GM: Eric Preston with a new look, Bucky, it would appear as though he did a little retooling over the holidays.

BW: Whatever it takes to get to where he needs to be, that's all he says he's focused on. We'll have to see if he's good for his word.

[The fans are mixed for Preston, mostly boos but with a few cheers tossed in for turfing Chris Blue. Preston ducks into the ring and hops to the center of the ring, shrugging off the robe and tossing it out of the ring, bouncing up on his toes while keeping his eyes on the opponent.]

BW: Preston's ready to rock and roll, daddy, he's focused. That's for sure. Maybe it was his former classmate at the Combat Corner grabbing that World Heavyweight Title, but whatever it is, something has his attention.

[The bell rings and Preston circles "Famous" Jamison for a moment, getting a little hop in his step before closing in and grabbing the collar and elbow tieup. The two men jockey for position and Winston actually digs his feet in and backs Preston up into the corner.]

GM: Winston Jamison backs Preston into the corner, and it's clear to see that Preston has dropped a few pounds.

BW: Last time we saw him, Eric Preston was up close to 255, but he must have been eating rabbit food for Christmas, daddy, 'cause he's a lot less bulky.

[Jamison winds back for an open hand chop... but Preston easily ducks out of the way and spins "Famous" Jamison around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

BW: Open hand slap right across the chest, haha, and now Preston's waving his finger at him.

[Preston wags his index finger at Jamison, telling him he's too quick for that stuff, and Winston follows to the center of the ring, locking up again. But this time Preston goes right to the side headlock, cranking on it and backing Jamison into the ropes. Winston sends him for the ride, hits the deck and springs up, not knowing that Preston is standing right behind him, waiting...]

GM: Big dropkick, right to the kisser! An Eric Preston specialty!

[The crowd is unsure of how to react and merely buzzes as Preston gets to his feet and sends Jamison for the ride. then deposits a knee lift to the gut. Eric taps the top of his knee, signaling for the Dream Machine and takes off for the adjacent ropes...]

GM: Preston trying to end this one early, going for the Dream Machine... no sir, Jamison gets out of the way!

[Undeterred, Preston grabs Winston and whips him to the corner, which is reversed by Jamison...]

GM: Preston gets reversed, goes for the ride...

[But in mid-sprint, Preston jumps onto the middle rope, pushes off the top rope with his left foot and springs back with an elbow shot to the jaw! Jamison tumbles to the mat as Preston gets to his feet, and the crowd can't help but to clap for that move.]

GM: Great agility on the part of Eric Preston, but we've always known that Bucky.

BW: He is the greatest prospect ever put out by the Combat Corner, according to the people who run it, so this ain't a surprise. He's moving better than he had previously, and is maybe quicker than we have ever seen him, I'll give the man that.

[Preston grabs his rising opponent by his bushy fro, slings an arm over and snaps Jamison over with a crisp suplex, landing "Famous" Jamison with his feet by the ropes, his body facing the center of the ring.]

GM: Expertly done snap suplex from Preston, who wastes no time going to the corner and hopping onto the second rope... he measures, waits for a moment... and leaps off, burying the fist into the forehead of Winston Jamison!

BW: No wasted motion out of Preston, no time out to interact with the crowd. He's all business, daddy, I like it.

[Preston leans over into a sloppy cover that Jamison kicks out of at two, but brings his opponent right back up, not particularly worried. Eric backs Jamison into the corner and sends him from the cross ring whip, but once again has it reversed...]

GM: Here comes Jamison, barreling in... Preston dodges!

[A small cheer goes out as Winston hits back first and hobbles out, slightly bent over... and gets BLASTED with a Dream Machine right up under the chin! The crowd "Ooooooohhhhhhhh's" at the contact and the sound it makes. Jamison bounces in the air and catches himself on the ropes, grabbing on to the top strand near the corner as Preston follows up.]

BW: That Dream Machine sounded like a shot, daddy, he might have lost a tooth!

GM: Jamison tries to bring himself up on the ropes, and Eric Preston plants a low forearm to the small of the back! Another forearm!

BW: Those go right through you, Gordo, it buckles your knees. Biggest man in the world will crumble from that.

[One more forearm makes Jamison lean over the ropes, trying to alleviate the pain. Preston stays right on him, pulling him out and hooking him for a belly to back suplex, lifting... and depositing him on the middle rope, facing out.]

GM: Jamison's facing out, I wonder if Preston is about to put him in the Tree of Woe? Something out of Anton Layton's playbook, maybe.

BW: No no, Gordo, you gotta listen better. That's all in the past.

[With his left arm, Preston grabs Jamison by his bushy hair and pulls him out of the corner, parallel to the mat. With his right arm he turns in and grabs "Famous" Jamison for a neckbreaker... keeping his body entwined in the corner, horizontal to the mat...

...and drops! OOHHHHHH!]

GM: Second rope neckbreaker! Oh my heavens, this one is over! Talk about a jolt to the spine!

BW: That's the Godsend, daddy! I would know that move anywhere, Broussard taught that in the Combat Corner! It's got the Mark of the Shark, baby, it's bonafide!

[Preston laces the leg as the referee makes the cover, and the three count is academic.]

GM: One, two, three, this one is over.

BW: You can count it to a hundred, baby, it don't matter. One heck a re-emergence from Eric Preston, that's what that was!

[The referee raises his hand and Preston takes it, grimacing for a second and then rips his hand away. He walks toward Jamison, who rolls out of the ring and then reaches over the ropes, grabbing a microphone. He stops for a moment to catch his breath and then begins.]

EP: A big congratulations goes out to my former tackling dummy, Supreme Wright, for finally whining and complaining enough that someone gave him ANOTHER shot at the World Title to shut his fool mouth up. It just goes to show you that if you act like a petulant little girl enough, if you walk out of the Combat Corner and leave the company high and dry and act like a diva at every opportunity, you get your way.

[Preston shakes his head, completely disgusted.]

EP: Well I didn't walk out of the company, boys. I didn't take my ball and go home. And I sure as hell am not living off of some nostalgia trip that spiked because of DVD sales.

I have stayed here. I've taken my lumps. I've made bad decisions, ones that I've regretted, but I never tucked tail and ran. I took it like a man, and I got better. Because THAT is what life is all about. That's what competition is about. It's about getting knocked down and dragging yourself back up, and Lord knows no one got knocked down more than I did.

But what I didn't do, what I DIDN'T do was unlace my braids and sulk in the locker room. And I sure as hell didn't have Juan Vasquez pat me on the back and give me a shoulder to cry on. If you're man enough to crow and talk trash when you win, you oughta be man enough to take your medicine and shut the hell up when you lose.

But you showed the world just what a spoiled little punk you are, just like when you ran to that cesspool in Las Vegas when I got top billing at the Corner. You couldn't live in a world where Supreme Wright wasn't the best at everything he did, where people didn't get down on bended knee and genuflect every time you showed up.

Newsflash, pal. There's ALWAYS a bigger fish. There's always somebody better than you, and I'm putting you and everyone else on notice, because brother, you're lookin' at him.

[Preston hooks a thumb at himself.]

EP: I can't sit here anymore and watch while bronze medal winners and retreads compete for the World Title, when I was the model for the damn thing. I was the guy they used to measure and create it. It was made for me.

And I had every chance to grab a hold of it, but I threw it away. Then I latched on to Chris Blue, and somehow even though I was his Chosen One I ended up farther away from it then when I started. And I'd love to tell you I had an epiphany or some age old wisdom made me see the light, but that wasn't it. It's that people who couldn't lace my boots in the Combat Corner, it's that punks who were told to "watch how Preston does it" were in feature matches and I was being played like a pawn. That's what did it.

The biggest night of the AWA calendar year and somehow I moved DOWN the card from last year, and I didn't even have a contract last year at this time. How does THAT happen?

I'll tell you how... when you get caught up playing dumb political games, when you count on your friends and your so called allies to help you out. When you outsource the work, you don't get the real thing. I wanted other people to HAND me that title and all I got was an empty hand and a lower paycheck. So Chris Blue?

[Eric throws a thumb behind him.]

EP: He's out. All that drama, all that needless distraction he brought, I cut that out. It took a hell of a payoff and a whole lot of backroom handshakes, but it's the best money I ever spent. Because I swear, from here on out, everything I do will be directed at that World title that I only ever held in photo shoots.

And if it's Dave Bryant, Calisto Dufresne, if some other castoff wants to cash a big paycheck and swing it around, it doesn't matter to me. I'm equal opportunity. But if it's Supreme Wright... _when_ it's Supreme Wright... lemme tell you something, jack.

Actions. Have. Consequences.

[Preston jabs his finger at the camera to punctuate every word.]

EP: I never thought I would SEE that action... and I never thought I would FEEL the consequence.

[Preston pounds his chest with his fist, suddenly pensive for a moment.]

EP: You see I thought I was done. Yeah, I cut off ties to all the advisors and leeches... but I thought I would spend my career, what was left of it, in a pit. Of anger, of despair, of hatred... in hell. I thought I would spend the rest of my days in the squared circle mired in my own pit of hell, custom made by my own hand. But when I saw how SuperClash ended, a funny thing happened...

...I grabbed a shovel. And I started to dig.

I may not have earned the chance, I might not deserve the right, but I'm gonna keep diggin' until I can take that AWA World Title off your hands and

throw you headfirst into that pit of hell I just dug out of. Because that's where cowards and scumbags like you belong.

[The crowd unexpectedly cheers at Preston, who seems taken aback.]

EP: I'm not gonna stand here and tell you I'm a changed man. I'm not Mr. Sunshine and Lollipops, not anymore, and I won't pretend to be someone I'm not. But a man can change. We ALL saw that at SuperClash.

And me? I did my time. I served my sentence in hell. And I'm sick and tired of being covered in the slime.

[Preston throws the mic down to the canvas to a scattering of cheers before stepping through the ropes and making his way up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Wow. Not only a strong performance in the ring for Eric Preston... but some strong words as well. He's drawing a bullseye on the back of Supreme Wright which might be expected but some of the other stuff he said... well, I'm not quite sure what to make of it, Bucky.

BW: Neither am I. Where the heck is his head at? What's he thinking right now?

GM: Some of those words were... well, very much the Eric Preston we've heard over the past several months. But some of them sounded like the old Eric Preston as well... the one who came out of the Combat Corner full of such promise and enthusiasm for what his career would bring. I just... well, like I said... I'm not sure what to make of it all. Time will tell what the future holds for Eric Preston, I believe, fans... but right now, it's time to learn some more about this year's Stampede Cup and believe me when I tell you this is an announcement that you do NOT want to miss!

[We crossfade away from Preston exiting the arena to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. After a few moments, we fade again to show Jason Dane standing in front of another set of monitors - all showing action from AWA matches in the archive. There's a generic Control Center logo in the corner of the screen as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Hello everyone, and welcome to the Control Center! SuperClash is in the history books. We've turned the calendar page on 2013 and moved into 2014. Now, all night long you've heard people discussing this year's Stampede Cup - the biggest tag team extravaganza in the entire industry. Well, I can tell you right now that this is arguably going to be the most exciting and groundbreaking Stampede Cup yet because not only will we be seeing the best tag teams in the world clash to determine the best tag team walking with a million dollars AND the Stampede Cup trophy on the line... but it'll be a special night for AWA fans as, for the first time, we will be combining the Stampede Cup with this year's Anniversary Show. It's the Sixth Anniversary for the AWA and we plan to celebrate in major fashion...

[Dane grins as a graphic comes up next to him with the big news.]

JD: ...in Tokyo, Japan! That's right! For the very first time, the AWA will be going international. After years of negotiations with promoters in Mexico and Europe and Japan and all over the world, we're leavin' on a jet plane, fans! Our friends at Tiger Paw Pro were putting together an event for the end of March and invited the AWA to be a part of it. So, on Saturday, March 29th, the AWA will head to the Land of the Rising Sun and work with Tiger Paw Pro to present a very special event that we're calling the Rising Sun Showdown. The event will have a special 12 team version of the Stampede Cup plus some matches to celebrate this year's Anniversary as well as some matches featuring our friends from Tiger Paw Pro.

[A graphic showing the Stampede Cup appears.]

JD: Let's start with the Cup! Twelve teams - four seeded teams who will receive a bye in the first round of action. We will be seeing teams from the AWA, from Tiger Paw Pro, and even beyond. So far, we know that Air Strike, Dichotomy, and Strictly Business are in. We can also now confirm that no matter the result of their World Tag Team Title rematch, both the Blonde Bombers and the World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, are in the field. Five teams in.

[Dane holds up five fingers.]

JD: But that's not all. In breaking news, we've learned that former AWA National Tag Team Champions and former Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited will be representing Tiger Paw Pro in the tournament. That reaches the halfway mark. We'll be announcing more teams and hosting more Qualifying Matches in the weeks to come but this year's edition of the tournament is off to a great start already!

[The Stampede Cup graphic fades to show a Tiger Paw Pro graphic.]

JD: In addition, we can also confirm that the AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright will be going to Japan where, if he's still the champion, he will be defending the title against one of Tiger Paw Pro's competitors. The Tiger Paw Pro offices are considering several challengers and as soon as we know, you'll know.

The Stampede Cup. The World Title on the line! We've got more matches currently in negotiations as well and we'll be bringing you that information in the weeks ahead but it's going to be an amazing night when the AWA hits Japan for the very first time for the first ever Rising Sun Showdown!

For the Control Center, I'm Jason Dane and we'll see you next time, fans!

[We fade away from the Control Center to a shot of Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Thank you for that, Jason. The Rising Sun Showdown. Japan, here we come!

BW: Man, I can't wait to hit up the Ribera Steakhouse and get one of those Ribera Kid jackets... maybe a mask too.

GM: I don't think... never mind. It's going to be an exciting night in Japan and of course, the action will be coming right back here to the United States on WKIK! But right now, we've got a special surprise for our longtime AWA fans as we've been asked to set up a satellite link to speak to someone who hasn't been seen on Saturday Night Wrestling in a long, long time... the former manager of the War Pigs, Richard Eric Lee, who is currently in Japan. Apparently he has a major announcement for us.

BW: Lee? That old so-and-so? He find some new guys to manage?

[Popping up on the screen is an aged face not seen by AWA fans in some time. That's Lee all right. Salt-and-pepper hair slicked back he reclines slightly in a posh office chair and a short stack of financial magazines on the mahogany desk before him. On seeing that he's live, Lee abruptly pulls the mirrored sunglasses off his face and tucks them in a breast pocket.]

GM: Mr. Lee? Mr. Lee, are you with us?

REL: Yes, yes I am.

GM: Thank you for joining us.

REL: Thanks for having me, Gordon, it's always a pleasure to speak with the voice of the AWA.

BW: What am I? Chopped liver?

[Chuckling slightly, Lee shakes his head.]

REL: No, Bucky, not at all ... some people can stomach liver.

[Gordon laughs out loud and Bucky, uncharacteristically, falls silent.]

REL: But let's be serious because time is money and money is my stock-in-trade.

GM: Absolutely. Myself, Bucky, the fans and everyone else here is eager to hear your announcement. What brings you to us today?

REL: Thank you for asking, Gordon, because this is huge. Quite possibly the biggest thing to hit the AWA in quite some time ... since the last time it hit. You see I've just inked a deal with AWA brass for the War Pigs to appear as international guests of the AWA.

BW: Guests? What does that mean?

REL: Limited engagement, Buck. Again, time is money and our time, mine and the War Pigs, comes at a premium price.

GM: One moment, sir... because, as I recall, you had parted ways with the War Pigs. They weren't too fond of you the last we saw.

[Face crinkling Lee clearly dismisses this assertion with a wave of one hand.]

REL: There is, in fact, a _definite_ fondness, Gordon. Yes, we had a hiatus where the War Pigs had decided to be a little more independent and I respected their wishes at that time. But let me ask you something; do you love your family?

[Scoffing, surprised at the question, Gordon doesn't respond for a few seconds.]

GM: Wh-fft, yes, of course I do. Why in the wor--

REL: But you fight with them sometimes right?

GM: Well, I...

REL: Heh, now don't misunderstand, I don't mean a brawl. I'm still quite spry for a man my age but my boys are TWIN ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION!

[He clenches his teeth and fists on those last three words.]

REL: But you disagree with your wife at times. Maybe your teenage daughter breaks her curfew and you let her have a few choice words. That's all. Family fights ... but they always come back. Saber, Hammer and I are family, Gordon.

GM: Point taken. And this limited engagement you referred to; what is it? The War Pigs haven't signed with the AWA but they will be appearing?

REL: In a manner of speaking. The boys and, well, I myself, are hesitant to commit to a company that hasn't been entirely forthcoming with us in the past. We'll take whatever opportunity presents itself if the numbers are right but we'd rather pick our own shots instead of being sidetracked by bureaucratic BS and inadequate compensation. So the engagement, as of now, remains limited.

GM: I see but, if your dealings with AWA have been so poor then what precipitated this arrangement?

REL: Those powers that be, Gordon, they decided they need an international contingent representing the worldwide status that AWA has attained. Now on seeing how dominant Hammer and Saber were as they rolled up and down the coast of Japan, dominating the "puroresu" scene from the Tokyo Dome to the Kobe Arena, they knew exactly how best to represent the Japanese wrestling scene in their promotion.

BW: Why so vague Richard? What "engagement" are we talking about here? Signing autographs? Action figure deal with the War Pigs cast in plastic? What?

REL: Why ... isn't it obvious?

BW: NO! I still don't know what we're talking about here.

REL: Gordon, you want to field this one?

GM: Maybe it would be best if you just came out and said it, Mr. Lee, because I have an inkling but I'm still not one-hundred-percent sure.

REL: Of course, of course, and I'll be honest I was just building a little tension but, after I say this you'll be kicking yourself for not knowing. The War Pigs...

[Pregnant, dramatic pause as Lee leans forward, one arm sliding his magazines a few inches.]

REL: ...will participate in the Stampede Cup.

[A pop of surprise escapes the crowd at this news.]

REL: And you can believe that's staying with us in Tokyo, boys, proving once and for all that the War Pigs aren't just the best team in Japan ... they're the best team in the whole _world_.

BW: WHOA!

GM: A major announcement!

REL: Ha-ha! Glad you boys agree. We'll be in touch.

[Feed cuts.]

GM: The War Pigs are in the Stampede Cup!

BW: That's a major coup, Gordo. When you look at tag team wrestling in Japan, there are two teams out of the United States that would be considered #1 and #2... and those rankings change on a daily basis with the success of these guys. Those teams are Violence Unlimited and the War Pigs... and we just learned that they're BOTH going to be in the Stampede Cup! Incredible!

GM: Fans, we've got to take another quick break but when we come back, we'll have another tag team hoping to make the Stampede Cup in action!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and the come back up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing by with two wrestlers. One is a man with long yellow trunks and black boots, short blonde hair and brown eyes. He has pale skin, a nondescript build, and a single red five-pointed star tattoo on his left bicep. Alongside him is a smaller, slight-of-build man with equally pale skin, long black hair, and a goatee and mustache. He wears long black tights with a red circle-A anarchy symbol on each leg, black ankle supports, wrist and finger tape, and a black leather jacket.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring. From Tulsa, Oklahoma and Oakland, California respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred fifty pounds... the team of GREGORY KENDER and MATT ROGERS!

[Kender raises his arms as Rogers merely stands with his arms folded in the corner, glaring down the aisle. "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgaires Machins begins to play over the PA, causing the fans to stand and cheer.]

PW: Their opponents, about to make their way down the aisle... from Montreal, Quebec, Canada and Portland, Maine respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred forty-eight pounds... the team of RENE ROUSSEAU and CHRIS CHOISNET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[The fans start to clap to the chorus of the song (which the Theme Music Cut (tm) skips right to) as Rousseau and Choynet jog down the elevated ramp. Halfway down, the duo step off each side, to walk in the narrow passage between the ramp and the fans, just to slap hands and sign autographs. The two men make their way around ringside in this way, going in opposite directions to meet at the other end. As they do, Gordon and Bucky talk about it.]

GM: The Northern Lights with a warmup match here on Saturday Night Wrestling. One can correctly assume that these two men are gearing up for Stampede Cup qualifying, Bucky.

BW: By slappin' unwashed hands and signin' autographs? That's real good prep, Gordo. I think they should have to qualify against the Blonde Bombers. In the mood the Bombers are in after SuperClash, that'd be hilarious. Or maybe the Longhorn Riders, who are also mad enough to spit nails and who got robbed by these two once already! Or the Moonshiners. God knows they love to mess up pretty boys.

GM: You don't step into the AWA if you're not ready for every one of those scenarios. It is Stampede Cup season, and every tag team in the AWA is looking for a coveted slot to try for the one million dollars.

[Upon meeting on the opposite side of the ring, Rousseau and Choynet do a double high five and slide under the bottom rope. Both are wearing white trunks and boots with a logo consisting of the flags of Quebec and Maine intercrossed with one another. Each man has blue wristbands, kneepads, and a white ring jacket with "NORTHERN LIGHTS" written in cursive glitter on the back. Choynet has blue forearm supports while Rousseau is rocking a headband. The veteran, Rene Rousseau, has black hair which is a bit longer in back than in front, and a big smile on his picturesque face. Choynet has short dark-brown hair and a more serious expression on his cleanshaven face. The duo shake their fists to the cheering fans as the music dies down.]

BW: You know, these guys make me ill. Goody-two-shoes kids wearin' all white and talkin' about truth and justice and fair play. When are they gonna grow up, Gordo?

GM: Perhaps it is the rest of the world that should be less jaded, Bucky.

[*DING*DING*]

GM: We're underway, and the Northern Lights are removing their ring jackets.

BW: As cold as it is, I see this as their first mistake of what will hopefully be a momentous upset.

GM: I certainly envy those jackets right now. Satin winter-style jackets much like the old sports-team jackets. Both Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet are northerners, though, so they're likely well-prepared for this rough winter we've had down here. It probably amuses them, since their own winters are much worse.

BW: I hate them much more now than I did ten seconds ago, and I'd have been fine if someone had crippled them ten seconds ago.

GM: Gregory Kender locking up with Chris Choynet. Choynet backs him up to the ropes, and a clean break by the Maine native.

BW: Yeah. We'll see how clean he breaks with a million bucks on the line.

GM: A second lock-up, and again Choynet the aggressor... this time Kender punches him on the break! Gregory Kender with a follow-up right to the temple, and a headlock follows up. Chokehold by Kender in the headlock.

BW: Ha! There's a guy who wants it. Kender is trying to get a roster spot as he was in the Omaha territory that just closed.

GM: Shame about that.

BW: Something about Peyton Manning and overexposure. Hey!

GM: Belly-to-back suplex by Chris Choynet! Kender did not have a good low center of gravity base on the headlock, and that sloppy execution got him dropped just about on his head!

BW: I believe Shawney also used the trunks right there.

GM: He did not!

BW: Sheesh! Try to give a guy a compliment...

GM: Chris Choynet with the dropkick sending Kender sprawling into the wrong part of town. Greg Kender is reeling, and the tag is made to Rene

Rousseau. The Northern Lights send the Oklahoma native off the ropes, and look at them go!

[They 'go' by having Rousseau deliver the punch to the gut on the rebounding Kender, right into the gut wrench suplex by Choynet, right into Rousseau stepping off of Choynet's back (as he was on his hands and knees after the suplex) for a high elevation elbow drop! The rapid-fire combination move draws a loud cheer from the fans.]

BW: For once, they ain't wastin' time.

GM: Aggressive combination maneuvers by the Northern Lights, but the quick cover nets only a two-count. Rene Rousseau is legal now, and the former three-time Quebec Heavyweight Champion is lifting up Gregory Kender... sending him off the ropes, and applying a hard power slam as he rebounds!

BW: Another cover, but only two. Quick covers beat clean breaks.

GM: Kender rolls frantically to his corner, and there is the tag. Matt Rogers is in, and this is a promising young prospect here, Bucky.

BW: I like him. He's vicious. He needs to bulk up a bit, though.

GM: Collar-and-elbow, rake of the face by Rogers. Snapping kick to the side. Matt Rogers has a taekwondo background, and he'll make you feel it any time he uses those kicks. Snapmare, and a big kick to the back of Rousseau. Now gouging and ripping at Rene Rousseau's face!

BW: That's his weak point! That pretty face that the girls love so much is proof that Rousseau can't possibly be a tough guy. If you smash his face and ugly him up, he'll have nothing left!

GM: I... don't quite see it that way. Rousseau up to his feet, firing at the midsection of Matt Rogers. Rogers with a hard side kick staggering Rousseau into the ropes. Irish-whip... misses the spinning leg lariat! Matt Rogers went for the leg lariat but Rousseau was too agile and he took himself down.

BW: See how overprotective he is of his face?

GM: That was basic defense, Bucky. Tag made, and the Northern Lights advancing on Matt Rogers. They send him off the ropes... big double back body drop! And a double elbow drop to follow up! Kender rushes in and a double elbow smash takes him down as well! The Northern Lights with all of the momentum!

BW: With all of the illegal double teaming, you mean!

GM: Rousseau is out, Choynet is in, and he gathers up Rogers overhead. This could be an airplane spin... yes! Chris Choynet with the airplane spin turning Rogers round and round!

BW: This is getting me dizzy, Gordo. An advantage of being a half-wit like Shawney is that you don't have many brains to be scrambled and become dizzy. Not like me.

GM: That's not how dizziness works. Balance comes from fluid in the ear canal...

BW: Phhhpt, the ears, riiight.

GM: Bucky, you know this. You're just trying to get me worked up!

BW: Call the action, Gordo! Sidewalk slam!

GM: It was a fireman's carry slam transitioned into a kneeling chinlock. Choynet driving the knee between the shoulderblades, almost like a surfboard. Very sound technical wrestling. Fans, while Matt Rogers struggles to get out of this hold, let's hear some prerecorded comments from the Northern Lights!

BW: Do we have to?

[Yes, Bucky, you have to, because the dreaded 'picture-in-picture' interview screen appears in the upper left hand corner of the screen. We see Rousseau and Choynet, in their to-ring gear, standing in front of a grey backdrop.]

RR: The road to the Stampede Cup is underway, and this year, the road leads north! Every tag team in the world dreams of being in the Stampede Cup, but only one team can win.

CC: It's not enough just to show up. We're here for the Cup. We've heard from our fans, and they're tired of teams that always rely on help to win. Always relying on cheating, because they're afraid to win or lose on their own merits. It is time for a change, and we're bringing it to you in 2014.

RR: So we're asking the AWA President to put us in qualifying. We don't care who it is. We're tired of crime always paying, and we're going to do something about it. The Stampede Cup is the next step in our path to the World Championship, and we're going to win it for the fans!

CC: Lights, out.

[Back to the action. During the picture-in-picture promo, Rogers has fought his way out of the chinlock, so Choynet transitioned into a side headlock takedown and then into a bodyscissors neck wrench. Finally, Rogers gets one of his bare feet over the bottom rope.]

BW: Can you possibly get any more sanctimonious than that?

GM: Yes. They wouldn't make my top ten list for the most sanctim...

BW: It was a rhetorical question, Myers! Now you're trying to get me worked up!

GM: In these days of Wise Men and sudden unannounced same-night cash-ins, I have to agree that crime is paying a little too well right now, and I applaud the Northern Lights' desire to be a part of the solution rather than a part of the problem.

BW: Ha! Rogers just jammed a thumb in Shawney's eye and tagged out. See, that is why cheaters always prosper. Because it works!

GM: Gregory Kender steps in as Rogers hammers a doubled-over Choisnet with a big kneelift. Both men in, and a standing double clothesline on Choisnet!

BW: They should move the mats and powerbomb him into the floor. That would be a nice technical move.

GM: It would not. Kender sends Choisnet off the ropes... Rousseau with the slap-in-the-back blind tag! Kender scoops Choisnet up... and Rousseau with the dropkick to the back of Choisnet, driving him down on top of Kender!

BW: The dummy should have slammed him right away instead of holding him there! Why whip somebody to the ropes if you're not going to use the momentum?

GM: A bad mistake, and Choisnet rolls out of the ring as Rousseau scoops the legs. Could be going for the Quebec Crab, but Rogers breaks it up with a jumping side kick to the lower back!

BW: Right in the kidneys! That had to hurt.

GM: Rousseau to his knees, and Rogers is not leaving the ring. Rogers and Kender pick up Rousseau, and send him off the ropes... DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE BY ROUSSEAU TAKES BOTH MEN DOWN!

[The fans cheer as Rene runs through the opposing team, grabs the top rope, and uses it to propel Choisnet over the top rope with a slingshot front elbow drop into the head and chest of Gregory Kender!]

GM: That backfired on the Rogers/Kender duo badly! A bit of fire with fire as Choisnet is now wrestling Rogers out of the ring, and Rousseau again going for the Quebec Crab on Kender! This time, Matt Rogers is locked in a hold by Chris Choisnet, and we've already seen that he can't match Choisnet in that department.

BW: Get to the ropes, kid!

GM: QUEBEC CRAB IS APPLIED! Kender is in center ring, and this match is probably seconds away from being over!

BW: He's tapping. So much for his tryout.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Rousseau breaks immediately as the Northern Lights secure another impressive win. Let's get the official word.

PW: The winners of the contest, by way of submission... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

["Compter Les Corps" begins anew as Rousseau and Choynet double-high-five in the ring, and then go around the ring working the crowd.]

BW: So if the Northern Lights are so anti-cheating, why'd they fight, as you said yourself, "fire with fire"?

GM: With both opponents already in the ring, they never had an illegal double team advantage.

BW: You've got an excuse for everything, Gordo. I'm... kinda proud of you for learning that from me.

GM: The Northern Lights pick up a submission victory, and one of the things that will be very dangerous for any team facing them is the multiple ways they have to win. Rousseau's Quebec Crab, Choynet's Fisherman Superplex, and their doubleteam versions of both... not to mention the potential for a rollup at any time.

BW: They're also baby-kissin' wimps who are the kinds of people that real men step over on their way to a real fight. So there's that.

GM: Good is not necessarily soft, Bucky. I think you should remember that.

[We see Choynet and Rousseau leaving up the sides of the aisle, just as they entered, slapping hands.]

GM: The Northern Lights are looking ahead to the Stampede Cup, fans! But someone who isn't looking QUITE so far ahead right now is the AWA President Karl O'Connor who was in the building tonight to address the World Television Title situation. Our own Mark Stegglet has caught up with him to try and get more information on those circumstances right now. Mark?

[Crossfade to Mark Stegglet who is standing beside a haggard-looking AWA President.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. O'Connor, first, I'd like to ask if there is any kind of an update on the condition of your grandson, Bobby, after he was the victim of a vicious assault at the hands of-

[O'Connor interrupts Stegglet with a quiet, almost hushed tone in his voice.]

KOC: Percy Childes.

MS: I'm sorry?

KOC: Make no mistake, Mark... it may have been Marley and Detson swinging that chair but they did it on the orders of Percy Childes. Childes walked out at SuperClash V and stuck a middle finger in the face of the entire AWA locker room... all of the fans... and most of all, the AWA front office. He told us that he intended to do things his way and be damned the consequences... so when I made that Main Event matchup for two weeks from now with the Unholy Alliance taking on Hannibal Carver and two partners, he decided to strike back.

[O'Connor runs a hand over his weary face.]

KOC: THAT'S MY BLOOD, CHILDES!

[For a split second, we catch a glimpse of the man who used to be feared throughout the business as one of the most dangerous "shooters" in the ring. It quickly fades though as is replaced by the elderly man who serves as the chief executive of the American Wrestling Alliance.]

KOC: My grandson did nothing to you, Childes. He did NOTHING to you. He's done nothing to anyone in the AWA except try to make a name for himself... his own name. He wants to stand alone and fight his own battles... he's told me that repeatedly so he'll be very upset by what I'm about to say but...

Percy Childes, if you decide you have a problem with me EVER again, you better come at me yourself. Come at me like a man and not the blubbery toad that you are!

I may be an old man, Childes... but I can still handle the likes of you.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Mr. O'Connor, I have to advise you that the last person to hold a position of authority in this company found himself shown the door because of his desire to physically handle-

KOC: I know what happened to Big Jim. And I don't care. This job... no job is worth standing idly by while my own family is punished for my actions. And if the front office doesn't want to do anything about it, I will.

[O'Connor pauses, staring up and down at Stegglet.]

KOC: Tell me something, Mark. If your Uncle was sitting back here watching on a monitor while some no-necked twit decided to send him a message by beating you into the ground, what do you think he'd do about it? Nothing?

[Mark Stegglet looks uncomfortable with this question, squirming a bit.]

KOC: I know Jon Stegglet and have known him for years. He comes from the old school. I know EXACTLY what he'd do about it, son. And it's the same thing that I'd do about it.

So, Percy Childes... the next time you want to send me a message, you come find me and do it yourself.

[A fuming O'Connor starts to leave before Stegglet stops him.]

MS: Sir, the TV Title?

[O'Connor pauses, mumbling something under his breath as he slowly turns back into the chief executive again.]

KOC: Right, right. It is the decision of myself in consult with the Championship Committee that on the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, we will host an open invitational Battle Royal. Anyone who desires to enter the match may do so. That match will continue until we get down to two competitors remaining at which point we will shift into a standard singles matchup between the Final Two.

The winner of that match... will be the undisputed World Television Champion.

[O'Connor pauses, waiting for a question. Receiving none, he gives a short nod.]

KOC: Good luck.

[And an angry grandfather storms out of sight as we slowly crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson stands by with a wrestler who has a decent build, olive camo trunks, black knee pads and boots, and a black buzzcut.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring... from Watertown, New York... weighing in at two hundred thirty-five pounds... CHARLIE STEPHENS!

[Stephens, the former Army corporal, flashes a salute at the fans, who give him a brief USA chant. Then the opening piano and beat of "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong starts over the PA to the boos of the crowd.]

PW: His opponent, about to make his way down the aisle... introducing first, the manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

He represents, also to be accompanied by Radiant Raven... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing three hundred seventeen pounds... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[As the famous trumpet of Louis Armstrong plays over the PA, there is no movement in the aisle.]

GM: Fans, we're awaiting the arrival of one of the more controversial men in the AWA, Demetrius Lake. Lake finished second, if you will, at Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash, and then later in the night assaulted Blackjack Lynch for no reason whatsoever.

BW: A, of course he had a reason; Blackjack attacked him first! And B... like you really need a reason to hit Blackjack Lynch in the neck?

GM: Will you stop? I still do not see Demetrius Lake, Bucky. What's going on?

[The boos are very loud now as time passes with no movement. Then, a single figure walks out from the back as the music abruptly stops. It's Radiant Raven, the six-foot-tall black-haired exotic-looking beauty. Her dark charcoal grey strapless dress contrasts with her pale skin, and she seems to have rather a lot of makeup on. Raven sports white lace gloves that go all the way up past the elbow, and black flats (at six feet tall, she doesn't need heels). Raven steps through the ropes, and snatches the microphone from Watson. There's an impassive, almost bored look on her face through all of this, and she begins her own introduction.]

RR: The King Of Wrestling refuses to come out here and wrestle until these fans show respect by remaining absolutely silent.

[BOOOOOOOOOO!]

RR: Demetrius Lake demands your compliance, or he will not compete tonight.

[The decibel level increases even further. Raven seems unmoved.]

RR: I, of course, would just as soon not have to spend a moment longer than I have to in front of a pack of filthy animals, leering and drooling with the usual lack of self-control I see every day from the typical Neanderthals. So boo yourselves hoarse for all I care.

[The general consensus seems to be: "okay." Because that is what they are doing.]

RR: Watson. Start over, but wait until they are completely silent.

PW: They're not going to...

RR: Completely. Silent.

[With that, Raven heads back up the aisle. Poor Phil Watson has this perplexed look on his face, and Charlie Stevens is continuing to lead the fans in booing and jeering.]

GM: What an asinine demand.

BW: I agree. Charlie Stevens demanding these boos because he's afraid to fight Demetrius Lake.

GM: We don't have time to waste on this malarkey! The assigned referee for this match is Ricky Longfellow, who should just apply the ten count.

BW: That may not be a wise decision.

GM: And don't start with that nonsense! Fans, we're going to take a commercial break. We'll be back after this!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

When we return from the break, the ring is still empty of everyone but Phil Watson and Charlie Stevens, and the crowd is still booing like mad.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. We're STILL awaiting the arrival of Demetrius Lake, and how long are we going to give this before we call a forfeit?

BW: I'm more interested in how long the crowd can keep booing. You hear this, Gordo? The noise level has dropped. They're tired out!

GM: A crowd is only going to maintain volume so long before their throats get worn out, Bucky. We all know that.

[Now "Mack The Knife" starts back up, and the fans try to boo louder. It doesn't last.]

BW: Ha ha! He outwaited them.

[Once again, Raven steps out. This time, though, she's leading the six-foot-nine "Black Tiger" to the ring. Lake, a physically imposing specimen, is a dark-skinned African-American with a black afro and a long conical beard. He is wearing a yellow ring jacket, purple trunks and boots with his initials on each in yellow print, and a black fedora. The thumb of his left hand is heavily taped, and the look on his face is sour and mean. Behind Lake walks Percy Childes, as we saw him earlier, with a smirk on his face and his crystal-tipped walking stick in his hand. The boos pick up again, but taper off due to fatigue.]

GM: If there was a scale for unwarranted ego, it might be named for this man.

BW: Unwarranted?!

GM: He's done nothing in the AWA. His SuperClash showing was impressive, but he didn't win. He hasn't even stepped into the ring with any other top competition to date.

BW: They're all afraid to sign the dotted line against him. Look, Percy might be a Wise Man, but he doesn't have unlimited power. He can't force cowards to sign matches.

GM: That statement is too absurd to even comment on.

[Lake and Raven are now in the ring, surrounding Watson and demanding that he introduce him again. Watson, frustrated, insists that he already did it. But he relents when Lake steps in his personal space and glares down at him.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... introducing first, the manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

He represents, accompanied by Radiant Raven... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing three hundred seventeen pounds... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[At the conclusion of this, Lake snatches the mic and looks out to the fans.]

DL: You all thought you could boo me, didn't you?

[BOOOooooooooooo...]

DL: Ha ha! I hear that scratch. That rasp. Down in the back of your throats. It hurts you, don't it? You want to boo, but you booed yourselves out.

[BOOOoooooooo... the fans try to prove him wrong, but...]

DL: It's just what you deserve! Trying to boo the King Of Wrestling. I know you would all love to boo me. You'd even love to get in here and take a shot. You wish you could do it! You'd give your last dollar to take a swing at the King, wouldn't you? But you can't even lift your voice to boo no more. Typical, typical, typical. A Mexan is nothing but a windbag, and when he runs out of wind he's got nothing left. NOW! Now set down and remain silent while I wrestle. I demand complete silence!

{BOOOOOooooooooooo...}

DL: But I'll accept pain in it's place.

[Lake hands the mic back to Watson, but drops it before he can reach it in order to make poor Phil pick it up. He then pantomimes clutching his throat in pain to mock the fans some more... at which point Charlie Stevens decides to run over and attack him! Stevens hits a big running forearm that sends Demetrius' fedora sailing to ringside!]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Cheap shot!

GM: I don't know how any human being could take any more! Charlie Stevens hammers Demetrius Lake back to the corner, and Lake is reeling!

BW: He still has his thousand dollar jacket on!

GM: That jacket cost fifty dollars tops, and Stevens mounting the second turnbuckle and firing away!

Crowd: "ONE! TWo! THRee. Four. five. six. seven."

[Because the fans booted with no breather through the commercial break, they can't really maintain a count very loudly. Fortunately for their vocal chords, Lake shoves Stevens off at seven and staggers down the side of the ring to an adjacent corner, trying to clear some distance. Stevens landed on his feet, though, and stalks behind Lake. He turns the big man around and hammers another forearm in to send Lake flopping back into the corner.]

BW: The "Black Tiger" just needs a bit of space to recover.

GM: He does, but Charlie Stevens wise enough not to give it to him. Shoulder block into the ribs! And again! Driving some of the air from the self-proclaimed King Of Wrestling.

BW: He won a tournament for that name!

GM: Not in the AWA, he didn't. Stevens with the irish-whip, sends Lake crashing to the opposite corner. Lake staggers out, Stevens for the backdrop... no!

BW: Ha! The dummy put his head down, and the King drove the elbow in with all three hundred seventeen pounds!

GM: Lake dropped to his knees to hammer down the elbow smash, and Charlie Stevens was faceplanted. Demetrius Lake finally with a chance to take off his ring jacket... and blatantly choking Charlie Stevens with it! Come on, Longfellow!

BW: Hey, Ricky Longfellow could have gotten in there and stopped that sneak attack ambush so that Demetrius could get his ring jacket off in the first place. So this is really partly his fault, and he should just accept his failure and let this go.

GM: You're almost as absurd as Lake sometimes. Longfellow making the mistake of trying to physically remove the chokehold... that breaks the hold, but only because Lake's now offended that the referee touched his jacket!

BW: Attempted theft of personal property! By law, Demetrius can physically act to prevent the theft by attacking the thief.

GM: Not in any courtroom in the nation would that logic fly.

BW: You haven't seen the Supreme Court in action lately.

GM: Lake handing the jacket off to Raven, and picking up Stevens. Collar-and-elbow... no, that's a choke!

[What is happening is this: Demetrius locks up with a still-groggy Stevens, but the arm that normally grasps the elbow is instead grasping Steven's throat. Longfellow is positioned behind Lake, so he can't see this, and Lake keeps turning, as if "struggling" with Stevens in the tieup, to keep the referee behind him!]

BW: No, that's a collar-and-sternum tieup. It's the rare Norwegian variant of the collar-and-elbow. The Vikings invented it.

GM: As always, Demetrius Lake getting away with murder in there.

BW: If Longfellow doesn't get around to see what's going on in the next few seconds, that might be literally true.

GM: Finally, Longfellow applying the count, and Lake breaks at four. That was at least ten seconds uninterrupted choking. A huge leaping forearm, driven right down across the back of the neck and the shoulders, crushes Charlie Stevens to the canvas!

[Longfellow sharply lectures Demetrius, who backs away holding his hands up in an "I didn't do it" pose. Then Longfellow turns to check on Stevens, and Lake goes fishing into his trunks for a foreign object.]

GM: Why? Why this, again!

BW: That spandex allergy. What a trooper, going forward with his career despite the uncomfortable, embarrassing itch.

GM: Demetrius Lake has loaded his thumb tape with a foreign object... again. Like he does in every match, and especially against opponents that he is already beating, especially much smaller ones who he should never need to cheat to win against!

BW: You're right, Gordo, that story is farfetched. Those people who insinuate that he's using a weapon really didn't think it through.

[As Myers sighs, Lake approaches Stevens with his left hand behind his back. Stevens gets up, and shoots in for a double leg takedown. The Black Tiger stuffs the attempt by dropping to a knee, and gives Stevens a quick jab right to the throat with the left thumb! The fans boo hoarsely as Charlie rolls around clutching his throat. Lake's left hand is already behind his back as Longfellow screams at him, demanding to see his hand. Lake shows his right hand, and Longfellow demands to see his other hand. So Lake reluctantly shows his left hand, and makes a big show of fake pain as Longfellow searches the "injured" thumb. A camera shot from behind the "Black Tiger" shows some kind of object barely sticking out from the top of his trunks.]

GM: There it is! You can see it right there!

BW: All I see is a referee manhandling the injured thumb of a man too gallant to rest his injury. He's a competitor!

GM: This is absurd! Longfellow didn't find the object, and now as he checks on Stevens... there's Lake going back into the trunks!

[Demetrius reaches back and takes the object in his right hand. He puts a side headlock on Stevens and winds up his left thumb in an obvious way.

Longfellow steps in and demands to check his thumb again. Lake loudly complains and shouts, but Longfellow goes through with his search. Unfortunately, the camera clearly shows that the object is in Lake's right hand, being squarely pressed into Stevens' neck as the headlock keeps him in place.]

BW: You just checked him, Longfellow! He's clearly tryin' to help Chuck Stevens win by injuring Demetrius' thumb even more.

GM: If his thumb was that injured, why did he feel the need to use it against Blackjack Lynch at SuperClash?

BW: No no no. You have it all wrong. The Tiger Strike doesn't hit with the thumb, it hits with the underside of the palm, right in a nerve cluster.

GM: Since when is the Adam's apple a nerve cluster? Lake breaks the headlock, and a rabbit punch... there's a weapon in that right hand!

[Lake casually strolls down the ropes, and Raven takes the object from his hand as he walks by. The six-nine former defensive lineman demands complete silence from the fans, who are again up and booing, having rested a bit.]

BW: You know, I've never seen a guy hatch a plan to get the audience to run their throats raw, to get them back for their slander and libel.

GM: Libel? When do fans commit libel?

BW: Some of them blog. Wait... never mind, this is Texas. I apologize to states with literate populations.

GM: Demetrius Lake picking up Charlie Stevens, bodyslam position... drops him neckfirst on the top rope! That was a brutal tactic, and Stephens is groggy... BIG BOOT TO THE FOREHEAD!

BW: Wham! Demetrius is so tall that he just thumps you in the forehead with his heel when he does that. Nasty.

GM: And Lake is going out to the apron! The Big Cat Pounce is impending...

[With agility that most six-nine three-hundred-twenty pounders simply do not possess, Demetrius Lake ascends the turnbuckles and leaps off the ropes, crashing across the sternum of Charlie Stevens with a flying splash. He makes a lax cover, but that's enough.]

GM: One, two, and three. As usual, the Black Tiger is dominant, albeit through entirely crooked means.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: We saw a few of those at SuperClash, daddy.

GM: We saw a lot of this man at SuperClash, and most of it involved assaulting and injuring non-wrestlers. What does he want now?

[Lake stands up, and hurls Charlie Stevens out of the ring as Phil Watson makes the call.]

PW: Here is your winner... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

BW: Raven's got the mic from Watson again. Oh, look, the King Of Wrestling has more to say.

[A second wind has come up, as the fans are now booing again. Raven and Childes have entered the ring, and Lake has the microphone.]

DL: Now, I had something to say at SuperClash, before that old dog cut me off. Old Yeller. He got what Old Yeller always gets in the end. But Old Yeller is old news. Now it is time to talk about Demetrius Lake, the King Of Wrestling, and what happened that night at SuperClash.

As you all should know by now, it came down to one man against two. I was in there with Juan Valdez and Pipedream Wright. They were teammates, so it was a handicap match. And when I whipped both their behinds and pinned Juan Valdez, that should have been it. Any handicap match ends when a man has been pinned. But even if we ignore that, I whipped on old Pipedream Wright for a spell. Then, as great athletes sometimes do, I slipped. I am man enough to admit that I did slip on the mat, and Pipedream Wright used the ropes, used the trunks, he had a knuckle in my eyesocket, he ran the aglets of his bootlaces through one of the holes in my boots, and I believe he also was using his wrist tape in some illegal fashion. The end result is that I was cheated.

Now we all know that Pipedream Wright went on to beat a shell of a man for the championship that night. I can assure you that if justice had truly been served, it would have been me. It should have been me. Everybody knows it. And Pipedream Wright kn...

[Lake cuts his own words off with a severe scowl, as he looks towards the entrance ramp. And why? Coming down the ramp is one Jack Lynch. Lynch is in all black, a black shirt and black jeans under his long black leather duster. His black cowboy hat is worn low, obscuring his eyes. Lynch takes his time coming down to the ring, and is even more deliberate once he's inside the ring, until at last, he stands in front of Lake.

JL: Well, Demetrius Lake. It has been a long time.

[Portions of the crowd, those who are familiar with the pasts of these men cheer.]

JL: Ya know, Demetrius, you don't mind if I use your first name, do ya? One thing I've always admired about you is how good you are at gettin' inside a man's head. Take, for instance, what you're doin' right now.

You come out here, talkin' all big, makin' it seem like you're the rightful challenger? Most folks would think, based on the evidence, its just another case of you bein' in love with the sound of your own voice. But me? Well, I know your game.

Everyone knows that Supreme Wright is as hypercompetitive as they come. You do your talk, and sooner or later, Wright is bound to come out here and give ya what ya want. Blow enough smoke, and sooner or later, you'll talk your way into a shot at the gold.

Well, you would have...

[Lynch bends his head and removes his cowboy hat, his head lifting so that he can stare straight ahead at the Black Tiger.]

JL: If I weren't about to shut you up.

[POP!]

DL: Well, well, well, well. Now I know I see a ghost. Because the man I am lookin' at, I already killed him years ago.

[The crowd "ooooohs" the comment.]

JL: Ya beat me, that's true. But trust me, I'm far from dead. Somethin' you'll love long enough to regret, you keep on with this line of thought.

[Lake puffs out his chest, gesturing at himself.]

DL: How can you come out here in the presence of the King Of Wrestling, when you know I have beaten you on many occasions? I ought to slap your face right here in the presence of all your fellow Mexans, but I have more important business to attend to. So do what you Lunch boys do and go to your old man's side. I hear after he put on that holiday weight, he's casting a shadow so big that you three and your mothers could stand in it!

[Jack's back stiffens, and his face begins to turn red. But then, he exhales, and manages a chuckle, though the mirth never reaches his eyes.]

JL: There's the Demetrius I know. Still talkin'. Still tryin' to get into my head. But I didn't come out here to fight ya, Lake. Nope, I came out here for somethin' else.

At SuperClash, you took a cheap shot at my father. Now, old Blackjack's fine. But that don't sit well with me. As it happens though, I'm feelin' some residual Christmas spirit. So I'm gonna give you the chance to make amends for what you did.

All ya gotta do is give me the apology you owe my father.

[An irate Lake's eyes fly wide open.]

DL: APOLOGY?! You want an apology?

[Lynch raises a hand, shaking his head.]

JL: Oh don't worry, you don't have to do it tonight. I want this to be a good one. I want it to really express all the remorse in your heart, Demetrius. I'm lookin' for poetry.

So...

[Lynch returns his hat to his head.]

JL: Ya got two weeks. I'll wait until the next SNW rolls around. Then I'll come lookin' for ya again.

DL: I don't need two seconds to...

[At this, Percy Childes puts a hand on Demetrius' shoulder. He whispers into his ear, and Lake's sour face slowly melts.]

DL: Alright. Alright. I am man enough to put my pride aside when it needs to be. I will be here in two weeks with an apology, because I have more important things to do tonight.

JL: I knew you'd see things my way.

[Jack turns, and takes a step away, only to pause, and turn back around.]

JL: Oh wait, I forgot to tell ya somethin'. I ran into Mr. O'Connor backstage. Knowin' ya as I do, I figured you might try somethin' like this. And I felt it was my duty to give him a warnin'.

Once he knew what your game was, he agreed he wouldn't be grantin' you a title shot anytime soon.

DL: ...what.

[For a moment, Lake's at a loss for words. Then the anger becomes evident on his face, and Percy Childes hurriedly takes the microphone from his charge.]

PC: Two weeks. You be here, and I will see that my client comes, and we'll get all of this behind us.

[Demetrius points an angry finger at Lynch, and Lynch takes a slight step back, wary of Lake's taped fingers.]

JL: Now, now, Demetrius. Use your words. You're really good at it. And before ya go stickin' your finger where it doesn't belong, you just remember one thing.

[Lynch raises his hand, and his fingers curl forward.]

JL: I'm pretty darn good at makin' the Tiger scream.

[Jack walks backwards, stepping through the ropes, and exiting, as Childes and Lake fume in the ring.]

GM: Jack Lynch is DEMANDING an apology and apparently, in two weeks, he just might get it!

BW: That's completely ridiculous! Jack Lynch has NO right to demand anything!

GM: Demetrius Lake can refuse him if he wants but if he does, he's gotta face the consequences, Bucky! Fans, it's time to learn what match you - the people - voted as the Match of the Year for 2014 and to make that announcement, we go down the street to Todd Michaelson in the Combat Corner!

[We crossfade from the interior of the Crockett Coliseum into the interior of a dingy looking renovated warehouse. We can see some free weights and workout machines scattered in the darkness. A spotlight is illuminating the squared circle in the middle of it all. Todd Michaelson, one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance and the Head Trainer at the Combat Corner, is standing in the ring in a pair of black pants and a green t-shirt that reads "COMBAT CORNER" in white print across the ring. He has a mic in his hand. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see a group of kneeling students surrounding the ring.]

TM: Tonight is Awards Night on Saturday Night Wrestling as we hand out the trophies that the AWA fans voted for. We've heard a few of them already but they asked me to accept the award for Match Of The Year on behalf of the participants.

[Michaelson pulls a sheet of paper into view, looking at it before giving a soft chuckle.]

TM: Steal The Spotlight.

[He crumples up the paper, throwing it out of the ring.]

TM: Congrats, boys.

You know, speaking of SuperClash V, I've heard it said a lot of times over the past six weeks. "You must be so proud of your students." "What did it feel like to have the first Combat Corner student World Title winner?" "What was it like to see so many of your students on the biggest show of the year?"

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: It should be a big deal for a teacher, right? To see their students go on to great success? SuperClash V saw the two World Title matches - the Heavyweight Title and the Tag Team Titles - feature five men that I've

trained in my career. And when those matches were done, another one of my students added a Main Event of his own.

When it was all said and done, three men who I helped train for this business were holding the top titles in this sport.

Should I be happy? I guess I should be on top of the world.

[He grits his teeth.]

TM: But I'm not. Hey, I'm happy for Jones and Herc. They did things the right way. They stood tall and said, "We want a shot at the titles" and then they went out and won them.

But...

[Another shake of the head.]

TM: When Jon Stegglet, my best friend in the whole world, called me and said, "What would you think of starting a company together?", I only had one question - "Can we open a training school?"

Ever since the EMWC closed down, I found my true passion in this sport and it's teaching... it's training the future of this business. It's finding the people who have the same heart and desire that I had to be the best in the world and giving them the chance to make those dreams come true.

That's what I had here. That's what I had when I was inside this very ring with guys like Anderson and Preston and all the others.

I remember standing in this building with them, telling them that they'd gotten "the call" - that they'd found a spot for them on the main roster. They were all so happy. They knew it was the first step towards living those dreams.

I was helping build the next generation of our sport.

[A pause.]

TM: How did things go so wrong? How many times can I turn on the television to watch my students get in that ring in the Crockett Coliseum... and then betray EVERYTHING that I helped teach them? How many times can I watch someone like Aaron Anderson fall under the spell of Terry Shane? How many times can I watch someone like Eric Preston just completely implode and throw away everything we worked for?

[Michaelson's eyes narrow as he stares into the camera.]

TM: How many times can I be betrayed by Supreme Wright? Wright says he didn't do anything that anyone else in his spot wouldn't have done. I say he's wrong. I say there's still good people in this sport... people who'd

rather lose in a tremendous battle than win through trickery and cheap shots.

[He looks around the building.]

TM: I hope... god, I hope... that some of those people are in this room with me right now. But after watching SuperClash and seeing what my former students had to say for themselves and do for themselves.

All I know is that I'm not the right person to teach them. Not anymore.

[He grabs at the t-shirt he's wearing, tugging it off to reveal his bare chest... not as toned as it was in his wrestling days but not out of shape by any stretch of the imagination.]

TM: I can't do it... I just can't send anyone else out there with the world in front of them and see them lose themselves in the process. I just can't.

So, to those of you who I've helped train...

[He spreads his arms, indicating the men and women inside the Combat Corner.]

TM: ...especially those of you in this room right now.

I wish you good luck. I wish you all the best. And I hope that as you get "the call", you realize that you can do it... you can do it yourself... you can do it on your own.

And you can do it the right way.

[Michaelson looks at the balled-up t-shirt in his hands before dropping it down to the canvas.]

TM: I quit.

[There's a murmur of surprise from the students inside the building as Michaelson drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor and walking out through the darkness. We can hear a door open and close as the camera slowly zooms in on the balled-up shirt, partially revealing the Combat Corner logo as we fade to black.

The screen is completely black, and over the darkness, can be heard a voice familiar to all movie goers - Liam Neeson's.]

"We've been through this before. I don't know why you can't learn."

[On screen, as two women are grabbed, lifted by the waist, thrown into the back of a van, the van's tires screeching and throwing up sparks, as Neeson steps onto the street, watching it speed away.]

"But let me tell you one more time."

[Close up on Neeson's face, contorted in anger, as he speaks into a cell phone.]

"I'm a man with a very particular set of skills. Skills I have acquired over a very long career."

[There's a rapid succession of shots, all of them of Neeson killing various bad guys with his bare hands.]

"Skills that made me a nightmare for people like you."

[Neeson begins moving forward, following the tire tracks laid down by the van, moving past a long line of cars parked on the street. Then, there is a quick cut to a sinister looking Eastern European man, also holding a cell phone to his ear.]

"You're wrong, Mr. Mills. We know exactly who you are."

[There's a sudden explosion, as one of the cars erupts into flames. Neeson is thrown back, landing on his back.]

"You're a man with a problem."

[From the shadows emerges a man. A very tall man, dressed all in black. The camera doesn't show his face, only his broad back. He leans over Neeson, lifts him by his collar, and tosses him against another car, the window shattering from the impact.]

"A very, very big problem."

[The camera circles around, and we see the face of Neeson's big problem. Angry, with a scar running diagonally across his face. A face every AWA fan knows - the face of Alex Martinez. The Hall of Famer lifts his hand, curls his fingers into a fist, and drives that fist repeatedly into Neeson's face. With the final punch, Neeson slumps down, and the screen goes black again. Red text fills the screen.

MARTINEZ

NEESON

TAKEN 3

SUMMER 2014

[We fade from the title card back inside the Crockett Coliseum where the bell sounds and Phil Watson gets ready to do his job one more time.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit... and it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[BIG POP!]

PW: Introducing now, Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins!

[The crowd roars, as Higgins steps into the ring, with the massive Hercules Hammonds looming behind him.]

BPH: ARE YOU READY TO SEE HISTORY BE MADE, PEOPLE???

[HUGE CHEER!]

BPH: 'Cause tonight, the Human Highlight Reel, the Greatest Show on Earth, Mr. Steal the Spotlight himself, is gonna' become the Heavyweight Champion of the World!

[An even bigger cheer!]

BPH: So rise up! Clap your hands, stomp your feet, and give THE MAN some love! Weighing in at an impressive, impossible, improbable...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! Coming at'cha from Hot Coffee, Mississippi, YOUR future AWA Champion of the WORLD...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath, now!]

BPH:

JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEE
EEEEESSSSSSS!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from the entrance dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso. Skywalker Jones stops at the top of the aisle and "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, as Hercules Hammonds holds open the ropes for him and he steps through the ropes.]

BW: That's a man that looks ready to be a World Champion...but if wants that title, he's gonna' have to go through Hell and back to get it. 'Cause I'm tellin' you the only way anyone's gonna' take the title from Supreme Wright is prying it out of his cold, dead hands.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[Phil Watson resumes his announcing duties, as Jones moves to a neutral corner. The lights in the Crockett Coliseum then go out, as 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 then "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play. The lights then slowly return as the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Supreme Wright stepping out from behind the curtain. The World Champion is dressed in a black velour fighter's robe, holding the World Title belt high into the air as he makes his way down to the ring, his eyes completely focused on Skywalker Jones, standing inside the ring.]

GM: There's the World Champion, Supreme Wright, who was also voted the Wrestler of the Year of 2013 by the fans of the AWA from what we just learned. I can't condone the way he won the title, but there's no denying the talent this young man possesses.

BW: And don't you forget it, Gordo! Some people want to discredit him because of the way he won that title, but that only shows me that he finally found the killer instinct needed to be the champion of the world!

GM: It was certainly a side of Supreme Wright that I and the fans of the AWA never expected to see. He was absolutely RUTHLESS.

BW: Boo friggin' hoo.

[As referee Johnny Jagger finishes giving Jones and Wright their final instructions, he turns and signals for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[The two Combat Corner alumni approach each in the center of the ring, with Jones talking a whole lot of trash in the process, before walking up to Wright and giving him a hard shove in the chest! The champion takes a few steps back, before responding back with a resounding slap across the face!]

GM: OH! Supreme Wright slaps him! And Jones fires back! It's already breaking down between these two!

[Wright and Jones exchange forearms, before a right hand knocks Wright back into the corner. However, as Jones moves in, Wright suddenly grabs him and throws him into the corner, battering him with a series of elbows. Jones absorbs a few big shots, before turning the tables on Wright and

switching positions with him, battering the champion with right hands! As the two slug it out, Johnny Jagger bravely puts himself between the two, trying to separate them, before grabbing Jones around the waist and PULLING him away from the corner!]

GM: Johnny Jagger's trying to restore order here, but Wright and Jones are still trying to get at each other!

BW: Don't sound so surprised, Gordo. These two might have teamed up to fight Royalty, but they were NEVER friends. There's no warm fuzzy feelings keeping these two from trying to maim each other!

[As Jagger tries to get Jones to back off, Wright storms out of the corner shoves the referee aside, nailing Jones repeatedly with a stiff kicks to the side of the leg!]

GM: Wright's going right after Jones! Referee Johnny Jagger seems to have already lost control of this match!

[Jones tries to fight off Wright, throwing a wild swing, but the champ easily ducks it and grabs Jones in a rear waistlock, lifting the high-flyer into the air and onto the back of his head and neck with a picture-perfect German suplex!]

GM: OHHH! Wright with a waistlock suplex!

[Wright quickly rolls over and grabs Jones' left arm and drops down to the mat, pulling it back in a cross-armbreaker!]

GM: AND HE HAS JONES IN AN ARMBAR!

[Jones almost immediately slides his body towards the ropes, draping his foot over the bottom rope as Wright releases the hold and gets back to his feet. He gives Jones a big grin, as the Mississippi native also gets back to his feet, rubbing his arm.]

GM: Supreme Wright is just so quick with those submission holds. He went for that armbar and had it locked in before Skywalker Jones even had time to think.

BW: The champ ain't messing around, Gordo. You can say whatever you want about how Supreme Wright won the World Title, but that doesn't change the fact he's the most dangerous mat wrestler in the sport today.

GM: We thought Wright might have a problem dealing with Jones' speed, but so far he's been able to keep him grounded.

BW: That's because Jones is fighting Wright's kind of match. Trying to exchange strikes and suplexes with Supreme Wright ain't gonna' get you anywhere but a quick exit to the showers!

[The two circle each other, before locking up again. This time, Jones secures a side headlock. Supreme backs him up into the ropes, before shoving him off.]

GM: Into the ropes goes Jones...

[As Jones rebounds off, Wright leapfrogs over him as Jones ducks down. However, Jones stops on a dime and leaps backwards into a somersault kick...]

BW and GM: OHHH!!!

[...that catches Wright on top of the head the moment he turns around!]

GM: JONES WITH THE BACKFLIP KICK OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: It's the Pele Kick, Gordo! Once named for the best soccer player in the world, now used by the best high flyer in the world!

[The blow sends Wright staggering backwards and falling through the top and middle ropes and onto the floor.]

GM: OH! And Wright tumbles to the outside!

BW: That's one place he doesn't wanna' be!

[Watching Wright slowly get up with a dazed look in his eyes, Jones suddenly runs towards the back ropes and builds up momentum as he runs straight for Wright...]

BW: HERE HE COMES!

[...and NAILS him with a bullet tope that sends the World Champion crashing back-first into the guardrail!]

GM: OH MY STARS! SKYWALKER JONES WITH A DIVE THAT NEARLY SENT WRIGHT INTO THE CROWD!

[Basking in the cheers, Jones smiles big and yells, "YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET, PEOPLE!" as he grabs Wright and tosses him underneath the ropes and back into the ring. From there, he stands on the apron, waiting for Wright to get back to his feet before leaping up and springboarding off the ropes, catching the champion right in the chest with a front dropkick!]

GM: OH MY! What a dropkick by Jones!

[Jones is quick to make a cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO! T-NO!

[Wright kicks out with authority, but Jones makes another pin attempt.]

GM: Another pin! ONE! TWO! T-NO!

[Again, Wright kicks out, but Jones goes for the pin yet again, this time hooking both legs.]

GM: And another pin! ONE! TWO! T-NO!

BW: That's actually some smart thinking by Jones. He might not be able to get the win off that dropkick, but he's forcing Wright to waste energy kicking out of all these pin attempts!

GM: And if there's one thing Supreme Wright has in spades, it's stamina and endurance. He's the only man to win the Rumble _and_ Steal the Spotlight, outlasting dozens of wrestlers.

[Jones pulls Wright up, but suddenly has his left arm grabbed by Wright, who twists it over into an armwringer and then YANKS down, slamming Jones face-first into the canvas!]

GM: OHH! What a reversal by Wright!

[Pulling Jones up from the canvas, Wright grabs Jones' arm and twists it over into another armwringer, before snapping it right across his shoulder!]

GM: Armbreaker right across the shoulder!

[Keeping up his attack, Wright grabs Jones' left hand into a knucklelock. Applying pressure, he straightens Jones' arm out, before placing his free arm underneath Jones' armpit and lifting Jones, tossing him over his head!]

GM: OH! What a throw!

BW: That was almost like he was suplexing Jones by the arm!

[Pulling Jones up from the canvas, Wright takes him over with a snapmare, before delivering a stiff kick right to his arm!]

"SMACK!"

GM: OH! Right to the left bicep!

[But Wright isn't quite done yet...]

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

GM: Repeated kicks right to the left arm by Wright!

BW: Jones is in trouble. Wright's gonna' keep attacking that arm until it's useless!

[Lying in pain on the canvas, Jones doesn't provide much resistance as Wright pulls him back to his feet once more. He goes for another snapmare takeover, but this time, Jones somehow manages to land on his feet!]

GM: OH!

[Supreme is shocked for a moment, before charging towards Jones, who ducks down and backdrops him over the top rope and out of the ring!]

GM: And again, Supreme Wright takes a hard fall outside of the ring!

[Like before, Jones runs into the back ropes and charges towards Wright as he rises to his feet on the outside. However, this time, Jones makes a deadleap onto the top rope, balancing himself before springing off with a shooting star press onto Wright!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: ZERO-G TO THE OUTSIDE!!!!

BW: No one else could've done that but Skywalker Jones! That's the only true Human Highlight Reel of professional wrestling, daddy!

[Jones rises to his feet, slightly dazed, but smiling big as the crowd chants his name...]

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

[Pulling Wright to his feet, Jones shoves Wright back in. He lifts Wright up and with a pained look on his face, lifting him up for a back suplex and sitting out into a...]

BW: POWERBOMB! A POWERBOMB BY JONES!

GM: That just might do it!

GM: ONE! TWO! TH-

"OHHHHH!!!"

GM: NO!!! WRIGHT PULLS JONES INTO A TRIANGLE CHOKE!!!

BW: Wright's gonna' choke him out, Gordo! Jones ain't got the power to break this hold and he's nowhere near the ropes!

[Quickly fading, Jones suddenly tenses up, flipping over and landing atop Wright with a jackknife pin while still trapped in the triangle choke!]

GM: WRIGHT REVERSES INTO A PIN! ONE! TWO! THR-

[And just as Jagger's hand is about to hit the canvas, Wright breaks the hold!]

GM: So close! Skywalker Jones almost snatched victory from the jaws of defeat!

[Both wrestlers are on the mat, tired and dazed. Jones is the first to his feet, grabbing Wright and looking to whip him into the far corner. However, Wright reverses the Irish whip, following closely behind Jones and NAILING him with a running European uppercut!]

GM: OH! What a shot!

[A stunned Jones stumbles out of the corner and into Wright's waiting arms, as the World Champion muscles him up into the air. As he falls, Wright aims another European uppercut...

...only to have Jones catch his arm and then quickly snatch him into a backslide!]

GM: REVERSAL INTO A BACKSLIDE! ONE! TWO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans, as Wright just barely breaks the pin. With Jones still on his knees, Wright rushes forward, PUNTING Jones right in the head with a soccer kick!]

"SMAAAACKK!"

BW: HOT DAMN!

GM: A vile kick to the head from Wright!

[Grabbing Jones in a front-waistlock, Wright hammerlocks his left arm...

...and then lifts, bridging back with a Northern Lights suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX RIGHT ON THE ARM WITH A BRIDGE! ONE! TWO! TH-

[The crowd roars, as Jones manages to lift a shoulder!]

GM: So close!

[Shaking his head, Wright pulls Jones up and fires him across the ring. He slaps his bicep, indicating he's going for another running European uppercut, but as he races into the corner, Jones lifts his feet, catching Wright in the jaw!]

GM: Jones gets the boots up!

[Knocking Wright back, Jones rushes out of the corner and takes him down with a brutal Yakuza kick!]

BW: YAKUUUUZZZZZZZZZZAAAAA!!!

[With his left arm hanging limply by his side, Jones cups his right hand to his mouth and yells...]

"IN YOUR FACE, DISGRACE!!!"

[...as the crowd roars with approval!]

GM: Jones is calling for it! He's looking to end this match with his somersault splash!

[Jones steps out and begins to climb the turnbuckles. However, as he reaches the top, Supreme Wright suddenly springs to life, racing up the ropes and stopping Jones cold with an elbow to the head!]

GM: NO! Wright meets Jones up top!

[Wright follows up the elbow with a series of rapid short forearms that seem to daze Jones. Wright then turns around and takes a seat on the top turnbuckle. Once seated, he tries to place Jones across his shoulders, drawing a gasp from the crowd.]

BW: I think he's going for a Fat Tuesday off the top rope!

GM: If he hits that, it's over!

[However, Jones nails Supreme with a knee to the head, that loosens the champion's grip. He nails another knee to the head that stuns Wright, as he leaps off and rolls through back onto his feet inside the ring. With Wright still seated on the top rope, Jones rushes towards him and leaps into the air, nailing a Meteor Punch on the World Champion!]

GM: OH!!!

BW: That was a Meteor Punch! Jones took that right out of November's playbook!

[Jones then climbs back up top and sets Wright up for a superplex, as the entire crowd suddenly rises to their feet in anticipation.]

BW: No, wait a minute! We've seen this before! He ain't going for a superplex!

[Right before Jones lifts, he shouts for all to hear...]

"PAID! IN! FULL!"

[...and then he powers Wright into the air, holding him up for a superplex, but suddenly drops straight down and SMASHES the top of Wright's head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER! HE HIT THAT BRAINBUSTER INTO THE TOP TURNBUCKLE! THAT'S THE MOVE HE USED TO END NOVEMBER'S AWA CAREER!

BW: But Wright fell out of the ring, Gordo! Jones has to get him back in the ring if he wants to win the title!

GM: Come on, kid! Get him! Make yourself World Champion!

[Holding his left arm in pain after taking a hard landing from the top rope, Jones rolls out of the ring, grabbing Wright and frantically shoving the limp body of the World Champion back into the ring!]

BW: HE'S GOT THE PIN!

GM: ONE! TWO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: NOOO!!! Wright got a foot on the ropes! Unbelievable!

[Johnny Jagger points to the ropes, where Wright's foot grazes the bottom rope!]

BW: Wright knew he didn't have enough to kick out in time, but he knew he was close enough to the ropes to break the pin! That's the mark of a master ring general, Gordo!

GM: If Wright didn't fall out of the ring after that brainbuster, we'd have a new World Champion right now!

BW: Sometimes it's better to be lucky than good, daddy!

[Rolling to his knees, a tired and hurting Skywalker Jones grabs the ropes and pull himself up to his feet. Holding onto his damaged left arm, he takes slow, labored footsteps towards Wright, who remains lying facedown on the mat. As he does so, the fans cheer him on...]

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

[Nodding with approval, Jones reaches down and with much difficulty, drags Wright to his feet and places him into a standing headscissors. He then hooks both arms, as the crowd roars in recognition of the move!]

GM: The Billion Dollar Bomb! Jones is going for The Billion Dollar Bomb! Todd Michaelson's signature move! Todd Michaelson trained both of these men but walked away from his job as the Head Trainer earlier tonight. Perhaps this is Jones' way of showing his former teacher some respect!

[Jones tries to lift Wright into the air, but he can only manage to lift the champion a few inches off the ground, before having to set him back down, grimacing in pain.]

GM: He can't do it!

BW: Supreme Wright worked over Jones' left arm all match and right now, that strategy's saving his World Title!

GM: No! Jones is going for it again!

[Shaking his head furiously, a determined look forms on Jones' face, as he grits his teeth and sets himself, before letting loose a guttural roar as he flips Wright into the air...]

GM: BILLION! DOLLAR! B-

[...only to have Wright bodyscissor Jones in mid-flip and then reach up, pulling him into a guillotine choke!]

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: NO!!! WRIGHT COUNTERS!

BW: Are you kidding me? ARE YOU FREAKIN' KIDDING ME!?!]

[The crowd goes out of their minds with disbelief, as Wright clamps on the choke and bodyscissors on Jones, who drops to a knee, desperately reaching out for the ropes. On the outside, Higgins and Hammonds slap their hands furiously on the ring apron, pleading for Jones not to quit, as the crowd once again lends their support...]

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

[Clenching his fists, Jones powers himself back up to his feet, as the crowd erupts with cheers!]

GM: He's not staying down! Jones is refusing to quit!

[Still locked in the Guillotine choke, Jones reaches back and wraps his right arm around Wright's head...]

"THUUUUUDD!"

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and DRIVES Wright's head into the canvas with a DDT!]

GM: DDT! JONES ESCAPES WITH A DDT!

BW: We could have a new World Champion right here, Gordo! All he needs to do is roll over and cover Wright!

[Jones lifts his arm and slowly turns over, draping it across Wright's chest...]

GM: ONE! TWO! THR-

[...and the crowd roars as Wright shoots his shoulder up right before the referee's hand slaps the mat!]

GM: OHHH! Wright saves his title! He got that shoulder up just in the nick of time!

[A frustrated Skywalker Jones rolls to his knees and buries his head in his hands in frustration, pounding his fists violently into the canvas, before getting back to his feet. He pulls Jones up, only to have the champion suddenly slap his hands away and nail him with a European uppercut that sends him flailing backwards!]

GM: Good grief! Jones never saw that coming!

[Jones regains his footing and fires off a wild swing of his own at Wright, who ducks under...]

GM: A swing and a miss by Jones!

[...and spins around, aiming a rolling elbow at Jones, only to have the tag team champion also duck under and stop on a dime, before flipping backwards with another Pele kick, only to have Wright side-step, causing Jones to hit nothing but canvas!]

GM: THE PELE KICK MISSES! WRIGHT SAW IT COMING THIS TIME!

[Before Jones even knows what happened, Supreme rushes forward and lifts him up onto his shoulders...]

BW: HE'S GOING FOR FAT TUESDAY!

[...but there's still life left in Jones, who repeatedly drives elbows to the side of the World Champion's head...]

GM: NO! JONES BREAKS FREE!

[...and lands behind him!]

"SMAAAAAACK!!!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

BW: THE CALISTO KILLER!

[But Wright managed to get his arms up in time, blocking the full impact of a superkick that hits him hard enough to send him falling backwards into the ropes. There, he uses the middle rope as a pendulum and swings forward, landing back onto his feet and uses the momentum to nail Jones with a massive lariat that sends him flipping through the air and landing on the canvas face-first!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: DEAR GOD! WHAT A LARIAT! WHAT A LARIAT!

BW: That's the same lariat Wright used to take out Nenshou at SuperClash! That's gotta' be it!

[With the crowd still buzzing from the brutal lariat that he just delivered, Wright is quick to pounce on Jones, tying Jones' damaged left arm across his own throat in a Cobra Clutch and then pulling back!]

GM: THE COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!

[Jones' eyes suddenly open up wide for a moment, as the pain of the deadly submission hold sends a shock through his system, but they slowly close, as he's gradually choked out.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is in deep trouble! No one's ever escaped this hold!

BW: And there's no way Jones is gonna' be the first to do it, either! He had to have been knocked out cold by that lariat!

[Referee Johnny Jagger goes to check on Jones, the crowd once again comes to life, shouting Jones' name to spur him on...]

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

[...but the chant slowly dies down as Jagger lifts and drops Jones' arm once, twice...]

GM: IT'S OVER!

[...three times!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As soon as the bell rings, Wright immediately releases the hold and stays seated next to Jones' unconscious body, looking absolutely spent.]

PW: Here is your winner...and STILL AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

SUPREEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[There's a loud chorus of boos for the champion, but several members of the audience applaud the champion for his performance, as he wearily pats Jones on the shoulder and gets to his feet as Jagger hands him the World Title belt and raises his hand into the air.]

GM: My gosh, what a battle! What a match!

BW: Everyone can keep crying about how unfair it is, but Supreme Wright just proved why he deserves to hold that title!

[As Jones is helped up to his feet by Hercules Hammonds and Buford P. Higgins, Wright gets into his face, saying words that the camera doesn't pick up on due to the noise from the crowd. However, Wright then holds out his hand to Jones, who stares at it unhappily. The microphones are able to pick up Wright saying, "If you're any sort of man, you'll shake my hand!"]

GM: I don't know what was said between those two, but Wright is asking for a handshake.

BW: Remember earlier tonight, Gordo? Jones refused to shake Wright's hand! Now that he's beaten him, he's DEMANDING that handshake!

[Wright looks impatient and slaps Jones across the face when he hesitates to shake his hand, yelling, "Shake my hand!".]

"OHHH!!!"

[Hammonds moves in to confront Wright, but Jones holds up a hand, stopping him. There's a disgusted look on his face as he does so, but Jones reluctantly reaches out...and shakes Wright's hand to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Well, it's a good show of sportsmanship whether or not you like the current World Heavyweight Champion. A great showing by Skywalker Jones and as Hercules Hammonds helps his partner from the ring, you have to wonder who is next for Supreme Wright who has offered to face all comers.

[Jones and Hammonds slowly make their way down the ramp alongside Buford P. Higgins as Wright's music begins to play again. Wright approaches the hard camera, lifting the title belt over his head, jerking a thumb repeatedly at himself.]

GM: Supreme Wright's making sure that the entire world knows that he's the man... that he's the World Heavyweight Champion. But the list of top contenders looking to take that title away from him is a mile long, Bucky.

BW: It certainly is. Look, no one ever said that being the World Champion was easy. The moment you strap on that title belt, you go from being the hunter to the hunted and there are some big, mean, talented individuals in the AWA locker room hunting Supreme Wright right about now.

GM: There certainly are. That's going to do it for this week, fans. It's been an incredible show but we'll be right back with you in two weeks' time for that big World Television Title Open Invitational Battle Royal as well as that huge six man tag team match between the Unholy Alliance and Hannibal Carver with two tag team partners. For Jason Dane, Mark Stegglet, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see-

BW: GORDO! GORDO!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the sight of Dave Bryant suddenly in the ring, standing behind an unaware Supreme Wright.]

GM: Where the heck did HE come from?!

BW: He came through the crowd! He was in with the fans and just jumped the railing!

GM: And Supreme Wright doesn't have a clue that he's in there!

[Bryant is hanging onto the top rope with both hands, trembling with anticipation and intensity as he glares at the back of the World Champion, watching as Wright lifts the World Heavyweight Title belt into the air again, gesturing it and showing the world the title belt that the Doctor of Love believes still belongs to him!]

GM: Listen to these fans! There's a reason why Dave Bryant was voted the Most Popular Wrestler of 2013 and we're hearing it right now!

[With the Crockett Coliseum rocking, Bryant is absolutely fit to be caged as he shakes, waving his right arm, begging Wright to turn around. A confused Supreme Wright slowly starts to turn as Bryant lunges forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING! CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[The most dangerous superkick in the entire AWA catches Wright DIRECTLY on the chin, snapping his head back and knocking him down to the canvas flat on his back. Bryant pumps a fist to the roar of the crowd, stomping over to stand over the downed Wright.]

GM: Bryant knocked him out! Wright's not moving, Bucky! He's been knocked cold!

BW: No fair! Bryant attacked him when he wasn't ready for him!

GM: Where have I seen THAT before?!

[Bryant stares down at Wright, shouting at him off-mic as he continues to tremble with intensity...

...and then snatches up the World Title belt, shoving it skyward to the deafening roar of the Crockett Coliseum crowd. The camera pulls back, showing an unconscious Supreme Wright at the feet of Dave Bryant who has the title belt held high for one and all to see...]

GM: If Supreme Wright thought he could do what he did to Dave Bryant at SuperClash V and simply move on to new challengers, I think when he wakes up, he'll realize that Dave Bryant isn't about to let that happen, fans! Dave Bryant will NOT rest until he defeats Supreme Wright and regains the World Heavyweight Title that many believe he never should've lost to begin with! What a night! Fans, we're waaaaaay out of time! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[Bryant continues to pose with the World Title belt, standing over a still-motionless Supreme Wright...

...as we fade to black.]