

Saturday Night Wrestling

**Saturday, February 1st
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 special night here on SNW because tonight, we can guarantee that a new champion will be crowned! The World Television Title is on the line in an Open Invitational Battle Royal where the last two men standing will battle in a singles match to determine the new champion!

BW: After that backjumping coward, Dave Bryant, decided to vacate the title two weeks ago.

GM: Dave Bryant vacated the title so that he could focus on his pursuit of Supreme Wright and the World Heavyweight Title... something we'll have more on later tonight... but Bryant felt that the title should be in the hands of someone who could put their full focus on it. Who will that be? Well, we'll find out later tonight!

[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.]

GM: In addition, we're going to see a huge six man tag team match when the Unholy Alliance takes on Hannibal Carver and two partners of his choice! Bucky, you're the man who gets all the scoops. Any news on who Carver has selected as his partners?

BW: Not a peep, Gordo. That sadistic freak is really keeping things under wraps and I don't like it one bit!

[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.]

GM: Plus, the team of Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong will meet the Surfer Dudes to see who will advance to this year's edition of the Stampede Cup which we learned two weeks ago will be taking place in the Tokyo Dome in Tokyo, Japan at an event we're calling Rising Sun Showdown! We've got some big news to announce about that event here tonight as well!

BW: You want to know who is facing Wright for the World Title in Japan? We've got the scoop. You want to know who else has been signed to appear there? We've got the scoop!

GM: Yes, but we're going to wait until later tonight to give out that scoop.

[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.]

BW: Spoilsport.

GM: It promises to be another exciting night of action here in the capital of the wrestling world - Dallas, Texas - as we bring you another jam-packed edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and to kick things off, let's go right up to the ring for our opening contest!

[A familiar throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[The crowd erupts into jeers, as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play. Twenty-five seconds into the song, a masked mountain of a man, with lightly-tanned skin and brown eyes, emerges from the entranceway. He has on a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER #
DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #
THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #
THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #
SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #
IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #
OH WELL

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... making his way down the aisle... hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him.]

PW: And his opponent...

[In the ring is a man with dark brown feather-cut hair and blue eyes. He is wearing forest-green tights under black trunks, with black kneepads and boots.]

PW: Hailing from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 270 pounds, he is... JAMES REED!!!

[Reed pumps a fist in the air, running his mouth at the same time, in an effort to get the fans behind him. Reaching the ring, Maximus steps through the ropes. He balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As the music fades, Maximus brings his fists together in front of him and backs into his corner. He throws a couple of punches into the air, as he awaits the start of the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The two men circle each other in the center of the ring. Maximus curls the fingers of his right hand in front of him, urging Reed to come at him. Both men go for a collar-and-elbow, but Maximus stops short and, instead, gives Reed a hard shove, forcing him to the mat.]

GM: The San Bernardino Mountains behemoth showing his physical dominance.

BW: He's asking Reed to hit him...

GM: And Reed obliges! One shot! Two shots to the face! Three!

[Maximus recoils back but returns fire with an open-handed slap across the face, causing Reed's head to snap to the side from the impact as Maximus bellows at him.]

"I TOLD YOU TO HIT ME!"

GM: Good grief. Maximus apparently didn't think Reed was giving him enough with those right hands.

[As Reed tries to recover from the slap, Maximus grabs a handful of hair, smashing his forehead into Reed's before repeating the action, knocking Reed silly with the pair of headbutts.]

GM: Maximus made some headlines two weeks ago by firing Louis Matsui and seemingly offering to ally himself with the Wise Men.

BW: He's smarter than anyone gave him credit for.

GM: And stronger too! Look at this press!

[The crowd buzzes at the sight of the 270 pound Reed being pressed up into the air. Maximus holds the press, arms at full extension, for five or six seconds before stepping back and causing Reed to crash facefirst into the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Big slam by Maximus! And he continues to yell at Reed as if Reed is any shape to answer at this point of the contest.

BW: He keeps asking Reed if he wants more. I have a feeling Maximus doesn't really care what the answer is though.

GM: Obviously not as he drags Reed back to his feet...

[Hooking Reed around the neck and looping an arm under the armpit to grasp the other hand, Maximus powers him up into the air, throwing him down with a mat-shaking uranage slam!]

GM: Oh my! What a slam out of Maximus! He shook the building with that one... and unfortunately, I don't think he's done quite yet, fans.

[Pulling Reed off the mat, Maximus shoves him back into the corner where he lays into him with a clubbing forearm to the chest. He continues pummeling Reed with rights and lefts to the face.]

GM: Get him out of there, referee!

[The official steps in, warning Maximus for attacking the cornered man. The big man steps out, ignoring the referee as he pulls Reed out by the arm, dropping him with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Another devastating shot by Maximus!

BW: Maximus came real close to becoming the World Heavyweight Champion in 2013 and perhaps he's trying to show the whole world right now that if he gets a shot at it in 2014, he's walking out with the gold.

GM: It could very well happen. Remember, Supreme Wright told the world two weeks ago that he wants a very aggressive schedule as the World Champion. Maximus could very easily find himself on that schedule.

[With Reed down on his belly in the middle of the ring, Maximus reaches down and grabs hold of Reed's legs.]

BW: Wheelbarrow suplex comin' up!

[But as Maximus uses the legs to power Reed up off the canvas, he flings him down facefirst to the mat with a face-first powerbomb!]

GM: OHH! We've not seen him do that before. What would you call that move, Bucky?

BW: Devastating is what I would call it, Gordo.

GM: And Maximus goes for the cover... One. Two.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And it is all over.

[MAMMOTH Maximus gets to his feet and the referee raises his arm.]

GM: I understand Jason Dane is standing by to get a few words from the big man.

BW: I do not envy him, Gordo; he has to talk to a surly MAMMOTH Maximus, with no Louis Matsui nearby to hold him back, should the conversation head south in a jiffy.

GM: But first, let's take a look again at the destruction the monster has wrecked upon James Reed.

[Cut to a slow-motion replay of the throat slam suplex.]

BW: Watch as he picks up the 270-pounder and swing him about like he weighed nothing before slamming the shoulder and upper back down to the mat...

[Cut to Maximus standing astride Reed, setting up the wheelbarrow face-first powerbomb.]

BW: That's the back done; then, he goes for the front, as James Reed goes up... And James Reed goes down, his face bouncing off the canvas!

[Cut to the interview platform, where Jason Dane is waving over MAMMOTH Maximus, as he makes his way to the back.]

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus, two weeks ago you fired Louis Matsui as your manager and threw your support behind Percy Childe and the Wise Men. While it seems clear which side you've chosen, what now? What's next for MAMMOTH Maximus?

MM: Jay-Dee, I want the World Heavyweight title! Now, it might take a bit more wheelin' and dealin' to get a shot at the title. I might have to wait my turn and let a couple of other people get their shots in first! My shot at the title might not even be against our current champion! But my goal remains unchanged, and that is to become the AWA World Heavyweight champion!

[Maximus does the "belt" gesture at the camera.]

MM: In the meantime, whatever body gets placed across from me in the ring and that I get a fair go at, I plan to DESTROY! And, as the AWA heads to Japan for the Rising Sun Showdown, to where my career started, how about we remind the AWA fans why the American Mastodon was such a feared name in Japan? How about a showcase match pitting MAMMOTH Maximus against one of Tiger Paw Pro's finest? I don't care if it's Takiguchi, or Kitzukawa or Fujimoto or whoever our champion won't be facing; just give me one more of their own to DESTROY! Just like the old days!

[Maximus lets out a snort of derisive laughter, as he turns and walks away from Jason Dane and leaves the interview platform.]

JD: There you have it, fans. MAMMOTH Maximus is looking to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title but until then, he plans to destroy anyone and everyone in his path. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We crossfade back to the announce team.]

GM: As we speculated, Maximus is setting his eyes on the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: Yeah, but before he gets his hands on that, he wants his hands on one of those Tiger Paw Pro punks who we're going to be seeing in March at Rising Sun Showdown! I'd love to see Maximus back in his old stomping grounds, making the Japanese people flee from him like he's Godzilla!

GM: That might happen and we just might find out if it will later tonight in the Control Center. But while Maximus has his sights set on the World Heavyweight Title, there are a whole lot of competitors who plan on stepping inside that ring later tonight who have their sights set on becoming the World Television Champion here in Dallas on this night. Let's hear from a couple of them right now!

[Cut to the locker room, where we find one Tony Sunn lacing up his black wrestling boots. Dressed in a black, white and silver singlet with matching wristbands, he gives the camera a respectful nod.]

TS: One match at a time, one night at a time -- and tonight, a chance at the AWA Television title. On one hand, I'm still the unknown factor. The wild card. Something I could use to my advantage! On the other...

[Sunn grimaces, sighing.]

TS: On the other, people are still talking about what Hayes did last time out. What Marley did. Hell, even Case! But Tony Sunn?

[Tony shakes his head.]

TS: Not one word...

...tonight, that changes. Tonight, I make them talk about me! No more being the unknown factor. One match at a time, one night at a time...

[Sunn nods, pulling himself up to his full 6'6" height and giving his knuckles a loud crack.]

TS: And that night is TONIGHT!

[Fade away from the powerhouse to...

...Callum Mahoney, standing in front of an AWA banner. 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.]

CM: It's not exactly the way I would have wanted to become Television champion. Can't make anyone tap out to the armbar in a Battle Royal. But there're still going to be a whole bunch of lads to punch out, kick out and THROW OUT of the ring. And whoever is left in the ring against me at the end? Him I will submit to become your new World Television champion, and you know what that means? It means that, even though this mug was never made for TV, each and every televised show, I am GUARANTEED a FIGHT!

[We fade from Mahoney's determined face back 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... Weight Unknown... MR. X!

[A man covered from head to toe in black spandex leaps up on the middle rope, throwing his arms in the air to jeers. After all, who would cheer a guy named "Mr. X"?]

PW: And now, Hercules Hammonds' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins!

[The crowd roars, as they see Buford P. Higgins, with his trademark gold microphone in hand. Standing behind him, with his arm in a sling, is a grinning Skywalker Jones, wearing both AWA World Tag Team titles around his waist.]

BPH: Dallas, Texas! It's time to get up and on your feet and to feast your eyes on the eighth, ninth, and TENTH wonder of the world! He comes at you, at a Mount Olympus sculpted, Zeus thunderbolt welded, gettin' the goddesses all hot and bothered...TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY FIVE POUNDS! He is the reflection of perfection! The number one selection! Gentlemen, please hold onto your ladies, 'cause they just might jump outta' their seat and try to hold onto HIM! He hails from Tupelo, Mississippi! Here is...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLLLLEEEESSS...

[Deep breath, now!]

HAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMOOOOONNNNNNDDDDDDSSSS!!!!

["Chief Rocka" by Lords of the Underground begins to play as all eyes turn to the top of the entrance way, where we see the massive Hercules Hammonds emerging from behind the curtains. Hercules is a sight of pure physical intimidation, with his shaved head, neatly trimmed goatee and a fierce, intense scowl. He has no pads, tapewrap, gloves or any other effects...just simple black trunks and boots. He stalks his way down towards the ring, eyeing his opponent like a fresh piece of meat.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds getting in a little bit of singles work just as his partner, Skywalker Jones, did two weeks ago when he came oh-so-close to becoming the AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: I wonder how Hammonds feels about that, knowing that his partner was okay with the idea of giving up the tag titles so that he could be the World Champion.

GM: Well, like we always say, if you're not in this business to be the World Heavyweight Champion, you shouldn't be in this business. But with Jones failing to win the title, this exciting duo can focus on the Stampede Cup coming up in March. It's never an easy schedule when you're among the elite in our sport and you better believe that Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds are right up there at that level.

[As the bell sounds, Hammonds strikes a double bicep pose to some squeals from the females in the crowd. He smirks as he waves Mr. X forward out of the corner. The masked man slides out slowly, not rushing towards Hammonds at all.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds stands six foot five and weighs nearly three hundred pounds of solid muscle. He is one heckuva physical specimen in there, Bucky.

BW: And a second generation competitor to boot. You take all that power and muscle and add in some genetic know-how inside the ring and you've got a serious threat to anyone who gets in there with him.

[Hammonds tires of waiting for Mr. X to come to him so he decides to come towards the masked man...

...who promptly backpedals, ducking his head through the ropes to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Mr. X appears to not want any part of Hercules Hammonds, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him?

[The referee forces Hammonds to step back as Mr. X pulls himself back into the ring, laying the badmouth on the fans...

...when Hammonds suddenly rushes up behind him, hooking a waistlock, and hurling him down to the mat with a takedown!]

GM: Oh my! King-sized takedown by Hercules Hammonds!

[Hammonds strikes a most muscular pose as Mr. X stumbles to his feet, sending the masked man sprawling backwards and down to the mat.]

GM: Hammonds is having a little fun in there with his opponent, using that incredible physique to play a little intimidation game.

[Mr. X slides on his rear to the ropes, using them to pull himself to his feet as Hammonds steps to the middle of the ring, waving Mr. X towards him again.]

GM: Mr. X stomping out to the middle...

[The masked man jabs a finger into the chest of Hammonds repeatedly...

...and gets CLOCKED with a forearm smash for his efforts, sending him falling back down to the mat. Hammonds quickly pulls him up by the arm, flinging him to the ropes.]

GM: Mr. X off the far side...

[Hammonds steps into a solid shoulder tackle, knocking the masked man flat again.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: It's gotta be like running into a brick wall.

[Mr. X rolls out to the floor, clutching his shoulder as Hammonds stalks back and forth inside the ring. The masked man stomps around the ringside area, shouting at the fans as the referee starts a count...

...but Hammonds simply walks over to the ropes, leaning down over them to grab a shouting Mr. X by the arms from behind, yanking him off the floor onto the ring apron!]

GM: Whoa!

[Still leaning over the ropes, Hammonds grabs a side waistlock, powering Mr. X up, spinning back into the ring...

...and HURLS Mr. X through the air, sending him sailing halfway across the ring before he splats down on the canvas!]

GM: Incredible power!

[Hammonds approaches the downed Mr. X as he rolls to all fours, trying to crawl away from the powerhouse. The Tupelo native gives a big shake of his head to the crowd as he hooks a waistlock on the downed Mr. X, yanking him off the canvas to his feet where he quickly hooks a cobra clutch...]

GM: Hammonds snatches the cobra clutch but you better believe he's not looking for the crossface here...

BW: No chance of that.

[Hammonds powers Mr. X up into the air, still holding the cobra clutch as he brings him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker. He promptly stands back up, still holding the clutch and using it to fling Mr. X away like a frisbee, sending him crashing down onto the mat near the ropes.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The Delta Destroyer claims another victim, daddy!

GM: Mr. X is trying to get out of here. He's rolling out onto the ramp and he's trying to get the heck out of there as Hammonds is- he's going after him!

[Hammonds steps out onto the elevated ramp, walking the five feet or so that Mr. X has managed to crawl and yanking the masked man off the wooden platform, spinning him around...

...and uses a biel throw to HURL Mr. X over the ropes, flipping through the air, and crashing down to the canvas in a heap again!]

GM: Man oh man, this guy is something else, fans. He really is a treat to watch inside that ring with the feats of strength he's able to pull off.

BW: Can you imagine getting to the building and finding out that you've got to face this beast? He just throws people around with no regard at all for where or how they land.

[Hammonds steps through the ropes back into the ring where Mr. X is again trying to get away. But he's so dazed from the pounding he's taking, he wobbles right into Hammonds who uses one arm to throw him back into the buckles. The big man stomps in after him, leaning over to slam his shoulder repeatedly into the midsection!]

GM: Hammonds is going to town on Mr. X in the corner! The referee's trying to back him off... but here comes the Irish whip!

[The masked man sails across the ring, smashing hard backfirst into the turnbuckles before he stumbles out into the waiting arms of Hammonds who pivots...

...and DRIVES Mr. X spinefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Powerslam! How quick! How sudden!

BW: For a man of his size, Hammonds moves pretty well, Gordo. There's no way he should be able to deliver a powerslam that quickly but just like that, it happened.

[Hammonds pops back to his feet, throwing his arms apart in a "IT'S OVER!" gesture. He leans down, grabbing Mr. X and dragging him into a gutwrench.]

GM: And I think we all know what's coming up next, Bucky. Mr. X goes up...

[The Tower of Tupelo powers Mr. X up over his shoulder into a Canadian backbreaker...

...and violently swings him back down, driving him FACEFIRST to the canvas as Hammonds sits out with the slam!]

GM: ...and right back DOWN with the Hammonds Hammer!

[Nodding to the cheering crowd, Hammonds shoves Mr. X over onto his back before planting his open palm in the chest, counting along with the referee on his other hand that he's showing to the camera.]

GM: One... two... and three.

[Hammonds climbs swiftly to his feet, again nodding his head at the roaring crowd as the referee raises his hand in victory.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds with a dominant victory here tonight but- well, it looks like the World Tag Team Champions are about to join Jason Dane for some comments.

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

JD: Hercules Hammonds, congratulations on an impressive win. But gentlemen, the question I have to ask is about the tag team titles that you currently hold. On the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, Larry Doyle and The Blonde Bombers laid down the challenge! They want their rematch for the titles and they want it in a two out of three falls match! What's your answer?

[Buford stares at Jason Dane with an offended look.]

BPH: Whatta' you mean "What's your answer?" Is there any other possible answer we can give, Jason Dane? Do we need to put it up in big ol' neon lights? Do we need to write it up in the sky? Do we need to pay for air time on WKIK and advertise? You should already KNOW the answer!

[Buford turns to Hammonds.]

BPH: Ain't that right, Herc?

[Hammonds nods.]

HH: He shoulda' already known, Buford.

[Just then, Skywalker Jones leaps onto Hercules Hammonds' back and leans over his shoulder, yelling into the mic excitedly.]

SJ: YES! YES! SHOUT IT TO THE HEAVENS AND TEXT IT ON SOCIAL MEDIA...OUR ANSWER IS YES!!!

[The crowd roars, as Jones hops off Hammonds' back and takes center stage. Jones' left arm is in a sling, still presumably hurt from his match with Supreme Wright.]

JD: Skywalker Jones! Did you just say "Yes"? Did you just say you're accepting The Bombers' challenge?

[Jones stares at Dane with an offended look.]

SJ: Little man, you did not just seriously ask me that. I'll say it in as many languages as you want! Yes! Si! Oui! Ja! Are we getting through to you now? We ACCEPT The Bombers' challenge! We WILL put our titles on the line! And it WILL be two out of three falls!

[The crowd roars with approval, as Jones grins big.]

SJ: Is that clear enough for ya'?

[Dane slowly nods his head.]

JD: Crystal.

[Jason turns to big Herc.]

JD: Well, Hercules Hammonds...what do you think about all of this?

[Random shouts of "HERC!" can be heard throughout the crowd, as the second-generation wrestler smiles wide at Dane. The deep bass in his voice echoes throughout the arena in laughter.]

HH: It all sounds good to me!

[He then turns his attention to Jason Dane, the look on his face becoming a bone-chilling glare.]

HH: There ain't NO doubt in my mind that we're gonna' win. We broke Royalty so bad, they're NEVER gonna' be put back together again. And now we're gonna' break Doyle's boys once and for all...and THEY ain't ever gonna' be put back together again.

[Big pop! In the background, we can hear Buford shout "They'll be in a million pieces, Herc!"]

HH: When the referee raises our arms in the air in victory, when the referee comes in and straps our titles 'round our waists, when everybody's gotten outta' their seats, chantin' our names...

[As if on cue, the crowd begins chanting "HERC!". After a few seconds, Hammonds points to Jones, and the crowd almost immediately begins to shout "JONES!" And then, he points to Jason Dane, causing the crowd to suddenly erupt with boos.]

JD: Aw, come on!

[Jones cackles, ruffling Dane's hair.]

HH: ...all that's gonna' be left to do is to hear Buford make the announcement.

[Buford is on top of his game, golden microphone already pulled out and in his hands.]

BPH: YOUR WINNERS AND STILLLL AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

[The crowd predictably, chants along with Buford.]

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCUUUUULLLLLLEEEEEEEEESSS...

GM: Last time on this very show, we found out seven of the teams that have been entered into the tournament - Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, the Blonde Bombers, Violence Unlimited, the War Pigs, Air Strike, Strictly Business, and Dichotomy. Later tonight, we're going to see Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong take on the Surfer Dudes for the eighth spot in the tournament. Who else will join them? Only time will tell but my sources say that this night will end with AT LEAST nine teams announced, Bucky.

BW: Your sources?! When the heck did you start getting sources?!

GM: We're on our way to a quick commercial break but before we go, let's hear from another participant in tonight's World Television Title Battle Royal!

[Open up on a pair of hands; thick digits, calloused black palms, fingernails off-white and nearly yellow. The camera pans back further and captures the menacing face of the largest man on the AWA roster...Ricky Lane. Lane's flat back hair sits two inches above his skull and is shaved to the scalp on the side. A red shirt looks pasted onto his hulking frame and reads, "Biggest, Baddest, Best." He wears the largest pair of jeans you've probably ever seen and just continues staring down at his hands.

Beside him, the creatively spoken Southern Gentlemen himself, Willoughby Tremblay. The vagabond's attire is quite the contrast to his behemoth sized client. A sharp, tailored fit gray suit, brown suede shoes, white collarless dress shirt with a silver button fastening the neckline. His raggedy brown hair is slicked back and hidden underneath an off-blue top hat with a white ribbon around it]

WT: Behold, Mr. Dane. Mr. Ricky Lane.

[And oh yeah, Jason Dane is there. Completely hidden behind the monstrous man. Dane stumbles out from behind Lane and tries to pinch himself in-between Ricky Lane and Willoughby Tremblay but doesn't have much luck. He settles for standing off to the side, barely visible by the camera.]

WT: At SuperClash the world saw what this man was capable of, what power he beholds, what impact the Giant can make. His strength is pure and raw, unlike any other between these hallowed walls. He fears no one, Mr. Dane. Not any of those men the AWA trumpeted out on the biggest show of the year in the BIGGEST match of the year. But they knew, they all knew, that without the largest athlete that the event would suffer and the Spotlight would be lost on everyone.

I warned you that this man was coming. That if the AWA Championship Committee members ignored him that he would make a statement and a statement he made. It took dozens of you to stop this caged lion and even then not a single one of the AWA's greatest superstars could finish Mr. Lane. A freak accident, a lucky mistake, a moment that led to the survival of your favorite stars and masked crusaders.

But tonight?

[Tremblay grins, full of sleaze.]

WT: Tonight you won't all be so lucky. Tonight Mr. Lane will not take on one opponent, not two, even three! But as many as are willing and brave enough to step foot in the ring. Mr. Lane promises to bring the pain and along with it...

Streicher.

After stretcher.

After strecher.

[Tremblay nods. Lane raises his sunken head.]

WT: The EMTs are prepared. They called in for back-up to prepare themselves for the carnage Mr. Lane promises to leave behind. Broken bones, battered ribs, skulls smashed underneath his relentless fury.

The medics are ready, I know this for a fact!

But are you, AWA?

Are you ready for THIS man!

[Lane snatches Dane's arm which holds the mic, nearly ripping him out of his shoes.]

RL: I've waited...waited...and waited. But I can't wait no more, fellas. I can't FIGHT it no more. This ain't 'bout bein' held back or down because ain't NOBODY capable of doin' that. This is 'bout bein' ignored. This is 'bout bein' left to rot and die out there week after week. I'm tired of waitin'! I'm tired of crushin' people that ain't nobody to no one.

I want your best and I want it TONIGHT.

I don't care who ya are or where ya from. Don't care much 'bout none of ya'lls. If you think you can stop me...

...I DARE YA.

I WELCOME IT!

[Lane grinds his teeth, his chest pounds outward.]

RL: Ain't NOBODY gonna stop me tonight...

...that belt is MINE!

WT: Ya see, gentlemen. This monster can't be caged forever. I warned you that he would join you at SuperClash. Tonight, there is no warning. The alarms have sounded. The medics are standing by. Tonight he walks into that ring unleashed and unfed.

Let the bodies fall as they may.

Ricky Lane has arrived.

[An abrupt cut takes us 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...]

We fade back up from commercial to the interview platform, where Mark Stegglet stands with Jack Lynch. As always, the eldest Lynch is dressed head to toe in black. He wears a long sleeved, button up work shirt, the sleeves pushed up past his elbows, and a pair of fading black jeans. His black cowboy hat is worn loosely, tilted forward, partially obscuring his eyes.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where I am joined, of course, by the incomparable Jack Lynch. Mr. Lynch...

[Jack chuckles, and looks at Stegglet, before putting an arm over the interviewer's shoulder.]

JL: Mark, did you just say "incomparable?"

MS: I did.

[Jack shakes his head in amusement.]

JL: All right, I guess I'll take it.

MS: You've found yourself, Mr. Lynch, in the crosshairs of a few people. Two weeks ago, Robert Donovan, a man you're very familiar with, let it be known that, even without his "brothers" in the Beale Street Bullies, he's more than willing to take you out.

JL: Hey, if Robert Donovan wants to drag his big, sorry carcass into my crosshairs again? Well, I'm not the sorta guy that says no to a fight. You want to end up in the same place as your brothers Bobby? I'll be happy to oblige.

But unless and until the big bully does somethin' more than make noise, I'm done talkin' on the subject of one Robert Donovan. I didn't come out here to talk about that, and I use the word loosely, man.

MS: And then, there is your old nemesis, Demetrius Lake.

JL: Mark, I didn't come out here to talk about the esteemed Mr. Lake either. See, tonight, I'm gonna let Demetrius do what he loves best - and that's talk first.

MS: You're referring to his apology.

JL: Damn straight. And until he apologizes? I got nothin' to say about him either.

MS: So then, if you don't mind me asking, why did you come out here?

JL: Well Jason...

[Jack pauses, head bent, to remove his hat.]

JL: I came out here to very publicly wish my brother good luck. And to say that I am one hundred percent certain that one Travis Lynch...

[Before Jack can continue, he's drowned out by a chorus of high pitched screams and cheers, ending with one very loud female screaming "I LOVE YOU TRAVIS!"]

JL:... believe me, he loves you too.

As I was saying. I know, in my heart, and I came here tonight, not just to get Demetrius Lake's apology but to see Trav...

[Another round of squeals, as Jack shakes his head.]

JL: Become the AWA's next Television Champion. So brother? Good luck. Now, if you'll excuse me...

[Jack turns, but he takes no more than two steps before he comes to a sudden halt, someone standing in his path? Who? Well, she doesn't look good. She's in a pair of cut off jean shorts, the pockets sticking out past the ragged bottom. And a very loose fitting, and very dirty white tank top. Her blonde hair is stringy where it isn't tangled. Her eyes are bloodshot and surrounded by dark circles. And her left hand is constantly scratching her right shoulder.

Sunshine has seen better days.]

JL: You know, normally, I'd keep my hat off in a lady's presence. But seeing as how you're no lady, I don't think the protocol is warranted.

[Frowning severely, Jack places his hat back on, and takes a step forward.]

JL: Now, before I lose my appetite, or forget that my father raised me not to punch a woman in the face, I'm leaving.

[Sunshine very timidly reaches up, her hand on Jack's upper chest. Jack's frown only deepens, but he halts, as the fans begin to boo, several obscene chants rising from the audience, which sends the censor button into overdrive.]

S: Wait... just wait. I need to talk to you Jack. I need to know...

[Her head lowers.]

S: How's Jimmy?

[Jack's hand clenches into a fist, and it takes a long moment for him to force it open.]

JL: That is not something you get to ask, girl. Let me reiterate what I said before. The longer you stand here, the greater the chances I forget all the gentlemanly virtues my father instilled in me. You want to be getting out of my way before I put you out of my way.

[Sunshine says something inaudible.]

MS: Can you repeat that, Miss Sunshine?

[Jack looks incredulously at Stegglet, as Sunshine lifts her head, her face lined with fresh tears.]

S: I... I have nothing. Rob and Adam and Dicky... they won't have me. They threw me out. I've got nothing. No one. Please Jack. Please. I just... I need you to talk to Jimmy. Please ask him to take me back.

[Sunshine gets down on her knees, hands clasped in front of her, looking up at Jack with wide, pleading eyes.]

S: I'm begging you. I have nowhere else to go. No one else. He'll listen to you. Jack...

[She swallows, and offers a wan smile.]

S: I'll do anything.

JL: From what I hear, Sunshine. You do _everything_

[Jack smirks, as a loud "OOOOOOOOOO" erupts from the crowd.]

JL: But you'll do nothin' where my brother is concerned. You crawled outta the gutter and got close to Jimmy once. Way I see it? Down on your knees like that, you're already halfway back at the place you came from.

So girl, I'm leavin' now. And if I were you? I'd stay gone.

[Jack walks past Sunshine, who, in a last ditch effort, reaches out, grabbing Jack by the ankles. But the eldest Lynch kicks his foot out, shaking her off, and walks away, leaving Sunshine down on her knees, crying at a perplexed Mark Stegglet's feet. Crossfade to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: That was... uncomfortable.

BW: I saw her hangin' around the back before the show. I... uh, well, I didn't expect her to be on the show... and really didn't expect her to try and talk to a Lynch. After what she did? I can't really say that I blame ol' Stench there for kickin' her to the curb.

GM: For once, we agree on something. Sunshine would do best to find somewhere else or someone else to... offer her services to.

BW: Managerial services, right?

GM: Let's hope so.

[The opening to Faith No More's "Ricochet" kicks in over the airwaves as the crowd starts to cheer.]

GM: That music can mean the arrival of only one man, Bucky. It's the Hall of Famer Steve Spector who has promised to address the fans here tonight about SuperClash V and what went down two weeks ago between he and Terry Shane III!

BW: I don't think Spector's in much of a mood to talk, Gordo!

[The curtains part, and out steps the Hall of Famer, Steve Spector. Bucky appears to be correct, as Spector's decked out in his wrestling gear consisting of blue pant-length tights with a white dragon design running down the right leg. Spector wastes no time in marching down the aisle, barely acknowledging the cheering crowd. He quickly steps into the ring, where Phil Watson awaits and quickly hands over the mic. The former World Champion quickly glances out over the crowd, staring daggers down the entrance way, and wasting no time before speaking.]

SS: I'm gonna spare you all the jibber jabber, folks. I could spend all night telling you guys what's been on my mind ever since SuperClash, with what's been goin' on between me and Terry Shane. I'm gonna be frank here, I'm not in the mood to talk. I'm in the mood to smack Terry Shane all around this arena to finish things once and for all... so Shane, let's dance.

[Spector stares down the aisleway, the crowd buzzing in anticipation...

...and nothing.]

SS: Come on, Shane! Get out here and show your --

[And then it happens...

...static.]

GM: Here we go! Looks like Spector's gonna get what he wants!

[It's rare that the crowd cheers Sergui Prokofiev's "Dance of the Knights", but they want to see a fight. The woodwinds kick in and then haunting string instruments start up. There's shockingly a loud buzz in the arena -- moreso for the long awaiting confrontation. Catcalls soon replaced by the frantic stirring of the crowd as the Siren saunters out first, twirling her florescent pink branding iron overhead.

The raven haired spitfire is full of lady-swig and "hmmph" as she struts in four inch heels and a zipper tight hip-length dress which is full of string ties and perfectly placed and semi-revealing slits. Spector begs for the Gang to come forward...

...but then the music cuts and reality sets in.]

BW: A man couldn't ask for anything more than that!

GM: Where's Terry Shane III?!

BW: Seriously? You need help.

[Hayes playfully bats her eyes towards the ring which doesn't crack the slightest of grin on the Hall of Famer's face.]

SS: Oh look, it's Little Princess Jibber Jabber herself. I'm pretty sure you'll be more than willing to yammer on all night about this and that but let's not do that. Why don't you go backstage and drag Terry Shane's carcass out here to finish what he started, eh?

MSH: We could do that, darling...

[She stares at him, Spector's glare is unwavering.]

MSH: But that just wouldn't be too much fun now would it? No, I think not.

[Hayes reaches into her black purse and pulls out a ten inch scroll. She holds it up, lets it unravel, and it spills down to the ramp beneath her heels.]

MSH [clearing her throat]: Uh-Uh-Hmmm. Hey Steve.

[She waves.]

MSH [low]: This is from Terry. Of course. "Hey Steve, so sorry to have missed you tonight. You seem really upset and I feel for you. I know you are expecting me to come out there all jacked up and full of hate but I am quite busy tonight. Donnie has a big match to prepare and he needed me to help shave the sides of his head. Sorry...man... hate to disappoint you, bud. Ahem. Buddy. Keep it real. Tell your wife I said hello and I can leave an autographed picture for your son in the back with Hamilton Graham. Peace, brother."

[They're quite a distance apart but Spector could cut a hole through Hayes with the glare he's giving her. She tosses the scroll over her shoulder and prepares to leave.]

SS: Don't even think about taking another step, Sandra! So Shane doesn't have the guts to come out and end this once and for all? Really? You know what? I'm still game for a fight over here. Why don't you give me Strong.. Anderson.. White, any of those three would do. He'll be more than willing to avenge those guys if I mail him their body parts.

[Hayes slowly turns back towards Spector, shaking her head.]

MSH: That sounds riveting but Donnie and the boys have an evening full of intense qualifiers and battle royals. You remember what those were like, don't you?

[Spector grunts, clearly agitated.]

MSH: You know something though, Steve? I like you, I do. I know Terry thinks you're a bit of a loose cannon and unpredictable but I know you've got something left to prove so I'll tell you what. I know a guy that is just ITCHING to impress me and the boys. Hold on a sec...

[She takes a step, then stops to look back over her shoulder.]

MSH: Seriously, this won't take long.

[Hayes disappears through the entrance portal.]

GM: You have to wonder what Hayes has in mind for Spector here. He's not going to get any of the Shane Gang, but she's offered him someone to fight!

BW: Boy, Gordo, there's gotta be a long line of people willing to drop whatever they're doing, just for the chance to break Steve Spector in two at her request! I'm sure she's gonna pick someone that'll be more than capable of handling Spector for Shane!

[The crowd instantly goes into a frenzy as Hayes returns, holding another man's hand in her own.]

GM: Is that --

MSH: Some of you may recognize this man....

BW: ALLEN ALLEN!

[Spector's glare has a bit of disbelief mixed in, and he drops the mic to the mat. Allen Allen's face is beat red as the Siren swings his hand around with hers as she cracks a sheepish grin. She nods for him to make his way towards the ring, smacking his rear end which draws quite the smile from Double-Al.]

GM: Is this for real? Give me a break! This is nothing more than a waste of time by Hayes to buy Shane some time! With all due respect to Allen, he's a capable young man, but his win/loss record is hardly stellar!

BW: Ha! This is the kind of guy Hayes thinks Spector's worthy of facing! Look at that look on Allen's face! If he can knock off the Hall of Famer, there's gonna be a spot in the Shane Gang for him for sure! What a break!

[Unnoticed by both Spector and Allen, Hayes slinks back through the curtain as Allen jogs down the ring, a huge grin on his face. Marty Meekly enters the ring, with Watson following behind him. Spector reaches down, picking up the mic he dropped, and hands it over to Watson. Spector's glare continues to be fixed towards the aisleway as Allen steps through the ropes, raising his hands in the air as the crowd boos.]

PW: The following contest here is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, in the corner to my right.. from Jacksonville, Florida, and weighing in at two hundred and seven pounds.. ALLEN ALLEN!

[The boos from the crowd continue as the crowd had been anticipating Terry Shane to come out and fight Spector. Allen ignores the boos, still grinning from actually talking to Sandra Hayes. He flicks his hair at the mention of his name, before turning to Spector and giving him a thumbs down. Spector does not respond.]

PW: And his opponent..

[The boos turn into cheers.]

PW: From Carteret, New Jersey.. weighting in at two hundred and fourteen pounds. He is a member of the Hall of Fame.. here is.. STEVE SPECTOR!!

[The crowd continues to cheer, as Spector continues to stare a hole through Allen. Watson leaves the ring as Marty Meekly calls for the bell.]

"DING DING DING!"

GM: A contrast in attitudes tonight, Bucky. Allen's got that grin on his face, while Spector's looking like he's about to perform an execution.

BW: You can't wipe that grin off of Allen's face no matter how hard you try, Gordo. It's almost like a girl never talked to him before, much less a girl like Sandra Hayes!

GM: Looking at Spector.. he's in the mood to rip that grin right off of Allen's face.

[Allen struts on over to Spector, extending a hand.]

BW: Would ya look at that? Allen's trying to ease the tension! How thoughtful!

[Spector looks down at the extended hand, then looks up at Allen, shaking his head. Allen shrugs his shoulders, still grinning. Spector then points to his chin.]

BW: Not very sportsmanlike of Spector to refuse a handshake, but he's willing to give Allen one free shot to make up for it! Allen may or may not have hands of stone, so I don't know if that's wise!

GM: Spector'll be the first to admit that he's not the sharpest knife in the drawer. Maybe he's looking for something to fire him up even further, if that's possible.

[Allen decides to go for the free punch as he winds the right hand up. Before he can connect, Spector reaches up and grabs the wrist.]

BW: Come on! You gave him the free punch!

[The grin that's been pasted on Allen's face suddenly disappears as a grin forms on Spector's face. Allen seems to be begging for mercy as Spector pulls Allen towards him. In one fluid motion, Spector reaches up, grabbing Allen's head as the crowd gets wound up!]

GM: GODDESS CUTTER! Spector's not being paid by the hour here, Bucky!

BW: You might have been right about Allen being nothing more than a waste of time.

[Instead of going for the pin on the prone Allen, Spector turns his attention back towards the aisleway, making a motion for any member of the Shane Gang to come out and fight. Noticing that Hayes is no longer at the entrance, Spector turns his attention back towards Allen.]

BW: If there's still any mercy in Spector's soul, he'd just cover the man and end this already.

[Spector reaches down, grabbing Allen by the hair and pulling him to his feet. Spector quickly looks out over the crowd, before pulling Allen into a front facelock. The crowd's roars grow louder, knowing what's next!]

GM: Here it comes, fans! Spector hoists Allen up... CHERRY BLOSSOM BOMBER!

[Meekly quickly drops to the mat, counting the three as the crowd counts along.]

"DING DING DING!"

PW: Here is your winner.. STEVE SPECTOR!!

[The crowd roars as Spector quickly rises to his feet. He looks down at Allen, shaking his head, before quickly leaving the ring. He makes haste up the aisleway, occasionally slapping the hands of fans, but for the most part looking to hunt down Terry Shane and his gang.]

GM: Steve Spector with a very decisive win here tonight, and I would not be surprised if things escalate here tonight as the Shane Gang's got a very busy night.

BW: I'm pretty sure the Gang's gonna be fine, Gordo. Spector's seriously outnumbered and he likely doesn't have a lot of allies in the back. If you're a fan of the Shane Gang, things are gonna get good both tonight and in 2014!

GM: Shifting gears here for a moment, let's talk about the Wise Men.

BW: Boy, you like to live dangerously, don'tcha? I'd rather not, Gordo.

GM: Well, like it or not, it's a topic of hot discussion both in the AWA locker room and online as of late as everyone wants to know - now that Percy Childes has been revealed, who are the other two?

BW: Don't know and wouldn't tell ya if I did.

GM: Where is your sense of journalistic integrity?

BW: It goes bye-bye at the thought of having my face shoved into a windshield. Look, Gordo... the Wise Men don't mess around. The Wise Men?

They play for keeps. And if you don't believe me, you can ask Supernova... you can ask Duane Henry Bishop... you can ask Stevie Scott... Ben Waterson... Louis Matsui... Chris Blue, the list goes on and on. Heck, go ask Karl O'Connor about what they tried to do to his grandson on the last SNW. They don't care who their target is... they just care about eliminating them. In the past six years, we've seen the Southern Syndicate... we've seen Royalty... we've seen the Unholy Alliance... none of 'em. I repeat... none of 'em... are as vicious, brutal, and calculating as the Wise Men.

GM: AWA President Karl O'Connor was quite infuriated at what went down two weeks ago.

BW: Can't say that I blame him. I ain't got a wife, kids, grandkids... none of it. But I've got a family of my own, Gordo. And if anyone ever drew a target on 'em, they better put me in the ground first. But O'Connor, god bless 'im, is an old man. He needs to watch his step when it comes to dealing with these people.

GM: But perhaps his grandson, Bobby O'Connor, doesn't. Because Bobby O'Connor's found himself quite the ally. Let's go backstage to Jason Dane who has a pair of special guests.

[We cut to the backstage area, where Jason Dane is standing by with Hannibal Carver and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. Carver is dressed in his usual wrestling gear plus his trademark black zip-up hooded sweatshirt, hood once again over his head. O'Connor stands to his left, dressed in a red and white flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up, faded blue jeans and a pair of brown leather work boots.]

JD: I'm here with Hannibal Carver and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, who just narrowly escaped what was to be the latest in vicious attacks no doubt ordered by the Wise Men. Bobby, first things first... how do you feel?

BOC: Well, Mister Dane... any bruises I've got from that steel chair ain't nothin' compared to the ones on my ego. I'm still a little banged up from that sneak attack, but that'll heal in time.

What won't heal, is my pride.

[Carver nods as O'Connor continues.]

BOC: What those men did wasn't just an attack on me, but the whole O'Connor family. I had to field all kinds of worried phone calls from everyone. They put my grandfather in a bad position, asking him why he wasn't there to protect me. And the answer to that is real simple.

From day one, I DEMANDED that he never do that. I wanted to pull myself up by my bootstraps and be my own man. So even if every backstabbing son of a gun here comes charging at me, I'll never ask my grandfather to step in. I've had a bumpy start here, from the misfire of my tag team to getting jumped by guys that're way ahead of me in the experience department... but I'm determined to do it all on my own.

JD: Speaking of stepping in, what made you make the save before Bobby here could get thrown through a windshield like so many other unfortunates have, Hannibal?

HC: It's real simple, Dane. Just like I said last time out.

[Carver sneers.]

HC: WAR.

I saw those jackals creeping up on another unsuspecting victim, and couldn't let it go down yet again. A dirtbag like Marley sees in Bobby everything that he let go swirling down the drain long ago. Potential, talent, integrity. And it makes him sick... so sick that he has to flush it out just so he doesn't have the reminder of what he let himself become. But I'll be DAMNED if I let that happen.

JD: Tonight, you have quite a test as you take on all three members of the Unholy Alliance in a six man tag matchup.

[Jason looks around.]

JD: But who... is the third member of your team?

[Both Carver and O'Connor look at Dane quizzically for a moment, then Carver chuckles.]

HC: Oh no... no, Bobby is back to the woodshed.

JD: What?

BOC: I'm still in no shape to head out there and compete in a match. Much as what they do turns my stomach, those three are the real deal and after getting battered around with a chair I'm not ready for that fight.

HC: Bobby has had the best teachers yeh could ask for. But Marley? The Wise Men? These are the challenges that all the drills in the world won't prepare yeh for. They don't teach yeh to have eyes in the back of yer skull. To have that killer instinct. The only thing that does?

[Carver nods.]

HC: On the job training.

BOC: So tonight I'm here to watch, to show support... and to show that fat slob Percy Childes what happens when you mess with the O'Connor family should he try and interfere.

JD: So if Bobby isn't on your team... who is?

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Yeh got me. I know they told me to choose any partners I wanted, but the thing is... I'm a fair man. Not a greedy man. This is not some wrestler looking to take the cheap way out for some championship gold. These are slimeballs trying to use this sport as their own personal plaything. It doesn't sit right with me, and I know I'm not the only one. To be honest, I hope nobody answers the call, and I get those three dirtbags to myself.

[Carver and O'Connor grin, nodding in agreement.]

HC: But like I said, I ain't greedy. So anyone that likes the idea of bashing their heads in, of teaching them a lesson...

[Carver grins.]

HC: ... and showing everyone from Percy Childes to any meager staff member that's on the take what the price is for doing business that tears down the AWA...

[Carver cracks his knuckles as he stares at the camera.]

HC: ... I'll see yeh at ringside. Come one come all... it's time to make some casualties of war.

[Carver and O'Connor high five, stalking away as Dane looks to the camera.]

JD: To steal a phrase from that intense competitor, I do believe the war is on. We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's Stampede Cup Qualifying action so don't you dare 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...

Fade back up to Shadoe Rage who has his back to the camera flexing a double biceps shot in a sleeveless leather patchwork ring robe of dark purple, lavender, fuchsia and navy leather swatches. Behind him, Marissa Monet hugs him around the waist, leaning her chin on his shoulder, her afro pushing against his long dreadlocks. She smiles brightly at the camera, her gold-coloured eyes glittering into the camera as she extends her lips and kisses Shadoe on his cheek with her dark red lips. The kiss seems to energize Rage, causing him to spin and face the camera. He claps his hand and flickers his tongue as he faces the camera. Finally, he lifts his right hand and removes his square-rimmed pink tortoiseshell sunglasses and tucks them in Marissa's hair. She flirtily tips them down over her own eyes.]

SR: The World Television championship is on the line and I intend to be the next one to wear the crown. Dave Bryant proved that the Television title is a passport to the World Championship and that's my ultimate destination. Look out world, because my imagination can only be described as extremely fertile, isn't that right, Marissa?

MM: Absolutely.

SR: And I believe in will to power. And I will transform myself into the AWA Television Champion and it doesn't matter how many men I have to go through in that Battle Royal to get there. I will make it to the final two and whoever is standing across from me when the belt is on the line ... well, too bad. Because I will not let this opportunity slip through my fingers.

MM: Friend or foe standing in your way?

SR: Friend or foe. It doesn't matter if it's Manny Imbroglio, it doesn't matter if it's Alphonse Green or if it's my old nemesis Donnie White. Whoever is standing in my way will not be having a very good day. No they won't. It's been nearly a year that I've been in the AWA and this is my first chance at championship gold. Those chances don't come along too often in a man's career. And they have never been that frequent for me. No, I haven't been blessed with the blessings backstage. No, the people watch me. They're scared of me. They think I'm going to lose it, Marissa.

MM: You won't, though, will you?

SR: That's the trick, isn't it. You don't know what I'm going to do. You don't know my mood. You don't know what I'm thinking. You don't know. I don't know. I just know when I feel like I feel right now something is going to explode. And I will explode in that ring as the rest of the AWA has delusions of grandeur that they can throw me over that top rope so that both feet hit the floor. Don't they know about my legendary balance? Don't they know about my agility and speed and precision. Don't they know that I've dived from the top of cages, been blown to bits by landmines in the ring and jumped from staging to put people down. And now because of the chaos of the Battle Royal I have the advantage. That is my world. That is where I survive. That is where I prosper.

MM: And what if any of the Shane Gang were to get in the way?

SR: You know I'm not a man that likes to stick to plans. You know that I see a man like that ridiculous caricature Donnie White in the ring and I might just risk everything to wrap my hands around his neck and squeeze until I strangle him to death or I might just jump out of the ring myself to pay Ms. Sandra Hayes a little visit and give her a receipt for my ankle. You just don't know what I'm going to do. Maybe I might even stay focused and strive for the prize.

[Marissa leans in close over his shoulder.]

MM: That's the best option.

SR: (jutting out his jaw) Yes, I think you're right.

MM: You just made a rational decision.

SR: Isn't that wonderful. Bad news for everybody else because for one night only I'm focused on the Television title and then Donnie White it's back on the path of revenge. I haven't forgotten my ankle. I haven't forgotten SuperClash and I haven't forgotten your embarrassment of a leader, Terry Shane III, either. Terry Shane, I'm taking apart your Gang and then I'm taking you apart. You are not the next World Champion. You are not the man that is going to pin Supreme Wright's shoulders to the mat. You're looking at him.

[Marissa points her finger to his chest to underline the point. The kohl-eyed Shadoe quirks a smile.]

SR: This is my year, you understand? I'm going to the top. The World Television title and then the World Heavyweight championship and I'm going to look down on you, Shane, and have the last laugh.

[Marissa purses her lips.]

MM: I guess we'll laugh best.

[She breaks out into a brilliant smile as the camera fades to a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

GM: Shadoe Rage joins the list of those who think they will walk out of Dallas tonight as the World Television Champion.

BW: If he thinks his "legendary balance" is going to win him a title, he's dumber than his ol' lady.

GM: Careful, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I'd love the chance to take them both off my television permanently. Bring it, bimbo. My lawyers can get them both sent back to working in Portland.

GM: There's not a territory in Portland anymore.

BW: Exactly.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Let's go to the ring for tag team action!

[Crossfade to Phil Watson inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a Stampede Cup Qualifier Match!

[The fans in attendance erupt at the mention of the Stampede Cup!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The opening guitar riff of "Surfin' U.S.A." by the Beach Boys kickstarts into gear as the AWA faithful clap their hands together!]

PW: Currently shredding waves on the shores of sunny Southern California and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-five pounds...

...here are VANCE RICKS AND TRAMPUS KENNEDY!

THE SUUUUUUURFER DUDES!

[Dashing from behind the curtain come Kennedy and Ricks, pumping their fists to the fans. Kennedy is your prototypical 80's southern California surfer guy. He's got shoulder-length blonde hair with bangs hanging in front of his blue eyes. His hobby as a body builder is evident in his well-tanned build; he's cut with washboard abs and definition in all the right places. Ricks has short, spiked blonde hair, with dark roots indicating a dye job. He's also a cut specimen, but not as cut as his partner. Ricks sports a tattoo on his right shoulder of a yin and yang with kanji script underneath translating into "Life & Death".

Both men wear ring attire consisting of tye-dyed bicycle shorts with tye-dyed kneepads. The underpadding covering the knee is black. They also sport black elbowpads, white wrist tape, and white finger tape. Completing the getup are tye-dyed color baseball caps, worn backwards, and yellow ring jacket with "Surfer Dudes" embroidered on the back in orange and red.

The duo makes their way down the entrance aisle towards the ring. Both men stop periodically to slap hands with any fans who have their hands outstretched.]

BW: You'd think these hipster surfer punks would get some more current gear. I mean... tye-dye? Really guys?

GM: Current or not, these guys can flat out go in the ring, Bucky. Right before SuperClash V we saw Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks take down the dynamic duo of the Nefarious One and Doctor Insidious which resulted in them earning this opportunity here tonight to qualify for their first Stampede Cup!

BW: I didn't buy them then, and I ain't buyin' them now!

[Phil continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Static.]

BW: YES! Now HERE is a tag team worthy of the Stampede Cup!

[Woodwinds, check. Violins, check. Loud noises soon replaced with pianissimo and soft strokes of string instruments, check. Sergui Prokofiev's haunting tune, "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the airwaves.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring at this time by Miss Sandra Hayes and Donnie White, weighing in at a combined weight of five hundred and five pounds and representing the Shaaaaaaane Gang! Here are...

AARON ANDERSON AND LENNY STRONG!

[Ladies first. The "Siren" Miss Sandra Hayes steps out and plants the tip of her florescent pink branding iron into the steel ramp. With a wardrobe change in full effect -- because fashion matters, she slithers out in ultra-sexy mode and rocking the season's must-have style with a spandex-esque rocket red body-con silhouette dress with a single sleeve in a racy crisscross pattern. Her tar colored hair is wrapped into a single braid that hangs over her covered shoulder.]

BW: The Siren is ALWAYS red carpet ready!

GM: And fully prepared to stab a knife into your back.

BW: A girl has gotta protect herself, Gordo!

GM: She is no ordinary girl.

[Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong are next to step out. As we saw earlier the spiked shoulder pads, wild face paint, and bad hair cuts are long gone. It's been two months since SuperClash and both have relinquished the wild attire for their more traditional look. Emerald green track suits with dueling white stripes down the arms, matching classic trunks, and white kneepads and shin length boots. Strong's mullet has filled out into more of a long fohawk and Aaron Anderson has gone the other direction and bicked his scalp clean and now sporting a well manicured two day facial hair shadow.]

GM: It seems these guys, well, at least Anderson and Strong, have ditched those ridiculous shoulder pads, bad hair cuts, and face paint.

BW: That was all mind games, Gordo.

GM: Mind games?

BW: To get into the head of the Rave and might I say...it worked perfectly! Those lunatics have been terminated and erased from AWA history...
FOREVER!

GM: I wouldn't go that far however The Rave is going to spend some time on the shelf due to that horrific knee injury we saw occur last week at the hands of Dichotomy.

[Hayes seats herself on the middle rope allowing Anderson and Strong to enter the ring. Donnie White circles the ringside area, lifting the apron up and poking his head underneath around all four sides. The Shane Gang members remove their track jackets and Davis Warren scoops them up off the mat before signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here come the Surfer Dudes!

[Ricks and Kennedy race across the ring!]

GM: Double clothesline by the Surfer Dudes! There goes Anderson and Strong!

[Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong both spill over the top rope and crash to the floor. Kennedy and Ricks both grab the top rope, bend at the hips, and explode into the air...heaving their bodies over the top rope...

...and CRASHING on top of the Shane Gang members!]

BW: Catapult body presses by the Surfer Dudes!

GM: I told you these guys were hot!

[Davis Warren quickly begins counting and it's Ricks who slides back into the ring. Kennedy peels Aaron Anderson up off the matted floor and shoves him underneath the bottom rope. Ricks quickly moves in and drives his left boot repeatedly into the back of Anderson who tries to fight his back up to his feet but is prevented over and over again. Anderson desperately clings to the bottom rope and Davis Warren steps in-between him and Ricks, thwarting his attack.]

GM: Aaron Anderson is doing the smart thing and grabbing onto the ropes. This is buying him a quick breath and --

[Before Gordon can finish, Ricks comes bursting forward...

...JAMMING both feet into Strong and sending him twisting through the ropes and collapsing to the outside!]

BW: Basement drop-kick by Vance Ricks!

GM: These guys aren't letting up! They're usually a lot tamer and more technical in the ring but something has been lit under both of them tonight! Look at Ricks, he's headed for the air once more!

[Rick sprints across the ring, leaps, hurling his body over the top rope...

...and is absolutely DECIMATED on the way down by the forearm of Lenny Strong!]

GM: MY STARS! STRONG WITH A BRUTAL EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

BW: That'll slow down the aerial attack.

[Ricks rolls around on the ground clutching his throat while Strong lifts Anderson and helps him back into the ring. Strong quickly steps up to the apron, reaches over the ropes, and tags himself in. Without even entering the ring he just hops back down to the ground level, grabbing Vance Ricks...

...and SHOVING him into the elevated ramp back first!]

GM: Momentum has changed dramatically! Strong has Ricks pinned against the ramp...he's driving his shoulder into his ribcage! Another big shot!

[Strong bends Ricks back over the ramp, planting his head and neck against the wood. He then lifts his right arm in the air and then slices his pointed elbow down into the chest of Ricks over and over and over and over again. Rapidly he delivers a sixth shot, then a seventh, eighth, ninth...and then hesitates...only to pull himself up onto the ramp...

...and then drop down DRIVING the butt of his elbow into Ricks' chest a tenth time!]

GM: Have mercy! Strong is known for some of the sharpest and deadliest elbows in the AWA and he just caved the chest in of Vance Ricks with those shots.

[Ricks teeters forward into the awaiting arms of Lenny Strong who lifts him up, pivots, and then charges back towards the ring and DRIVES Ricks back into the apron! Vance crumbles down as Strong rolls back into the ring at the count of eight and tags Aaron Anderson back in. Anderson slides onto the front of the apron while Strong stands near him in the ring. Both men grab the top rope and Anderson jerks it towards him, catapulting his own partner to the outside who flips in the air...

...and SMACKS his back over the chest of Vance Ricks!]

BW: Beautiful high-angle senton bomb by Strong!

GM: Trampus Kennedy has had enough! He's lost his cool!

[Kennedy rushes the ring but is instantly stopped by Davis Warren. Kennedy flails his arms wildly but Davis Warren doesn't budge, holding him back and pointing back to his corner. Capitalizing on the distraction, Miss Hayes wraps her branding iron around the throat of Vance Ricks and begins choking the Surfer Dude out as the crowd erupts in boos.]

BW: That's no way to treat a lady!

GM: She's no lady. Earlier tonight we were able to catch up with Miss Hayes and her cavalry and get their thoughts on this match tonight.

[A small screen is splashed into the corner of the main screen and Miss Sandra Hayes to the right of Jason Dane while both Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong stand behind her.]

JD: Sandra, tonight --

LS: That's Miss Hayes to you, hun.

[Dane rolls his eyes.]

JD: MISS Hayes, tonight Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong try to kick-start their journey into the 2014 Stampede Cup. Last year they came up just a tad short in the first round against the tandem of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez who made an impressive run to the Finals before --

MSH: Before they imploded? Before they let a teenage nitwit wedge himself in-between their friendship? What is this, a Saved by the Bell rerun? What kind of team lets a punk kid tear them apart and more importantly, why did we all have to sit through their family feud at SuperClash when we could just flick on HBO and watch the Hatfields versus the McCoys?

JD: So, still bitter are we?

MSH: Listen here pumpkin, I just wanted to take this time to remind you that we were right. We told you those buffoons wouldn't last and weren't worthy of being in the Cup. We told you that we weren't just a bunch of "guys and a girl" that Terry Shane plucked out of a Rolodex and gave matching hats and keychains too. We were to be taken seriously.

JD: Like when you tried to scale the cage at SuperClash V?

[Now it's Miss Hayes who is rolling her eyes.]

MSH: Darlin' that was out of necessity. Aaron, Donnie, and Lenny have been there for me in ways you ingrates will never understand. They have been my rock to lean on and they have been a part of the most dominating faction still remaining in this company. Not Percy and the Sorcerers, not Royalty,

not anyone. Through it all, the Shane Gang still stands and we stand stronger than ever. Last year these fellas fought and conquered FIVE teams just to get into the Stampede Cup so if you think the Surfer Dudes pose any sorta threat to them punching a ticket to Japan then you are crazier than Billy Craven looks.

LS: When we agreed to to jump on board to the Shane Gang and be part of the greatest collaboration of WRESTLERS this sport has ever seen, the group that left guys like Hannibal Carver in a pool of his own blood not once, not twice, but sixteen times we did it because we knew we had a leader who was born and bred to become a World Champion and because at its helm was a little lady who would go to ANY length to win. The Siren. A lady who years from now will be spoken of in hushed tones. A woman who doesn't need to dress her clients in silly masks or do ridiculous haunting voice overs because she knows the right time to strike is whenever WE want too.

AA: And we want it NOW.

LS: Damn right we do.

AA: Jason... I am a member of the Shane Gang. Not the most vocal, not the most well known neither. But like Donnie and Lenny. Like Sandra here too. I've got a grievance. And, though I may be one hell of a silent partner at times, I'm a smart enough man to know that going into a war guns a blazing isn't the right way to handle things. Ricks...Kennedy...we know you're in the building. What we are asking of you tonight is to come on out to the ring, bring everything you've got, tell your girlfriends and mistresses you love them, and prepare for a war unlike you've ever seen.

This is our Cup to take and we are one year past due.

[The screen cuts.]

GM: Some powerful words from the Shane Gang, Bucky.

BW: They mean business. They felt last year was their time and two weeks before the Cup they had to go through a marathon of teams just to get a crack while others were gift wrapped and spoon fed entrees.

[Back on the outside, Lenny Strong has Vance Ricks' back bent over his right knee and Aaron Anderson walks the apron, jumps...

...and DRIVES his right boot into the upper chest of Ricks!]

BW: WHAT A STOMP! SICKENING!

[Anderson walks to the head of Ricks, Strong walks to the feet. In unison they each grab a pair of limbs and lift Ricks into the air...]

GM: They aren't gonna --

BW: One!

GM: Come on.

BW: Two!

GM: Ricks is airborne!

BW: Threeeeeee!!!

[After rocking Ricks up and down three times Strong and Anderson let go of him mid-flight and Ricks is flung OVER the top rope from the outside and he SMASHES chest first inside the ring. There's a few cheers from several fans but that's quickly vanquished as Anderson and Strong pose heroically on the outside.]

GM: They need to be capitalizing on this. Ricks has taken a beating in the last few minutes.

BW: They are seasoned professionals. They have him exactly where they want him!

[Anderson ascends the steps on the outside and steps back into the ring. Ricks, now on all fours, begins crawling towards his corner but Anderson snatches his legs, lifts, and begins spinning him around in the ring...]

BW: Giant swing, two rides in one night! He should be so lucky!

GM: Luck isn't the word I'd use in this situation.

[Anderson snaps around and around, violently spinning Vance Ricks around...

...only to let him go and send him CRASHING into the Shane Gang corner with a resounding thud!]

BW: I give it a three point seven, a few points taken off for the awkward landing.

[Anderson taunts Kennedy who steps through the ropes once more and as he does Strong reaches over the ropes and grabs a hold of Ricks, pinning his arms back underneath his own as Anderson unloads with rifle like punches to the chest, kidneys, and abdomen. Strong finally releases the hold and Ricks collapses forward into the waiting arms of Aaron Anderson...

...who scoops him up horizontally and SLAMS him back, holding on!]

BW: BRIDGING FALLAWAY SLAM!

GM: One! Two! Thr-He got his shoulder up!

BW: What power and poise by Anderson! Showing right there why he was the first graduate of the Combat Corner with moves like that.

[Anderson spins to his feet first, pulling Ricks back into his own corner where he tags in Lenny Strong. Strong enters and both men grab Ricks by an arm and heave him across the ring where he slams into the far corner buckles!]

GM: Here comes Lenny Strong! Flying forearm into the corner!

[Strong rolls off and swings Ricks towards the center of the ring...

....as Anderson charges, swings one leg up, and then BLASTS Ricks with the other boot!]

BW: Big boot by Anderson! Ricks HAS to be on dream street right now! Strong covers him...One! Two! Kickout by Vance Ricks!

GM: Vance Ricks is showing a ton of heart out here tonight! He's in desperate need to make a tag to Trampus Kennedy if they have any hope of locking up a slot in the Stampede Cup.

[Strong grabs Ricks' right leg, steps over it, and then reaches back with both hands around the throat of Ricks and elevates him off the ground...]

BW: Standing Hangman's Clutch by Strong!

GM: I'm not sure how much more Ricks can take, Bucky. Anderson and Strong proved they are relentless and resilient. Last year they had to survive a grueling Open Invitational Tag Team Gauntlet match to make it to the Cup, nobody wants to go down that road.

BW: What a breakout night for Shane's boys that was as they picked up wins over Sweet Daddy Williams and Soup Bone Sampson, BCIQ, the Hive, and Tin Can Rust and Jackson Bouron...outlasting eleven other teams in all, Gordo!

GM: There's been no word if there will even be a last chance for any of our tag teams this year. You might only get that one chance and you better make it count.

[Strong continues to wrench on the neck of Ricks and as he does...

...Ricks is able to twist through, rolling him up!]

GM: SCHOOL BOY BY VANCE RICKS! ONE! TWO!

BW: Big kickout! Whew.

GM: Vance Ricks nearly stole this match out from underneath Lenny Strong! He needs to get to his corner! He NEEDS to make a tag to Trampus Kennedy!

[Ricks scrambles up to his feet first, reaching out for his partner...

...only to have Strong grab him by the back of the shorts and fling him into the ropes!]

GM: Ricks bounces back...clothesline by Strong! He ducked! Vance Ricks hits the ropes on the far side of the ring and --

[Strong snatches him, whipping him around and SLAMMING him on his back!]

GM: What impact!

BW: Quick striking snap scoop powerslam by Lenny Strong! And he's pulling Ricks back...he makes the tag to Aaron Anderson!

[Anderson immediately ascends the outside turnbuckle, perching himself up to the top rope as Strong shoves Ricks up into a sitting position on his shoulders and faces away from his partner...]

GM: This is it, Bucky!

BW: Glass Cutter here we go!

[Anderson leaps, somersaulting forward in the air...

...only to come up empty as Ricks rolls forward, flipping both him and Strong over and as he plants his feet down he springs towards his corner!]

GM: TAG! TAG MADE TO KENNEDY!

[The arena bursts into cheers at both the tag and Anderson smacking his back into the canvas!]

GM: Trampus Kennedy catapults himself into the ring...SHAKA DROP TO LENNY STRONG! Right out of Vance Ricks' repertoire and here comes Aaron Anderson!

[Kennedy wraps his arms around the waist of Anderson, lifts, spins...]

BW: SPINNING BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

GM: Lenny Strong back on the attack, no, boot to the midsection by Trampus Kennedy and he's got both arms trapped! Double chickenwing...SUPLEX!

[Kennedy snaps back, driving Strong up and over himself and slamming his shoulders into the mat!]

GM: Kennedy is taking it to the Lights Out Express! He's a one man surfing safari!

BW: That doesn't even make sense.

[Anderson back up, Kennedy shoves him into the air...]

GM: FLAPJACK BY TRAMPUS KENNEDY! Here comes Strong once more!

[Strong runs towards Kennedy who uses his momentum and flings him towards the ropes near his partner...]

...and Ricks yanks down the top rope!]

GM: STRONG TO THE OUTSIDE!

BW: This isn't going as I played it out in my head.

GM: Kennedy is headed up top...what does he have in store for Aaron Anderson, Bucky?!

[Kennedy steps up to the middle turnbuckle and awaits Aaron Anderson to get up...]

GM: He's wasting time here...you can't let these guys regroup!

[Anderson pulls himself up to one knee, rises, just as Kennedy leaps forward...]

...and SMASHES his arm across the face of Aaron Anderson!]

GM: FLYING CLOTHESLINE, HE NAILED IT!

[Kennedy jumps up, double "shaka" signs raised in the air which draws a lot of fans to rise up to their feet.]

GM: Kennedy makes a tag back to Vance Ricks and Ricks is headed straight for the top!

BW: Come on Anderson! Get it together!

[Kennedy yanks Anderson back up, wrapping his arms around his back...]

GM: BEARHUG BY KENNEDY! RICKS IS UP TOP!

[When suddenly the crowd stirs as a certain Siren steps up onto the apron.]

BW: HAYES! Miss Sandra Hayes is up on the apron near Vance Ricks and she's whispering sweet messages into his ear!

GM: Are you kidding me? She's screaming at him! Davis Warren is shouting at Hayes to get out of the way but I can't imagine anyone in the arena can hear him over the Siren's call!

[As Davis Warren and Ricks both shout towards Miss Hayes, Lenny Strong rolls himself back into the ring behind Trampus Kennedy and like he has

done so many times before he rolls down his white elbow pad revealing a thick black elbow pad.]

GM: Strong! Strong is behind Kennedy!

[Lenny Strong spins...

...and strikes!]

GM: LOADED ELBOW TO THE BACK OF KENNEDY'S SKULL!

BW: You have no proof of that!

GM: Down goes Kennedy!

[Ricks, now realizing what has transpired, readjusts his position on the top rope and leaps towards Lenny Strong...

...who LEAPS into the air, right fist slicing towards the sky!]

BW: JUMPING UPPERCUT BY STRONG!

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

[Ricks collapses through the ropes and smacks chest first against the matted floor on the outside. Anderson rips Kennedy up to his feet and HEAVES him up onto his shoulders as Lenny Strong moves to the corner and then elevates himself up onto the top rope...]

BW: GLASS CUTTER HERE WE GO!

[Strong, perched up top, readies himself...

...just as a figure hops over the guardrail and shouts towards the ring!]

V/O: "OVER HERE! HEY!"

[All eyes turn towards the outside where a figure lifts Vance Ricks up...]

BW: WHAT IS HE DOING?!

GM: IT'S SPECTOR! STEVE SPECTOR HAS VANCE RICKS AND --

"CLANG!"

[Ricks' body bounces off the steel steps courtesy of Steve Spector!]

BW: WHAT?!

"DING! DING DING!"

BW: NOOOOOOOOO!!!

GM: What has gotten into Steve Spec --

PW: The winner of this match and advancing to the Stampede Cup as a result of a disqualification...

VANCE RICKS! TRAMPUS KENNEDY!

THE SUUUUUUUUUUUURFER DUUUUUUUUUUUDES!

BW: This is outrageous!

[Anderson dumps Trampus Kennedy off his shoulders and Strong hops down from the turnbuckles. The Lights Out Express immediately protest to Davis Warren who shakes his head and points to Vance Ricks on the outside.]

GM: Steve Spector just cost Shane's henchmen a chance in the biggest tag team tournament of the year! The Surfer Dudes are going to the Stampede Cup!

BW: Stop that man!

[Wilde, now on his feet, shouts and points towards Steve Spector who stands with an ear to ear grin on his face in the aisle. Within a flash Strong and Anderson bolt towards him, hurling themselves through the ropes and landing on the outside. Spector immediately hops back over the railing where the crowd parts in his favor, creating an aisle for the Hall of Famer to flee the scene. Anderson and Strong follow in pursuit, nearly knocking one another over as they jump the ringside barrier...

...just as the fans in the Crockett Coliseum close the gap back up!]

BW: No! Let them through! What is wrong with you people?!

[Spector, now at the top of the lower tier section in the arena, disappears through a tunnel as Strong and Anderson try to shove and bump their way through the sea of fans.]

GM: What a story this is, folks. The Surfer Dudes, a team very few expected to --

BW: Very few? NOBODY had them getting a ticket to Japan, Gordo! Nobody!

GM: The Stampede Cup is already shaping up to have a lot of surprises. Strictly Business, Violence Unlimited, and now we can add the Surfer Dudes to the list and slap a big X over the names of Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson.

BW: Terry Shane III is not going to be pleased with this. Not at all.

GM: That's very true but nevertheless, the Surfer Dudes are the eighth team in the 2014 Stampede Cup - only four slots remain in the elite field of twelve who will compete in the Tokyo Dome to be called the greatest tag team in the world. Speaking of which, we'll see another one of the teams already in the tournament, Strictly Business, in action later tonight but right now, let's go backstage and hear from yet another participant in tonight's World Television Title Battle Royal!

[Cut to backstage where Jason Dane stands with Ryan Martinez. For some reason, young Ryan stands with his back to the camera. He's wearing black wrestling trunks and boots, and over his chest, he has on a black hoodie. On the back is a red sun, with the words "Rising Sun Showdown" done in stylized white letters under the sun (available, naturally, at AWAshopzone.com). Dane stands with his arm stretched out, the microphone in his hand not visible, as it is in front of Ryan's mouth.]

JD: Mr. Martinez, I'm going to assume that there's a reason why you're standing with your back to the camera?

RM: There is Jason. I'm waiting.

JD: Waiting for?

[Before he answers, Ryan stretches his arms out wide.]

RM: The Wise Men. Everyone said that my calling them out two weeks ago was foolish. Everyone called me dumb and said I was signing my own death warrant. Well, its been two weeks, and the Wise Men have done absolutely nothing.

And believe me, Jason, I've been waiting.

So, this is me, calling the Wise Men out, and inviting them to do something. We all know how they operate. They don't come at you straight on. They come at you from behind. They wait until your back is turned. So I'm here, my back turned. Heck, I'd close my eyes if I thought it would help. Where are you, Wise Men? I'm all alone, this is your perfect opportunity.

Tell me Jason, you see anyone?

[Nervously, as apparently he believes in their power, Jason looks around.]

JD: No... I don't see anyone.

[Finally, Ryan turns around.]

RM: Just what I thought. And let me tell you something Jason. You're not going to see them. Not now, and not any time soon. Because there's only one way the Wise Men operate. And that's through fear.

And the last thing I am is scared of the Wise Men.

I am right here. And everywhere I go I make sure I post it on Twitter. I can always be found. I _never_ hide. At every minute, of every day, anyone can find me. And no one has ever come at me. Because I don't fear the Wise Men. I refuse to live my life afraid of these cowards in the shadows. Like I said, come at me, Wise Men. I don't make it hard to find out where I'll be.

JD: Those are very bold words. But I know you well enough to know that you'll live by them.

RM: No doubt.

JD: I am not sure if you are aware of it, but after your bold statement two weeks ago, when you came out against the Wise Men, our fans have taken to Twitter as well as the official AWA message boards and chat rooms, and have now dubbed you the AWA's White Knight. How do you feel about this, Mr. Martinez?

[Ryan pauses a moment, thinking about it.]

RM: I'm... honored. But I won't call myself a knight.

JD: But so many of the AWA's fans now see you as a hero, standing, as you said, against the darkness.

RM: Jason... I'm not a hero. And that's not false modesty.

Let me explain this to you. Somewhere in this audience is a man with a wife and kids, who has to work two jobs in order to put food on his family's table. Somewhere in this audience is a single mother, raising her children on her own, working her fingers to the bone to make sure that her children live a life better than the one she has. Somewhere in this audience is a kid who is getting bullied at school, but who never stops putting his nose to the grindstone, working hard and getting good grades so that he can get into a good college and become a doctor. Somewhere in this audience is a firefighter who'll think nothing of running into a burning building to save someone he's never met. Somewhere in this audience is a police officer who'll lay his life on the line to make sure every person in his neighborhood can get a good night's sleep. Somewhere in this audience is a soldier on leave, enjoying the show before he gets shipped halfway across the world, where he might be called upon to make the ultimate sacrifice for his country. And none of those people are famous. None of them get the privilege of going in that ring or standing on that stage.

Those are the heroes, Jason Dane.

I don't inspire them, Jason. They inspire me.

I'm not their hero. They're my heroes.

JD: And tonight, no doubt, you'll be drawing upon them in your quest to become the AWA's next World Television Champion.

RM: You're right, that's exactly what I am going to be doing.

JD: You're facing some very stiff competition. Alphonse Green, Callum Mahoney, Dave Cooper, Donnie White, Shadoe Rage, Travis Lynch, Ricky Lane, Robert Donovan, Sweet Daddy Williams, and so many others. Not to call your abilities into question, Mr. Martinez, but how, I have to ask, are you going to survive a battle royale with those men, and then go on to compete with one of them in one on one competition?

RM: It's a fair question.

How do I overcome the toughness of Dave Cooper? How do I overcome the wizardry of Alphonse Green? How do I stand toe to toe with Robert Donovan? How do I compete with the depth of experience that Sweet Daddy Williams and Shadoe Rage possess? How am I going to survive Travis Lynch's Iron Claw?

And what does anyone do with a monster like Ricky Lane?

Same way I do everything else, Jason.

[Ryan exhales, a hand running over his stubbly head.]

RM: Through the support of the fans.

I asked it two weeks ago. I'll ask it two weeks from now and two years from now. I'll ask it forever. I need you. All five thousand of you crammed into the Crockett Coliseum. All two and a half million of you watching on television.

Get behind me. Give me your faith. Believe in me. Because there's nothing I can do without you. But with you? I can do anything at all.

The change isn't coming. It's here. It's a new day in the AWA. A day for good men to stand tall, and for evil men to shrink into the shadows. It's time for people to stand up for what's right, and join forces against the dark tide.

I'm asking you, the AWA faithful, to step into the light with me.

All you have to do is believe. I know it's easier said than done. But nothing worth doing is easy. But know this, I have faith in all of you, and I swear to you, that you can have faith in me. You can trust me. I'll put my hand right over my heart and swear that to you, and I'll keep swearing it until the day there's no more breath left in me.

So tonight, during the battle royal, put your hands together. Stomp your feet, scream my name. Not because I'm your hero. But because I need you. Get behind me, and lift me up on your shoulders.

And I'll be the champion you all deserve.

[Ryan pauses a beat.]

RM: Count on it!

[Martinez turns and walks away, leaving a beaming Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Could we be looking at the next World Television Champion? We'll find out later tonight but right now, we're going to take a look at some highlights from a recent live event that saw the former World Tag Team Champions, the Blonde Bombers, taking on the duo known as BCIQ.

[We crossfade to footage labeled "EARLIER THIS WEEK" from a darkened arena. Inside the ring, we get the impression that the match is just starting as BC Da Mastah MC tangles up with Kenny Stanton in a collar and elbow, tugging him into a side headlock.

Stanton backs into the ropes, shoving the larger man off and into the far side. The rotund rapper rebounds off, flooring Stanton with a shoulder tackle that sends Stanton bouncing off the mat several feet away. An annoyed Stanton gets up, kicking the ropes as a grinning BC offers to stand his ground and allow Stanton to tackle him.

Stanton rushes to the ropes to oblige, rebounding off at top speed and running right into a waiting BC...

...and flying backwards, bouncing off the mat again. The crowd cheers as Stanton backscots to his corner, slapping the hand of Brad Jacobs.

The shot cuts to later in the match to show Jacobs in the corner with BC, hammering away with big forearms to the sides of the head, knocking BC down to a knee where Jacobs switches to double axehandles down between the eyes of the rapper, putting him down on the mat before Jacobs gives off a roar that the crowd jeers.

Another cut finds BC being double-whipped into the ropes. He ducks a double clothesline attempt before rebounding off for one of his own...

...but the Bombers duck under, watching as BC hits the ropes a third time, rebounding back to be muscled up into the air and dropped facefirst on the mat with a flapjack! Stanton attempts a lateral press, getting a two count just before we cut ahead deeper into the match again.

This time, we see Kenny Stanton missing a wild right hand and ending up slung across the shoulders of Manny Imbrogno who goes into an airplane spin, rotating faster and faster around and around as the crowd begins counting along with every spin. The clever video editors at the AWA speed up the footage, showing the airplane spin in fast forward for several moments before coming back to regular speed just as the crowd counts "THIRTY!" and a dizzy Imbrogno slings Stanton down to the mat before falling back into the ropes.

Another cut finds a Stanton suplex attempt come up short as Imbrogno flips over the top. Mr. Mensa leaps into the air, snaring the head between the legs as he attempts a rana. Stanton stumbles back as Jacobs reaches out, slapping the back of his partner. An unknowing Imbrogno takes Stanton over in the rana, hooking a leg as Jacobs steps in...

...and ROCKS the surprised Mr. Mensa with a charging clothesline, sending him flipping backwards and crashing down to the mat.

We cut again to where the Bombers are doubleteaming Imbrogno in the corner with kicks to the torso. An agitated BC has suddenly seen enough, charging in to aid his partner as a four-man brawl breaks out to the roar of the crowd. BC stuns Jacobs with an uppercut to the jaw, sending him falling back to the corner.

The rapper grabs an arm, whipping Jacobs across the ring and charging in after him, squashing him with a leaping avalanche. He spins around as Stanton charges in, scooping him up and planting him with a powerslam! BC attempts a cover but the referee forces him out of the ring as Manny Imbrogno suddenly dashes in, scaling the turnbuckles...

...and backflips off with a breathtaking moonsault, landing squarely across the chest of Stanton! He hooks the legs but the referee is distracted getting BC out of the ring as Larry Doyle hops up on the apron, his red cowboy boot in hand, and winding up with it as a frustrated Imbrogno gets to his feet.

He SMASHES the boot down over the back of Imbrogno's head, knocking him senseless before dropping back down to the floor, leaving Mr. Mensa unconscious on the mat as a dazed Stanton crawls on top. The referee drops down, counting three as Jacobs rushes the corner, knocking BC off the apron with a forearm smash...

...and we fade back to Jason Dane who has visitors.]

JD: A big win for the Blonde Bombers as they defeat BCIQ who put up a heck of a fight in that match. And joining me right now are the 2013 AWA Tag Team of the Year, as well as former World Tag Team Champions and Stampede Cup winners, the Blonde Bombers!

[The Blonde Bombers, along with Larry Doyle, make their way to the backstage interview area. The Bombers are dressed casually in jeans, shirt optional, and Doyle is clad in a tomato red pinstriped suit, white shirt and black tie, not optional. Doyle snickers at Dane as Jason goes to speak.]

JD: Gentlemen, the tide seems to be turning here in the AWA. As of last week Royalty is officially a thing of the past, the Wise Men are the name on everyone's tongue, the Unholy Alliance is strong as ever. Where does that leave the Blonde Bombers?

LD: Terrible question, Dane, thanks for asking.

The Blonde Bombers are affected by none of this tomfoolery, Jason, because we rise above. Dave Cooper folded Royalty last week and that's fine, we thank him for his efforts. But truth be told the only thing royal about Dave Cooper is his family lineage as janitors and maintenance engineers who have a knack for getting a spit shine on the old throne after a five course meal. But no hard feelin's, if he ever needs new coat tails to ride we'll be glad to buy new coats with tails. He's good people, and we mean that.

As far as the Wise Men go, it looks like it's just a new name for the Unholy Alliance, and that's great. Even a Cadillac needs a fresh coat of paint once in a while and we respect that. But far as I know, the only real Wise Man in the AWA is Juan Vasquez, because he gets to make his own work schedule, get his friends jobs then rigs it so they get injured and take the fall when he loses. Sounds like some Biblical, talk to the burnin' bush type stuff to me. Plus he did some voodoo on Supreme Wright and convinced Karl O'Connor to change the rules to a match that no one knew about except for him. Y'all heard of the Horse Whisperer, maybe he's the Old Fossil Whisperer. Either way, maybe he's the guy makin' ominous videos and soundin' like he lost his voice to cancer when he talks, I dunno.

[Dane just looks at Doyle.]

LD: Well?!?! You wanted my opinion! Our opinion!

[Doyle looks back at his two charges and shrugs, then raises his hands as if to say, "Right?" Both guys nod in approval.]

LD: I think what you were trying to ask was how does this affect us going forward, and the answer is not at all. The Blonde Bombers have been, and always will be, about excellence and aggression. We take what we want and we don't wait for approval.

We took the Stampede Cup, we took the World Tag Team Titles, we split the Bishops, we killed RyGunn but then for the first time in a year we slip on a banana peel and lose to another team that doesn't have an actual name. SkyHerc, Jammonds, whatever you wanna call 'em, I call 'em flashes in the pans and the luckiest Irishmen I've ever seen in my life. Their stool sample must read "Horseshoe" because there's lucky and then there's them.

But I'll give 'em credit for signing on to our rematch and even havin' enough hair on their back to make it two outta three falls like we wanted. But that's where the credit ends, because that also makes 'em dumber than a box of rocks on Tuesday. Jaywalker Jones, Hercules Hemorrhoid, you shoulda took them titles and ran, you shoulda checked into the witness protection program. It took you six months to figure out how to beat us once, you're gonna need a doctorate, a realtor's license and a bus crash to figure out how to beat us twice in one match. Even a blind squirrel finds a nut once in a while, I'll give ya that, but then that squirrel runs into a tree headfirst and gets brain damage.

I've heard both of ya speak, the brain damage was already there, but I guarantee the Blonde Bombers will beat the stutter out of ya and maybe up

your IQ in the process. You won't even know we won the titles back because you'll be able to predict what number the referee is gonna count to after he says, "One, two" for the first time in your lives.

Hallelujah, praise be Jesus, the Blonde Bombers are gonna beat some arithmetic into Helen Keller Hammonds!

JD: And after that?

LD: After that it's right on to Japan and the Stampede Cup, where the Bombers made their mark. Japan is where the Bombers, WITHOUT me in their corner I might add, Japan is where the Bombers ran through the tag ranks like exlax through a crippled goose. Japan is where the Bombers beat Violence Unlimited, the War Pigs, the Epitome of Cool, the Fabulous Ones and the Outlaws on back to back to back to back to back nights.

[Dane looks disbelieving at Doyle but says nothing.]

LD: They have a saying in Japan, it says read your name card. Remember who ya are.

The Blonde Bombers are the best tag team this company and this sport has ever seen. The Blonde Bombers are the most dominant force in the history of tag team wrestling. The Blonde Bombers had the most successful year as far as win loss record and finances go in the history of tag team wrestling, and all I hadda do was take the leash off and say "Get 'em, boys." I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but you're puttin' these Blonde Bombers back where they first made their bones, back where they were so destructive and successful that the AWA was FORCED to bring 'em back.

There ain't no happy ending to this story, boys, there ain't no way around it. The Bombers in Japan is like the Seahawks in Seattle. They don't lose, end of story. Ya just gave the team that doesn't need it a huge homefield advantage. And ya know what? After all we did in 2013, after all the records we set and the tails we kicked?

[Larry shrugs.]

LD: We deserve it. 'Cause we're fixing to do it better. Come on boys, let's go...

[And with that, Doyle turns on his heel and walks off, followed by both Blonde Bombers...]

JD: And those were VERY strong words from the manager of the Blonde Bombers, Mr. Larry Doyle, who-

[...except for Brad Jacobs, who stops after two steps and comes back to Jason Dane, and then takes the microphone.]

BJ: What Larry didn't tell you was this. We got a night off tonight, right? Not for me. I earn my keep.

[Jacobs looks at Dane, and then back at the camera.]

BJ: They said there's a battle royal tonight. For the TV Title. Anybody who wants in gets in. Am I right?

JD: Yes you are, Brad.

BJ: Good. 'Cause Brad Jacobs wants in. Put my name on the list, put a star next to it if you want. Because you're lookin' at the next TV champion.

[Jacobs shoves the mic into Dane's chest and stalks off. A surprised Dane looks after Jacobs then looks over at the camera with his jaw dropped.]

JD: Brad... Brad Jacobs is in the Battle Royal?! What shocking news here on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans! We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, Strictly Business will be in action!

[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...

Fade backstage where Steve Spector's walking down a hallway at a brisk pace, likely looking for Terry Shane III. Suddenly, the familiar voice of Jason Dane is heard, as Dane appears on camera, trying to run alongside Spector.]

JD: Steve, Steve.. if I can have a minute of your time, please. What you did out there just a little while ago...

[Spector stops, turning towards Dane.]

SS: The Surfer Dudes are in the Stampede Cup, and the Lights Out Express are out. I'd say that's a start.

[Dane raises his eyebrow, stunned that Spector simply brushes off what he did to Vance Ricks.]

SS: I'm in a little bit of a rush right now, so let's keep this short. If Vance Ricks has a little bit of an issue with what happened out there.. well, I'll treat him to a meal at Sizzler sometime as an apology.

Now then.. consider what I did out there a little bit of an attention getter. If Terry Shane thinks he can keep on ignoring me, then I'm simply going to make life for him and his gang a living hell until I drag him kicking and screaming from that little hidey hole he's been in since I laid him out again two weeks ago.

[Spector pauses.]

SS: You know.. I don't think wakin' up the Lights Out Express from their champagne dreams and caviar wishes nonsense is going to be enough to get Shane's attention. There's still a little matter of that Battle Royal later on, no?

JD: Are you entering yourself in the Battle Royal for the Television Championship? You are well aware that Donnie White's going to be in that match, after all.

SS: As enticing as the Television Title sounds right about now, I'm going to have to pass. Right now, I'm not here to win gold. I'm here to make sure that 2014 will not only be the year where Terry Shane III failed to win the World Heavyweight championship, but the year where the entire Shane Gang gets shut out of gold. Their failures will all be on his hands until Shane gets what's coming to him. That's all.

[With that said, Spector brushes past Dane and walks off camera. Dane turns towards the camera, a little bit stunned.]

JD: I just have to wonder, guys.. if Spector's not entering himself in tonight's Battle Royal, what else could he be up to? Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We fade back in to the ringside area, where the two masked men known as The Nefarious One and Dr. Insidious stand in the ring, alongside Phil Watson.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. You just have to wonder what's going through the mind of Steve Spector here tonight. But right now, we've got quite a treat for you. As we learned two weeks ago, the Stampede Cup is filling up quickly and one of the teams putting their names in the hat is the legendary team known as Strictly Business.

BW: Legendary is a pretty strong word, Gordo. I don't see these two in the Hall of Fame anywhere.

GM: Perhaps they didn't have the longevity that teams like the Epitome of Cool or Frat Boys did, but I'd argue that nobody had a two year stretch like these two did.

BW: And those two years were a looooong time ago, so let's stop talking about them!

[Phil Watson is going to make that difficult for the next ten minutes or so, as he raises the microphone to his lips.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, weighing in at a combined 529 pounds, from Parts Unknown... DR. INSIDIOUS AND THE NEFARIOUS ONE!!!

[Tepid boos from the Crockett Coliseum faithful as Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents. Weighing in at a combined 457 pounds, they are Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian... STRICTLYYYYYYY BUSSSSIIIIINNEESSSSSSS!!!

[The opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" begin to creep through the PA system as the crowd leaps to their feet in anticipation. As the opening guitar riffs kick in, the curtain sweeps to the side to reveal Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian; better known to the world as Strictly Business.

The crowd pops at the sight of the two crowd favorites as they immediately begin making their way towards the ring. Tucker is clad in a pair of long, black wrestling tights adorned with white lightning bolts. His white wrestling boots go to mid-calf and have black lightning bolts on them. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders and his torso glistens with water. His eyes are covered by his trademark pair of Oakley sunglasses. The clean-shaven Sebastian rocks a pair of black tights, accentuated by his familiar forest green calling card logo on the right leg; his moniker showcased down the other. His platinum blond hair immediately captures the eye as it glistens with perspiration under the beaming house lights.

The two make their way down to the ring, occasionally slapping an outstretched hand; fully focused on the match at hand.]

GM: This is the first time Mike Sebastian and Andrew Tucker have been in the ring together since the inaugural Stampede Cup, almost five years ago!

BW: If we were lucky, it would have been the last time we saw them.

[After a few moments of discussion, the duo decide that it'll be Mike Sebastian who kicks the action off for Strictly Business, against Dr. Insidious. As the bell sounds, Sebastian heads out to the center of the ring and the two men immediately lock up in a collar and elbow tieup. Sebastian quickly turns it into a wristlock before tossing Insidious to the ropes, where he rebounds off and is hiptossed over by Sebastian.]

GM: Nice series of moves there by Sebastian. These two are hoping to shake off the ring rust before heading to Japan next month for the Rising Sun Showdown.

[Sebastian quickly drops an elbow down into the sternum before yanking Dr. Insidious back to his feet.]

GM: Like them or not, Bucky, there's no denying the success that these two men have had in this sport.

BW: It's not about denying their success, Gordo. Alex Martinez, Steve Spector and others have all had tons of success in this sport, too. It's about the fact that these two guys are past their prime and coming back because they couldn't stop reliving their glory days in their heads.

[Sebastian quickly takes Dr. Insidious back down with a snap belly-to-belly suplex.]

GM: Mike Sebastian certainly doesn't appear to be past his prime at the moment as he snaps him down with a well-executed suplex... ohh! And he drops a fist down, driving it in between the eyes of Dr. Insidious.

["Money Driven" yanks Dr. Insidious back to his feet before whipping him into his own corner where The Nefarious One tags himself in as Sebastian retreats into his own corner and tags Tucker.]

GM: A little bit of ring rust is evident right there, Bucky. When they were running at their best, Sebastian would've tossed Dr. Insidious into a neutral corner before making that tag to Tucker.

BW: The mind is the first thing to go, Gordo, as you well know!

[The Nefarious One comes dashing into the ring, leaping at Tucker with a clothesline which he ducks under. The Nefarious One spins around and is met with a step up enzuigiri from Tucker that snaps his head forward and sends him sprawling on the mat.]

GM: Nice leaping leg kick there by Tucker!

BW: How many weeks in a row are we going to do this, Gordo!? It's an enzuigiri!

GM: If I can't spell it, I'm not saying it.

[Tucker dashes over to a neutral corner, leaping up on the second turnbuckle but stumbles a bit. He recovers quickly, however, and executes a nice leaping elbow drop that connects solidly with The Nefarious One's sternum.]

BW: It's one thing if we're bringing these legends around and they're putting on a great show, but these two ain't ready for the big time again, daddy! Father Time has never lost a match!

GM: They haven't wrestled together in five years, Bucky, and you expect them to be on top of the world in five minutes?

BW: If they expect to be more than a one-and-done in the Stampede Cup, they better figure it out quick!

[Tucker hooks a leg and goes for a quick cover, but The Nefarious One kicks out at two. Tucker yanks him up by the arm and twists him into a wristlock before dragging him over to Sebastian and tagging him in. Sebastian scales the ropes and leaps off with a double axe-handle to the shoulder joint of The Nefarious One.]

GM: You've got to admit that they're definitely working their quick-tag strategy to a T. That was a hallmark of theirs years ago.

BW: Yeah, but now it's because they're old and get winded really easily.

[Sebastian scoops The Nefarious One off the mat by his mask and hooks him into a front facelock. He reaches underneath his leg and tosses him back with a bridging fisherman's suplex into a pin!]

GM: Mike Sebastian looking to end this one quickly here!

BW: Not gonna happen, Gordo. The Nefarious One has his foot on the ropes.

[Indeed he does. Referee Marty Meekly points this out to Sebastian who releases the hold as The Nefarious One writhes in pain.]

BW: Sebastian has got to know that he's gotta hit that closer to the middle of the ring. These guys have more rust on them than that bucket that Jack Lynch drives to the arena every week!

[Sebastian walks over, tagging his partner back into the ring. Tucker climbs into the ring, dropping a quick legdrop across The Nefarious One's throat before pulling him back to his feet.]

GM: Tucker and Sebastian with some quick tags here, perhaps starting to find the feel of working together once again. Tucker's pulling the Nefarious One to his feet, whips him in...

[The Nefarious One alertly reaches out his arm, tagging in Dr. Insidious as he rebounds back towards "Flash".]

BW: Now that's how it's done, Gordo.

[Tucker leans over and sends The Nefarious One flipping over with a back body drop...

....before he is greeted by the new legal man, Dr. Insidious, with a stiff clothesline that sends the California native onto his back.]

GM: Oh my! Tucker didn't see that tag at all and got caught by surprise!

BW: Or maybe their instincts just aren't what they used to be, Gordo! You know who else used to be a great tag team?

GM: Who?

BW: The Prophets of Rage! But they got old and had to retire!

GM: Errr... Shadoe Rage still works here, you know?

BW: That's the same guy? Holy... how old IS he anyways?!

GM: Would you stop?

[Dr. Insidious quickly climbs on Tucker's chest and begins firing away with lefts and rights as Marty Meekly threatens a quick disqualification. Finally backing off, Insidious pulls Tucker off the mat by his long blond hair before quickly depositing him back down on the mat with a body slam.]

GM: A hard slam by Insidious as he heads to the corner and there's the quick tag on the other side of the ring.

BW: Insidious and Nefarious may be trying to get some attention and get one of those final spots left in the Stampede Cup. Not a bad way to do it if you knock off one of the teams already in the tournament.

GM: Not a bad way at all.

[The Nefarious One quickly climbs in the ring and begins scaling the turnbuckles.]

GM: I'm not sure what The Nefarious One has planned here. He's not exactly a high flyer.

BW: He's gonna beat Strictly Business at their own game, daddy!

[It looks like he's going to try just that as he reaches his arms into the air and leaps off, attempting Mike Sebastian's patented frog splash!]

GM: Nobody's home! Tucker moved!

[Tucker quickly kips up to his feet, quickly moving over to Mike Sebastian and tagging him in. That done, both men dash to opposite turnbuckles. Tucker leaps to the second rope, spinning around and leaping off to drop all his weight backfirst across the chest of Nefarious!]

BW: Senton splash!

[Sebastian then comes soaring off the top rope, crashing down with the frog splash that The Nefarious One had been attempting!]

GM: Stock Market Crash from Mike Sebastian and it's elementary from here as Sebastian hooks the leg...

[Dr. Insidious climbs in the ring to try and interfere, but is sent reeling out of the ring by a dropkick from Andrew Tucker as Marty Meekly completes the three count. Ding! Ding! Ding!]

GM: Rust or not, you just saw how quickly Strictly Business can end a match, Bucky!

BW: Dr. Insidious and The Nefarious One are a far cry from The Blonde Bombers, Gordo!

PW: The winners of this match...

STRICTLYYYYYYYY BUUUUUSSSSSSSSINEESSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!

[The crowd gives the former World Champions a nice pop as "When Worlds Collide" by Powerman 5000 comes through the PA system once again. The two raise their hands in victory before climbing out of the ring and making their way to the interview area, where Jason Dane awaits.]

JD: Gentlemen, how did it feel to be back in the ring after such a long absence?

[Tucker smirks.]

AT: Ask me in the mornin', Dane. Right now, it feels damn good.

MS: Just like riding a bike, JD.

JD: It looked like you were a little rusty in there. Would you say that you still have some kinks to work out?

[Sebastian arches an eyebrow and Tucker frowns a bit.]

MS: A couple wrinkles to iron out here and there, sure, but it's to be expected. We may not have been running like the well-oiled machine everybody remembers, but it will come. It's not Opening Day yet.

AT: You leave your car sittin' in the garage for two weeks, chances are it ain't gonna start right up. Try wrestlin' two matches in the span of a decade. We'll be fine out there, Dane. By the time the Stampede Cup comes rollin' around, we'll be ready to collect on that million bucks, don't you worry.

JD: What about the comments made by Bucky Wilde two weeks ago that perhaps the sport has passed you by?

[Tucker purses his lips together in mild annoyance before answering.]

AT: It's hard to take anything that guy says seriously in that jacket.

[Quick cut to Bucky in his neon sportcoat, looking annoyed.]

MS: We wouldn't be standing here if we didn't think - if we didn't know - we can still do this at the highest level. It's easy as pie taking up residence in an easy chair and saying a couple of has-beens can't cut the mustard. We caught that act the first time through. All we heard was how we were in over our heads. That we were just a couple fish out of water who wouldn't amount to squat. And what happened? We took all the comments, criticisms and Cattle Busters they could throw at us and we showed the world. We certainly don't mind showing 'em again. Very few have logged the miles we have in this business but these tires have a lot more tread than guys like Bucky Wilde care to give us credit for.

AT: Look, Jase, we-

[Before Tucker can say another word though, the crowd cheers at the sight of Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons, collectively known as Air Strike walking down the aisle, big smiles on the faces of both men. Mertz has a piece of cloth gripping in his hand, pointing to it to Aarons who nods at him.]

JD: An unscheduled appearance here right now from Air Strike. Gentlemen, what brings you out here during Strictly Business' interview time?

[Michael Aarons takes the offered mic, raising a hand.]

MA: Guys, we're sorry to interrupt your time out here but Cody was visiting his parents this week and found something that we just knew you'd love to see. Oh, and don't worry about the ring rust. We know - and these great fans here in Dallas know -

[Big cheer from the Dallas crowd!]

MA: -that as soon as you guys get a few more matches under your belts, you'll be right back to being that team we all remember growing up.

[Aarons hands off the mic to a grinning Mertz.]

CM: That's right. Like we said two weeks ago, we grew up watching you guys take on the EOC... Hardin and Thunder... Myers and Annis. You were the best! But afterwards, I kept thinking that you guys probably just thought we were sucking up to you... that we were blowin' smoke up your... well, you know what I mean.

So, when I saw this at home, I knew I had to bring it and show you that I was telling the truth.

[Mertz hands off the mic, unfolding the piece of cloth with him to reveal an old, faded EMWC Strictly Business t-shirt with the team name on the front. Mertz spins it around to show the words "Flash N' Cash" on the back in green print. He grins again, nodding to Tucker and Sebastian who are looking at the kid's sized t-shirt.]

CM: Obviously, this is from a long time ago 'cause it wouldn't come close to fitting me now but... look at this thing! Look how faded it is! This just goes to show how much I loved you guys in the ring... and still do. And I just hope we get a chance to compete against you at the Stampede Cup because I have the feeling it could really be something special.

[Mertz flips the t-shirt over his shoulder, extending his hand to Andrew Tucker while Michael Aarons does the same to Mike Sebastian. There's a momentary pause on the part of the veterans as they throw a look at each other before reaching out and accepting the gesture. The fans cheer as Jason Dane reclaims the mic.]

JD: Air Strike versus Strictly Business at the Stampede Cup? Where do I sign up to see that one? Fans, two weeks ago there was a very... confusing... interview with Eric Preston following his matchup and earlier this week, I got the chance to speak to Eric in a most surprising venue. Let's take a look at that interview...

[As we fade to pre-taped footage, we find that it is mid-day in the training center known as the Combat Corner. The square room has barbell racks lining three of four sides, with mirrors above the racks. The fourth side has a clear window into a cardio room, where state of the art equipment is neatly lined up and cleaned. In the center of the room is the space where the ring would be, however the ring is nowhere in sight, instead replaced by freshly washed blue amateur mats. As the camera fades in, there are two men

sitting in metal folding chairs on the mats. One is Jason Dane, in khaki pants and a black sweater, with the collar of a white shirt popping out. Across from him is Eric Preston, clad in black slacks and a blue pullover, with a table next to him housing a water bottle.]

JD: Eric, your interview on the last Saturday Night Wrestling was very emotionally charged, but I'm not sure it was clear to the audience what you were trying to convey. I'm not sure you were clear on it, truth be told. What's been going through your head these past few days?

EP: Yeah, Jason, there's been a lot of emotions in my head these last few days and weeks, lot of emotions going through my heart. After seeing what happened at SuperClash, I had this pit in my stomach, this knot. I was sick.

Disgusted is maybe a better word. And whatever I did, no matter what I tried to get my mind in a better place, I couldn't shake it. Nearly every day I'd wake up and feel like garbage. Was I jealous?

Hell yes. I've been in the AWA for four years now. I've beaten legends, I've won big matches, but you do know that I've NEVER had a shot at any title? Not World, not TV, not even a tag title shot? Not the National title back when that's what we had.

[Preston curtly shakes his head.]

EP: And no matter what I did, it never got me closer to that brass ring. Then I see Supreme Wright, my old sparring partner from back in the day, and I'm watching him use that Steal the Spotlight shot against Dave Bryant, and dammit if my heart didn't drop. Because for a split second, I thought, man if only I would have won that match, I'd have done the exact same thing. I'd have backjumped Bryant and taken that title for myself.

And that's when it hit me.

[Preston snaps his fingers.]

EP: Supreme Wright wasn't the problem.

I was the problem.

Every morning when I'd wake up, I had trouble looking at myself in the mirror. And all the shame and all the guilt that had been hanging over me like a black cloud hit me like a ton of bricks. Say what you want about Dave Bryant, but to Pearl Harbor him like that and take the title after he fought for thirty minutes to win it was a new low. And for me to think about doing that, to consider spitting all over the World Title and the promotion and fans... that was the breaking point.

And y'know, it wasn't too long ago that the AWA fans used to chant my name, man, they had my back one hundred percent. I had done a lot of good things, brick by brick I had laid down the foundation for something magical...

..and then I threw it all away. I burnt it down, of my own volition, and tried to live in the slime. I tried to get my Master's Degree in shortcuts and backstabs, and make my fortune like that, because it wasn't enough. Everything I'd been handed, everything I'd been given, the love, the knowledge, the good will, all the good people who'd helped me and shaped me and groomed me, it just wasn't enough.

I burnt all these bridges myself, I shamed all those people on my own. I turned my back on the fans of the AWA because I thought it'd get me somewhere further and quicker, and what I found was that I could just about live with myself. I wasn't happy with myself, with my life, with my profession. I was constantly ticked off at people, always upset. Always taking part in another master plan to take over the world, and where did it get me?

Nowhere. With an ulcer.

[As Preston pauses to take a gulp of water, Dane continues.]

JD: So where do you go from here? You've got a bone to pick with Supreme Wright, but you're one of about twenty people in the AWA with a bone to pick. And I'm sure you would agree that that after your path of destruction over the last year, it's not going to be easy to garner support from anyone, most certainly not the AWA audience.

EP: I can't go back and change anything, Jason. The things I did, the people I hurt, the lives I ruined, I can't just press the reset button. Todd Michelson, Marcus Broussard, the people who trained me, if they never want to speak to me again, I can't blame them.

I did a lot of bad things. Horrible things. And I take full responsibility for my actions...

[Preston nods, and visibly gulps.]

EP: ...and I apologize. I have burned those bridges on my own. I did those things on my own, without anyone's help. And if I was man enough to perpetrate them, I'm man enough to accept the consequences.

I'm not sure if James Monosso and myself will ever see eye to eye. On anything. If he said the grass is green, I think I might argue that it was red. But what I did to him, that's something I can NEVER take back. That's a guilt I'll have to live with forever. My words are hollow to him, I've got no doubt, but I should have let sleeping dogs lie with him. But I didn't. And for that I'm truly sorry, and it'll haunt me to my dying day.

JD: But why here? In the Combat Corner? Why did you choose to talk here?

EP: Another source of emotion, I guess. On Saturday Night Wrestling, when Todd accepted the award for Match Of The Year and ended up quitting the Combat Corner, I immediately felt responsibility. I can't help feel like I had a lot to do with that decision, as well as the actions of a lot of other people.

Supreme Wright, Terry Shane, all his cronies, the Blonde Bombers. The list goes on.

And I sure as hell can't control what they do, but I can control what I do. I can't let this thing fall apart because of the decisions so many of us have made. The Combat Corner is the lifeblood of the AWA, it's contributed so many stars to the wrestling world. If Todd Michaelson wants to walk away, that's his decision. But something Todd schooled into all of us is that no matter how bad the situation, no matter how steep the odds, you never quit. You never give up. I haven't spoken to Todd in a while, probably six months at least, but he's gotta know that one of us was listening. One of us bought into what he was teaching.

[Preston points at himself with his index finger.]

EP: And that's why I'm asking Todd, I'm asking the fans, all the people who I have let down over the past year, whose trust I burned, whose respect I lost. I'm asking for a small favor.

You guys don't owe me anything, not a thing, I'm well aware.

All I'm asking for is a chance. Give me a chance to earn back your respect, give me a chance to earn back your support and your love, gimme one chance to earn back all the trust I threw away. I'm not gonna promise the moon and deliver the stars, I don't know what tomorrow will bring.

But I do know that I had something, and I lost it. I threw it away. You don't know what you have 'til it's gone, and I'm man enough and mature enough to know that when you've got the people at your back, when you've got that love and that support and that positive energy at your back, ANYTHING is possible.

I'm not gonna recapture any magic or rewrite history, Jason. I need to forge a new path, I need to right some wrongs and do my part in keeping the Combat Corner alive, even if it's only in me. And wherever that takes me, wherever that leads me, I'm gonna do things the right way, the way that I've always known how to. I'm gonna earn back that trust, I'm gonna earn back the love and the support.

JD: And what's your end game?

EP: Same thing it's always been. The AWA World Heavyweight Title. But I'm gonna walk in the front door instead of slink in the back. The title, and the AWA, deserves that.

[The camera holds on a focused Preston for several moments before slowly fading 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...]

Crossfade backstage in front of the AWA logo. Standing in front of the logo self-proclaimed "King of the Battle Royals" Alphonse Green, wearing a new purple shirt with said words on it. The youngster from Kentucky rocks back and forth, arms clasped behind him, as he appears to be deep in thought.]

AG: Ya know, the "King of the Battle Royals" hasn't quite had such a royal showing as of late in those things.

[Green chuckles slowly at his poor pun.]

AG: ..but that doesn't mean I ain't gonna stop callin' myself that. Where's the fun in that? After all, tonight's the night I get my crown back. It's funny, I really did annoy everyone around here all the time. I've always been good

about talkin' a big game, bein' one of the smallest men on the roster, it's something I've had to do ever since I started here. There's always has to be the small dog runnin' around, yapping their gums and pushin' everyone's buttons.

[Green nods his head.]

AG: But yeah, it's because there had to be someone around here that needed to believe in me. It had to be yours truly for quite awhile, until Ben Waterson pulled me aside when I was at my lowest point. He told me I needed to develop a game to back up all these big words, and thanks to him, I'm here today. Love him or hate him, ya gotta admit he did me a hell of a lot of good as I started to slowly back up everything I ever said.

Status update? I still haven't been able to get a hold of him since the Unholy Alliance took him out at SuperClash, but I know he's gonna be watchin' tonight. It's up to me to do him proud and finally show him that I'm the main eventer that I've been tellin' all of ya for the longest time. I'm not gonna let him, or any of my Gang Green members out there down. The bandwagon's been growin' and growin', and this time it's not these delusions in my head tryin' to lie to me. I'm glad that some of you are finally startin' to buy what I've been sellin'.

[Green grins his still creepy grin.]

AG: I don't mind talkin', sure.. Dave Cooper got the best of me at SuperClash, but my daddy always told me to dust yourself off and get back out there and fight. The Gang Green Flyin' machine got scuffed, but I've slapped a fresh coat of paint on it, ready to send the 19 other guys in that ring tonight flyin'.

Strap in, guys, you're not gonna like ridin' with Alphonse Green tonight.

[We fade away from Alphonse Green...

...and out to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet stands with youngest Lynch brother, Travis. Travis is decked out for action, as he is dressed in his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them, white knee pads and white wrestling boots. Travis smiles to the crowd as the high pitch screams of the ladies in attendance almost drown out Mark's words.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm joined by the youngest Lynch...

[The womens' high pitched cheers once again fill the arena.]

MS: Travis.

[Travis smiles and nods his head to Mark.]

MS: Earlier tonight I was joined by your brother, who says that he's here tonight to watch you become the next AWA Television Champion.

TL: It does have a nice ring to it. Travis Lynch, the NEW AWA Television Champion!

[The crowd cheers loudly.]

TL: In all seriousness though, Mark. I do realize that claiming the championship belt is going to be a challenge here tonight as there are a number of talented athletes in the battle royal. I mean you have Alphonse Green, the King of the Battle Royals... Shadoe Rage, who I watched debut when I was what... ten years old? Wow, I am getting old ...

[As his words trail off, a single female screams "I LOVE TRAVIS!"]

TL: And I love you.

MS: Don't forget about the former champion Robert Dono-

TL: Oh how can one forget about the Beale Street dirtbag. Big Ol' Donovan and I have had more than one run in ... as everyone knows, but it's the Lynches time. The Bullies are done and Donovan's glory days are well behind him. I know it, these fans know it and more importantly Donovan knows it. But .. but it is a battle royal and glory days in the past or not Donovan is a hoss, so he will be a threat but ...

[Travis balls his left fist and raises it into the air.]

TL: This right here, it's knocked out hosses before, don't believe me, just ask Bruno Verhoeven. If you can find him.

[Travis flashes a quick grin.]

TL: I've also beaten another former Longhorn Heritage Champion, Rex Summers. So while this battle royal will be a challenge, I'm more than ready for it!

[The crowd cheers as Travis slaps Mark on the shoulder.]

MS: One last thing, Travis. I'm sure you saw Sunshine approach-

TL: Let me stop you right there Mark, I have nothing to say on that subject. Now if you'll excuse, I have a match to get ready for.

[Stegglet nods as Travis walks out of view.]

MS: Yet another top AWA competitor looking to strike gold tonight here in Dallas! But that's coming up later tonight. Right now, let's go down to the ring where Gibson Hayes is schedule to take on Albert Showens.

BW: Seems to me Hayes is doing what Nenshou wouldn't do - give the kid a match. We all saw how Nenshou treated Showens; it's up to a real American, like Hayes, to show him how it's done.

[Standing in the ring already are Showens and Hayes. Gibson isn't in traditional wrestling garb though. He's in his dark navy blue suit, white dress shirt, and red tie outfit while Showens is wearing his gi (with green belt).]

GH: Fans, true Americans... I, Gibson Hayes

[Boos emanate from the audience as Hayes ignores them.]

GH: ...America's Last, Best, Hope for a Bright Future and Better tomorrow, did make a mistake on the previous Saturday Night Wrestling.

[A quizzical buzz rises from the faithful.]

GH: I know, I know - it's shocking to me as well. Yet, a true American knows that no one is without their moments of weakness or missteps taken. I, Gibson Hayes - America's Shining Beacon of Hope, realized that I made a grave error, and for that, I apologize.

[Hayes scans the crowd, lowering the microphone a tad and looking slightly repentant.]

GM: He couldn't be... apologizing for his blatant disregard for the squared circle and his actions towards not only Nenshou, but his assault on Devon Case?

BW: I bet he's saying sorry that he didn't give those spine doctors down in Ft. Worth another paying customer.

[Hayes shakes his head but continues, obviously in turmoil.]

GH: I apologize for believing Nenshou would be a capable opponent. I apologize for having to show the world his true colors - that he is nothing more than a snake in the grass unable to speak English, nor honor his contractual commitments. I apologize for having let you suffer watching a piece of trash Kabuki disgrace this very ring and, most importantly, America's delicate shores for so long!

[As he sighs, a few Nenshou chants are mixed in with the insults being hurled at Hayes.]

GH: I understand. I hear your plight. I hear those calls for justice and I hear your cries of anguish. Fear not, dear citizens, spilling out of your size 7XL shirts and straining the motorized scooters underneath your considerable girth...

GM: I can't believe this guy - he's done nothing here while Nenshou was here, one of the top competitors in the AWA, winning the first Longhorn Heritag-

[Hayes speaks again, interrupting Gordon.]

GH: I know what you're thinking: Gibson, why did you let Nenshou get away? Well, sports fans, there is a method to my madness. Thankfully, I was able to secure the cooperation of Mr. Showens here and I hit Nenshou where it hurt: his misplaced pride and pocket book. You see, for the mere cost of the winner's purse, Alvin here...

[Showens tries to correct Hayes but is shushed.]

GH: Albrecht here graciously agreed to cooperate. In fact, Alva even agreed to a match against me, Gibson Hayes, America's Bulwark Against the Oncoming Night, right here, right now. However, to show my gratitude, I'm going to allow Showens here to go home with yet another winner's purse. All I ask in return is a handshake for a job well done.

[The audience lets loose a torrent of disapproval as Hayes and Showens shake hands and mug for the audience. The referee, Ricky Longfellow, shakes his head.]

GM: Just how long does Gibson Hayes believe the AWA front office will let him get away with these shenanigans?

BW: As long as he moves the needle, Gordo. Ratings, buyrates, tickets, if he sells it, we'll keep on letting him do his thang.

[Hayes raises Showens' right arm and presents him as the victor. He then lets go and Showens seems proud of himself... until he's met with a stiff roundhouse to the face by Hayes that knocks him off his feet! He pulls up Showens to one knee and delivers another GHK-1 to the side of Albert's head. Ricky Longfellow is stunned, as are the audience, who can only watch as Hayes smirks and sloppily covers the young judoka for a quick 3 count.]

GH: Look, kid, I didn't want to have to do this, but you sold your soul to the foreign devils. Using their... trash fighting. I'm disgusted.

[Hayes spits on the downed form of Showens.]

GM: What in the...? I can't believe what I just saw, Bucky.

BW: Gibson Hayes is victorious again! He's just racking up a winning streak, Gordo.

GM: He's manipulating the system and he's getting away with it... and all the while he's out here holding himself as some sort of American hero. I promise you that he is NOT an American hero. Let's go to Jason Dane who is standing by with the World Heavyweight Champion! Jason?

[We open to a shot of AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright, standing by with Jason Dane. The crowd greets the champ with a mixed roar of cheers and boos(Mostly boos). Wright is dressed in a pale olive green Prince of Wales vintage tweed blazer, with matching waistcoat and trousers, an emerald green necktie, along with a pair of black-rimmed glasses. Around his waist, he wears the AWA World Heavyweight title and in his

right hand...

...he holds a hat.]

JD: Supreme Wright, you requested this interview time because you said you had an important announcement to make.

SW: That I do, Mr. Dane. Two weeks ago, I said that I would defend the World Title at every opportunity and that's exactly why I'm here.

[Supreme reaches his hand into the hat and pulls out a fistful of papers, before dropping them back into the hat.]

SW: In this hat, Mr. Dane, are the names of every AWA wrestler without a match tonight. Everyone from Devon Case...

[Cheers!]

SW: ...to Mr. Vasquez.

[Big Pop!]

SW: One of these names will be picked out of this hat...

...and that man will challenge me for the AWA World Heavyweight title!

[That announcement brings about a shocked round of applause from the audience.]

JD: That IS big news!

[Supreme nods.]

SW: But before we choose a name, there's something I need to address.

Dave Bryant.

[A huge roar of cheers comes from the crowd, at the mention of the man voted as the AWA's most popular wrestler of 2013.]

SW: Two weeks ago, I stood here before you and the rest of the world, and declared my intentions as your World Heavyweight Champion. I said I would defend this title to the best of my ability. I said that I would take on any and every challenger. I swore that I would restore the prestige of this title and become the greatest World Champion there ever was.

[The champion closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, trying to retain his composure.]

SW: So I shouldn't have been shocked or surprised when Dave Bryant decided his best course of action was to embrace what he knows best.

Cowardice.

[There's some rumblings in the crowd at the insinuation that Bryant is a coward.]

JD: "Cowardice"?

SW: Dave Bryant attacked me from BEHIND, Mr. Dane, but we really shouldn't expect any less from him. It was just another incident of petulant behavior exhibited by a man who has an entire career BUILT on incidents of petulant behavior.

He could have faced me like a man and instead, he chose to attack me like a coward. But that's all Dave Bryant has ever been, isn't it?

A coward.

[The crowd really lets Supreme have it now, but the champion is completely oblivious to the jeers.]

SW: And that was never more obvious, than when he forfeited the Television title.

JD: What do you mean by that?

SW: Dave Bryant had a obligation to defend the Television title, but he chose to abandon it. Rather than dying on his shield as a champion, he chose to QUIT like a dog. When Dave Bryant says that he's not worthy of holding the Television title...

...he is absolutely correct.

[As the audience continues to boo, Supreme reaches into the inside of his suit jacket and pulls out a small piece of paper, similar to the ones stuffed inside the hat. He holds it up to Jason Dane's face.]

SW: Please read the name on this piece of paper, Mr. Dane.

[As he reads the name, Dane's eyes open wide.]

JD: That's Dave Bryant!

[Almost immediately, Supreme crumples the piece of paper in his hand and unceremoniously drops it to the floor, drawing huge boos from the crowd!]

JD: What's the meaning of this!?

SW: If the Television title deserves better than Dave Bryant, then the WORLD TITLE sure as hell deserves better than Dave Bryant!

[Heel pop!]

JD: But he's the number one contender and the previous World Champion! How could you even consider him an unworthy challenger?

SW: I don't.

I recognize Dave Bryant as the Number One Contender to the AWA World Heavyweight title. I recognize his right to a rematch...

...but I will NOT reward his disgraceful actions. I will NOT forgive his cowardice. And that is why Dave Bryant will NOT be given an opportunity to challenge me for the World Title tonight.

[There's a near deafening roar of protest, but Supreme merely stares at the crowd with a dour look of contempt on his face, unmoved by their outrage. He then turns his attention back to Jason Dane.]

SW: Now then, Mr. Dane...

[He holds out the hat.]

SW: ...please choose a name from the hat.

[Reluctantly, Jason Dane sticks his hand into the hat and pulls out a piece of paper. Uncrumpling it, he reads the name and frowns.]

JD: It's...

...Bumble Bee.

[He sighs.]

JD: Your opponent is Bumble Bee.

[The pick is met with a smattering of cheers, but mostly disappointment from the crowd.]

SW: I look forward to the match, Mr. Dane.

[Supreme looks as if he's trying to suppress a smile.]

SW: I'm sure he'll be up to the challenge.

[And with that, Supreme pats Jason Dane on the shoulder and walks off, leaving a disgruntled Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Supreme Wright will defend the World Heavyweight Title right here in a few moments against The Hive's Bumble Bee. It should be a very exciting match however from the boos here in the Crockett Coliseum, I think you can tell these fans were hoping that Wright might encounter someone in the Top Ten Contenders list. We're going to take another quick break but when we

come back, it's World Title match time here on SNW 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."]

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"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...]

Standing in the back before the AWA banner are a pair of men; one towering and powerful, the other relatively diminutive. The smaller of the two, Mark Steglet, stands on the left with a tense, shifty look in his eyes. On the

right, the big man in green, William Craven, breathes ritualistically in through the nose and out the mouth.]

MS: Fans, I'm here with William Craven, the last man standing after the disbanding of Team Blue.

[Craven flinches, looks down, then focuses on Stegglet with a stiff upper lip.]

MS: William, I understand you have an announcement for us?

[A slight and brief smile by Craven underscores his bitter grief.]

WC: In a manner of speaking. Mark ... I haven't been the best of men. In recent years you could say I have been, in fact, the worst. Yes, I made Alex Martinez' life miserable both physically and emotionally ... and I'd do it again. There was glory there. We shared in it and, though I doubt it I still would hope that the man would thank me for so challenging him.

Yes, I swore to bring the AWA to a more primal state of violence with my "One Man Revolution". That plan did not come to fruition and, in fact, the very man that was so hated during his tenure here, Chris Blue, my Emperor, was the one responsible for that. He did not teach me of peace but ... he taught me control. He brought me back from the brink. 'Though I frustrated him, towards the end of our relationship, even he grudgingly admitted that I'd made progress. The savagery, while not gone, has become a tool for me rather than a driving force...

MS: So ... your professional relationship with Chris Blue is over? Have you spoken to him?

WC: Alas, no.

[Deep sigh. Craven shakes his head slightly.]

WC: I have taken upon myself the blame for my Emperor's state and will trouble him no more other than to seek repayment of the abuse heaped upon him by the Wise Men. You see, Mark, while I called for a change in the AWA, called for the landscape to be altered in such a way as to better befit my own goals ... I failed. You can begrudge me all you like my views but, in the end, no permanent harm was done to the business of the AWA or the industry of professional wrestling.

With the Wise Men, however, you cannot claim the same thing!

[Things start clicking in Stegglet's head as Craven makes the comparison between himself and the Wise Men. The intrepid interviewer nods slightly and opens his mouth as if to speak but falls silent.]

WC: No, with the Wise Men you have a sea change but not one where all things are equal and the changes merely in the nature of the competition. No, the Wise Men seek to erase the competition, shifting the odds in their favor and let me be clear; they are succeeding.

Yes, I heaped misery upon the heroes of the AWA and reveled in the jeers of the crowd but I did it FOR THEM! I gave them someone, a villain, that they could point to and call for the hounds of Hell to drag down! That word, "Villain" is something I cherish, Mark. In my salad days as a student in Michigan University I was an English Major. Did you know that?

[Steglett's eyebrows just about hit the ceiling in shock.]

MS: No. You ... went to college?

[Glare from Craven, but a knowing one, as he sneers and replies in the tone one uses on a child just learning the world.]

WC: Yes Mark, how else would I have earned my collegiate letters? As an English Major I learned a love of words; their meanings and their roots. Now "Villain" is drawn from the middle-English of "Villein" which was a peasant who must pay to a feudal lord for the right to live upon his own land. If you've heard the words "base villain" in old plays and such then you should understand the term was meant as an insult from one noble to another, calling him a peasant...

Thusly the Wise Men make Villains of us all. So I ask you, Mark ... when is a "Villein" also a hero?

[Pause. Silence.]

WC: Please respond, Mark, it's a riddle.

MS: OH! Uh ... I don't know? When?

WC: I'm glad you asked. A villein is also a hero when the lords of the land seized power through unjust means and to the detriment of us all! Worse still they dethroned the Emperor in the most efficient way possible. They chose instant gratification and easy victory over competition, Mark. No one ever considers the long-term ramifications of instant gratification. No one ever considers the true cost of something gotten cheaply or free. But they'll learn. They'll learn and they'll remember ... that I am the Dragon...

[From stage right steps a familiar figure long unseen in the AWA. Clad entirely in black vinyl from head to toe including a gas mask and trench coat comes--]

MS: The Minion? What the...?

WC: Yes, a nice surprise isn't it? Let's not belabor the point, hm?

[Reaching up, wordlessly, the Minion removes his gas mask; a full cowl that goes almost to his shoulder. Underneath is a face unfamiliar to the fans at home but Mark pegs him immediately.]

MS: Wait ... I know you. You're a road agent. Jack something, right?

JK: That's right! Hey, thanks for noticing. Jack Keening here of the famous Keening wrestling family.

[Handing the gas mask over to Craven, Jack tries to keep the focus on himself.]

JK: I've been working here in the back for years now and I--

[Leaning in, Craven gets in Jack's ear briefly then glares as he backs up a pace.]

JK: Okay, okay. I'm going. Don't get to be on camera much y'know...

[Aaand he's gone. Craven sighs, looking down at the mask.]

MS: So ... he was here to give you his mask?

WC: No, Mark ... this is my mask; worn a lifetime ago when I was known as Major Damage. I am Damage ... I am Dragon ... I am Craven. With this mask I merge these lives and begin anew. As Damage I was a patriot, stating time and again that "Enemies of the State will burn". Now ... with this mask ... enemies of the Emperor ... will burn...

[Putting the mask on Craven looks to camera, the lenses in the mask flaring up bright red. It seems the segment is at an end, but--]

Detson: Okay, I can see why you'd feel that way, Bill.

[Head jerking to the right Craven sees the incoming Johnny Detson and moves to intercept. Detson holds up his hands defensively, backing up a pace.]

Detson: I'm just here to talk! See, I know you don't appreciate what I'm trying to do, but Billy ... you've always been a puppet. Someone's always been calling your shots. You've never been a part of the power. But I can change that.

[Cocking his head to one side, Craven might look incredulous but, under that mask, it's hard to tell.]

Detson: What if I said that where Chris Blue failed, in getting you the AWA World Title, in making you the premiere superstar in professional wrestling ... we can succeed. You, and me, and Percy Childe?

[Straightening up, it seems Detson has Craven's attention.]

Detson: That's what I thought. Okay, let's walk and talk.

[Detson turns on his heel and walks away, Craven in tow. Stegglet looks shocked.]

MS: How? Did he just pull a 180? Gordon, Bucky, back to you!

[Crossfade back to a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum exterior, showing the glowing marquee lighting up the star-filled night.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. It's been an exciting night of action here in Dallas and we've still got three big matches to go. In a few moments, Supreme Wright will put the World Heavyweight Title on the line against Bumble Bee from The Hive. A little later, we'll see that big six man tag team match pitting the Unholy Alliance... who may have just swayed the Dragon himself, William Craven to their side... taking on Hannibal Carver and two partners of his choosing that he has yet to reveal. And of course, in tonight's Main Event, we'll see that Open Invitational Battle Royal where the final two competitors will clash. The winner will become the undisputed World Television Title. But coming up right now, we're about to see... well, I don't know even know what we're about to see.

BW: We're about to see further evidence that those damned dirty Lynches ruin everything!

GM: Bucky! Fans, as you know, two weeks ago, Jack Lynch came out and demanded that the Black Tiger, Demetrius Lake, apologize for what he did to the legendary Blackjack Lynch at SuperClash V last November.

BW: You mean when the esteemed Mr. Lake, the King of Wrestling, was rudely interrupted by that sweaty, stinking old man?

GM: I don't think there's a true part of that sentence, Bucky. At any rate, somewhat surprisingly, Percy Childes, Mr. Lake's manager, somehow convinced the Black Tiger to offer up that apology. And it would seem that they are on their way to the ring right now, to give it up. But where Percy Childes is concerned, there is always more than meets the eye. So let's go to ringside and, well, let's see what happens.

[With no further adieu, Radiant Raven leads the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake and the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes towards the ring.

Lake, a six-foot-nine athletic specimen, is a dark-skinned African American male wearing a brown blazer, black slacks, and mustard-yellow undershirt with brown tie. He has a black fedora crowning his head, and his black afro sticks out from the sides and back. Lake's face registers annoyance, easily visible under his conical beard and black mustache.

Conversely, Raven's expression is as impassive as to seem bored. Her skin is as light as Lake's is dark, contrasting her appropriately raven-colored hair which is now cut into a short bob. She wears an emerald-green strapless dress, with many voluminous frills, which goes all the way to the ankles, white gloves that extend well past the elbow and end in puffy lace, high heels, and entirely too much makeup (with green eyeliner to match her dress).

Lastly, Percy Childes is wearing a tan knit sweater with black-and-white geometric patterning along the shoulders, brown slacks, and brown leather shoes. He is bald, goateed, rotund, and short, and carrying a crystal-tipped walking stick.

After many long moments of unrelenting booing, the crowd finally dies down to a dull roar of jeers. Unceasing, but quiet enough for Raven to be heard as she takes the ring mic.]

RR: Remain silent for the King Of Wrestling.

[As always, this brings more boos. Raven regards the fans with an uncaring look, and speaks again.]

RR: As a courtesy to your King, speak only if you have a communicable disease, and deserve to be either shunned or shot.

[A few fans figure this out and shut up, but many others boo without regard or care. Lake now takes the microphone.]

DL: Raven, thank you, but even the Mexans know they got fleas and that their lives ain't worth the price of lead in a bullet in the first place.

[BOO!]

DL: So for all twelve of you fans that must have come down from Missouri-ah to have enough opinion of yourself to know you shouldn't be shot, thank you and it is your genuine pleasure to be sitting in those cheap plastic seats, looking up at the King of Wrestling, myself, Demetrius Lake. Yes, I know all the Mexans don't know how to react from seeing a finely tuned ath-e-lete standing in their presence. They don't know how to react, but they don't know how to count, write, or bathe either so that don't surprise me.

[That makes the boos louder.]

DL: But the King has got to prepare tonight to beat up that whiskey drinker Annabelle Carver, and whatever two other stumblebum drunks he found in the gutter to come to the ring with him, so he ain't going to spend too much time out here breathing the same air as you Mexas fans. That man is a drunk, and I said before that a drunk has no place in professional wrestling. This is a place for athletes!

So I need to get the minor details out of the way and focus on my business. Two weeks ago, a Mexan that is possibly even more disreputable than these bums in the crowd come out here and interrupted the King. For that alone, he deserves to be hung from a tree and whipped like a dog. He had the nerve to demand an apology from me. But as I was thinking on it these fourteen days, I came to realize that I really do owe an apology. Jack Lunch, you drag yourself out here right now so you can get your apology and I can get on with my business!

[And just like that, Jack Lynch steps onto the entrance ramp. The tall cowboy is, as he always is, dressed all in black, wearing the same clothes as before, a long sleeved, button up work shirt, the sleeves pushed up past his elbows, and a pair of fading black jeans. His black cowboy hat is worn loosely, tilted forward, partially obscuring his eyes. Despite Lake's urgency, Jack takes his time getting to the ring, sauntering slowly, pausing to bend over and slap fans' hands, and just generally doing everything in his power to tick the Black Tiger off.]

DL: That's enough! You have the rest of your life to rub your face up against your dirty Mexas fans if you want to do that. You people can have each other, but you need to get in the ring right now. I am the King Of Wrestling, and I cannot be made to wait! All these bums can wait!

[Nope, he goes on. Lake keeps talking, and growing more agitated.]

DL: Why are you even touching these bums? Didn't you hear earlier? They even admitted that they were disease-ridden filth! You must already have every disease Mexas has to offer if you're gonna touch every one of 'em. Look... did you see that, Raven? He touched that fat woman!

RR: Judging from what I see of him, she's probably the best he could do.

DL: I demand somebody get up here with a fire hose and hose this alleged man off before he steps in the same ring as me.

[At last, after he's signed every autograph and slapped every hand, Jack finally makes it into the ring. His hand lifts, pressing down on his hat as he bends, stepping between the top and middle ropes. He begins to make it towards the middle of the ring, but Percy Childes holds his hand up, stopping Lynch near the ropes.]

PC: That's far enough. You are the one who wanted this, so now you just stand there and listen.

[Surprisingly, Lynch nods his head.]

GM: We're seeing some of Jack Lynch's trademark laconic cool at play here. He's hard to rile, though plenty of people have pushed him past the brink, to their own regret.

BW: Maybe he just wants to hear what the King has to say, I know I do!

DL: Listen up, Jack Lunch. I know your tiny little Mexan brain has trouble with big words, so I'll try and keep this as simple as possible. You want an apology from the King? Well, I'm man enough to know when I should apologize. As a matter of fact, I'm going to give you a lot of apologies. Because, I am sorry, Jack Lunch.

I'm sorry that your daddy, Old Yeller himself, is a no good egg-sucking dog, who takes seventy percent of the three dollar paycheck you earn every month here in the AWA.

[BOO!]

DL: I'm sorry that there are six kids in the Lunch family and each one of them has a different momma. Come to think of it, I'm sorry that there are six women in the world, even in Mexas, whose standards are that low. And I'm sorry that your momma is the ugliest, smelliest, fattest, egg-suckinest of the whole bunch of them.

[BOOOOO!]

DL: I'm sorry that Little Jimmy Lunch has a thin pencil neck that snapped like a dried twig when those Beale Street Bullies gave him a soft little tap on the head. I really am sorry about that, because I wanted to at least give the boy a career-ending injury to be proud of.

I'm really sorry that your brother Travesty Lunch is so, so, so very ugly. But don't take my word for it. Raven, how ugly is Travesty Lunch?

RR: No real woman would touch that man with a ten foot pole. Not even if it were a javelin, and we were throwing it from fifty feet away.

DL: I'm sorry you had to look at them scrawny arms, pot belly, and pimply face every day that he was around that little roach motel your daddy convinced you was a ranch. I'm sorry he ain't never had a girlfriend... no, let me retract. I'm very glad that none of you boys has ever had a girlfriend, because two generations of Lunches is two mistakes too many. If he ever had a girlfriend, she'd have to be blind, and every time his blind ladyfriend would touch his face she'd think it's a braille book.

[The women especially are booing now.]

DL: I'm sorry that you're such a dummy, Jack Lynch. I'm sorry that your Mexan pea brain is so small that your IQ is an imaginary number. I really am sorry about this one. If you at least had enough brain cells to rub together to breathe, you'd know not to waste my time. So this is one I truly do regret.

And I'm really sorry, Jack Lunch, that I've whooped you so bad, so many times, that you forgot who I was. I'm sorry you forgot that I beat you and ran you outta St. Louis. I'm sorry that I beat my mentor, Hamilton Graham's record for number of times beating a Lunch in the center of the ring, because he beat up your daddy an awful lot, but not as many times as I beat you up, Jack Lunch. You forgot who I was, because you would never have come within two miles of me otherwise.

And therefore, in conclusion, I am really sorry that you're just as worthless as all these other worthless Mexans out here in the crowd!

[The crowd has gone nuts. Even Bucky and Gordon are stunned into complete wordlessness. The camera cuts to Jack Lynch, who reaches up, takes off his hat and sets it on the top turnbuckle. His face is red, and one

of his hands is at his side, clenching into a tight fist over and over again. He moves closer, and motions for Percy's microphone. And for some reason, Percy hands it over. The fans go silent to hear Jack's rebuttal.]

JL: Well...

[A pause, and then, inexplicably, Jack grins.]

JL: That was an apology. Thanks for that, Demetrius.

[Murmurs begin filtering through the crowd, as even the bold Lake looks taken aback.]

JL: And now that we've cleared the air, there's only one thing left to do, isn't there?

[That grin gets wider, a hint of mischief in it.]

JL: Shake it on it. C'mon Demetrius, put her there.

[Jack's hand extends.]

DL: Listen you, dummy! I saw you touch all them diseased Mexans! I...

[Jack interrupts.]

JL: No come on, don't say anything else. You'll ruin the moment. Shake my damn hand, Demetrius. Do you really want me angry? Don't you want to be rid of me? Don't you want you to pursue your dream of becoming World Heavyweight champion?

[Warily, Lake reaches his hand out, but slowly. Almost as slowly as Jack walked to the ring.]

GM: I have to say, that this was not what I was expecting. Jack Lynch seems to have accepted Demetrius Lake's "apology."

BW: This just goes to prove that everything the King said about them Stench boys was true!

[Lake takes Lynch's hand, the Black Tiger's face screwed up in comic exaggeration, as if he's smelled a limburger cheese soufflé. Their arms pump once, and then Lake's other hand comes forward, taped thumb aimed at Lynch's throat.]

BW: Tiger Strike!

[But no!]

GM: Lynch ducked! Jack Lynch had him scouted! He must have known this was going to happen! Jack Lynch wants Demetrius Lake to know he has his number! I knew he wouldn't fall for that so-called apology.

[Lynch pulls Lake forward, the cowboy's arm extended.]

GM: Short-arm lariat!

[Lake doesn't go down, but he reels backward towards the ropes.]

BW: Percy Childes in on the action!

[Indeed he is, as Childes has jumped on Jack's back. Jack pauses at first, and then stands tall, reaching behind himself, flipping Childes over his back. The round manager goes rolling across the mat, and Jack punts him in the side to send him rolling into Raven, tripping the valet up and sending her out of the way. But Jack turns around, to find Lake recovered.]

GM: LYNCH NAILS CHILDES! But Lake from behind! Tiger Strike! No, Lynch ducks a second time.

[And this time, when Jack lifts his body, his right hand is poised, fingers curled forward, his arm moving through the air towards Lake's skull.]

GM: THE IRON CLAW! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED!

BW: Raven! Do something!

[As the fans are going absolutely wild, Jack cranks on the claw, sending Lake's fedora sailing into the crowd. Lake's arms pinwheel in the air, and he can be heard screaming in pain. Raven tries to get up, but Jack is stepping on the long green frills of her dress. Her upper body can't get more than eight inches off the ground, and since her dress is strapless, she soon realizes what would happen if she went for it anyway.]

GM: Raven's trying to get up, but Jack Lynch is stepping on the frills of that dress! She can't stand up without ripping her dress!

BW: That has to be an accident, because no Stench brother is that smart!

[Demetrius thrashes his limbs about, wobbling at the waist and convulsing in pain. He recovers himself enough to send a meaty left hand into Jack's face, but Lynch is hyper-focused and does not relent. Another punch comes, but it seems to have less on it.]

GM: Lake is fighting the claw, but he worked Jack Lynch up so much that Lynch is having none of it! The adrenaline is coursing through Jack Lynch's veins and he is making Demetrius Lake pay with the Iron Claw! I think the King is busted open, Bucky!

BW: Marley! Detson! Where are you?!

GM: They have a match to prepare for, so they may very well not be in a position to help! Jack Lynch suffered every childish barb that Demetrius Lake had to offer, but who is the one suffering now?

[Lake pulls back the arm one more time, thumb extended... but his hand quivers... and his arm slowly slumps down. His knees buckle, shake, and slowly Demetrius Lake begins to fall, as if in slow motion. Finally, as the crowd roars, he hits the mat back first. His body is convulsing spastically as if being electrocuted.]

BW: NO! Somebody stop this!

GM: For all the big talk of the Black Tiger, Jack Lynch has his shoulders pinned right now!

[At last, Lake's movements cease to shuddering twitches, and Jack pulls up, releasing the claw. Blood drips from his fingertips, and he wipes this off on Lake's brown suit. Jack stands over him a moment, and then goes to retrieve his hat. As soon as he does, Raven is free, and moves over to cover Demetrius' head so that no further damage can be done to him.]

GM: Fans, we've just seen Jack Lynch outfox Demetrius Lake.

BW: No, what you've just seen is Jack Lynch finally biting off more than he can chew. The King isn't dead, daddy, and you can bet that Percy Childe and Demetrius Lake will make Jack Lynch pay for a long, long time, after all that.

GM: We've got to get the ring cleaned up in here so let's go to the interview platform right now where Jason Dane has a very special guest! Jason?

[We open up to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Juan Vasquez, on the the interview platform. Juan is dressed in a black skeleton hoodie and an old school Zokugun Sangai t-shirt with the cartoony images of TORA Wanizame and Kashan Akuma on it. Dane turns to the audience and begins to speak.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time, has been in Japan promoting The Rising Sun Showdown, but now he's back in the USA! Lets welcome back, Juan Vasquez!

[The crowd greets the former two-time National champion with a tremendous roar of cheers, as he gives a small wave to the fans.]

JD: Juan, I'm just going to get straight to the question on everyone's mind. At SuperClash, Supreme Wright cashed in on his Steal the Spotlight contract and won the AWA World title from Dave Bryant. Just about everyone has weighed in with an opinion on the situation, except for the man that many say is responsible for it happening in the first place.

YOU.

What are your thoughts on your former student's actions?

[A frown forms on Juan's face and he breathes a heavy sigh.]

JV: That's hard to say, Jason. It's been two months since SuperClash and I'm still not sure what to think about it. Part of me is angry...DAMN angry.

[A shout of "YEAH, JUAN!" is heard from the crowd, as Juan stops momentarily and points to whoever shouted it before continuing on.]

JV: The Supreme Wright I knew...or at least the one I thought I knew, would never have taken a shortcut to the World Title. The Supreme Wright I knew would've wanted to win the World Title in a fair fight. He would've respected this sport too damn much to take advantage of a weakened opponent.

So yeah, it hurts.

It hurts, 'cause the Supreme Wright I saw holding up the World Title at the end of SuperClash wasn't the one that I thought I knew. What I saw was ugly. What I saw was mean. What I saw was cold and ruthless...and it seemed too natural. Too familiar to him. Like he was wearing a mask all this time and he just finally let it slip.

And it just makes me wonder...was it all an act?

Was he fooling us all this time?

Did me and Todd Michaelson ever truly know the real Supreme Wright?

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: But then, there's another part of me, as sick as it sounds...that's proud as hell. 'Cause no matter what happened at SuperClash, he's still the kid that I helped train and mentor. He's still the kid that I helped trained and mentored...and now he's the champion of the world.

[Juan laughs bitterly.]

JV: Honestly, I still don't know what the hell to think. I...

[Juan's words are interrupted by Eric Preston, who walks onto the interview platform in jeans and a black shirt and says something off microphone. Jason Dane shifts the microphone in his direction as Preston keeps talking.]

EP: -but you give him a pep talk and suddenly he back jumps Dave Bryant at the end of SuperClash? Something doesn't add up.

[Dane takes the microphone and tries to restore order.]

JD: Eric Preston! What are you trying to say- what Eric Preston just said was...

EP: What I said was that Juan Vasquez needs to take some of the blame and some of the shame for Supreme Wright. And I'm not the only one who thinks that way.

[Juan doesn't seem happy to see Preston, eyeing him warily.]

JV: Hello, Eric.

[Preston returns the glare.]

EP: Hi Juan, been a while.

JD: How do you respond to those criticisms, Juan? That you need to accept responsibility?

EP: I wasn't quite done, Jason, let me finish my thought.

We all know that when all these people think of AWA, they think of Juan Vasquez. It's synonymous. Whether anyone likes it or not, Juan Vasquez and AWA go hand in hand. And I know that the Juan Vasquez I know, or maybe the Juan Vasquez I used to know, can't be happy with the way that World Title, these fans and this company was spit on.

Even if he was the cause of it.

[Juan calmly stares at Preston, his expression unreadable.]

JV: You've gotta' lot of nerve, kid. You gotta' lot of damn nerve to come here and expect me to take the blame for anything.

[He stares Preston right in the eye.]

JV: But you're right. I'm NOT happy with what he did. It wasn't fair to Dave Bryant and it wasn't fair to the fans and it sure as hell wasn't fair to the World title. But the fact is, Supreme's a grown man and he's able to make his own decisions, good or bad. And he'll face the consequences for his actions...

...good or bad.

[Juan's face is red with anger, as he continues to chew his former student out.]

JV: So don't come here and try to guilt trip me into apologizing for something I had nothing to do with. Don't come to me and tell me to take responsibility for something out of my control. If you have a problem with what Supreme Wright did, take it up with Chris Blue. Take it up with Karl O' Connor. Or why don't you just take it up...with Supreme Wright?

[The crowd hoots and hollers at that one, but Juan ignores the cheers.]

JV: Remember who you're talking to. Do you think I'm an idiot? I know you, Eric Preston. Hell, I was your first match IN the AWA. I've watched you grow from Combat Corner rookie into the man you are today. And I've watched you piss away everything people like me and Todd and these people gave you.

[He shakes his head.]

JV: This ain't my first rodeo, amigo. I've seen wolves put on sheep's clothing before. So you'll have to excuse me if your words don't exactly carry a lot of weight with me these days. You might say you wouldn't have done what Supreme did, but you had Chris Blue in your ear. We've seen what that man does when he wants something...and we've ALL seen what you would do when you want something.

[Vasquez and Preston glare at each other for a moment, the tension having ratcheted up in a short time.]

EP: Juan.

[Preston pulls the microphone toward him and speaks into it, measuring his words.]

EP: I was born into this sport. I was raised in this sport. I had respect for this sport long before I ever knew what it meant. I would have and could have NEVER done what Supreme did because I was taught by my father, by Todd Michaelson and by YOU that the man who holds the title gives it integrity. And honor. And respect.

There is no honor, there is no integrity and there is no respect in the way Supreme Wright won that World Title.

And now there's none in the title.

[Preston glares right at Vasquez.]

EP: I could never do that, because it means too much to me. This sport means too much to me to tarnish the top prize the way he did.

[Juan looks Eric up and down.]

JV: You say there's no honor, integrity or respect in the World Title?

You might wanna' take a nice, long look in the mirror.

[Preston nods his head, begrudgingly agreeing but nostrils flaring at the same time.]

EP: You're right. You're right.

[Preston throws his arms out.]

EP: I deserve that.

I know all about honor, integrity and respect... and I know even more about losing it. I know how hard it is to get it back.

Which is why I'll take care of this myself. I was just giving you the _respect_ of telling you to your face...

...what a lot of people have been saying behind your back.

[With that Preston backs away, keeping his eyes on the interview platform and then quickly disappearing behind the curtain, leaving behind a confused Jason Dane and a visibly angry Juan Vasquez.]

JD: Juan...what do you have to say about what we just witnessed?

[Juan stares at Dane for a moment, before dropping his head and shaking it sadly, before walking off. Fade out from the platform and down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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 first, he is the challenger...

[The horrific sound of a swarm of bees fills the air followed by a cartoonish sounding "There's nothing in here but BEES!" which is followed by the At Vance hard rock version of "Flight Of The Bumblebee" which whips the crowd (especially the kids) into a head-banging frenzy!]

PW: From Parts Unknown... weighing in at 166 lbs...being accompanied by The Queen Bee and Yellow Jacket...

BUMBLE BEEEEEE!

[The crowd's cheers only get louder as the two masked men come rushing from beyond the curtain accompanied by their buxom manager. Yellow Jacket takes the lead - he's in a full-length bodysuit that covers his entire body from head to toe with alternating yellow and black stripes. His mask is a basic yellow mask with black "antennae" coming off the top.

Bumble Bee is right behind him in a matching bodysuit that is primarily yellow but with a few black stripes to break it up. He sports a matching mask to his partner.

Queen Bee brings up the rear, waving her arms to the cheers of the crowd. She wears a similar bodysuit with the chest area cut-out to reveal some cleavage... and yes, she also sports a matching mask.]

GM: Here comes Bumble Bee, one-half of The Hive. He's giving up over six inches in height and sixty pounds to Supreme Wright, but he's ready to wrestle for the World Title!

BW: The champ is gonna dismantle this kid, Gordo. Don't kid yourself. He's got no chance!

[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.]

PW: And his opponent...he hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana...weighing in at 225 pounds...he is the reigning AWA Heavyweight Champion of the WOOORRRLLLLDDD....

SUPREME WRRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[As Supreme reaches ringside, Bumble Bee suddenly breaks out into a sprint, leaping OVER the top rope and nailing the World Champion with a clothesline on the rampway!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!! BUMBLE BEE JUST DIVED ONTO SUPREME WRIGHT!!!

BW: The match hasn't even started! That ain't fair!

GM: Bumble Bee is trying to get any advantage he can over the World Champion! He saw an opening and he took it!

[The crowd goes wild as Bumble Bee mounts the champion and punches away, before grabbing him by the robe and tossing him into the ring.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

BW: No, wait a minute!

[A discombobulated Wright, still in his fighter's robe, gets to his feet as Bumble Bee climbs to the top turnbuckle again. As he turns around, Bumble Bee lands onto him with a crossbody block, hooking the leg for a pin!]

GM: CROSSBODY AND A PIN! ONE! TWO!

"OHHH!"

GM: No! The champion escapes!

[Before he can even gather his bearings, Bumble Bee is back on the attack...]

GM: OKLAHOMA ROLL! ONE! TWO! NO!

[Bumble Bee once again scrambles to his feet, but this time the champion is already back up...]

"SMAAACCKK!"

[...and nearly takes Bumble Bee's head off with a high kick!]

GM: OHHH!

[Looking annoyed, Supreme removes his robe and tosses it to the outside of the ring, before pulling Bumble Bee to his feet and taking him over with a snap suplex, floating over into a cover!]

GM: Suplex by the champion and the cover! One! Two! No! Bumble Bee slips the shoulder!

BW: This little punk thought he could ambush Supreme and steal the title!

GM: Wouldn't be the first time that's happened.

BW: You just call the match, Myers!

[Looking more sure of himself now, Supreme grabs Bumble Bee in a gutwrench, deadlifting the diminutive high-flyer off the canvas and carries him around the ring, before tossing him over his head!]

GM: What a throw! Supreme Wright isn't known for his strength, but his size advantage over Bumble Bee was on full display right there!

BW: Gutwrench suplex and a beauty, Gordo!

[On the outside, Queen Bee and Yellow Jacket slap their hands on the ring apron, trying to encourage Bumble Bee, as Supreme grabs the masked wrestler and whips him hard into the corner. He slaps his bicep, as the crowd rises in anticipation.]

GM: He's going for that running uppercut in the corner!

BW: If he hits this, Bumble Bee ain't gonna' be nothing but a splattered bug on a windshield!

[Supreme runs in, but Bumble Bee ducks out of the way, causing the champion to hit the turnbuckles chest-first!]

GM: OH! Bumble Bee moves!

[As the champion stumbles backwards out of the corner, Bumble Bee springboard off the second rope and leaps onto Wright's shoulders, falling back...

"THHHHHUUUUUDDDD!!!"

...into a reverse Frankensteiner!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!! WHAT A MANEUVER!

[Bumble Bee struggles to his feet and then dives for the cover!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE PIN! ONE! TWO!

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: FOOT ON THE ROPES! FOOT ON THE ROPES! WE ALMOST HAD A NEW CHAMPION!

BW: Don't scare me like that!

[Bumble Bee's feeling it now, shaking his fists as he rises to his feet and pointing to Wright, who has moved to the far corner, still dazed. Bumble Bee sprints towards the champion and slams into him with a butt butt to the face!]

GM: OHHH! THE STINGER SPLASH! Bumble Bee's got the champion on the ropes!

[With the crowd going wild, Bumble Bee holds up one finger, indicating that he's going for another Stinger Splash. He whips Supreme into the corner, but the champion suddenly runs up the corner...]

"OH!"

GM: OH MY!

[...and backflips OVER Bumble Bee, landing right behind him. He uses his long arms to grab Bumble Bee by the tights and pulls him into his grasp, quickly locking him into a double chickenwing...]

"THUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

BW: TIGER SUPLEX, DADDY!!!

[Holding on, Supreme rolls over and flips over into a bridge, trapping Bumble Bee in the middle of the ring with The Cattle Mutilation!]

BW: RIGHT INTO CATTLE MUTILATION!

GM: Come on, kid! Fight this!

BW: It's over, Gordo! It's over!

[Bumble Bee tries to hold on, but the pain is simply too much to bear, as he nods his head furiously at the referee and submits!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Supreme immediately breaks the hold at the sound of the bell, as the majority of the crowd expresses their disappointment with jeers.]

GM: Bumble Bee was game, but Supreme Wright retains the World Title with one heck of a counter.

BW: That's the best wrestler in the world standing in the ring, Gordo! That dumb insect never stood a chance!

[Inside the ring, Yellow Jacket and Queen Bee help Bumble Bee to his feet, as Supreme slings the title over his shoulder and approaches the trio.]

GM: What this?

[Wright stares down the trio, before extending his hand to Bumble Bee.]

GM: We saw this after his match with Skywalker Jones two weeks ago. Supreme Wright wants to shake Bumble Bee's hand!

[The crowd tries to yell at Bumble Bee, pleading with him not to shake the champion's hand, but he reaches out and accepts Wright's handshake, drawing some cheers for good sportsmanship.]

GM: Supreme Wright's certainly been a controversial figure lately, but I can't help but think he's trying to make some amends with the wrestlers and the fans with these post-match handshakes.

BW: He shouldn't even have to shake anyone's hand! He's the World Champion, whether anybody likes it or not. He won the title fair and square, whether anybody likes it or not. Quite frankly, he should be above this!

GM: You're always a gentleman, Bucky.

[As Supreme heads back up the aisle, the crowd suddenly explodes with cheers!]

GM: IT'S DAVE BRYANT! DAVE BRYANT JUST BURST OUT FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS AND HE'S ATTACKING THE CHAMPION!

[Bryant punches the champion repeatedly, moving him back towards the ring, as the crowd is in pandemonium.]

GM: Earlier tonight, Supreme Wright had some choice words for Bryant and I'm sure this is his response!

BW: Supreme called him a coward and he was right! He attacked him from behind again!

[Bryant grabs Wright and tosses him back into the ring. With the champion at his mercy, Bryant turns to stare out into the crowd, soaking in their cheers!]

GM: Dave Bryant's got payback on his mind and so do these fans!

[However, while Bryant had his back turned, he doesn't notice a large, mountain of a man jump the guardrail. As soon as Bryant turns around, the man charges, running through Bryant with a massive spear!]

"OHHHHHH!!!"

GM: WHO IS THAT!?

BW: I recognize him, Gordo! I've seen him at the Combat Corner! He's bad news!

[The man drags Bryant back to his feet and pulls back his fist, damn near caving in Bryant's chest with a massive heart punch!]

GM: Dear god!

[As the crowd roars with boos, the man helps Supreme Wright to his feet.]

GM: Wait a minute, is he with Wright?

[Supreme asks and is handed a microphone, looking down at the prone Bryant with cold, dead eyes.]

SW: What were you thinking, Dave?

But that's just it, isn't it?

You _weren't_ thinking.

[The champion shakes his head sadly at Bryant.]

SW: Did you think that I would allow you to keep on disrupting my matches? Did you think I would allow you tarnish my championship reign with your cowardice?

[Supreme actually laughs.]

SW: I will NOT allow you to continue this disgraceful behavior. I will NOT allow you to continue to ruin the honor and prestige of the AWA World Heavyweight title.

[Supreme motions to the mystery man, who we see is a large African-American male with a heavy beard, dreadlocks tied back into a ponytail, and a "Combat Corner" tshirt stretched over his massive frame. He glares down at Dave Bryant, almost daring the former World and Television champion to rise.]

SW: This...is Cain Jackson.

The bodyguard of your World Heavyweight Champion.

[The crowd roars with boos at Jackson, who stares out at the crowd with a wild-eyed, crazed expression, looking ready to lash out at anything that comes near him.]

SW: And he assures me, that you will not be a problem to me, EVER again.

[Wright drops the mic on the chest of a pain-racked Bryant, gesturing to his new bodyguard as the duo exit the ring, leaving the Doctor of Love laid out on the canvas as we slowly 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 live action where Phil Watson is standing inside the squared circle.]

PW: The following six man tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Saints Of Los Angeles" kicks in to a big negative reaction from the Dallas crowd.]

PW: Being led to the ring by the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes... they are the UNHOOOOOOLYYYYY ALLIIIIIIANNNNNNNCE!

[As the music continues to play, "Showtime" Rick Marley and Johnny Detson come walking down the aisle. Percy Childes trails behind them, leading Demetrius Lake through the curtain. Lake's forehead has been heavily bandaged, a deep crimson staining the bright white wrap as Lake stumbles down the elevated platform.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance with Percy Childes is one of the most dangerous groups in all of professional wrestling... but look at Demetrius Lake... look at the Black Tiger!

[Gordon chuckles at the sight of Lake being led like a blind man down the aisle.]

BW: This isn't funny at all, Gordo. Demetrius Lake suffered a severe injury at the hands of Jack Lynch and-

GM: Hand.

BW: Huh?

GM: At the hand of Jack Lynch. More specifically, the Iron Claw hand.

BW: Oh, you're hysterical!

[Reaching the ring, Detson and Marley sit on the middle rope, shaking their head as Lake gingerly steps through the ropes into the ring. Childs joins the squad in the ring, gesturing for Watson to hand the mic over to Johnny Detson. Watson reluctantly obliges as Detson raises the mic to his mouth.]

JD: And finally the third man on our team... You know him as the Motor City Madman but I call him my close friend. This is WILLIAM CRAVEN!

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

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

[Pausing midway down the ramp beneath a brightening blue spotlight he's revealed to be a bulky, green-skinned man-beast wearing black vinyl slacks and matching gas mask. His hands and otherwise bare feet wrapped in tape he raises a wooden sword high overhead before staring skyward in reverence. Stopping, the lenses of his mask flare red as Demetrius Lake vacates the ring, Detson holds the ropes open and Marley waves Craven in before clapping.]

GM: Craven with the Unholy Alliance? How...?

BW: Old Billy saw where the money was, Gordo. If you want to get anywhere in this business you have to play ball and, finally, after 20 years, Craven's learned that.

GM: But these men put Chris Blue, who Craven worshipped as his "Emperor", out of the AWA and out of wrestling, possibly forever!

[Just then, "Milk of Human Kindness" by Clutch plays, as the crowd gets to their feet in anticipation of the Boston Brawler.]

GM: And now out comes Hannibal Carver, but is he coming alone?

BW: Other than that punk kid O'Connor, he's gotta be all alone here tonight. You know this maniac doesn't have any friends in the back.

GM: I don't know about that, Bucky. I think over the past year Carver has impressed many with his changed ways.

BW: Bah!

[Carver finally walks out, hood up. To his side is "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, nodding with a determined look on his face at the crowd. Carver grabs the hood with his left hand, throwing it back to reveal his wild eyed, bellowing face to a big reaction. In his right hand he's holding something... but unlike past years when it'd be a branding iron or a can opener, it's a microphone.]

BW: HAH! Called it! Carver's a dead man with these three in the ring AND Lake on the outside.

GM: This ... really does not bode well for Carver. And O'Connor in there, outnumbered, against those four veterans?

[Carver converses with the youngster for a brief moment before O'Connor slaps a hand on Carver's shoulder as Carver motions towards the ring.]

BW: Hey, good news, only one funeral tonight!

GM: Carver now alone against the odds. From bad to worse.

BW: Looks like the drunk has something to say.

[Carver and O'Connor stop halfway down the ramp, glaring at the four men in the ring. O'Connor points to his eyes with his index and middle finger and then at Percy Childes as Carver begins to speak.]

HC: I know what yer thinking. Yer thinking I couldn't do it. That nobody in that locker room wanted to throw their lot in with crazy ol' Carver. That nobody would risk their hide on this maniac, this monster.

[Somewhat negative reaction for the crowd, hoping that this is not the case.]

HC: And maybe sometimes yeh'd be right. Some locker rooms, that just might be the case.

[Carver pauses, relishing the surprise he's about to unleash.]

HC: So I guess that's why it's lucky I ran into a man that hates yeh just as much as I do ... maybe "worse".

Well, not a man, exactly.

[Carver grins from ear to ear.]

HC: More like a DRAGON.

[Shocked, the crowd gives an abrupt cheer as Craven raises his bo'ken with one hand and removes his mask with the other. Roaring up at the ring he makes clear where his loyalties lie as Detson half jumps, half falls off the second rope to stand beside Marley who has stopped clapping. Bug-eyed, Lake moves to the corner post, pointing a finger out at Bill and talking trash as the big, green freak backs up the ramp towards Carver.]

BW: WHAT!? No! Nonono!

GM: WHAT A COUP! Who in their right mind could have seen these two coming together tonight? Especially after the backstage dealings we saw between Craven and Detson!

BW: Those two ... they're ... they're BUTCHERS!

GM: Indeed, Bucky! Separately they tear opponents to pieces but together I don't think we've seen anything like them!

[Carver and Craven pause on the entrance ramp, side by side, staring at the ring.]

GM: There they are, Hannibal Carver and William Craven. But who else is going to join them? Who has the guts to take on three members of the Unholy Alliance?

BW: Its not a matter of guts, its a matter of brains! Percy Chides backs the Unholy Alliance, and no "Wise Man" crosses him!

[Grinning, Craven and Carver take their first pensive steps towards the ring; Craven dropping his mask but keeping his wooden sword.]

GM: It's going to be a handicap match! There they go!

[And no sooner does Gordon say that than the Black Keys' "Hard Row" blare over the loudspeakers. Stopping short, the outnumbered pair look over their respective shoulders; surprised.]

BW: NO! DAMMIT! NOT HIM!

GM: Get over yourself, Bucky! Because the cowboy is coming, and you can be sure he's ready to fight!

[Wheeling on their heels, Craven and Carver turn in unison finding themselves face to face with none other than Jack Lynch. Lynch is in his usual wrestling gear, his head covered by his black cowboy hat, which he removes as he steps between the two men.]

JL: What do we have here?

In the ring, we've got the Unholy Alliance. "Crybaby" Rick Marley. Johnny Detson, the only man capable of making Rick Marley seem stoic and macho,

and good old Demetrius Lake. How the three of you manage to stand side by side without anyone passin' out from all the hot air you release, I'll never know.

And here, outside the ring, what do have?

You've got a scarred up veteran. A man who has been from one side of the planet to the next, leavin' broken bones and bloody faces in his wake. A man who destroys one opponent after another. A messed up freak who likes to mutilate himself more than his opponents.

And right next to him, you've got William Craven!

[A smirk from Jack.]

JL: Now lissen, I know you don't know me from Adam, Hannibal. But you better believe I know a thing or two about tagging with people. And you better believe I'm a hell of a guy to have on your side when it comes to a fight.

And William? You and I might one day have words about the things you did to my brother Travis a few years ago, but that night ain't tonight. Tonight, I say we let the past stay behind us.

So, seein' as how you two are missin' a third man, and seein' as how this night has been one aggravation after another for me, and seein' as how I've always found punchin' members of the Unholy Alliance therapeutic, I'm wonderin' if I might be able to join you two fine gentleman?

HC: The brawler, the dragon and the cowboy?

[Carver smirks as he points towards the ring.]

HC: I'd say they're playin' our song.

JL: All right then. Someone ring that bell, 'cuz its on.

[Needing no further incentive, the three men break into a full run towards the ring.]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Referee Davis Warren signals for the bell as the six men come together in the center of the ring - Jack Lynch trading blows with Demetrius Lake, Johnny Detson being trapped in a corner by William Craven, and Rick Marley trying to survive an onslaught from Hannibal Carver. Outside the ring, Percy Childes is shouting and screaming at his squad which suddenly seems outgunned.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! This looks like the Battle Royal come early, fans!

[A hard right hand between the eyes from Carver sends Marley falling through the ropes and out to the floor. Detson bails out, literally fleeing away from William Craven...

...which leaves Lake and Lynch alone in the ring.]

GM: We saw this break down earlier tonight!

[With a thumb to the eye, Lake gets an edge, grabbing an arm to whip Lynch across. The Texan ducks down, avoiding a clothesline attempt and stops short, wheeling around with his gloved hand cocked back, ready to apply the Iron Claw...

...the sight of which sends Demetrius Lake tumbling backwards, falling through the ropes and out to the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

GM: The Alliance bails out to the floor! They want no part of what's going on inside that ring!

[Carver, Craven, and Lynch stand united, waiting for the rulebreaking trio to get back inside the ring. Percy Childes pulls Lake towards him, checking the bandaged forehead.]

GM: Childes is checking on his man and... well, who is getting back in there, Bucky?

[Out on the floor, Lake waves off the ring, shaking his head as Percy tries to check the forehead wound. Johnny Detson and Rick Marley are having a heated discussion at ringside as the three men in the ring wait to see who will be facing them. Marley gestures his allies over to him, huddling them up.]

GM: Looks like we've got a strategy session out there on the floor as the Unholy Alliance tries to figure out a way to handle the three dangerous competitors standing across the ring from them. They're not so tough when they're not at a numerical advantage, Bucky.

BW: I'd love to see you tell them that to their faces, Gordo. The Black Tiger would slap the wrinkles off your face.

[After the huddle breaks, Rick Marley pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes into the ring. The referee efforts to get two of the opposing team out as Marley stands in the corner, waiting to see who he gets...

...which, to the surprise of no one, is Hannibal Carver.]

GM: Marley's shaking his head, telling the referee no. He wants no part of Carver.

[Carver stands across the ring, watching as Marley insists that Carver tag out to one of his partners...

...and with a shake of his head, Carver tears across the ring, charging into the Unholy Alliance corner with reckless abandon to a massive cheer from the crowd. He catches a surprised Marley with a right hand to the ear, drawing back and firing over and over as "Showtime" struggles to stay on his feet.]

GM: Carver's taking the fight to Rick Marley!

[Trapped in the corner, Marley takes a barrage of heavy shots before being dragged out of the buckles by the arm, swinging wildly as he tries to tag in Lake or Detson but JUST misses. Using the arm, Carver shoots him into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by the Boston Brawler and... OH MY! High elevation on a big back body drop! Marley shot way up in the sky and crashed down hard on the canvas after that.

[Clutching at his back, Marley rolls to his knees, trying to crawl away from Carver back to his corner where his partners await. Carver stops him cold, shaking his head as he grabs a handful of hair, yanking Marley to his feet and immediately slapping a full nelson on him.]

GM: Carver hooks in a full nelson and- look at this!

[The crowd cheers as Carver powers Marley up into the air before swinging him back and forth, trapped in the painful hold. Marley is shouting and screaming for aid from his partners but before they can assist, Carver lifts him up high...

...and sits out, driving Marley's tailbone into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! The Dorchester Drop!

[Marley bounces on his rear end, wincing in pain as he tries to escape the Boston Brawler's clutches. But Carver's having none of it as he tries to get some payback for SuperClash V, dragging Marley back off the mat...

...where "Showtime" digs his fingers into the eyes, raking hard!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Rick Marley!

[And that cheap shot gives Marley the opening to stride across the ring, slapping the outstretched hand of Johnny Detson.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Detson, going right after the blinded Carver before he can recover.

[Detson grabs Carver by the back of the head, exploding upwards in a series of brutal European uppercuts that knocks Carver back against the ropes. The referee calls for a break but Detson ignores him, grabbing the middle rope and repeatedly driving his shoulder into the midsection.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get him off the mat!

BW: He's got a five count. He ain't broken any rules yet.

GM: It's only a matter of time and you know it.

[Detson breaks at four, ignoring the referee's protests as he grabs an arm, flinging Carver across the ring...

...and charging in after him, burying a knee into the midsection before Carver even bounces a foot off the ropes, flipping Carver over his knee and down to the canvas.]

GM: Nice knee to the gut by Detson... and he's just putting the boots to the Boston Brawler now, hard kicks down to the head and chest area.

[Balling up his fist, Detson turns to the side, twisting his arm up near his face and drops the clenched fist into the forehead.]

GM: An unusual looking fistdrop out of Detson... and there's a cover!

[Detson barely gets a one count before Carver muscles out.]

GM: It's going to take more than that obviously.

[Detson promptly wraps his hands around Carver's throat, choking him in front of the official who steps in, shouting at Detson.]

GM: That's an illegal choke!

BW: As opposed to all the legal ones?

GM: The count is on... up to three... now four...

[Detson breaks off the choke, pauses for a beat, and then reapplies it to the jeers of the capacity crowd. He breaks at four again, dragging Carver up off the mat.]

GM: He's going to send him into the Alliance corner where they're waiting like a pack of rabid dogs...

[But Detson's whip goes nowhere as Carver plants his feet, holding his ground.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Detson's eyes go wide at the show of strength and then go wider as Carver simply reverses it, whipping Detson into the opposite corner where Jack Lynch and William Craven await, each dishing out a right hand to a stunned Detson as he wobbles in a circle and gets dropped by a haymaker out of Carver...

...who slaps the hand of William Craven!]

GM: Craven makes the tag! And... look at Detson crawling for his life!

[Detson makes a beeline across the ring, lunging at the corner where Rick Marley tags back in.]

GM: Marley tags back into the fray... and there's a lot of history between these two, Bucky.

BW: There certainly is. Most of it is buried in a history book talking about dumpsters but it's there.

[Marley looks a lot more confident stepping in with Craven than he did with Carver, taunting Craven from across the ring, trying to goad him into a mistake...

...and Craven makes one, charging the UA corner much like Carver did!]

BW: These guys have no impulse control! You never want to be in the opponents' corner and that's twice now that a member of this team has done that.

GM: Marley swings him around, pushing him back into the buckles to try and make him pay for it.

[Marley leans over, throwing rights and lefts to the body as Lake slips an arm around the neck, preventing an escape as the official protests the illegal doubleteam.]

GM: Craven's trapped and he's paying for it!

[Marley straightens up, throwing a side kick into the gut before tagging Johnny Detson back in. Suddenly a lot more confident, Detson grabs the top rope, burying a series of knees into the gut of Craven. He pulls him slightly away from the turnbuckles, burying a kick into the midsection...

...and pulls him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: He's looking for the Hoyle Driver! Detson's going to end this right now!

[But Craven has other ideas as he stands up straight, hanging onto Detson's legs...

...and windmills him down, SLAMMING the back of his head into the canvas with a two-legged slam to a mild cheer from the fans who are still a little unsure about cheering the Dragon.]

GM: Craven with the counter and-

[The crowd ROARS as he turns to the corner, smashing a right hand into Marley's face and sending him sailing off the apron before he can tag back in. Craven turns back towards Detson, now standing in between him and his corner. He slowly stalks the downed Detson who is sliding on his rear end, hand raised as he begs off, trying to keep away from the Motor City Madman.]

GM: Craven's got Johnny Detson in his sights! Payback is coming for what Detson did to Chris Blue back at SuperClash V!

[Detson flips over to all fours, crawling quickly towards the ropes and making a lunge from the entrance ramp. Percy Chiles can be heard shouting encouragement to him...

...but Craven grabs his legs, hanging on as Detson tries to drag himself to safety. Stepping forward, Craven plants a knee on the lower back as he leans through the ropes, hooking Detson's chin with his hands.]

BW: AHHH!

[The crowd makes a similar noise as Craven bends Detson backwards, using the ropes to his advantage.]

GM: What a terrible looking move applied by Craven!

BW: And totally illegal! The man is in the ropes!

GM: The referee's right there, laying a count on Craven as well.

[The count reaches four before Craven lets go and Detson slips through the ropes, dragging himself out onto the ramp...

...where William Craven pursues.]

GM: Craven's going after him!

BW: And this might be a mistake for Detson. You do NOT want to be outside the ring with William Craven under any circumstances.

[Out on the ramp, Craven hauls Detson up to his feet...

...just as Percy Chiles climbs up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention.]

GM: Get him down from there!

[Which turns out to be the opening for Johnny Detson to simply haul back and BURY his foot between the uprights. Even the Dragon can't deal with a kick to the groin as he crumples down to his knees. Detson slams a fist down between the eyes before turning back towards the ring, rushing into the ropes where he rebounds back...

...and hooks a side headlock before SLAMMING Craven from a kneeling position facefirst into the ramp!]

GM: Ohh! A modified bulldog headlock out on the ramp!

[Detson climbs to his feet, a big grin on his face this time as he gestures to the crowd who jeer him in response. He leans down, dragging Craven to his feet and hurling him through the ropes before stepping back in himself.]

GM: Both men back in now. Craven hit that ramp hard and he's feeling the effects of it right now as Detson tags in Demetrius Lake.

[Lake grabs at his bandaged forehead, checking to make sure the wrap is still in place as he steps into the ring, raising his leg way up high and stomping it down on the forehead of William Craven.]

GM: Big stomp by Lake... and another... and another. At six foot nine, those stomps have a lot of height behind them as they slam down into Craven.

[Pulling Craven off the mat, Lake slowly lifts his arm, making a show out of it before he leaps high into the air, smashing the forearm down on the back of the neck and knocking Craven right back down to the canvas. He turns, barking something at Jack Lynch who waves him towards the corner.]

GM: The ongoing rivalry between Demetrius Lake and Jack Lynch is not over - not by a longshot.

BW: Not after that savage mutt, Lynch, used an illegal hold on him tonight!

GM: The Iron Claw is NOT illegal.

BW: Well, it should be!

[Lake stands over the downed Craven, still barking at Lynch as he slowly drops down, burying his knee into the back of the neck. He doesn't jump, simply falls down with the knee a few times, leaving Craven prone on the canvas as he steps over him, still running his mouth at Jack Lynch.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is wasting a whole lot of time inside that ring talking to Jack Lynch when he should be focusing on William Craven, the man IN the ring with him.

BW: He's just making sure that Lynch knows what's what out there.

GM: I don't even know what that means.

[Pulling Craven off the mat, Lake shows off his power by hoisting the three hundred pounder up, and slamming him down hard to the mat. He beams, striking a double bicep pose to even more jeers from the crowd as Lynch slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting for Craven to tag him in.]

GM: Jack Lynch desperately wants in there. He wants his chance to slap that Iron Claw on Lake's disrespectful skull one more time.

BW: Lake's skull is disrespectful?

GM: There's not one bit of Demetrius Lake that's not disrespectful, Bucky.

[Lake is all grins as he drags Craven up a second time, calling for another body slam.]

GM: He lifts... and Craven's out the back door!

[Craven gives a plain ol' two-handed shove to the back, sending Lake pitching forward...

...right into a big right hand to the bandaged forehead out of Jack Lynch!
Lake falls back, arms pinwheeling around as he collapses on his rear end and Craven slaps the outstretched hand of the Texan to an ENORMOUS cheer!]

GM: Lynch is in! Lynch is in!

BW: Get out of there, Demetrius!

[Lynch comes in hot, baseball sliding into a side headlock on Lake where he repeatedly slams his fist into the temple. Lake pushes away, scrambling up to his feet where he turns towards his corner but Lynch grabs the back of the trunks, refusing to let him go as he wheels him around, slamming a right hand home again!]

GM: Big right hand! And another! Lake's staggered!

[Grabbing an arm, Lynch whips Lake into the ropes and as the big man rebounds off, Lynch leaves his feet, catching him on the chin with a standing dropkick!]

GM: Wow! What a dropkick out of Jack Lynch!

[Lake rolls around on the mat for a bit before stumbling back up to his feet. The crowd is buzzing, roaring with anticipation as Lynch wriggles his fingers, lifting the Iron Claw hand over his head.]

GM: He's going for the Claw!

BW: Run for it, Demetrius!

[Percy Childe can be heard shouting at his charge as the Claw is prepared for him for the second time tonight...

...and as Lake slowly turns, his eyes go wide and he goes falling backwards, comically falling through the ropes and out onto the elevated ramp to a big cheer from the fans.]

GM: Haha!

[But the cheers quickly turn to boos as Lake gets to his feet, waving at the ring with his arms, and starts walking back up the ramp.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: They're out of here! The Alliance has had enough of all this cheating!

[Percy Childes calls for Detson and Marley to join them on the ramp, backpedaling down the aisle as they chatter amongst themselves.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is choosing the cowardly way out, fans!

BW: No, no, no! They got surprised by Craven. They got surprised by Lynch coming out here. They're simply choosing to regroup and live to fight another day, Gordo.

GM: Call it what you want but I call it gutless! The referee's starting his count on them.

[A count that quickly grows to ten as the Unholy Alliance walks out of the Crockett Coliseum and doesn't look back.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners as a result of a countout... the team of HANNIBAL CARVER, WILLIAM CRAVEN, and JAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNCH!

[There are cheers for the win but not as loud as you might expect as the fans wanting to see the UA take more punishment.]

GM: That's not the win that these three wanted but I suppose they'll take it, fans. We're going to take another quick break but we'll be right back with more action so don't go away!

[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 the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Rising Sun Showdown Control Center. Another fade shows Jason Dane standing in front of a Rising Sun Showdown logo.]

JD: Hello everyone and welcome back to the Control Center! Mark the date on your calendars - March 29th, 2014 - the AWA is heading to Japan! Along with our friends at Tiger Paw Pro, we'll be walking into the Tokyo Dome for one of the biggest events in AWA history on a night we're calling the Rising Sun Showdown. Of course, if you can't join us in Japan, we will be broadcasting the show right back here to the United States on WKIK. It's going to be a huge night in Japan as we celebrate the AWA's Sixth Anniversary as well as crowning the best tag team in the world with this year's edition of the Stampede Cup!

[A graphic showing the aforementioned Cup is shown on the screen.]

JD: Twelve teams will enter the Tokyo Dome looking to be named the best tag team in the world and win that check for one million dollars. Let's run down the teams already entered...

[A graphic comes up, showing the teams already in the tournament.]

JD: Air Strike... Strictly Business... the Surfer Dudes... Dichotomy... the Blonde Bombers... the World Tag Team Champions of Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds. Plus, from Tiger Paw Pro, two former AWA tag teams in the War Pigs and Violence Unlimited! That gives us eight teams entered in the tournament... four spots remaining.

[Dane grins.]

JD: And we've got one heck of a team to announce right now. Take a look...

[The scene dissolves from black to an exterior view of a tall, tan-colored building in the middle of a scenic grove of ginkgo trees and cherry blossoms. An elegant-looking sign proclaims the name of the building in large Kanji characters while in a smaller font below is the title "Sacraviva Seijou" in English. From the dress of the attendants and passers-by moving around, we are clearly somewhere in Japan as the camera pans down to a manicured lawn dotted with reclining plastic chairs. In the foreground, a pair of men are seated in adjacent chairs although we cannot see their faces as they are looking away from the camera. From the long, straggly white hair covering the backs of their heads, the thick white bathrobes they are wearing and the walker standing beside one of the chairs, the two men appear to be ancient relics. A battered wooden cane leans against the right-hand chair where the occupant appears to be snoring gently while his companion browses through a Japanese-language newspaper. A white-clad attendant approaches the chairs from behind and bows respectfully.]

AT: Sumimasen, sensei. Anata no tegami-ga arimasu.

[The newspaper reader raises one hand, still anonymous in facing away from the camera, and waves the attendant forward. The attendant places a white envelope carefully into the outstretched hand and then bows once more before backing away. The old man in the left-hand chair drops his newspaper onto the walker and with a shaky grip, proceeds to tear open the envelope. Taking out a letter, he reads it before straightening up. Reaching across, he shakes his companion awake.]

M1: Michael! Michael!! Wake up!!!

[The man on the right grunts and snorts before jerking awake, his face still hidden from view. Sitting up, he coughs as his companion hands him the letter.]

M2: Huh?!? Wha...???

M1: Our respite is done, my friend. Time for us to ascend to the heights of glory, once more!

[The first man's voice sounds familiar, tinged with a British accent, as the second man squints at the letter.]

M2: I think you're right. We won't be needing these anymore.

[With a flick of his fingertips, the second man knocks aside the cane as the two rise from their chairs, shedding decades in the process. Reaching up, both pull off the wigs of scraggly white hair that they had been wearing revealing wrestling masks underneath. The man on the left is wearing a black mask with short black horns while the man on the right wears a green mask with white stripes. Still facing away from the camera, both remain largely anonymous as they walk away from the camera towards a long, black limousine parked in a driveway below them. "Hornet's Nest" by Los Straitjackets begins playing in the background and the camera pans up to reveal the Tokyo skyline as the scene dissolves back into the Control Center.]

JD: You want to talk about tag teams. You want to talk about competitors who are recognized both in Japan and here in the States as some of the best in the world. You are talking about the Banshee, Michael Keening. You are talking about Raya Oscura. You are talking about the newest addition to the Stampede Cup!

[Dane is grinning from ear to ear at the announcement of the ninth team in the Stampede Cup.]

JD: Nine teams are in! Three teams remain to be filled! And right here, on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, we will see the Northern Lights meet the Baddest Thangs Runnin' who have NOT been seen since SuperClash V to fill the tenth spot in the tournament. The eleventh spot will be filled by Tiger Paw Pro as they are currently in the midst of their Global Tag Crown

tournament. The winner of that tournament will be their Global Tag Crown Champions and will take the eleventh spot in the tournament. But who will take the final spot? I'm told that the Championship Committee will make that announcement two weeks from tonight.

[The Cup graphic fades to be replaced by Jason Dane again.]

JD: In addition to that, the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro have been working very hard to come up with a lineup to appeal to both AWA and Tiger Paw Pro fans alike. We announced two weeks ago that Supreme Wright, if still the champion, will defend the World Heavyweight Title on that night. But who will he face for the title?

Take a look...

[We fade from Jason Dane to black and white footage of a darkened room. A wrestling ring rests in silhouette in the center of the room as a voiceover in Japanese begins. Subtitles appear on the screen.]

"This is where I met my mentor... my teacher... my friend. A wrestling ring in Los Angeles. It was in poor shape. Tape wrapped around the ropes. A dirty canvas. It seemed like it broke every week and had to be fixed.

But it was home. And he was our father.

We kneeled at his feet, listened with open ears and open minds. We took everything he said to heart. We learned from him. Learned how to wrestle... how to compete... how to win.

But most of all, we learned respect. Respect for this business. Respect for those who came before us. And respect for our teacher.

You have no such respect, Supreme Wright. No respect for the business. No respect for those who came before us. No respect for the title you hold or the opponents you face.

You are a coward. You are opportunistic.

And on March 29th... you are mine."

[There's a lengthy pause as we pan around the darkened ring to come to rest on a Japanese man who is glaring into the camera.]

"My name is Kenta Kitazawa... and I am the next World Champion."

[We fade away from a determined Kitazawa back to an obviously emotional Jason Dane.]

JD: If I can make a personal statement for a moment...

[Dane takes a deep breath.]

JD: In 2004, I worked for a company named Pro Wrestling Revolution that was owned and operated by my brother-in-law, Todd Michaelson. The centerpiece of that company was Todd's wrestling school, the M-DOJO. And the first man to graduate from that school was Kenta Kitukawa. Kitukawa, I can assure you, has greater affection for Todd Michaelson than perhaps any student that has come since. Supreme Wright is DIRECTLY responsible for my brother-in-law walking away from the job he's loved more than any other he's done in his life... and come March 29th, Kenta Kitukawa is going to bring the violence to Wright in a way that I don't know anyone else ever has.

[Dane closes his eyes for a moment and then turns back to the still man.]

JD: The Stampede Cup tournament. The World Title on the line. What else can we do? Well, the AWA answers that question with the announcement of a junior heavyweight six man tag team extravaganza! On one side of the ring, we will see the former AWA competitor known as November captaining a squad yet to be announced. On the other team, the team captain is a young man who has become one of the most popular superstars competing anywhere in the world... the man known simply as TORA!

[We fade into a slow motion video, a crowd of Japanese fans watching with a hushed awe as a man runs across the ring, diving over the top rope with a swan like dive onto a group of masked men on the floor. Wrestling pants, a cacophony of stylized red designs on white trail behind him as he arcs, looking straight at his landing pad of victims.]

TORA!

[The next clip is the same man battling with a masked Japanese man, LION Tetsuo, mane of brown and white hair trailing back from his mask. The man from the first video agilely dodges a roundhouse kick before unleashing lefts and rights of his own, shins cracking into thighs and the side of the masked man's body machine gun style. It slows down and goes to black and white as the man leaps and spins backwards, connecting with a heel to the chin... and pauses.]

TORA!

[The next clip appears to be in Mexico as the caucasian, tanned and fit man from the above clips runs off the ropes, caught by the waist but spins around at blinding speed, out of headscissors and to the side, slamming the red horned masked opponent to the mat chest first and going right into an arm bar... where it slows down again as the masked man taps out in furious pain.]

TORA!

[The final clip scans about a darkened studio, spotlight on a corner ringpost. The man from the above clips stands there, one foot on the top rope, other balanced on the second turnbuckle. Peace signs in the air, camera swinging into view, the young athlete follows it, hands going down to his face, the V's

of his hands connecting in a mask like gesture over his eyes. Then.. to black with writing slamming onto the screen.]

TORA

Coming... soon!

[We fade away from the black screen and back into the Control Center where Jason Dane continues to shill.]

JD: In breaking news, we've just learned that our friends at Tiger Paw Pro have announced that the Tokyo Dome will play host to a DEATH MATCH! Japan has long been known as the country where that sort of ultraviolent battle is one of the most popular forms of professional wrestling and Tiger Paw Pro has promised to bring the very best in jisatsu to the Tokyo Dome.

We have just been informed that one-half of that big death match will feature the return of one of the biggest names in Japanese pro wrestling history. A true legend when it comes to the hardcore wrestling scene.

DEMON. BOY. ISHRINKU!

[Dane beams at that announcement as well.]

JD: His opponent will be announced in the very near future but in my mind, it'll take one crazy competitor to want to climb inside the squared circle with Demon Boy Ishrinku.

It's the Rising Sun Showdown and we've got more to announce in the weeks ahead, fans... but believe me, it's going to be a very special night in Tokyo, Japan and I can not WAIT to be a part of it!

[The graphic covers up Jason, just showing the Rising Sun Showdown logo.]

JD: For the Control Center, I'm Jason Dane... and we'll see you next time, fans!

[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 backstage to "The Professional" Dave Cooper who stands in front of a blank wall. He is dressed in his wrestling attire, his arms folded and a sneer on his face.]

DC: So let's review what happened since I spoke my mind... Todd Michaelson took a hint and said goodbye to his precious Combat Corner. Karl O'Connor watched his punk son get beaten to a pulp. And where... was Juan Vasquez?

Evidently, at home, washing his tights.

[Beat.]

DC: Or perhaps he was tending to Luke Kinsey. Rumor has it Luke needs somebody to take him by the hand just to find out where he left the remote for the TV... if he can even watch the TV. Or perhaps he knew what I said

was true... that he bears responsibility for creating the monster who now holds the AWA World Championship.

Regardless, tonight is the night in which I finally lay claim to the prize that I have sought since I made my return to the AWA. The Longhorn Heritage title, the TV title... heck, I might just call it the Professional title after I've won it tonight. Point is, it doesn't matter what they want to call the title, all that matters is I'm gonna go through every single person they stick in that ring, then whip whoever is left standing with me into a pulp.

I see my old friend Robert Donovan is in there... too bad about your buddies in the Bullies, but now I get to refresh your memory about what happened the last time you stepped into the ring with me. And then there's Alphonse Green... you already learned what happens when you challenge me, so hopefully you get the common sense everyone says you need and just bow out of the match before it even begins.

As for the rest of you, it doesn't matter if Callum Mahoney wants to fight, fight, fight, or if Travis Lynch wants to do his family name proud, or if Sweet Daddy Williams finally finds somebody who actually wants to sit in his lap. All that matters is that I am going to be the next TV champion, and that is the END of the discussion!

[We cut away from Dave Cooper to a backstage interview set -- all metal pipes and the AWA logo as a backdrop. It's here that a slightly mousy gentleman with brown hair stands with a microphone bearing the company's logo. You can call him Mark Stegglet, because that's his name.]

MS: My guest at this time is the man who --

[The man literally jumping into view isn't the largest guy in AWA -- he's a smidgen and a pinch...below six feet tall, or the meanest one though Shadoo Rage might have something different to tell you. He "might" be one of the most athletically gifted ones though and he almost certainly has one of the largest egos -- just ask him.

His name is Donnie White, and he is ten pounds of pearly white grin in a five pound bag when he pops onto the screen, and fourteen inches of bleached-blond spikes of hair. Behind him standing super intimidating despite their earlier outcome is Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and of course split between them twirling her florescent pink branding iron is Miss Sandra Hayes.]

DW: You coulda just stopped at "The Man". Maybe continued on to talk about exactly how honored you are to be standing in my presence. 'Cause you should be. Honored, I mean. You already are standing in my presence.

[Stegglet's brow furrows.]

MS: Donnie... in mere moments you step into an AWA ring for the first time with championship gold implications and you have to know there's a dozen

or so men who are going to want a piece of your hide and after what we saw earlier tonight with Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong one name that certainly has to come to mind is Steve Spector.

DW: Does he? Does he really? I mean, a piece of D-White's hide? That sounds pretty painful.

[Donnie glances over at his shoulder and Anderson slaps his fist into his palm.]

MS: Well, your alliance to Terry Shane III suggests --

DW: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Slow it down for one sec'. The Memphis Mohawk ain't about to start worrying about six degrees of separation if ya catch what I'm sayin', playa. What Shane does or doesn't do at the after party is Shane's business. What Dee-Dubba does out in that ring tonight is a whole 'nother story. Donnie White can't be concerned with Papa Smurf's temper tantrum, he can't have one eye on the ring, one eye on the title, and one eye on Steve Spector.

That's three eyes, Stegglet!

Does it look like the Atomic Blonde has got three eyes? No, no it doesn't.

MS: That's not what I'm saying.

DW: Then what is?

MS: Steve Spector issued a warning. He said he would do anything in his power to make sure that NONE of you would find championship gold until Shane agreed to grant him a rematch. He said that 2014 would be a year that all of you would suffer until your boss obliged to his challenge.

DW: He said all that?

MS: Yes.

[White thumbs his chin, he mouths "that ain't right" under his breath and Miss Hayes gestures for him to keep on.]

DW: Well ain't that a messed up pile of you know what! Catch this, Mark. Donnie White...

...don't care much for Steve Spector.

Donnie White don't care much for nobody. Shane is my brother. Anderson. Strong. These [gesturing to them] guys are D-White's blood. If Steve Spector wants to hunchback it down ringside to get a front row seat to the Last of the Mohawks makin' history then D-White will purchase him TWO tickets. One for him, and one for his washed up career. Fact is, ever since the Gang clubbed Shadoo Rage and the Rave over heads like baby seals at SuperClash people have kept askin' the same question.

"Hey, 'Hawk" they tell me - because the Atomic Blonde is cool and let people call me by creative nicks'. "Great to see you kickin' butt in the name of... well, in the name of kickin' butt. But what's next?" What does D-White do after puttin' Shadoo Rage and the Looney Tunes down for the count at the biggest show of the year? Why do you have to prove yourself in this battle royal? Why doesn't Karl O'Connor just hand you the title like they did to Supreme Wright? Why does Larry Doyle keep up with this tired schtick of tryin' to introduce the Bombers in an uber-hip fashion? The Cold War between them and SkyHerc is over!" That's what you really wanna know, too, ain't it, Steggmeister?

MS: That was... that was one of the things I was going to ask, yeah.

DW: The Atomic Blonde knows it is. He read your notecards, see. Truth is, D-White is here for a little different reason than Terry Shane III. A little different reason than the Lights Out Express and might I add, thank sweet baby Jesus they got rid of those bad haircuts it was absolutely murderous to my game with the ladies. I mean, if they can't be good wing men then what good are they?!

But unlike those guys, D-White ain't here to change the game or prove he's the greatest thing since Kool-Aid 'cause quite frankly THAT was a game changer. He's satisfied with one thing and one thing only. Winning.

MS: Winning what?

DW: Everything, Mark. You might say it's an obsession. An -- an addiction. Knowin' D-White is better than the latest Los Angeles Spark tryin' to reignite his career ain't enough. Knowin' that the Memphis Mohawk is better than whatever Desert rat they trot out of Phoenix ain't enough. Knowin' that the Atomic Blonde is better than whatever muppet who decides to invite himself to this battle royal because the AWA didn't deem them relevant enough to send them a personalized invitation like the one FedEx'ed to Donne White's door step ain't enough. Guys like Diet-Martinez.

MS: Ryan.

DW: Yeah, him. He's all big and super-strong, and completely all "RAWR! I'm gonna eat yo children!" Or Callum Mahoney... "I armbar you! You die! I nearly tapped out Juan Vasquez but didn't!" You know what's gonna come of all that racket?

MS: Well, I --

DW: Nothin'! Nada. Not a damn thing is gonna come of all their mighty, mighty anger and all their mighty, mighty power, or even their mighty, mighty drinking problems. What is gonna happen is that Donnie White is gonna wander out through that entranceway...right over there.

[He points down the hallway. Sure enough, the entrance way is ten feet away.]

DW: And he's gonna look completely cool in his sleeveless hooded trench-coat. Then? Then the Memphis Mohawk is gonna remind the good folks here in the Crock that D-White and the Gang doesn't just look the part they ARE the part. Then, hey, for good ole times, I may just toss Shadoo Rage over the top rope just to crush him and the Manilla Manhandler's hopes and dreams because Miss Hayes told me she had a dream about him landin' on top of her and she struggles to hold him because he's put on a few pounds as of late and they topple over and it'll make for entertaining television because THAT Mark is what a Television Champion does.

He makes you tune in.

Then he takes over.

And that about just sums this 'Hawk up, dontcha think?

MS: So, what you're saying is, this is a giant slap you in the face message to anyone and everyone?

DW: Now you're speakin' my language, playa. Light the halo, strike up the band, cue the fireworks and start jigglin' the jello. Tonight is the Donnie White show starring Donnie White and there is only one way it is gonna end.

NEW. CHAMP.

[Mark stares at him.]

DW: What?

MS: I mean, technically, that's sorta vague.

[White stares back at him, and then it hits him.]

DW: Oh. Oh! Lets try this again tonight is the Donnie White show starring Donnie White and there is only one way it is gonna end...

...with ONE Mohawk risin' above the rest!

[...]

MS: It's just --

DW: Fine! The night is gonna end with me punching Alphonse Green in the face. There!

[White storms off the set as we mercifully cut back to ringside.]

GM: Donnie White's attitude hasn't improved the slightest, has it?

BW: Improved? I don't think it could get any better!

GM: He's an immature jack --

BW: An AWESOME immature one at that.

GM: Fans, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling and during the commercial break, the ring started to fill up with the tremendous competitors who are all walking down this platform with one goal tonight - to become the World Television Champion!

[We cut to a shot of the ring where we indeed see a filling ring. Already in the ring are BC Da Mastah MC and Manny Imbrogno going over strategy in one corner. Ricky Lane takes up a large part of another part of the ring as his manager speaks to him from out on the apron. Charles S. Rant is rubbing his hands together in anticipation as Robert Donovan swings a lengthy leg over the ropes, stepping into the ring.]

GM: Remember, this is an open invitational Battle Royal. To be eliminated, you have to go all the way over the top rope and have both feet touch the floor.

[As Gordon is running down the rules, Callum Mahoney, Shadoe Rage, and Sweet Daddy Williams join the bodies inside the ring.]

GM: The final two men remaining will compete in a one-on-one matchup immediately after the Battle Royal and the winner of that match will be crowned the brand new, undisputed World Television Champion.

[The entrance of Tony Sunn and SouthWest Lucha Libre's El Corazon Negro draws cheers from the Texas crowd. There are some big boos for the man that follows though - the "enhancement talent" known as the Cuban Assassin #6.]

BW: Hey! It's the Cuban Assassin! We haven't seen him in ages!

GM: It's Open Invitational, Bucky. Who knows who might show up for this thing? We were already surprised to learn earlier tonight that Brad Jacobs, one-half of the Blonde Bombers, had inserted himself into the matchup. Here he comes now...

[The boos pick up for Jacobs as he jogs down the aisle, slapping his massive pectorals a few times before Dave Cooper comes walking down the ramp after him.]

GM: Dave Cooper, the former partner-in-crime of Brad Jacobs, making his way down the aisle.

BW: But after what "Hollywood" Larry had to say earlier tonight, I'm guessing Cooper and Jacobs ain't partners in anything anymore, Gordo.

GM: Take a look at this!

[There are a decent amount of cheers for the sighting of Jeff Jagger jogging down the ramp.]

GM: Jeff Jagger, the Carolina Crusher himself, spent some time in the AWA a couple years back before returning back to his home territory in the Carolinas where he is one of the top stars. It's good to see young Jeff again.

BW: Just make sure his old man isn't the official for this match.

GM: Johnny Jagger has had no trouble officiating matches involving his son in the past, Bucky.

BW: No problem in showing him favoritism, you mean.

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

[Jagger slingshots over the ropes into the ring as the crowd cheers again for the arrival of Alphonse Green, jogging down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Alphonse Green has been one of the top contenders for the World Television Title for months now and has come very close on occasion to winning that title. Tonight, the King of the Battle Royals is getting his chance.

BW: And listen to these idiot fans... they're cheering him, Gordo. They're cheering him! For months, they've booed this guy at every opportunity and now... what? Why? Can someone explain to me why the attitude change?

GM: He's a talented individual.

BW: He's ALWAYS been a talented individual. I've been the leader of Gang Green since Day One when the rest of you were mocking him. Now, the bandwagon is overflowing with two-toothed Texans who hated him a few month back. I just don't get it.

[Green steps through the ropes as the crowd jeers anew.]

GM: Colonel P.W. de Klerk! Again, we haven't seen this South African competitor in quite some time... and look at Shadoe Rage. He's absolutely seething at the return of the Colonel.

BW: So much for keeping a cool head and focusing on the title.

GM: Can you blame him when you think about some of the things that Colonel de Klerk has said about him in the past?

[de Klerk steps in, careful to stay away from Shadoe Rage as the cheers pick up again, roaring loud at the sight of Travis Lynch making his way down the elevated ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch, the youngest son of the legendary Lynch family, and listen to the reaction that he gets here in Texas!

BW: Even Texans gotta have a hero, I suppose. Travis Lynch is theirs.

GM: Can you imagine the reaction of this crowd if Travis Lynch walks out as the World Television Champion?

BW: I can imagine my reaction for sure and it involves the dry heaves.

GM: Would you stop?

[Travis steps through the ropes to an even bigger cheer as he flashes a big smile. But the jeers pick right back up as Donnie White jogs out into view, his skyhigh mohawk making him easily identifiable. He's all alone as he makes his way down the elevated platform.]

GM: The Atomic Blonde looks to bring the Shane Gang their first piece of gold here tonight but he's got a lot of enemies inside that ring including Shadoo Rage.

[Rage paces back and forth, glaring down the ramp at the incoming White who is followed by a hooded man with what appears to be seaweed hanging off of him.]

GM: Hey! It's the Mud Monster!

BW: The original? Junior? The Third?

GM: Not exactly sure to be honest but this unique individual could cause a disruption in this one.

[And lastly, a huge cheer goes up for the arrival of Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is heading down the ramp - apparently the final man in this big Battle Royal - and we know how much Ryan is hoping these fans can drive him forward to victory here tonight.

BW: If he's relying on these idjit fans, he's in for a short night.

GM: Perhaps. But what a slap in the face that would be to the Wise Men, Bucky. After Percy Childes saw the so-called King Of Wrestling have his skull split open by Jack Lynch earlier tonight... after his Unholy Alliance fled the ring, preferring to be counted out rather than actually face down Hannibal Carver, William Craven, and Jack Lynch in six man action earlier tonight... what would Percy Childes think to see the man who has blatantly and openly dared the Wise Men to come for him standing in that ring holding the World Television Title?

BW: Ryan Martinez is as short on brains as his papa is on taste in women. If he knew what was good for him, he'd keep his head down and try to carry a low profile while he goes for that title but now every thug in that ring who wants to earn brownie points with the Wise Men are going to be gunning for him, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that, Bucky. Twenty men in that ring - only two will advance to the World Television Title match immediately following this battle - and we're about to find out who it's gonna be!

[The bell sounds and the crowd breaks into a roar as the twenty men inside the ring surge towards one another, throwing haymakers as quickly as they can.]

GM: Here we go!

[The camera holds on the wide shot for several moments, showing the fans at home as Ricky Lane immediately finds himself the target of Jeff Jagger and P.W. de Klerk... Travis Lynch starts hammering away at Callum Mahoney who gives right back... and Shadoe Rage goes after Manny Imbrogno, shoving him back against the ropes where he tries to upend him and push him out to the floor.]

GM: A Battle Royal is one of the most dangerous matches in our sport, Bucky.

BW: All those flailing arms and legs... people on all sides of you looking for a chance to jump you from the blind side. This is one of those matches where you can suffer a major injury and not even know how it happened really.

GM: But these twenty men are all willing to risk it in their quest to become the undisputed World Television Champion!

[The camera cuts to find Dave Cooper cornering Donnie White, lighting him up with chops across the chest.]

GM: In a match like this, you're likely to find unusual matchups as well as unusual partnerships. A match between Dave Cooper and Donnie White isn't likely to be on Saturday Night Wrestling anytime soon but here in the Battle Royal, these two are squaring off and- oh! What an uppercut by White to knock Cooper back away from him!

[Another cut shows BC Da Mastah MC delivers a hefty double axehandle across the shoulderblades of Shadoe Rage, knocking him to a knee and saving his partner, Manny Imbrogno from possible early elimination.]

GM: It's a helpful benefit to have a tag team partner or ally of some sort in a match like this. BCIQ is the only tag team in this match and a quick glance at the ring doesn't show any obvious choices for allies but if you can find one, you should do it quickly. Bucky, what kind of strategy should someone use in a match like this?

BW: I always told my guys to stay in the middle of the ring as much as they can and if you get winded, get to a corner and hang onto the ropes as much as you can. Getting down on the mat's not a bad place to be either because it takes a lot to get someone all the way up to their feet and over the top

before you can get away from them. The other thing about a Battle Royal is so many guys burn all their energy trying to eliminate everyone in sight.

[On cue, we see Brad Jacobs trying to muscle Tony Sunn up off the mat into a bodyslam near the ropes and struggling to get the powerhouse up.]

BW: It's a big mistake, Gordo. There aren't any prizes for Most Eliminations but there's a real big prize for the winner. You can't win a Battle Royal in the opening minutes but you can definitely lose one.

GM: Sound advice from the multi-time Southern Manager Of The Year, fans, as Tony Sunn and Brad Jacobs use those massive muscles between them to jostle for position near the ropes.

[Another cut finds Charles S. Rant pushing Alphonse Green back against the ropes, leaning down to lift his legs as he tries to flip him over the top...

...but a wildly-swung right hand into the ribs out of the Mud Monster sends Rant staggering away. The Muddy One flips his long, matted hair back, flipping a stream of water across the ring.]

GM: The King of the Battle Royals gets saved by the Mud Monster right there.

[But the Mud Monster quickly hammers Green between the eyes with a right hand, knocking him right back against the ropes where it's the Man From Parts Unknown's turn to try to shove Green out.]

GM: An odd strategy there out of the Mud Monster as he stopped Green from getting eliminated and then decided to try and toss him out himself.

BW: The guy's called the Mud Monster, Gordo. Guessing he didn't have an extended period of time in a Doctorate program.

GM: We know essentially nothing about the Mud Monster, Bucky. He could be an Ivy League grad for all we know.

BW: The closest this guy's been to the Ivy League was sitting in the bleachers at Wrigley Field.

[Gordon chuckles as we cut again to find Robert Donovan reaching out with both hands, clashing the heads of Ryan Martinez and El Corazon Negro together, sending them both stumbling away.]

GM: The Beale Street Bully himself doing some damage. At over seven feet and North of three hundred pounds, Donovan should be one of the odds-on favorites here tonight to regain the title he lost back about two years ago now to "Red Hot" Rex Summers.

BW: You get the feeling that Donovan is less interested in the title these days and more interested in just hurting people after what happened to Dick Wyatt and Adam Rogers.

GM: Speaking of which...

[The crowd roars as Travis Lynch races into frame, blasting Donovan with a right hand that knocks the big man back against the ropes. Lynch stands tall, opening fire with a series of haymakers at Donovan's skull!]

GM: Travis Lynch is taking the fight to Robert Donovan!

[Recovering from the noggin knocker, El Corazon Negro rushes into view, smashing Donovan with a headbutt. Lynch steps to the side and the duo takes turns hammering the seven footer.]

GM: Travis Lynch and the Hardcore Luchador are working in tandem on the seven footer!

[Lynch backs off, pumping a fist to the roaring crowd as the luchador continues to rain down blows...

...before getting a hand wrapped around his throat and being HURLED over the top rope and out onto the entrance ramp!]

GM: OHH! The veteran luchador from SouthWest Lucha Libre is eliminated!

BW: Robert Donovan, the big man, scores the first elimination of the right.

[A surprised Travis Lynch turns around, ready to attack again but Donovan drops him with a big boot to the chest, knocking him down on the mat where the Florida native starts stomping him into the canvas...

...where Jeff Jagger suddenly jumps up on the back of Donovan, trying to wrap his arms around the head and neck in his trademark sleeperhold!]

GM: Jagger's looking for the sleeper!

[With Donovan battling to avoid the hold, we cut to another part of the ring where Shadoe Rage has Dave Cooper backed into a corner and is smashing him in the face with stiff jabs to the mush. A few more land while we're watching until the sneaky South African buries a knee into the kidneys, holding Rage's arms behind him as Cooper returns fire.]

GM: Dave Cooper working arm in arm with P.W. de Klerk. That's somehow fitting if you ask me.

BW: Are you calling Dave Cooper a racist?!

GM: Absolutely not. But I am calling him a backjumping, treacherous individual who will stop at nothing to walk out of Dallas, Texas tonight as the World Television Champion.

[Cooper winds up, blasting Rage between the eyes and then wincing, shaking out his hand.]

GM: What a shot by Cooper. The Professional really caught him with that one.

[Wheeling Rage around, de Klerk forces him chestfirst into the ropes where he leans down, grabbing a leg and lifting it off the mat.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is in trouble here!

[The crowd buzzes with concern for one of the fan favorites in the matchup as Rage struggles against de Klerk's efforts. Seeing Rage in jeopardy, Donnie White races into view, grabbing the other leg and lifting it up. Together, White and de Klerk dump Rage over the top...

...but he lands on the apron safely.]

GM: Rage goes over but he does NOT touch the floor!

BW: Not yet at least!

GM: That's exactly right. He's still in danger because he went over the top so if they can knock him to the floor, he'll be eliminated!

[White reaches over the top rope, trying to get at Rage when Manny Imbrogno comes charging in, upending White over the ropes to a big cheer...

...but he too lands on the apron!]

GM: Uh oh! Shadoe Rage and Donnie White are both out on the apron!

[Rage is the first to rise, taking a hard shot from de Klerk as he gets up. With Marissa Monet shouting at her man, Rage grips the top rope hard, trying to keep on the apron as the South African tees off on him.]

GM: Colonel de Klerk is trying to knock Rage to the floor! If he hits the floor, he's eliminated!

[Donnie White gets to his feet as well, throwing bombs at Rage as the duo tries to batter him off the apron...

...when suddenly Rage rallies, throwing a hard elbow down between the eyes of de Klerk, sending him stumbling backwards. Rage pivots, blasting White between the eyes with a right hand and sending him falling back into the steel ringpost. White quickly spins, climbing the turnbuckles, and leaping off to catch Rage between the eyes with a forearm smash while the Atomic Blonde lands back inside the ring!]

GM: Rage is desperately trying to hang on!

[Rage is clinging to the top rope as White slams fist after fist into his head, waving for de Klerk to join him. The South African steps back, waving for White to step aside as he charges in...

...and Rage ducks down, pulling the top rope with him as de Klerk topples over the ropes, crashing down to the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: DE KLERK'S ELIMINATED!

[With White surprised by his ally's elimination, Rage uses the ropes to throw himself through them, landing back in the ring as White bails away, seeking another target as the Cuban Assassin #6 starts stomping Rage into the mat. We cut to the floor where de Klerk is throwing a tantrum.]

GM: The Colonel is eliminated which brings us down to eighteen competitors remaining in this matchup.

[The camera cuts to find Sweet Daddy Williams trapped in the corner as Ricky Lane drives his hindquarters back into the torso of the man from Hotlanta, Georgia.]

GM: Ricky Lane is another monstrous individual inside the ring for this Battle Royal. Willoughby Tremblay is out there at ringside giving advice and you know he'd love to see his gigantic client kick off 2014 in a big, big way by becoming the Television Champion.

[With Lane slamming back into Williams' chest again, Brad Jacobs strides into frame, smashing Lane between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: Brad Jacobs, one-half of the Blonde Bombers, may be picking on the wrong man here, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, I can't say I agree with this strategy. I know Jacobs hates backing down from any fight... from any challenge... but he might need a couple of allies in there to take on Ricky Lane.

[The much-larger Lane grabs Jacobs by the head, leaping up to smash his own head into Jacobs', knocking him down to his knees. Charles S. Rant comes into view, grabbing Jacobs around the head and neck and slamming his forearm repeatedly into the chest, pushing Jacobs down to the mat.

Another camera cut gets us back to Dave Cooper who has BC Da Mastah MC back against the ropes, hammering away at his ample midsection...

...when Alphonse Green comes charging in, grabbing a handful of trunks, and throwing Cooper in the direction of the ropes, unable to send him over the top!]

GM: Oh! Cooper almost took a ride on the Gang Green Flying Machine courtesy of the King of the Battle Royals.

BW: Not even a self-proclaimed anymore? You're just like the rest of these Texas idiots trying to crowd onto Alphonse's bandwagon!

[Another camera cut finds Travis Lynch trying to muscle Ryan Martinez back over the ropes.]

GM: Two of the more popular men in this Battle Royal attempting to eliminate one another. That's the kind of unusual scene you're likely to witness in a match like this, fans.

[Lynch's efforts soon get bolstered by the arrival of Callum Mahoney who tries to assist in eliminating Ryan Martinez.]

GM: And now, the man many are calling the AWA's White Knight, finds himself in some major trouble.

BW: Many? Some Internet geeks in a chatroom who think they're the elite opinion-makers in our sport! That's who called him that!

GM: Nevertheless, he's going to need some help here in a hurry or his night just might be over.

[Martinez' aid comes in an unlikely form as Robert Donovan kicks Travis Lynch right in the ribcage, knocking him down to a knee. The big man turns his attention to Callum Mahoney who gets the crowd roaring by throwing himself at Donovan, battering the big man with a series of rights and lefts, knocking him back against the ropes as the sounds of "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" echo throughout the building!]

GM: Mahoney's coming on strong against Donovan!

BW: And that allows Martinez to get back down to safety.

[Martinez promptly reaches out, grabbing the nearest competitor and swinging them back into the corner. To his surprise, it's Manny Imbrogno but he simply shrugs before lashing out with a series of brutally stiff chops to the chest.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez pauses, looking out at the crowd...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd groans at the violence unleashed by Martinez as Imbrogno staggers out of the corner...

...into the massive arms of Brad Jacobs who gorilla presses Imbrogno high overhead, rushing towards the ropes, and flings him over the top rope and out onto the elevated platform!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: IMBROGNO'S ELIMINATED! MR. MENSA IS GONE!

[Imbrogno cradles his midsection out on the wooden ramp, wincing in pain as a pair of AWA officials kneel next to him to check his condition.]

GM: That was a hard fall out onto the ramp thanks to "Big" Brad Jacobs who perhaps has something to prove in this Battle Royal here tonight. Perhaps he wants to prove that he's not just a member of the Blonde Bombers just as he wasn't "just" a member of Royalty. He's his own man and he's a dangerous force at that.

[Jacobs quickly finds himself under attack by the rotund rapper, BC Da Mastah MC, who is upset at the elimination of his tag team partner. BC is hammering Jacobs with short right hands to the jaw...

...when suddenly, Jacobs slips an arm under BC's armpit, dragging him towards the ropes and somehow muscling him into a makeshift hiptoss that takes the much-larger man over the ropes and out onto the ramp as well!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Brad Jacobs just muscled BC Da Mastah MC over the top rope! The rapper is gone!

BW: Whoa! That took some SERIOUS muscle, Gordo! People stand around and talk about the strongest men in the AWA and they talk about men like Hercules Hammonds... like Tony Sunn... like Robert Donovan... like Danny Morton back in the day but you can NOT sleep on Brad Jacobs. Brad Jacobs just showed the world that he's every bit as strong as those other guys are and there's a 400 pound round mound of hip hop sound on the ramp who can testify to that!

GM: Just like that, we're down to seventeen competitors and-

[The camera cuts to find Jeff Jagger hammering away on Shadoe Rage against the turnbuckles. An eager Donnie White rushes into frame, throwing a sloppy-looking Superman punch that catches Rage on the temple. White pats Jagger on the back, gesturing to Rage.]

GM: Donnie White's looking to enlist the help of Jeff Jagger in getting Shadoe Rage out of this match.

BW: It's interesting, Gordo. Jeff Jagger's a former Combat Corner grunt as well.

GM: And?

BW: Well, in a different time and place, Jagger could've been part of the Shane Gang... making he and White partners!

GM: Perhaps you're right but Jagger doesn't look the slightest bit enthusiastic about working alongside Donnie White right now, Bucky.

[White nudges Jagger's shoulder a second time, gesturing at the cornered Rage who bursts out of the corner, smashing White with a right hand between the eyes, sending him stumbling away just before a surprised Jagger gets a hard back elbow to the chin!]

GM: Shadoe Rage battles out like a cornered animal, striking at anything that's in reach!

[Grabbing Jagger by the hair, Rage SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle and then attempts to clasp his hands between the legs, muscling Jagger up off the mat. The Carolinian grabs the top rope with both hands, struggling to prevent the elimination.]

GM: Rage has Jagger up and in trouble!

[The crowd is encouraging Rage to eliminate the son of the AWA Senior Official when Donnie White comes charging back in, leaping up with a back elbow to the back of Rage's head, sending Jagger flipping over the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! Jagger's gone!

BW: Credit that one to Donnie White... and he ain't done, daddy!

[White promptly shoves the upper body of the off-balance Rage over the ropes, leaning down to grab at his legs. He lifts the legs off the mat as Rage takes a position similar to Jagger's moments ago.]

GM: Rage is hanging on to the top rope! He's trying to stay in this World Television Title Battle Royal as only fifteen competitors remain in the quest to win gold tonight in Dallas!

[The Atomic Blonde plants his feet, pushing and shoving at the legs of Shadoe Rage, trying to push him to the floor..

...but Callum Mahoney's arrival breaks it up as he pulls White by the ear to face him before BLASTING him with a European uppercut that knocks White down to the mat. A grateful Shadoe Rage settles back down, turning towards Mahoney.]

GM: Rage giving thanks to the fighting Irishman and-

[The crowd gasps as Mahoney throws a STIFF right jab, blasting Rage right on the nose!]

GM: OH!

[Rage collapses back against the ropes, falling to a knee as he reaches up to check his face for damage as a grinning Mahoney shouts, "Ain't so pretty now, are ya?!"]

GM: Mahoney dropped Shadoe Rage like a bad habit with that right hand to the nose!

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, Mahoney swings a knee up into the face, knocking him flat on his back. A few hard stomps follow before Alphonse Green tears in from out of nowhere, grabbing a handful of trunks and trying to send Mahoney over the top rope!]

GM: GREEN TRIES TO TOSS MAHONEY!!

[But the Irishman grabs hold of the ropes, managing to land on the apron as Green looks to knock him to the floor with a series of clubbing forearms...

...when Mahoney suddenly grabs the wrist, leaping up to scissor the arm!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!

BW: Even in a Battle Royal, the Armbar Assassin finds a way to lock in his favorite hold!

[The King of the Battle Royals is howling in pain as he frantically taps out to no avail.]

GM: There's no submissions in a Battle Royal, Bucky!

BW: No, but there might be a broken arm!

[An agitated Shadoe Rage, back on his feet with a stream of blood escaping his nose, throws a knee through the ropes into the back of Mahoney, forcing him to break the hanging armbar and drop down on the apron where Rage attempts to use his boot to shove Mahoney to the floor.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is looking for some payback for that bloody nose as he tries to shove Mahoney out of the ring and get the elimination!

[Alphonse Green staggers away from the downed Mahoney, clutching his arm in pain...

...and runs headlong into Robert Donovan who grabs him by the throat!]

GM: Oh no! Donovan's got a hold of Alphonse Green!

[Suddenly, Ricky Lane appears, grabbing Green by the arm and yanking him into a full bearhug before lifting, pivoting, and DRIVING Green into the canvas with a massive belly-to-belly!]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Lane ripped Green right out of Donovan's grasp!

[A stunned Donovan stares at Ricky Lane as the big man gets back to his feet, jerking a thumb at himself, and then giving Donovan a big thumbs down.]

GM: Ricky Lane just picked a fight with the tallest man in the yard!

[Pissed at the world, Donovan surges forward, throwing a haymaker that bounces off the skull of the super heavyweight. Lane holds his ground before returning fire with one of his own!]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands!

[The seas part as the two biggest dogs in the fight are tearing into each other at a frightening ferocity. Donovan's got more talent with the fisticuffs however and soon, Lane is backpedaling towards the ropes, reaching out towards them to stay on his feet...

...when a big war whoop rings out as Tony Sunn finds a seam in the humanity, barreling across the ring and connecting with a running clothesline that takes Lane over the top rope and dumps him in a heap on the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!!

[The powerhouse wheels around, throwing his arms apart in a show of strength as he gives another big howl...

...just as Robert Donovan barrels in on him and Sunn LIFTS Donovan into the air, twisting and hurling him over the ropes down onto the ringside mats as well!]

GM: HOLY-

BW: DID I JUST SEE THAT?!

GM: TONY SUNN JUST ELIMINATED THE TWO BIGGEST MEN IN THE MATCH BACK TO BACK!!

[Sunn again gives a roar, grabbing the top rope and shaking it ferociously to a massive reaction from the crowd.]

GM: THIRTEEN MEN REMAIN AND THE BATTLE CONTINUES!!

[A pumped-up Tony Sunn gets blindsided by Charles S. Rant, absorbing a few clubbing forearms across the back before slowing turning towards the AWA's Customer Service representative who immediately raises his hands, backpedaling away...

...into the waiting arms of Ryan Martinez who wheels him around and HURLS him over the top to the floor!]

GM: Rant's gone as well!

BW: The floodgates are open, daddy! Three men gone in a span of seconds!

GM: Twelve men remain in the ring - Callum Mahoney, Shadoo Rage, Sweet Daddy Williams, Tony Sunn, the Cuban Assassin, Brad Jacobs, Dave Cooper, Alphonse Green, Travis Lynch, Donnie White, the Mud Monster, and Ryan Martinez continue the fight to see who will be the AWA World Television Champion! We've got to take a quick break but our tape machines are rolling so if anything happens during the commercial, we'll be sure to bring it to you when we come back!

[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...]

As we come back to live action, we see the ring a little lighter since when we last saw it.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and during the break, we did see another elimination. Take a quick look...

[We get some split-screen action as we see Sweet Daddy Williams throwing rapid-fire jabs to the jaw of Brad Jacobs, lighting up the muscle of the Blonde Bombers. He does a little jig before connecting with an uppercut that knocks Jacobs back into the corner...]

...and turns right into a lifting, spinning spinebuster out of Dave Cooper!]

GM: Out of nowhere came Dave Cooper with the spinebuster. He pulled Sweet Daddy Williams up... and sends him over the top to the floor!

[The split screen vanishes, taking us back to live action where we find Callum Mahoney delivering big knees to the torso of Tony Sunn up against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Eleven men remain in this Battle Royal and some of the favorites still remain. Men like Shadoo Rage, like Dave Cooper, like Alphonse Green...

BW: There are some dark horses in there too though, Gordo. Who would have thought that the Cuban Assassin or the Mud Monster would still be in this thing? Or Travis Lynch?

GM: Travis Lynch is NOT a dark horse.

[Speaking of Travis Lynch, the crowd roars as he mounts the midbuckle, balling up his fist and delivering a beatdown on a trapped Dave Cooper, counting along with every blow.]

BW: Look at this idiot! Who climbs the turnbuckles in a Battle Royal? Someone just needs to give him a shove to the back and he'll be eliminated! Do it! Donnie! Brad! Hell, do it, Mud Monster!

[Donnie White seems about to take Bucky's advice as he creeps up on Lynch from the blind side...]

...but Travis takes a page out of James Lynch's playbook, blindly leaping and twisting and catching White with a crossbody that knocks him down to the mat! The crowd roars as Travis takes the mount on the Atomic Blonde, hammering him with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Travis is looking to make this one heck of a night for the Lynch family after his big brother, Jack, got some payback on Demetrius Lake earlier tonight.

[With Lynch hammering away on White, it leaves him exposed from the backside where Cooper storms out of the corner, throwing himself into a clothesline to the back of the head that knocks Lynch flat on his face on the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Cooper lays down the boom from behind... and it looks like Cooper and White are working together here.

[White and Cooper pull Lynch up off the mat, each holding a handful of hair as the crowd buzzes with concern of an elimination of their hometown hero.]

GM: They're going to try and toss him!

BW: Yes! Do it! Get rid of Stench!

[But before they can try, Ryan Martinez steps into their path, charging forward and dropping both men with a double clothesline!]

GM: Oh! Martinez drops 'em both!

[Swinging around, Martinez connects with a knife-edge chop on an incoming Alphonse Green, taking him off his feet. He swings around again, lifting a charging Shadoe Rage up onto his shoulders, and falling back in a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ PLANTS HIM!

[The White Knight of the AWA climbs back to his feet as the Mud Monster charges him...

...and sidesteps, whipping the Man From Parts Unknown over the ropes and down to the floor to a huge cheer!]

GM: MUD MONSTER'S GONE!

[A fired up Ryan Martinez turns back around, spotting the Cuban Assassin sneaking up on him. Martinez lifts a hand, pointing at the Cuban who backpedals...

...right into Alphonse Green who swings him around and LAUNCHES him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: GANG GREEN FLYING MACHINE!

BW: We're down to nine!

[Green spins around, ducking under a clothesline attempt by Brad Jacobs who lumbers past him, falling off-balance into the ropes...

...where Ryan Martinez barrels into him, taking him up and over with a running clothesline!]

GM: JACOBS IS GONE! JACOBS IS GONE!

BW: Whoa! Martinez is on fire right now, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is and just like that, we're down to eight men remaining in this matchup.

[The elimination of Jacobs seems to cause everyone in the ring to back off a bit, regrouping and figuring out where they stand. On one side of the ring stands Dave Cooper and Donnie White. On the other? Everyone else.]

GM: Uh oh! This could be trouble for the Professional and the Atomic Blonde!

[Cooper and White huddle up, looking slightly panicked at the sea of bodies across the ring from them. Travis Lynch signals to the others, trying to pull together a huddle of their own...

...but Callum Mahoney is having none of it, throwing his arms down and rushing into the fray, throwing a right hand to the jaw of a shocked Ryan Martinez!]

GM: Oh! Mahoney, the fighting Irishman, is having no part of some gang warfare! He wants a fight and he doesn't give a damn who he's fighting!

[The crowd is roaring as Mahoney and Martinez trade hard shots against the ropes. Tony Sunn looks surprised at what just happened, shaking his head as Donnie White rushes forward, throwing himself into a flying forearm that knocks Shadoe Rage down to the mat!]

GM: White's after Rage again!

[Grabbing two hands of hair, White SMASHES Rage's face into the canvas once... twice... three times before climbing to his feet, ducking under a clothesline attempt from Travis Lynch. He promptly leaps up, catching Lynch on the nose with a standing dropkick!]

GM: Donnie White's showing why he's gone from laughing stock and Shane Gang henchman into one of the most exciting competitors in the entire AWA and just why he's one of the favorites to walk out of here tonight with the World Television Title!

[White kips up to his feet, jerking two thumbs at himself...

...before Alphonse Green storms him, hooking the trunks, and rushing towards the ropes!]

GM: GANG GREEN FLYING MACHINE!

[In the middle of his high-flying trip over the top rope, White stretches his arm out, just barely hooking his fingers around the top rope, managing to swing his body back towards the ring, clinging to the ropes and staying on the apron.]

GM: OH MY STARS! How in the world did Donnie White manage that?!

[With White clinging to the ropes on the apron, Shadoe Rage shoves Alphonse Green aside, grabbing White by the hair. He smashes his fist repeatedly into White's forehead before rushing along the apron, looking to drive the Atomic Blonde's head into the ringpost...]

GM: INTO THE PO- NO!

[White swings his leg up, blocking Rage's attempt to smash him into the ringpost. He lashes out with an elbow to the bridge of Rage's already-bloody nose, sending Rage staggering back. White grabs the top rope, leaping up to the top turnbuckle with a single bound...

...and leaps off, throwing himself into a dropkick that sends Rage sprawling backwards and down to the mat!]

GM: White knocks him flat!

[Donnie White gets back to his feet again but promptly gets caught with a right hand by Travis Lynch.]

GM: Big right hand! And another! And another!

[White staggers back under the barrage from Lynch, slipping back against the ropes. Lynch kisses his clenched fist before going into a full spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[...and CRACKING White on the jaw, sending him flipping backwards over the top rope!]

GM: OVER-

BW: NO! HE HANGS ON AGAIN!

[The crowd gasps in shock as White again hooks the ropes, saving himself from a surefire elimination. He pulls himself to his feet, breathing heavily as Ryan Martinez charges across at him, throwing himself into a spear tackle through the ropes as White leaps into the air, causing Martinez to hit his stomach on the middle rope just before White DROPS a big leg across the back of Martinez' neck!]

GM: Wow! What a counter out of the Atomic Blonde!

[Grabbing the top rope again, White catapults himself over the ropes, sailing high before DRIVING his knee down into the kidneys of Martinez, causing the young lion to slump down to the canvas.]

GM: Donnie White keeps finding a way to survive.

[Across the ring, we see Dave Cooper trapped in a corner, being battered by Callum Mahoney who suddenly puts Cooper down on a knee with a headbutt.]

GM: Mahoney's working over Cooper, hammering away with right hands to the forehead and-

[Cooper suddenly rises up, flipping Mahoney over his head, and all the way down to the floor with a backdrop!]

GM: OHH! MAHONEY'S ELIMINATED!

BW: Wow! What resourcefulness out of Cooper! That was the sign of a true ring general, Gordo. He knew exactly where he was and he knew exactly what he had to do to eliminate Mahoney!

GM: We're down to seven - Rage, Sunn, Cooper, Green, Lynch, White, and Martinez!

[White scampers out to the middle of the ring, trying to avoid the ropes as Travis Lynch pursues him. They tangle up in the center of the ring where Lynch's strength allows him to shove White back against the ropes, trying to push his upper body back over the ropes.]

GM: Lynch is trying to muscle White over the ropes... he might need some help to get White's lower body up in the air as well.

[On cue, here comes Tony Sunn who easily yanks White's legs up into the air as the two strongest men remaining in the match try to eliminate one of the smallest men left.]

GM: Donnie White's in some trouble again!

[White promptly wraps his arms around the ropes, trying to keep himself in the match as Sunn gets the legs up on his shoulders, muscling White higher and higher...

...and a desperate Dave Cooper throws himself at the back of Sunn's knee, smashing his shoulder into it!]

GM: He clipped him! Cooper clipped Tony Sunn!

[Sunn falls back, dropping to a knee as Cooper grabs Lynch by the legs, lifting him off the mat...

...and DUMPING him to the floor to a HUUUUUGE chorus of boos!]

GM: OHH! TRAVIS LYNCH IS GONE!

BW: Oh, glorious day! Thank you, Dave Cooper!

GM: These fans are crushed at seeing Travis Lynch eliminated and look at the grin on Dave Cooper's face! He loves hearing these fans boo like that.

[Cooper kneels on the canvas, a broad grin on his face as the fans let him have it for eliminating their hometown favorite. He pulls White back to safety, quickly huddling up with his fellow rulebreaker as he plays quarterback, gesturing to different competitors still in the ring.]

GM: Cooper's telling White to focus on Tony Sunn, the man he just clipped from behind.

[A nodding White pulls Sunn off the mat, grabbing him by the arm for an Irish whip... but the powerful Sunn stands his ground, yanking White back into his arms and across his chest. He holds him there for a moment before muscling him up into a gorilla press!]

GM: OH MY STARS! LOOK AT THE POWER!

[Seeing his momentary ally in trouble, Cooper rushes in, burying a right hand into Sunn's midsection, doubling him up and freeing White who falls down behind him...

...and then drops to his knees, turning to the turnbuckles.]

GM: Donnie White is down in the corner... wait a second!

[A grinning White unties the bottom turnbuckle, flinging the cover aside and revealing a small pair of handcuffs.]

GM: Wait a damn second!

BW: Oh, this is brilliant!

[Climbing to his feet, White snaps one of the handcuffs over his own wrist before securing the other side to the top rope!]

GM: He just handcuffed himself to the top rope!

BW: Ain't no one sending him to the floor now! Like I said, this is brilliant! Donnie White and the Shane Gang just came up with the ultimate plan to win this whole thing for him here tonight! You're looking at the next World Television Champion!

[An exasperated Dave Cooper glares at Donnie White, gesturing for him to help him with Tony Sunn but White waves him off...

...just before a furious Shadoe Rage bullrushes White backwards, slamming him into the turnbuckles. He hops up on the middle rope, smashing his fist into White's skull repeatedly!]

GM: Rage is going to town on White! He can't believe that White's trying to win the title like this and quite frankly, neither can I!

BW: Six men are left and five of them are now fighting to see who is going to face Donnie White for the World Television Title in just a little while cause he ain't goin' nowhere, Gordo!

GM: This is ridiculous! How in the world could someone possibly eliminate him now?!

BW: They can't! And Shadoe Rage can beat on him all he wants but he can't get him to the floor! I love it!

[A frustrated Rage hops down, hammering White with a right hand again, knocking him down a bit but the handcuffed hand keeps his arm stretched out. The camera cuts to the other side of the ring where Cooper has Sunn in the corner, kicking his knee repeatedly.]

GM: Dave Cooper's got Sunn down on the mat, trying to put the newcomer on the shelf by stomping that knee over and over again.

[Grabbing the foot, Cooper drags Sunn away from the corner...

...when suddenly, Alphonse Green swoops him, hooking him from behind!]

GM: HERE GOES COOPER!

[But the veteran somehow spins it around, launching Green over the ropes instead...

...but as Cooper turns away, stalking back towards Sunn, Green manages to land on the apron!]

GM: Green saved himself but Cooper didn't see it!

[Nodding his head at the cheering crowd, Green deadleaps to the top rope, springboarding off as Cooper turns around...

...and FLATTENS him with a flying clothesline!]

GM: Oh my! Green levels him!

[Charging out of the corner, Rage goes into a corkscrew front kick...

...but Green flattens out, causing Rage to hit the canvas hard. Green suddenly pops up, rushing towards the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, and springing back as Rage gets back to his feet!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: GROUND CHUCK!

[The boot to the mush sends Rage stumbling backwards towards the ropes where Donnie White has leapt over the top rope, running down the length of the apron with his hand still cuffed...]

...and grabs Rage by the hair, yanking him backwards over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: SHADOE RAGE IS ELIMINATED BY DONNIE WHITE!

[A cackling White climbs back into the ring, taunting the eliminated Rage who climbs to his feet, looking back at White in shock...]

...and promptly flips out, shoving down a ringside official and moving to the ringside barricade where he delivers a hard kick into the steel, dislodging the railing. He leans over it, grabbing a steel chair and spins around, heading back to the ring!]

GM: RAGE HAS GOT A CHAIR!!

[A sea of AWA officials swarm him, trying to prevent Rage from getting back into the ring with his weapon. Donnie White looks fearful, pointing at Rage and shouting at the officials to "keep him back!" as Rage tries to wade through them to get his hands on his archrival.]

GM: I've gotta agree with Donnie White here. Keep the man back! There's no place for him to be in that Battle Royal swinging that steel chair! He's mad, he's frustrated, and no one can blame him for that but there'll be another time and place to settle this issue with Donnie White.

[White is all smiles as the ringside officials get the chair away from Shadoe Rage, forcing him away from the ring and back up the aisle.]

GM: We're down to the Final Five, fans. Tony Sunn, Dave Cooper, Alphonse Green, Donnie White, and Ryan Martinez. One of those five men will be the World Television Champion before this night is over.

[With the chaos calmed down for a moment, we find Alphonse Green with Dave Cooper back in a corner, trading right hands. Nearby, Tony Sunn is down on a knee, grabbing at the knee that Cooper has been attacking. On the other side of the ring, Ryan Martinez has Donnie White pushed back against the buckles, ready to throw machine gun-like chops to the chest...]

"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 wheels away, leaving White dangling from the corner by his handcuff as the hard-hitting second generation star seeks out a new victim.]

GM: Martinez grabs Tony Sunn by the arm, pulling him back to his feet...

[The son of a Hall of Famer whips Sunn across, sending the big man crashing into the turnbuckles. With a shout, Martinez barrels across, leaping up and smashing home a clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez hits hard in the corner!

[As Sunn staggers out, Martinez catches him with a boot to the gut. He pulls Sunn into a front facelock, giving another shout as he slings Sunn's arm over his neck...]

GM: Oh my stars! Martinez is looking for the Brainbuster!

BW: He's going to try and get the nearly 300 pound Sunn up into the air so he can drop him down on his head!

[Martinez steps to the middle of the ring, giving himself lots of room as he tries to get Sunn up into the air but Sunn blocks it.]

GM: Sunn blocks the lift!

[Martinez grits his teeth, trying the lift again...]

GM: He goes for it a second time but no dice! Tony Sunn is blocking it!

[Sunn suddenly leans forward, reaching down to hook Martinez' leg in a cradle suplex position. He powers Martinez up into the air, holding him upside down...

...and then drops down to a knee, dropping Martinez gutfirst across his bent knee!]

GM: OHH! ECLIPSE! ECLIPSE!!

[But Sunn immediately falls to the side, clutching at the injured knee that he just used to deliver one of his signature moves.]

GM: Sunn hurt the knee! He hurt his own knee with that Eclipse!

BW: What a moron! Why would you use that move when you KNOW your own knee is hurting?!

GM: It was the heat of the moment! The excitement and the adrenaline! Tony Sunn wasn't thinking clearly and he just paid a major price for it!

[Staggering away from Alphonse Green who just got a thumb in the eye and is stunned in the corner, Dave Cooper grabs the downed Sunn, pulling him off the mat in a front facelock...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! COOPER DELIVERS THE DDT ON TONY SUNN!

[From the corner, Donnie White shouts encouragement to the Professional who turns to glare at the Atomic Blonde before dragging a limp Sunn off the mat...

...and tossing him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Sunn's gone! We're down to four!

BW: Only two more eliminations to go and then it all changes, Gordo. Then it becomes a one-on-one match for the vacant World Television Title!

GM: Who will it be in that final match? Will it be Dave Cooper, the Professional, who has had his sights set on that World Television Title for ages now? Will it be Alphonse Green who is looking to make 2014 his year after a rough 2013? Maybe it'll be Ryan Martinez, the White Knight seeking to take a stand against the Wise Men and send them a message that he can overcome everything they've got. Or perhaps it's-

BW: It's Donnie White! He's handcuffed to the ropes! He's moving on to that final match, Gordo! He's moving on to it and there ain't no one who can stop-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: STEVE SPECTOR!

BW: NO, NO, NO! STOP HIM!

[Spector is stalking down the entrance ramp...

...and he's holding a pair of bolt cutters over his head, "chomping" them back and forth like one might do hedge trimmers.]

GM: SPECTOR'S GOT BOLT CUTTERS! He's seen enough of Donnie White and he's about to change all of this! He's about to change this whole thing!

BW: Where the heck is the rest of the Shane Gang?!

[A petrified Donnie White starts wildly shaking his head back and forth as Spector reaches the ringside area, dropping off the ramp and racing around the ringpost towards Donnie White who is grabbing at his wrist, trying to free himself and get away from Spector who quickly climbs the apron, blocking a wild right hand from White and dropping him with a left elbow to the temple!]

GM: Spector drops him and-

[Spector grabs the bolt cutters, slipping them over the handcuffs as the crowd breaks into jeers!]

GM: ANDERSON! STRONG!

BW: And you better believe they want a piece of Steve Spector right about now!

[Spector grins as he uses the cutters, snapping it down on the chain and breaking the cuffs, sending White sprawling into the ring with a steel bracelet around his wrist. The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Spector cuts the cuffs! White's free and-

[Spotting Anderson and Strong coming, Spector drops off the apron, rushing towards the railing where he hurdles over it, charging through the crowd as an angry Lights Out Express slams into the steel, shouting in pursuit of Spector. A shocked White gets back to his feet, glaring at his wrist in disbelief...

...when Alphonse Green grabs him by the trunks from behind and HURLS him over the top rope to the floor out on top of Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong!]

GM: WHITE'S GONE! WE'RE DOWN TO THREE!

BW: Dave Cooper, Alphonse Green, and Ryan Martinez! Two of these three men will make the final match and one of 'em is walking out of Dallas tonight as the World Television Champion!

[We cut to a shot of the humiliated and furious Shane Gang, sprawled out on the ringside mats as Alphonse Green turns his attention back to Dave Cooper inside the ring.]

GM: Cooper and Green are firing away at each other in the center of the ring one more time! Right hand after right hand by both men, tearing into one another and these fans here in the Crockett Coliseum are going nuts!

[The crowd cheers for every blow landed by Green and jeers for every blow landed by Cooper...

...all the while noticing Ryan Martinez, slowly climbing back to his feet, grabbing at his ribs as he does so.]

GM: Green's got Cooper on the run!

[A series of big wild right hands has Cooper stumbling backwards towards the ropes as Green continues to hammer, knocking the Professional back...]

GM: Green grabs him by the arm... big whi- reversed!

[Green rebounds back as Cooper sets, looking for another spinebuster but as the Professional picks him up, Green snares a front facelock, twisting with Cooper...

...and DRIVING him skullfirst into the mat!]

GM: DDT! GREEN COUNTERS INTO THE TWISTING DDT!

[Green bounces up off the canvas, clenching his fists and looking out at the cheering crowd. He nods, lifting an arm to point at the fans.]

GM: What a moment for Alphonse Green! These fans are going nuts for a man that just a few months ago, they couldn't stand!

[The King of the Battle Royals reaches down, pulling Cooper slowly off the mat by the hair...

...and pointing one more time to the crowd!]

GM: Green's calling for it! He's calling his shot!

[Grabbing a handful of trunks, Green quickly approaches the ropes, looking to launch him over the top...]

GM: GANG! GREEN! FLYING! MACHIIIIIIIIINE!

[...and HURLS Cooper way over the top, sending him sailing through the air where he crashes down in a heap on the wooden ramp!]

GM: GREEN ELIMINATES COOPER!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the final two remaining...

ALPHONSE GREEEEEEEEEEEN...

[The crowd roars for the leader of Gang Green.]

PW: And RYYYYYYYYAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRRRTINEZ!

[Another big cheer goes up as the young lion slowly raises an arm, obviously still feeling the effects of Tony Sunn's Eclipse.]

GM: Alphonse Green and Ryan Martinez are the final two competitors standing in this one... and in just a moment, they will compete to determine the new, undisputed World Television Champ-

[The crowd bursts into a shocked reaction as a group of masked men hit the ring, making a beeline straight for the hurting Martinez. Martinez sees them coming and makes a stand.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is under attack!

[Two of the masked men get greeted by Martinez' hard-hitting chops, knocking both men down with ease. A third slips through, connecting with a massive spear tackle to the injured ribs of Martinez!]

GM: OHH! SPEAR!

[Alphonse Green rushes to intervene, trying to prevent the attack but gets stopped by two more masked men, battering Green down to the mat and putting the boots to him.]

GM: What the heck is going on here?!

BW: Martinez called down the thunder, Gordo! He called down the thunder and the Wise Men are comin' for him! It may not be Percy or the Alliance but this is a Wise Men attack, make no mistake about it! Remember back to SuperClash when those masked men attacked Stevie Scott? These don't appear to be the same guys but when you're as powerful as the Wise Men are, you've got an entire world of wrestlers willing to do your dirty work!

[The boots pound away at the ribs of Martinez and the back of Green's head as the crowd boos wildly...

...when suddenly the crowd erupts again at the sight of Hannibal Carver and Bobby O'Connor tearing into view. Carver, again, has the baseball bat from two weeks ago in hand!]

GM: HERE COMES TROUBLE FOR THE WISE MEN!

[The masked men in the ring quickly bail out, ducking out through the crowd as Carver and O'Connor reach the ring. Carver paces back and forth, glaring out after the fleeing masked men as he shoulders the baseball bat.]

GM: Hannibal Carver and Bobby O'Connor sent the Wise Men's flunkies scurrying but... what is the condition of the two men who are about to wrestle for the World Television Title? We're going to take a quick break and make sure both men can compete. Fans, 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: 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...

We fade back up from black on the ring where Ryan Martinez is kneeling in the corner, clutching his ribs. Across the ring, Alphonse Green is talking to Dr. Bob Ponavitch, the head AWA doctor, nodding his head.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. It's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling and it appears as though Ryan Martinez and Alphonse Green have managed to overcome the results of that assault at the hands of a group of masked men that we presume were the hired guns of the Wise Men.

BW: I think that's a safe assumption, Gordo. The great thing about that though is that it could be ANYONE under the masks... and honestly, I don't think it matters. The men under those masks may not have an agenda... they may not even be Wise Men... they're just thugs with a pricetag if you ask me.

GM: Very effective thugs who took advantage of the damage already done in the Battle Royal, attacking the ribs of Ryan Martinez who had already been hit with the Eclipse from Tony Sunn... that cradle gutbuster.

[Martinez nods again at Ponavitch, waving for the match to start as he climbs to his feet, visibly wincing.]

GM: Martinez is up... he's ready to start this match.

BW: You sure about that? He may be up but I think the only thing he's ready for is a post-match nap.

[Alphonse Green slowly moves to the center of the ring, pointing at Martinez and speaking to both referee Johnny Jagger and Dr. Ponavitch.]

GM: I think Green is asking if Martinez is really able to compete.

BW: He's hoping for a forfeit and who can blame him?

GM: I don't think that's what he's hoping for at all. Did you see him rush to try and defend Martinez from those attackers? I think Green is genuinely concerned about Ryan Martinez right now.

[The official seems to be trying to convince Green that Martinez is okay when Ryan Martinez suddenly straightens up, walking out to the center of the ring and delivering a hard shove to Green, sending him falling backwards.]

GM: Martinez has had enough of people talking about him. He wants this match to start and he wants it right now! This fiery 23 year old ended 2013 in major fashion by defeating the Baddest Thangs Runnin' alongside his legendary father at SuperClash V and he wants to start 2014 off by becoming the World Television Champion.

BW: Both of these guys are second generation competitors, Gordo, but their fathers are very, very different. Ryan is, of course, the son of the Hall of Famer Alex Martinez while Alphonse Green grew up as the son of the popular but not very successful grappler Anthony "Dead Lift" Green.

[Green steps back out to the center, looking surprised at Martinez' actions and lunging into a collar-and-elbow tieup at the sound of the bell.]

GM: Here we go! Two men remaining and the World Television Title hangs in the balance!

BW: That Battle Royal went for about a half hour, Gordo, so you can bet that both of these men will be looking to end this thing quickly.

[The 255 pound Martinez easily outmuscles the much smaller Green, forcing him back against the turnbuckles. The AWA's Senior Official steps in, looking for a break, and gets one as Martinez backs off, hands raised.]

GM: A clean break by Martinez, the ultimate sportsman.

[He again grabs at this ribs for a split second before Green comes out again, locking up a second time. But this time, Green knows he can't outmuscle Martinez, opting instead to hook a wrist, dragging Martinez' arm behind him in a hammerlock.]

GM: Green grabs hold of the arm, cranking up on it in an attempt to take that powerful limb away from the young lion.

BW: Green knows what kind of damage Martinez can do with that arm through both his striking game and other elements of his offense including the Brainbuster. It would be in Alphonse Green's best interest to disable that arm.

[Martinez winces, looking for a way to elbow out of the hold. Finding none, he drops down into a drop toehold, taking Green down to the mat. The White Knight quickly ties up the leg...]

GM: Is he looking for an STF?

[But before we can find out what the young lion has in mind, Green makes a lunge for the bottom rope, forcing yet another break. Martinez scrambles back to the middle of the ring as Green drags himself under the ropes to the floor, looking up at Martinez who paces back and forth, waiting for his opponent to get back in.]

GM: Green taking a little walk out on the floor, perhaps trying to figure out his gameplan for defeating Martinez. These men had to be prepared for nineteen others in that Battle Royal. Now they have to figure out the best way to defeat just one other. It's gotta be a little difficult to do, Bucky.

BW: It's more than a little difficult, Gordo. It'd be like if the Seahawks showed up tomorrow at the Super Bowl and had their opponents changed up on them. You gotta develop a whole new gameplan in a matter of moments so this is a smart move by Green to take a breather and look at his options.

[Green waits until the referee's count is up to eight before ducking through the ropes, crawling into the ring. Martinez moves in, ready to greet him as they tangle up again. This time, Martinez pushes him back against the ropes as the referee calls for a break.]

GM: Martinez steps back... but here comes the whip!

[Martinez fires Green off into the ropes, preparing to deliver a knife-edge chop on the rebound. Green ducks under, hitting the far ropes and bouncing back...]

GM: Clothesli- no!

[Green leaps up, hooking the right arm with his arms and the left arm with his legs, dragging Martinez down in a crucifix!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Martinez kicks out, rolling backwards to his knees as Green pops up to his feet, throwing a quick overhead elbow down between the eyes to keep Martinez there. He hooks Martinez around the head and neck, flipping him into a seated position with a snap mare.]

GM: Nice takeover by Green and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Ohh! Hard kick to the back!

[Green sets his feet, giving a shout to the cheering crowd.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Martinez crumples down to the mat as Green gives another whoop, settling into a lateral press.]

GM: Green covers for one! He gets two - but that's all!

[Green gets back to his feet, dragging Martinez off the mat by the arm, throwing him the short distance chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Oh! Martinez hits the corner hard!

[As the larger man staggers out, Green rushes the buckles, leaping up to the second rope. He blindly leaps off, twisting around into a crossbody that knocks Martinez off his feet!]

GM: Crossbody... but Martinez rolls through it!

[With a grunt of effort, Martinez gets to his feet, powering Green up and holding him across his chest to the impressed cheers of the Dallas crowd...

...and then LAUNCHES Green up and over, sending him crashing off the canvas with a fallaway slam!]

GM: Big slam by Martinez to turn this back around in his favor!

[Martinez is slow to get to his feet. By the time he gets there, Green is starting to stir as well, pushing up to all fours. The White Knight approaches Green from behind, grabbing a handful of hair and yanking Green up onto his knees, bending him backwards...

...and BLASTING him with an overhead chop across the chest!]

GM: OHHH!

[Green collapses down to the mat, quickly falling the victim to a leaping leg drop that Martinez uses to apply a cover, gesturing to the official who drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[This time, it's Green who lifts the shoulder off the mat to break the pin attempt. Martinez swings a leg over the torso, pinning Green down to the mat as he winds up his right hand, hammering down with big fists to the skull, battering him into the canvas!]

GM: Martinez is beating him down!

[The referee starts a five count, forcing Martinez to relent at the count of four. The fan favorite climbs to his feet, grabbing at his ribs as he stumbles back into the ropes. He leans down, slamming his fists into the canvas, waving for Green to get back to his feet...]

GM: I think Martinez is looking for the spear! He's gonna try and break Alphonse Green in half and win the World Television Title!

[Green slowly climbs up off the mat as Martinez comes charging forward, lowering his shoulder...

...to which Green responds by leapfrogging up, throwing himself over Martinez in a sunset flip, dragging him down to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS with a mixed reaction as Martinez' shoulder fires up off the canvas, breaking up the pin! Green grabs at his head in frustration before getting back to his feet. He grabs the rising Martinez by the head and neck in a snapmare position...]

GM: He's going for the Hunger Strike!

[But as he leaps up, Martinez grabs him around the torso, lifting him up and DRIVING him down on the back of the head and neck before bridging up, pinning the shoulders to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Martinez suddenly lets go of the bridge, immediately grabbing at his ribcage.]

GM: He couldn't do it! He couldn't hold the bridge!

[A frustrated Martinez slaps the canvas before climbing back to his feet where Green greets him with a knee to the jaw.]

GM: Ohh! Green managed to get up first and caught him!

[A back kick to the gut doubles up Martinez as Green hits the ropes, rebounding off to grab the head, snapping Martinez down in a spinning neckbreaker!]

GM: Wow! What a neckbreaker!

BW: I know a Hall of Fame former World Champion who snaps off a neckbreaker like that.

[Green rolls over, applying a cover but again only getting a two count before Martinez lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Two count only! Martinez is showing that tremendous fighting spirit that he's so well known for.

[Green climbs to his feet, pulling Martinez by the leg over near the ropes. He drops a hard elbow down in the midsection, forcing Martinez to sit up as Green hits the adjacent ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and SLAMS his knee into the face of Martinez, causing his head to snap back and slam down on the mat!]

GM: Oh my stars! A big running knee and Martinez might be out cold!

[Green shakes his head, lifting a finger as he steps out on the ring apron. He turns around, grabbing the top rope with both hands.]

GM: Green's looking to fly over the top here and try to finish off Martinez!

[With a slingshot, Green catapults over the ropes, crashing down on the chest of the prone Martinez!]

GM: OHH! Big splash!

BW: That was a heckuva move, Gordo!

[Green reaches back, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- FOOT ON THE ROPES! FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[Martinez' foot is draped over the bottom rope as we see Green shove down the leg he was hooking in frustration.]

BW: Green hooked the wrong leg, Gordo! He should've hooked the one closest to the ropes but he grabbed the far leg instead. It cost him the win right there if you ask me.

[A frustrated Green climbs to his feet, clapping his hands together as he hauls Martinez off the canvas, turning his back to move into snapmare position again...]

GM: He's looking for the Hunger Strike again!

[Green leaps up, going vertical with the headlock still applied but Martinez' strength stops him from going over as the young lion staggers back under the weight, falling backfirst into the ropes where Green flips over the top, landing on the apron.]

GM: Wow! That could've been disaster for Alphonse Green but he somehow managed to find a way to land on the apron... ohh! Stiff forearm shot on the jaw on Martinez!

[Martinez stumbles backwards as Green grabs the top rope again, leaping up to springboard off the top...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[The Los Angeles native ducks down, causing Green to sail past him, landing on his feet on the mat. Martinez hooks him from behind in a rear waistlock, hoisting Green off the mat...]

GM: WAISTLOCK SUPLEX!

[...and PLANTS him on the back of his head!]

BW: GERMAN SUPLEX CONNECTS!

[The referee dives to the mat again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars! How in the world did Alphonse Green kick out of that? How did he manage to get his shoulders up after that devastating suplex?!

[An equally-frustrated Martinez climbs to his feet, leaning down to drag Green up with him. He shoves the smaller man back into the corner, giving a roar as he switches up his stance, lighting up the pectorals with a knife-edge chop.]

GM: Big chop by Martinez!

[He delivers a second chop, then looks out at the crowd who roars in response as Martinez turns up the heat! He unleashes a barrage of chops as 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!

[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!]"

[Finally, Martinez delivers one last chop, shaking his hand from the impact as Green slowly walks out of the corner to the middle of the ring, dropping facefirst down to the mat.]

GM: That might be it but I think Martinez has other ideas!

BW: He's calling for the Brainbuster!

[Martinez steps out to the center of the ring, gesturing for the potentially match-ending head drop before pulling a dazed Green off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock. He slings Green's arm over his neck, looking for the big finish...]

GM: Martinez trying to finish him off!

[The young lion powers Green up into the air, holding him straight and down...

...and suddenly lurches forward, grasping at his ribs as Green uses the momentum to pluck Martinez into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee dives to the canvas!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! MY STARS, ALPHONSE GREEN DID IT!

BW: I don't believe it, Gordo!

GM: Alphonse Green is the undisputed World Television Champion!

[The crowd ROARS to their feet as a somewhat shocked Alphonse Green pushes up to his knees, looking wide-eyed at Johnny Jagger who walks across the ring, grabs the World Television Title from the timekeeper, and then walks back, handing the title to Green.]

GM: Green's the new champion! Ryan Martinez' banged up ribs couldn't hold up for that Brainbuster and Green took advantage of it. He rolled him up, got the three, and we've got a new champion, fans!

BW: Gang Green is goin' nuts in the cheap seats, daddy!

GM: After vanquishing nineteen men and then Ryan Martinez a second time, the King of the Battle Royals has struck gold here tonight in Dallas! We're out of time, fans! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[Green pushes to his feet, clutching the World Television Title belt to his chest with the crowd roaring all around...

...as we fade to black.]