

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

**SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH
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 Alphonse Green plucking Ryan Martinez into an inside cradle to win 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! If you missed the last episode of this show, yes indeed... we have a new World Television Champion in Alphonse Green!

BW: Gang Green has been partying for two weeks straight, daddy!

GM: The new champion will be right here tonight to address the fans, his prospective challengers, AND to defend the title for the very first time!

[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, the Stampede Cup is only about six weeks away and we're going to get even closer to filling out that elite field of twelve here tonight when the Northern Lights take on The Baddest Thangs Runnin' to see who takes the tenth spot in the tournament.

BW: We haven't seen the Gaines boys since SuperClash but my sources say they're hot under the collar and lookin' to make a major impact here tonight.

GM: They'll get their chance later tonight to move on to the Tokyo Dome in Japan for the big anniversary event. March 29th, mark it on your calendar. Rising Sun Showdown - a co-promoted event with the American Wrestling Alliance and Tiger Paw Pro. Speaking of Tiger Paw Pro, we're going to have

some major news regarding the man who will challenge for the AWA World Title in the Dome, Kenta Kitzukawa, later tonight.

[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: And of course, we're going to have our special Fan Appreciation Main Event pitting the former World and Television Champion, Dave Bryant, against a man he spent the latter half of 2013 battling, Dave Cooper. Who will get the final shot in this big rivalry? We'll find out later tonight.

BW: Don't forget my scoop, Gordo! My scoop is the big news!

GM: What scoop?

BW: You're not in the loop? Figures. Well, I've got news that is going to shake the AWA to the foundation later tonight, Gordo... and you ain't gonna want to miss it.

[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 sunburst yellow sportscoat, dazzling orange dress slacks, a insanely bright white dress shirt, and a tie that seems to have every color in the rainbow and then some. Gordon looks a bit curious at Bucky as he speaks.]

GM: What kind of news? Can we get a hint?

BW: Nah... that wouldn't be... wise.

[A concerned look crosses Gordon's face.]

GM: I see. I suppose I'm looking forward to that but right now, let's head right to the ring for our opening matchup!

[For the first time tonight, we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring at this time... from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 254 pounds... The Red Devil!

[A smattering of boos for the masked man clad completely in crimson, more for the general idea that devil = evil than anything he himself has actually done.]

GM: A rematch here, as this one was scheduled not long ago but was ended before it could ever begin thanks to the actions of the Wise Men.

BW: They were just trying to do that punk kid a favor. He was going to get embarrassed then... and he's gonna get embarrassed now!

[Just then the opening riff to "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult plays as the crowd starts to buzz, anticipating who could be about to come out to the ring.]

PW: And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by Hannibal Carver... from Jefferson City, Missouri... weighing in at 265 pounds... "BUNKHOUSE" BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[As the lead guitar takes over in "Godzilla", O'Connor bursts through the curtain to a respectable reaction from the crowd... one that increases in volume as his apparent mentor, Hannibal Carver, strides out onto the ramp behind O'Connor. Rather than his customary ring gear, Carver is wearing black steel-toed boots, black jeans, a scally cap and a black t-shirt with the graphic of brass knuckles that spell out "CARVER" in the fingerholes. Lit cigar gripped in his teeth, he claps O'Connor on the shoulder as the youngster raises one fist to the air, letting out a big whoop.]

GM: Carver leading his new charge to the ring, and this should be interesting to see what O'Connor has learned thus far under his tutelage.

BW: How to shotgun a beer and skip out on a bar tab, that's about it.

[The two continue down the ramp, O'Connor clad in his usual ring gear along with a Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt featuring an image of the grim reaper with the initials "B O C" across the chest. He slaps the hands of ringside fans as he makes his way to the ring, and the two step between the ropes and enter.]

BW: This maniac doesn't even belong here! He's no manager!

GM: It appears that is exactly the capacity he's serving right now... although my broadcast partner is right, hopefully the hot-tempered Carver will keep it out of the ring once that opening bell is rung.

[Carver passes on some last minute advice as the ref checks O'Connor's tights and boots as we can now see the back of Carver's shirt, which has the phrase "THE BRAWLER'S GONNA GET YA!" in a red slashmark-like font framed by barbed wire. Carver exits the ring as the ref motions for the match to begin.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: O'Connor looking to lock up with the bizarre Red Devil, a bit of a feeling out process happening right now.

[Thinking he sees an opening, O'Connor charges...]

BW: Ha! How that feel?

GM: Red Devil surprises O'Connor with a quick knife edge strike to the chest... although it looked dangerously close to the throat to me, Bucky.

BW: Your eyes are going, Gordo. This pipsqueak just can't take the heat.

GM: Hardly the term I'd use to describe a two hundred and sixty-five pounder, Bucky. Red Devil with a side headlock, really applying the pressure now.

[O'Connor struggles to power out of the hold for a moment, before rearing back and finally firing The Red Devil into the ropes.]

BW: Here he comes, take off this kid's head!

GM: No! Red Devil misses with the clothesline, springing off the ropes on the other side...

[An impressed, and maybe a little surprised, reaction from the crowd as Red Devil hits O'Connor with a shoulderblock and O'Connor barely budes an inch!]

GM: The crowd and Red Devil were both surprised by that, Bucky!

BW: So what! It's just the beginning of this one, everyone's due some beginner's luck.

GM: It appears as though he'll have another chance, as O'Connor is goading him on to try it again!

[Indeed, O'Connor slaps himself in the chest and then points to the crowd, yelling at Red Devil to "bring it on, big man!".]

GM: Red Devil charges, more intensely and furious than before...

[And a much more sizable pop from the crowd as Red Devil is caught and ROCKED with an underarm slam!]

BW: Whoa!

GM: I'm told he calls that the USDA, and that might be all as O'Connor covers! ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd lets loose with some disappointed boos as Red Devil gets his foot on the bottom rope.]

BW: Ha ha, no way.

GM: Still an impressive move, and for all his inexperience O'Connor showed some guile there by goading Red Devil into it.

BW: Hmm, yeah. Maybe he's not such a dumb kid at all. Then again, it was pretty underhanded... so that drunk outside the ring probably gave him the idea.

[O'Connor slaps the mat in frustration, as Carver shouts some words of encouragement.]

GM: All that Carver seems to be telling him at the moment is to not get discouraged and keep the momentum going.

BW: Yeah, right. That's probably code for where he hid a switchblade earlier that this punk can use on his superior opponent.

GM: Unbelievable.

[Red Devil gets to his feet with the help of O'Connor, and fires a quick forearm into O'Connor's stomach.]

GM: That shot has O'Connor staggering back a few steps...

BW: And the Devil goes in for the kill!

GM: No! Shot blocked by O'Connor, who returns in kind with a series of absolutely STINGING left jabs!

[Cheers from the crowd as O'Connor pauses just for a moment after a series of left jabs... to send the Red Devil crashing to the mat with a right!]

BW: Watch those closed fists, ref!

GM: An absolute beauty of a right jab as Red Devil quickly struggles to get to his feet... only to be knocked down yet again with a clothesline!

[Perhaps sensing victory is close at hand, O'Connor picks the Red Devil up off the canvas and fires him into the corner.]

GM: No, reversal! O'Connor hit those turnbuckles like an out of control freight train!

BW: Ha ha, I bet Carver is wishing he backed a different horse right now!

[Carver begins slapping the canvas to rile up O'Connor, which in turn causes the crowd to start clapping in time in support of the youngster.]

GM: Red Devil comes charging with a big splash!

BW: Gah!

[BIG pop as O'Connor moves out of the way just in time!]

GM: That took the wind out of Red Devil as he swings wildly, hoping to hit his mark!

[Which O'Connor easily ducks.]

GM: No! O'Connor catches him right between the eyes with an overhead elbow! This crowd is showing their appreciation for that one as Red Devil goes careening into the ropes!

BW: This crowd supports juvenile delinquents!

[Red Devil bounces off the ropes in a last ditch effort to catch O'Connor with a big move...]

GM: FLAPJACK! It's all O'Connor at the moment and you know his grandfather must be beaming right now!

BW: Gross. And I take back what I said, this IS a dumb kid. He's headed to the corner instead of going for the pin!

GM: Indeed, it seems a pin would be academic at this point... but perhaps he's looking to hit something big to put the Red Devil away.

[O'Connor climbs to the second rope and waits as the Red Devil rises in front of him.]

GM: Perhaps sensing this is his moment, O'Connor leaps!

[The crowd cheers its loudest yet in the match as O'Connor catches Red Devil by the head, and DRIVES him facefirst into the mat with a bulldog from the second rope!]

BW: What in the?!

GM: He calls it the Butcher Block and that may be it! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[O'Connor leaps to his feet, shooting both fists in the air as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner... "BUNKHOUSE" BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[Carver enters the ring, high-fiving his protege as O'Connor soaks in the cheers from the crowd before exiting the ring and heading to the interview platform.]

GM: Impressive win for "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor as he sets out on a singles career here.

BW: I hate to say it... but that was one heckuva move he finished it off with, Gordo.

GM: Indeed it was, and now we will send it over to Mark Stegglet who's standing by with the winner.

[We cross fade to the interview platform where Dane is indeed standing by with Bobby O'Connor and Hannibal Carver.]

MS: First off Bobby, congrats on your first singles win here in the AWA.

BOC: Thanks a lot, Mister Stegglet. After getting off to a rocky start between my tag team stalling and getting attacked by the Wise Men it was getting to where I didn't know if I'd ever really get going here. But with Mister Carver here guiding me, it feels like there's no plateau I can't reach.

MS: Speaking of that, many people have been surprised by your association with Hannibal Carver.

BOC: I know all about his reputation. I've seen the footage just like everybody else has. But the simple fact is when things were at their rockiest, I was able to depend on him to be there to chase off the jackals as he calls them. I've had to learn the hard way that there's more to this sport than holds and reversals. He shows me there is a dark underbelly, and now I'm finally going to be ready for it.

[Carver nods.]

HC: I know I'm not exactly a role model for the kids. I've never been looking for the cheers, I've only ever looked for a fight. But when I see a young guy looking to get his start in this sport just to have a gang of cowards try to put him on the shelf just because they think they can push around the world... I ain't about to sit and let that happen.

BOC: And that goes double for me. As everyone knows, I'm not the first in my family to make a living in this sport. Even more than that my grandfather, my role model I've looked up to since before I could walk has been trusted to be in charge of this company. That makes it as close as anything ever could be to the family business. So if that pale beachball Percy Childes and his flunkies think I'm going to let them run roughshod over everyone, they're sadly mistaken.

HC: Long story short, Stegglet. We're going to be making it REAL uncomfortable for a lot of folks around here. Any place that Juan Vasquez has damn near killed himself protecting, any place that can bring the world a competitor with the fire in his belly like James Monosso, any place that believed in me enough to give me the chance to get it done in the ring

without the blood, sweat and chairs... is not a place I am letting go softly into that good night, PERIOD.

BOC: I might be young. I might be inexperienced. But I will also give up my last breath fighting back anyone that thinks they can use their money and their influence to make a mockery of the sport I love.

They don't have to fear the reaper, but they WILL learn to fear ME.

[Carver nods as O'Connor stares with intensity at the camera as we crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Some strong words right there from Bobby O'Connor and Hannibal Carver who've made no secret of it. They've got their eyes set on the mysterious Wise Men, Bucky.

BW: The Wise Men might pluck out their eyes and roast 'em on a spit, Gordo. Does no one learn from history around here? Look at the people that the Wise Men have put out of action. Supernova, Duane Henry Bishop, Stevie Scott, Louis Matsui, Ben Waterson, and Chris Blue all spit in the face of the Wise Men and got on their bad side... and where are ANY of those guys now, Gordo? They're all laid up somewhere dreaming of the glory days they had in this sport.

GM: But the Wise Men have got to be a little bit afraid of the forces massing against them. Carver, O'Connor... we know Ryan Martin-

BW: Afraid? Let's look at that list again, Gordo. Supernova was one of the most popular men in this company. He got taken out. Duane Henry Bishop was one half of arguably the greatest tag team this company has even seen. He got taken out. Ben Waterson and Louis Matsui have been here for ages, running two of the strongest factions in wrestling. Taken out. Stevie Scott is a pillar of this company... a franchise player... taken! Out! And Chris Blue... love him or hate him... is one of the most powerful men this sport has ever known. Where is he now, Gordo?

GM: Taken out.

BW: Exactly. You talk about fear? The Wise Men bring the fear. The locker room should be shaking in their boots at the idea that men like Carver, O'Connor, and Martinez are trying to stir things up. Let sleeping dogs lie, my mama always said, and if the Wise Men are content to play whatever game their playing and to stay away from you... you better let that dog sleep a little longer because if you yank on his tail and wake him up, he might well gnaw off your arm.

GM: We're apparently going to have more on these so-called Wise Men later tonight from Bucky but right now, let's go to some pre-recorded footage. We had our cameras in the parking lot, getting some video for tonight's broadcast when they caught a rather heated conversation. Take a look...

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where we see the AWA's future power couple, "The Match Made in Heaven" of Shadoo Rage and Marissa Monet, arriving at the arena before the show. Unlike their normal approach, the couple seems to be full dispute. Rage, dressed in a pink camouflage blazer and a black t-shirt, is in full throat, hollering and gesticulating wildly while Marissa, swathed in black leather, seems to simply endure the storm.]

SR: This better be fixed, Marissa! I can't take it! I'm boiling over.

MM: I'll fix it. Let it go.

SR: I didn't come back to AWA to be degraded like this. I came back to be a champion. And the World Television Title was my passport to the World Championship. And Donnie White cheated me again! This is THREE (holding up his middle, ring and pinky fingers) straight times that that Mohawked twerp has embarrassed and cheated me and I'm not taking it anymore! So you go do whatever you need to do and get him in the ring with me so I can kick his head off!

MM: Hey, focus. I told you it can't be like this any more. You can't keep flying off the handle and chasing a thousand different directions. Alphonse Green has to be our consideration. His address tonight may provide you with the opportunity you need to take the title. We have to be strategic about this.

SR: Strategy is for cowards! Marissa, I've been trying to do it your way. I've been trying to ride it out. You told me that fan support and hard work were my paths to the championship and every step of the way I've been undercut and short changed by chicanery. The Rage is burning inside my chest. And every instinct is telling me to just pick up a chair and brain Green, brain White and brain anyone else that dares step in my way.

[Marissa grips him by the shoulders, looking down into the madness flaming in his eyes.]

MM: You can try taking shortcuts, but that's not going to convince management that you're trustworthy. We're trying to shake off that outlaw tag of your father's. You going crazy and hitting everybody with a chair isn't going to win you any points.

[The mention of Rage's father, the outlawed Adrian Rage, doesn't calm Rage at all. It only makes him angrier.]

SR: I AM NOT HIM! I'M TIRED OF BEING COMPARED TO HIM! I'M TIRED OF PAYING FOR HIS SINS!

[He knuckles his temples violently.]

SR: I'm tired of being ignored. I'm tired of being degraded! Marissa, fix this! FIX IT! Or I fix it my way! My style and then nobody wins.

MM: Including you, Shadoe.

SR: Right now I don't even care. I need to hit somebody. Get me Donnie White in that ring and let me get this rage out of my body! I NEED to hurt somebody tonight. I NEED to make an example of somebody! ANYBODY! I AM NOT a man to be trifled with! And if I have to give in to the madness and the rage then I will, Marissa. I promise you that and nobody's going to have a good day!

MM: Just let me handle this. Trust me, okay. Just trust me. You play this right and you'll be a bigger name than ever. You're not going back to your garbage wrestling roots in Europe. That didn't get you anywhere except compared to Adrian more and more. Damn near got you imprisoned.

[Those words sting Rage whose ire deflates somewhat.]

SR: You get me somebody tonight. You do something about this.

MM: I promise you I will. Trust me.

[She offers her lover a confident smile as she looks deep into his eyes, searching for a shred of rationality.]

SR: I trust you. You just don't know what it's like. I can feel it creeping. I can feel the voices talking to me. I need a release, Marissa. Before it's too late and I do something irrational.

MM: Just you wait in our dressing room. I promise you that I will take care of you, okay?

SR: Okay.

[We fade away from Rage and Monet back to a panning shot of the interior of the Crockett Coliseum. Gordon speaks over the shot.]

GM: Wow. Shadoe Rage nearly went too far after being eliminated from that Battle Royal last time out and it almost sounds like he wishes he had.

BW: I wish he had too.

GM: Really?

BW: Yeah. Because then they would've suspended him and I wouldn't have to see him or his freakishly large woman ever again. I swear, they're starting to get on my nerves as bad as the Stenches, Gordo. If I wanted to see a soap opera, I'd watch One Life To Live.

GM: I don't believe that particular show is on the air anymore, Bucky.

BW: I wish As The Rage Turns wasn't either.

GM: Alright, fans... let's go back to Phil Watson for more action!

[We go to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by with a wrestler who wears orange trunks and dark green boots. The unknown wrestler is a white male with a thick build, very short black hair, thick eyebrows, and a big nose.]

[*DING*]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring... from Grenada, Mississippi... weighing two-hundred fifty-two pounds... BIG SHOT LaMOTT!

[Big Shot LaMott makes a threatening pose to the fans, who do not react much. They react far more strongly when the thunder comes over the PA to start "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis.]

PW: His opponent... about to make his way down the aisle... from The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing two-hundred thirty-five pounds...

...he is the Asian Assassin... NENSHOU!

[It is not long before the black-robed figure of Nenshou emerges from the curtain, and heads down the aisle to, surprisingly, the cheers of the crowd. Nenshou's robe this week appears to be velvet by the texture, and the hood of the robe is pulled back because his head is concealed by a loose, ornate black mask which has gold glittery highlights and a single kanji in the back. The mask has a large opening for Nenshou's eyes, and we can see that his facepaint is red and white this week.]

GM: Nenshou in action, and listen to this ovation!

BW: Just goes to show how fickle the fans are. Nenshou ain't no different than the man who blinded Luke Kinsey and Brian Von Braun. He's the same guy who spat red on Jason Dane. But the fans are cheering him just because he's mad at Percy Childes and at Gibson Hayes. Which is funny, because I might be the only guy in the AWA who ain't mad at Gibson Hayes.

GM: Gibson Hayes is a big fan of Fred Hoyle.

BW: Correction. Everyone in the AWA is mad at Gibson Hayes.

[Nenshou leaps over the top rope, and goes straight to his corner. He disrobes as his music dies down, and whips the cloth mask off to reveal his facepaint, done in a white-and-red sunburst pattern. His brushcut black hair has the kanji for "Betrayal" shaved into it. Nenshou's fingers and wrists are taped, and he's wearing baggy red pants and black boots. He immediately extends the index and middle fingers of his right hand in front of his eyes, and enters his "battle meditation" trance.]

GM: Nenshou is all business, as usual.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: And the fans seem to have forgot what his business usually entails, because they're still cheerin' him.

GM: Big Shot LaMott with an opportunity to impress the AWA front office here, but to say he could have picked an easier road is an understatement.

BW: Hey, the guy's got guts. He even admits to bein' from Mississippi.

GM: Collar-and-elbow tieup, and LaMott fires a meaty punch to the midsection of Nenshou! Roughhousing tactic early. And an... no, the second effort was blocked, and...

[*WHAP*]

GM: ...a jumping spin kick nearly decapitates the man from Grenada, Mississippi!

BW: His face nearly landed in Grenada, the island!

GM: Nenshou picking up the Big Shot, and snapmaring him down immediately... loud kick to the back follows up. And another! And another! He is laying into Big Shot LaMott right here.

BW: He's way too fast for this guy, Gordo. I think he took that first punch just to see how hard LaMott could hit.

GM: LaMott did hit hard, but that's not enough to shake the hyper-focused Japanese superstar. LaMott rises, and Nenshou on him with the side headlock to prevent him from gaining his feet.

[The headlock controls LaMott just long enough for Nenshou to raise his right arm over his head, and methodically slam an open-handed strike into his foe's trapezius. This rattles the wide-shouldered journeyman, and Nenshou moves at the usual blistering pace to swivel behind him and hit a crisp belly-to-back suplex.]

BW: I think Big Shot envisioned himself giving big shots rather than taking them when he came to Texas. He better start doin' that in the next ten seconds if he wants to put up any kind of showing here.

GM: Nenshou hooking the head of Big Shot LaMott, and applying a headscissors hold. This cuts the flow of blood to the brain, much like a chinlock or even a sleeper hold might do. He has bedazzled LaMott, and now he wants to rob him of his strength.

BW: Sometimes we see the martial arts and the flying moves, and forget that Nenshou can wrestle, too. About the only thing he can't do is make good decisions on his own. He should have listened to Percy Childes, and he definitely should have known better than to try and one-up Gibson Hayes.

GM: He wasn't trying to "one-up" him, he was trying to wrestle him. Being as both men are ostensibly professional wrestlers.

BW: Then he made a critical research error. Percy knows exactly what he's doing... this whole situation with Hayes will prove to Nenshou that he needs guidance.

GM: Well, earlier on, Nenshou recorded a message and released it. Let's listen to that message right now.

[As the Mississippian struggles to free himself from the hold, we get the picture-in-picture screen up in the upper right hand corner of the view. It features Nenshou, with different face paint (in black and red) because this was recorded earlier in the week, seated and speaking to the camera in Japanese. Another party is dubbing it in English.]

N: I have only these things to say:

First, to Percy Childes. Do not presume that you can control this situation. Your life hangs by a thread. But that is not my doing, nor by my hand. I merely state this fact: you claim wisdom but have chosen a sorely unwise course of action. Your avarice will destroy you in every way in which a man can be destroyed.

Second, to Gibson Hayes. Your speech is that of a madman and your own nation disowns you. You lie as often as you speak, and you speak as often as you breathe. If you truly consider yourself a professional, you will face me in the ring. If you are merely a shameless glory hound who cares nothing for accomplishment, or you sincerely do not understand the difference between accomplishment and result, then you are beneath me. I came to the United States in order to be the world's greatest wrestler. Either face me or admit your own failure as a wrestler.

Lastly, to the AWA. If you would travel to Japan, then I must travel there as well. I hereby request a match, and will face anyone of your choosing with no restriction.

That is what I have to say.

[The window slides offscreen. As Nenshou spoke, we saw Big Shot LaMott manage to squirm his way to his knees. He attempted the double leg cradle counter to the headscissors, but Nenshou bridged up to his feet, and snapped LaMott all the way over with a swinging neckbreaker to the roar of the crowd. Nenshou stood LaMott up, peppered him with a brutal combination punches and kicks, and as the commentary picks back up, he's whipping LaMott into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Nenshou with the open challenge for an opponent in Japan! But right here, he's on a roll... handspring elbow! Spectacular move!

[*WHAP*]

BW: And hits another spin kick on the followup. I think it's just a matter of whether Nenshou wants to use the Nenshoulock, the Wizard, or the moonsault on this guy.

[As if to answer Bucky's question, Nenshou scoops up LaMott, and drives him down with the backbreaker. The fans erupt, because they know how this plays out.]

GM: I believe Nenshou's elected option three! Up to the second rope, the top rope... BREATHTAKING MOONSAULT! I do not believe anyone does that better, and this pinfall is academic.

BW: See ya, Big Shot.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The fans cheer approval as the pin is counted, and Nenshou gets back to his feet. He makes a quick neckslash-thumbsdown motion, and spits green mist up in the air before the referee raises his hand.]

PW: Here is your winner... NENSHOU!

["Raijin's Drums" begins anew as Nenshou stops to look around at the fans cheering him. In fact, his reaction is as if he has only just now noticed that the fans were cheering him.]

GM: Bucky, it looks like Nenshou was so focused, he didn't realize that he was being cheered!

BW: It's that crazy meditation stuff. He literally blocks out everything. That, or he just can't believe that these idiots are that gullible. I normally trash the guys that the fans cheer (because they deserve it), but I'm convinced that Nenshou hasn't changed. He'll be back with Percy once Hayes shows him the error of his ways. I guarantee it.

GM: We'll be back after this!

[Fade to black.

Cut to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time!"

[Cut into the ring where Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

We fade from commercial back up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing between Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz, the duo known as Air Strike. Aarons is wearing a pink Air Strike Fan Club tee shirt along with long deep red tights with a pink vertical stripe down each leg. Cody Mertz is wearing a Combat Corner Graduate tee shirt with long black tights with a double purple vertical stripe down each leg.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. I'm standing here with Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz of Air Strike, participants in the Stampede Cup at the Rising Sun Showdown. Gentlemen, you asked for this time, what's on your mind?

MA: Lots of things Stegs, lots of things. Air Strike is sitting here doing its thing, being the high-flying, death defying state of the art team that it is, but things around dodge ain't too on the levs.

CM: About a month ago Todd Michaelson, the man responsible for Air Strike, quit the Combat Corner.

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: Now the reasons don't involve us but the results sure leave a sour taste in our mouth.

MA: Todd-o was the reason that dream of fame became a reality. These tandem of stars now getting recognized the world over are because of him. We owe Todd Michaelson. And the thought of owing something that can never be repaid, Stegs? Well. that doesn't sit right with Air Strike.

CM: That's why maybe we can pay back Todd with something at the Rising Sun Showdown. A reason.

[Mertz looks over at Aarons and then continues.]

CM: We can't be bold enough to promise or guarantee a victory at the Stampede Cup, but we can say that we will be putting the same heart and soul Todd Michaelson used to train us out there on the line. Come Stampede Cup time, we won't be fighting for a trophy or even a million dollars... we'll be giving you something to be proud of Mr. Michaelson.

MA: Don't get us wrong, we're not trying to be brash...

[Aarons looks over at Mertz and smiles.]

MA: Well, no more than usual anyway. We have all the respect in the world for every team in this thing from the champs to living legends like Strictly Business. We hope that when we get to that age we can still be considered one of the best. And we certainly ain't turning down a million dollars, but our priorities we've got our own order.

CM: Which brings us to Eric Preston...

[Mertz looks over to Aarons who kind of frowns.]

CM: Eric, we don't care what you were... only what you're trying to do now. And we respect that and we appreciate it. Whether it is a guilty conscience or trying to do the right thing, it doesn't matter. My father always said "everybody gets one."

[Aarons looks at Mertz strangely but Mertz just shrugs.]

CM: But regardless, the Combat Corner is near and dear to our hearts. And this maybe seem strange coming from one of the last people Todd Michaelson ever graduated from the Corner talking to one of the first ones he ever did, but you have Air Strike's full support. Anything to help anybody live that dream of fame or becoming a star.

MA: Because Presto, whatever has or hasn't happened yet... what you said last week is true. The Corner is the lifeblood of the AWA. Not for me or you or Cods or the tag champs or the World Champ. It's for those fans in the seats or those kids watching at home. You want to keep that blood flowing? Blaze a new path?

CM: Well then Eric, you can count on Air Strike to walk that path with you.

[With that, the duo exchange a fist bump and head off to the entrance curtain as we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Currently in the ring at a total combined weight of three hundred sixty-seven pounds, Andy Blue, Will Blue, the Blue Brothers.

[Lukewarm reaction to the Blue Brothers.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis to a big cheer from the AWA crowd.]

PW: ...weighing in at a total combined weight of 420 pounds...

Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz... !

AAAAAAAAIR STRIIIIIIIIKE!

[Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come racing out of the back to the cheers from the crowd. All smiles and sprinting down the aisle, Air Strike bend down to slap the hands of all the fans that stick their arms out. Aarons has a well toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long deep red tights with a pink vertical stripe going down the leg. Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Mertz is wearing long black tights with a double vertical stripe of purple down each leg.]

GM: Strong words from Air Strike before dedicating the Stampede Cup to Todd Michaelson.

BW: These punk kids trying to give Michaelson something to be proud of are just going to give him more disappointment.

[The duo leap over the top rope and yank off their shirts throwing them into the crowd to the delight of all the young women already here to see Travis Lynch. The Air Strike duo exchange a fist bump and Mertz heads to the corner as Aarons looks to start against Will Blue as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell and we're off and running as Michael Aarons pushes the action, going right into a collar and elbow with Will Blue... easily shoving him back into a neutral corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break here...

[Aarons steps back, giving a clean break... but then gets surprised by a big shove from Will Blue.]

GM: Whoa. Will Blue showing a little fire early on in this one.

[Aarons looks shocked for a moment before angrily responding with a forearm smash to the face, knocking Blue back into the corner. The fans cheer - especially the ladies - as Aarons cracks a smirk, watching as Will Blue rushes out, throwing a wild right that Aarons easily ducks, hooking him from behind...]

GM: Up he goes... and DOWN he goes with an atomic drop!

[The atomic drop sends Will Blue sailing forward, crashing facefirst into his own corner where Andy tags himself in.]

GM: There's the tag and the Blue Brothers make their first exchange of the match.

[Andy comes in hot, perhaps looking to overwhelm Michael Aarons who deftly and smoothly ducks the lariat attempt, throwing a boot backwards blindly and catching Andy Blue in the sternum. He reaches back, snaring a side headlock and cranks down on it.]

GM: Michael Aarons is having his way with both members of the Blues right now... and Andy Blue's looking for a way out of this side headlock, trying to wrench himself free...

[Andy manages to shove Aarons off into the ropes where he bounces off, ducking a wild clothesline attempt. He rebounds a second time, moving towards an off-balance Andy who is near the ropes...

...and drops into a baseball slide, going right between the legs to end up out on the floor.]

GM: Whoa! Nice counter there by Michael Aarons and-

[The crowd cheers as Aarons approaches the ringside barricade where a young woman is leaning over, trying to snap a picture with her camera phone of the action. A grinning Aarons grabs the phone, leaning in with the woman to take a photo of them both. He hands the phone back, getting a kiss on the cheek before turning back to the ring where the Blues are irate, shouting at the official.]

BW: He just photo-bombed that woman's selfie Gordo!

GM: I haven't the slightest idea what any of that means.

BW: Are you aware we're not riding in horse and buggies anymore at least? Sheesh!

[Aarons slides back in, shrugging at an irate Andy Blue before Blue pushes into another collar and elbow. Blue quickly turns it into a side headlock of his own, nodding at the crowd as he cranks his arm.]

GM: Andy Blue's got the headlock this time... but Aarons has had enough of that.

[Aarons fires Blue off into the ropes, leapfrogging over him as he comes charging back. Blue hits the ropes again, running quickly right into a big hip toss before moving to the corner and tagging in an eager Cody Mertz.]

GM: The tag is made... Aarons to one set of ropes, Mertz to the other...

[The crowd roars as the duo takes flight, dropping synchronized senton splashes down on Andy Blue!]

GM: Nice doubleteam there by Air Strike... and Michael Aarons steps out as Cody Mertz takes control, pulling Blue back to his feet.

[A well-placed thrust kick to the chest sends Blue staggering back into the buckles where Mertz grabs an arm, whipping him across...]

GM: Blue slams chestfirst to the buckles!

[He staggers out as Mertz races to the ropes, rebounding off as Blue crosses his path...

...and leaps into the air, smashing his forearm into the skull!]

GM: Flying forearm and a beauty! What a shot that was! And Mertz goes right back to his corner, tagging Michael Aarons back in. Fast-paced action is a staple of these tag team specialists, Bucky, and there are very few teams in the Stampede Cup tournament who can match it.

BW: That may be true, Gordo, but there's not a lot of teams in the Cup as inexperienced as these two either. That's more important in my book.

GM: You could be right. You look at teams with years of experience like Strictly Business or Violence Unlimited... the War Pigs as well and you've gotta wonder if these two young men have what it takes to outlast eleven other teams and be crowned as the best tag team in the world.

[With both men back in, the duo lift Andy Blue off the mat, each grabbing an arm to execute a double armwringer. They exchange a fist bump in mid-move before planting a double boot to the midsection.]

GM: They hook him up... and take him down with a double suplex! Another excellent doubleteam by Air Strike!

[The legal man, Michael Aarons, simply watches as a dazed Andy Blue gets to his corner, slapping his brother's hand.]

BW: That's a mistake, Gordo. Never let your opponent make a tag that easy. That's one of the first rules of tag team wrestling and just shows the inexperience from these two.

GM: You're absolutely right. They certainly won't be able to do something like that in Tokyo if they want to win that tournament.

[Will Blue charges back in, coming on fast as Aarons and Mertz square up, taking him over with a double hiptoss! Blue has barely hit the mat before the duo races to the ropes, Aarons moving a little faster by design.]

GM: Aarons off the ropes... leaping legdrop!

[Mertz comes right in after him...

...and does a front somersault, smashing a leg down across the chest!]

GM: Oh my! What a pair of legdrops out of Air Strike!

BW: You know, Gordo... why do these two even bother tagging when they're both always in the ring?

GM: They've got a five count to get in and out.

BW: That somehow turns into a fifty-five count with these boneheads referees.

GM: Proving you wrong again, Bucky, Cody Mertz steps out as Michael Aarons takes over. He lifts Blue up... ohh! Inverted atomic drop!

[With Blue staggered, Aarons races to the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, and springing back with a dropkick to the back of the head, taking Blue down again!]

GM: Incredible shows of agility and athleticism from these two. And listen to the fans respond for Michael Aarons!

[Aarons raises a hand in the air to salute the cheering crowd before grabbing the rising Blue in a front facelock. He looks out at the crowd, giving a shout...

...but suddenly pulls up, hesitating for a moment before tagging in his partner.]

GM: Looked like Aarons was going for something but thought better of it.

BW: More inexperience shining through.

GM: Aarons muscles Blue up into a suplex... LOOK OUT!

[The crowd ROARS as Mertz leaps into the air, springing off the top rope, catching Blue squarely in the torso with a flying dropkick, sending him plummeting backwards in Aarons' suplex!]

GM: OHH! What a doubleteam!

[There's another fist bump exchanged between the Air Strike members. Andy Blue comes in, charging both men but Aarons gets a short run,

dropping into another baseball slide. Thinking Aarons slid out to the floor again, Blue shouts at Mertz to bring the fight...

...not knowing that Aarons has popped back to his feet and is standing directly behind Andy Blue.]

GM: Aarons is behind Andy Blue and he has no idea!

[A grinning Aarons leaps up, throwing a standing dropkick to the back of Andy Blue, sending him stumbling forward into a standing dropkick from Mertz, knocking Blue off his feet!]

GM: Textbook dropkicks by both members of Air Strike!

BW: They'll find the competition of the Stampede Cup a little harder than these ham and egggers.

[Andy Blue rolls out to the floor as Will Blue staggers back to his feet. Aarons gives Mertz the high sign, sending both men charging to opposite ends of the ring, charging towards the dazed opponent...]

GM: Here they come again!

[Aarons goes low, connecting with a chop block from the rear as Mertz comes up high with a leaping shoulder tackle, knocking Will off his feet!]

GM: Oh my! What a move out of Air Strike! These two are quickly becoming one of the hottest teams in the entire American Wrestling Alliance, fans! And wherever Todd Michaelson is, you gotta believe he's incredibly proud of these two young men!

[With Will Blue down on the mat, Mertz and Aarons rush to opposite corners, leaping up top with a pair of single bounds.]

BW: This is illegal! How long are these guys gonna be allowed in there?!

GM: Mertz and Aarons point to one another, saluting each other and-

[The duo leaps off the top, sailing through the air, and DRIVING a pair of elbows down into the torso of Will Blue!]

GM: OHHHH! And this one is over, fans!

[The referee makes a quick and merciful three count as Mertz makes the cover. Aarons stands guard over his partner as the bell sounds.]

GM: Another victory for Air Strike as they continue to build up momentum, looking towards the end of March in Tokyo when Mertz and Aarons will attempt to win the Stampede Cup tournament - putting their names alongside teams like Violence Unlimited, the Lynch Brothers, and the Blonde Bombers!

BW: Not gonna happen. They're getting good, Gordo... but they ain't THAT good yet.

GM: We'll find out in the Tokyo Dome EXACTLY how good they are. Fans, remember that later tonight, we'll see The Northern Lights take on the Baddest Thangs Runnin' in a Stampede Cup qualifier and a team that already has made the field of 12, Dichotomy will be in action as well. You do not want to miss that. But right now, let's go backstage to Jason Dane. Jason?

[Cut to backstage, where we find Jason Dane with Tony Sunn. There is a wide, friendly smile on the powerhouse's face brimming with confidence as he gives Dane a respectful nod.]

JD: Tony, last time out, you made the comment that you would make people start talking about you. Well, after a phenomenal run in the Battle Royal for the Television title, you've certainly got the AWA universe abuzz now!

TS: Thanks, Jason. Y'know, I gotta give credit where credit is due to Alphonse Green! As much as I would have liked to make it to the end, he fought hard and he earned that belt!

[He chuckles.]

TS: Course, he better not get too attached to it 'cause I think I could make a compelling argument to be his next challenger...

JD: You eliminated both Robert Donovan and Ricky Lane -- men who were considered strong favorites! Word is, Lane is NOT happy with you. In fact, you and he are scheduled for one on one action next Saturday Night! Any words for him?

TS: Never been afraid to back down from any challenge, Jason and I'm not gonna start now! I've always said one night at a time, one match at a time -- I've only just gotten STARTED!

[Sunn looks straight at the camera with keen determination.]

TS: Lane, just take a good, long look at what I'm capable of tonight. You're gonna find that I'm not going away easily!

JD: Tony, thanks for your time. Bucky, Gordon, back to you...

[We crossfade back to a panning shot of the exterior of the building.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. Tony Sunn will be in action later tonight and as mentioned right there by Jason, he will also be in action in two weeks' time when he collides with Ricky Lane in singles action. That should be something else, Bucky.

BW: That's one of those matches where you take a big powerful guy and big monster of a man, throw 'em together, and see who can outlast the other one when the bombs start droppin'. I can't wait to see it.

GM: Neither can I... and something else I can't wait to see is what's going to happen when Jack Lynch goes one on one inside this ring with Demetrius Lake.

BW: The King of Wrestling!

GM: The self-professing King of Wrestling... and we all know what happened to the last guy who wanted to wear that crown. Two weeks ago, we saw Jack Lynch get in there with Demetrius Lake when Lake was supposed to be apologizing for his words and actions at SuperClash V when he assaulted Blackjack Lynch. But what we got was NOT an apology... rather another excuse for Lake to run down the Lynch family. What happened next though surprised even Percy Childe, I believe. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade into footage from two weeks ago after Lake's "apology." Jack Lynch is standing in the center of the ring, his hand offered to Lake who stares warily at it. Lake slowly reaches out to accept the handshake...

...but gets yanked into a short-arm clothesline from Lynch! Lake doesn't go down, reeling backwards into the ropes as Percy Childe jumps up on the back of Jack Lynch. Jack pauses at first, and then stands tall, reaching behind himself, flipping Childe over his back. Percy rolls out, knocking down Raven as well as Lake attempts the Tiger Strike a second time, Lynch ducking under and...]

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 Childes and Demetrius Lake will make Jack Lynch pay for a long, long time, after all that.

[We fade back to live action where a grinning Gordon Myers is looking on.]

BW: Boy, you really liked that, didn't you?

GM: I did. I have to admit it, I really did. After the garbage we've heard out of the mouth of Demetrius Lake since last fall when he arrived in the AWA, he deserved to have someone shut it... even if it's just for one night. Fans, let's go to the ring to see Jack Lynch in action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is ready to go.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, an already in the ring, he weighs in at two hundred and forty one pounds, here is...

BOB "DEAD" SERIOUS!

[Serious raises an arm up in the air, only to be greeted by a chorus of boos. In retaliation, Serious puts his hand under his chin and thrusts it forward, which does succeed in getting him booed louder.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: He weighs in tonight at two hundred and sixty five pounds. From Dallas, Texas, here is...

JAAAAAAAAAACK LYYYYYNNCHHHH!!

[Loud cheers erupt from the AWA faithful, as the curtain pulls back to reveal the tall muscular form of Jack Lynch. The eldest of the Lynch brother is, as always, dressed all in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. His body is covered by a long black coat. Its open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. Both of his fists are taped with black tape that extends from the middle of his fingers to the middle of his forearms. Lynch saunters, taking his time getting to the ring, and takes his coat and cowboy hat off before he enters. Once inside, he goes to his corner, waiting for the bell.]

GM: And there he is, the man who bloodied up your favorite, Demetrius Lake, two weeks ago.

BW: You mean the sneaky Pearl Harbor artist who put on the most heinous display of ingratitude ever in recorded history?

GM: Sometimes, Bucky, I wonder if you're even in the same world as the rest of us. We just saw the tape! We saw Jack Lynch outsmart Demetrius Lake and take advant-

BW: Now I know you're lying, Gordo. Ain't no Stench ever been able to outsmart anything. I hear Travis Lynch is still trying to figure out how long 60 Minutes lasts!

[As Jack Lynch and Bob Serious stand in the center of the ring, referee Marty Meekly checking their boots for foreign objects, the crowd's attention, and the camera turns to the announcers where we see a very tall black man arriving at the broadcast booth. It is the aforementioned "Black Tiger", Demetrius Lake. Lake is wearing a white sportcoat, white slacks, and a black fedora which 'crowns' the afro on his head. He has a mean look on his face, and his long, conical black beard and mustache just add to the sour expression.]

BW: All hail the king, daddy!

GM: Mr. Lake, to what do we owe this pleasure?

DL: Well, Mr. TV Announcer, I keep hearing you out here, talking out of the side of your neck. And so I, the king of wrestling, have come down to educate you properly. And to tell you the truth about that dummy in the ring, one Jack Lunch!

BW: Aren't those Stench boys the worst? I'm so glad we have you out here, Mr. King of Wrestling. You should have heard what Gordon was saying just a minute ago.

GM: Oh brother, lets go back to the ring.

DING DING DING!

[Lynch and Serious lock up in the center of the ring, collar and elbow. Both men briefly jockeying for position, before the taller, heavier Lynch overpowers Serious, and sends him into the ropes. As Serious rebounds, Jack drops his head and sends Serious high overhead with a back body drop that causes Serious to land hard on the mat.]

GM: Great elevation there by Jack Lynch!

BW: You've got drool on your chin Gordo. Mr. King, why don't you tell us again about the time you drove Jack Stench out of St. Louis?

DL: It was a tragedy, Bucky Wilde, a real tragedy. Saint Louis wrestling had to put up with this embarrassment to professional wrestling week after week. Finally, the king stepped in to remove the shame from his kingdom. I beat that Lunch boy so bad, he tried to put the Iron Claw on himself to put himself out of his own misery. I admit, I should have finished him. I thought I could let him go with only a brutal beating, and the shame and terror would keep him from showin' his ugly face again. But I forgot that he's a Mexan and has no shame.

[As Lake monologues, Jack Lynch turns it on with a biel throw on a rising Serious. Serious tries to take Lynch down as the eldest of the Lynch boys approaches, but his double-leg takedown merely ends up with Jack hooking him in a front facelock and dragging him around the ring.]

GM: Why don't you tell us about the time that Jack Lynch beat you for the Missouri State title, Mr. Lake?

DL: I don't recall that happening, and neither does anyone else.

GM: I recall that happening.

DL: You got so much dementia in your old age that you forgot your own name.

GM: My name is Gordon Myers.

DL: Is that what they tell you?

[Back to the ring, Jack Lynch brings Serious up, and stands him in the center of the ring. Lynch throws himself backwards against the rope, and comes at Serious, executing a dropkick that's impressive, given Lynch's size. He's right on top of Serious, sending him into the ropes and catching him, before bringing him back down to the mat with a big bodyslam. As Lynch pops up, he sees Demetrius Lake at the announce booth and, taking his eye off Serious for a moment, as he stands, leaning against the top rope, pointing at Lake.]

BW: Those Stench boys have the attention span of a hummingbird with ADD!

DL: I'll tell you what, Mr. Bucky Wilde, that dummy better pay attention to his opponent in the ring. He's liable to get slapped in front of all these smelly Mexan fans if he keeps trying to point that crooked finger at the King.

[Lake's words prove prophetic, as Bob Serious rushes at Jack Lynch from behind, delivering a clubbing forearm to Lynch's neck. This sends Jack forward, and he stumbles, before Serious turns him around and drives his fist right into Lynch's face. As Lynch goes down, Serious lifts his boot and stomps on Jack's outstretched right hand.]

BW: That'll make putting that claw hold a lot harder, Daddy!

GM: And you know, first hand, just how painful the Iron Claw can be, don't you, Mr. Lake?

DL: I do know that. Even a fool can inflict injury with sharp metal objects like he uses in his Iron Claw. It didn't get that name for no reason.

GM: Sharp metal? What are you talking about?

[Serious brings Jack up, and then delivers a kick to the gut, doubling Lynch over. A moment later, Serious gets Lynch up and down with a snap suplex, before floating over with a cover.]

DL: Look at there. I beat that dirty Mexan Jackie Lunch seven hundred and fifty times in St. Louis, and that was in one month! Now he's about to lose to Mr. Bob Serious!

[But Meekly's hand slaps the mat only a single time, before Jack Lynch powers out of the pinning predicament.]

GM: Jack Lynch is far from finished.

BW: I bet you'd have him beat by now, wouldn't you, Mr. Lake?

DL: No. I'd take my time. I'd make him suffer and beg. As a Mexan, he has no pride to speak of, so he'll beg like the egg-suckin' dog he is when he gets whipped. Then I'd make good and sure that he ends up even more crippled than his brother, Little Jimmy.

[Fired up now, Jack Lynch is relentless, stringing together a succession of moves. A gutwrench suplex puts Serious down, and then Jack bounces off the ropes, dropping his knee into the upper part of Serious' chest. Next comes a fist drop, followed by a headbutt. Lynch stands the reeling and woozy Serious up, and then goes to the corner, dropping down into a three point stance. He sprints at Serious, bowling him over with a football tackle.]

GM: Jack Lynch showing his great athletic background with that football tackle.

BW: Tell us about your sports background, Mr. Lake. I hear you lettered in six different sports. And that was all in one season!

DL: Bucky Wilde, I am not a man given to wild exaggeration. The King of Wrestling appreciates your understanding that I am the greatest living athlete, but I only deal in the truth and not crazy stories.

GM: I must be hearing th...

DL: I never got more than four letters per season.

GM: I'm sure you did, in fact, get four letters many times, but I don't think I can say what four letters those were on television.

[On a roll now, Lynch sends Serious back first into the corner turnbuckle, and then races at him, leaping into the air, his knee pointed forward.]

GM: JUMPING HIGH KNEE! Even you have to be impressed by that, Mr. Lake!

DL: Yes, I am impressed that Jack Lunch managed not to fall face first out of the ring doin' that move like he usually does.

[Lynch stands Serious up in the corner, and takes hold of his hair. He drives his fist into Serious' face, and then points at Lake. Over and over, he does this, punching Serious and then gesturing at the Black Tiger.]

GM: It seems Jack Lynch has a message for you, Mr. Lake.

DL: Any message Jack Lunch has for me will go straight in the circular file, followed shortly thereafter by Jack Lunch himself.

[Finally, Meekly starts laying in a count, and Jack breaks at four. But as Serious stumbles out of the corner, Lynch leans back against the rope, his body bent forward, his arm up and bent.]

GM: I think we all know what's coming.

BW: Yeah, Jack Stench is about to lose this match, I can feel the tide turning!

GM: Bucky! What match are you watching?

[Lynch rushes forward, his arm cocked back, and then shooting forward.]

GM: Lariat!!! This is over!

[No its not.]

BW: He's lifting Serious up! See, I told you, that idiot doesn't know what he's doing. I am sure that you would never make the mistake of not pinning a man you had beat, would you, Mr. Lake?

DL: Well, for him it's a mistake. For me, it wouldn't be a mistake, because it's impossible for anyone to come back and beat me. I can do whatever I choose for that reason.

GM: Once more, he's pointing to you, Mr. Lake.

DL: I can assure you that the only thing he'll be pointing at when I finish with him is his own large intestine, and that only because of where his hand will end up if he tries that cheating Iron Claw on me again.

[Having pointed to the Black Tiger, Lynch draws his hand back, and lets his fingers curl forward. Quick as the strike of, well, a tiger, Jack's hand presses to Serious' forehead, fingers wrapped around his skull, squeezing the life out of Serious.]

GM: IRON CLAW!!

[The camera cuts to a visibly angry and uncomfortable Demetrius Lake.]

DL: Look. LOOK! You can clearly see how he has sharp metal objects under his hand tape! He's cutting this man to ribbons illegally! This Iron Claw is a sham, it is a mockery of professional wrestling! The man is using blades in the ring and they just let him get away with it! You would never see me use a weapon in the ring, Mr. TV Announcer.

GM: Nevertheless, Bob Serious is flat on the mat.

[Meekly quickly falls into position, his hand slapping the mat three times.]

DING! DING! DING!

GM: Its over. And Mr. Lake, you just had a ringside view of how devastating that Iron Claw is. Though two weeks ago, you had an even closer view.

DL: That dirty Mexan's cheap shot will never happen again!

PW: Your winner of the match...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYNNNCCCHHHHHHHHHH!!!

GM: Now, Jack Lynch motioning for a microphone.

BW: You mean we have to hear him talk too?

[Breathing heavily, Jack turns towards Demetrius Lake, who is now on his feet.]

JL: No, you just stand right there, Demetrius. I'm gonna make this real short.

You had your chance. You could have settled this like a man. You could have stood in front of me and done the right thing. But you and I? We both know you're incapable of doing that.

So, while you've got an insincere apology, I've got a sincere promise.

[Jack huffs, catching his breath.]

JL: Every time. Every, single, time, I see you, I'm putting the Claw on you.

[Huge roar from the crowd.]

JL: Tonight is your only free pass, Demetrius. I suggest you enjoy it. Because two weeks from now, and then every other time from then on out... you're getting Clawed.

And I won't stop until you're gone.

[Jack's expression grows more serious.]

JL: You like to brag about how you ran me out of St. Louis? Well, this here is Texas, and this is Lynch country!

[Huge pop!]

JL: And you will not get the better of me here, in my backyard!

DL: Don't you point that hand with those illegal metal objects at me! I can assure you that you will never put your claw on me again!

GM: Fans, we have a staredown, but security is going to prevent a scene here. We'll be back after this!

[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...]

Back in from commercials, with four men in the ring, two per side, and Phil Watson standing in the middle.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Standing in the red corner, at a total combined weight of 533 pounds, the team of RASHAN HILL and LEE HARRIGAN!

[Both men raise their hands, wearing color coordinated long black trunks \ with thick red stripes down the sides, red boots and kneepads, and black elbow pads.]

GM: These two guys look to be in tremendous physical condition, Bucky, both men look like they've been living off of tuna fish and water for the last three months.

BW: Both guys in great shape, I'll give 'em that. Rashan Hill looks to be somebody on the verge of a breakout here in AWA, let's see if he can get to the finish line.

[Back to Phil.]

PW: Their opponents, standing in the blue corner, at a total combined weight of 606 pounds, the team of WINSTON "FAMOUS" JAMISON and VAN ALSTON!

[Jamison raises his hands and jumps around, wearing a garnet and gold singlet and white boots. Van Alston stays in the corner, arms crossed, wearing long black trunks and boots. He's got a short blonde buzzcut and a thick pornstache of the same color.]

GM: Winston Jamison back in action, but this is the first we've seen of big Van Alston, Bucky. Any information on him?

BW: I tell ya, Gordo, my sources are comin' up with nothing on this guy, but he's a big ol' boy, no doubt about it. He goes about 6'6 and a few ham sammiches past 350.

[Referee Marty Meekly signals for the bell, and the match begins. Alston goes to the apron as does Rashan Hill. Harrigan and Jamison circle, and converge in a collar and elbow tieup. Both men jockey for position and after a moment Harrigan wins the battle, backing Jamison up into the corner. Max Meekly gives the obligatory five count and at 4.999999 Harrigan releases and walks away, hands held high to show he's not tangled up anymore.]

GM: Harrigan backs Jamison to the buckle and grants the free release. Lee Harrigan certainly is a big strong young man, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, can't take that away from him. Compared to Jamison, he's a Greek God.

[Cut to the pudgy Winston Jamison, trying to tuck his gut into his singlet.]

GM: Jamison charges out of the corner, right into a clothesline from Harrigan! Back up, Jamison goes for the ride... biiiiig back body drop!

[Lee Harrigan throws Winston Jamison into the corner and drives the knee to the gut, then another, and tags in Rashan Hill. Harrigan brings Jamison out of the corner and bars his left arm, leaving the ribs open...]

GM: Pointed fist right to the side of the ribs by Rashan Hill, and that's gonna make it tough for Winston Jamison to catch his breath.

[Hill sends Jamison for the ride and scores with a short back elbow, although he doesn't notice Van Alston tagging in when Jamison hit the ropes...]

BW: Big back elbow by Rashan Hill, but he don't know that Van Alston is the legal man!

GM: Hill's got Jamison up- OH! Double axehandle to the back by Van Alston!

[The charging blow jolts Hill into the corner as Jamison slinks away. Alston picks Rashan Hill up and HURLS him to the opposite corner, and then follows in with a huge body avalanche.]

BW: Hot dang, Gordo, we might need a spatula to pick Rashan Hill up after that!

GM: Tremendous power and velocity from Van Alston! Here comes Lee Harrigan in!

[But Harrigan runs right into a waiting Alston, who about takes his head off with a standing lariat. Hill charges out of the corner and gets caught by Alston, who grabs him in a bearhug, turns and DRIVES down to the canvas!]

GM: My oh my, a spinning spinebuster by Van Alston! Rashan Hill might be flattened!

[And here comes Harrigan...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

BW: And a second one! How do you like them apples!

GM: Another spinning spinebuster, this one ONTO Rashan Hill!

[Alston calmly places one foot on both men as referee Meekly drops to make the count.]

GM: One, two, three, you got it, what a win for this Van Alston!

BW: We got us a star on our hands, Gordo, that's what that was. That was a star making debut!

DING DING DING

PW: The winners of the match, in a time of two minutes and thirteen seconds... WINSTON JAMISON AND VAAAAAN ALSTON!

[Jamison bounds into the ring, hopping and clapping, patting his partner on the back and trying to get him to celebrate, but Alston runs HIM over with a clothesline as well!]

GM: Oh my, Van Alston assaulting his own partner!

[Alston picks his "partner" up by his floppy baby fro, walks into a standing headscissors and lifts... then takes two steps and DRILLS Jamison into the mat with a powerbomb! The fans start to jeer and boo as Alston stands over top and trash talks all three men, and then turns around just as...]

GM: Oh you're kidding me! What on Earth is HE doing here?

BW: Ohhhhhh, now this makes all the sense in the world!

[...Larry Doyle walks into the ring, laughing obnoxiously and looking like the cat who ate the canary. He claps Alston on the back and commandeers a microphone]

LD: Your winner! The newest member of Larry Doyle Enterprises, he's tougher than shoe leather and a two dollar steak, he fears no man and he feels NO PAIN! My new bodyguard!

VAAAAAAAANNN

AAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLSTTTTOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON!

[Doyle raises the hand of Van Alston and encourages him to kick the other three victims out of the ring.]

LD: Larry Doyle is ALWAYS one step ahead of the game. And after I saw my boys destroy, decimate and dismember Roofus R. McMurtry or whatever his name is, I knew that someone would try to take a shot at me sooner or later.

Someone would try to copy what the Blonde Bombers did, imagine that!

But now, after doing a little scouting across the globe, I have signed THIS man to a personal services contract. Van Alston. A former offensive lineman at the University of Kansas, a former champion powerlifter, a former, how shall we say...

[Doyle scratches his chin, gleefully drawing it out as Alston stands behind him with his arms crossed.]

LD: ...somebody who used to collect debts for VERY powerful people in the Northeast. He fears NO MAN.

He feels NO PAIN.

And if you, Skywalker Jones or Hercules Hammonds, if you wanna so much as breathe in my same area code, you're gonna have to go through HIM.

[Doyle points at the big fella.]

LD: And it ain't been done yet, but Lord I do hope to see you try. March 1, 2014, your joy ride comes to an end when the Blonde Bombers put an end to your embarrassment of a title reign. Only in YOUR eyes would you think it appropriate to win the World Tag Team Titles at the biggest show of the year and then... challenge for the World Title?

No celebration, no gloating, no telling these peons, mutants and deviants how much those titles mean to you? Because by God, those titles mean EVERYTHING to us! You are a disgrace as champions and it makes my blood boil that the first bad day those boys had in over a year had to come against you two wannabes. On the next SNW, you'll see the Blonde Bombers in action right before we set out to tear across this company again.

And then, and only then, will these people see what REAL champions look like.

[Doyle throws down the mic, gesturing for Alston to follow him back up the ramp as the jeering crowd sends them on their way.]

GM: You had to figure that someone like Larry Doyle would be behind this. Van Alston... whew. What a beast that guy is.

BW: Hey, you're not going to address what Doyle said to the new World Tag Team Champions?

GM: What do you want me to say?

BW: Say he's right! Say he's speaking the truth! You're always talking about respect for the gold and about being a real champion. Jones and Hammonds won the tag titles and then Jones went looking to hog all the glory for himself! What kind of respect do THEY have for the World Tag Team Titles, Gordo?

GM: A lot, if you ask me. Skywalker Jones sacrificed his chance to be the World Champion at SuperClash V when he used his Steal The Spotlight contract to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles instead. THAT says how important the titles are to him. Don't let Larry Doyle confuse the issue, Bucky.

BW: You know what won't be confusing? When the Bombers win that two out of three falls match in two weeks and walk into Tokyo as the two-time World Tag Team Champions, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that. Right now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane has a special guest. Jason?

[Crossfade to the locker room area where Jason Dane stands before one of those chain link dividers backstage.]

JD: Gordon and Bucky, with me at this time is the team that came up just short against Ryan and Alex Martinez at SuperClash V, and tonight they make their return to the AWA, in action against the Northern Lights. I'm talking, of course, about the Baddest Thangs Running — the father-son tag team of Justin and Gunnar Gaines. Gentlemen ...

[The shot widens slightly, as in walk Gunnar — in black boots, black knee pads, black cutoffs, a white sleeveless thermal undershirt, and a black leather vest — and Justin — in white boots, white knee pads, black-and-blue brief-type trunks, and a black-and-blue warmup jacket, unzipped halfway.]

JD: Gentlemen, thanks for taking a moment to talk to me about the Northern Lights.

GG: What about them?

[As usual, Gunnar carries his trademark bearded smirk, while Justin has his nose slightly aloft, his impossibly white smile as dazzling as it is infuriating. He hops from foot to foot, flexing his head in several directions, his light brown hair flapping with the movements.]

JD: The Northern Lights, your opponent tonight.

[Gunnar feigns a look of confusion, while Justin continues to bob and flex.]

GG: Oh right. The Northern Lights. Robert Goulet and Jacques Cousteau?

[Jason Dane rolls his eyes slightly. Justin stops. He leans in and whispers something to his father.]

GG: Oh, RIGHT. Chris Choynet and Rene Rousseau. Whatever. Justin ... do you want to tell Mr. Dane here, exactly what we're going to do to the Northern Lights?

[Justin nods with self-satisfaction.]

JG: Well, Jason, it's like this. A few months ago, we came *thisclose* to beating Ryan and Alex Martinez at SuperClash, in one of the most anticipated matches of the year. I had Ryan "The Ten Year Soliloquy" Martinez up in the Justifier, the most dangerous move in wrestling, and I hit him with it. We were seconds away from a victory. Game over. But somehow, we lost the match.

[Gunnar shakes his head sadly. Justin continues talking.]

JG: Now, we have to fight against one of the lowest tag teams on the totem pole just for the right to get into the Stampede Cup, a tournament my dad almost won singlehandedly last year. Now, does that sound morally right to you? Does that sound kosher? Not to me, Jason. Not to me.

JD: Well, Justin, with all due respect ... the team that made the Stampede Cup finals last year was NOT you and Gunnar Gaines. It was Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines. A different team entirely.

JG: Good point. Ryan and Gunnar almost won. I'm better than Ryan, so you do the math. Gunnar plus Justin equals better team. And if you don't believe I'm really better than Ryan, ask his chiropractor, because I damn near broke Ryan's neck with that move at the SuperClash. Now, if I can do that to Ryan Martinez, that means I can do it to Chris Choynet, I can do it to Rene Rousseau, I could even do it to you, Justin Dane.

You see, the Justifier is just like a hangman's noose. It may have been outlawed as a method of capital punishment, but in the wrestling ring, it is 100 percent legal, and when it drops, your neck snaps, and it really is that simple.

JD: I wouldn't be so sure. The Northern Lights are an experienced and capable --

JG: No, no, no, no no. Experienced this, capable that ... who cares? The fact is they are not fourth generation wrestlers from the best family in the business, trained by three of the best trainers in the business, those being my father, Gunnar Gaines, my uncle, George Gaines, and my grandfather, Larry Gaines. What's more, the Northern Lights are not THIS athletically gifted, THIS young, THIS fast, THIS tactically astute, THIS technically sound, THIS tall, THIS well-muscled or THIS good-looking. They're none of those things, because, simply put, they are not the "Scion of Greatness" Justin Gaines. And they are not tag team partners with the best wrestler of the 1990s, the Hall of Famer, the bona fide legend, my father, the one and only "Grizzly," Gunnar Gaines.

[Jason opens his mouth to ask a follow-up, but Gunnar reaches over and takes the mic away.]

GG: Jason Dane, I see why you're asking, but we simply have bigger fish to fry than the Northern Lights. We're fighting them because we have to. We're beating them, because that's our ticket to the Stampede Cup. And we're

gonna destroy them, because it will send a message to EVERY other team that's entered in this tournament. Last year, I made the finals. This year, I'm not messing around.

JG: We have so many ways to beat people. Justifier. Grizzly Slam. Grizzly Splash. My dad dominated this business, and I was born and raised to do the same. Put us together, and what do you get? A team that's pretty hard to beat.

GG: Stampede entrants, watch this match. Scout it. Take notes. Take video. Because we're the Baddest Thangs Running, and we want you prepared. That way, you can't make any excuses when you fight us and you lose.

JG and GG: BEAT US -- if you can.

[We fade away from the father and son tag team...

...and fade back up on the ring where a few of the AWA wrestlers are starting to gather.]

GM: Fans, as you can see, some of the contenders to the AWA World Television Title are starting to gather at ringside. The new AWA World Television Champion, Alphonse Green, is going to address his contenders in just a few short moments.

BW: I tell ya, Gordo, I'm proud of the kid! He finally backed up all those words he's been sayin' over the past few months, and pulled off the biggest victory of his career over Ryan Martinez! Ben Waterson taught him well, and I'm willin' to bet that he's as proud as I am!

GM: Time will tell if Green can pull off a reign to be proud of. There's a lot of guys chomping at the bit to become Television Champ! There's Robert Donovan, Mr. Sadisuto, I see Sweet Daddy Williams down there..

BW: Travis Stench.

GM: [Ignoring Bucky], There's the "Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren himself looking for his opportunity. Even Jackie Wilpon might want a piece of the Television Champ.

BW: Ya think Alphonse Green's gonna choose Wilpon, Gordo?

GM: Considering Wilpon's won-loss record, I hope not. Somehow, I wouldn't be surprised in the least. Hold on one second, folks.

[The camera shows Wilpon shoving Warren in the back. Warren turns, and Wilpon is quickly up in his face, jawing with the youngster.]

GM: Wilpon has a bit of a history with Walter Warren, folks.

BW: Hey, Warren's accusations were some pretty heavy stuff, and Wilpon never got a chance to stand up for himself until now!

[Suddenly, Wilpon pie-faces Warren, and laughs as Warren stumbles back. Warren glares at Wilpon, and without warning, lunges at him, cracking him right across his rather prominent nose to the cheers from the crowd!]

GM: He just cracked Wilpon right across the face with the 4-W-Arm! You can't say Wilpon didn't have it coming.

BW: Sheesh, the nerd knocked the bully out cold. I think he broke his nose!

[Wilpon lays spread eagle on the ground, blood coming out from his nose. The crowd continues to cheer as Warren dusts his hands off. A few officials have come out to look over the unconscious form of Jackie Wilpon.]

GM: Fans, we're gonna take a quick commercial break so Jackie Wilpon can be attended to. We'll be right back!

[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 bleeps are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Stevie Scott!

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

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline,

Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway.

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

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

Fade back to the ring, where most of the possible contenders to the AWA World Television Title are gathered. There is a bit of tension at ringside as some of the rivals are jawing at each other. The tension is suddenly broken as Freddy Mercury's legendary voice bursts throughout the arena to a loud roar from the crowd.]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.
I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii-vvvveee
And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.
I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.
Don't. Stop. Me..

[As "Don't Stop Me Now" by Queen kicks in, Alphonse Green steps out onto the ramp. Green is in his Kentucky-Wildcat blue wrestling gear, and is also wearing a brand-new "Mecha Alphonse Green" t-shirt, done in a similar style to the artist known as Brute! Green has the AWA World Television Championship around his waist, and gives it a quick pat as he surveys the wrestlers at ringside staring at him.]

GM: There he is, fans! The brand new, undisputed World Television Champion who won the title two weeks ago when he wrapped up Ryan Martinez in a small package for the one-two-three in the center of the ring.

BW: And Gang Green is out in full force here tonight. Listen to the reaction for this kid.]

[Green grins at the cheering crowd. With one loud "OOOOOOHHH!!!!!" to the crowd, he bounds down to the ring at a quick pace. Green bellyflop slides the last few feet of entrance ramp into the ring underneath the bottom rope, and quickly unhooks the title from his waist. He makes his way to one of the corners, hopping on the second rope, thrusting the belt into the air. Green then hops off the second rope, slinging the belt over his shoulder, and motions for the mic. After a brief pause to soak in the reaction, he begins to speak in his gravelly Kentucky accent.]

AG: Well, I guess it's time I start conductin' myself like a champion, huh? Act like I've been there before and all that good stuff, huh? Well.. to be

honest, where's th' fun in that? It ain't like ol' Alphonse Green if he just can't have fun once in awhile! I'll leave the whole job of bein' serious to our World Heavyweight Champion, thank you very much!

...hail to the king, baby!

[A small contingent of fans can be heard starting up a "Let's Go Alphonse!" chant. Suddenly, the entire arena follows suit. Green looks out over the crowd with a grin on his face, wiping his eyes.]

GM: Never thought I'd see the day.

BW: I repeat, I'm very proud of the kid, but man, I was rootin' for Green before it became cool!

AG: And as your once again 100 percent official King of the Battle Royals, it's time for ol' Alphonse Green to make a proclamation! As your new World Television Champion, I'm gonna have to go out here every two weeks and do what I do best, and that's be th' most entertaining personality on television today! Y'all gonna get the high quality, show-stealin' action you've all come to expect from Alphonse Green, full of twists and turns and the whole sittin' on the edge of your seat thingie.. guaranteed or your money back! Now, the Championship Committee gathered everyone who has some sort of interest in this shiny piece of gold right here, and I get to choose who I put my title on the line here tonight.

Decisions, decisions..

[Green rubs his chin, and starts to pace around the ring, looking out at the group of wrestlers gathered around ringside.]

AG: Well, I could come full circle, an' take on my very first opponent in the AWA... Colonel de Klerk...

[Green continues to pace around the ring, locking eyes with the South African P.W. de Klerk. After a moment, he moves on, noticing an absence from ringside.]

AG: Dave Cooper ain't out here being a party pooper! Shame, really. I'd love to see him out here eatin' crow, grindin' his teeth that I'm the Television Champ. I suppose he'll be due for a shot if he can get past Dave Bryant.. and that's a mighty big if!

[Green grins, before turning to face the man who Green defeated for the Television Title, none other than Ryan Martinez.]

AG: Or... I could face off against the man who I beat for the gold two weeks ago in Ryan Martinez. Ya know, deep down I'm curious at how much we could bring this ol' house down tonight when we're both at 100 percent. No Unholy Alliance or Wise Men comin' out tryin' to ruin everything, no sir. Hope the both of us can help give 'em what's been comin' to 'em!

[Green nods at Martinez, who returns the nod. Green resumes his pace around ringside. He looks over at Callum Mahoney, who cracks his knuckles. A contingent of fans behind Mahoney are chanting "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!". A grin crosses Mahoney's face as he acknowledges the chants. The camera then shows Shadoe Rage, who's glaring over at the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White. The camera pans over to White, who's pointing his finger at Green and running his mouth.]

AG: Or, I could face off against Donnie White..

[White makes the standard "I want the title!" motion around his waist. The camera then pans back towards Green, who looks disappointed.]

AG: Ya know, ya tried to tarnish the good name of battle royals by handcuffin' yourself to the ropes! What a disgrace.. sheesh, ya think you know someone. Well, my friend, there's no tarnishin' battle royals as long as I'm around, mister!

[Green then paces, looking at some of the other contenders like Robert Donovan, and Sweet Daddy Williams. The camera then pans over to Travis Lynch, and we can see a few female fans behind him, trying to get his attention. Green then sees the duo known as Dichotomy, and acknowledges Mark Hoefner by giving him a thumbs up.]

AG: Or.. how about.. Mark Hoefner? Ya talk about me comin' a long way, well.. look at this guy! He's about ready to conquer Japan! There's a fortune out there waitin' to be had, and if ya think they'll let it go, man, ya got another thing comin'! I must say, Mark, that ya found yourself an impressive lookin' partner!

[Matt Ginn does not look amused.]

AG: Boy, you look awfully familiar.

[Green scratches his head, as he's trying to recall Ginn's name.]

AG: I swear, it's on th' tip of my tongue. Eh, it'll hit me one of these days.

[Green shrugs his shoulders as Ginn bites his lips, resisting the urge to give Green a piece of his mind. The crowd jeers as Donnie White climbs up on the apron, gesturing at himself wildly. Green gives him a glare, shaking his head before he turns towards the fast rising newcomer in Tony Sunn.]

AG: I see Tony Sunn.. man, that guy's gettin' to be a big deal pretty quick around here. Ya know, I think.. hmmm.

[Green stares down Sunn, a little bit intimidated at the man's size. Sunn looks on, curious about what Green's going to say.]

AG: I..

[The gears are turning in Green's head, as Sunn makes a "Go on." motion. Green obviously knows what he's going to say, but in the end he thinks better of it, shrugging his shoulders.]

AG: I got nothin', sorry.

[Sunn nods his head, smiling and shaking his head. Green turns his head to the opposite side of the ring, spotting Donnie White who is barking at the crowd, gesturing at his waist in the "belt gesture", shouting and generally carrying on like a lunatic. Green grits his teeth, again shaking his head as he turns slightly, looking out to where Ricky Lane stands, arms crossed. The World Television Champion cracks a nervous smile, knowing Lane's reputation for sending people to the hospital, and then walks back towards the center of the ring.]

AG: Now, I bet all of ya out there are thinkin' "Hey Alphonse, get on with it! Who gets the first shot at the title tonight?" Well.. I got a few more guys I need to...

[Green cranks his head to the side for a moment, staring out to the floor...]

AG: ...address.

[...and drops the mic, quickly running towards the ropes.]

GM: GREEN!

[The crowd roars as Green throws himself through the ropes, crashing into a surprised Donnie White with a tope!]

GM: MY STARS!! Green has just wiped out Donnie White!

BW: Has Green gone mad, Gordo?

[Green rains down punches on White as some of the wrestlers look on in surprise.]

BW: Is Green really that sore about White handcuffing himself in that Battle Royal? That was a brilliant strategy! Green ought to be proud!

GM: Not anymore! He had to stand out here and listen to White disrupting his moment, disrespecting the new champion and we've got a fight on our hands!

[White starts returning the favor, throwing punches from the bottom. A few feet away, Ricky Lane lumbers around the corner, dropping Tony Sunn with a double axehandle across the back!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Tony Sunn!

[Shadoe Rage scrambles up on the apron, giving a shout before charging down it and HURLING himself off in a dive onto both members of Dichotomy, swinging haymakers as he hits the floor!]

GM: A fight is breaking loose out here! We've got a lot of guys- ohh! Sweet Daddy Williams just made Robert Donovan count his teeth after that right hand to the mush! We've got a lot of guys out here and we're going to need... get some help out here! Get security out here!

[Alphonse Green scampers up onto the raised platform, mic in hand as he looks down at the chaos he caused at ringside. A puzzled Sandra Hayes shoots a glare up at Green as he grins, wagging a finger in her direction.]

AG: Lovin' that flirty look, toots, but your feminine wiles ain't gonna work on me tonight. There's no need to throw yourself at me! After all.. the first man that gets to ride with your new World Television champ is none other than Donnie White!

[Green drops the mic and lets out one of his "OOOOOOOOOHHH!!!"s as a fuming Donnie White climbs to his feet, gesturing and threatening Alphonse Green...

...before getting knocked flat on his face by a charging Shadoe Rage who clubs him from behind!]

GM: Good grief! White's down again! Fans, we've got to get this under control! We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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...

We fade up from black.

Wherever this was shot, it seems like it is a recreation of modern hell. There is nothing but ice-covered walls, dirty snow-covered streets and barrels of garbage burning in this dark alleyway. In the cold, homeless who didn't find shelter shiver, searching for warmth.

One of them, a woman from the looks of it, drags herself towards the camera. Her shape is obscured by a ragged wool parka. A mass of dreadlocks is barely kept in place by a worn, ragged grey toque. Her face is a horror. Her dark skin is ashen and covered in ropey scars. Her mouth is split by scarring into a Chelsea grin. Her eyes are empty black dead pools. Her lips are black, her teeth yellowed. She looks towards the camera, tilting her head in disgust.]

"You have enjoyed your time for too long. You have enjoyed your time for far too long. You ignored our first warnings. But I promise you, we're still coming home. He will lead us home. And we will have our fair due. We will take what is ours. You thought we would lie down and die as you conquered the world? No, we're still walking. We're still coming. We're coming home. We're coming home."

[We slowly fade out on the disgusting grin and up to Gordon and Bucky sitting at ringside.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: You know, Gordo... I think one of those homeless guys in that clip tried to mug me in the parking lot a while back. Showed him a thing or two.

GM: Oh?

BW: He might not've known the difference between a wristlock and a wristwatch but when he tried to take mine, I broke his!

GM: I'm sure you did. Fans, it's official! Alphonse Green will defend the World Television Title later tonight against the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White and what a match that's going to be. But right now, we're-

BW: Oh jeez... seriously? Didn't that lunatic just cause enough problems out here?

[The camera cuts to the ramp where Marissa Monet emerges onto the stage with no pyro, no ring music, nothing to signal her entrance to the fans. Cheers go up for the 6'6 Amazon's presence at the top of the ramp. Marissa pauses for a moment, looking out at the crowd and letting them take pictures and video. She puts one hand on her hip. Marissa is dressed in leather tights, knee high high-heeled boots and leather motorcycle jacket and white T-shirt. She walks down the ramp to the ring, ducking through the ropes before taking an offered mic. The crowd quiets down to hear her speak.]

MM: I am here on behalf of Shadoe Rage, my man, my partner, one of the greatest competitors ever to perform in the squared circle. I'm here to talk to the AWA, fans, management and wrestlers in the back.

[Monet pauses.]

BW: I think I'm going to be sick. When is she going to realize that no one wants to listen to her?

GM: The crowd got pretty silent to hear what she has to say.

BW: They're too busy putting on noise-canceling headphones. Beats By Bucky. On sale now at AWAshop.com.

GM: Are you... wait a second... you're serious! You're putting on headphones!

BW: I'd rather listen to Bieber than this. Let me know when she's done.

[Monet looks out over the crowd as she pauses for emphasis.]

MM: If you've ever watched Shadoe Rage's career, you know that he's been volatile to say the least.

[She pauses again as Gordon speaks.]

GM: He brought a heavy brand of physical violence to the ring as one half of the Prophets of Rage and even before that he was industry known and industry shunned for his wild style of brawling that included some fans who got injured at his hands in Europe. He certainly has been trying to change though since returning to the AWA.

[Monet continues.]

MM: Since Shadoe Rage's return to the AWA, he has been trying to reform his image. He has been trying to walk with the angels.

[The fans applaud appreciatively.]

MM: Shadoe Rage knows nothing other than professional wrestling. This business is his life. It is the only world he knows. And this world has treated him cruelly. From his younger days in the industry as a young teenager he wrestled for low payouts here, throughout Canada and in Europe.

And if you ever followed Shadoe's early career you would know that he was not a man who handled pressure well. There was the fan assault incident in Paris when he brawled with a crowd. There was the young boy he superkicked in Toronto. And, with good reason, promoters never really gave him a shot on his own even though he proved himself against the likes of Joe Petrow and Steve Kowalski in Portland. He was always seen as the crazy son of Adrian Rage, every bit as crazy and dangerous as his old man. Nobody trusted him outside the Prophets of Rage because at least his brother, Derek, seemed to be stable and reliable.

[The fans cheer at the mention of the famed Prophets of Rage tag team.]

MM: But throughout the years, Shadoe has been searching for the World Title that has eluded him and his father. And the AWA represents his last best chance at erasing a past that was filled with mistakes. Shadoe is desperate to erase those mistakes. He is well aware that not too many opportunities come around for a man in this business. And he's had fewer chances than most. All he wants is a fair opportunity. I don't think that's too much to ask. Do you?

[The fans cheer their support.]

GM: The crowd is behind Marissa in support of Shadoe Rage. Rage has certainly won over a lot of fans here in the AWA the second time around.

[Monet nods at the crowd.]

MM: But Donnie White, Sandra Hayes and the Shane Gang have been causing Shadoe no end of trouble. Sandra hit him in the ankle with her branding iron.

[The crowd jeers at the memory of that.]

MM: Then she slammed the cage door on his head in the Hyperstyle Wildbrawl.

[More boos.]

MM: Then Donnie White handcuffed himself to the ring and illegally tossed Shadoe from the battle royal for the World Television title.

[And even louder boos.]

GM: The Shane Gang certainly has caused a lot of problems for Shadoe Rage since he spurned their offer to join their ranks quite some time ago. Rage was hoping to get right at Terry Shane and to... cut the head off the snake so to speak. But Shane has so far managed to avoid that matchup and Donnie White and the Lights Out Express have had to deal with Rage's wrath.

[Monet continues.]

MM: I'm sure you can see how that would make a man upset ... I'm sure you can see how unfair that is ... and I'm sure you can see how a man of Shadoe's temperament would find that situation intolerable. Well, I'm here to fix it. Donnie, Sandra, we've danced this dance too long. It's time to bring it to an end. It is time for this to be over. So right here and right now I'm challenging you to come out here and face Shadoe one-on-one and settle this once and for all.

[The crowd cheers the idea of Donnie White taking on Shadoe Rage.]

BW: Wait, wait, wait... she wants Donnie White to give up a shot at the TV Title here tonight to fight her lunatic?

GM: I thought you couldn't hear her.

BW: Err, they came unplugged. That's ridiculous, Gordo! Why would ANYONE in the Shane Gang agree to such a thing?!

[The cheers for the prospective Rage/White matchup are short-lived because the answer doesn't come from the Shane Gang. It comes from a heavysset balding racist known as Colonel P.W. de Klerk.]

BW: Now THIS is someone worth listening to!

GM: Are you kidding me? This bigot has never had a worthwhile word exit his mouth.

BW: I bet he'll have some very good points to make to Monet.

[The crowd boos strongly as de Klerk marches down the aisle, riding crop under one arm as he twists his mustache with his free hand. Stepping through the ropes, he does a doubletake at the waiting Monet, looking horrified at having to share the ring with her. He extends his hand for the mic...

...and thinks better of it, shaking his head as he moves to the other ring, gesturing for a "clean" microphone.]

GM: Colonel de Klerk returned to action during the World Television Title Battle Royal! And his title aspirations were foiled by the man who has caused him more problems here in the AWA than any other, Shadoe Rage.

BW: De Klerk hates Rage so much that he would even work with Donnie White to get revenge. Not that I have anything against Donnie White but he ain't really de Klerk's cup of tea, I reckon.

GM: You reckon right.

[de Klerk marches back and forth, sizing up Monet before speaking.]

PWdK: Some things do not change. In my absence, I had hoped that the AWA would contract with a cleaning crew to come in and...

[de Klerk twists his mustache vigorously.]

PWdK: ...cleanse the stains left behind by you and yours, woman.

[The crowd jeers the implication.]

PWdK: You stand out here... unwanted... and disgrace a beautiful woman like Sandra Hayes with your disgusting presence.

[Monet glares at de Klerk who is earning more and more boos.]

PWdK: You...

[He wipes his hand on his shirt as though he feels dirty.]

PWdK: You DARE to call out Sandra Hayes and the Shane Gang? Did you not see the Battle Royal two weeks ago? Were you too distracted by...

[He gestures to Monet's brushed-out afro.]

PWdK: ...hair maintenance to notice that that animal you mate with put his hands on me yet again? Look at my skin, woman. Look at it!

[de Klerk lifts up his bare arm.]

PWdK: Pure. Clean. And your beast put his hands on me again. He had the unmitigated gall to-

[Suddenly, Shadoe Rage comes barreling down the aisle, running down to the ring wildly. He is still wearing jeans and street shoes but no shirt as he comes through the ropes, diving onto de Klerk's back, pounding away with hard-hitting forearms as he knocks the South African down to the mat.]

GM: Rage is all over him! He came tearing out of the locker room to save Marissa Monet!

[Trying to absorb the blows, de Klerk rolls under the ropes out to the floor where Rage quickly rolls out after him. He grabs de Klerk from behind, rocketing him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: Ohh! Into the steel!

[de Klerk flops into the nearby apron, rolling back into the ring to try and get away.]

GM: de Klerk's trying to get away from Shadoe Rage who has fire in his eyes here tonight in Dallas!

BW: This isn't a match, Gordo... there ain't a referee out here. This is felonious assault! The Colonel should have him arrested for this and Monet should get tossed in a cell right next to him for being an accessory!

GM: Shadoe Rage has snapped! Bucky, he just doesn't care. He wants to hit somebody and P.W. de Klerk just offered himself up as the perfect outlet for months of frustrations!

BW: How can you condone this? This is a crime! Call the police! 9-1-1! Somebody!

[Rage climbs up onto the top rope and crashes down into de Klerk with the Death from Above, sending the South African rolling head over heels to the corner.]

GM: Ohh! The big double axehandle off the top sends de Klerk sailing across the ring to the corner... and Rage keeps on coming!

[With de Klerk down in the corner, Rage lays in the kicks and stomps on the South African... and suddenly, a stream of officials and referees come tearing out of the back towards the ring.]

BW: Finally! Somebody is coming to help!

GM: They may get there too late!

[Frothing at the mouth and tearing at his own hair, Rage lunges for de Klerk's throat, locking both hands around his neck and squeezing. The veins in his arms pop. De Klerk's eyes bulge and his feet beat the canvas helplessly as Rage strangles him.]

GM: This has gone too far now!

BW: Ya think?

[The referees swarm Rage. Even Marissa is in the ring, shouting at him to stop, but Rage is insensible. He bears down on de Klerk's throat until the officials pull and yank him off de Klerk, breaking the grip. As the officials flood the ring, pushing Rage back from de Klerk, Marissa wraps herself around him, screaming into his ear.]

MM: Calm down! Not like this! Not like this!

[de Klerk manages to escape the ring, coughing and gasping for air as the flood of officials with Marissa Monet trying to assist, keep Rage from following.]

GM: Get him out of here.

BW: Are you talking about de Klerk or Rage?! 'Cause I'm thinking Rage should be shown the door right now... tonight... and told that he can practice that crap in whatever nickel-and-dime promotion is running a Elks Lodge next weekend!

GM: That might be a bit severe.

BW: Is it?! This is the second show in a row where we've had to have this guy restrained from during permanent damage! And he thinks he's worthy of being a World Television Title contender?! He thinks he and his... his...

GM: Careful.

BW: Woman... can come out here and demand a match with ANYONE?! I'm not a fan of man on woman violence, Gordo... but that one in there is tempting me to change my opinion on the matter.

[As de Klerk vanishes through the curtain, Marissa backs off, glaring at Rage and scolding him for his lapse.]

GM: Marissa Monet doing everything she can to get Rage under control.

BW: No wonder he's so tense. He's henpecked!

GM: Will you stop?

BW: Well, maybe you're cool with being emasculated, but your boy down there clearly isn't.

[In the ring, Marissa has talked Rage down. She grips his hand tightly, putting an arm around his shoulder and guides him to the back. Rage seems barely under control as they talk back and forth animatedly.]

BW: That boy's in a world of trouble, Gordo.

GM: I have to agree. He's never been stable throughout his career. I would hate to be there when he snaps.

BW: WHEN?! What the heck show have you been watching lately?! Lock him up and throw away the key!

GM: Tensions are running high here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum as we head towards March 29th and the Rising Sun Showdown in Tokyo, Japan.

It's going to be an amazing night of action as the AWA celebrates its Sixth Anniversary as well as present this year's edition of the Stampede Cup alongside our friends at Tiger Paw Pro.

[Cut to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: We said earlier tonight that we had big news regarding the challenger in the World Title match at Rising Sun Showdown, Kenta Kitzukawa, and this seems to be a good time to give it to you. In two weeks time, Kenta Kitzkuawa will BE in Dallas, Texas! He's coming to the United States to help promote the World Title Match and to get an up close look at the man who he'll challenge in the Tokyo Dome, Supreme Wright. And in two weeks' time, he'll meet one of the AWA's Top Ten contenders in the middle of the ring. That opponent will be named in the days to come but that's big news, Bucky.

BW: It IS big news. There was a whole lot of rumbling in the locker room when Kituzkawa was named the challenger for the Tokyo Dome. A whole lot of people thought that spot belonged to them. But in two weeks, we get to find out exactly what Kenta Kituzkawa is made of, Gordo.

GM: And you have to wonder what the World Champion, Supreme Wright, will think of the news that his next major challenger is coming stateside to scout him personally. Fans, right now, we're going to take a look at a match taped last weekend in Houston, Texas pitting Lee Harrigan against Callum Mahoney... take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "2.8.14 - Houston, Texas" where Phil Watson is standing in the ring alongside a very muscular young man with short brown hair, and a long face. He wears red trunks and black boots, red kneepads and spandex forearm bands.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. In the ring, hailing from Topeka, Kansas and weighing in at 272 pounds, he is...

LEE HARRIGAN!!!

[Harrigan holds his arms out to either side of him and crooks his fingers, inviting a reaction from the crowd, which he does not get.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Ten seconds in, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

'T WAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE FROM ME HOME I STARTED #
LEFT THE GIRLS IN TUAM NEARLY BROKEN-HEARTED #
SALUTED FATHER DEAR, KISSED ME DARLING MOTHER

DRANK A PINT OF BEER, ME GRIEF AND TEARS TO SMOTHER #
THEN OFF TO REAP THE CORN, LEAVE WHERE I WAS BORN #
CUT A STOUT BLACKTHORN TO BANISH GHOSTS AND GOBLINS #
BRAND NEW PAIR OF BROGUES RATTLED O'ER THE BOGS #
FRIGHTENED ALL THE DOGS ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

[As he makes his way to the ring, we see the man's mouth moving, but we are not quite able to catch what he is saying to the fans on either side of the aisle. At some point, it appears as if he is singing along to his entrance theme.]

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE #
HUNT THE HARE AND TURN HER DOWN THE ROCKY ROAD #
AND ALL THE WAY TO DUBLIN, WHACK FOLLLO DE DAH!

PW: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match. The fans begin to chant "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"]

GM: Callum Mahoney at a size disadvantage against this powerful young man. Let's see if the Armbar Assassin has what it takes to overcome the power of Lee Harrigan.

BW: At fourteen, he worked the fun fairs of Britain and Continental Europe, taking on all comers, tying much bigger men in knots. At FOURTEEN, Gordo! I think he'll do just fine here.

"DING! DING!"

GM: Both men circling each other... They lock up; collar-and-elbow... No, Mahoney pulls Harrigan's arm into an arm wringer! But Harrigan turns it around with an arm wringer of his own!

BW: There's that power and leverage you were talking about, Gordo.

[Mahoney reaches for Harrigan's near leg, before pushing him backwards to throw him off balance with a single leg takedown. He maintains the hold on Harrigan's left arm, continuing to apply pressure. Harrigan regains his vertical base and relieves the pressure pulling Mahoney into a side headlock. Mahoney, however, plants his boot against the crook of Harrigan's near knee, forcing the young man down to one knee, while grabbing hold of Harrigan's left arm, twisting it and applying pressure to the shoulder.]

BW: Mahoney working the arm; softening it up, perhaps, for the armbar.

GM: Mahoney pulls Harrigan to his feet, into a side headlock... Harrigan pushes Mahoney to the ropes...

BW: Shoulder block knocks the big man down!

GM: He hits the ropes again... Step over by Mahoney... Caught!

BW: That's a 272-pound man taking to the air with a dropkick! Lee Harrigan is on fire!

[Mahoney scrambles to his feet, to find himself in a stand-off with Harrigan. He points at Harrigan, nodding his head, as if acknowledging that the young man got one over him. The two men circle each other once again.]

GM: Mahoney appears to be giving the young man props for what he did.

BW: Or he could be purposely slowing down the match, killing whatever momentum Harrigan had coming out of that exchange.

[They lock up in another collar-and-elbow. Harrigan forces Mahoney into the corner and Mahoney simply holds his arms up, as referee Ricky Longfellow calls for the break. When Harrigan fails to comply, the official has to physically insert himself between the two men.]

GM: Oof! The referee had his back turned away from Mahoney, allowing him to sucker punch Harrigan in the face! That's not very nice at all, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he might be all stout and shamrocks and smiles outside of the ring, Gordo, but we know that Callum Mahoney will do whatever it takes in a fight.

[Mahoney grabs hold of Harrigan's left arm, pulls him to his feet and whips him hard into the corner. As Harrigan comes stumbling out of it, Mahoney connects with a forearm uppercut to the face. He pulls Harrigan to his feet again, by grabbing hold of his head, and, lifting a knee, drives it into the forehead of Harrigan. He hits two more knees in quick succession, hooks both of Harrigan's arms behind him and takes him over with a butterfly suplex.]

GM: Mahoney goes for the cover! One! Two! No, kickout!

BW: He goes for another cover. Kickout at two!

GM: And another cover! Still two!

[Mahoney pulls Harrigan to his feet and knocks him back down with a forearm uppercut. He pulls Harrigan up again, and knocks him down with a clubbing forearm to the back and left shoulder, before Harrigan can even regain his vertical base. He stands astride Harrigan and, hooking Harrigan's nose with his fingers, pulls Harrigan's head up and back, before driving his elbow into Harrigan's forehead.]

GM: There's more of that unorthodox offense by the fighting Irishman.

BW: It's really just a show if you ask me. I think Mahoney believes he can end this match at any time now.

[Mahoney is crouched in the corner, his eyes locked onto Lee Harrigan, as the bigger man pushes himself to his hands and knees. Mahoney comes charging out of the corner, laying into Harrigan with a boot to the side, flipping Harrigan over. Mahoney slaps his hands together to signal the end, before grabbing hold of Harrigan's left arm, scissoring it and falling back.]

BW: Armbar!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Harrigan taps!

PW: Here is your winner, by submission...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play, as Mahoney releases the hold and gets to his feet. Longfellow tries to raise his hand and, for a change, Mahoney allows him to. He basks in the cheers from the crowd, before stepping through the ropes and exiting the ring as we crossfade back to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing by on the interview platform. The strains of The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" are fading as Callum Mahoney ambles up to the platform, a wide grin on his face, fist pumping in the air, leading the fans in a chant of "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time... Callum Mahoney. Now, Ca-

CM: [Interrupting.] Mark, Mark, Mark, no. No questions. I'm here to address something I read written by your broadcast colleague... He described me as appearing [Air quotes.] to be stuck in neutral at the moment. He laments the fact that I STILL seem to be just hanging around, waiting for the next scrap to come my way. Now, I have no doubt I have the fans firmly on my side...

[Here come the chants.]

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

CM: But make no mistake about it: I'm not just here to ride on a wave of popularity. And make no mistake about it: when I take the fight to someone, I'm not coming at 'im in neutral! I'm coming at 'im at full throttle, pedal to the metal, BALLS to the WALL!

[Mark Stegglet looks off to the side and we see him mouth the words, "Can he say that?"]

CM: Yes, Mark, I said it! And I'm not picking at scraps either, because the Television title isn't scrap, is it? The World Heavyweight championship isn't scrap, is it? A shot at either one of those belts; that's what I'm waiting for to come my way, because right now I'm nowhere in line for one. And, as much as these folks like me, when it comes to breaking into the next level, they aren't the ones making the decisions about the gold, are they? No. Those decisions being made by the Championship Committee. So, gentlemen, you want to see Callum Mahoney's big push in 2014 towards championship gold? You only need to do TWO things: line me up, and watch me go.

[Mahoney claps Stegglet on the shoulder, before leaving the interview area, leading the fans in chanting, "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" as we slowly 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...]

We fade back to the interview area, where Mark Stegglet is standing by, microphone in hand.]

MS: Fans, please give a warm Dallas welcome to my next guests, STRICTLY BUSINESS!!

["When Worlds Collide" by Powerman 5000 begins creeping through the Crockett Coliseum's PA system as the fans let out a hearty cheer for the two forthcoming fan favorites. Mike Sebastian, the former cruiserweight standout, sports a pair of khaki shorts and a pearl Tommy Bahama top. With his Maui Jims clipped over his top button, he and his Gucci loafers make their way toward the squared circle.

Behind him comes Andrew "Flash" Tucker, clad in a pair of dark blue jeans and a red t-shirt that says "BLOOD NEVER LIES" on the front in white text. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders and his trademark silver Oakley sunglasses rest atop his head. Both men make their way towards Mark Stegglet, pointing and waving at a few fans on the way.]

MS: Gentlemen, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling! Two weeks ago you had your first match together in almost five years and now you've had some time for it to set in. What are your thoughts now that you're officially back in the ring?

AT: Well, Stegs, I'll tell ya', it wasn't quite as easy to get out of bed on Sunday as it was on Saturday, but all things considered, we're no worse for wear.

MS: We had talked about returning to the sport a handful of times over the years, Mark. Often times after one too many cold ones, heh heh. And we're not about to get sappy out here, but being back on the mat doing what we do better than most - it's as rewarding now as we remembered it to be. And we'd trade all the aches and pains in the world for it.

AT: We know that by the time we get over to Japan, we're not gonna have two weeks between matches to recover. We sure as Hell don't plan on takin' an early exit; so playin' through a little pain is nothin' that we haven't considered or planned for. Fortunately for us, the culture 'round these parts is a little more...

[A smirk.]

AT: ...reserved... than it was in Los Angeles, so we're not overly concerned. Some of the things we did early in our careers should have left us in a

wheelchair; and if we can make it through that, we can make it through anything.

MS: Now that the field is beginning to sort itself out, any thoughts on the competition thus far?

MS: Right off the bat, I think it's fair to say the level of athleticism has been taken to an all-time high. When 'Drew and I were as green as the guy on the asparagus can, we were pulling out all the stops on a nightly basis because we felt we had to. Just hoping somebody would take notice and we could get our feet in the door someplace and take advantage of whatever opportunities we could.

The teams today are no different - they're out there risking life and limb no matter the consequences or how few paid to see it. We were the same way. We were the exception. And now that ring approach is the rule. We don't fit the bill any longer of the budding upstarts looking to make a name. Instead, we're the seasoned vets on the other side of the knocked door. Which is fine by us. But we don't mind saying we're the kind to answer with our guards up and fists clenched.

AT: Mark, I'll be honest, I'm not real familiar with most of these guys. They may get WKIK down at the Rusty Thumbtack or whatever it's called down the street, but the signal don't quite reach The Sand Dollar down in Aruba, my friend. That doesn't mean there ain't any good teams showin' up. This is the preeminent tag team event in the world, after all. But we've been tryin' to play catch up over the past month, that's for sure.

We saw Air Strike live and in living color a few weeks back and they're obviously pretty big fans of ours, so it'd be fun to tangle with those two kids.

The 15 pounds o' gold over their shoulders says all you need to know about SkyHerc. I heard the fans almost got us a match with those two tonight, too.

[Cheer from the AWA faithful who apparently voted that way.]

AT: We don't need the belts quite yet, folks.

[A smirk.]

AT: Give us another month.

MS: So what's left on the agenda for the few weeks remaining before you hop on a plane for Japan?

MS: I'm sure a few blips will pop up on the S-B radar. They usually do. We ruffled far too many feathers over the years for us to think everyone and their brother is enamored with the fact we weren't content tying a bow on our careers. So we don't envision being left standing on the sidelines with empty dance cards for long.

AT: Simple, Stegs: Say our prayers, eat our Wheaties, take our vitamins and make room in the bank account for a cool million bucks.

[Another pop for the duo as "When Worlds Collide" pumps through the PA system once more as the two make their way to the back and we crossfade down to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Strictly Business is part of the elusive field of 12, Bucky. We will see them compete in the Tokyo Dome on March 29th in an attempt to be named the best tag team in the world.

BW: ...who ask for the million dollars in prune juice and Depends?

GM: Bucky, they're not THAT old!

BW: They ain't exactly spring chickens either, Gordo. I mean, they're old enough that Mertz and Aarons were kids watching them wrestle teams like the Epitome of Cool and Hardin and Thunder.

GM: Air Strike is certainly one of the younger teams in the tournament but right there with them is the team we're about see in action - the duo known as Dichotomy.

[*DING*]

[We go up to Phil Watson, who stands alongside two young wrestlers. The larger of the two has messy black hair and a bulky build, with a bit of a gut on him. He wears baggy black pants and a T-Shirt featuring a large lion head, with black wrestling boots and taped fists. The other, about an inch shorter, has a dirty blond brushcut and slightly less bulky build. He wears long blue trunks with red laceless boots. The name "HENRY" is printed down one side, and a red fireball is printed on the other. The youngster also wears white wristbands.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit.

Introducing first, in the ring to my left. From Houston, Texas and Stone Mountain, Georgia respectively... at a total combined weight of five hundred twenty one pounds... the team of JOSEPH PUCKETT AND HENRY PORTEN!

[The fans cheer slightly as Puckett raises his arms and Porten goes running off the ropes for a big jumping fist pump. And then...]

WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

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

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

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

GM: They are indeed. Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner have qualified for the Stampede Cup, as improbable as that would have seemed a year ago. Their improvement is undeniable, Bucky, but are they ready to face the best in the world?

BW: They beat the Rave, didn't they?

GM: Are they ready to face the best in the world when said best in the world doesn't inflict a critical injury upon themselves with a missed high risk move?

BW: That's part of the game, Gordo. You put yourself in a position to win.

GM: I notice that Ginn and Hoefner aren't exactly rushing to put themselves in a position to wrestle this match.

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

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

BW: When you're a star, daddy, you get to take your sweet time.

[The duo advances to the ring as the analog-mastered rock of The Protomen has kicked into gear, proclaiming the battle against infinite robot armies. Ginn gives several of the fans disgusted looks and dismissive gestures while Hoefner shouts insults and makes threats. They stop a couple times on the way to do this, taking their sweet time.]

GM: Fine. We'll let Dichotomy know when they're stars. Until then, they need to understand that this is a two hour show, and the fans didn't tune in to wait for them to get to the ring.

BW: Well, talk about Dichotomy in the Stampede Cup. Where do you think they'll be seeded?

GM: Near the bottom, I would assume. This isn't a slight against them, but a year ago at this time they were standing in Puckett and Porten's shoes.

Nothing but potential and hope. This is going to be great experience for them, though, I will say that. A trip to Japan to face some top competition will do them a world of good.

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

BW: They're not going to Japan for the experience, daddy. They're not in it for the ride, they're in it for the million. And they need that money a lot more than most of these other teams do. That's the difference, Gordo. When one guy wants and the other guy NEEDS... I don't think the guy who wants is gonna be able to do what it takes.

[The music dies down, and already we see Porten and Hoefner in each other's faces, jawing at each other.]

GM: We could discuss exactly why they need the money, as I'm not sure exactly how much of these men's backstory our fans know. But it looks like we have some bad blood here!

[*DING*DING*]

BW: Yeah, remember that Ginn and Hoefner were in the same locker room as the preliminary guys for a long time. The others who didn't make it are jealous.

GM: Like Ginn and Hoefner were of Chris Choisset, before he broke out of the preliminary ranks to form the Northern Lights with Rene Rousseau?

BW: And look what they did with that jealousy! I bet the Northern Lights will never sniff the Stampede Cup. They gotta fight the Baddest Thangs Runnin' tonight... the day either of those two pretty boys beats a Gaines will be the day that Lucifer goes shoppin' for mittens, daddy!

[Hoefner shoves Porten, who shoves Hoefner, who gets back in Porten's face and makes sure he is distracted for Ginn to get a nice running start and boot him in the side of the head with his long leg.]

GM: Cheap shot by Matt Ginn to start the match. As usual.

BW: It wasn't a cheap shot! Ginn's the legal man. If Porten's too dumb to pay attention... and believe me, he is... then he deserves a kick in the head.

GM: Ginn going for the takedown, and gets it. Single leg into a spinning toe hold! Ginn kneeling off the spinning toe hold... look at this! This is a combination toe hold and armbar! Great technical skill by Matt Ginn, who is very clean and clinical in his execution of holds.

BW: I hear he's been workin' on that Stretch Plum of his, to make that a submission finisher on the level of Supreme Wright or Terry Shane III.

GM: That's a lofty goal, but lofty goals are necessary to become an accomplished professional. Poking a man in the eye when you have him trapped in a hold, for no reason, is NOT professional!

[The fans boo, because that's what Ginn just did. The camera gets a close-up of Ginn explaining to Marty Meekly that he did not appreciate how Porten was looking at him, but Meekly is applying a break count anyway.]

BW: Inflicting pain and punishment on a guy you're fighting doesn't need a reason, Gordo. Really.

GM: Ginn having to break, but he circles Porten and shoots the half. Half-nelson takeover puts Porten on his back, and into a half-nelson chinlock. Ginn is dominant on the canvas early here.

BW: I thought Porten was supposed to be a mixed martial artist. Ain't they supposed to know submissions... hey!

GM: Porten reversing into an armbar! Shades of Callum Mahoney, and Ginn using the long leg to reach the bottom rope immediately!

[At this, Porten releases the armbar, but Ginn takes that opening to hook Porten's head and drag him over into a front facelock. Both men are on the canvas, and it is pretty clear from the way Porten is flailing that this is not a typical front facelock.]

BW: As usual, wrestling beats martial arts.

GM: Bucky, Ginn has his forearm under the chin! This is not a front facelock, this is a choke!

BW: Don't martial artists get to call that a 'guillotine choke' and have it be legal?

GM: No, that's not the same thing. Meekly applying the count, but Ginn dragging Porten to his corner, and there's the tag to Hoefner.

[At the tag, Hoefner leaps over the top rope, rushes across the ring, and barrels into Joseph Puckett, sending him off the apron with a running open-palm strike to the face! The crowd boos the unnecessary cheap shot.]

GM: Running palm strike by Hoefner on the illegal man! Puckett falls off the apron to the floor!

BW: Ha ha! There's your wake-up call, dummy!

GM: Puckett saw it, but Hoefner is just so fast. Ginn pulling up Porten in the corner... LOOK OUT!

[Immediately after dragging Henry Porten up in the corner, Ginn rakes his face and then drops to his hands and knees. Hoefner charges in, steps off of Ginn, and crashes into Porten with both knees to the chest! Ginn rolls under the bottom rope while Hoefner bounces around the ring yelling at the fans in a hyperactive rage.]

BW: SHOTGUN BLAST!

GM: A brutal technique, and moreso when Ginn provides the assist. Mark Hoefner the legal man now, and he is wasting an awful lot of energy.

BW: Are you kidding? This guy drinks so much caffeine that it might be biologically impossible for him to run out of energy.

GM: Hoefner back over to Porten and whips him to the ropes... jumping clothesline sends the man from Stone Mountain to the canvas. This sort of lapse will not be possible at the Stampede Cup, Bucky.

BW: Like I said earlier, daddy, they need that million in the worst way. They say that fire is the ultimate cleanser, but money's a close second. There's a lot of history you can change with money.

GM: Such as an academic blackballing and a dishonorable discharge?

BW: Exactly.

GM: Money can't solve those problems.

BW: Ha! What world do YOU live in?

[In the meantime, Hoefner drops a couple of fistedrops on Porten, and gives him a soccer kick to the ribs for good measure. He tags out to Ginn, sends Porten off the ropes, and decks him with a running overhand right. Ginn follows up immediately by stepping between Porten's shoulderblades (as Henry is flat on his face), grabs his arms, and pulls up on them in the standing surfboard.]

GM: REVIEW BOARD! Ginn with this nasty hold applied... come on!

[Since Porten is helpless, and the hold causes his head to hang inches above the mat, Hoefner runs off the ropes, jumps, and stomps his head into the mat! He runs again... and this time Puckett meets him with a clothesline!]

BW: Oh, there's some illegal interference! Whine about that, Gordo!

GM: Puckett with the double axehandle to Ginn as well, breaking up the Review Board! He heads out of the ring, but can Porten recover in time to make the tag?

BW: I believe your answer is no.

[Ginn shakes off the axehandle and steps on Porten's ankle to stop him from crawling to his corner. Dropping down, Ginn goes to apply an achilles tendon lock, but Porten kicks him off. However, Hoefner runs over and boots him in the chest before he can stand.]

GM: Hoefner is still in the ring!

BW: He got clotheslined! You gotta let a guy recover if he gets cheap-shotted while not the legal man.

GM: Full of excuses! Ginn back in, pulling up Porten. Forearm shiver by Ginn...

[And here is where the normally tactically-sound Ginn makes a rare error. He tries to set up Porten with a standing forearm/elbow shot, but the much better striker simply steps back, extends his right arm, and whips his arm around (thumb-knuckle down) with a strike that Ginn has never had to defend before, crushing the much taller man in the chin and sending him flat on his back! The fans explode for the big wild-looking punch!]

GM: RUSSIAN HOOK! RUSSIAN HOOK BY PORTEN!

BW: No! That was a closed fist, and a foreigner move to boot!

GM: Hoefner runs back in, and Porten hammers him with a big left cross, and a right hook! And there's the tag!

BW: How many closed fists are they gonna let him throw?!

GM: Joseph Puckett barrels in, and the crowd has come alive! Big shoulder tackle runs Mark Hoefner right over! Scooping up Ginn, and slamming him on top of Hoefner! Puckett off the ropes... big splash on both men! COVER! Could we have an upset?!

BW: After that?! You're kidding! Hoefner kicked out even though he's not the legal man and both Dichotomy guys were in the ring! Wake up, Meekly!

GM: Perhaps if Dichotomy weren't always so verbally abusive to officials...

BW: So you're SAYING he counted that against them intentionally.

GM: Puckett with the fireman's carry and the slam on Ginn, as Hoefner finally rolls out of the ring. Joseph Puckett is fresh, aside from the trip to the concrete earlier on; can he capitalize?

[The fans are cheering Puckett on as he clamps on a headlock, backs up to the corner, and runs out for a bulldog... but Ginn grabs his hair as he runs and yanks him backwards as he attempts the bulldog leap, countering the maneuver and sending Puckett to the canvas.]

BW: Nope! Ha ha ha!

GM: That was a blatant handful of hair!

BW: Only you and Joseph Puckett care, Gordo, and neither of your opinions matter.

GM: Tag made by Ginn, who gathers up Puckett. Picking the Houston native up... vicious maneuver by Dichotomy!

[The "vicious maneuver" Gordon spoke of consisted of Hoefner jogging in as Ginn grabbed Puckett for a face-down gutbuster (lifting from the back rather than from bodyslam position), leaping, and sending Puckett's face to the canvas as Ginn hit the gutbuster!]

BW: Well, when you smash a guy's face and ribs at the same time, it's usually helpful.

GM: Thank you for the insightful color commentary. Mark Hoefner off the ropes... brutal double stomp to the midsection of Joseph Puckett. Shades of Anton Layton right there, and a cover. One. Two. But not quite three.

BW: I would have thought that gutbusting facesmasher move would have done it.

GM: Hoefner will redouble his efforts, no question. Two handfuls of hair, and he rams Puckett's face to the top turnbuckle with a running start! And uses the hair to snap him back down to the canvas! Tag made, and Ginn is now in. Still rubbing his jaw from the Russian Hook of Henry Porten. Matt Ginn lifts up Joseph Porten, and knees him in the chest. Abdominal stretch by Ginn, and this is one of his more effective holds.

BW: Yeah, this is a hold that most everyone uses, but Ginn just does it better and uses his height to stretch a guy out.

GM: Puckett is bulky and inflexible, so this will do some damage to him.

[Once Meekly is in position, Ginn reaches back towards the ropes. He's a bit too far, so Mark Hoefner reaches in and gives him the extra leverage. The crowd protests loudly.]

BW: And there's the teamwork that will make them Stampede Cup Champions.

GM: That's an illegal tactic! The referee over to check on it, but Ginn claiming that he can't reach the ropes and Hoefner shaking the ropes pretending to cheer! Come on!

BW: No proof, no foul.

GM: Puckett with the hiptoss counter, but Ginn holds on into a cradle pin combination as he goes over! One! Two! ...no, almost a very clever pinfall there.

BW: Matt Ginn is going to wrestle circles around this guy. You gotta be ready for the counter to the counter against him.

GM: Tag made by Ginn, and Hoefner is in. Mongolian Chop by Hoefner drops Puckett to the canvas as soon as he stands. Please, no references to Hoefner's claims of being the heir to Genghis Khan.

BW: Nah, you just made it for me, daddy.

GM: It looks like Hoefner is shouting at the fans again. Wasting more time and energy. Rushing the corner... SHOTGUN BLAST... MISSED!

[The fans cheer as the wild double-knee charge of Hoefner misses! Puckett gets out of the corner just in time, but Hoefner's shins hit the rope on either side of the turnbuckle, and he bounces out to land unharmed on his feet!]

BW: But missin' that move don't hurt him, daddy!

GM: Hoefner with the knee to the spine... but that propels Puckett into his own corner! Tag made back to Porten! Henry Porten in and he is unloading on Hoefner. Both men throwing punches, but it's the striker Porten who gets the upper hand! Hoefner knocked flat on his back with a combination of punches, and Porten going on top for the ground and pound!

BW: Watch the fists, ref!

GM: Porten using the front of the elbow now on the ground, and Matt Ginn has seen enough! Ginn rushes Porten and grabs his arm with a shoulderlock. You can't just run in as the illegal man and lock on a hold, Bucky!

BW: Obviously you can, because he did!

GM: And that stops the elbows long enough for Hoefner to shoot two thumbs to the eyes of Porten! Gutter tactics by Dichotomy, and Ginn releases and rolls out of there. Give me a break!

BW: Like I said. Teamwork worthy of a Stampede Cup.

GM: I think Dichotomy was wise to get as many matches in before the Cup as possible. Hoefner up and tagging Ginn. Dichotomy sends Porten of the ropes...

[Ginn and Hoefner set for a double back elbow with Hoefner going low and Ginn going high. But Porten launches himself at Ginn with a leaping missile clothesline, going right over Hoefner's head and taking the MIT graduate down!]

BW: He must have slipped, because no way he did that on purpose!

GM: Porten rolls to his feet, and whacks Hoefner with a one-two punch. Porten off the ropes, leapfrogged by Hoefner. Hoefner drops down in front, but Ginn is up... high cross body... WHAT A COUNTER!

[The fans cheer Henry Porten on as he rebounds off the far ropes, steps off Hoefner's back, and launches a high cross body on Matt Ginn to take him down. But Ginn was expecting a leapfrog or similar move, and this is close enough; he wraps his arms around Porten's waist in gutwrench position as he comes in and lets the crosstrained Georgia native's momentum carry him over Ginn's head. Ginn pivots on one foot, deposits Porten onto his feet, lets go of the gutwrench and recinches as momentum carries Porten's body backwards... snapping him over into a devastating swinging neckbreaker in the direction opposite of Porten's momentum!]

BW: HA HA HA! Did you see that?!

GM: That was devastating! Ginn setting up the momentum in order to snap Porten the other way with the swinging neckbreaker. And Hoefner jumping on Puckett in the corner... a Mongolian Chop sends him to the concrete!

BW: I have a feeling that the end is now.

GM: Hoefner going up to the top rope, and we know what is coming next!

[The fans know it too, and implore Porten to recover. But Ginn soon has him up on his shoulders in electric chair position, and Hoefner soars through the air with the devastating flying bulldog!]

BW: _APOCALYPSE NOW_!

GM: That maneuver is utterly devastating, and should it connect at the Stampede Cup, it would certainly give Dichotomy a victory... as it did right here.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The crowd boos, not only for Dichotomy's victory, but for Ginn's arrogant knee-to-the-face cover.]

PW: The winners of this contest... DICHOTOMY!

BW: There's some critical momentum going into the Cup.

GM: Perhaps, but they made some careless errors here which will be much costlier when... oh, what in the world is THIS all about?!

[Ginn and Hoefner start putting the boots to Porten, and the crowd boos. Puckett gets in the ring, but he's easy prey for a running jumping haymaker by Hoefner. Ginn puts him in the Review Board, and Hoefner stomps away at his head to smash his face into the mat repeatedly.]

BW: What this is, is a message. One, to everyone in the Stampede Cup, that these guys mean business. Two, to all those guys in the preliminary locker room that have a grudge against them from their time there, that they need to step up or shut their mouths.

GM: Here comes some of those guys right now! Alex Worthey, JP Driver, James Reed, George Talbot, and Michael Weaver are running down the aisle, and Dichotomy is taking a powder.

BW: Well, five against two might be a little much. Gotta save some energy for the Cup, Gordo!

GM: Oh, I'm sure.

WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

["Vengeance" by The Protomen plays again as Ginn and Hoefner arrogantly stride to the back, badmouthing fans the whole way.]

BW: They! Are! In! Con! Trol!

GM: Yes, yes, but we shall see just how much of their destiny they'll be able to control in Japan. Fans, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by!

[We cut backstage where Jason Dane is standing, microphone in hand.]

JD: I'm standing here with one of the men victorious in last week's six man tag match. This is William Craven...

[The camera pans over to William Craven. AWA's Dragon stands there, half a smile creeping across his face as the despondent man beast seems to have, at last, found some joy.]

JD: William, last week Johnny Detson supposedly offered you the one thing that has eluded you your whole career, a World Title opportunity, and you turned it down to face Johnny Detson and the Unholy Alliance along with Hannibal Carver and Jack Lynch. My question is why?

WC: Why? Heh. Why does anyone ever do anything, Jason? You're looking well, by the way.

[A knowing look from Craven recalls the last time these two men stood side by side for an interview when Craven was threatened with firing for laying his hand on Dane. Jason clears his throat.]

JD: Yes, uh--thank you. But you have struggled your entire career to reach that peak of success and never received so much as a title opportunity. Why not bite? Why not go with the Unholy Alliance to reach your ultimate goal?

WC: That is the million dollar question, isn't it? You see, Dane, although I know few liked him ... the Emperor was my leader. I followed him with the

utmost loyalty, never wavering, and he helped mold me so that I might attain that same goal. When Percy Childes ordered the Emperor's decimation, well ... they say that I was a puppet and that Chris Blue was my master. So I have a question for you, Dane; why would I abandon the memory of a master that I loved for the favor of one that I despised?

JD: Good point, yes, but you've never, forgive my bluntness, but you've never been known as a "good guy" in the AWA. Never been known for doing the right thing. You yourself assaulted Chris Blue shortly before allying with him and he never stopped abusing you. Why remain loyal?

[Bemused, Craven scoffs for a moment and, as he inhales to speak, a voice off-camera interrupts.]

V: I'll answer that, Dane!

[In camera walks Johnny Detson wearing a brown designer three piece suit. He rips his shades off, glaring at Craven and then down at Dane. He carefully takes a step over to position Dane between himself and Craven.]

Detson: It's because he's a damn fool! A fool that complains about his lack of opportunity and then squanders every single opportunity he's presented! That's why... because after all is said and done the biggest challenge William Craven over here has ever had is William Craven himself! Isn't that right, Billy?

[Shocked, baring his teeth, Craven doesn't get much time to retort as Detson continues.]

Detson: You're a fool! You have a shot that I can make happen. Not the AWA, not Chris Blue, but me, and you do what? You throw it away! Just like you've thrown your career away! And I'll tell you why... it's because you've spent far too long letting far too many people distract you with what serves them best and not you!

[Craven takes a steps over which Detson matches, keeping Dane between them.]

Detson: Do you really want to know why you've never held the top wrestling title ANYWHERE? It's because you're not a wrestler. You're a freak, a side show, a distraction for all the little kids to be scared of and other jack-o's to be in awe of because of your incredible feats of stupidity! You take the ring and replace the ropes with barb wire. You'd rather wrestle twenty feet up on a scaffold then on the actual canvas.

[Again, Craven steps towards Detson and again Detson moves to keep Dane between them.]

Detson: I mean, look at you, Billy! You tattooed yourself green! And for what? Glory, honor, professional achievement? You got nothing but a green complexion, a split tongue, filed teeth and a lifetime of never being able to go around people in the outside world.

[The truth of Detson's words strike Craven and his face twists up in abject shock as he averts his eyes and holds his breath.]

Detson: People don't want to see you in title matches, Billy; they want to see you get destroyed. They want you to destroy people with your toy wooden sword. They want you to entertain not succeed. The reason isn't a secret on why you don't get put in those matches. You don't get title matches because you might actually win!

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: And what's the front office going to do with someone like you as their champion? Can't market you, you made yourself into a freak. Can't trust you to actually wrestle, what with your toy wooden stick and your desire to make everyone bleed. And you can't promote the good of the company, what with your Ivy League vocabulary to go along with your three-year-old brain!

[Juking quickly around Dane, Craven goes for Detson but the smaller man dances around the interviewer grabbing him by the shoulder to make sure he doesn't flee the danger zone.]

Detson: Look at Wright... Dufresne... people who could be trusted and relied on. Look at every person in the Battle Royal two weeks ago, reliable and trusted. Look who wasn't in it... you! Look at who cost you your chance at a title shot at Steal The Spotlight... it was Hannibal Carver, friend of the O'Connors, the same person who cost you another title shot when you decided to join up with him two weeks ago.

[Detson gives a smug look over Dane's shoulder.]

Detson: You do this to yourself, Billy; and I for one am tired of watching your little stupid obsessions ruin your career. I know you're going to challenge me, Billy, and I respectfully decline because Johnny Detson isn't going to get caught in the vortex known as the forty-seven year downward spiral of Billy Craven.

[Detson shakes his head back and forth.]

Detson: I mean, look at you, you're not fearsome, you're pathetic and you have nothing to show for it. You lost your wife the first third of your career; you lost your son the next third; and you lost your money the last third going after some other crazy obsession you had to ruin Alex Martinez.

[Detson stops for a moment and rubs his chin in thought.]

Detson: Who won that match by the way?

[Detson waves off the answer with his hand continuing.]

Detson: I have something, Billy; I have a lot of something. And I get it, you're jealous, who wouldn't be? But I'm not about to risk this something on whatever death match you're concocting in your head right down because I dropped your precious emperor on his over-inflated head. I'm not your problem, Billy...

[Surprisingly, Detson juts his index finger into the shoulder of Craven.]

Detson: You're your problem. You want to fix something, fix yourself.

[Craven stares blankly at Detson before looking down at the finger still poking his shoulder. His demeanor turns calm and a single tear escapes his left eye as he frowns deeply.]

WC: A ... lot of what you say is true, Johnny. Your grasp of the reality around you has always been impeccable and this is why you have had the success that you've enjoyed all these years...

[Blinking hard, Craven slowly turns his gaze back up towards Detson.]

WC: But reality and I haven't been on speaking terms for a long time.

[His brash confidence melting away somewhat, Detson withdraws his hand, eyes going wide.]

WC: And you're right... the big words I've become accustomed to do me a disservice when plain language is preferred. That's why I say this to you now as clearly as I can.

[Pregnant pause. Detson takes half a step back, putting his weight on one heel.]

WC: I'm gonna break your neck...

[Forgetting there is someone between them, Craven almost steps through Dane as he lunges towards Detson as Detson turns and flees. The human barrier gives Detson enough time to retreat as he flashes a cocky smirk back towards Craven. Craven stalks out of view in pursuit as a surprised Jason Dane looks on... and we fade back to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right, he hails from San Jose, California... weighing 219 pounds... Davey Mercer!

[Not much reaction for the young man as he raises an arm.]

PW: And his opponent... from Ithaca, New York... weighing in at 287 pounds...

TOOOOOOONYYYYY SUNNNNNNNNN!

["We Hold On" by Rush starts playing over the loudspeakers and out comes Tony Sunn. He nods slightly, then starts down the aisle.]

GM: Tony Sunn really impressed a lot of people back at SuperClash V in the Steal The Spotlight showcase and impressed even more folks two weeks ago as part of that big Battle Royal, Bucky.

BW: That Battle Royal was right in the wheelhouse for a big, musclebound lug like Sunn. Although, I still don't know how he managed to get Ricky Lane and Robert Donovan over the top back to back, Gordo. That even impressed me and you know I don't impress easy.

[Sunn leans down and slaps the hands of the fans as he walks the elevated entrance ramp in his black, silver, and white singlet with matching wristbands. His just-barely shoulder length dirty blonde hair hangs down as he slaps another hand, offering the fan a smile but it's clear his focus is on the ring.]

GM: Sunn steps through the ropes, staring across at young Davey Mercer who may have his work cut out for him here tonight, Bucky. Tony Sunn definitely is looking to make another good impression and work himself into contention for that World Television Title.

[The big man backs to the corner, allowing referee Davis Warren check him for weapons as Davey Mercer jaws with the ringside fans. Warren calls for the bell as Mercer barrels across, giving a war whoop...

...and gets stopped cold by a hard shove to the chest, sending him down to the mat where he backflips over onto his stomach to laughter from the fans.]

GM: Well, I don't think that worked out quite like he was hoping.

[Mercer gets back up, full of fire as he charges in again. Sunn scoops him easily up off the mat, spinning around with him in his arms...

...and then removes his left arm, holding Mercer up with one powerful limb for several seconds before slamming him down to the mat. Mercer pushes up off the mat, grabbing at his lower back.]

GM: One heck of a bodyslam there! A one-armed bodyslam at that.

BW: Now he's just showing off, Gordo.

[As Mercer climbs to his feet, Sunn clubs him across the lower back with a forearm smash, knocking him down to all fours. Claspings his hands together, Sunn winds up before hammering down a double axehandle into the kidneys, knocking Mercer flat on his belly.]

GM: Mercer's down on the mat and if he doesn't get up and turn things around in a hurry, this could be a real short night for him.

[Sunn reaches down, wrapping his arms around the torso of the rising Mercer who is still on all fours.]

GM: What's he got in mind here?

[With a grunt, Sunn deadlifts the man off his knees, gutwrenching him over and throwing him halfway across the ring!]

GM: Oh my! What a gutwrench suplex out of Tony Sunn!

[Sunn follows in pursuit, dropping into a lateral press.]

GM: Sunn gets one! He gets two! But that's all...

[Sunn doesn't even throw a glance at the official, popping right back to his feet.]

BW: That count looked a little slow to me, Gordo... but Sunn didn't even react to it.

GM: Tony Sunn is famous for having a lot of respect for the referees. Heck, he's been known to protect them from time to time from an overzealous opponent. So, it's no surprise to see him take the count and simply move on with his business.

[Nodding to the cheering crowd, Sunn pulls the rising Mercer to his feet. He steadies him before slipping his hands underneath the armpits, powering Mercer up into the air, and sitting out in a powerbomb!]

GM: Ohhh! What in the heck was that?!

BW: Did you see Mercer BOUNCE off the canvas?!

[Sunn forgoes the pin attempt this time, climbing to his feet again, and throwing his muscular arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture.]

GM: Sunn may be looking to put this young man from San Jose away right now.

[Again pulling Mercer off the mat, Sunn grabs the young man's arms, crossing them in front of the San Jose native's own body. Sunn slips both arms under his armpit before reaching down with his free arm to grab Mercer's left leg...]

GM: He's going for the Rising Sunn here!

[...and powers him up and over, dropping him in a fisherman's suplex. Sunn shows off his tremendous neck strength by bridging for a pin as the referee counts one, two, and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's all she wrote for young Davey Mercer who took the Rising Sunn and had no chance of escaping that punishing maneuver. An impressive victory here on Saturday Night Wrestling for Tony Sunn.

BW: Impressive? I guess. But what's he going to do in two weeks when he's taking on a four hundred plus pound giant? No Rising Sunn in that one for sure.

GM: No but I'm sure he'll be planning for the next two weeks to figure out exactly what it'll take to put Ricky Lane down for a three count.

BW: Good luck with that.

GM: That one goes down two weeks from tonight, fans, and I can't wait to see it. But right now, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, it's tag team action as we find out yet another team advancing to that elite field of 12 competing in this year's Stampede Cup!

[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 we go up to the interview stage, where Jason Dane stands by with Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet, the Northern Lights.

Both Lights are wearing white satin jackets with their logo, the flags of Quebec and Maine intercrossed, stitched on the back. They're both garbed in white trunks and boots (the boots also sport the logo), and have blue wristbands and kneepads. Choynet wears blue forearm supports on top of this; he has short brown hair, and is now growing a thin mustache and goatee. Rousseau maintains the clean-shaven look with the mullet in back.]

JD: With me at this time, a team with a chance in mere moments to become the next entrants into the Stampede Cup, the Northern Lights. Gentlemen, standing between you and the opportunity you covet are Gunnar and Justin Gaines, the Baddest Thangs Running.

CC: Things.

JD: Thangs is how they say it.

CC: Oh, excuse me. The Thaaaaaaaaaangs. Well, Baddest Thaaaaaaaaaangs Running, you do seem to like to run a lot. Mostly at the mouth. You run down people all the time, so maybe we should give you a taste of your own medicine and see how you like it.

RR: Gunnar Gaines wants to teach his son that being a man is all about taking things from people any way you want to. That cheating and attacking from behind are perfectly justified because only the results matter. I

wouldn't be able to say anything one way or another about Gunnar's choice of lessons, except that by proxy he's trying to teach the same thing to all of these kids out here! We can't let that slide, Jason. Crime does not pay, and it looks like that's a lesson that both father and son have to learn.

CC: The thaaaaaaangs you need to learn are this: you always reap what you sow, and you always end up falling on the sword that you draw. You've been doing a lot of dirty deeds: stealing wins and hurting people. Tonight, that comes around on you. We're gonna take that Stampede Cup berth away from you, and it's gonna hurt like heck when we do. You might think you're the baddest thaaaangs running, but we think you've just got the worst things coming.

JD: You do seem confident, but with the experience of the Hall Of Famer Gunnar Gaines, and the youth and potential of his son Justin, do you think perhaps you're being overconfident?

RR: Not at all, Jason. Chris and I know we're the underdog in most people's eyes, but opinions don't win matches. We're well aware that Gunnar Gaines is one of the toughest men in the world, and that his son is way more advanced than a rookie his age normally is. And there's no doubt that this will be perhaps our toughest challenge to date. But we also aren't going to sit down and take it when guys like the Gaineses come out and flaunt like they're better than everyone. We did not come to the AWA to meekly stand by and let ourselves be walked on.

CC: And if they think they're going to walk all over us, then we're going to make like the Yellow Pages... and let our fingers do the walking.

[Choisnet slowly makes a fist for the camera as he gives that line.]

CC: We're not going to be satisfied just to be here. We're not going to be satisfied even if we qualify. We're here to win. Anyone who isn't here to win isn't really here. But we're going to win the right way. And if the Gaineses don't like it... do somethaaaaaaaang about it.

RR: Northern Lights, 2014! This is our year, and we're going to win it for the fans! Let's go, Chris!

[The Lights head off, leaving Jason to wrap up.]

JD: The Northern Lights are heading for the ring so let's head down to Phil Watson to make it official!

[Crossfade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a Stampede Cup tournament qualifying match! Introducing first...

["Compter Les Corps" by Vulgaires Machins begins to play over the PA system to cheers from the crowd.]

PW: From Portland, Maine and Montreal, Quebec, Canada respectively... weighing in at 448 pounds...

Chris Choynet... Rene Rousseau...

THE NORRRRTHERRRRN LIIIIIIIGHTS!

[With the fans cheering, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet come jogging down the ramp in the same attire we saw them in just a few moments ago. Both men lean down, slapping the hands of the aisleside fans on their way to the ring.]

GM: What an opportunity this is for the Northern Lights, Bucky. They've both battled so long and hard to make it to the next level here in the AWA and a spot in that elite field of twelve would truly be the next level.

BW: It'd be impressive for sure. They'd be doing something that a whole lot of other teams failed to do. This is the tenth spot in the tournament being filled by the winner of this one.

GM: The eleventh spot will be filled by the Tiger Paw Pro Grand Tag Team Crown champions who will be announced later tonight in the Control Center. Also in the Control Center, we will reveal how the Championship Committee has elected to fill the final spot.

[As the two fan favorites hit the ring, the music changes. The indelible opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings throughout the arena.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The slide guitar comes in and out steps the man with the Grizzly Grin on his face. The crowd erupts into jeers at the sight of the Hall of Famer who strides a few feet out onto the elevated ramp, the grin disappearing in an instant, replaced by a stoned-faced deadpan look as he looks out on the jeering crowd. He disdainfully waves a dismissive hand at them before gesturing to the curtain.]

PW: From Fairbanks, Alaska... at a total combined weight of 516 pounds... the team of "Grizzly" Gunnar Gaines and Justin Gaines...

THE BADDEST THAAAAANGS RUNNNNNNINNNN'!

[The jeers grow louder as Justin Gaines steps into view, joining his father at the top of the ramp. They share a quick embrace before making their way down the elevated platform, ignoring the booing fans.]

GM: This is the first time we've seen Gunnar and Justin Gaines since last November at SuperClash when they fell to defeat at the hands of Alex and Ryan Martinez. But they could go a long way to erasing the memory of that defeat by getting into the Stampede Cup here tonight.

[The six foot seven 18 year old steps into the ring first, barking something unheard by the mics at Chris Choynet who starts towards him before Rene Rousseau steps in, pushing him back to their corner.]

GM: Chris Choynet wants him a piece of Justin Gaines after whatever Gaines just said... but he's going to need to keep his cool in there. Gunnar may be the only one on his team with a lot of experience but-

BW: But Justin Gaines is a fourth generation superstar!

GM: Superstar is a bit strong. He's barely been competing for about five months now.

[Patting his father on the chest, Justin forces Gunnar to step out to the apron before turning back as the bell sounds...

...and Chris Choynet comes in hot, throwing haymakers at the larger man!]

GM: Choynet's bringing the fire! The University of Maine graduate is throwing bombs at the skull of Justin Gaines who looks totally caught off-guard by this sudden assault!

BW: Shwany isn't exactly known for the fisticuffs, Gordo.

GM: Neither is Justin Gaines and that seems a-okay with Chris Choynet as he hooks him by the arm, firing him into the ropes...

[Choynet doubles up, launching Gaines up and over with a sky high backdrop...

...and promptly leaves his feet, lashing out with his feet in the direction of Gunnar Gaines, knocking the Hall of Famer off the apron!]

GM: Ohh! Down to the floor goes Gunnar Gaines!

[Choynet swings around, catching a rising Justin Gaines with a matching dropkick, taking him off his feet!]

GM: A pair of dropkicks out of the decorated high school and collegiate amateur wrestler.

[The man out of Portland, Maine claps his hands together, giving a whoop as he waves for Justin to get back up, securing him in a side headlock and walking him to the corner where he slaps the hand of Rene Rousseau.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Rene Rousseau off the exchange.

[Each man grabs an arm, flinging Justin Gaines into the far ropes, knocking him down with a pair of back elbows under the chin. With Gaines down on the mat, the two men join hands and drop yet another elbow down on the chest!]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the Lights!

BW: They're looking good so far but they got off to a quick start when Justin Gaines wasn't ready for Shawney.

GM: Now he's gotta deal with Rene Rousseau - a former three-time Canadian Roundup Wrestling Heavyweight Champion before coming to the United States to compete.

[Pulling Justin Gaines off the mat by the arm, Rousseau twists the arm around, walking him out to the center of the ring where he twists it around into a wristlock. He gives it a hard yank, causing Justin to grab at his tricep as Rousseau backs to the corner, reaching out to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: Quick tag brings Choisnet back in...

[Stepping into the ring in his bright blue wrestling trunks with a thin white stripe around the waist and two parallel thin white stripes down each side, Choisnet winds up, slamming his right arm up into the underside of Justin Gaines' tricep!]

GM: Oh! Nice shot by Choisnet... and he twists the arm again!

[Choisnet tucks the arm under his armpit, shoving Justin Gaines down to a knee as Choisnet cranks back on the limb.]

GM: Textbook armbar applied by Choisnet, trying to weaken the limb of the younger Gaines - perhaps hoping to take that devastating Justifier out of the gameplan.

BW: Fat chance of that.

GM: Hey, if the Northern Lights are able to weaken the arm enough, they'll prevent Gaines from being able to execute that move, Bucky.

BW: We'll see about that.

[Stretching out the arm across his own torso, Choisnet raises his right arm, slamming his elbow down on the trapped limb a few times before stretching the arm out in full, slapping the hand of Rene Rousseau.]

GM: Another exchange between the Northern Lights...

[Rousseau quickly scales the turnbuckles, giving a shout before leaping off, crashing a double axehandle across the trapped arm. Gaines stumbles away, grabbing at his arm as he draws near to his father's outstretched hand.]

GM: Justin's looking for a tag!

[But the Canadian hooks him by the back of the trunks, pulling him back hard into a schoolboy rollup where he lets go of the illegal leverage, getting a two count for his efforts.]

GM: Rousseau rolled him up, almost getting a win there.

BW: No mention of the handful of trunks? How typical.

GM: He immediately broke the grip on the tights when they hit the mat. He was not looking for an illegal pin. He was just trying to prevent the tag from being made, Bucky.

[Rousseau scrambles to his feet, squaring up to put himself between Justin Gaines and the corner where Gunnar Gaines is shouting at the Canadian's back.]

GM: Great strategy there by Rene Rousseau to make sure that when Justin Gaines gets up, he's gotta go through him to get to the corner where his father is waiting for the tag.

[Gunnar shouts again, mounting the second rope and reaching in as far as he can. The referee steps in, ordering Gaines to get down.]

GM: The official is telling Gunnar to get back down on the apron.

BW: Can't make a tag when you're standing on the ropes, Gordo. I'm sure Gunnar Gaines knows that but it's hard to stay under control when it's your own kid in there, I'd bet.

[Rousseau applies a front facelock on the rising Justin, cinching it in tight as Justin makes a lunge towards his father's hand. The referee gets closer, watching to see if the six foot seven Justin can reach his corner and make the exchange.]

GM: Justin's stretching out that arm, trying to find his father's hand...

[Rousseau stretches his legs out behind him, holding his ground as Gunnar slaps the top turnbuckle repeatedly, shouting at his son to make the exchange...

...and then finally, Gunnar has seen enough as he steps in, winds up, and slams a double axehandle down across the shoulderblades of Rousseau, knocking him down to the mat. The referee rushes in, forcing Gaines back out to the apron.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: He had a five count to get out, Gordo. He definitely made that.

GM: He has a five count off a tag! There was no tag there! He just stepped in, dropped Rene Rousseau, and then stepped back out to the apron... and there's a tag from Justin Gaines! Despicable!

[As Justin slumps out to the apron, Gunnar Gaines steps in and throws Rousseau back into the corner, causing his head and neck to whip back from the impact.]

GM: Ohh! Gaines has him back in the corner now...

[Spinning around, the Hall of Famer throws a pair of lefts followed by a right cross that nearly knocks Rousseau out of his boots. The referee steps in again, forcing Gaines back but the former World Champion pushes him aside, moving back in...]

GM: Total disdain for the officials.

[A pair of rights stuns Rousseau before a left wobbles him and an uppercut knocks him off his feet and down into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Down goes Rousseau off the right uppercut!

[Gaines gets backed down by the official again, this time warned for ignoring his orders. Gunnar nods as he charges back in, turning to slam his hind quarters into the face of the seated Rousseau to jeers from the crowd!]

BW: And now it's the Gaines boys showing this two ham'n'eggars how it's done.

[Grabbing Rousseau by the foot, Gaines drags him out of the corner, just a few feet towards the middle of the ring before leaping up to stomp Rousseau in the sternum. He turns back to the corner where Justin is back on his feet, slapping his son's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to bring in Justin Gaines.

BW: I'm not sure that's smart right now, Gordo. Justin looks pretty banged up and he's sucking wind quite a bit.

[Justin Gaines looks a little surprised at his father tagging him in, dragging Rousseau off the mat before connecting with a pair of chops across the chest, putting the Canadian back into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip...

[But a tired Justin doubles up early, allowing Rousseau to leap over the top, dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Justin clashes his legs together on the head of Rousseau, breaking the near fall. The crowd cheers as Rousseau gets to his feet first, turning towards the corner where an eager Chris Choiset awaits a tag...

...but Justin Gaines wraps himself around Rousseau's leg, preventing a tag!]

GM: Justin Gaines cuts him off! He's hanging on, trying to keep-

[Gunnar Gaines attempts to step in again, drawing the referee's attention towards him...

...which allows his son to deliver a low blow to the struggling Rousseau!]

GM: OHH! He goes low on Rousseau!

[With Rousseau in a lot of pain before him, Gaines regains his feet, winds up, and lashes out with a knife-edge chop to the throat!]

GM: Oh! A highly illegal blow right there!

[Rousseau spins away, falling chestfirst into the ropes, coughing and gasping for air...

...and Gunnar Gaines slips down the apron, grabbing Rousseau by the back of the head, dropping off the apron to snap Rousseau back!]

GM: Justin sets and... big boot downstairs!

[The crowd jeers as he steps into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's setting for a powerbomb!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo!

[The jeers grow louder as Justin muscles Rousseau up over his shoulder, holding him high and pressing him up into crucifix powerbomb position...

...and then JOLTS Rousseau's spine with a sitout neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE JUSTIFIER CONNECTS!

[Justin slumps into a cover as Gunnar steps in, intercepting an incoming Chris Choynet as the referee counts three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! A big win right there for the Baddest Thangs Runnin' as Justin Gaines picks up the victory for his team with The Justifier.

BW: That move is lights out effective, Gordo! If Justin Gaines hits ANYONE with that at the Stampede Cup, we're going to have the first father/son tag team winners!

GM: You're absolutely right. Rene Rousseau STILL hasn't moved after getting hit with that. That is one of the most devastating attacks I've seen

in all my years in this sport. We're going to need some help out here for him, I believe, fans... so we're going to take a quick break before we come back with more action!

[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...

...and then up very slowly, the black filling the majority of the screen still as the voice of Jon Stegglet, Brian Lau, and Lori Dane are heard.]

JS: HOW THE-?!

BL: YES! YES!

LD: I CAN'T WATCH!

[As the black fades clear, we see a bloodied Mike Justice standing atop a scaffold as "Blackheart" Casey James winds up, delivering the most devastating heart punch in the history of the business. Justice tries to bring up his arms to block but he's just not quick enough as the clenched fist makes impact.]

JS: BLACKHEART PUNCH!!!!

[There's a momentary pause as Justice's eyes roll back in his head from the impact of the blow. He stops cold, gripping his chest, stepping back to steady himself

...and steps right off the scaffold, plummeting down towards the canvas as we abruptly cut to black with Jon Stegglet's voice heard clear as day.]

JS: Oh no! NO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Through the deafening roar of the fans, we hear the voice of legendary ring announcer Ken Graham.]

KG: Ladies and gentlemen...your WINNER OF THE MATCH...and 2000 KING OF THE DEATH MATCH....

THE BLACKHEART

CASEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

[The black screen fades again to reveal a bloodied and victorious Casey James standing atop the scaffold with the fans roaring for his triumph...

...and then right back to black where a series of title graphics appear.]

"KING OF THE DEATH MATCH."

"FORMER WORLD CHAMPION."

"HALL OF FAMER."

[The final graphic fades, leaving a black screen for a moment before we slowly fade back up to reveal a bright white screen with a still photo in the middle, showing a young man in a suit and tie, something resembling a high school graduation photo minus the cap and gown. Tall and handsome. His hair is long, dirty blond in shade. He's clean shaven. He has a big smile on his face, wide-eyed and innocent as he looks into the photographer's lens.]

"AND THIS MAN IS HIS SON."

[The graphic fades again, the shot zooming in on the smiling face.]

"Brian James.

Coming soon to the AWA."

[And one final fade to black.

Fade back to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring, from Bootsteel, South Dakota... 280 pounds...

MADHOUSE WcWESSSOOOOOOOOOONNNNN!

[The Mohawked One, not to be confused with Donnie White, raises both hands in the air and lets out a roar, his Mohawk jiggling freely.]

PW: And his opponent... weighing in tonight at 240 pounds... from Greenville, South Carolina...

ERIC PRESSTOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNN!

[Some electric guitar and then...]

#THIS!

#IS!

#SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!

#THIS!

#IS!

#DO OR DIIIEEEE!

["Survival" by Eminem screams over the loudspeaker in the Crockett Coliseum, and Eric Preston walks out, nodding his head at the music. Preston is dressed in glossy looking dark purple tights with teal X's up the side, and an old fashioned shield on the seat with swords crossed behind it and a crown on top of it, showing the letters "EP" interlocked inside of it in teal outlined in white and silver. His boots and kneepads are black, and over top of it he wears a black, sleeveless, sequined robe, with the same shield imprinted on the back in teal, outlined in white and silver. He smacks on a piece of gum as he holds his hands up at the top of the aisle, then begins to walk to the ring.]

GM: Listen to these fans, Bucky, it seems as though the tide is turning for Eric Preston. He's come out here over these past few shows and seems to have broken down a wall, finally letting the fans in on what makes him tick.

BW: He says he was disgusted with himself for the things he has done, disgusted at what he saw around him, at his career goin' nowhere. Well, he was certainly goin' nowhere, daddy, but until he puts it into focus it's just words. The clock is tickin' on Eric Preston, that's for sure.

GM: He has certainly made some waves here, not the least of which stemming from that incredibly tense exchange of words with Juan Vasquez on the last SNW.

BW: Anytime someone can make Juan Vasquez speechless is a good time in my book. I gotta admit I enjoyed that.

[The fans are mixed for Preston, some willing to grant him a reprieve for his actions and some not willing to forget, and raining boos down. Preston gets into the ring and hops to the center, shrugs off his robe but has time for nothing else, because Madhouse McWesson bumrushes him from behind!]

GM: Madhouse McWesson isn't getting paid by the hour! McWesson in the corner, lefts and rights, he whips Preston to the far side-

[The South Carolina native reverses the whip and sends McWesson in back first, where he hits hard and bounces out...]

GM: Belly to belly suplex! Overhead the hard way! That's a big man and Preston just tossed him, Bucky!

BW: It's all in the technique, Gordo, low center of gravity, wide base and he popped his hips. Mohawk One was cleared for takeoff.

[Preston gets to his feet and kicks his robe out, having had no time to discard of it. Preston spies McWesson getting to his feet, leaps up and plants two feet right into his kisser, making the Madhouse stumble into the corner.]

GM: Eric Preston on the attack with that dropkick, and McWesson catches himself in the turnbuckles.

BW: That might have knocked out his tooth, daddy. McWesson ain't got a lot more business for the Tooth Fairy to begin with.

GM: Preston now, grabs McWesson by the wrist and whips him to the far corner, no, McWesson with the reversal...

[Preston sprints across the ring, puts his right foot on the bottom rope, his left on the second and leaps back off, catching Madhouse McWesson with a jumping back elbow right to the chops!]

GM: There's that signature athleticism from Eric Preston, making a good situation out of a bad one! He brings McWesson up and sends him for the ride... fist right to the breadbasket!

[No sooner does Madhouse bend over to grab at his stomach than does Preston dart to the far ropes, pat his knee and DRILL McWesson with the Dream Machine, exploding through his face with the million dollar knee lift. McWesson's head shoots back and he staggers into the corner, where he cups his mouth and looks for blood!]

GM: Maybe Eric Preston isn't getting paid by the hour either! After a rough first few moments this match has been all Preston all the time.

BW: He's done it all, Gordo. He hit the suplex, he flew out of the corner, he hit the big knee. He's a complete wrestler, no doubt about it.

[Preston lays in a forearm to the back of McWesson, who is still leaning in the corner. A right hand to the ribs gets McWesson's hands down, and Preston scoops him up for a belly to back suplex... and then crotches him in the second turnbuckles.]

GM: We saw this a few weeks ago, he calls it the Godsend...

[Preston grabs a facelock and pivots, so the back of McWesson's head lies on his right shoulder... and drops to the ground with the neckbreaker! The crowd cheers for the impact and the finality of it all, and claps as Preston covers.]

GM: One, two, three, a done deal for Eric Preston.

DING DING DING

GM: Impressive victory for Eric Preston, and as Marty Meekly raises his hand, you've got to wonder what's in store for him.

BW: You caught yourself, Gordo, you were about to call him a youngster. Eric Preston has been in the AWA for four years now, and he's fallen off the wagon a time or two. If he doesn't start to get it together, he's gonna have to be put in the bust column pretty soon.

[Preston raises his hand in victory and nods at the part of the crowd clapping for him as Jason Dane comes into the ring.]

GM: That's an interesting point of view, Bucky. Eric Preston for the longest time has had the world at his feet-

BW: But potential don't buy the groceries, Gordo.

GM: Jason Dane, take it away.

[Dane presses on his earpiece and begins to talk as the camera switches, while someone throws a towel to Preston.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Eric, impressive win here even if the match didn't quite start out with a collar and elbow tie up.

EP: You can say whatever you want about the state of the wrestling business, but the name on the marquee still says wrestling. I'm a wrestler, Jason, a professional first and foremost. It's my job to have a plan B or a plan C if plan A isn't working out so well.

Obviously, you get a forearm to the back of the head when the match starts, and plan A is out the window. But I was able to get my bearings, I was able to reverse that whip and I hit a quick suplex to get things going in my direction.

JD: Plan B turned out pretty well, I have to say. Tell us a bit about that overhead belly to belly, always one of your signature moves since you joined the professional ranks. And even though you slimmed down a bit, you're still able to fire that impressive looking maneuver off, even to someone the size of Madhouse McWesson.

[Preston wipes his face off and puts the towel around his neck.]

EP: There's a lot of science behind it Jason, a whole lot of practiced weight transference, things like that. The bend in your knees, how wide your base is, what I like to call the power structure, it's all important. When I went back into the gym over the SuperClash break, I changed how I was lifting. I went to more explosive lifts, more Olympic lifts. Exercises that develop your core and your legs, to make you the best athlete you can be.

But more importantly than that is the fact that I was taught right.

I went to the Combat Corner, I paid my dues, I learned from the best trainers around. And because of that foundation, because of those fundamentals that you and I talked about when we were in the Combat Corner a few weeks ago, I can do what I do in the ring.

The Combat Corner is the lifeblood of this wrestling company, it gave me and dozens of others their start. Which is why it was so important to me that I took a stand on it when Todd Michaelson quit.

[Preston looks right into the camera as he speaks.]

EP: Todd, I know we haven't spoken in a while. And I don't blame you, I deserve that. But there's a sport that needs you, there's a bunch of young kids, dammit I could use you to bend your ear for a minute.

You're many things, but a quitter isn't one of them and I'm not gonna let you make the same mistake I did and quit on yourself when things aren't going your way. You're better than that and we all know it.

[Someone throws Preston a water bottle and he drinks out of it as the crowd claps at his words. Eric looks around and nods in agreement.]

EP: Todd Michaelson stands for tradition. For respect and integrity.

Like I said to Juan Vasquez, those are all the the things I threw away... those are the things I'm trying to recapture. And as I stand here, I feel a little deja vu setting in. We've been here before, Jason.

The Wise Men are lurking, Supreme Wright stole the World Title, people are looking at Juan Vasquez a little sideways... it seems like darkness is falling.

Again.

[Preston shakes his head curtly.]

EP: The last time darkness fell, a bright eyed Eric Preston stood in front of the world and said that he'd lead the charge. I remember saying that I would be the beacon of light in a sea of darkness, that I'd be a shining example of what is right in the world.

And as it turned out, I was wrong. One man cannot fight a war on his own, no matter WHO it is.

And I'm sure not standing here telling you that I'm gonna wage war, fight the battles and bring home the prom queen all by myself... because it can't be done. But there is an army of men in the back, men like Ryan Martinez, the Lynches, Alphonse Green and Dave Bryant, who are gonna need backup as THEY wage war.

And who better to have their back then a man with battle scars like I have?

Boys, you need someone to watch your back. And you're looking at him.

[As Preston walks away, the cheers are notably louder than when he walked through the curtain.]

JD: Eric Preston seems to be extending an olive branch to the locker room but will anyone accept? Only time will tell. Fans, don't go away 'cause we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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...

We cut to the ring where we find "The Professional" Dave Cooper has taken it upon himself to stand there, mic in hand. Cooper is already dressed in his wrestling attire and vest, a sneer on his face. The fan response makes it clear they do not welcome his presence. Cooper ignores the fans as he speaks.]

DC: I'm taking this time to get a few things off my chest... first of all, Alphonse Green, congratulations. You did what some thought you'd never do, and that's become a champion. But while I may tip my hat to you for that, just remember that you had Ryan Martinez on your side when it came right down to the wire. Next time you and I meet up, don't think you are going to be as fortunate.

Second, it looks like I get to do the dance with Dave Bryant once again. I suspect there's a lot of you who cast your votes for that match just because you thought Dave Bryant might shut me up once and for all.

[That generates cheers from the fans... and a roll of the eyes from Cooper.]

DC: Well, I hate to disappoint those who voted because you aren't gonna get what you want. Because the last time we met, Dave Bryant failed to shut me up, so what makes you think he's gonna do it again? Hey, when I said I didn't dislike the man and can understand him not liking what happened at SuperClash, I meant every word. But I also mean every word when I say this: The fans who thought they were gonna get to see Bryant shut me up are gonna be in for a world of disappointment, because I am simply going to whip his hide later tonight.

[The fans are back to booing.]

DC: And the third thing on my mind is Juan Vasquez. Two weeks ago, you heard it straight from Eric Preston about all the whispers in the back about how you were responsible for what Supreme Wright pulled at SuperClash. Well, those whispers started the instant I brought it up four weeks ago. And you seemed to act so surprised that Preston would dare to say it to your face, then tell him that it was a situation out of your control... even though you were the one who spent your time giving Supreme Wright a pep talk about Steal the Spotlight.

But what else could we expect from you. After all, it was you that led to Luke Kinsey turning into this...

[That's when Cooper starts pantomiming somebody groping around for an object, as if he can't find it. To further drive his point home, he puts one of his hands over his eyes and he continues groping around with the other.]

GM: What in the world is Cooper doing?

BW: Isn't it obvious, Gordo? Luke Kinsey got blinded by Nenshou's black mist last July... last I heard, Kinsey is legally blind!

GM: I've heard no such thing... still, I can't believe Cooper is taunting Juan Vasquez's close friend.

BW: Hey, I heard from a reliable source about Kinsey's condition... Dave Cooper himself!

GM: Well, then that tells me all I need to know.

[Meanwhile, Cooper is continuing his groping, only now his eyes are closed, making it clear to everyone he's mocking Kinsey. And then he talks in a mocking tone.]

DC: Where did I put my glasses? Last I knew, I put them right by my bed... then again, I can't find my bed anyway!

[As Cooper continues his pantomime, the crowd suddenly erupts in cheers, as they see Juan Vasquez emerging from behind the curtains, walking with purpose towards the ring.]

GM: Oh boy. Dave Cooper's been pushing Juan Vasquez's buttons for these past few weeks and I think Juan's finally heard enough!

BW: Get outta there, Dave!

[The former two-time National Champion slides into the ring, as Cooper continues to fumble around the ring.]

DC: I can't see! Oh poor me, I can't-

[Cooper suddenly freezes, as his outstretched hand touches Juan on the shoulder.]

GM: Oh boy.

[Slowly, Cooper lowers his hand from his face and he peeks to see who it is, before his eyes open BIG, when he sees Vasquez standing right in front of him with a look of pure rage on his face.]

DC: Now look here, Juan, this isn't what you think. There's a simple explanation for all of...

[Cooper then suddenly attempts to cheapshot Vasquez, who blocks his punch and responds with a series of haymakers of his own, driving the crowd wild! He whips Cooper into the ropes, but The Professional grabs onto the top rope and quickly drops to the ground, rolling out of the ring as the crowd roars with boos.]

GM: OH MY! Juan Vasquez finally confronted Dave Cooper and he almost cleaned his clock!

BW: Vasquez is just steamed 'cause Cooper's been speaking the truth about him, Gordo!

GM: This may have been one instance where Dave Cooper might have been better off letting sleeping dogs lie. But I believe the issue between these two is far from settled! Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who I'm told has a big announcement. Mark?

[Crossfade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and a big announcement it is. Ever since the Rising Sun Showdown and the accompanying tour of Japan was announced, we've heard so many different competitors trying to get on that show, trying to be a part of this historic event... but earlier this week, the AWA received a video tape from one of our former superstars... one of our former champions for that matter... who has a very special challenge to make for Rising Sun Showdown! Take a look...

[The shot of Mark Stegglet fades out to show a training gym that the graphic tells us is somewhere in Osaka, Japan. There are athletes all over the gym in various stages of workouts. Some are running on treadmills, some lifting heavy weights, some grappling on blue mats on the ground, some hammering away at heavy bags with punches and kicks.]

We slowly fade to a shot of said heavy bag. The bag shakes from an impact, swinging violently past the camera lens. A grunt of effort is heard before the bag swings past again.]

"Приветствия. Greetings."

[The shot pivots, showing the man known as the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov, standing in front of the heavy bag. He's dressed for a workout, wearing black and gold MMA style shorts. He's stripped to the waist, a sheen of sweat on his muscular upper body.]

"I asked for time to speak to my former comrades in AWA locker room. To my fans in AWA audience. And to the man I battle with the last time in AWA ring."

[Sudakov raises his arm, pointing a finger at the camera.]

"Mahoney."

[The tone of his voice isn't happy.]

"At SuperClash, you trap Koyla in armbar and Kolya have no choice but to quit."

[He spits the word "quit" like it was ash in his mouth.]

"Kolya not quit. Kolya NEVER quit."

[He grits his teeth hard, clenching his jaw as he stares at the camera.]

"Now, you come to Japan. You come to Kolya's home away from Mother Russia and you... look for fight."

[Kolya jerks a thumb at himself.]

"You find one with Kolya. Before Kolya come to AWA, Kolya was top MMA star in Japan. Kolya known as..."

[He looks off-camera, saying something in Russian and getting a response back in English.]

"Pro Wrestler Hunter Killer. Kolya face many pro wrestler in ring. Kolya face many pro wrestler in fight.

Kolya beat them all.

You... Mahoney... you no different."

[Kolya nods confidently.]

"You look for a fight, Mahoney? Kolya bring you one. My way. My rules. We see who best in world is."

[Kolya nods again, turning and walking away from the camera which holds for a few moments before fading back to a grinning Mark Stegglet.]

MS: The challenge has been issued! And when asked for clarification, Kolya Sudakov has challenged Callum Mahoney to a so-called "shootfight" - no pinfalls, no countouts, no disqualifications. You can only win by knockout, submission, or referee stoppage. This is Kolya Sudakov's speciality, fans. As he said, he's been an MMA competitor - a top flight MMA competitor - for a large part of his life save the few years he competed in North America as a pro wrestler. Callum Mahoney is no MMA star. He's a fighter. And he's always looking for a fight.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Kolya Sudakov has offered him one for the Rising Sun Showdown in Tokyo, Japan. Will Callum Mahoney accept? Fans, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at two hundred and seven pounds ... this is Allen Allen!

[The man from Jacksonville is wearing red trunks, red kneepads and red elbow pads. He flips his blonde mullet and smirks at the crowd, who boos him for a few moments.]

PW: And his opponent... hailing from Dallas, Texas. Standing six feet, three inches, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and fifty two pounds...

TRAAAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngster of the Lynch brothers, and as it does so the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out the classic "Tom Sawyer" by Rush. Travis makes his way down the aisle and the screams from the ladies get louder with each step. He pauses for a moment, allowing the females to take a long look. He is wearing a his trademark super smedium T-shirt that he pulls off and tosses into the crowd. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging.]

BW: Thank the stars above that this man is not the current AWA World Television champion. I mean... do you have any idea how long it would take to remove the stench from that title if he was, Gordo?

GM: It amazes me how much you love the Lynches, Bucky.

BW: I'd love to see 'em tarred and feathered.

GM: Travis Lynch had an impressive showing in the Battle Royal on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, but he came up short of winning the title.

BW: Of course he did. I told everyone he was a dark horse to win and I was right.

[Travis breaks into a slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his hands. As he nears the ring, he steps down onto the ringside floor, moving around the railing to allow the fans to pat him on the back and shoulders. A pair of well-developed young lasses are able to lean over, pulling him into an embrace and landing kisses on him before security intervenes.]

BW: Ugh. These Texas women are as desperate as a virgin in a brothel. They'll take anyone they can get.

GM: Bucky!

[Travis grins as he walks up the ringsteps, stepping through the ropes and moving to his corner where he removes his chaps, revealing his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white. He tosses the chaps to the floor and as he does so Allen Allen charges forward and catches him with a double sledge to the side of the head.]

GM: As the bell sounds, Allen jumps Travis with that double sledge. Travis stumbles into the ropes and he follows up with a stiff elbow.

BW: Classic Stench right here. Never prepared as the bell sounds and getting it handed to him. Allen with another elbow to the point of the jaw.

[Travis grabs his jaw as the smaller Allen grabs him by the arm and sends the bigger Lynch into the ropes. As Travis rebounds off of the ropes, Allen charges forward and collides with Lynch with a shoulder block. Allen staggers back a few steps as Lynch smirks and slaps his left shoulder with his right hand. He motions Allen to try again and Allen smirks as he charges towards the ropes.]

GM: Allen charging the ropes and again he collides with a shoulder block and once again it's Allen who ends up staggering back.

BW: I never thought I would see anyone dumber than a Stench but right there in the ring I'm looking at one. Allen is giving up nearly forty pounds... why does he think that would work?

[Once again, Travis doesn't budge and now Allen slaps his shoulder and points at the ropes. Travis looks at Allen and shrugs his shoulders in a "are you sure?" gesture. Allen nods and points at the ropes again.]

GM: Travis hits the ropes again...

[But as Lynch rebounds, Allen wisely sidesteps the larger man, sending him into a second set of ropes.]

BW: I knew he couldn't be dumber than a Stench.

[As Travis rebounds again, Allen drops his head for a backdrop and eats a boot to the mush that sends Allen upright.]

GM: You were saying?

BW: I stand corrected!

[Wobbling in a circle, Allen finds himself lifted into the air by the waist, held high for all to see...

...and then DROPPED down on a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! King-sized atomic drop by the youngest of the Lynch clan!

[Allen stumbles into the ropes, rebounding back...

...and Travis leaves his feet, cracking him on the jaw with a flying forearm that drops him hard!]

GM: Nice combination of moves by Travis Lynch as he regains his feet, pointing to these cheering fans... and drops a big knee down into the skull of Allen Allen! Listen to these fans, Bucky. They're solidly behind Travis Lynch tonight... just as they are every night here in the Crockett Coliseum.

BW: You know what they say, Gordo, losers stick together.

GM: Bucky!

[Allen grabs at his head, rolling towards the corner as Travis regains his feet again, looking out at the cheering fans with a big grin on his face. Travis points to the fans, clenching his fist and tapping his heart a few times as Allen pulls himself up using the ropes.]

GM: Allen Allen is back on his feet while-

BW: While Travis Lynch is wasting time sucking up to these idiots in the crowd that paid their last welfare nickel to buy a ticket to see him.

[Travis quickly closes the distance, ready to attack again but Allen slips a boot into the midsection. He snares a side headlock on the doubled-up Travis, wrenching down on it as Travis walks him out to the middle of the ring, using his size advantage to shove Allen off into the ropes...]

GM: Travis counters the side headlock with ease... Allen off the far side, leapfrog over the top... again hits the ropes...

[Allen comes off the ropes with a lot of speed, catching Travis on the chin with a running dropkick that knocks Lynch back a few steps into the ropes.]

GM: Nice dropkick by Allen Allen!

BW: Maybe he can string together some offense and pull off an upset. I'd love to see that... ohh! Big clothesline, Gordo!

[The clothesline knocks Travis down to the mat, a few feet away from the ropes when Allen leaps into the air, dropping a leg across the throat of Lynch.]

GM: Big legdrop on target... and Allen makes a cover.

BW: Allen starting to show Stench why he wasn't good enough to win the Television Championship. One, two...

GM: Travis powers out!

[As the referee reiterates it was a two count, Allen slaps the mat in frustration, pulling Travis back up to his feet by his dirty blond hair.]

GM: Allen Allen is reading him the riot act here. Wasting time if you ask me.

BW: Hey, it's never a waste of time to tell a Stench what you think of him. Sounds like we share some similar opinions in that department, Gordo.

[Allen slaps Travis across the face to the boos of the fans - especially the women - in the Crockett Coliseum.]

GM: The ladies in the building did not appreciate that slap one bit, Bucky.

BW: That's because it's all Travis is. A pretty face with no talent. If he wasn't a Stench, he'd be just like Allen Allen here.

GM: Are you calling Allen Allen pretty?

BW: Shaddup, Myers.

[The slap seems to snap Travis out of it, causing him to shake his head back and forth a few times before burying a right hand into the midsection of the Allen Allen. The barely two hundred pounder gasps as a second right hand drives the air out of his lungs.]

GM: Two big haymakers to the gut connect and Allen Allen is having some trouble now...

[With his grip broken, Allen gets caught with a knee into the midsection as well, doubling him up...]

GM: Lynch hooks him up... and up he goes! Look at the display of power here from Travis as he holds Allen up in that vertical suplex!

BW: Display of power? He's holding a man the size of a Texas woman up in the air.

GM: Bucky! That was uncalled for!

BW: You're right, you're right. Have you looked around ringside here tonight, Gordo? These women are MUCH bigger than Allen Allen!

GM: BUCKY!

BW: I just call it like I see it. I mean have you seen Momma Lynch recently, Gordo? Talk about a-

GM: That's enough! And down goes Allen Allen, crashing down into the mat after a delayed vertical suplex that saw all the blood rushing down into his head.

BW: His face is now as red as his trunks.

[The females in the crowd cheer as Travis rolls to one knee and performs a double bicep pose.]

BW: Typical Stench, showboating instead of taking care of business.

GM: Travis seems to be taking care of business well enough as he pulls Allen to his feet... and he FIRES him back into the corner!

[Allen slams hard into the corner back first. The impact from the whip causes him to stagger out of the corner as Travis spins around.]

GM: 'Round he goes...

[The left hand of Travis connects to the jaw of Allen Allen and sends him crashing to the mat.]

BW: There it is - the illegal left hand!

GM: Discus Punch! Allen Allen collapses to the mat and Travis hooks the leg! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Travis picking up a quick win here tonight!

BW: What did you expect, Gordo? I can barely remember the guy he just beat.

GM: How can you say that? You said the name Allen Allen a number of times in the last couple of minutes.

BW: Once again who? Put 'em in there with someone of Mud Monster's level and Stench would be counting the lights right about now.

GM: The Mud Mon... give me a break!

[Travis has rolled out of the ring and heads towards the interview area, slapping the hands of a few of the children in attendance.]

GM: And it looks like Travis is heading back to join Jason Dane at the interview platform right about now.

BW: We have to listen to him speak now? Can this night possibly get any worse?

[Travis shakes Jason hand as the younger Dane brother begins to speak.]

JD: Impressive victory tonight, Travis.

[Travis smiles and nods for a brief moment.]

TL: Thanks, Jason. Unfortunately though, it wasn't an impressive first defense of the AWA World Television Championship belt but it's always a thrill to win here in Dallas.

[As expected, the crowd in the Crockett Coliseum responds with a loud chorus of cheers and a sudden loud "I LOVE YOU TRAVIS!" Travis flashes his pearly whites with a smile and winks at the camera.]

JD: Even though someone was calling you a dark horse in the match...

TL: Let me guess, the founder of the Lynch fan club, Bucky Wilde.

[Jason chuckles before continuing.]

JD: Despite that, you were able to survive till the elite eight before finally being eliminated by Dave Cooper.

TL: Like a snake in the grass, Cooper snuck up behind me and got the elimination.

[Travis pauses and shakes his head side to side.]

TL: So while, Mr. Number One Lynch fan surely raved how Dave Cooper did the AWA a favor by eliminating me, I have to take some of the blame. In a Battle Royal, I know that my head needs to be on a swivel, and on the last SNW, I didn't do that well enough. So here I am before these great Dallas fans without the AWA Television Championship Belt ...

["I STILL LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" rings throughout the Coliseum interrupting Travis. He smiles broadly once again.]

TL: And I love you as well. Just because I didn't win the Television Championship doesn't mean I'm going to stop trying. I'm a fighter!

[The crowd cheers.]

TL: But more importantly I'M A LYNCH! And I will climb the ladder to the top!

[The crowd roars.]

JD: The top five for the Television Championship is a who's who of the AWA, Tony Sunn, Dave Cooper, Shadoc Rage, Donnie White and Ryan Martinez.

TL: Tons of talent right there, Jason. But with these fans as my witnesses, I will make my way through 'em all and claim that Television Championship. Unlike some men in the AWA, I'm not one to cash in a chance when a man has already been through hell. I'm a...

[Travis' words trail off as the crowd breaks into a murmur at the sight of Sunshine making her way towards the interview platform. She looks ten times better than she did on the last SNW, as her blonde hair is brushed, her eyes no longer bloodshot and the dark circles are gone. She is wearing a tight white tank top and a pair of daisy dukes. Travis looks in her direction and shakes his head.]

TL: I'm sorry, Jason, but I can't be here with her, so I'm going to have to cut this interview short.

[As Travis begins to leave, Sunshine grabs him by the arm.]

S: Wait, Travis, please don't go.

[Travis looks down at her hand.]

TL: You'd be smart to just let me leave.

S: I need to know... how's Jimmy?

[Travis just glares at Sunshine as she slowly removes her grip from his arm.]

TL: Just as Jack told you, you don't get to know that! In fact, I don't want to hear his name ever pass over your lips again. Do you understand?

[Sunshine once again places her hand gently on the arm of Travis and looks him in the eyes.]

S: Trav, please I need to tell you something.

TL: WHAT DID I JUST TELL YOU?!?

[Sunshine takes a slight step back as Travis snaps at her, but she continues to look him in the eyes.]

S: It's important that I get this off my chest.

[Travis continues to glare at Sunshine as she runs her hand up his arm towards his deltoid.]

S: Bobby, Dick and Adam, they meant nothing to me. Nothing at all. Sure, they were fun to be around... to party with...

[The glare of disdain from Travis is replaced by anger.]

S: But none of 'em were here.

[She grabs Travis' hand, pressing it to her chest. He looks revolted, like he was burned by her flesh as he rips his hand away. Travis snaps again, shouting her down.]

TL: What the hell are you talking about now? Jimmy let you into his heart... he accepted you for what you were when half the locker room told him otherwise but you still helped them to try and cripple him!

[Travis runs his hands through his hair, looking down at the ground as he does so. Sunshine though begins to laugh. He looks up at her, glaring a hole right through her.]

S: I liked Jimmy... he was good to me.

TL: And you treated him like garb-

S: But it wasn't Jimmy I wanted.

[Sunshine places his hand under his chin and makes him look at her in the eyes.]

S: Travis, it's always been you.

[The ladies in attendance begin to scream various remarks at Sunshine, a few which would put a sailor to shame. Sunshine whips around, fire in her eyes as she looks out at the jeering crowd. She gestures angrily.]

S: With all these skanks chasing you around night after night, I needed a way to get closer to you. I needed a way to spend every possible moment with you, and the way that Jimmy would follow you around like a lost puppy...

[Travis steps back, shaking his head with disgust.]

TL: Get away from me.

[But Sunshine steps closer to Travis and places her hands upon his chest.]

S: Come on, Trav. I know you feel it too.

[Travis shoves both of her hands off of him. He looks at her in disbelief.]

TL: You tell me you used my brother...

[Travis runs his hands through his hair again.]

TL: ...and you expect... what? What do you even expect?!

[Travis pauses and looks at Sunshine as she smiles at him.]

TL: I can't believe you! I can't believe for a second you honestly thought telling me that would get you what you wanted. I'm not Wyatt, Donovan or Rogers... I don't flock to trash! And that's what you are Sunshine ... utter trash!

[The fans cheer loudly.]

TL: Unlike the great women here tonight...

[He gestures to the crowd as the females in the Crockett Coliseum scream loudly.]

TL: You see these lovely ladies, they mean the sweet words uttered to their man. They take care of the ones they love. Unlike you!

[Sunshine looks up at Travis, disdain beginning to form upon her face as she realizes her efforts have failed.]

TL: To you it's all a game... a game in which you don't care what happens to anyone else, so long as you get what you want.

[Sunshine curls her lips in anger, her eyes flashing at Lynch's hurtful words.]

TL: I want nothing to do with you! So go crawl back into the sewer from where you came from!

[Travis leaves the interview area and as he does, Sunshine just glares at him with anger in her eyes. Jason Dane raises the mic.]

JD: Sunshine, any comments on what you just heard out of Travis Lynch? First, you spoke to Jack last time... now Travis. At this point, isn't it obvious that the Lynches want nothing to do with you?

[Sunshine turns her eyes towards Dane, glaring at him now.]

JD: Sunshine?

[The epitome of a scorned woman, Sunshine stalks off the entrance platform, leaving a quizzical Jason Dane behind as we slowly fade to black.

[Fade to black.

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the

dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

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

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

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up to live action backstage where Jason Dane has company. The journeyman reporter is joined by Miss Sandra Hayes who is draped in sheer luxury. Allover lace over an illusion sheath offsets the darling red and black dress with a daring low back and beaded fringe. It's classic -- yet undeniably sexy. Her tar colored hair is braided and slung over her right shoulder. Beside her is the Atomic Blonde whose platinum Mohawk grows higher by the day. The Last of the Mohawkins is wrapped in a full length sleeveless trench coat and he is splattered with his usual eyeliner, painted nails, and spiked collar and belt.]

JD: I am standing backstage with Donnie White and --

Miss Sandra Hayes (MSH): Thanks hun, I can take it from here.

[Dane rolls his eyes.]

MSH: Donnie, tonight you were hand selected by the new Television Champion Alphonse Green to be the heir apparent to his mini-throne. How does that make you feel?

DW: Donnie White feels like a million dollars, Sandra. No, wait...a billion. Wait...wait. A GAZILLION --

JD: We get it.

MSH: Shush, you!

[Ignoring them both, White flashes his wide, shining smile..full of ego -- teeth too, at times he's been accused of having more than the bog-standard 32. The grin bursts into life on the Atomic Blonde's wolfish features.]

MSH: More importantly, tonight marks a momentous occasion!

DW: Gargantuan.

MSH: Coooooolassal.

DW: Elephantine!

JD: Are you looking at a thesaurus?

MSH [ignoring Jason]: Tonight the Shane Gang does something it has NEVER done before.

MSH: Tonight...

...the Shane Gang welcomes a NEW member to our Gang.

JD: Wait, what?

MSH: Yes, gentlemen, ladies, Marissa Monet...tonight the Shane Gang welcomes the Television Title to its' family! Tell them, Donnie!

[White steps forward.]

DW: The 'Phonse made a grave, grave mistake. The Gang Green Machine just cost himself the TV Title in his first defense, my man. See the Last of the Mohawks has been trainin' and slayin' gym bags for months and months gearin' up for this chance. He's skipped sleep, he's stopped readin' Jet magazine, he's put down the bowls of Cocoa Puffs, he's even stopped downloading Tyler Perry movies!

MSH: You just watched Diary of a Mad Black Woman with me last week.

DW: Pleeeeeeeease. Donnie White has sacrificed EVERYTHING for this match tonight.

JD: You just found out about an hour ago. How much could you have realistically given up in sixty-

DW: Yer speakin' gibberish, Jason! This is Donnie White's moment and the Television Title belongs right around THIS waist.

[White gestures to his belt line.]

DW: The Memphis Mohawk didn't just come here to play fifth fiddle to the Ring Leader. Now don't get my words crossed up, D-White is gonna support Lenny, Aaron, and Terry till the day he dies. But tonight the Gang beatings and jumpings stop. Tonight there ain't no sneakin' around or none of that

junk neither. Tonight Dee-Dubbya marches into that ring, looks the 'Phonse square in the eyes, and beats the snot outta him,

MSH: What's happening tonight has been a long time coming, Jason. An ohmyGOD long time and it's just the start of the beautiful things in the future.

JD: I heard similar claims two weeks ago but both the Lights Out Express AND Donnie White fell --

DW: Fell, schmell! Steve Spector cost Donne White his shot, Dane. Cheated! Blatant highway robbery! Who let that nut into the arena?!

JD: You sorta invited him and his, now I might misquote you on this, "washed up career" to a front row seat for --

DW: Donnie White knows what he said! It came from his lips, his lungs, his perfectly sized and proportionately symmetric brain!

JD: And who is going to stop him tonight? Who is going to stop Steve Spector or even Shadoe Rage from costing you yet another shot at the Television Title?!

[And that's when Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson show up. Perfectly timed, exceptionally executed -- the world is spinning around right on time.]

DW: These fellas...they got D-White's back, ya feel me? If Steve Spector wants to show up then let him come...tell him to bring his own chair, his own popcorn, tell him to bring Shadoe Rage and his handler with them and they can walk, run, skip hold hands, or that Booty Queen can carry them like babies in her arms... it don't matter! When he gets there the Sultan of Swag is gonna have these two guys waitin' for either of them and that's more than they can handle.

JD: And what about Terry Shane III? The world...heck_I_want to know...where is the Ring Leader?

[Hayes butts forward. Soooo her.]

MSH: What does it matter, hun?

JD: Some people say he's hiding and --

MSH: (screeching) Some who, Jason?! The way I see it, the AWA only left him one option. Terry Shane III is the TRUE Number One Contender to the World Title. That next shot belongs to HIM. But they keep letting madmen and lunatics and imbeciles try to run him down. First it was Hannibal Carver, then it was Shadoe Rage, and now it's Steve Spector. He's a target, darling. And when the world paints a bullseye on your heart you have to do everything in your power to protect yourself.

If that means missing appearances, so be it. If that means he gives Steve Spector the cold shoulder. Fine. If that means Terry Shane III stays at home until the AWA grants him the shot he earned almost one year ago then guess what, pumpkin...

...Terry Shane III will STAY. HOME.

[She nods.]

MSH: And until that happens... until Karl, Bobby, Todd, Percy, or even Barrack Obama gives us the green light you're going to have to be content with what you see before your very eyes. Donnie, Lenny, and Aaron...they're the real deal, sugar. Tonight Donnie here isn't just going to ride with Alphonse Green....

...he's going to run him over.

[Donne White grins, flashing those pearly whites again.]

MSH: The show MUST go on and when the King of the Battle Royals collides with the Sultan of Swag someone's head is gonna fly...

DW: And it will be mine!

[He combs his fingers through his massive blonde mohawk and then throws them out like an airplane's wings. Everyone sorta pauses and stares at him.]

DW: What?

MSH: Forget it. Tonight, the axis of powers in the AWA shift in favor of the Shane Gang. It starts with Donnie White winning the Television Title and it ends...

...well we've got PLENTY of time to answer that, don't we?

[The group nods in unison.]

MSH: Get the money pit ready, tonight we bring home the Gold.

[Cut out to the arena where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and we are moments away from the very first World Television Title defense from Alphonse Green as he meets the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White with the gold on the line.

BW: This is a big night for the Shane Gang, Gordo. Terry Shane III's been the Number One contender for the World Heavyweight Title in the eyes of many for quite some time... he's got that Rumble title shot in his back pocket... but now it's Donnie White who might be the first to deliver gold to the Shane Gang!

GM: You have to wonder how that sits with an egomaniac like Terry Shane, don't you? Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the World Television Title! Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[Static. The fans predictably break into jeers as "Dance Of The Knights" kicks in over the PA system.]

PW: From Memphis, Tennessee... weighing in at 205 pounds... accompanied to the ring by Miss Sandra Hayes...

The Atomic Blonde...

DONNNNNNNNIEEEEE WHIIIIIIIIITE!

[The jeers grow louder as Miss Sandra Hayes walks into view, branding iron slung over her shoulder. She looks at seductively at the crowd, especially the cat-calling males as Donnie White comes trailing into sight behind her. White raises his arms, shrugging out of his entrance jacket.]

GM: Donnie White looking to become the first member of the Shane Gang to win championship gold right here tonight but to do it, he's gotta overcome the brand new World Television Champion in Alphonse Green.

BW: Oh, look at this, Gordo...

[Somehow, the jeers grow even louder as Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong, clad in their usual matching tracksuits, appear through the curtain as well.]

GM: The Lights Out Express are coming out here but... they've got NO business out here, Bucky!

BW: Hey, they're allies and friends of Donnie White. I think they've got plenty of business being out here, Gordo.

GM: You and I both know you're wrong though.

[With Hayes and the Lights Out Express taking up flanking positions, Donnie White makes his way towards the ring, running his mouth in the direction of the jeering fans.]

BW: After two weeks ago when Steve Spector cost the Lights Out Express a spot in the Stampede Cup and helped eliminate Donnie White from the World Television Title Battle Royal, can you really blame the Shane Gang for coming out here in force tonight? They're here for protection, Gordo... nothing more and nothing less.

GM: That remains to be seen. However, conspicuous by his absence has gotta be the Ring Leader of the Shane Gang, Terry Shane himself. Where is he at in all of this?

BW: I've got no idea, Gordo, but I'm betting Anderson and Strong are more than enough to handle Spector if he shows his face tonight.

[White grabs the top rope with both hands, catapulting himself over the top rope into the ring. He is all grins, running a hand over his mohawk and then yanking it away like he's poked himself with a needle as the music dies out and is replaced by the familiar voice of one Freddy Mercury.]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.

I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii-vvvveee

And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.

I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.

Don't. Stop. Me..

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a chrous of cheers as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.]

PW: And his opponent... coming down the aisle, now hailing from Windermere, Florida, weighing in at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds... he is the AWA World Television Champion...

ALLLLLLLLPHONNNNNNSE... GREEEEEEEEEEEEEN!

[The cheers grow louder as Green takes the TV Title belt from around his waist, shoving it sky high into the air. He pumps it up and down a few times, a big smile on his face before he breaks into a trot down the elevated rampway towards the ring.]

GM: Alphonse Green defeated Ryan Martinez two weeks ago to become the undisputed World Television Champion... but he may have a very short reign if the Shane Gang gets their way tonight.

[Green is dressed in Kentucky Wildcat blue shorts, with blue kneepads, and white boots. He's also wearing a blue studded leather jacket, with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and for some strange reason, a hard leather black patch on the right shoulder. He grins at the reaction of the fans as he draws closer to the ring, pointing a warning finger out at the ringside Shane Gang. Miss Hayes uses the branding iron to gesture at Green, threatening him as he steps into the ring.]

GM: Both champion and challenger are in the ring now as referee Marty Meekly steps between the two, trying to make sure no one gets sneak attacked before the bell.

[Green hands the belt over to Meekly who holds it up to cheers from the crowd. The referee hands the belt out to the timekeeper as White bounces from foot to foot, ready for the battle to begin as Green stands in his corner, rubbing his hands together.]

GM: The referee making sure both men are ready... and here we go!

[The bell sounds as White struts out to the middle of the ring, jerking a thumb at himself. He does the "belt gesture" a few times, running his mouth at Green who slowly walks out to the center...

...and belts White in the mouth, knocking him down to the mat!]

GM: Oh my!

[As White staggers back up, Green snares a side headlock on him, using it to take him down to the mat. With both men down on the mat, Green cranks on the headlock, squeezing the Atomic Blonde's skull.]

GM: Green caught him offguard with the right hand and then went right into that headlock takeover... White rolls him back!

[The crowd jeers as White rolls Green onto his shoulders, getting a two count before Green rolls back the other way, landing back into a seated position on the mat. White wraps his arms around the body again, trying to find the leverage...]

GM: White rolls him over again!

[But again, Green kicks out at two, forcing his body back into the headlock, cranking on the arm.]

GM: Green's trying to squeeze the skull into submission.

BW: He ain't getting a submission out of a side headlock... in fact, White is working back to his feet...

[White shoves Green off into the ropes, dropping down to the mat as Green rebounds, hurdling over him to hit the far ropes. He bounces back, ducking under a leapfrog by White, hitting the ropes a third time...

...and running right into an armdrag takedown out of the Atomic Blonde!]

GM: Whoooa! Nice armdrag out of White! He got in deep on that one and right into the armbar!

[White kneels on the ribcage of Green, yanking back on the arm as he grins out at Sandra Hayes who claps for her charge.]

BW: Miss Sandra Hayes obviously likes what she's seeing right now. You know she'd love to be the manager of the World Television Champion right here tonight.

GM: But again, what would Terry Shane think about that?

BW: He's be proud of his teammate, Gordo. Why do you have to paint Terry Shane as some jealous, insecure nutjob?

GM: I call it like I see it, Bucky. Terry Shane has shown himself to be wildly emotional and irrational. I could easily see him being outraged at the idea of someone in his group winning gold before he does.

[Green works himself back to his feet, grabbing at the still-trapped arm as he pushes White back against the ropes. Marty Meekly steps in, calling for a break but Green turns it into a whip, sending White into the far side...]

GM: White off the ropes...

[Green drops down, forcing White to go over the top, racing across the ring.]

GM: Into the ropes again... Green leapfrogs up and over!

BW: I feel like we've seen this before, Gordo.

[And this time, it's Alphonse Green who goes deep on the armdrag, taking White down to the mat. Green releases the arm though, not grabbing the armbar.]

GM: White's back up, coming in again and-

[Green grabs the limb, taking White over a second time with an armdrag!]

GM: Two deep armdrags by the champion!

[Both men scramble to their feet again...

...and Green sidesteps a charging White, shoving him chestfirst into the ropes where White connects, stumbling back into a dropkick right between the shoulderblades, pitching White forward, up, and over the ropes to the floor below!]

GM: OHHH! The dropkick sends him over the top and down to the floor!

[Green waves a hand, getting the referee to move as Green grabs the top rope with both hands, looking to fly out over the ropes onto Donnie White...

...but comes face to face with the Lights Out Express as Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong move into protective positions for the downed White.]

GM: Oh, come on, referee! They're blocking him! They stepped right in front of Donnie White to protect him!

BW: Hey, Alphonse Green shouldn't be coming out to the floor after him anyways. He should stay in the ring and let the referee start a count on the challenger.

[Green steps up on the middle rope, shouting at the Lights Out Expresss. Lenny Strong invites Green to come out to the floor but Green wisely backs off, shaking his head as the crowd jeers the Shane Gang for their actions. Miss Sandra Hayes kneels down next to White, gesturing at the ring wildly.]

BW: Look at Sandra giving advice to Donnie White.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[White slowly gets to a knee, nodding his head at Sandra Hayes as she gestures at Green with her branding iron. He climbs to his feet, pointing up at Green and shouting at him.]

GM: Green and White are trading words! This is getting heated in a hurry and-

[White climbs up on the apron, still barking at Alphonse Green whose temper flares, charging at White and drilling him with a right hand that sends him falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Oh! Big right hand by Green!

BW: That's not right, Gordo. Donnie White deserved the chance to get in there and compete and Green knocked him back off the apron.

[Green is shouting at White who slips an arm under the ropes, hooking Green around the ankle and yanking his legs out from under him. White grabs the boot, pulling Green under the ropes to the floor where he blasts him with a back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Donnie White is taking this fight to the floor!

[White grabs Green by the hair, waving his allies out of the way as he SLAMS Green's upper body into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Ohh! Chestfirst into the steel!

[The Atomic Blonde swings Green around, pushing his back against the steel railing...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop out on the floor!

[A couple more knife edge blows connect before White pulls Green off the railing, smashing his face into the ring apron before shoving him back under the ropes, rolling him into the ring. White uses the ropes to pull himself back up on the apron, grabbing hold with both hands...]

GM: White's on the apron...

[The crowd reacts as White catapults himself over the top rope, dropping down in a big splash on the World Television Champion!]

GM: Ohh! Big splash!

[White gestures to the referee to count, getting a two count before Green lifts the shoulders off the mat.]

GM: Two count by Alphonse Green.

BW: You know what I love about these World Television Title matches, Gordo? With ten minute time limits, these guys just get right to it and are moving a mile a minute in there.

[Pulling Green back to his feet in a three-quarter nelson, White flips Green over into a seated position...

...and leaves his feet, lashing out with a dropkick to the back of Green!]

GM: Nice dropkick out of White... and he makes another cover for one... there's two... but that's all again. Alphonse Green is showing it's going to take a lot more than that to wrest the World Television Title from around his waist, Bucky.

BW: Well, don't worry, 'cause the Atomic Blonde's got a lot more where that came from.

[White taunts the downed Green, again gesturing at his waist as he walks across the ring, moving towards the corner.]

GM: Donnie White's climbing up!

[He's running his mouth all the while, taking a long time to scale the turnbuckles.]

GM: We're creeping up on the five minute mark - the halfway point in this matchup as White turns around on the middle rope, looking back into the ring where Green is still down...

[White delivers a little rump shaker action, the crowd jeering the showoff before he leaps into the air, tucking his arm up...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...but Green rolls aside, causing White to slam down hard into the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed the elbowdrop from the middle rope!

[A pumped-up Green rolls to his knees, clenching his feet and nodding his head at the cheering crowd. He climbs off the mat, grabbing a rising White by the mohawk and muscling him over in a snap mare of his own.]

GM: Green takes him ov- ohh!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is roaring for the half dozen spine-rattling kicks to the lower back by the World Television Champion. Green pumps a fist before dashing to the ropes that White is facing...

...and CREAMING the seated White with a running kneesmash to the face!]

GM: KNEE TO THE MUSH!

[White snaps back, his head bouncing off the canvas as Green attempts a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But White FIRES his shoulder off the mat in time!]

GM: Two count only!

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Only five minutes remaining in the time limit as Green pulls White off the mat by the arm, whip to the corner...

[Green comes in fast, leaping up onto the upper thighs of White and grabbing him by the head...]

GM: Monkey flip coming up!

[The champion falls back, flipping White through the air...

...where the Atomic Blonde lands on his feet!]

GM: OHH!

[Green scrambles back up, turning towards a waiting White who blindly lashes out backwards, catching him with a thrust kick into the chest, knocking Green back into the turnbuckles. White rushes in after him,

leaping into the air to catch Green solidly on the chin with a spinning heel kick that carries him over the ropes onto the apron!]

GM: OH! WHAT A SHOT BY WHITE!

[Out on the apron, White gives Green a big shove in the back, sending him staggering out of the corner as White climbs the turnbuckles, tucking his arms and leaping off with a missile dropkick to the middle of the back, sending Green flying forward, landing facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: What a dropkick off the top by the challenger!

BW: Cover him, Donnie!

[White gets back to his feet, staggering across towards a prone Green.]

BW: You better believe he didn't learn that dropkick at Delta State University in Mississippi where he was a Division II two-time all-conference selection for football, Gordo.

GM: I wouldn't think so.

[White muscles Green over onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: The challenger's got him for one! He's got two! He's got- no! No! Green's out at two!

BW: Donnie White was a half a count away from bringing the first piece of gold to the Shane Gang, daddy!

[Clapping his hands together, White regains his feet, pulling Green off the mat by the hair. He grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[And as White runs towards the ropes, Green runs alongside him, leaping to the middle rope as White bounces back a few steps ahead...]

GM: GROUND CHUCK!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The springboard kick catches White right on the chin, sending him stumbling back where he collapses on the canvas. Green dives across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

BW: FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[The referee stops his count, kneeling to point at the foot dangling over the bottom rope.]

BW: Donnie White got his foot on the ropes to break the pin and-

GM: Anderson did that! Aaron Anderson put his foot on the ropes!

[Green pushes up to his knees, pointing angrily at Anderson who backs off, arms raised in innocence.]

GM: The Shane Gang just saved Donnie White from being-

[A furious Green grabs the top rope, catapulting over the top rope to crash onto a surprised Aaron Anderson. The crowd roars as Green hammers away on Anderson.]

GM: GREEN'S GOING AFTER ANDERSON!!

[Lenny Strong rushes to his partner's aid, eating a trio of forearms to the jaw before Green grabs him by the tracksuit...

...and LAUNCHES him into a front flip over the railing, crashing down in the crowd on the concrete floor!]

GM: STRONG GETS TAKEN OUT AS WELL!

[Green gives a whoop as he turns back to the ring, climbing up on the apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands, nodding his head as Donnie White starts to stir off the canvas...

...but just before he leaps, Sandra Hayes makes her move, grabbing Green around the leg and preventing his attack!]

GM: Oh, come on, referee!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Only three minutes to go but Green just got tangled up by Hayes and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd jeers as White rushes the ropes, grabbing the top rope and swinging his leg up to kick Green in the side of the head!]

GM: White took advantage of Hayes' interference! The referee got distracted by Green going after the Lights Out Express and missed Hayes' interference...

[White pulls Green from the corner, lifting him up under his arm, and dropping him down in a side backbreaker. He shoves Green off his knee and points to the corner...]

GM: Wait a second! Donnie White's calling for the Flying Mohawk!

BW: This is it, daddy! This is it right here! Donnie White's gonna win the World Television Title! He's gonna be the first champion in the Shane Gang!

[Hayes points to White as he steps out on the apron, slowly climbing the turnbuckles. She is absolutely jubilant at ringside, screaming and shouting as White steps to the middle rope.]

GM: Sandra Hayes is acting like they've already won the title!

[White steps to the top rope, spreading his arms wide. A joyful Sandra Hayes climbs up on the apron, clapping and cheering her man on. The referee wheels around on her, ordering her down off the apron...

...which is the opportunity for a man in a hooded sweatshirt to hurdle the barricade from the front row, rushing towards the cornerpost where he leaps up, shoving White into the air into a front flip...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[White sails through the air, CRASHING down on the canvas as the hood falls off the attacker.]

BW: SPECTOR! IT'S SPECTOR!

[The crowd roars for Steve Spector who successfully shoved White off the top. Spector grins as Alphonse Green staggers towards White, pulling him to his feet. He hooks White for a snapmare, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVING the back of White's head into the canvas with a backflipping inverted DDT!]

GM: HUNGER STRIKE! HUNGER STRIKE!

[Green dives atop White, tightly hooking both legs as Spector looks on.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Spector claps his hands together in celebration, smiling at the look on Sandra Hayes' face...

...until Terry Shane emerges out from under the ring apron, smashing Spector from the blind side, knocking him down to the floor!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Terry Shane out of nowhere!

GM: Where the heck did he come from?!

BW: I think he was under the ring, Gordo!

[Grabbing Spector by the hair, Shane angrily SLAMS Spector headfirst into the steel ringpost, knocking him down in a heap on the floor. Shane starts putting the boots to Spector, soon joined by Anderson and Strong on the floor as they work over the Hall of Famer.]

GM: It's a mugging out on the arena floor as the Shane Gang works over Steve Spector!

[A furious Shane pulls Spector off the mat by the hair, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. Anderson and Strong quickly slide in as well, continuing to stomp Spector into the canvas as Shane slides in, directing traffic.]

GM: The Shane Gang is all over Steve Spector and Bucky, I've gotta ask... if Shane was under the ring the entire time, why didn't he stop Steve Spector before he got his hands on Donnie White and cost him the match?!

BW: He was setting the trap, daddy!

GM: The trap? He used his own partner as bait! He may have just cost Donnie White the World Television Title playing his game with Steve Spector!

[As Gordon and Bucky argue, Anderson and Strong each grab an arm, allowing Shane to tee off with boots to the midsection of Spector.]

BW: I don't see it that way, Gordo. Donnie White understands the greater good of the Shane Gang!

GM: We need to get some help out here for Spector! Alphonse Green retains the World Television Title and- here he comes!

[Green rushes back into the ring, title belt in hand as he CRACKS Aaron Anderson between the shoulderblades with the championship!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Green!

[But Donnie White rushes back into view, tackling Green down to the mat where he unloads a bunch of right hands to the skull...

...when more cheers breaks out!]

GM: SHADOE RAGE! HE'S SEEN ENOUGH!

[Shadoe Rage comes tearing down the aisle, diving through the ropes to tackle Terry Shane down to the mat!]

GM: Rage on Shane! White on Green!

[With their partners engaged, Anderson and Strong put the doubleteam on Spector. Strong whips Spector into the ropes, shoving him sky high as Anderson steps in...

...and BLASTS the falling Spector with a European uppercut!]

GM: OHH!

BW: LIGHTS! OUT!

GM: We've got quite the fight on our hands and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Eric Preston comes tearing down the aisle, stepping into the ring. He dishes out a right hand to Lenny Strong and one to Aaron Anderson before throwing a dropkick that sends Strong through the ropes to the floor. Miss Hayes can be heard shouting for a retreat which Aaron Anderson quickly obliges, bailing out to the floor before Preston can get to him again. A fired-up Preston slams his arms down on the top rope, shouting at Hayes and the Lights Out Express as they come together on the floor. Shane and White quickly join them, backing down the aisle as Preston helps Spector back to his feet.]

GM: Eric Preston, if you can believe it, just put himself in personal danger to help Steve Spector, Alphonse Green, and Shadoe Rage fight off the Shane Gang... and they look as shocked as I feel.

[Green eyes Preston warily as Preston offers a hand to Steve Spector who shakes it. Shadoe Rage ignores Preston, shouting at the fleeing Shane Gang.]

GM: What a battle that was - but the most important thing is that Alphonse Green remains the World Television Champion.

BW: Thanks to Steve Spector's interference... AGAIN!

GM: That's debatable. But what's NOT debatable is that Terry Shane, the so-called Ring Leader just put his own blood feud with Steve Spector ahead of the success of his own partner-in-crime. And we talked about Shane possibly being jealous of Donnie White potentially being the first champion in the Shane Gang... I think there's no "possible" about it now, fans. Terry Shane wants to be the first one with fifteen pounds of gold around his waist. That's why he didn't protect his teammates this week or las-

[Bucky interrupts.]

BW: Watch what you say, Gordo. That man is our next World Champion in my opinion. You know it, I know it... Supreme Wright fears it... and even Steve Spector knows it. That's why he's hellbent on stopping the Shane Gang at any and all costs.

GM: After what we just saw, you have to imagine that Steve Spector is more determined than ever to get his hands on Terry Shane, fans. Let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with Ryan Martinez!

[Cut to backstage, where Jason Dane stands with the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez. Young Ryan isn't dressed for action tonight. Instead, he's wearing a very loose fitting black shirt, the AWA logo done in red letters, and a pair of black jeans. His hair is growing back nicely, and now there's enough for him to almost run his fingers through. Ryan's face is twisted in an uncomfortable grimace, and his arm is across his stomach, as he holds his still tender ribs.]

JD: Two weeks ago, we saw the man next to me come within a hair's breadth of winning the World Television Title. But many say that the victory was taken away from you because of what happened prior to the match.

RM: Jason, let me start with this. Alphonse Green, you are to be congratulated. You did a hell of a job in the Battle Royal, and you fought one hell of a match. I'm not going to make one excuse, and I am not going to take a single thing away from you. You are the World Television Champion, and as far as I am concerned, there's no asterisk next to that. You beat me, and you have the title. And you have my respect, and my congratulations.

JD: But there was an attack, an attack the Wise Men are believed to be involved with. You can't be happy about that.

RM: Jason, I won't lie. I'm hurting right now. What I want I really want to do is rant and rave and scream about that attack. But I can't. I have to stand here, and I have to force myself to be calm.

I wasn't scheduled to be here tonight. I was told to take the night off. To heal up. But Wise Men, here I am, and if you want a piece of me again, I invite you to come and try. I'll be here all night, and I'll be waiting.

JD: Those are bold words, certainly. But how do you respond to people who say that your brashness led to this? That your, pardon me for saying it, naïveté is what led you into that situation two weeks ago?

RM: They say I'm naïve. And I know they say a lot worse than that. But when I look around at the AWA, I see a bunch of men that they say things about.

They say that Hannibal Carver is a maniac. They say he's got more than one screw loose. They call him a freak. I say Hannibal Carver is a man who never stops fighting. I say Hannibal Carver is a man who won't ever back down from a fight, and who, from what I've seen, doesn't lose too many of those fights.

They say that Travis Lynch is a pretty boy more worried about the ladies than matches. And I say, I've seen Travis Lynch in the ring, heck, I saw him

in the Battle Royal. And when the rubber hits the road, Travis Lynch comes through every time.

They say that Jack Lynch worries too much about his family. They say he gets distracted from gold and glory too easily. I say, a man who doesn't stand up for his blood isn't any kind of man at all. I say Jack Lynch is an ornery cowboy whose bad side you don't want to get on. And I say that Demetrius Lake's bloody forehead is exhibit A.

So yeah, you call me naïve. You call me a hot head. You say I'm stubborn. You can even call me a dumb kid, if you want.

But Jason, I say I'm still standing.

I say the Wise Men took their best shot, and they couldn't get the job done.

[Dane nods.]

JD: There is another man, one you did not mention. But earlier tonight, Eric Preston came out and offered to have your back. There's only one question I have to ask you, Mr. Martinez. Do you trust Eric Preston?

[Ryan, who is not known for being quiet and introspective, pauses a moment, thinking that over.]

RM: Yes, Jason, I do.

[Cut to a surprised Jason Dane, who quirks a brow upward.]

RM: Yeah, I know what you're thinking. "There goes Ryan, being a naïve kid again." But Jason, I said it before, and I'll say it again.

I choose to give people the benefit of the doubt. I choose to live in a world where every man gets a fair shake and a second chance.

None of us are perfect, Jason Dane. Every single one of us makes mistakes. No one, not me, not anyone in this Coliseum, not anyone watching at home, has lived a life free of regrets. But do you know how you can tell a man from a boy? A man admits his mistakes. A man pulls himself out of the slime and looks up and says "give me another chance."

And a real man gives him that second chance.

[Ryan's eyes narrow as the camera's focus tightens on his young face.]

RM: I will not live a cynical life. I will not demand that people prove themselves to me. I will not sit above all others, looking down upon them and casting judgments. That's not who I am.

Eric Preston, you want a chance? I'll give you that chance.

But that said, you need to understand this. You get _one_ chance. You step out of line, you go back to your old ways? Well, the next shot I give you will be right between your eyes.

JD: And so it would seem you have an ally in your war against the Wise Men.

RM: They say all it takes for evil to prosper is for good men to do nothing. Well, in the AWA, there's a whole lot of good men banding together to fight this war. There's a whole lot of good men doing something.

Wise Men, you took your shot, and here I am. Here I am, in front of five thousand screaming fans and two and half million fans on the edge of their couches. And I say I'm fighting for every single one of them. Hannibal Carver is here. Jack Lynch is here. Eric Preston is here. But understand this. I am not any sort of leader. Hannibal Carver isn't the general. Jack Lynch and Eric Preston are not co-captains.

This is the people's movement. This is for the five thousand people who put down their hard earned money to watch us fight. This is for the one million who bought SuperClash. This is for the two and a half million who watch us every two weeks.

Fans, this is _your_ fight. And I am honored to represent you.

I say the AWA's fans are the greatest fans any wrestler could ever ask for. And I say with them behind me, with them raising me up and putting me on their shoulders, and carrying me all the way to the goal line...

The Wise Men are going to fall.

JD: Bold words, but we expect nothing less from you, Mr. Martinez.

RM: Jason, I'm not done yet.

In just a little over a month, the AWA is heading to Japan. As many of you know, I started wrestling in Japan. And there's no way I am not going to on that card. So Wise Men, I have a challenge for you.

You tried your best, now do your worst.

You pick someone. I don't care who. You don't even have to tell me. You put your hands in those deep pockets, and you shell out whatever it takes. You find the meanest, nastiest monster that money can buy, and you send them after me.

JD: You are issuing an open challenge to the Wise Men? You're saying you'll go into the ring completely blind, with no knowledge of who you'll be facing and no way of preparing?

RM: That's exactly what I am saying, Jason.

Wise Men, the ball is in your court and the odds are stacked in your favor. You find someone, and you send them to me. And I'll prove to you that your money, and your power are nothing when I have the AWA's faithful behind me.

I'll go into the Rising Sun Showdown blind, and I'll come out victorious.

Count on it!

[The crowd roars as Martinez drops his catchphrase on them...

...when suddenly the shot of Martinez breaks into black and white, then squiggly lines, then a burst of static follows, eventually leaving us with a dark shot of a shadowy figure. As might be expected, their voice is disguised as they speak, a ghostly echo remaining as they laugh softly.]

"Ryan Martinez wants to be the people's champion. He wants to play the role of a hero. Two weeks ago, he found out that the Wise Men do not play. Not at all.

Mr. Martinez, the Wise Men have no quarrel with you. Until now, you have failed to make it onto our radar as you busied yourself with aging partners and family squabbles. The Wise Men were content with leaving you to be in peace. For now.

However, we do not take threats lightly. And on more than one occasion, you have stepped up, mic in hand, to deliver a threat towards us.

That will end. That MUST end.

You may consider what happened two weeks ago a warning shot. It need not happen again.

But you must cease and desist. You must step away from this conflict. You must agree to go your way and we will go ours.

The choice is yours...

Choose. Wisely."

[The laughter returns before the footage again breaks into static, returning back to a normal shot of Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Ryan Martinez just found himself the victim of a direct threat from the Wise Men, Bucky.

BW: The kid's got all the potential in the world to be a future World Champion... maybe even a future Hall of Famer like his father. But he needs to know when to walk away from a fight, Gordo. This is not a fight for him. This is not a fight he should get into.

GM: And if he does?

BW: Ask Stevie Scott. Ask Supernova. Ask Chris Blue. Or if you really want to know, ask the Wise Men.

GM: What?

BW: Well, this seems like as good of a time as any to drop my scoop on ya. I got a call this week, Gordo... from the same voice we just heard. He said that there were a lot of unanswered questions... a lot of stuff people wanted answers to. And the Wise Men have graciously agreed to answer questions, submitted by the fans of the AWA... right here in two weeks' time.

GM: That IS quite the scoop... and hopefully, Jason Dane will be able to get some answers-

BW: Dane? Are you kidding me? There's only one place that's big enough for an interview like that, Gordo.

GM: Are you-

BW: That's right! It's the return of The Call Of The Wilde, daddy!

GM: Oh brother. Fans, apparently in two weeks' time, the Wise Men will be interviewed... answering your questions... by Buckthorn Wilde himself. Heaven help us all. We're going to take one final commercial break but when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[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 a shot of Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. Earlier this week, there was an... incident... at the Combat Corner, the official training school for the AWA. As everyone knows, a few weeks ago, Todd Michaelson resigned as the Head Trainer. Since he's been gone, former AWA competitor Clayton Shaw has been serving as the interim Head Trainer. The footage you're about to see was captured by one of the students currently in the Corner and Clayton Shaw sent it to the AWA President, Karl O'Connor... and myself. It's... upsetting to say the least. Let's roll it...

[We fade into pre-taped footage shot on a handheld camcorder, where we see the interior of the renovated warehouse turned wrestling school, that the AWA faithful have learned to recognize as the Combat Corner. In the center of the room, is a wrestling ring. Standing in middle of the ring, is a man familiar to all, former AWA wrestler and current acting Head Trainer of Combat Corner, "Stars and Stripes" Clayton Shaw. He is barking instructions to a group of students kneeling outside the ring. However, something catches his and the students' attention off-camera, before we see AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright, walking into view with his bodyguard, Cain Jackson following close behind him. The World Champion stops short of entering the ring, as Shaw walks over to the ropes to confront him.]

CS: You've got a lot of nerve showing your face around here, Supreme.

[He looks at Jackson, standing behind Wright.]

CS: You too, Cain.

SW: Mr. Shaw, is that any way to greet your former students?

[Shaw shakes his head angrily.]

CS: You're no student of The Combat Corner, kid. We don't teach our students to be backstabbing cowards. What you did to Dave Bryant at SuperClash was as low as anything Dufresne or Langseth ever pulled on this company.

You're nothing but a damn disgrace!

[Shaw steps through the ropes and onto the ring apron, as Cain Jackson begins to make a move towards him, only to have Supreme place a hand on his shoulder.]

SW: It's fine.

[Supreme turns his attention back to Shaw.]

SW: No, Mr. Shaw... I believe you're mistaken. I'M the AWA World Heavyweight Champion. A proud graduate of The Combat Corner.

And I expect to be treated with more respect than that.

[There's a slight hint of threat in his voice at the mention of "respect".]

SW: But if you have a problem with me, why don't we settle this the same way Mr. Michaelson always did when he thought a student was being out of line?

[He points behind Shaw.]

SW: Inside that ring.

[Shaw shakes his head.]

CS: I'm not stupid, kid. That fifteen pounds of gold you're holding makes you untouchable and you damn well know it. I'm not going to let a punk like you provoke me into losing my job.

[Supreme chuckles.]

SW: Well, I see that at least YOU aren't the type to abandon his students.

[Shaw almost falls for the bait, but stops himself before doing something he'd certainly regret later. He grits his teeth, spouting venom at Supreme.]

CS: Todd believed in you, you arrogant little brat...even after you had your temper tantrum and LEFT the AWA, he forgave you and welcomed you back. He taught you the damn Cobra Clutch Crossface. He put his faith in you and that was how you repay him?

[Supreme isn't the least bit moved by Shaw's words, maintaining a stoic expression.]

SW: The way I see it, Mr. Shaw...I didn't turn my back on Mr. Michaelson.

He turned his back on ME.

[Supreme turns his attention to the students.]

SW: And Mr. Michaelson turned his back on ALL of YOU!

CS: What the hell are you saying!?

[Wright ignores Shaw's shocked reaction, continuing on.]

SW: You were promised to be taught by the very best trainers in this sport! You were promised fame and glory! But Mr. Michaelson left you without warning! He abandoned all of you! Do you think you can still find fame and glory here in the Combat Corner?

[Shaw is screaming at Wright now, but Cain Jackson stands in his way. Meanwhile, the World Champion is completely focused on the students.]

CS: GET OUT! GET OUT, DAMNIT!

SW: Cain Jackson knew better. Time and time again, Mr. Michaelson refused to graduate him. Time and time again, he was denied his dream. He knew he would never succeed, because the AWA doesn't WANT him to succeed.

But I do.

I want him to succeed. I want YOU to succeed.

[Supreme makes eye contact with Shaw briefly before turning back to the students.]

SW: So join me.

[He raises the World Title belt into the air.]

SW: Be taught by the very BEST this sport has to offer.

[He lowers the title, making sure to cradle it in his arm as it's displayed for all the students to see clearly.]

SW: Rather than being just another faceless Combat Corner graduate, wouldn't you rather be part of something great? Wouldn't you rather be part of something historic? Wouldn't you rather be part of...

...Team Supreme?

[He smirks.]

SW: Think about it.

[And with that, Supreme turns around and walks off without incident, with Cain Jackson in tow, leaving behind a seething Clayton Shaw. Fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Team Supreme. Some ominous words out of the mouth of the World Heavyweight Champion, fans. What is Team Supreme? What does Supreme Wright intend to do with anyone who joins him? What does the future of the Combat Corner hold?

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: The answers to all of those questions will come in the weeks ahead, I suppose... but right now, let's go to the Control Center!

[We crossfade to the bank of monitors that can only mean the Control Center is upon us. After a bit, we cut to Jason Dane, dressed in a black AWA polo and jeans, standing in front of said monitors with a Rising Sun Showdown logo splashed over his shoulder.]

JD: Hello, fans! It's Jason Dane, coming to you from the Control Center. As the road to Rising Sun Showdown heats up, we've had a number of AWA wrestlers going over to Japan to promote the event. Conspicuous by his absence this week is one MAMMOTH Maximus, as he is currently completing a ten-day publicity tour of Japan, but we do have highlights of a match he had last week on a Tiger Paw Pro card, against an old foe in Kenichi Noda. Let's take a look.

[We crossfade to a brightly-lit arena, where the Japanese audience is politely applauding as introductions are being made in Japanese. The words "8 FEBRUARY 2014 - KORAKUEN HALL, TOKYO, JAPAN" flash across the bottom of the screen. MAMMOTH Maximus has on his 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. On the canvas in front of him is his mammoth headgear, which is basically a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk, mounted onto black football shoulder pads. He balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him, letting out a loud bellow, as his name is announced. The trunk of the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke.

Across the ring from Maximus is Kenichi Noda, tanned, with a sculpted physique, short black hair and a neatly-trimmed goatee. He has on a pair of black tights, black knee pads and black boots. Noda raises his left fist in the air as his name is announced. The referee checks him for foreign objects, before checking Maximus.

Cut to Maximus laying into Noda with a series of clubbing forearms to the back and shoulder, alternating with hooking blows to the side. Jason Dane's voice comes on over the Japanese commentary.]

JD: The tagline for the card was "MAMMOTH returns to Korakuen Hall" and Maximus would dominate most of the match, using not just his size, but also his hard-hitting strikes.

[With Maximus forcing Noda into the corner, both men find themselves with nowhere else to go. Maximus grabs an arm and whips his opponent into the opposing corner. Noda hits the turnbuckles hard and, as he stumbles out of the corner, is caught in a military press, before being slammed back-first to the mat. Maximus reaches down, goozling Noda and pulling him back to his feet. Maximus grabs the arm and, again, whips his opponent into the corner. He charges into the corner, but Noda gets out of the way. Maximus crashes hard into the turnbuckles and, when he steps out of the corner and turns around, he is caught by a dropkick, which sends him into the ropes. Another dropkick sends the big man through the ropes to the outside.]

JD: But, having faced the behemoth before, Noda managed to gain the advantage on more than a couple of occasions.

[Cut to Maximus holding Noda in a gutwrench position. He lifts Noda onto his shoulder in a Canadian back breaker. However, he gets too close to the corner, allowing Noda to kick off from the top turnbuckle, flipping back onto his feet and using the momentum, and showing off his strength as well, to back drop Maximus. Both men scramble to their feet. Maximus charges Noda with a clothesline, but the Japanese competitor ducks under Maximus' arm. He throws a couple of hard kicks to the back of Maximus' thighs, then drops the big man with a belly to back suplex. He floats over for the pin, but gets thrown off by Maximus after a one count.

Cut to slightly later in the match, as, again, Kenichi Noda lays into MAMMOTH Maximus with a couple of hard kicks to the back of the thigh. Noda then sweeps Maximus' leg out from under him. He grabs hold of Maximus' legs, wraps them around his left leg and turns him onto his stomach, locking in the Scorpion Deathlock leg lock. Trapped in the centre of the ring, Maximus can do nothing... Except power out of the hold: straightening out his legs and forcing Noda off him.]

JD: Eventually, however, the size and strength of MAMMOTH Maximus would prove too much for Kenichi Noda.

[Maximus is quick to his feet, even though he is visibly limping as he stalks Noda. He pulls Noda to his feet and, once more, whips him hard into the

corner. This time, as Noda staggers out of the corner, Maximus picks him up and slams him back down hard to the mat with a body slam.

Cut to Maximus whipping Noda into the ropes and laying him out with a massive lariat on the rebound. He goes for the pin, but is too close to the ropes and the referee stops the count at two, when he sees Noda's foot on the bottom rope.

Cut to Kenichi Noda landing a flurry of quick punches to MAMMOTH Maximus' massive midsection, before knocking him to his hands and knees with an enzuigiri. He pulls Maximus to his feet and hits him with another enzuigiri. Finally, Noda pulls Maximus to his feet again and locks on the octopus hold. We hear Maximus yelling, "No!" as the official asks him if he gives up. Again and again, he yells no, before showing off his strength by regaining his vertical base, hoisting Noda into the air and falling backwards onto the smaller man. A pin attempt gets Maximus a two count before Noda gets a shoulder off the mat.

Both men scramble to their feet, with Noda being one step ahead as Maximus eats another dropkick, staggering him, although he maintains his vertical base. Noda hits the ropes and hits Maximus with another dropkick, then does it again, and although Maximus does not fall, each dropkick pushes him closer to the ropes on the opposite side of the ring. Noda hits the ropes again and launches himself into a body press, but is caught by Maximus. The momentum, however, forces the behemoth against the ropes, tipping him over and sending both men crashing to the outside.]

JD: One last rally by Kenichi Noda was eventually derailed by MAMMOTH Maximus...

[Cut to Maximus rolling Noda under the bottom rope from the outside. He slides in behind him, gets to his feet and pulls Noda to his feet as well. Maximus whips Noda into the corner and again goes charging after him. This time, Noda gets his feet up in front of him, catching Maximus in the face with his boots. Noda picks Maximus up and body slams him down, then begins climbing to the top rope. However, he takes too long and Maximus is on his feet before Noda can launch himself off the top. He throws caution to the wind and leaps off anyway, but is immediately caught by Maximus.]

JD: Snatching him out of the air...

[With his arms still locked around Noda's waist, Maximus pivots a full 180 degrees and falls forward, slamming Noda's back into the mat and landing on top of him. The referee drops down for the count.]

JD: And securing the victory with a huge belly to belly suplex, nearly two whole years since he last competed in Japan. We managed to catch a few words from MAMMOTH Maximus later backstage.

[Cut to Maximus, standing in front of a large promotional poster for Rising Sun Showdown.]

MM: I thought I wouldn't miss this place, but, I've got to tell you, it felt good to be back in front of a Japanese crowd. When the AWA comes to Japan next month, I hope they've got space on the tour for me. Between the AWA front office and Tiger Paw Pro management, I'm sure they can come up with a match befitting my history and reputation here in the Land of the Rising Sun!

[We crossfade back to Jason Dane in front of the bank of monitors.]

JD: There you have it, folks, MAMMOTH Maximus is hoping to be a part of the Rising Sun Showdown tour and, once again, carve a trail of destruction in his old stomping grounds of Tiger Paw Pro. With the lineup for the main card shaping up, we'll know soon enough if Maximus will return to Japan in March. And speaking of the lineup so far, let's run it down again...

[The shot of Jason fades to reveal a shot of Demon Boy Ishrinku.]

JD: You heard it announced two weeks ago - the monster known as Demon Boy Ishrinku will be in action in a death match against an opponent yet to be named. Ishrinku is one of the most fabled competitors to ever come out of Japan, making his name in both G-Pro and the EMWC as one of the most dangerous men on the planet. I do not envy whoever steps in there against Ishrinku in his element - the death match.

And the fact that we're featuring a death match on AWA television next month should tell you that this is no ordinary show we're heading over for. This is a Tiger Paw Pro show that the AWA are guests on. We're celebrating our Anniversary... we're co-hosting the Stampede Cup... but we're guests of Tiger Paw Pro and as a result, we're playing by THEIR rules when we hit the Land of the Rising Sun on Saturday, March 29th in the Tokyo Dome!

[The shot of Ishrinku fades to reveal Supreme Wright and Kenta Kitazawa.]

JD: The AWA World Heavyweight Title will be on the line when Supreme Wright ventures to Tokyo, Japan, to defend the title against one of the top stars of Japan... and Todd Michaelson's first student... Kenta Kitazawa. Earlier tonight, we announced that Kitazawa would be HERE in the United States in two weeks' time to scout the talent... and to compete! We've been informed that he will face a member of the AWA's Top Ten Contender list in two weeks... and we've also just been informed that that opponent will be...

[The graphic fades to show his opponent.]

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus! Maximus vs Kitazawa will go down in two weeks' time in what should be an incredible edition of Saturday Night Wrestling also featuring Ricky Lane vs Tony Sunn and the two out of three falls World Tag Team Title showdown between the champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, and their challengers, the Blonde Bombers! Three incredible matches to look forward to in two weeks' time!

[We fade back to Jason.]

JD: In addition to the tag team titles being on the line in that match, we've also been informed that the Number One Seed in the Stampede Cup tournament will be on the line as well. Whoever wins that one goes in as Number One which is VERY important as the top four teams will compete in one less match during the tournament! The rest of the seeds will be announced following the World Tag Team Title match as well - right here in two weeks.

[The graphic changes to show the Stampede Cup trophy.]

JD: And speaking of the Stampede Cup, the premier event of the year for tag team wrestling will go down in the Tokyo Dome as well as we've invited twelve of the best tag teams in our sport to compete for one million dollars, the Stampede Cup trophy, and the right to call yourselves the best team in the world for one year. Let's take a look at the field of twelve as it now stands...

[The trophy has ten teams appears around it.]

JD: As we already mentioned, the World Tag Team Champions are in. The Blonde Bombers are in. From Japan, Violence Unlimited and the War Pigs are in. The AWA will be sending Air Strike, Dichotomy, The Baddest Thangs Runnin', and the Surfer Dudes as well. Strictly Business is entering the field, a legendary team in their own right. And two weeks ago, we learned that the equally-legendary team of The Banshee, Michael Keening, and Raya Oscura will be in the tournament too!

Now, the eleventh team in the tournament is a team who recently won the Global Tag Crown Tournament to become the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions. From the Land of the Rising Sun, it'll be the duo known as the Shadow Star Legion - GEMINI Hashimoto and Kenji Nakamura.

[The eleventh team joins the mix on the graphic.]

JD: That leaves one spot remaining and as we promised two weeks ago, the Championship Committee is ready to announce who will compete in that final spot. For that announcement, I read to you this letter from the AWA President, Karl O'Connor...

[Dane unfolds a sheet of paper.]

JD: "Since the announcement of the Rising Sun Showdown and the AWA's tour of Japan, we have been deluged with superstars from all over the globe wanting to compete on this supershow. After extensive discussions with our friends at Tiger Paw Pro, we have decided that the best way to fill the final spot is to give as many of those competitors the chance to make the show as possible.

Therefore, the final spot in the Stampede Cup tournament will be filled by the winner of an Open Invitational Tag Team Gauntlet match to be held here in Dallas, Texas on March 15th... two weeks before heading to Japan for the big show. This gauntlet is open to any and all tag teams interested in

competing - whether they've been partners for ten years or ten minutes... whether they're from Japan, Mexico, Europe, the US, or anywhere in between.

We expect the best in the world to compete for the final spot in one month's time... and we expect to send the best of the best to Japan to do battle in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Dane folds up the paper, raising his eyebrows as he does.]

JD: Wow! Last year's Gauntlet Match was one of the most exciting matches of the year and now we're going to see it again! I can't wait for that one and I can't wait to find out what tag teams will be entering that big matchup. Speaking of big matchups, earlier tonight, we heard the challenge issued by Kolya Sudakov to Callum Mahoney. We're told that right here in two weeks, Mahoney will respond to that challenge!

[The shot of Jason switches to show TORA on one side of the screen and November on the other.]

JD: In addition, it's the big six man tag team challenge pitting Team Captain TORA against Team Captain November as they put together their teams. Two weeks ago, we saw some footage of the dazzling young superstar known as TORA... let's see some more right now...

[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...

...but then the feed is interrupted with black and white distortion, crackling as the screen fades in and out, lines blurring. But then it comes into focus and it's not what you'd expect. Instead it's a group of men, and one woman, standing laughing at an unheard joke. They pat each others backs heartedly, wiping fake tears, then as one creepy unit turn towards the camera.

First and foremost, centered in the group is former AWA competitor November, though looking quite a bit different. His raven black hair is longer then before, shaved on one side and swept over to the other. He's shirtless, wearing a leather jacket over top and one strangely placed single line of black paint under his left eye. He stares cock headed at the camera, a single eyebrow raised.

To his left, standing cross armed and stern is a black and white full body suit costumed masked man. His mask is a wild mane of black and white streamers, the face stylized to be a roaring lion. Taking the obvious name sake, this appears to be a very different version of LION Tetsuo.

Two Japanese men stand behind the pair, talking amongst themselves even as their two partners in front do the exact opposite. Inside jokes make one snicker, but then just as oddly, both snap their heads towards the camera, smiles wiped. Apparently they are a bit behind. The one to the left is bulkier, his hair worn shaggy and drifting down his forehead to affront the eyes. Though thickly muscled and strong, he is not "jacked" in the typical American style. He wears a black (sensing a theme here!) poncho cut shirt with ACHILLES written across the front in bold white font. The man beside him wears the same, though his hair is gelled into a mohawk. He is somewhat smaller in stature and contained of more lean muscle. A pair of rayban style sunglasses perch in his collar. Long time Japanese wrestling fans, or more correctly real hardcore ones, would recognize the duo as the tag team of Bull Rush: former top 100 wrestler Junya Toroyama and his protege, former FULL SPEED wrestler Bull Shindo.

The fifth and final one definitely stands out based on gender alone... let alone stature. Standing behind the group is a bleach-blond Japanese girl with a bored expression on her pretty little face. But this girl with heavy eyeliner, glittery fingernails, bright blue-colored contact lenses, and a short-sleeved panda hoodie with a t-shirt reading "BEWARE MOLESTER!" on it isn't any ordinary Japanese girl. It's the universally recognized greatest female wrestler on the planet and Japanese cultural phenomenon...Miyuki Ozaki. The Empress of joshi puroresu doesn't seem to be paying much attention to the cameras, staring off into the distance while twirling a strand of her hair around her finger, and holding what appears to be an electric stun baton in her other hand. Hanging around her neck, is what looks to be a box cutter with a pink Hello Kitty! handle.]

N: KONICHIWA suckers! Who would have thought, after all this time, that I'd be back on AWA television?

[Stepping forward, November looks back at his assembled group, smiling. Oddly smiling.]

N: Now I understand that my old stomping group and employers are making their way over to my new home and kingdom, Tiger Paw Pro in Japan.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZT~!

[The moody cruiserweight turns very slowly to see Miyuki with an electric stun baton, randomly setting it off. He turns back, shaking his head. She on the other hand apparently just noticed the camera and waves wildly towards it with both hands.]

N: AS I WAS SAYING... ahem... AWA has decided to come to my... our... playground. Our kingdom. They are coming to MY home and they didn't even knock. You see we have a problem with that. HENCE...

[He raises one finger, quieting his irrationally raised voice.]

N: ...hence our challenge to a six man contest. They've decided to take one of our "brightest" young stars in TORA and make him one of their own.

[Yes, he did do the finger quotations with that.]

N: I am fine with that. Hell, you can have him. But before he leaves the stage, he gets some parting gifts from me. The greatest junior heavyweight wrestler to have ever competed in the squared circle. The Crown Prince of Wrestling. The Young King of High Flying. The Five Star Emperor. The leader of the greatest group of wrestling rockstars to ever grace God's green Earth...

[And in rock star pose, slowly lowering his fist...]

N: Nooooooveeeeemmmmmbeerrrrrrrr...

[Pause. hold pose. Miyuki decides to make the outrageous even more outrageous by taking this moment to make faces at the camera.]

N: ACHILLES is right here waiting for you, AWA. We'll hand over TORA when I am done with him, one piece at a time.

[Everyone continues to mug.]

N: Because if ACHILLES knows anything, it's...

[They all turn, showing off the repeated word on all their gear.]

N: HEEL!!

[Engage in giggling Miyuki, air guitaring Bull Shindo, statue posing LION Tetsuo, flexing Junya Toroyama and deep staring into the camera, smile ever so slowly creeping over his face November...]

...and we fade back into the last bit of the TORA video.

...Peace signs in the air, camera swinging into view, the young athlete follows it, hands going down to his face, the V'sn 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 back to Jason Dane who is shaking his head.]

JD: Apparently the dastardly unit known as ACHILLES has some issues with the arrival of TORA as a top superstar in Japan and soon, here in the United States as well. That makes that six man tag in Japan even MORE interesting, fans.

It's March 29th... it's the Tokyo Dome... it's the Rising Sun Showdown... and you do NOT want to miss it!

For the Control Center, I'm Jason Dane and we'll see you next time, fans!

[We crossfade away from Jason Dane and the Control Center.

One cut later and we are presented with the former World Heavyweight and Television champion, "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant. Bryant's already in his ring attire, including robe, and is slowly pacing back and forth. He comes to a stop in the center of the room, staring straight ahead.]

DB: There's an awful lot to talk about tonight, isn't there? Between Supreme Wright, Cain Jackson, Dave Cooper, the Wise Men, and who knows who else...

[Bryant trails off, then shrugs.]

DB: Wright, you got me pretty good a couple of weeks ago. I figured a stand-up individual such as yourself, a fighting champion, a man who deliberately painted a bullseye on his back the size of Alaska...well, honestly, I figured you would be able to tough it out, deal with the consequences of your own actions, what have you. Of course, if I had bothered to take a minute to consider it before running out to drop you like a bad habit, I would've realized that you aren't the kind of competitor who falls for the same thing twice, and that you'd probably have some sort of surprise waiting for me. I'll admit I didn't plan on having to run through that fake Combat Corner graduate to get to you, but I don't really mind.

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: After winning the Chase and literally breaking Royalty's back to finally lay my hands on the World Heavyweight championship, I just can't be all that intimidated by Cain Jackson. I'm sure you'll come out and say that's not the point, that you're just protecting yourself from my "cowardly attacks"...and maybe you've got a fair point there, Wright, so I'll tell you what. No more sneak attacks, no more backjumping. From now on, if I'm coming after you, I promise you will always see it coming.

[Bryant smirks briefly before he takes a deep breath, the expression replaced by a calm determination.]

DB: Now, speaking of Royalty...well, I guess I can't anymore. It seems they've all gone their separate ways, with the Bombers chasing the tag belts, Dufresne licking his wounds, and Dave Cooper left all alone in the world.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: Best thing that could've ever happened to him. Cooper never needed Royalty, not when it was Mark Langseth's shield against the rest of the locker room that wanted to, possibly literally, kill him, and not when Calisto Dufresne used it to defend himself against men who proved to be his betters. He was always the backbone of that group, the work horse, whatever people call it when one person in any alliance is clearly head and shoulders better than the rest. I'm sure there are some who find it odd that I have so many good things to say about Cooper when he was one of the men responsible for Hudson's splintered leg, but it's not the first time I've said he was the best of Royalty, and if anybody asks, it won't be the last, either.

[Bryant crosses his arms.]

DB: Now, on this Fan Appreciation night, he and I will finally get a chance to settle it out, resolve our differences...or if you want it stated more bluntly, beat the living bejesus out of each other and finally, finally figure out which of us is the better man. I want to stand here and say I'm confident I can beat him, that I've proved I was the better man by running the Chase gauntlet, by winning the World title, but Cooper doesn't give half a damn about any of that. He's gonna come to the ring and do what he does best, and if I don't do the same, he'll get his arm raised and I'll be left staring up at the lights.

[Bryant unfolds his arms, fists clenching in apparent anticipation.]

DB: So let's get this done, Cooper. You and I, we've had a whole hell of a lot to say to and about each other for almost a year, but never really got a chance to take it past words in the only place that matters -- the wrestling ring. Now, thanks to the fans, we've finally got the chance, and despite the fact that neither of us is anywhere close to the same place we were last year, well...I'm pretty sure enough's happened to the both of us to make it real easy to dig up that old fire. Who the hell would've thought we'd be here today? Me, beloved by the folks filling the seats, and you shaking off that Royalty collar once and for all, with the first chance in ages to show the world what you're made of, what you can do without having to worry about keeping Dufresne safe or Langseth from being mauled to death in a parking lot somewhere. This is gonna be one hell of a thing, Cooper...

[Bryant grins, fists still clenched.]

DB: Don't disappoint me.

[With that, the ex-champ turns and walks off shot as we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your Main Event of the evening chosen by you, the fans of the AWA. Introducing first...

["The Professional" by Leon plays over the PA system and the man known as "The Professional," Dave Cooper, walks out from the back and down the rampway. Cooper wears black wrestling trunks, black kneepads, white wrestling boots, and a brown vest with the words "The Professional" on the back in white lettering.]

PW: From Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is The Professional...

DAAAAAAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOPERRRR!

[Cooper's eyes are hardened and reveal no emotion as he walks down the rampway, paying no attention to the fans. He steps between the ropes, removing his vest, a cold look forming in his eyes.]

GM: Dave Cooper is one of the most controversial competitors to ever compete inside the AWA rings. Of course, he started things off on the straight and narrow alongside Eric Matthew Somers as the successful tag team known as Rough N Ready. However, when Cooper got involved with Joe Petrow and Royalty, things went very awry for the Professional.

BW: So you say. I tend to think that's where things turned for the better for him.

GM: He was the heart and mind behind Royalty, propping up Mark Langseth and Joe Petrow... and later Calisto Dufresne. But at long last, he finds himself out on his own...

BW: And taking direct aim at Juan Vasquez no less.

GM: Cooper is looking to make an impact and what better way than a brewing rivalry with one of the biggest names in our industry... and a Main Event victory over the Number One Contender and former World Champion.

BW: What would that do to the Committee's Top Ten, Gordo? If Dave Cooper beats Dave Bryant in the middle of the ring tonight, will the Professional be the new Number One Contender? Will he be next in line to meet Supreme Wright?

GM: You never can tell. Anything can happen in the AWA at any time.

[Cooper steps up on the midbuckle, glaring out at the jeering fans who freshly remember his actions earlier in the night. The music fades and is replaced by Metallica's "Bad Seed."]

PW: And his opponent...

[The cheers explode from the crowd as the "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the reaction of the crowd with a grin on his face.]

GM: Who would have thought we'd see the day when Dave Bryant would get a reaction like this from the fans here in Dallas, Bucky?

BW: Incredible. These people have short memories and low IQs, Gordo.

[Bryant starts walking again as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Coming to the ring... he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, standing six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is...

DAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYYANT!

[The cheers get louder as the Las Vegas native reaches the ring, ducking through the ropes to step in...

...and Dave Cooper ambushes him, slamming a knee up into the sternum and knocking Bryant back through the ropes onto the elevated wooden ramp!]

GM: Cooper attacks before the bell!

[A frustrated Johnny Jagger shouts at Cooper, trying to prevent him from exiting the ring in pursuit of Bryant but Cooper shoves past him, stepping out onto the ramp as the music fades out. The Professional puts the boots to Bryant, stomping him into the platform to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Dave Bryant, the Number One Contender to the World Title, didn't even manage to get out of his robe!

[Cooper winds up, burying a boot into the ribs of Bryant. A second one causes Bryant to roll onto his back, clutching his side as Cooper stands over him. The New Mexico native balls up his fist, dropping to his knees and smashing a fist into the forehead of Bryant! Cooper kneels on the ramp, shouting at the ringside fans giving him a hard time as he climbs back to his feet.]

GM: Dave Cooper is assaulting him out on the ramp as Johnny Jagger orders him to get this back into the ring. Ohh! Big stomp down between the eyes of the Doctor of Love!

[Leaning down, Cooper hauls Bryant to his feet by the hair, holding a tight grip on it as he winds up, smashing his fist in between the eyes of the Doctor of Love, sending him falling back into the ropes...

...and connects with a running clothesline, flipping Bryant over the ropes and back inside the ring!]

GM: Oh my! Dave Cooper with a sneak attack before the bell and Bryant has yet to get out of the gates at all, Bucky.

BW: These are two veterans who should be willing to do whatever it takes to win the match... unfortunately, it seems like Bryant has forgotten that because of these no-neck, no-brain fans in the building.

[Cooper slowly steps back through the ropes, moving in on Bryant who has managed to get to a knee...

...and throws a big right hand to the midsection to a cheer!]

GM: Bryant goes downstairs!

[Still on a knee, he grabs Cooper by the hair, and smashes a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Oh! What a shot by Bryant!

[Pushing up to just one knee, he opens fire again, knocking Cooper back a few steps. Bryant climbs to his feet when Cooper rushes back in, throwing a boot into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! And Cooper turns it right back around!

[Grabbing Bryant's robe, Cooper yanks it back to trap the arms...

...and ROCKETS Bryant between the turnbuckles, sending him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OH, COME ON!!

[Bryant crumples backwards as Cooper yanks the robe off Bryant, throwing it angrily aside as pursues Bryant, smashing a double axehandle down across the back, sending Bryant chestfirst into the ropes. Cooper smirks at the jeering fans.]

GM: Well, Cooper certainly seems proud of himself, Bucky.

BW: That he does, Gordo.

[Stepping out on the apron, Cooper grabs Bryant by the arm, extending the arm over the ropes...

...and then drops down off the apron to the floor, snapping Bryant's arm over the top rope!]

GM: OHHH!

[Bryant staggers backwards, clutching his tricep as Cooper slides under the ropes back into the ring. Bryant falls back into the corner as the Professional moves in on him...

...and bursts out of the corner with a kick to the gut!]

GM: Bryant's trying to battle back!

[Cooper angrily slams the point of his elbow down into the shoulder joint of Bryant, knocking him down to a knee. The Professional grabs the arm, stepping in behind Bryant, yanking back on the limb.]

GM: Cooper slaps an armbar on the Doctor of Love, wrenching back on the arm that he's given a few shots here at this point of the contest.

BW: And this is what Cooper likes to do, Gordo. He likes to grab a bodypart and yank and pull and rip and tear at it, leaving his opponent in a lot of pain and suffering before finishing 'em off.

[Cooper keeps the arm tucked under his armpit, cupping Bryant's chin with his free hand, tugging Bryant's neck the opposite direction from the armbar.]

GM: Cooper stretches him out, pulling the arm one way and the head and neck the other way.

BW: You see a move like that and you think back to the early days of our sport. Back to the fifties when our own Karl O'Connor was stretching punk kids up in St. Louis and Kansas City.

GM: The Strangler, as he was known back then, was truly something to behold in his glory days, Bucky.

BW: You were probably at those matches in person, Gordo.

GM: Not quite, no. But I've heard the stories from men like his son, Cameron and Hamilton Graham among others.

[Cooper steers Bryant up to his feet, using the arm to whip him the short distance into the turnbuckles, smashing him chestfirst into the corner. Bryant staggers backwards into a hard forearm shot to the small of Bryant's back, causing him to crumple down to his knees.]

GM: Oh my! Cooper continues to try and physically break down the target of his anger for several months back in 2013. Cooper wanted nothing more than to end 2013 with the World Television Title around his waist and after failing to win the title, he had to watch someone else kick off 2014 by achieving his goal.

BW: I'm telling ya, Gordo. Cooper wants to beat Bryant to prove that he can and then he wants to move in to another challenge... namely Juan Vasquez it looks like.

GM: If you want to make yourself the talk of wrestling, beating Dave Bryant is a pretty good way to do it these days.

[With Bryant on his knees, Cooper rains down overhead elbow smashes between the eyes of the Doctor of Love. A well-placed right hand knocks the former World Champion down to the canvas, Cooper standing over him and again soaking up the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Dave Cooper is loving this reaction for the fans. We're a long ways removed from the man who loved the support of the fans as he tried to become one of the National Tag Team Champions as part of Rough N Ready.

BW: You say that in almost every match he's in, Gordo.

GM: Sometimes I can't believe it's the same man at all, Bucky.

[Cooper pulls Bryant off the mat by the hair, again whipping him to the corner where he bounces out into a back elbow, falling right back into the buckles.]

GM: Oof! What a shot by Cooper... and he steps up to the second rope, raising that hand in the air...

[The fans jeer as Cooper waves for them to count along.]

GM: Cooper rains down right hands from the second rope, hammering Bryant repeatedly. Does he really think these fans are going to count for him?

BW: Never hurts to ask, does it? I'm guessing the real reason they don't do it is because they can't count that high.

[Cooper pauses at the count of nine, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...which gives Bryant an opening to duck under the legs of Cooper, coming up behind him to grab a handful of trunks, yanking Cooper off the middle rope and sending him BOUNCING off the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! The back of Cooper's head just BOUNCED off the mat!

[Bryant backs to the corner, pushing himself up on the middle rope. He pauses for a moment before leaping off, burying an elbow into the chest of Cooper to a big cheer! The Doctor of Love flips into a lateral press. He starts to hook a leg but recoils, wincing at the movement of his shoulder.]

GM: Bryant's got one! He's got two!

[But without the leg hooked, Cooper easily kicks out.]

BW: Did you see that, Gordo? He tried to hook the leg but his banged up shoulder wouldn't let it happen. Cooper's work on the arm at the start of the match pays off right there.

GM: I did see it and Bryant seems to be in quite a bit of pain as he climbs off the mat.

[Moving around to Cooper's head, Bryant leans down to drag him up by the hair. He swings Cooper away from him, slamming a forearm into the lower back just as Cooper did to him earlier in the match.]

GM: Nice shot there to the lower back... and another puts him chestfirst into the corner.

[Bryant grabs the top rope, laying in a knee to the kidneys. A second one lands as well before the referee forces him to back off...

...but Bryant shoves Jagger aside, rushing back in, and leaping up to deliver a flying knee into the back!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant's targeting the back of the Professional - perhaps thinking about slapping on that Iron Crab that he used to win the World Title back at SuperClash V.

[With Cooper draped over the top turnbuckle, Bryant pulls him into a side waistlock, muscling him up and dropping him with a back suplex!]

GM: Oh, Cooper goes down hard on his back! Bryant continues to target the lower back. And he goes for a cover again!

[Again, Jagger delivers a two count before Cooper lifts the shoulder off the mat. Bryant claps his hands together as he climbs back to his feet. He angrily stomps Cooper in the ribs, forcing the Professional to roll onto his stomach. The Doctor of Love stomps the lower back over and over and over, forcing Cooper to attempt to crawl away from him...]

GM: Bryant's going right after the lower back... Cooper drags himself out on the platform. I'm not sure if that's a good idea or not. Dave Bryant has proven himself to be plenty dangerous outside of the ring on several occasions.

[The Doctor of Love pursues his opponent, stepping through the ropes to go after him. Cooper is up on all fours as Bryant rushes forward, leaping up and dropping a heavy elbow down into the kidneys as his tailbone jams into the wooden ramp!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant does some damage with that one but he may have hurt himself in the process, Bucky.

BW: I think Bryant might have had a certain Australian on his mind right there. He really wanted to hurt Cooper but at what cost?

[Winching, Bryant climbs to his feet, clutching his tailbone as he looks down the length of the ramp towards the locker room. The fans follow his gaze

and erupt into jeers at the sight of the World Heavyweight Champion walking into view, carrying a steel chair.]

GM: Now, wait a second... what the heck is HE doing out there?!

BW: HE is the World Champion and has the right to go wherever he damn well pleases if you ask me!

GM: That is NOT the case... not at all. Supreme Wright is coming out on the ramp, carrying that steel chair with him.

BW: That ain't all he's got with him, Gordo. The big beast of a man, Cain Jackson, is with him as well... the official bodyguard for the World Champion.

GM: Another former Combat Corner student, Cain Jackson has had a bad attitude from Day One. There's a reason he never graduated from the Corner despite having a ton of potential, Bucky.

BW: Michaelson's prejudices?

GM: No, not at all. It's that attitude. That self-entitled feeling.

[Wright pulls up a few feet down the ramp, simply unfolding the chair and taking a seat in it as Cain Jackson stands behind him menacingly. Bryant points down the ramp, shouting at the duo...

...and gets DRILLED from behind with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Bryant! He got distracted by the arrival of Jackson and Wright and paid the price for it!

BW: That's the kind of thing that cost him the World Title, Gordo.

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: No! He got distracted by Wright talking to him at SuperClash and never saw that head kick coming for a second!

GM: THAT'S what cost him the World Title?! Not Supreme Wright being duplicitous and deceitful and attacking a man who had just been through a war to win the title to begin with?!

BW: You can call Supreme Wright opportunistic if you want but the fact is, he did what almost anyone in that locker room would've done in a heartbeat to become the World Champion. They can all stand on their soapbox and deny it but the fact is - when the World Title is at stake, you gotta be willing to do anything to win it. Wright was and that's why he's got the gold around his waist, Gordo.

GM: That's one way to look at it, I suppose.

[Out on the ramp, Cooper throws a glance at Wright but satisfied that he's not getting involved... yet... Cooper moves back to Bryant, stomping the shoulder joint a few times before hauling him back to his feet by the hair. He grabs the arm, tucking it behind Bryant...]

GM: Oh no... no!

[Cooper lifts Bryant up into the air and SLAMS him down on top of the hammerlocked arm!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAM!"

GM: OHH! Good grief!

[Bryant cries out in pain, clutching the arm to his chest as Cooper stands over him. Hearing the referee's insistent count, Cooper pulls Bryant up off the elevated wooden ramp, throwing him over the ropes and back into the ring.]

GM: Cooper puts Bryant back in and that hammerlock bodyslam on the wooden ramp may have put Dave Cooper in the driver's seat in this one, fans. The Professional may be on the verge of scoring what would have to be considered an upset these days, Bucky.

BW: Ain't never an upset when it's Dave Cooper involved if you ask me. That guy can turn the lights out on the best in the world at any given moment.

[Cooper steps back in, glaring at a shouting Jagger as he does so. He gives Jagger a dismissive gesture, telling him to back off as Bryant gets back to his feet, stumbling towards the corner, trying to create some distance and give himself time to recover.]

GM: Bryant's trying to get away but Cooper's coming right behind him.

[Spinning Bryant back into the buckles, Cooper throws a heavy forearm blow across the sternum before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Big whip coming up!

[Cooper rockets Bryant across the ring, sending him smashing hard into the opposite corner. The Professional races in after him, looking for a clothesline but Bryant uses the top rope to lift his legs off the mat, causing Cooper to run headlong into a pair of raised knees!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant caught him!

[Bryant hops up to the midbuckle, promptly leaping off and snaring a front facelock on a dazed Cooper, twisting around...]

GM: TORNADO DD-

[...but Cooper lunges forward, DRIVING Bryant back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Nice counter by the Professional!

[Cooper steps back, throwing vicious rights and lefts into the ribcage of a stunned Doctor of Love. A well-placed right cross has Bryant hanging onto the top rope to stay on his feet. Cooper grabs him by the hair, hauling him away from the corner in a front facelock. He slings Bryant's arm over his neck, snapping him over in the center of the ring and promptly floating into a lateral press.]

GM: Snap suplex! He gets one... two... but that's all!

[Kneeling on the mat, Cooper grabs a handful of hair, slamming his fist repeatedly into the skull of his opponent before shoving him back down to the canvas at the referee's four count. The Professional rises to his feet, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Dave Cooper believes his night is just about done here against Dave Bryant and may be looking to put him away right here.

[Cooper pulls Bryant up by the arm, wrenching it with an armtwist before tucking it behind Bryant in a hammerlock, shoving upwards on the trapped limb.]

GM: Cooper goes back to the hammerlock as Bryant grabs at his shoulder, trying to find a way out of this...

[Cooper wheels Bryant around, facing out towards the middle of the ring as he applies the pressure on the arm, wrenching it up.]

BW: Bryant's gotta find a way out of this and quickly. If he doesn't, Cooper's gonna break that arm and that's going to end Bryant's championship dreams REAL quick, won't it?

[Bryant stretches out, making a grab for the ropes. He gets there pretty easily, forcing a break...

...which Cooper gives before lifting Bryant up, dropping him on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Suplex! He rocked him with that... and there's a cover at the ten minute mark of the match!

[Cooper earns a two count before Bryant's shoulder pops up off the mat again.]

GM: Two count only... and remember, the last time these two met, the World Television Title was on the line which also means it was a ten minute time limit. Not tonight though. It's a half hour time limit so we're only a fraction of the way into this matchup. They've got plenty of time to go the distance in this one.

[Cooper hauls Bryant up to his feet, slamming his skull into Bryant's, sending the former World Champion falling back into the corner. We quickly cut to Supreme Wright who is looking on with great interest. A cut back to the ring shows Cooper grabbing Bryant by the arm again, twisting it around before slamming his elbow down on the twisted arm.]

GM: Cooper goes right back after the arm... tucks it behind him...

[The Professional slams Bryant down on the hammerlocked arm a second time, depositing him on the canvas as Cooper hops up on the middle rope, looking down at the Doctor of Love.]

GM: Cooper's up on the middle rope, standing tall...

[Cooper leaps off the rope, aiming his knee at the skull of the Las Vegas native...

...who rolls aside, causing the Professional to drive his kneecap into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! HE MISSED THE KNEEDROP!

[Bryant rolls to his feet, grabbing his shoulder as he approaches the downed Cooper, reaching down to hook one of Cooper's feet.]

GM: He's going for the figure four!

[The crowd cheers as Bryant gives the leg a tug, spinning into the toehold, ready to drop back into the figure four as Cooper leans back, grabbing the bottom rope with both hands.]

GM: Cooper grabs the rope! Bryant was looking for the figure four but Cooper managed to block it by grabbing the ropes!

[An agitated Bryant breaks off the hold, still holding the leg as he tries to yank Cooper away from the ropes.]

BW: Bryant's trying to pull him away but so far, Cooper's been able to hang on!

[Cooper upkicks towards Bryant, catching him on the cheek and knocking him a few steps back as the Professional hauls himself under the ropes, exiting the ring. A fired up Bryant steps out on the apron, giving a shout as he leaps off and smashes Cooper over the skull with a double axehandle!]

GM: Ohh! Big jump off the apron to the floor!

[Bryant grabs the stunned Cooper by the arm...

...and FIRES him backfirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Cooper's spine gets driven into the hardest part of the ring!

[Bryant grabs the arm again, waving for the fans to move...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG WHIP INTO THE STEEL!

[Cooper's arms sling back over the railing, trying to stay on his feet as Bryant approaches, lighting up the pectorals with a trio of knife edge chops before Bryant grabs Cooper by the hair, dragging him back towards the ring...

...but Cooper slips his fingers up, raking the eyes of the Doctor of Love!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot into the eyes of Bryant!

[Bryant staggers towards the ring, rolling under the ropes as Cooper backs up...

...and leans over the railing at ringside, snatching up a vacated steel chair.]

GM: Wait a second! Dave Cooper's got a chair with him!

[An angry Cooper slams the chair into the ringpost a couple of times before slapping it down on the ring apron. He pulls himself up on the apron...

...and gets caught with a right hand as he climbs to his feet!]

GM: Big right hand by Bryant... and a second one connects as well!

[Bryant grabs a front facelock on Cooper, slinging the arm over his neck.]

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

[The former World Champion struggles and strains, attempting to elevate Cooper over the ropes and back inside the ring. Cooper hangs on to the ropes, preventing the lift from an already injured Bryant.]

GM: The Doctor of Love can't get him off the apron! The arm is hurting too badly to get Cooper up into the air, fans.

[Bryant peels away, shaking out his arm as Cooper steps back in behind him, moving in swiftly to drive a knee into the lower back. He swings Bryant around, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Cooper hooks him up!

[Cooper looks to be attempting the gourdbuster as he muscles Bryant up into the air...

...and gets caught with a defensive knee to the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant caught him and-

[The Las Vegas native hooks a front facelock, gives a shout, and DRIVES Cooper skullfirst into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT! Cooper gets dropped on his head!

[With Cooper flat on his face on the mat, Bryant slumps backwards to lay on his back on the mat.]

GM: Bryant scores with the DDT out of nowhere and both of these men are laid out, fans. Both men are down... and that might be enough to end this match, Bucky.

BW: That'd be a terrible way to end a fine match but it just might happen.

[The referee steps in between the two downed competitors, leaning down to check on both men before straightening up and beginning a double count.]

GM: The AWA's Senior Official has started a count on both of these men. If Johnny Jagger gets to ten, this match will be stopped and declared a no contest.

BW: Let's hope it doesn't come to that, Gordo. I want to see a winner in this one.

[We cut to the top of the aisle where Supreme Wright is looking on with his face a blank slate.]

GM: I'd love to say that man wants to see a winner as well but to be honest, I'm not sure anyone can say what that man is thinking anymore. When he came back to the AWA for the World Title Tournament, nobody liked him and nobody trusted him. He was practically ostracized by the veterans in the locker room. But somewhere along the way, he won the support of the fans but as we now know, he threw that support away when he won the World Title.

BW: Are you telling me these fans abandoned him because he's the World Champion?

GM: No, I'm telling you they abandoned him because of HOW he's the World Champion, Bucky!

[We cut back to the ring as the count reaches five.]

GM: The count is up to five. Neither man seems like they've moved much if at all since that count began. They're both still down on the canvas... and wait a second... it looks like we've got some signs of life.

[Bryant is the first to sit up on the mat, rubbing his shoulder as he slowly stirs.]

GM: We're up to six... Bryant's trying to get back up first.

[Stumbling to his feet, Bryant pulls Cooper up off the mat by the hair. He grabs the Professional by the arm, turning him to face the far side of the ring.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Cooper sends Bryant bouncing off the ropes, rebounding back towards him where he lifts Bryant by the upper thighs, pivots around, and DRIVES Bryant into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

[Cooper pushes up to his knees, again throwing his arms apart in the "it's over!" gesture before attempting a sloppy cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant's right shoulder SHOOTS up off the canvas at the last possible moment!]

BW: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

GM: Bryant kicks out of the spinebuster! Just barely in time though!

[Cooper looks up in disbelief at the official, backing Johnny Jagger across the ring to the corner. Jagger gestures at his striped shirt, threatening to disqualify Cooper if he touches him. An exasperated Cooper looks out at the crowd, shaking his head with his hands on his hips as he turns around towards Bryant who is crawling towards the corner again.]

BW: Cooper should do it again! Or maybe use the gourdbuster this time!

GM: Cooper's moving in on Bryant... obviously with something planned here.

[He leans down, muscling Bryant up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. Reaching up, he pastes the Doctor of Love with a pair of right hands.]

GM: Cooper's looking for a superplex, I think!

[Cooper steps up to the second rope, looking to secure a front facelock on Bryant who fires back with a pair of right hands to the skull and a headbutt to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Bryant's fighting back!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: The halfway point of the time limit has been reached as Bryant tries to battle out of this precarious position he finds himself in!

[Cooper goes to return fire but Bryant blocks it before throwing two more right hands, causing the Professional to drop down onto his feet on the mat.]

GM: Bryant knocks him down!

[A frustrated Cooper reaches up, cracking Bryant in the jaw with a right hand...

...and then turns, leaning down to grab the steel chair that he deposited on the apron earlier in the match!]

GM: Cooper's going for the chair!

BW: He'll be disqualified if he uses it!

GM: I'm not sure he cares at this point, Bucky!

[But as Cooper goes to grab the chair, another pair of hands lock around it, preventing him from doing so.]

GM: What in the...?! That's Juan Vasquez! Vasquez came from out of nowhere and he's got the chair! He won't let Cooper use the chair!

[The Professional struggles and strains to rip the chair out of Vasquez' hands but Juan holds his grip and Cooper slips, staggering back to where Bryant has stood up on the second rope...]

BW: What's he...?

[Bryant leaps off, snaring Cooper's head in a front facelock before spinning around and DRIVING Cooper's skull into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT!

BW: That wasn't no ordinary DDT, Gordo! That was Glenn Hudson's tornado DDT!

GM: NO HARD FEELINGS!

[Bryant dives across Cooper, lunging to hook both legs with his healthy arm!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Bryant wins! Bryant got the one-two-three in the center of the ring! Incredible! And he did it with one of Glenn Hudson's signature moves... a fitting tribute to the man who is directly responsible for Dave Bryant being voted the Most Popular Wrestler of 2013.

[Phil Watson takes the mic as a grinning Juan Vasquez vacates the premises, leaving Dave Cooper behind to stare at the arena lights.]

PW: Your winner of the mat-

[Bryant abruptly takes the mic out of Phil Watson's hands, walking quickly to the ropes facing the ramp, where he stares daggers at the AWA World Heavyweight Champion.]

DB: So, I don't suppose you'd be interested in walking down that ramp and stepping in the ring, would you?

[From his seat, Wright stares impassively at Bryant, arms crossed over his chest.]

DB: No?

[Bryant lowers the mic briefly, letting the crowd react to that.]

DB: Well, fair enough. I said earlier tonight that you'd always see me coming, Wright, so...

[With that, Bryant drops the mic and steps through the ropes, making his way up the ramp with obviously bad intentions in mind, as the crowd roars!]

GM: Dave Bryant's coming straight for Supreme Wright!

BW: Is he nuts? Cain Jackson's right there! He's outnumbered!

GM: I don't think Dave Bryant cares! He's willing to go through Jackson if he has to, in order to get his hands on Supreme Wright!

[Predictably, Cain Jackson steps in front of Wright to protect the World Champion, as Bryant approaches. However, he's not alone, as a group of about half a dozen men, suddenly appear from behind the curtains, to form a protective wall in front of Wright.]

GM: WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS!?

BW: I recognize these faces! These guys were at The Combat Corner! They were on that video! This must be Team Supreme!

[The group is dressed similarly in matching red and black hooded tracksuits, each staring grim-faced at a shocked Dave Bryant, who has stopped dead in his tracks. From behind the wall of humanity, Supreme Wright rises out of his chair, staring over Cain Jackson's shoulder with a smug smirk on his face.]

Wright then raises the World Title belt high into the air, seemingly taunting Dave Bryant as the crowd erupts with boos.]

GM: Supreme Wright has the title... he's got protection... and now he's got... Team Supreme?

[Bryant glares past the Team Supreme members, locking eyes with the World Heavyweight Champion...

...as we slowly fade to black.]